

Friendship Appreciation Day



friendship



There is something quietly powerful about being told you are valued — and on Friendship Appreciation Day, our school gave every student the chance to experience exactly that. Students wrote their heartfelt thoughts and notes of gratitude on paper leaves. They were small but sincere messages that reminded one another: I see you. I appreciate you and I'm glad you're here.

One by one, those leaves found their place on a vibrant 2D tree displayed on the wall — and with each one added, something wonderful grew. What began as a bare outline slowly transformed into a living, breathing testament to the friendships woven throughout our school community. Our tree of gratitude now stands as a symbol of warmth and care that lives within our school walls — growing stronger every day.

~ BY SUDHARSHINI (Y10)

Learning Continues After Exams



For many, the end of examinations signals one thing — rest. While rest is well deserved, learning never truly stops at Imperial. In Mathematics lessons, students were challenged to complete equations at different stations, reinforcing key concepts in an engaging way.



Even after the examination papers were submitted, our students continued to participate actively. Not because they were required to, but because curiosity does not pause. Whether honing their skills in Home Economics, developing competencies in ICT, or exploring new interests beyond the academic syllabus, they remained engaged, motivated, and present.



Even our youngest learners approach each day with full hearts and curious minds — because for them, every day is an opportunity to learn and grow. In a recent PSHE lesson, our Early Years students took their learning outdoors, exploring trees, observing caterpillars, and discovering how plants provide shade and shelter. Through simple observation and guided conversation, they began to understand the quiet wonder of a caterpillar's life cycle. Hands-on experiences like these nurture curiosity and deepen understanding of the world around them.

There is something truly special about witnessing children learn in this way — without pressure, but with natural enthusiasm and joy. It is a reminder that some of the most meaningful lessons are not measured by marks, but by the curiosity they inspire.

Committed to Examination Integrity



Learning at Imperial extends beyond our students. Our teaching staff also continue to refine their professional practice — something we take seriously as a Cambridge-accredited school. Recently, our teachers attended a Cambridge Examination Protocol professional session conducted in collaboration with the Examinations Department. The session focused on invigilation procedures, compliance standards, and best practices to ensure examinations are conducted fairly and efficiently.

As a Cambridge school, it is essential that our staff remain up to date with the latest requirements and protocols. From maintaining exam security to ensuring a smooth and equitable experience for every candidate, our team is committed to upholding the standards expected of a Cambridge centre. Ongoing professional development is not a one-off initiative — it is embedded in our culture. We believe that excellence in learning begins with well-prepared educators, long before a student writes their first answer.

~ BY EASON (Y7)

Welcoming the Year of the Horse



The Year of the Horse has arrived, and our classrooms are reflecting its vibrant and energetic spirit. Students rolled up their sleeves and worked together to transform their learning spaces into colourful celebrations of culture and festive joy. From bright red lanterns to golden decorative accents, each classroom now carries the warmth and excitement of the season. The decorations are not only visually striking, but also meaningful — reminding us of the traditions and values that Chinese New Year represents.

More than just decoration, this initiative reflects our school community coming together to honour culture, creativity, and unity as we step confidently into the new year.

The Hour of the Dragon

The moon rested just beneath the twelve o'clock mark, faint behind my thick curtains. As the clock struck midnight and fireworks burst outside, I felt something shift within me.

I rose slowly and drew back the curtains. In the glass, my reflection wavered. My vision sharpened. My senses stretched outward, as though the night itself had widened. The air felt different — charged, expectant. The transformation came all at once.

I opened the window and felt my body extend and unfurl. I did not fall when I stepped forward. Instead, I lifted — rising above the house, vast and weightless, close enough to brush the moonlit clouds. The cool night mist shimmered against dark scales that caught the light.

Below, the neighbourhood lay quiet. I exhaled, and a thin veil of mist drifted across the rooftops, curling gently through the streets. It felt powerful — not destructive, but commanding in its presence. For a moment, I understood what it meant to hold attention without speaking. Using the mist as my canvas, I shaped a towering illusion across the sky — a dragon stretching from horizon to horizon. Colossal. Majestic. Impossible to ignore.

Then, just as suddenly, a deep ache pulsed through my chest. The hour was ending. I hurried back, feeling scale return to skin, wing to shoulder, sky to ceiling. In the mirror, a faint shimmer still lingered — a reminder that something extraordinary had happened. It had been impulsive. A risk. But it taught me something important. Power, even imagined power, carries responsibility. Legends are not made by force alone, but by understanding when to rise — and when to return.

As the mist dissolved and the crickets resumed their quiet song, I looked once more at the moon and smiled.

Some transformations last only an hour. But the courage to become something greater — even briefly — can stay with you forever.

Just a Snake Doing Snake Things

The grandfather clock struck midnight, and something stirred deep inside me.

A strange heat pulsed through my body. My feet fused together, my vision sharpened into glowing outlines, and the world transformed into waves of warmth and movement. When I tried to shout, only a soft hiss escaped my lips.

I had one hour.

I slipped out into the cool night air, surprised by how easily my new body moved. I glided across pavements, curved around corners, and squeezed through the smallest gaps without a sound. The street lights shimmered against dark scales that felt sleek and powerful.

Drawn by instinct, I made my way toward the night market. The air buzzed with chatter and sizzling food. From beneath a stall table, I watched people laugh, bargain, and enjoy the evening. It felt different seeing the world from ground level — quieter, sharper, more alert.

Curiosity tugged at me. I slithered between crates and under chairs, unnoticed, observing everything. It was thrilling — not because I wanted to cause trouble, but because I could move unseen, a silent part of the night itself.

Then, suddenly, a tugging sensation pulled at me. My scales began to fade. My tail shifted. The warmth drained from my senses. I raced home, heart pounding, and just made it back to my room before the final shimmer disappeared. The next morning, I stood in front of the mirror — fully human again.

Ordinary.

But as I caught my reflection, I couldn't help smiling. For one hour, I had seen the world differently — quieter, closer to the ground, guided by instinct instead of noise. And maybe that was enough adventure for now.

After all, being human has its own kind of power.