

Students' creative work samples (11th and 12th grades, names redacted)

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Denmark Bulletin

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● www.reallygreatsite.com ●

Tyson the Journalist

King and Queen Newlyweds

The Nation Celebrates

Newly coronated King Claudius was married to Queen Gertrude this afternoon at The Holy Trinity Cathedral. It is safe to say that Queen Gertrude has secured her status again and will remain queen, even after the death of her first husband, King Hamlet. In a heartwarming ceremony attended by nobles of the kingdom, Claudius and Gertrude exchanged vows, marking the beginning of their new life together. Claudius and Gertrude expressed their excitement for the future, promising to cherish each other through life's ups and downs. Their union is truly a testament to love and commitment.



Claudius Married Gertrude to Stop Hamlet from Becoming King?

Whispers are going around that Claudius only married Gertrude to stop young Hamlet's ascent to throne. Since the old King Hamlet's death, many thought that Hamlet, his only son and heir, would be next to claim the throne. However, since Claudius has married Queen Gertrude, that has not happened. Does this mean that Hamlet will never become king? Many citizens of Denmark find this idea quite distressing.



Prince Hamlet is still mourning the death of his father, the former king of Denmark. Hamlet admired his father and was beginning to prepare himself to become the next ruler. Hamlet's love for his father has inspired him to follow in his footsteps and take on the responsibilities of kingship. However, with his father's death, the way to the throne has become complicated. The kingdom watches closely as Hamlet may one day rule Denmark.

Secrets of the Throne: Unraveling the Scandalous Affair That Poisoned a King

King Claudius married Queen Gertrude in less than two months after the old king died. Many people are surprised by how quickly the wedding happened. Some think there might be more to the story and that the marriage was rushed. Others wonder if there is something Claudius is hiding. The kingdom is curious about what really caused the old king's death and why the new king and queen got married so fast.



Some people believe that King Claudius may have poisoned the old king to take the throne for himself. There are rumors that Claudius was acting suspiciously before the king died. In fact, Hamlet's friends have started to suspect that Claudius could be responsible for the king's death. If this is true, it means Claudius is a sneaky and dangerous ruler. Many are worried that he might do anything to stay in power and hide the truth.



English 4, Mrs. Kerine Maxwell

Laertes (Hamlet)

I did not think the truth would ever claw its way out of me, yet here it is, rattling in my chest like a guilty ghost. *"O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,"* I once whispered in the dark, hoping no one heard. I spoke truer than I meant to.

Why did I kill King Hamlet? The answer is uglier than any courtly mask I wear. It was envy hot, choking envy that hardened into ambition. My brother stood in every doorway before me: loved by the people, honored by the court, and adored by the queen. I told myself I could rule better, that Denmark needed a shrewder hand. But the truth is simpler: I wanted what was his, and I could not bear to wait for nature to grant it. So I poured that cursed poison in his ear, telling myself that the crown was worth the stain it left on my soul.

Do I feel guilt? Yes, though I have become skilled at smothering it beneath layers of ceremony, diplomacy, and prayer. When Hamlet looks at me with those sharp, searching eyes, I feel as though he sees straight through the armor of kingship into the trembling man beneath. His very presence tightens the noose around my conscience. But guilt is a luxury for those who can afford to lose. A king must survive, even if the man inside him rots.

What do I fear most? Exposure. Not death, not damnation exposure. That the court will see me for what I am: a usurper, a murderer, a man who stole both a life and a crown. I fear Hamlet most of all. He carries suspicion like a torch, and someday, I know, he means to burn me with it. Every step he takes is a threat; every word he speaks feels like a blade testing my throat.

How do I view him? A danger. A mirror. A reminder of the brother I destroyed. There are moments rare, unwelcome when I see the ghost of my brother's nobility flickering in the boy. And in those moments, I hate him more, because he forces me to remember what I took and what I can never restore. If he would only bend, obey, disappear but no. He is too much his father's son.

I confess this not to cleanse my soul for I know Heaven will not have me but because the truth has outgrown its cage. I killed my brother out of greed. I rule from a throne built on treachery. And as Hamlet closes in, I fear the day when all Denmark will see the king I truly am: a man terrified of the justice he deserves.

1984 Propaganda Project

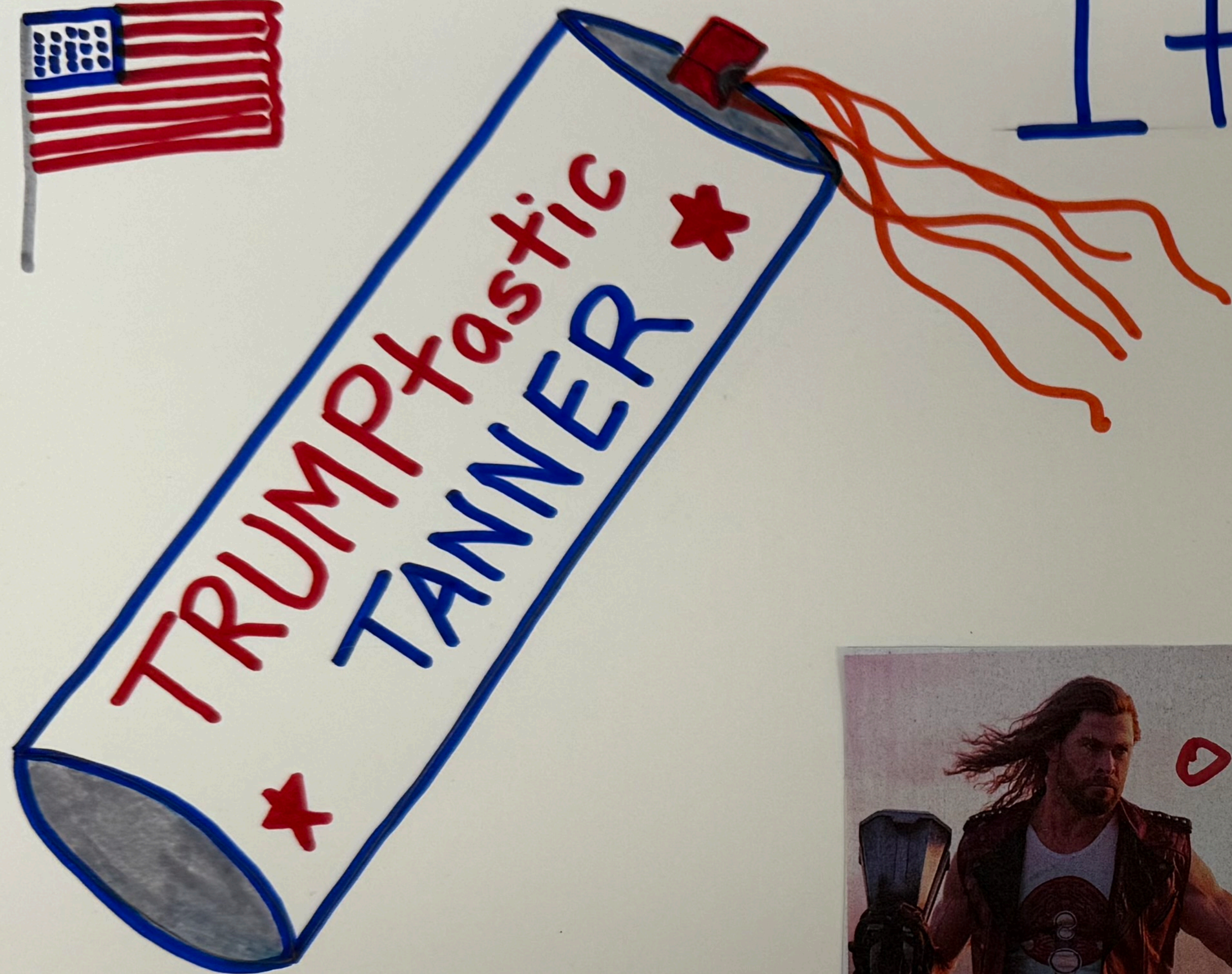
In my advertisement for Trumptastic Tanner, I chose to use a number of propaganda techniques to get my audience to buy it. The first one I used is the appeal to patriotism. Everything in the ad is red, white, and blue, just like the United States flag. I even included a few U.S. flags on the ad. In one place, I used the phrase "the greatest country in the world" to describe America. All of these make the audience feel like, if they are good Americans, they need to use this product.

Another type of propaganda I used is sort of an appeal to anyone who is Republican. I called the product Trumptastic Tanner. Naming it after President Trump might make a person who is Republican want to buy it. I also put an image of the president on the ad with an endorsement from him. This also might make a Republican feel like it's a good product to buy if the president himself likes it.

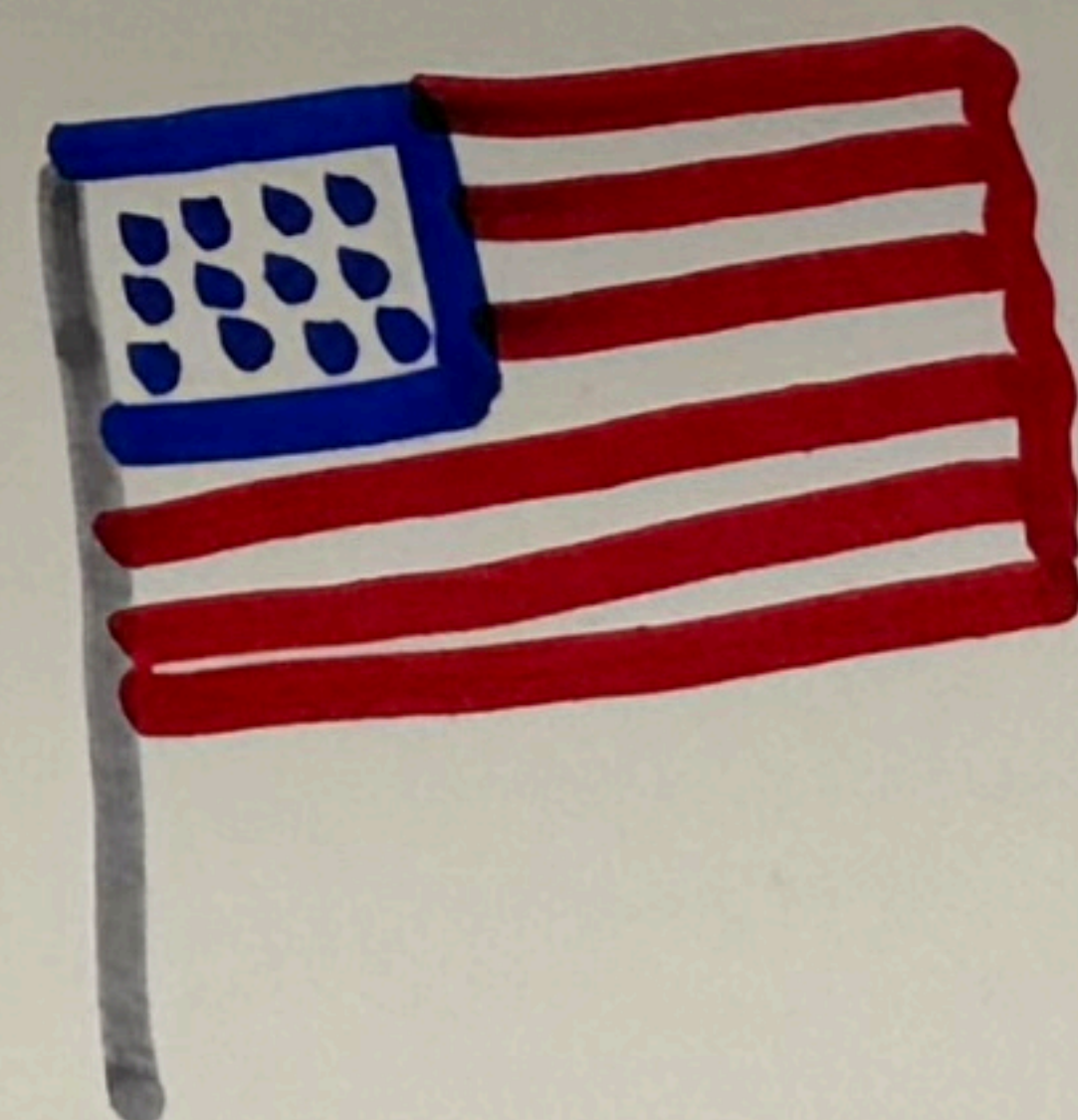
Next, I have a picture of Chris Hemsworth on the poster saying, "I always use Trump Tanner." This is an example of testimonial propaganda. Chris Hemsworth is an actor who has played in movies like *Thor*. He is very good looking and built, so if he uses this product it might make men want to buy the product so they can be more like him to attract lots of women.

The last propaganda technique I used is misuse of statistics. My ad claims that the tanner "contains up to 10% fewer cancer-causing agents than other spray tanners." We talked in class about how "up to 10%" can mean anything from 10% at the most down to 0.00001% or even less. In other words, putting the 10% on the ad makes people believe it has 10% less cancer-causing agents because they don't pay attention to the "up to" part of the statement. People will want to buy it because they believe it is safer for them than others.

It's TAN-tastic!



I ALWAYS
USE TRUMP
TANNER!



When you want
to look like the
leader of the
GREATEST
COUNTRY IN
THE WORLD -
Try TRUMPTASTIC
TANNER!

I'm Donald
Trump and I
approve this
message



IT'S SAFE!
Contains up to
10% fewer cancer-
causing agents
than many other
spray tanners.

ON SALE: TODAY
ONLY
30% OFF

Prompt: "Two Minutes Hate" Participation Reflection.

Write a reflective journal from someone after attending the Hate.

The Party's calendar says it is November, but the bitter air that bites through my school uniform feels like the dead of winter. But my uniform is a reminder of the glory of our nation. I try to feel warmth in that thought.

My memories of my life are patchy, a collection of images that the Party warns me against. I have only one that is clear: Mother telling me that I was born fifty-five minutes before Cecelia. She said that I cried ceaselessly, and Cecelia watched. Fourteen years later, we are much the same.

During today's Two Minutes Hate, I saw it. The Hate is necessary, it is a relief. You don't think, you just let the anger flow out of you in its purest form, directed at the face on the telescreen. The treacherous face of the enemy, Emmanuel Goldstein. Every day, I scream alongside everyone until my voice is raw. I hurl my pencils, my notebooks, my words — and it all feels right.

But then I saw her. Cecelia. We are identical, the fact alone should make us two interchangeable cogs in the same machine. Yet, I saw her face. And this time, it was not my own. Her mouth spewed the hate, it sang the praises of Big Brother, but none of it reached her eyes. There was a flicker of something that was not rage. It looked more akin to sorrow. A textbook facecrime on the face of my own twin. On *my* face!

My blood went cold, colder than the wind outside. To see such a thing is dangerous. To *recognize* it is a thoughtcrime. My own screams faltered for a second. Had anyone noticed her? Noticed me? Did anyone see my head turn? I doubled my efforts immediately, shouting "Eurasian spy! Traitor!" until my throat burned. I tried to focus my hate on Goldstein, but the image of Cecelia's sad eyes superimposed on his face.

The question burned itself into my brain: Was my anger convincing? I perform it every day. I will myself to feel the anger, believe all the slogans, to merge my mind with the collective hatred in the room. I cannot hold these two opposing thoughts at once. I do not feel this anger, but I must feel this anger, therefore I do. You force the first feeling down until it is small, and ingrain the second into your being. Doublethink is the only way to be safe.

But today, it failed me. I saw my sister's face, and it broke the spell. And I know, with a certainty that makes my hands tremble as I write, that to see the truth in another's eyes is the most dangerous crime of all.

The Crucible

Creative Writing Assignment – The Town Crier

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! As ye may have heard, a growing threat from witchcraft is among us, and it must come to an end! The devil is not welcome in this town, so all traces of it must be told to authorities so that we may wipe it from this province. The esteemed elders of Salem have made a list of procedures we shall follow if we encounter the devil. Anyone who practices witchcraft must be executed, and there be no exception!

Some may not know how to sight a witch, and thus, I shall begin by describing to thee the characteristics of Satan's workers. Most witches are women as they are the far weaker sex and less able to withstand the call of the evil one. Those who cannot support themselves financially may be guilty of witchcraft as they may find their need overwhelming and agree with the devil to work for him for the benefit he may pretend to provide. If someone ye know may be begging for food, or other needs, the devil is likely in them. Conversely, a woman of wealth may qualify as a witch, for she may have asked the devil to help make her wealthy. A group of women without the presence of a male is a sign of devil worship as well; women are unable to hold strong against evil without the guidance of the better and stronger sex. They that argue with neighbors are likely working for the devil as a true Christian soul is filled with kindness and gentleness toward her neighbors, demonstrating the fruits of the Holy Spirit. If one art a healer, this is a sure sign of her compliance with Satan as the Holy Bible doth say that no one must ever practice in black magic. Females who art married with few to no children or might be having trouble conceiving a child are witches and are prone to stealing the babies of other families; please be wary of them. The one who has shown sass to her husband is a witch as she is not being submissive to her husband as the Holy

Bible makes clear. Finally, if anyone be marked with a witch's mark, she is to be a witch; the devil doth mark his property clearly.

All in our midst who have any of the traits described must be brought to judgement for the sake of the souls of our entire village. When a person is thought of as a witch, he or she is to be imprisoned until trial. Methods of torture may be used to bring out a confession from the accused, such as whipping, denial of food and water, or confinement in cold and filth. Thou that denies witchcraft but is found to be guilty of association with the devil is to be hanged until dead. Thou that admit to witchcraft art put in jail until a repentance is drawn forth. If the repentance is acceptable in God's eyes, the former witch will be forgiven of sin and welcomed back into our holy and righteous society.

All people of Salem must tell if any signs of witchcraft or devilish signs are seen. Thank you for understanding. May God release our village from the evil clutches of Satan and return us to the pathway of goodness. Please come to the town center if thou hast questions or neighbors to report.

Students from Orangeburg-Wilkinson High School

Ms. Grimes

11/13/25

English 3

Luxury for Attention

In the Great Gatsby, Mr. Gatsby throws these over the top party's to flaunt his wealth like a lot of celebrities today. Gatsby spends thousands of dollars on liquor, food, and entertainment for people he doesn't even know. Most celebrities today don't socialize with normal people unless it's a charity or paid event. Like Khristina Jenner's million dollar birthday party which was full of rich and famous people. But the party had plenty of lights, cameras and news outlets to share with the outside world. These two events are perfect examples of new money because Khristina and Gatsby have new money and feel obligated to show the world how much they have.

Both Gatsby's parties and Khristina Jenner's birthday bash show how people with new money try to make a statement. At Gatsby's mansion people drink dance and enjoy entertainment all night even though most of them have never met him. They come for the experience and the luxury that Gatsby wants everyone to notice. Khristina Jenner does the same thing by hosting a million dollar birthday party filled with celebrities fancy decorations and cameras everywhere. Her party is designed to shine on social media and keep people talking about how big and expensive it was. Even though the events happen in different times they both use their wealth to get attention and to prove they belong in a higher social circle.

Overall Gatsby's parties and Khristina Jenner's birthday celebration show how new money pushes people to show off what they have. Both of them throw huge events not just for fun but to get noticed and to fit in with the rich world around them. These parties prove that even when the time period changes people still use money and attention to shape how others see them.

Name of teacher: Ms. Janice Smith

School: Lake Marion High School

When I Went to West Egg

Entry: The Party

Back in my 20s, I lived in Queens. I was a young man, around sixteen or seventeen, socially awkward but loved to travel across the city, despite the racism. My expeditions one day led me to a place called West Egg, a lavish area filled with all the rich people. That night, however, there were barely any people in the streets. I was confused at first, but then I discovered the cause of the scarcity of cars: a mansion. A mansion that had somehow attracted thousands of people, who varied in wealth, as I could tell by the variety of vehicles. I parked and walked to the gates, nervously but curiously, where not one guard was in sight. Even dark skins could get in. Looking around, everyone looked different from one another. The guests ranged from esteemed millionaires to drunkards who gambled all their money away on something stupid. It befuddled me, but I knew it could have been an opportunity to find my group. Through the blue gardens and lively party rooms, everyone was dancing and drinking, some so hard that they would end up laying out on the floor unresponsive. While the number of people was massive, the number of black people were small, and the number of them sitting down even smaller. There was one young black lass a year or two older than me who i sat down to eat with, and she yapped on and on about whatever was going on in the big N.Y.C. Our bond would last decades. Suddenly, around thirty minutes after I settled, a man projected, who I thought was the owner of the

mansion until he said the name of the true mastermind of what should be a disaster of a fiesta: Jay Gatsby. He was more relaxed than most of his guests and seemed more mature too. I, the idiot I was, went to talk with him about the first (and only) chance I got. It was very brief, but I learned the basics. He was a 32-year-old great war veteran with gold in his pockets. I was satisfied at the time, but it certainly would not be the last thing I would hear from him. Being stuck inside the mansion after some intoxicated man got into an accident, I saw Gatsby looking outside across the river at a green light, as if it reminded him of something. It made me think, “Is there more to the great Gatsby?”

Entry: The Lover

While he breathed, Gatsby was a mysterious man. No one knew a thing about him, and I doubt anyone knew him personally. They did develop the craziest rumors about the man, though. They ranged from murder, to being a spy, to being related to Kaiser Wilhelm himself. I thought each was outrageous. All these people going to his party just for them to say he killed people? I did not know if it was Stockholm syndrome or something else. A couple of days have passed by, and Gatsby’s name was muttered less by folk. I tried to ask people myself, but I was obviously ignored due to my skin color. That is where that girl from the party came in. We finally met formally, and Susan told me things that I bet not a single other person in East Egg knew. According to her, the man had his eyes on a blonde woman named Daisy Buchanan, who lived across the river from his residents. That explains why he stared over it like he did that night. I have heard from Buchanan before and knew that she was already taken by the incredible hulk. Gatsby having eyes on a man built like that confidently was shocking to me, and admirable, but I bet even he knew that she was off his radar. No wonder the man was so lonely looking whenever

I saw him. I thought about digging for more information from her but decided not to. Gatsby was his own man, a rich, pale one at that, and I should not be digging into his personal life. Me and Susan bid “till next time” to each other, and I was left thinking about Gatsby, and what kind of man he was. Where was he from? How did he get so wealthy? Did he have any friends or family at all? Unfortunately, a tragedy struck before I could ever go to ask him.

Entry: The Passing

I was in my apartment room, eating breakfast and reading the daily newspaper, not knowing about the near-future bombshell that would hit me. A surprising piece of news would hit me after reading about some car accident: “Jay Gatsby Found Dead!” My disappointment was immeasurable, and I could not tell you why. I barely knew the man, I had one, minute-long conversation with him, and somehow it had still shaken me. They found him in his pool with a bullet hole in his chest, with the assassin, also found dead nearby. That killer’s name suspiciously had the same last name as the hit-and-run victim I previously read about. I did not try to make any connections, though. A few days passed by. The world seemed to have forgotten about Gatsby, most of it anyway. There was not even any gossip about his past life anymore. I went to West egg again to see that mansion one more time. There, I saw that they were throwing his funeral at that moment, with only a dozen guests at a maximum. I was not foolish enough to invite myself, but I did watch the funeral for a few minutes, in silence. I still do not know why I felt bad. Maybe it was the knowledge that no one truly knew him, and he had zero friends. Maybe it was the knowledge that he loved a woman that was already taken. Maybe it was the fact that he had turned into a nobody over a couple of days. Or, just maybe, it was just empathy allowing me to feel bad for the once wealthy man now laying in a casket surrounded by three

people. It was starting to piss me off on how hundreds went to his party, but only a few went to his funeral. Even when I ran into Susan and asked her about it, she felt sorry for him. It really showed the priorities of his peers, and so-called friends. Looking back forty years later, Gatsby was a tragic soul. I do not think he deserved all the crap he went through. Hopefully, if the German accusations are not true, he is in a better place right now, where he can have everything, he could ever desire. Rest in peace, Jay Gatsby.

Name of teacher: Janice Smith

School: Lake Marion High School

Gatsby's Private Notebook

March 15, 1922

I'm consumed by her. Daisy, my Daisy. The love of my life, the light of my eyes, the air I breathe. I've been thinking about her nonstop, replaying every moment we shared, every glance, every touch. I know I can win her back, i just need to fix the past. These last 5 years have been nothing without her. I have to go back. Back to Louisville, to the summer of 1917. Be the man I was, the man didn't let money and ambition consume me.

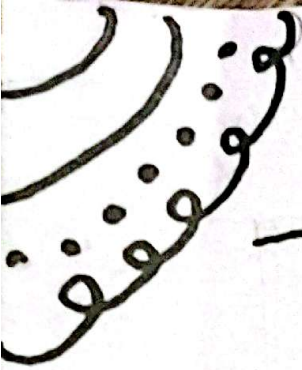
I dream of days where we stroll hand in hand through the gardens, while the sun sets behind us. Dancing with her at the country club, her eyes sparkled like diamonds. Whispering sweet nothings in her ear, making her blush. Building a life together, a life filled with laughter, children, and love. Oh, how I yearn to spend the rest of my life with her! But how can I be with her when her stubborn husband won't leave?

I want to erase Tom, make him disappear, but I know that's not possible. He's her husband, her reality. I'll have to confront him, make him see that I'm the better man. I'm trying to recreate the past, but I'm not the same person I once was. I've changed, grown, and evolved. Can I truly go back? I want Daisy to leave Tom for me, but what if she doesn't? What if she chooses him, her comfortable life, over me? I'm willing to do anything to win her back, but what if it means losing myself, my identity

I plan to move back to Louisville, reconnect with old friends, and rebuild my reputation. Find a way to "bump into" Daisy, make her see me again, remember the love we shared. I know that I must be patient, take things slow, let her see the new me again, remember the love we shared. I got to confront Tom, make him

understand that I'm not going away, that no matter what, I'm going to fight for my woman. I will win Daisy's heart and make her choose me.

I'm a fool, a lovesick fool. I'm chasing a dream, a memory. What if I'm wrong? What if she's not the same person I remember? What if I'm just a fantasy, a distraction from her mundane life? No no no, I won't let doubt creep in. I'll make it happen. I'll fix the past. I'll make Daisy mine.



I PROTECT

your



PEACE

Daisy



Buchanan, Daisy

Dear Diary

The hotel situation was outrageous, and Tom and I got into a disagreement. I said that I loved Gatsby. Tom had a bad temper; he was trying to rush me so we could leave town. Tom and Gatsby started to argue. Tom kept cheating on me with Myrtle, but when I said I loved Gatsby, it was a problem. When I used a new way of thinking on Tom he couldn't handle it. I feel overwhelmed. Part of me loves Gatsby, but I still love Tom.

Was I wrong for feeling this way? I always wanted to be with Gatsby, but he was poor. But Tom had money; he came from generational wealth. I've been seeing Gatsby for a while, but Tom didn't notice until I told him. While Tom and I were arguing, he exposed Gatsby for being a bootlegger. I was being delusional, Gatsby wasn't the perfect man I imagined. I feel guilty now that Gatsby died for me. I was supposed to kill me, not Gatsby. I'm staying with Tom because Gatsby died and I want to be stable.

2/12/2021

Now I might try couples
therapy with Tom and see
if our marriage can work
out.

The background of the top section is a dark blue gradient. It features several overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes, including a large circle and various polygons, creating a layered, abstract effect. The text 'Nick Carraway' is centered in the lower-left area of this section.

Nick Carraway

The Great Gatsby Exhibition Project

*By four students from Orangeburg-Wilkinson
High School*

Who is Nick Carraway?

- • Narrator of The Great Gatsby.
- • Moves to West Egg to learn the bond business.
- • Observant, honest, reflective.
- • His point of view shapes the whole novel.



Nick's Role in the Story

- Acts as the observer between all characters.
 - Gives insight into Gatsby, Daisy, and Tom.
 - Serves as a moral center in a corrupt environment.
 - Witnesses Gatsby's rise and fall firsthand.
-



Key
Quote
from Nick

"I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known." — Nick Carraway

This shows Nick's belief in his honesty, even while surrounded by lies.



Nick & Gatsby

- Nick admires Gatsby's hope.
- Understands Gatsby more than anyone else.
- Stays loyal during Gatsby's darkest moments.
- Believes Gatsby was 'worth the whole damn bunch put together.'

Symbolism: Nick's Perspective

- Nick represents truth and clarity.

- He symbolizes an outsider witnessing wealth and decay.

- His Midwestern roots contrast with East Coast corruption.

Conclusion

- Nick's narration gives meaning to all events.
- His honesty reveals the reality behind the glamour.
- He exposes the emptiness of the wealthy elite.
- Nick is the moral voice of the novel.