



Learning... Through the Eyes of Our Learners

JANUARY 2026



THE GIRL WHO STOPPED HIDING HER LIGHT

As this term began, I found myself looking back at something I had quietly carried with me for a long time - my love for public speaking. Throughout Form 5, I tucked that talent away so I could stay focused on securing my IGCSE grades. But the moment I walked through the blue gates of The Roman Ridge School as a Lower Six student, something shifted. I felt this was the time to finally step forward, to speak up, and to show that public speaking isn't just something I enjoy; it's something I'm truly good at. When I was given the opportunity to MC our senior school assembly for the first time, I accepted it with pride even though I was a little anxious about making a mistake.

But I soon reminded myself that mistakes are part of the journey; this experience was meant to help me grow, build confidence, and truly show what I can do. Despite my nerves, I stepped up with the right mindset, spoke with confidence, and delivered a smooth, flawless programme. I felt incredibly proud of myself. It made me realise that this is only the beginning of my journey. From now on, any opportunity that comes my way, I'll take it, and I'll give nothing less than my best. Another chance, another improvement. I asked for the opportunity to give the Vote of Thanks for Remembrance Day, and without hesitation, I sat down, wrote my speech, and delivered it.

With a little encouragement from Mr. Gopaldas, I felt ready to step up again. The crowd was much larger this time, but that only pushed me to test my skills even more. My speech went flawlessly. I received loud applause and handshakes from teachers I never expected, each one showing how proud they were of me. In that moment, I paused and reflected. I told myself: “Never doubt who you are and never hide your talents just to please others. Show who you are, because it can take you far.”

Speaking in front of the whole school reminded me of how strong my public speaking skills truly are. I used to demonstrate these skills back in Middle School by reading poems and taking part in programmes, but I now realise I should have continued to grow and expand those gifts. Still, this moment reassured me that it was not too late. I’m ready to keep going.

It’s not only my public speaking skills that I’m proud of; I’m genuinely proud of the girl I am becoming. My IGCSE grades showed me that making the Honour Roll isn’t impossible. Even if I’m not entirely sure I’ll achieve it this term, I know I came incredibly close once again. And I’m not giving up. I keep reminding myself that one day, Honour Roll will be mine, it’s only a matter of time. My hard work is showing, even if a few mistakes pull me down sometimes.

But I've never given up. For example, my Chemistry grades this term have improved. I've never seen myself achieve in this subject before. Looking back at this term from the very beginning, I see real growth: in my public speaking skills, in my confidence, and in my determination to earn a place on the Honour Roll. With my effort, my energy, and my prayers, I truly believe that one day my name will be on that wall.

This term has taught me to believe in myself and never let anyone dim my shine or stop me from showing my true talents. Life is too short to hide your passions and gifts from the world. As this term comes to an end, I can honestly say I'm proud of myself. I've grown in ways I never expected, pushed myself out of my comfort zone, and proved that I'm capable of so much more than I thought. I may not be exactly where I want to be yet, but I'm stepping closer every day, and that alone makes me proud. This journey is shaping me, and I'm excited to see how far I'll go.



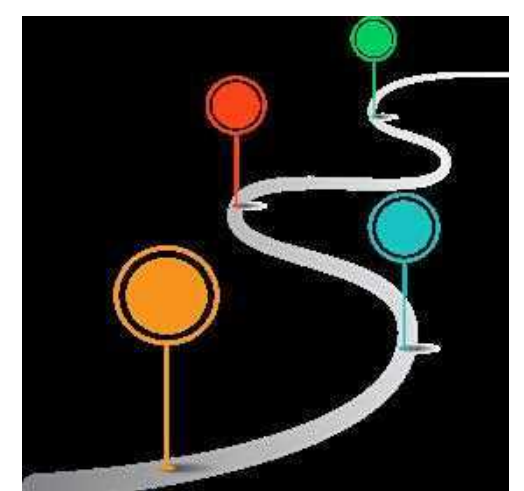
Kayla Adofo-Addo - L6W



WHAT I WOULD DO DIFFERENTLY IF I COULD RESTART THE TERM

This term has been a season that began on a lively and entertaining note, filled with the excitement and great ambitions I prepared to achieve. What started as a light and refreshing beginning soon unfolded into a season packed with academic responsibilities, challenging tasks, and in the end, meaningful goals. As the term progressed, each week presented its own milestones to reach and expectations to meet which gradually transformed the term from something not just full of entertainment but into a journey of growth, discipline, and achievement.

However, the blend of fun and focus still created an experience that was both enriching my mind and academic work. One of the finest quotes I believe in by Benjamin Franklin states that “By failing to prepare, you are preparing to fail”, and this quote stuck with me as I began my new journey as a Lower Six student. I knew that it wasn’t going to be an easy journey moving from the IGCSE syllabus to the A level syllabus as the difference in content was far expected, and the demand for constant new exponentially. The present version of that the past version of me had prepared they ahead of time.

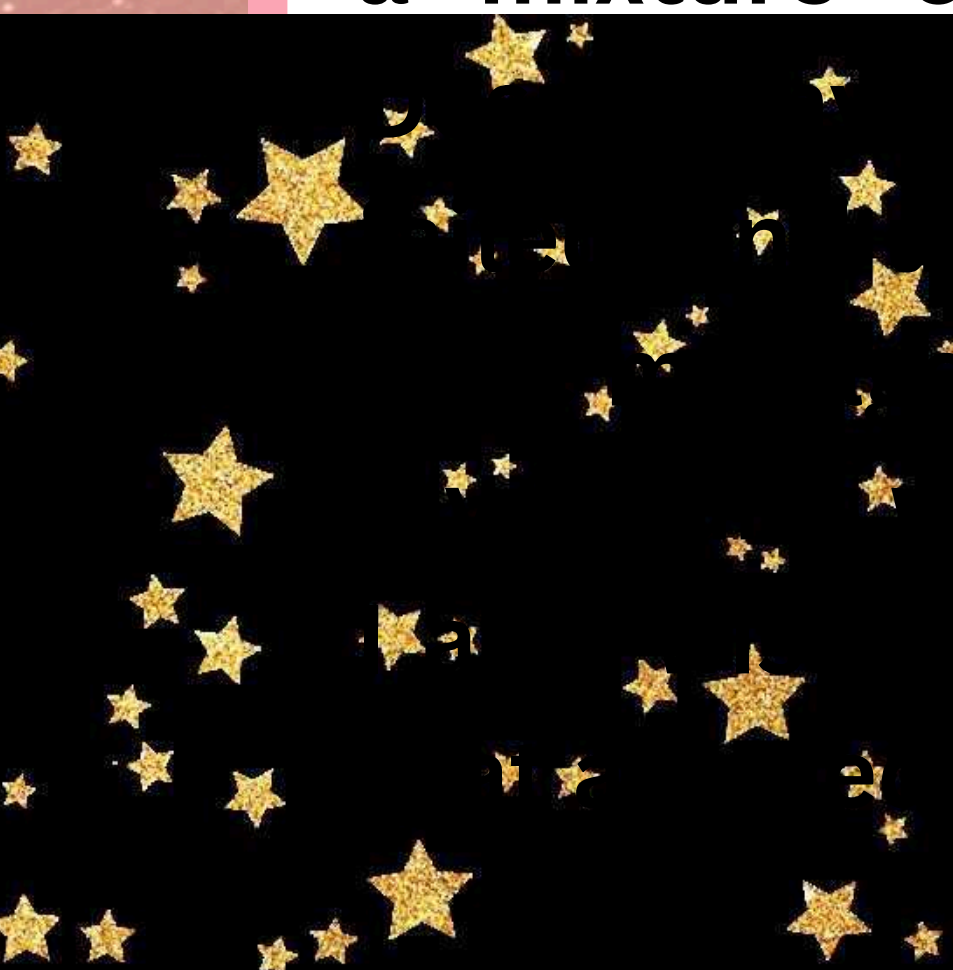


If I were given the opportunity to restart the term, I would begin by preparing myself much earlier for the academic challenges that awaited me. Entering Sixth Form came up with a set of expectations, responsibilities, and standards that I had initially underestimated. Looking back, I realise that taking the time to thoroughly review my syllabus requirements before stepping into the early stages of the term would have given me a stronger foundation.

Such preparation would not only have opened my eyes to see what was ahead of me but also would have given me the confidence and readiness needed to excel from the onset. Throughout the term, I experienced both uplifting moments and discouraging setbacks. Even on the days when I believed I had fully prepared myself to face every obstacle, unexpected difficulties still found their way above the waters.

These ups and downs reminded me that the path to academic success is never a straight path but rather, a mixture of growth, challenges, and resilience.

efforts, there were times when I felt like I. Upon reflecting, I recognised that I could have used my time more wisely and approached with a better routine. Beyond academics, I had involved myself more in activities that allowed me to contribute to my community.



Giving back to society does not only build character but also broadens one's perspective and instils a sense of responsibility. The ability to participate in more volunteering programmes would have enriched my experience and helped me grow socially and not only academically.

Even though the journey toward academic success was occasionally rocky, I was fortunate enough to have a strong support system. My friends and teachers continuously encouraged me to never give up, even when I doubted myself. They reminded me that one or two disappointing test grades do not define my abilities or my worth. Their words of assurance made me understand that challenges are inevitable, but they do not define who I am as a person in any way. In the end, I have come to appreciate that we are most human when we refuse to let our mistakes govern our identity.

Instead, we should allow them to guide us, acting as corrections that prevent future errors and prepare us for what lies ahead. If I could restart the term, I would face it with greater wisdom, preparation, and a renewed commitment to personal growth. In conclusion, I would say that every experience, whether triumphant or difficult, has shaped me into someone more resilient and better prepared for the future.



Gracie Elikem Onny - L6W



WHAT WOULD I DO DIFFERENTLY IF I COULD RESTART THE TERM?

To begin, this Christmas term has been an impactful, insightful and extremely interactive term for me. I have learnt to build communication skills with my peers, set goals and targets for myself with limited time as well as build my Curriculum vitae through engagement in extra-curricular activities, volunteer work and academics.

Amidst all of this were lingering challenges that persisted in halting my progress and they did so effectively. Procrastination, this was the most recurring challenge during the semester. Dismissing my studies for other unimportant activities evidently set me back during a few lessons causing me to regret the time I had wasted. For example, on social media knowing I could have been more productive.

What I would do differently this term if i could restart it in term of procrastination is, set down time for my phone usage and other devices so I can truly lock in, focus and get work done efficiently. What my procrastination from this term has taught me is, to manage my time effectively by creating a strict but balanced timetable so though I am completely fixated on my books, I can relax here and there.



I can also utilise my free period for effective study sessions instead of talking the entire time with my peers. Secondly, though I engage in sports during PE, I do not often engage in after school extracurricular activities such as volleyball. If I was to restart the term, I would involve myself in after school sports without hesitation.

Not only to spend time with my friends but to simultaneously get some exercise in to get in good shape. If I had played sports after school more frequently, I am certain I would have enhanced my skills in certain sports and built my stamina.

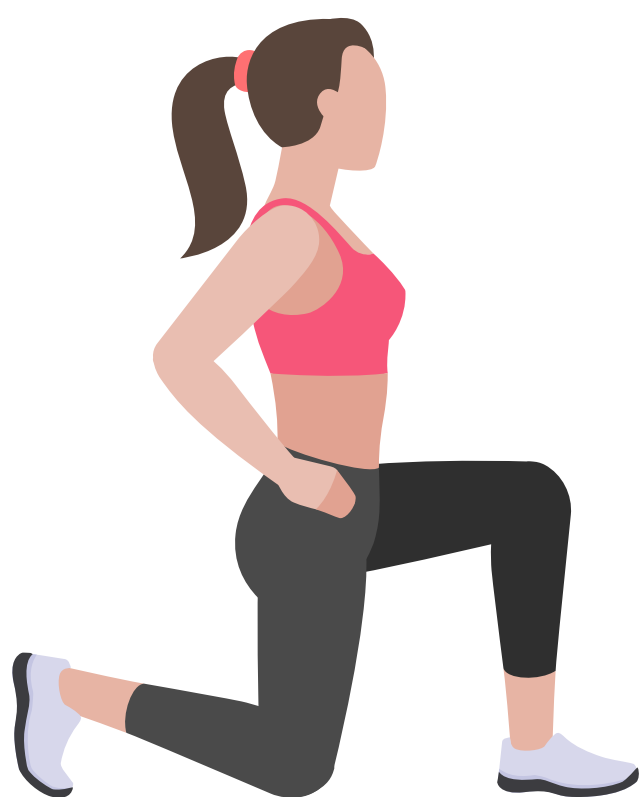
Thirdly, I would work on balancing my academics and social life. I realised at a point during the term that I was overworking myself during school and after school hours, disregarding some of my friends and rarely setting time aside for them.

By preventing this, I would allocate time by creating plans with my friends during the weekends and during half term breaks to spend as much time as possible with them while after those plans, spending quality time with my books ensuring I am not behind in my subjects, meeting deadlines way before time and additionally improving weaker subjects earlier.



Oversleeping has definitely been a challenge for me as well as not getting enough sleep. I would usually come to class drained, dizzy and completely exhausted. To prevent sleep imbalance, I would utilise an alarm on my phone to wake me up at set times to be productive. As well as remind me of the time I must sleep to gain enough energy to take on the day tomorrow.

This would be my most effective start to a perfect term. In conclusion, although I would change several things, I appreciate the lessons this term has taught me. It has helped me identify my weaknesses and given me the opportunity to recall the things I need to fix so I do not bring them into the successive terms. If I apply these changes moving forward, I am confident that I will perform better academically and grow into a more disciplined and responsible student.



Zoe Arko Boamah - L6A

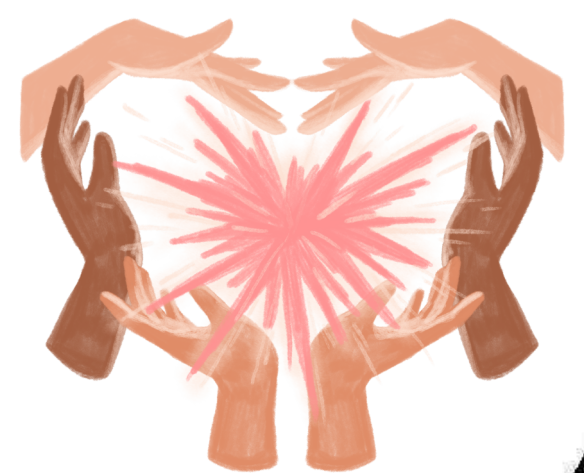


WE RISE BY LIFTING OTHERS

When school started and I returned, the first thing I noticed upon entering my classroom was the theme pasted above the board: “We Rise by Lifting Others.” At first, I didn’t give it much thought; it seemed simple and didn’t appear to mean much. But as I thought about it more and began to understand its deeper meaning, I realised what it truly means to rise by lifting others.

Most of the time, many of us want to achieve success on our own or become the best through our own hard work. However, the more I reflected on this idea, the more I realised that we actually achieve more when we support others. Helping others does not make us weaker—it makes us stronger. When we offer help to someone who is struggling, whether in their studies, sports, or life in general, it can make a big difference.

When they improve, it creates a better environment for everyone around them, allowing all of us to progress together. I saw this clearly during physical education class. One of my classmates was struggling with the basics of basketball, so I decided to help them.



Over time, they began to play better and gained confidence. When others noticed this improvement, they were inspired to work harder too. As a result, all of us improved our skills in the sport. Helping others also teaches us what it means to be a true leader. A leader isn't someone who simply gives orders, but someone who helps others grow, inspires them, and motivates them.

These are essential qualities for taking on meaningful roles and opportunities in life. Beyond supporting others, helping people gives us a sense of purpose and makes us feel more connected and valued in our communities. In conclusion, the theme “We Rise by Lifting Others” teaches us that success is not achieved alone. When we help others climb, we all rise together.



Baffour Kofi Nsenkyire-L6W

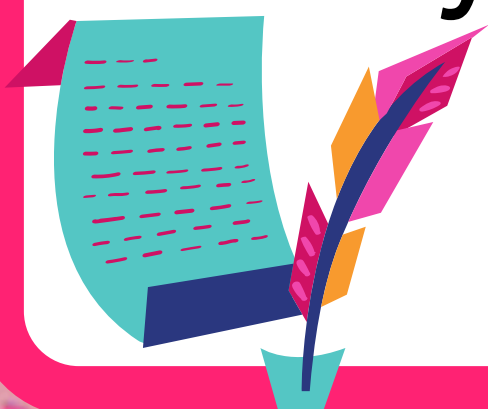


IF THE PLAYWRIGHT COULD HEAR MY THOUGHTS

If Efua T. Sutherland could hear my thoughts, I would ask her to add a brand-new character; an overprotective older brother who genuinely cares about Anansewa. This brother wouldn't just be any older sibling; he'd be a hardworking man with a steady, well-paying job. Despite earning a lot, he would still share nearly half of his salary with Anansewa, trying to help her out in any way he could.

But instead of using this money wisely, like to pay for her school fees or save for the future, Anansewa would spend it all on flashy clothes and fancy food. She would want to look “bougie” you know, super stylish and rich. Her brother would constantly warn her about the importance of being responsible and saving money for her future, but Anansewa wouldn't listen. Slowly but surely, she'd start becoming more like her father, Ananse.

The more time she spends around him, the more her greed would grow. Ananse's selfish, money-driven words would start to creep into her mind, making her believe that marrying for wealth was the only way to find happiness and success.



Her character would change completely from a kind, obedient girl to someone who has to learn a tough lesson about the dangers of greed and the true meaning of love. But that's not all. If the playwright could hear my thoughts again, I would ask her to bring Ananse's wife back to life in the story. She wouldn't be like Ananse, obsessed with money and power.

Instead, she would be a kind-hearted woman with genuine dreams of having a loving, peaceful family. Together with Anansewa's older brother, she would try to talk some sense into Ananse, reminding him that family and love are more important than wealth. She would also take Anansewa under her wing, trying to teach her how to be responsible and wise with money, something Anansewa would refuse to listen to at first.

As the story unfolds, I'd add a twist: Ananse's wife would fall gravely ill with an incurable condition. The doctor would secretly tell Anansewa's brother that she only has a short time left to live that she would pass away on the very day Anansewaa is set to marry Chief-Who-Is-Chief. The brother, however, would keep this heart-breaking news to himself.



He wouldn't want to ruin the wedding and would try to protect Anansewa from the painful truth. Then, when the big wedding day finally arrives, the worst happens, as predicted, their mother dies. The entire family is crushed by the loss, but Ananse, who has never cared much about family, remains focused on the idea of wealth.

In a shocking moment, he would coldly turn to Anansewa and say, "After the marriage, we'll hold a funeral, and then I'll find myself a new wife, after all, just think of all the money we'll have!" This would be the moment that shakes Anansewa to her core. Hearing those words from her father, she would finally realise how much money has consumed him and how cold-hearted he's become.

The realisation would hit her hard that her father's obsession with wealth has completely blinded him to what truly matters: love, kindness, and the importance of family. It would be in that instant that Anansewa learns the hardest lesson of all; money can't buy happiness or fix what's broken in the heart.



Nana Kwabena Adade Boafo - F1W



THE THIRTY MINUTES BEFORE AN EXAM

The classroom felt like it was slowly shrinking, the walls creeping closer every second. The air was thick and warm, almost sticky, like too many people had breathed it in before me. I sat at my desk with my Science ISEB textbook wide open. The pages looked bigger than usual, almost like they were trying to swallow me whole.

My hands were shaking so badly that the edges of the book rattled every time I tried to turn a page. My eyes scanned the words again, but nothing wanted to stay in my head. Everything slipped away like water through my fingers. My forehead grew hot, and a tiny line of sweat trickled down the side of my face. My shirt clung to my back, and my heart kept beating louder like someone inside my chest was playing a huge drum.

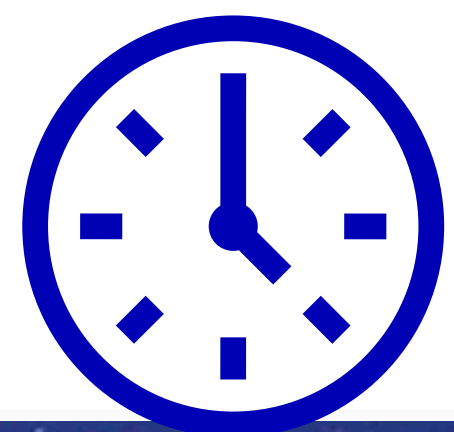
The classroom lights were too bright, shining straight into my eyes and making every sentence look doubled. My eyes started hurting from staring too hard, and every blink felt heavy. The clock on the wall made everything worse. Its loud tick-tock sounded like it was climbing into my ears. Each tick hit me like a small slap, reminding me that time was disappearing fast.



I swallowed hard, feeling a lump stuck in my throat. Then the invigilator's deep voice cut through the room when he said, "Twenty minutes more." My stomach dropped all the way down. It felt like I had only just started studying. My fingers tightened around the book, and my breathing grew too fast, like I couldn't get enough air no matter how hard I tried. My head spun a little, and the words on the page started moving around each other, almost like they were teasing me.

I raised my hand and asked to go to the washroom, hoping the cold water would wake my brain. When I splashed my face, the chilly water shocked me and ran down my neck, making me shiver. For a moment, I felt awake again. But the washroom was noisy. Two boys were whispering and giggling like they didn't care about the exam at all. Their voices echoed off the walls and made my head feel even heavier.

When I realised I had wasted five whole minutes, my chest tightened, like a knot being pulled hard. Five minutes in exam time felt like five hours. I hurried back and almost tripped over my shoelace before dropping into my seat again. This time, I tried a different method. I forced myself to slow down and breathe deeper. Slowly, tiny pieces of information began sticking in my mind.



Not big things, but small facts like puzzle pieces clicking into place. My thoughts became calmer, and it felt like a cloudy sky was clearing up inside my head. For a moment, the room faded out and it felt like it was only me and my textbook sitting together in a quiet bubble. The panic was still there, but it felt far away. The bubble burst when the invigilator said, “Ten minutes remaining.” My heart didn’t just beat; it pounded so hard I could feel it in my throat.

A sudden headache hit me like a sharp pulse at the sides of my head. The classroom looked different now. Some students stared out the window as if the sky was going to help them. Others chewed their snacks slowly. Someone even rested their head on the desk like they had already given up.

I tried to ignore everyone. The room felt warm, smelled like paper and sweat, and my head kept spinning like I was on a merry-go-round that refused to stop. “Five minutes left!” the invigilator shouted. His voice echoed in my skull. Even so, a strange and surprising feeling of confidence began rising inside me. Small memories from class started popping into my mind; words, diagrams, definitions.

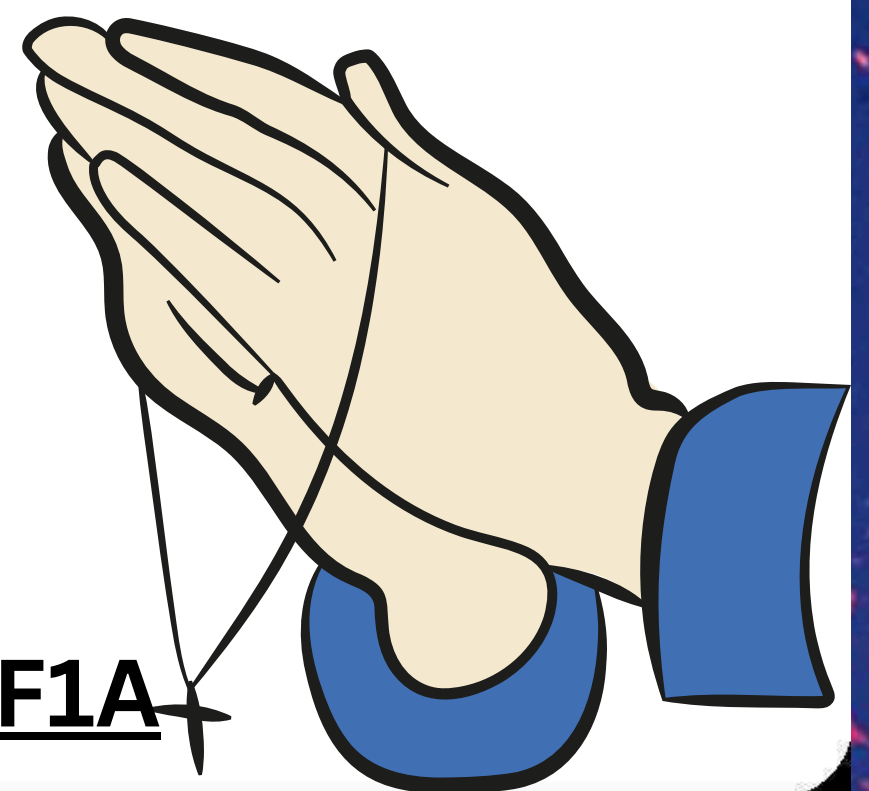


Everything I thought I had forgotten slowly returned. My chest loosened, and I could finally breathe properly again. When he finally said, “Pack your textbooks,” a wave of relief washed over me, mixed with sharp nervousness. The room fell into deep silence as he walked between the rows giving out the exam papers. My hands trembled as I took mine.

The paper felt smooth and cold, too light for how heavy the moment felt. Everyone sat up straight. Chairs creaked softly. Pens were held tightly. The silence grew heavier until the invigilator cleared his throat and said, “Start.” I whispered a small prayer inside my head, took a deep breath, and opened the first page. My eyes froze. The words stared back at me like they were laughing.



Abdul Hafeez Abdul Razak - F1A



ONE WAY I'VE GROWN SINCE THE START OF THE TERM

I started this school after half term, not knowing anyone and not even the way to my new class. It took me time to adjust to the new environment. I realized later that we were writing exams in the next two weeks. Recognizing the need to catch up on everything my classmates had studied during my absence, I realized I needed a well-structured plan. I committed myself to a disciplined routine, understanding that personal growth and intellectual development were essential to reaching my aspirations.

Over the following weeks, I saw significant progress in myself, both academically and personally, as I adapted and embraced the challenges of the new environment. I took the responsibility as a co-master of ceremony (Mc) on my second day of being in the school for a cyber bullying program held in the school even though my colleagues were unwilling to accept the opportunity. Doing a program I never thought I could do motivated me to be brave and stand out even when it was against all odds. Participating in oral French studies at The Roman Ridge School was initially a cultural shock for me. However, I am grateful for the opportunity to practice writing, listening, reading, and speaking French, which has significantly enhanced my fluency in the language.

Additionally, I once underestimated the value of group study, but collaborating with classmates on group projects has introduced me to new ideas and perspectives that have greatly enriched my learning experience. There are moments when I struggled with homesickness when adjusting to a new culture, especially being away from familiar surroundings and routines.

However, staying connected with family, seeking support from new friends, and immersing myself in school life has helped me adapt and embrace my new environment. It's also important to mention some of the challenges I faced outside my academic work, especially things like feeling homesick or having to adjust to a new culture. At first, being away from home and finding my way around a completely different environment was tough.

I missed my family and the familiar routines I am used to. But by keeping in touch with my loved ones, leaning on new friends for support, and getting involved in school life, I slowly found my place and began to enjoy the experience. My science and Mathematics teachers, especially, inspired me to work harder and push myself academically. Their passion for teaching and the extra help they offered really changed my attitude towards learning.



I found myself more motivated and willing to step out of my comfort zone because of their encouragement. Although the term is enjoyable and packed with academic activities, there are still areas of student life that have not been fully explored.

Placing greater emphasis on students' athletic needs could help uncover sporting talents and promote physical fitness among students. Looking ahead to the next term, I hope to continue strengthening my friendships, take on new leadership roles, and further improve my academic performance. I also aim to explore other clubs and sports to broaden my horizons and contribute more actively to the school community. By setting these goals, I am excited to continue growing and making the most of every opportunity that comes my way.

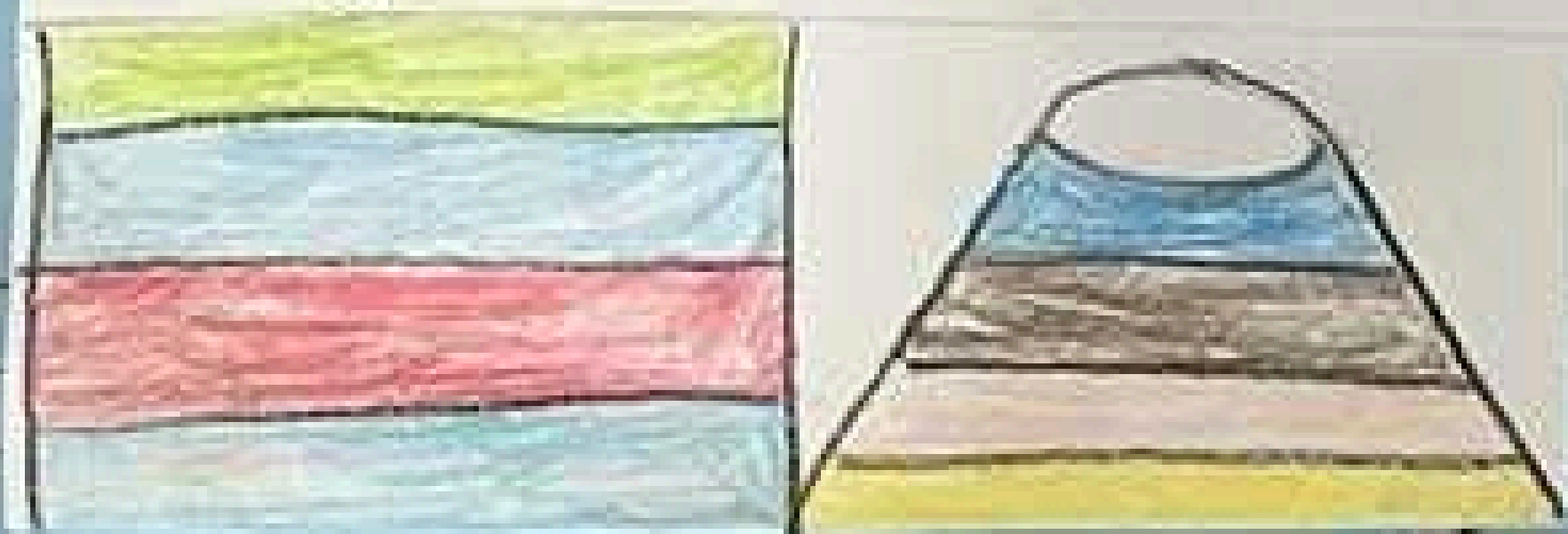
When I think about what's next, I want to keep building on the friendships I've made, take up more leadership opportunities, and keep improving my grades. I also hope to try out other clubs and sports to discover new interests and be more involved in the school community. Setting these goals gives me something to look forward to, and I am excited to keep growing and making the most of every opportunity in the new term.



Wilma Ampem -C6W

**OVERCOME
THE
IMPOSSIBLE**

I really loved our Art lesson on Tie and dye because I got to use different colours to bring out the design. I was wondering how a pattern came out on a cloth by just dipping some tied up material into a liquid dye. After we tied the material with a string we dipped it in the dye, we dried it. Oh when the teacher untied it and opened it, surprise! A beautiful design and lovely patterns! The Tie and dye reminded me of a rainbow in the sky. Now, any time I see a printed cloth, I have an idea of how it was made. You can try this at home.

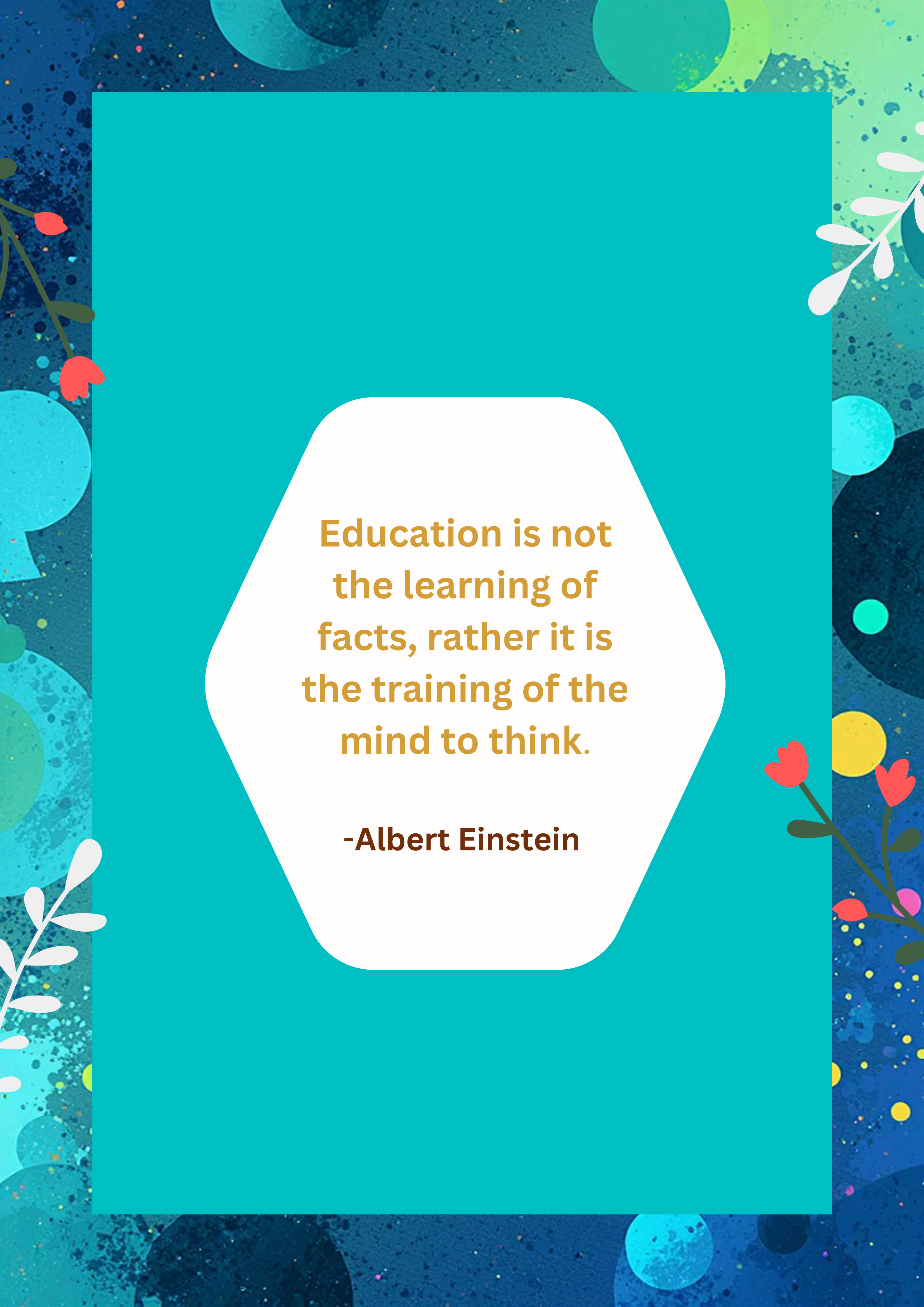


Rihaan
Puthran
2 East

The Balloon

I love shape poems oh I love it so much because it's so fun. The beautiful thing about shape poem is that we make use of our five senses to describe our object in a shape. We can make rhyming words in lovely sentences. For example we can talk about balloon, trees, ice cream, cake anything at all and use their shape to write a poem. Today my shape is a balloon. What shape will you use for your shape poem? Watch out for my balloon shape poem!





**Education is not
the learning of
facts, rather it is
the training of the
mind to think.**

-Albert Einstein