



*March 2019 edition*

# AMS JOURNAL



**PINK**

**MEANS:**

love calm  
respect  
**WARMTH**  
long term  
feminine  
care  
assertive  
sensitive  
**NURTURE**  
possibilities

**BROUGHT TO YOU BY  
TORCH CLUB**

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**UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF**

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# THIS MONTH'S EVENTS

*For the students of AMB, March 2019 was filled with exciting events and challenging competitions! We bring you the highlights of this month's events:*

## *Spelling Bee*

**March 13, 14 & 17**

Students of grades 4 to 8 challenged each other in a Spelling Bee competition organized by the literacy committee. An audience of students and teachers anxiously listening to the competitors as they spelled long, difficult words. The event concluded with the announcement of the winners.



## *AMB Wins First Place in the AUS Sharakah MathFest*

**March 14**

On the 14th of March, twenty of our most skilled mathematical thinkers vied for a winning title in the Sharakah MathFest- an annual celebration of Mathematics- held by the American University in Sharjah. After an long day of math activities and enriching lectures, our students won the first place in the Pi poster competition.



## *International Day of Happiness*

**March 20**

On the 20th of March, students confidently expressed their personality by coming to school dressed in a variety of colors. It was a day that carried the true essence of happiness and joy, and a day that encouraged smiles to spawn on the faces of those who enjoyed the company and diversity of others.



## *MFNC Launch Event*

**March 19**

On March 19, all branches of AMSI came together to launch the MFNC platform in Al Mawakeb Khawaneej. This platform aims to empower Emarati students and help them grow in order for them to contribute positively to the future of the UAE.



## *Poetry Slam*

**March 13**

On Wednesday, March 13, a week's worth of preparation was finally put into action. Participants in the Poetry Slam had the opportunity to display their poetry skills in an intense competition as the audience listened in awe, even forgetting to take a single bite of their pizza slices. The audience then selected the winner by vote.



## *AMB Wins Third Place in Arabic Chevron Cup*

**March 14**

After months of preparation, our skilled competitors arrived at the finals the Chevron Cup competition- an annual reading competition hosted by Emirates Airline Festival of Literature. They were assessed on intricate details in their given stories. As usual, they made their way to the top and won third place in the UAE.



## *Literary Legacy*

**March 6**

In an initiative launched by the Literacy committee, a group of seniors brought their favorite childhood books to school and read them to Grade 2 students in the green field. After they finished their stories, the seniors left a legacy of their own in the book- a small note with inspiring words- and gave it to the younger students to keep in their classroom library.



# CRYING OUT LOUD

Not ashamed of crystal droplets escaping my tear duct.

They tell me “coarsen your heart”...

Do they cognize how much we’re corrupt?

“You’re too young”, they say,

“You’re too young to be crying during the day.”

Why? I’m not afraid of the sun’s rays.

They say, “Just lighten up your mood.”

Tell me, how do I “lighten up” when we’re doomed?

Oh, I’m sorry, I forgot that I’m too young to speak up,

So forgive me if ever I interrupt.

I just need to tell you that I’m crying,

yet you’re still not comprehending

all the messages I’ve been sending.

So you’d better not tell that I’m not allowed

to be crying out loud.



“Pure page-turner.” \*

“Heart-racing.” †

“Explosive.” ‡

“Brilliant.” ◡

# REVIEW OF *BEFORE I GO TO SLEEP* BY S.J WATSON

By Shahd Jamal

Memories are what define us. So what would happen if we lose them all? The pages of S.J Watson’s novel, *Before I Go to Sleep*, highlight the importance and value of memories. Christine, the unfortunate character, is diagnosed with amnesia due to an “accident”. Ben, who claims to be her husband, dictates that piece of information, along with everything else she knows. Waking up every day with no memory of what

happened right before she went to sleep elicited a continuous train of thoughts which drive her to doubt her reality and fear that her history and past have been nothing but a big lie made up by her so-called husband who does not turn out to be true to his identity either. One could only imagine the inner turmoil she goes through, not being able to trust the person she shares a bed with while simultaneously being

incapable of remembering anything on her own. Dr. Nash aids her on her journey of discovering the truth and healing by advising her to keep a journal to record the events of each day. She utilizes it as an outlet to her thoughts and emotions; hence, it helps her keep track of her life, hoping that reading it will fill the gaps that have formed in her memory. The novel is a bestselling

psychological thriller that is successful in fulfilling its purpose. It is a pure page-turner which is bound to have your attention from the cover page until the very last one. Every revelation that Christine finds intensifies the reader's need to find out more. It casts light on the fact that, in spite of the human brain's complexity and power, it is very fragile, as one event was able to wipe her memories clean as though they never resided in the corners of her head.

No book can be flawless. Many have come close to perfection but none has ever met that high expectation yet. In spite of

the suspense that is laced throughout the story's events and the excitement which it triggers in the reader's mind, one cannot deny that it was monotonous and slow-paced in some parts. Nevertheless, the monotony and repetition of certain ideas and events is essential to the plot development and accurately drives the story towards its resolution. Christine must discover and meet herself on a daily basis, and for the reader to remain involved in the story, one must accompany her throughout her journey even if it means that the same events and lies must be read repetitively.

S.J Watson chooses simple diction to construct his novel, for it is evident that it is an easy read lacking any flamboyant or archaic language. That does not deem it appropriate for children though, as it is most suitable for young adults. This brilliant novel was recommended to me recently and I urge you all to find yourselves a copy and allow yourselves to indulge in the beautiful, intricate story of the amnesiac Christine. Moreover, due to the creative and entrancing plot, the book was eventually turned into a thrilling movie starring Nicole Kidman as Christine.



# A TRIBUTE TO MAWAKEB

By Zain Manna

Yet another year that flew by rather quickly, and, naturally, everyone is eager for the summer vacation to arrive. As a senior who has been in this school for thirteen years, I began to ponder and think about my final departure. Ever since I was little, I always imagined that in my final few months of school, I would count down the days to my graduation so that I can flee to “the real world” and pursue a major

I’m passionate about, and it’ll all be ‘rainbows and sunshine’. However, all these whimsical thoughts are slowly fading away as the big day approaches. The one thing that hit me the most is the fact that I am leaving a community that I genuinely love being around. It’s a bittersweet feeling: I’m happy that I’m leaving because of the exciting prospect of becoming independent and mature enough to have control over my own

life choices and to make an impact on the world around me. However, it saddens me that I have to leave this tightly-knit community of amazing students and teachers who have always been here to support me and with whom I have become so familiar. I won’t be there to annoy Mr. Fouad, my math teacher, with my redundant questions. I won’t be there to visit Mrs. Olfat’s office to constantly bug her. I won’t be there to hear Ms. Rana’s loud whistle as its high-pitched sound echoes in the hallway and jolts the students into scampering



hurriedly out of their classes.

I constantly hear my family members saying that the transition from school to university is rather challenging. I'm not going to lie: the fact that this time next year I won't be in Mawakeb frightens me to the core. It startles me that I will not wake up every morning to get ready and wear the same uniform I have been wearing for years. It terrifies me that I'm going to leave the place that I consider to be my second home. However, coming

from a school like Mawakeb, I am certain that I will be able to surmount any and all adversities that might come my way, for it's a school that taught me so much about resilience and adaptability. Aside from the fact that I can now find the derivative of a function or analyze a Shakespearean sonnet, I feel like in these mere thirteen years I've acquired many life skills and qualities. I have learned the importance of tolerance, persistence, and accountability, and, most

importantly, I have learned the skill of individuality. As my sister, an alumna, always said: "Mawakeb builds character".

Yes, I am aware that this essay sounds a bit too cliché; however, as a student who has spent her whole conscious life within these walls, I have great despair when I think about leaving this place. Despite this, I look forward to put the knowledge I've gained from this school into good use and show the world what a "*Mawakebi*" can do.

# ART GALLERY

*Here, we showcase our gifted students' amazing artwork*



by Roudha Bu Abdulla



by Roudha Bu Abdulla



by Nora Kassem



by Nora Kassem



by Nora Kassem



by Nora Kassem



# DETHRONING THE TITANIC

**By Adrianna Sabbagh**

If you were to search for “the most tragic shipwreck”, both you and the internet would consider the same specimen: the Titanic. While the severity of its literal downfall cannot be overlooked, nor the lives that were lost to the Pacific minimized, the Titanic certainly is not the most tragic or the most significant. Before I proceed to dethrone the Titanic and reveal the identity of the ship I believe to be more deserving of the title, allow me to examine the cause

for the Titanic’s fame. The story of the Titanic mainly derives its appeal from its irony. The fate of the ship that was once proclaimed to be ‘unsinkable’ and that was synonymous with ‘colossal’ and ‘cosmic’ proved to be the antithesis of people’s expectations. It was conquered, almost instantly, by an iceberg with covert force. It was metaphorical, symbolic, satirical. The Titanic was a symbol for man’s apotheosis and the iceberg of nature’s reprimand. In its film adaptation, it

became the binding and then destructive force that worked for and then against the image of ideal lovers: Jack and Rose. It was converted from a tragedy among many to a singular theme and a cultural icon. Through the pathos of Jack and Rose’s fictitious romance and the magnitude of a cinematic portrayal, the Titanic is now universally recognized as the “most tragic shipwreck”. However, is it truly deserving of this historical position?

I shall now present my central argument; I will unveil the corpse of a ship coated in mystery and buried beneath conspiracy, the ship whose traumatic residue still lurks underwater and in the memories of its few survivors.

The ship's name?

The Wilhelm Gustloff (1945, The Baltic Sea)

The Wilhelm Gustloff was first a German cruise ship that turned into a hospital ship, that later turned into a military transport ship. Originally meant to be named after Nazi leader, Adolf Hitler, it was later christened after Wilhelm Gustloff, leader of the Nazi's Swiss branch.

Its death toll?

9,343 in total, 5000 children

The loss is six times as enormous as the Titanic's 1517 deaths. It is almost incomparable. However, tragedy does not lie in numbers.

The tragedy is, instead, rooted in its final duty: a

massive, chaotic evacuation known as Operation Hannibal of WW2.

This operation meant the lives of thousands of refugees and wounded soldiers fleeing from a critical war zone as the Red Army approached. With the second world war reaching its climax, civilians and war participants alike were desperate to escape. The victims were not only German; Lithuanians, Prussians, Latvians, Poles, Estonians, and Croats were among the Nazis, some (such as the Poles) adopting false identities in order to access the ship.

It was a ship designed to luxuriously accommodate about 1900 passengers.

During the evacuation, it overflowed with over 10,500 people. Even as the ship left the deck, men and women threw their infants and children towards the ship in hopes of securing their salvation. The ratio of patients to medical attendants was ridiculously

out of proportion. Pregnant women and wounded soldiers were crammed into narrow wards and stacked like cargo in tight rooms. Others occupied the cruise ship's emptied pools, making use of all the space they could afford.

Amid the fear of the Red Army's approach, those who did not belong among the Germans and East Prussians were also in fear of being discovered. It was a form of inception: anxiety within fear within dread...

Soon enough, disaster struck: the Soviet's Army caught up with their submarines.

The first torpedo struck its bow causing the doors of contained quarters to rip open.

The second torpedo shot towards the women's naval auxiliary, where the pool carrying many was located. The force of the impact dismantled the tiles of the pools' floors at extreme acceleration, resulting in instant deaths.

The third and final torpedo paralyzed the entire ship as it was directed towards the engine room.

The ship began to tilt. Only nine lifeboats could be properly lowered, the rest had to be broken off of their frozen stations on the ship. While some fortunate individuals survived through the lifeboats, others were gripped by death in the most morbid catastrophe.

Some were poured off the edge of the ship as its tilt increased.

Some were crushed and flattened out by the stampede of panicked passengers.

Some died of the cold of the waters.

Some faded before they could swim fast enough to reach a lifeboat.

Some slipped out of lifeboats as they were thrown from the ship and into the waves.

Some sacrificed their lives for their newborns,

handing them over to strangers that were stronger than they were.

Still, real tragedy does not lie in such details.

The Wilhelm Gustloff and its survivors are almost forgotten. Operation Hannibal has been reduced to a simple chapter in history.

Ruta Sepetys is the author of the book "Salt to the Sea", a historical fiction novel depicting the calamity, and has commented on the reason behind this situation with her theory: "In the aftermath of the war, Germans were hesitant to claim that they had been victims of any kind, so those who were free to discuss what had happened might have chosen not to."

It was a humiliation that the Germans fought to avoid and to erase. They silenced its survivors and hid all remnants of this undeniable defeat.

It is in this realization that one finds the greatest

desperation, the real tragedy.

While the Titanic was remembered and contemplated, the Wilhelm Gustloff was buried without proper recognition. For this central reason, I declare the sinking of the Wilhelm Gustloff to be the most tragic maritime disaster and shipwreck.

The Titanic is officially dethroned.

# DRIFTING UNDERWATER

*by Sara Tahlak*

I wake up in the midst of the crystalline waters,  
Encompassed by a state of utter tranquility,  
Forsaking the world of shrewd deceivers,  
A land damned with the prejudiced desires of  
humanity.

I ask myself with fright,  
Will the truth ever be told?  
In a realm where men strive with might,  
Will the darkness ever unfold?  
As I watch my glistening white dress glide,  
Moving with the rhythm of the tide,  
Entering an enchanted place where I can be me,  
At last my soul is finally free.



# THE DIARY OF A LURKING MURDERER

By Salem Eyob

The pages hissed ominously like leaves blown across the pavement. As every page revealed a new horror, a gruesome killing, an innocent life stripped away, one's heart and mind could not bear to believe humanity could be so cruel. Sweat trickled down my face, as I began to worry what awaited my loved ones. A mere book had never carried such secrets, such events, yet nevertheless had a

relentless murderer as its author. It lay still between my shaking hands. As I turn to the next page, I was aware I could handle no more; my eyes had been deceived by the words plastered on the paper, as if it had been...The summer of 2010, one of my best summers yet, or so I thought. Vacation in the Maldives, quality time with family and friends, and time for me, to relax and enjoy the freedom that summer brings along.

That July, I strolled gleefully into the library in search for a quick read, to last me the week. Slowly approaching the new additions aisle, I notice a peculiar looking book from a far. An authentic leather cover, a book strap and what seemed to be no title at all. As puzzled as I was, my fascination barged in and snatched the book away from the shelf. Without a glance of its interior content, I leave a note for the librarian, notifying her that I had taken a book. The following day, I embarked on a journey I wished I never began.



Unclasping the belt of the book, pages of handwritten texts were revealed. The perplexed look on my face grew tremendously.

*September 2, 1990. 11:19 pm. Benjamin Rogers. He deserved it. He called it upon himself. The knife seemed fairly sharp that hour. My eyes were instantly drawn to how the edge glistened in the dark. How would it look against his throat? Trying isn't wrong. It was relatively satisfying seeing the fear in his eyes, as the knife cut deeper and my smile grew wider. My heart has never yearned for such a feeling in a long time. No movement at all. No breaths. No heartbeat. A moment of silence to celebrate today's job well done and more to come.*

*January 30, 1991. 9:55pm. Samantha George. What a wonderful woman she was. The typical silver screen type. Blonde hair, striking blue eyes, a slender physique, living in a large house, with a statement white-picked fence. All these beautiful things disgusted me. The radiant smile I*

*wished to carve wider. I was drawn by her sickening beauty...*

Reality had hit me: this was no ordinary book. The shock left me paralyzed, incapable of moving a muscle. I have just witnessed the first-hand documentation of an odious murder and the sickening thoughts of a murderer. Is this real? Why? Who does this belong to? These were some of the questions that occupied my mind.

A blend of shock and curiosity kicked in, I began to turn every page, read every word, as the stories of numerous murders were told. The dates grew closer to today. March 5, 2018.

April 17, 2018. May 20, 2018. June 9, 2018. June 18, 2018. July 10, 2018. A murder this month, Julia Tuck, a 17 year old teenage girl. Descriptions of a murder never seen before. A revolting, psychotic murderer remains lurking in the midst of the streets, in the only place I can feel safe and call home.

Flipping the page, following Julia Tuck's vile killing, I

discover blank pages with minor headings on top. Taking a closer look, Alice John (July 30th, 2018- 8pm), Max Wilson (August 15th, 2018- 7am), Melissa Matthews (September 21st, 2018- 7pm), the list continued. My family and my friends were all listed as future victims of an obscene murderer. Fear and fright devoured my every thought. I turned the pages faster and quicker, my cousin, my brother, my aunt, my best friend all simply written as parts of a to do list.

The last page, the last victim, of a yet to happen murder. My eyes widen to the sight of **Charles (January 1st, 2019)** plastered on the final page.

My name is Charles Thompson. I never went to the library that July. I never picked that book from that aisle. I never left a note for the librarian. I never winced at a choice I made. I never will regret the satisfaction. **A moment of silence to celebrate a job well done and more to come.**

# PHOTO GALLERY

*This segment is dedicated to the talented photographers of our school...*



by Marina Markarian



by Marina Markarian



by Marina Markarian



by Joe Atef



by Chloe Salloum



by Marina Markarian

# INTERVIEW WITH MRS. SUSAN YUN

Conducted by Alaa Obaid

***Why have you decided to be a head of section/vice principal? What motivates you the most to do this job?***

My goal was not to become vice principle. When I starting working, I decided that I wanted to enter the field of education. I like the culture of education because I think it's something that is very worthwhile, and I always liked being around youth. So that was a natural pathway for me, even though I didn't think about being a teacher back when I was in high school. I thought I

wanted to be an architect or an archeologist who digs up graves and tombs. I thought about being in the phone service, or working as an ambassador or a diplomat. I had all these different ideas, but I stumbled upon education when I realized that it's the one that would sustain my interest the longest. I had the chance, after I graduated from college, to work as an admissions officer at a university, and I really enjoyed it because I got to travel a lot, and I got to talk to students in recruitment and

rouse their interest in the university I was working for. But it was a very limited interaction, sort of like selling the university, which was not very interesting. I felt like a salesman; I was part of the marketing team for the university. And so I didn't see that as a long-term job. Afterwards, I decided I wanted to earn a graduate degree and commit myself to education, and, really, the first step in knowing education is to be a teacher. I first became a teacher when I came to Dubai twenty seven years ago, and that's when I

decided I like the school environment, especially high school and elementary. When you work in a school, it's very different than working in a company like a corporation because there's a different atmosphere. You walk in and people are generally happy to be there. Kids are happy to come to school, teachers are happy, and people have bad days or tired days, but in general, most of the time, people are happy to be here. So it's a very positive and healthy

environment to be exposed to every day. And it has to be every day, you know, because in twenty-something years, if you don't like it, you don't last that long. Then, eventually, when you start to become better and more experienced, different opportunities merge. But I was never someone seeking a title or a disposition. The work itself was more important to me, and any work that took me away from interacting with students was work I didn't like.

***How do you manage stress in your work field?***

***What's your advice to students, especially seniors, to deal with stress?***

First thing is, don't let the word 'stress' enter your life. You can get tired. I get

tired from work; I get sometimes frustrated because some things aren't going the way I expected. That only comes if you work hard. Stress, if you have experienced stress, to me personally comes with health, if someone I care for or myself's well-being is in danger. The only time I am really stressed at work is if the safety of one of our students or staff is in jeopardy. If we lose a student or a student gets very hurt, in school or outside of school, or if you're dealing with a sick child, those are things that are stressful, but the day-to-day work; no. You deal with stress by not letting things become stressful; don't identify it. Students during the exam say, "I'm so stressed", and I say,

"tell me you're busy, tell me you're tired, but don't tell me you're stressed because you don't know what stress really is". A child whose parents are divorced, that's stress. Studying for an exam is not stress. What's the worst case scenario? You don't do well, so you take the next term exam. There is no tragedy. Don't use the word 'stress' lightly, like I tell students, don't use the word 'bully' lightly. It's a matter of how you identify yourself with the terminology.

***What are the three most important goals you would want the school to reach?***

First, I want every student to have as many opportunities, as part of our school mission, to really realize their full

potential. I also want every student to leave the school feeling that they were cared for, that they were recognized as an individual, that they contributed to the well-being of the whole school. I want the students to experience lots of joy when they're in school, to develop meaningful relationships with people, so that there is connection and a bond that brings people back and brings them comfort from one another. So that the experience was something that's not shallow, I hope that everyone leaves with a relationship with a friend or some friends or with teachers that can last through long periods of absence.

***What is your vision for the school, let's say in***

## **10 years?**

Ten years! I want students to be running the school more, really. That's one of the things that, as a goal, we really have tried to make the school more student-centered and to empower students to lead clubs, activities and projects. I think our students have proven themselves to be so capable, even beyond our expectations, in leadership, in teamwork, and in mentoring others and really giving up themselves. They are the embodiment of the saying, "by students, for the students". I think our students have been so impressive on that level, and I think that if we don't hold them back, they will become even better. Our goal is really that students become real

partners in running and improving the school.

***Do you think that a college student should choose the major they enjoy most or the major that would benefit them the most in the future?***

Both. It shouldn't be one or the other, it should be both. But in your generation, and even our generation, but more so your generation, you have to know that nothing is going to last. Everything will change, so you have to be ready to know that you will have several job positions and fields that you will enter within your lifetime. The world is changing too fast, technology is changing, and the demands on you will be so much greater than they were on my generation. Even what you major in

will change so quickly. Even as a doctor, the skills that are required of you will change. If you now enter medical school, what will be required of you ten years from now will be so different. The medical field will be so different. So you have to learn to adapt and learn to enjoy, and if you're not scared of change, you will enjoy that new challenge because you will keep learning new things. But someone who doesn't want to learn new things will not be happy. I think the key is, don't get confused with the things that you really like because sometimes, human beings tend to like things for the wrong reason, not the right reason. Let's say I don't like chemistry, I didn't like chemistry when I was in high

school, and I think I blamed the teacher, but also I didn't want to challenge myself more in that subject. So I kept dismissing the things that are different because I had to work harder to understand it and I didn't want to. I just said I didn't like it, and that was a mistake. I learned as I grew older not to walk away from the things that are challenging, even learning how to use technology. I used to say, "No, do it for me!" Then I started saying, "show me *how* to do it rather than just doing it yourself".

***Has a student ever inspired you? How have they inspired you?***

So many. I've had KG students inspire me, I've had grade 12 students, and everyone along the way. Every day I see something that inspires me from the students. That's

the constant, and I always look for students who will inspire me. I've seen the level of kindness a student will show. I get inspired when a group of students stay after school to tutor their younger classmates, like grade ten students wanting to tutor grade seven students in math. The other day I was leaving at 4:30, and a group of students were leaving at the same time. I asked them, "Why are you still here?" and they replied, "Oh, we started a tutoring program for younger students". That, to me, was inspiring. Even the senior barbecue, when you invited all the teachers and they wanted to take care of you, but then you told them, "No, miss, eat that! No, don't clean up! That's not for you..." That inspires me. One time I had a student who was being bullied by this kid in grade four. I

was punishing the boy who was bullying her, and she felt so bad for the boy that she asked me, "Miss, can I stay in the break with him?" and I'm like... How can you not be inspired by that? Right? That is something to learn, not only get inspired from, but to learn how to be a better human being from students, from these small gestures. Inspiration is present every day, and if you believe in the kids and the youth, you'll get inspired every day. We have amazing kids in the school, from KG to grade twelve. You don't know how wonderful you all are. It's not just me, I don't know a school where teachers and administration are in love with their students as much as our school.

**What was your favorite year since you've been here?**

**Why?**

No, that's a tough question! No, I can't say my favorite year, but I'll give you an answer since you want one. I'll say my first year. Although it wasn't my best year because I wasn't a very good teacher (I was an inexperienced fumbling teacher) my heart was in the right place! I wanted to be a good teacher, but I didn't know how. However, I think it was the best year because it opened up the doors for me into education. I would say that's the best year.

**Can you tell us about a life-changing book you've read?**

Life-changing is a bit too much. I've never read a book that was life-changing, but I'll tell you I've read many inspiring books. And one that I recently just finished this

weekend, was Sheikh Mohammad's "My Story" book. The story about his life is very inspiring. You think you know a leader, but then through this book you get to know the man behind the leader. I recommend it highly to everybody. And if you can read it in Arabic, it would be even better! I read it in English, but I have been told by those who read it in Arabic that the Arabic version is even more interesting and well-written because it's his own words and it's not translated, so it's even more inspiring and very insightful into getting to know a person you admire as a leader of a country, but I think you start to understand why he is that kind of a man. It was very interesting; I didn't want to put it down.

# LIBRARY NEWS

*In this new segment, you can find all the announcements from the school library.*

## زيارة الكاتب إبراهيم المرزوقي



في إطار حرصنا على دعم الأدب والثقافة لدى طلابنا في مدرسة المواكب، تشرفنا بزيارة الكاتب/ أ. إبراهيم المرزوقي، الذي قدم لطلبة المرحلة الثانوية " ورشة أسرار فن الكتابة " يوم الأربعاء 6 مارس 2019. قام الكاتب بعرض شرائح بوربوينت ضمن ورشته وتنظيم أنشطة متفاعلة ساعدت الطلاب على معرفة أسرار الكتابة البوليسية. لقد كان لقاءً مميزاً مع الطلبة تخلله تفاعل كبير ومناقشات مثمرة أضفت على الجلسة الكثير من الفائدة والمتعة بالوقت نفسه.

## Winners of the Monthly Library

Every month, the librarian posts a new knowledge question in the library. A box is provided under the question for students to put their answers. At the end of the month, the answer and the winners are announced. Here are the winners of March's competition:



### Grade 9 & 10:

- Bishoy Boctor
- Menna ElFedawy
- Jomana Dardir
- Quinn Santos

### Grade 7 & 8:

- Nadia Sittseva
- Nadeen Baqade
- Joy Mekha
- Jude Sharaiha
- Jane Elkhoury
- Marcel El Masri

### Grade 6 & 5:

- Leen Jamal
- Jude Zein Eddine
- Joanna Katelyn
- Yara Matta
- Bashar Alhallak
- Aleen Al Hakim



# STARS DON'T ALIGN AT OUR FEET

Just like how the sun and moon are never meant to meet,  
The stars too have never aligned at our feet  
Gruesome truly, how feelings have become too concrete  
The loss of abstract fills one with nothing but defeat.

As subtle as the moon when incomplete,  
as mere as a ray of hope eager to deplete,  
The thought of expression has suddenly become so obsolete;  
its flow through our minds is nothing but bittersweet.  
It is your mind and heart, they're always the two who compete.  
It doesn't matter who wins at the end, as the battle regenerates in a  
heartbeat.

If you do end up taking matters into your hands, you will inevitably cheat.  
As no matter how strong the mind is, the heart will always beat.  
So next time you reminisce how within your face you felt heat,  
or how your hands two trembling traitors, not letting you eat,  
or how selfish you were, not providing your feelings in your heart with a  
seat.

That's when your remorse will wash over, not so discreet.  
It will alarm your soul and your mind it will mistreat.  
That is the end of it, say it was semisweet  
As you'll learn to allow those feelings to drive your feet,  
It's not just looks, souls too deceive

Mourn your opportunity's death and then you may grieve.  
Only when the sun sets is when you begin to in it believe.  
That's human nature there for you, foolish, shallow and merely naive