



BORED

For students
by students.



TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page 1 – Cover

Page 2 – Table of Contents

Page 3 – A Word from the Editor

Page 4 – WWII

Page 5 – WWII continued
Snippet: Quotes, Quotes, Quotes!

Page 6 – The Funniest Exams

Page 7 – Breaking Dawn Broke My Brain!

Page 8 – Breaking Dawn Broke My Brain! continued

Page 9 – Rubber Band Weapons

Page 10 – The MYMUN Experience

Page 11 – Premier League 2008/09

Page 12 – The Mountain

Page 13 – The Mountain Continued

THE *WIO* TEAM!

Editor-in-Chief: Lily Ekasastr (laek14@patana.ac.th);

Webmaster: Qing Tang (qita14@patana.ac.th);

Members: Lily Ekasastr, Joshua Della Bosca, Jack McCann, Sol Benigno, Eli White, Mary Losmithgul, Qing Tang;

Cover by Han Ning Loh;

And special thanks to Ms. Flint and Mr. Robertson for managing WIO and putting up with us!

A WORD FROM THE *EDITOR*

Hey everybody!

I'm not going to recount some story of what I did on the weekend, or what I saw whilst sitting on the school bus; you're very lucky, for it almost came to that! However, I've decided to share something else in my editorial - not some banal tale, but instead, something that's caught my attention ...

Recently, I've become more and more avid in my interest in poetry. So I thought I'd simply *show* you a poem, by one of my favourite poets of all time, E. E Cummings (or as he would have it spelt, ee cummings - his use of conventional grammar is less than conservative, as you will see).

It may not always be so; and i say
it may not always be so; and i say
that if your lips, which i have loved, should touch
another's, and your dear strong fingers clutch
his heart, as mine in time not far away;
if on another's face your sweet hair lay
in such silence as i know, or such
great writhing words as, uttering overmuch,
stand helplessly before the spirit at bay;

if this should be, i say if this should be--
you of my heart, send me a little word;
that i may go unto him, and take his hands,
saying, Accept all happiness from me.
Then shall i turn my face and hear one bird
sing terribly afar in the lost lands

Bon voyage! I hope you all love the latest issue!
The Editor-in-Chief,
Lily Ekasastr

Don't forget to log onto <http://www.patana.ac.th/Students/WordIsOut> ... The official WIO website, set up by our webmaster... Or web*mistress* ... Qing!

WWIII

By Jack McCann

The pure silence was like a blanket, wrapping everything in its warm embrace. The dark desert road, sitting there like a ghostly snake, was suddenly covered in a swarm of military vehicles. Tanks, ATVs, quad bikes and land transports swarmed over the once silent road. Yelled commands came from the leading transport. An ugly vehicle stuffed with as many mini-guns as it could carry. After two more hours of nonstop driving, the armoured column came to a halt at a small, ruined and deserted village. The transports single, gate-like door swung down, crashing into the sand. From the vehicles, came an army of troopers, each armed to the teeth. Each of them knew that they had to hold this critical location or die trying. This would be the location that could win the war. The third world war.

The year was 2010. The second year of the war. The war had broken out in November of 2009, when Iraq launched a direct attack upon the US, killing millions of American civilians. The world was in shock. Nations friendly to Iraq had sent troops to help defend against the American assault. America and her allies had to fight a bloody crusade, to attempt to eradicate all resistance of Iraq and her allies. This armoured column was the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards. If they could hold they're position, it would open up a huge hole in the Iraqi defences.

The first hour was uneventful, as the soldiers took up defensive positions. The engineers brought with the armoured column, quickly set up artillery in strategic points, using which they would rain destruction on any attacker's heads. Halfway through the second hour, the radar picked up a large group of blips, heading straight towards their position. "*This is the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, we have set up a defensive position here, we are prepared to defend this point to the death, unless you reply within twenty seconds we will fire upon sight.*" This was the message sent to the approaching army. There was no response. A message was sent to every defensive group to fire any approaching vehicles and/or infantry. Tension quickly built up around the defences, as they prepared for the worst. Sniper squadrons were positioned all around the ruin, prepared to massacre any unsuspecting forces who could break through the defences.

Half an hour later, the 22nd defensive position caught sight of a single motorcycle, approaching the defences. It took two minutes for the bike to crawl within firing range. However, just on the edge between range and not in range, he stopped, fiddled for a moment for something in his hand,

swung his hand down toward the ground, and a white flag clacked out. He waved it a few times to symbolize that he was a messenger, before riding towards the defence. The leader of the regiment ordered him to be captured and killed. When he reached the 22nd defence he continued driving, until he hit the wall. The wall held as he smashed into it at 50 mph. His spine snapped and he was hurtled over the wall.

“Search the body” the commander said to the nearest trooper. He advanced and began searching the body. When he reached his hand, he pulled out the white flag. He flipped it over to see the bottom, and saw a red flashing light. “It’s a bomb!” These were the last words any of the 22nd defence heard. An almighty explosion shook the ground, as the 22nd defence was completely obliterated. On all sides of the village, heads turned to see an explosion moving with rapid speed towards them. The only survivors was the 1st SAS squadron, and the 68th sniper position. We shall be following the story of the 68th sniper position.

QUOTES, QUOTES QUOTES!

For your enjoyment, here is a collection of quotes to make you seem like you know what you’re talking about.

“Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard battle.” **Plato**

“A good compromise, a good piece of legislation, is like a good sentences; or a good piece of music. Everybody can recognise it. They say, ‘Huh. It works. It makes sense.’” **Barack Obama**

“When the water starts boiling, it is foolish to turn off the heat.” **Nelson Mandela**

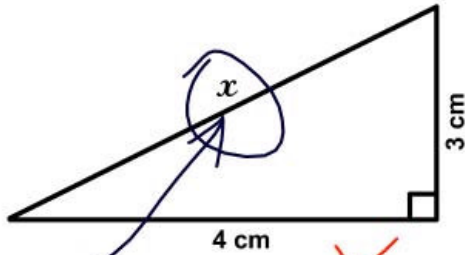
“Be kind whenever possible. It is always possible.” **Dalai Lama**

“My heroes are the ones who survived doing it wrong, who made mistakes, but recovered from them.” **Bono**

THE FUNNIEST EXAMS...

Collected by Abhijay Mahajan

3. Find x.



Here it is ~~X~~ O

4c) Expand
 $(a+b)^n$
Very funny, Peter.
 $= (a+b)^n$
 $= (a+b)^n$
 $= (a + b)^n$

Hard and Soft Water

1. Briefly explain what hard water is.

ice

(d) When acidified potassium permanganate is added to a solution of sodium iodide, a reaction occurs.

(i) Write a balanced equation for the reaction by writing balanced half equations and combining them.

MnO_4^- → something
something else → another thing
stuff → other stuff

(ii) Which species is the oxidant (oxidising agent) in this reaction? 1st one

Justify your answer guess.

BREAKING DAWN BROKE MY BRAIN!

By Mary Losmithgul Y8G

After I finally finished reading all 768 pages of my copy of *Breaking Dawn*, the 4th sequel to the absurdly popular *Twilight* romance saga written by Stephenie Meyer, I was shocked by how such a plotless and shallow book could have possibly been written by the same author who had won the New York Times Best Seller award and mesmerized so many teens with her previous 'magical' and 'enchanted' books.

The entire *Twilight* series consists of 4 books – *Twilight* (2005), *New Moon* (2006), *Eclipse* (2007) and *Breaking Dawn* (2008) – which tell a typical tale of a love story between ordinary and commonplace (if not over-exaggeratedly normal) 17 year-old teenager Bella Swan, and stunning, magnificent vampire Edward Cullen whose every act oozes perfection and glam. In *Breaking Dawn*, the story of Edward and Bella take an idiotic turn when Bella brainlessly agrees to marry Edward and skip university, being lured into this ludicrous decision with promises from Edward of getting turned into a vampire and, Bella's ultimate goal, being allowed to bear his child (which, in my opinion is a pretty pathetic reason for wanting to skip graduation and throw your future away). Afterwards, when Bella does get the child of her dreams and is also turned into a vampire, she realizes that by deciding to have a child with her 'beloved' husband, she has put everyone around her in danger. This is because creating immortal children is illegal in the vampire world, and there can be only one sentence to such a crime: death.

Though I have never understood how such a commonly schemed Saga like the *Twilight* Saga managed to receive so much attention when there are so many other better novels in the world to compare it to (such as *Harry Potter*, *Artemis Fowl* etc.), I must admit that it was *Breaking Dawn* which disappointed me most. At first glance *Breaking Dawn* may be as wonderful and hypnotizing as the other books in the *Twilight* series (if you would call them hypnotizing; personally I would refer to them as dully entertaining) but after a more in-depth observation, you would see that *Breaking Dawn* is merely a bunch of ideas listed one after another and bound in a published book. This is probably because the transitions between each of the events aren't as smooth as they ought to be; things happen much too fast, and though this gives a surreal effect, the effect is much too overdone.

It gives a slight impression that although there are many happenings in the book, aside from the romantic scene on 'Isle Esme' (which may be the reason why *Breaking Dawn* is so popular - but which I find highly inappropriate, considering the fact that more and more younger readers have joined the already-too-big-group of *Twilight* fans), the author didn't seem to have any other ideas for the book, so she continued writing, jotting down every single idea that popped into her mind and ending up with a load of pages filled with rubbish, which everyone mistook for the long awaited masterpiece ending.

All in all, if you are the type of person whose head is constantly filled with foolish fantasies of striking up relationships with dazzling people - most of whom don't exist - then I would highly recommend you read the entire series, without skipping any books – unlike me, you won't want to miss any of this saga that's filled to the brim with stupidity and sickening love.

If you are however, a person who knows how to appreciate the true art of good novels – such as *Artemis Fowl* and *Harry Potter* – you would be much better off avoiding the entire series altogether. Of course you may, out of curiosity, try reading the first page, chapter or book, but be warned; by reading this saga of nonsense you put a lot at risk. You could stain the perfection of your reading history, filled with wonderful classics and other books which deserve their title of 'must-reads', simply by glancing at the first few words of *Twilight*.

So remember, you have been warned.



RUBBER BAND WEAPONS...

By Jack McCann

Since the dawn of time, there has been war. Before, we used primitive clubs and rocks. Now we use bombs that can destroy entire cities, guns that destroy all they're aimed at. However, in recent years, the rubber bands have been invented. It can be used to hold things together, make into chains or balls or even used as hair ties. A new use has been discovered for the rubber band: A WEAPON. Read on for the basic weapons.

Classic flicking weapon.

This is a short range weapon that stings for a few minutes; however it is one of the least painful weapons I shall mention. You use this by holding it between the index finger and thumb on your left hand (or right if you're left handed). You then put the index and middle finger on the other hand into the band. Stretch your fingers as far apart as you can, before placing it on the target surface. Using your free hand you pluck the part of the band that is touching the surface, stretch it up and let go. It is better if you do this quickly as not to alert the target.

Ruler weapon.

This is more of a long range sniper weapon. You will need a ruler and a rubber band (stretchy one). You hook the band around one end of the ruler, using your index finger you pull the band down to the opposite end of the ruler. Hook the free end around the other end, and move the band so that it is sitting on the very edge. With your weak hand, hold the ruler like you would a rifle, with your strong hand you use your thumb to push the band over the edge and it will fire in a (relatively) straight line.

Rubber band and paper weapon.

This is possibly the most painful way of the three I shall mention on exposed surfaces. You will need a rubber band and a piece of paper. Using a ruler shred the paper into small 5x5cm squares. You then keep folding it until it is small enough to fit between your index and thumb. You then prepare the band like you did in the "Classic flicking weapon" except you twist the band once before putting one finger in each hole. You grip the paper projectile with you index and thumb, and place it on the band by using the opening (looks like a mouth) you then aim and fire.

The weapons above are not to be used on human targets without their permission, any injuries is not the fault of me or WORD IS OUT!

THE *MYMUN* EXPERIENCE

By Eli White

On the 16th of April, 12 untrained, inexperienced, MUNers flew to Kuala Lumpur for the 6th MY-MUN conference. We all were excited (and a little nervous) about attending an international conference, but it was a first for many of us and we all thought that we were going to have a great time. When we touched down we went to see some of the incredible sights of Malaysia. These included the Batu caves and a tie-dye factory. Then we went back to the hotel and hit the mall for a shopping spree (or an ice cream spree, depending on who you were); this sums up our first day in Malaysia.

The next day began bright and early. After a delicious bacon and cow-egg filled breakfast (don't ask), we all set off for Mont'Kiara School. We were all dressed up in suits (or at least, we were supposed to be) and we were feeling a little hot. After a lunch and a half-hour-long assembly, we finally got to the committee rooms. We all got to know each other, had a laugh and got some resolution writing in as well. But after a short snack break, it was back to the grindstone. After 7 hours we managed to get 6 resolutions approved.

After a short nights sleep, we were up and on the bus again; finally, we actually started the debate. Despite what you may think (that MYMUN is a solemn conference, as the rumours go), it is actually very fun. For instance, we had several love triangles in our committee that shook things up a bit. Although we debated many resolutions, we were actually very critical and only 2 of our resolutions passed. Luckily one of them was mine. At the end of the day we all got together for a "friendly" game of dodgeball.

Finally it was the last day. We all said our farewells and got on the bus for a last time, to go to the airport. In such a short span we had all managed to become seasoned veterans; we could never have done this without the help of Mrs. Patel and Mr. Hoye.

PREMIER LEAGUE 2008/09

By Den Rana

There has been a huge struggle to the last match played amongst the top three teams; the battle has gone on for almost until the last few games remaining. The matches they play until the end of the season have been of a very high class and skill. The team with the most points was Manchester United followed by Liverpool and Chelsea.

Chelsea has a very good chance of getting to win the league title but perhaps their formidable French manager came a slightly too late to assist the blues. However, let the chance slip out of their grasp with their disappointing goalless draw with Everton which meant their chance was looking a lot bleaker with every match. They ended with a relatively positive result a 3rd place in the Barclays Premier League.

Liverpool showed class and skill with every match they played giving many opponents brutal beatings. They were persistent to the end but when they played Arsenal luck was not upon them, their epic clash with Arsenal ended four all, and thus Liverpool gained a mere one point. They continued winning all other matches although this proved to be a little too late to kick-start a remarkable comeback. They fell a bit short however and ended in 2nd Place.

Last but not least Manchester United, they played football like no one else could and silenced a lot of critics. This was Man United 2nd straight title in two years. They however played every match with grace and elegance right until the end. Their tactics involved a bit of winning ugly which usually involved goals from stoppage time and sometimes goals which no one would even think of attempting. Manchester United fought bravely and gallantly to the end and proved worthy champions and retained their crown.

THE MOUNTAIN

By Joshua Della Bosca

In the western extremities of the Himalayas stood a mountain most mysterious of all, even more than Kanchenjunga, or Shangri-La. The mountain, known to the terrified locals, was known as Ropturus Mountainus or Raptor Mountain to the Westerners. To give you an idea of how frightening this mountain was, the nearest locals were over 2490 miles away in Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal. Although the Westerners had never heard of Raptor Mountain, the legend was still etched into the minds of the Nepalese,

In the time before Empires, such as the one in the Middle East and the one in India began. When the tribes prayed to the Moon and the Sun and worshipped the Dead. When human sacrifice dominated their lives the mountains were infested with strange reptiles modern humans call raptors. The raptors - or 'shiwikes' as the locals called them - roamed down into the green valleys and attacked at whim. The villagers were too terrified to retaliate, until one day, a brave man from the west dressed in metal plates came with his horde of men and eliminated all of the raptors, but severe concussion left him insane and he spouted babble about the raptors breathing fire and flying, thus the dragon legend was born in the west.

“Get up, you lazy dog!” screamed US sergeant Jeffersonn in to one of the Privates’ tents. “Get your butt into your suit and pack up!”

Private Frederick (or Fred, to his friends), groaned and checked his near-frozen watch—it was 4:30 am. He stretched up and gave a small yawn, cracking his joints, before he went through his specialised military warm-up. After pulling on his frozen clothes, Fred stumbled outside to meet the wintry dawn, eclipsed by the substantial sentinels of stone attacking the sky.

“Himalaya Expedition, day 23,” muttered Fred into his portable recorder. “No response from Alpha team yet, but still hoping.”

Fred was part of a Special Forces team sent out to retrieve a missing team of American specialists, sent out into the Kanchenjunga region to identify recent “kidnappings” around there. Two days into the mission and the team had failed to respond back to base camp so two forces from the American Embassy in Nepal were dispatched to locate the team. Yesterday Group “Alpha” had stopped communicating to Group “Beta”, but everyone wasn’t worried, probably just a communications malfunction.

Private Fred was lining up in parade position for routine inspection when it happened. The Sergeant was storming along the line in his perpetual bad mood when the walkie-talkies burst into life; the scouts on the perimeter of the camp, 6 miles away, were screaming “Sir, sir, we’re under attack from these things and we...”

Static rumbled around the tents, and the Sergeant looked pale as everyone looked frantically into the distance for any black specks encircling the camp.

“Boys, I-I want to scout the camp and see if the scouts are okay, spl-split up!” stuttered the Sergeant.

The men were now truly terrified, as the Sergeant NEVER stuttered, but split off into the pairs. The wind whipped and snapped around the Stars and Stripes banners posted on the tents and the camp was eerily silent, save the cautious clicking of a gun. Fred was crouching as he walked, with his teammate Arthur, just ahead of him. As they approached the perimeter they became more and more nervous as they started twitching, expecting a gunshot to emanate at any point. Suddenly Arthur tripped over something half buried in the snow; it had scales emblazoned all over it.

“What the heck is this thing?” Mumbled Arthur, he leaned over and poked it with his gun. Swiftly, a fully grown raptor burst out of the ground and latched its needle-like teeth onto Arthur’s face, tearing off a huge chunk in the process, Arthur fell down, screaming in pain as half his face was laid bare-flesh into the snow. Fred opened fire with his M4 onto the raptor but it nimbly hopped onto the tent and used it as a springboard to vault away from Fred. Then all mayhem broke loose as 106 submerged raptors exploded out of the snow against 35 soldiers. Fred, shaken but following his instincts rolled into the armoury tent and grabbed several weapons. A raptor stuck its head into the tent and Fred swivelled around and fired an RPG7 into the raptor’s face. Staggering out of his tent he examined the carnage surrounding him, but not for long as a raptor jumped on him and sliced his arm, but Fred shot the raptor’s face to pieces with his 9mm Glock. Fred grunted with the pain as he stumbled towards the standard emergency military helicopter that perched precariously over the cliff.

The raptors, now wary of escaping prey, swiftly left their fresh meals and raced towards the wounded Fred who was desperately fumbling with the safety catch on the door of the helicopter. Panicked Fred frantically smashed open the catch with the butt of his gun and scrambled, starting the rotor blades as the raptors unanimously slammed into the windscreen, cracks webbing the Plexiglas. Fred screamed at the console board as it was heating up which unfortunately meant the guns were offline. Finally the 25mm machine guns heated up and Fred sliced through the murderous raptors.

After the onslaught, Fred slumped back and smiled as the rescue team screamed into the camp. He was safe. At last.