



VOICE TEAM MEMBERS



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ADVISOR

Crace is currently working on his PhD in Theology and Religion with an interdisciplinary approach at the University of Birmingham. He has been an Instructor at AUK since 2011, where he teaches various courses in the Writing Program, English 470 Internship Course, and coordinates English 100 as well. His other research interests include: T.S. Eliot, Southern religious eccentricities and literature, esoterica, and Gulf Studies.



MYRIAM KOTB
EDITOR IN CHIEF

Myriam is a senior majoring in English Literature. Her interests include film, Children's Literature, drag culture, traveling, and anything related to the 18th Century. She is also an ardent lover of the felidae family, and occasionally slips in "Alas!" in casual discourse.



KHALED F. ABDULLAH
ART DIRECTOR

Khaled lives inside the movie of his life. He is a 23 year-old filmmaker and 4th year Graphic Design major. His interests include deconstructing classic pop music and all things David Letterman. He has the unwavering belief that he will one day bring closure to the JFK assassination and maybe, JUST maybe find Amelia Earhart. Roger Ebert is his hero and time is his enemy. Say hello when you see him around. But not on Tuesdays. NEVER on Tuesdays.



DIMA JADAYEL
GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Dima is weirdly passionate about ART. She has the ability to transform whatever you are saying into an art conversation without you realizing. She is very affectionate toward sloths, and finds dark chocolate and green tea relieving for the soul. You'd normally find her carrying her laptop everywhere she goes.



HAGER ALAZAB
REPORTER & SECTION MANAGER

Hager is a sophomore majoring in Mass Media and Communication. She loves music and the color black. If you spot a very tall figure in black from head to toe, that's probably her. She also recently developed an interest in pool even though she is not all that good at it. She is an extroverted introvert and HATES public speaking unless by public you mean 3 people or less.



LARA JADAYEL
REPORTER & SECTION MANAGER

Lara is a super hyper individual who admires good jokes but cannot make any. She is a huge basketball enthusiast who also enjoys good coffee and avocado juice with honey and nuts. She is a definite feminist. She loves to strike up conversations, so if you see her strolling down AUK's hallway, yell "WNBA" and witness the birth of a new friendship.



OMAR AL-NAKIB
REPORTER & SECTION MANAGER

Omar is an English Major in his senior year. His passions are old movies, Modern Art, reading—and, like anyone, he enjoys writing a line of poetry or two if the mood strikes! If you'd like to stop by for an always-welcome chitchat, you can catch him playing drums for his band, Last Will & Testament.

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I WANT TO KISS AUK FOR THE RECYCLING BINS

By Omar Al-Nakib

Recycling—I'm for it. It's just one of those good things. Maybe it'll come off as sarcastic or condescending to say this, but I'm being sincere: it's nice. There's a quote by JD Salinger, who wrote *Catcher in the Rye*: "I like it when somebody gets excited about something. It's nice." Well, this certain somebody is me, this certain something is recycling, and it *certainly* is nice. So I'm for it, and I'm glad AUK's for it, as we found out. There are now recycling bins around campus, and it's about time we did the Reduce-Reuse-Recycle thing the environmentalists have been harping on about forever. It's a small step, but it's a step, and it helps me sleep at night, because the thought that's been keeping me up the past couple of years is *when are we gonna run out?* Like, in general; food, trees, fuel, earth metals, electricity, medical equipment, clean drinking water.

If my BIO-105 serves me correct, developed countries make up only 17% of the world's population, but use 88% of the world's natural resources and produce 75% of the world's waste. According to National Geographic, the average Kuwaiti uses 22 times more resources than the country provides per person. Cities are where resources are consumed most (more than 70% of global primary energy), and more people than ever are moving into cities from



KellyAnne Hamdan - "Garbage painting #19, Chapter 3"

the country, exchanging casual racism with goat-herders for artisanal soap. By 2030, more than half of the world's population will live in cities. Kuwait City is a city. Only 2.7% of the earth's water is drinkable. To take BIO-105 is to take a class on the apocalypse.

Sustainability is an important issue, and people have taken note, including Leonardo DiCaprio, Al Gore, and countless others. Sheryl Crow, who wrote your favorite album, 2005's *Wildflower*, proposed "a limitation be put on how many squares of toilet paper can be used in any one sitting."

Yes, not only must we recycle, but we must also not waste—which is hard, because Kuwait is hot. In an article by Eric Caulton and David Keddie in the *Environment Systems & Decisions* journal, entitled "Environmental Conservation Problems in Kuwait," they write: "...Kuwait appears, and is primarily, for the motorist; a direct consequence of economic and social factors, but also the influence of the harsh climate, where temperatures regularly reach 50°C in the shade during the summer months...." In the minute between parking your car and reaching the campus Starbucks, your back has a rainy day, and the raindrops are salty and disgusting, and your back is clouds. You're sweating, and you must wipe off this sweat, because I would not like to smell you this way.

I hand you a paper towel to dry off, but I'm stupid to. Sweating is your body's way of cooling down. If you wipe the sweat, you're interrupting the cooling process, and your body will stay hot, which will make you sweat more, but because I love you keep handing you more and more paper towels. A wasteful, vicious cycle—but AUK has its bases covered, whether it knows it or not, with a very effective way of saving paper towels in the dispenser with the motion-sensor on the ground floor of the LA building. It's so slow and so frustrating to use that when I'm done washing I squeeze my sweatpants and take advantage of its outstanding absorbency, wasting not a single paper towel.

Recycle and sustain we must. It took years of raising awareness and activism to stick those baskets onto lampposts outside the Shake Shack Fanar, but it's been a long time coming: according to Badriya Darwish of the *Kuwait Times*, the government had plans to open green spaces and adopt a more eco-friendly approach, but then Saddam happened and then liberation and then the first McDonald's in 1994 and the line of cars was seven miles long. So good on AUK—we're back on track.

AUK NATIONAL DAY CELEBRATIONS WERE WANASA

By Omar Al-Nakib

Kuwait's liberation, as we all know, fell on a Monday. Through an international coalition, we were freed, finally, from the cruelty of Saddam and his army on Monday, February 26. He was sent home with his tail between his legs, and with nothing to do but bungle what was left of Iraq a bit more and allow Uday to punish the national soccer team by making them kick concrete balls if they lost. Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, Kuwait bounced back, going from strength to strength—and never does a Kuwaiti forget to acknowledge that Monday. But because Liberation Day is a national holiday—no school, university, or work—the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday (the 20th, 21st, and 22nd, respectively) leading up to the Monday Kuwaitis hold most dear were the days AUK, as an academic institution, let its gold-garnet hair down, and let its students express their love to their country in full.

The main hallway became something like a museum. Left and right were Kuwaiti antiques, handcrafted boats, a little slice of history at every turn and in every corner. If you spoke to the people who manned these displays, you'd be on the receiving end of a fascinating oral history of Kuwait and its former pastime, shipbuilding. You'd hear about a time when we didn't have AC or shelves, didn't have cars, and if you wanted to visit your friend in Qurtoba from Khaitan, you hoped you had enough pearls on you to keep the Qalaf from throwing

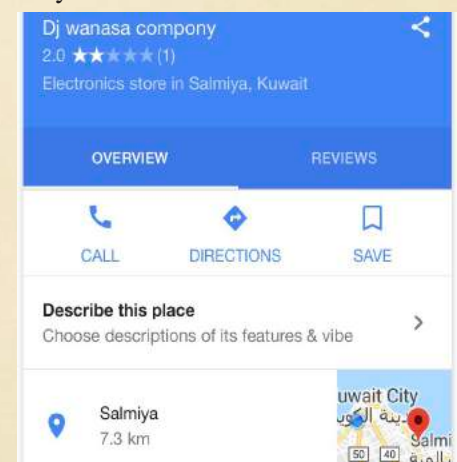
you overboard! It was a *Music of the Arabian Peninsula* course come to life.

On Tuesday, in a joint effort, the AUK Student Council, the Kuwait branch of TESOL (Teachers of English to Speakers of Other Languages), and Alpha Psi Omega, put on a half-hour stage version of the Kuwaiti classic *Bye Bye London*, a work that lampoons Kuwait's love of London, and which starred the late Abdulhussain Abdulredha. The play was a riot, a laugh-and-a-half, so to speak, and makes one think that the great Abdulredha himself would be proud. Rest in peace.

On Wednesday, at 6:30 pm, the lanterns were released. These lanterns represent the souls of every man, woman, and child who lost their lives during the occupation. There are museums you can visit with animatronic models dressed in Iraqi army uniforms putting out cigarettes into the eyes of animatronic Kuwaitis, but this simple act, of lighting lanterns and letting the troposphere snuff them out, is so much more affecting, and is, in a sense, inherently imbued with a deep understanding of our impermanence as human beings.

The best was yet to come. On Thursday, February 21st, between 4 to 6 pm, *Firqat Wanasa* gave AUK a show it would never forget. *Wanasa* played their brand of traditional Kuwaiti music to great acclaim. The words *gusto* and *panache* were made

for *Wanasa* and their accompanying dancers—one could even see the more westernized of our student body clapping along and half-mouthing the lyrics. During the show, I heard through the grapevine that Miami performing at ACK, or AUM, or one of the other American universities. With *Wanasa* playing in the back, I pitied them. Though Miami is one of Kuwait's premier musical acts (and you could easily make a case for them being *the* Kuwaiti musical act), one can easily recreate the experience playing *Ghramik Shai 3ajeeb* through laptop speakers and scrolling up and down the Google image search of *Miami band Kuwait*. But if you search *Wanasa*, Google will direct you to *Dj wanasa compony*, an electronics store in Salmiya with a single two-star review. It's now you realize there's only one way to see *Firqat Wanasa*, and that's live. After their electrifying performance, it only makes sense *itha tabi tistanis* that you go for *Wanasa*. And we *istanesnah wayid esarahah* very much.



WHAT FEMINISIM MEANS TO AUK

By Omar Al-Nakib

Outside the Liberal Arts building was a mostly-blank canvas with “What is Feminism to you?” written in black sharpie by courtesy of Fikir Club. *Feminism* underlined, with a capital F. A student, if lucky enough to be equipped with a marker, has *carte blanche* to write whatever they’d like. It’s anonymous, so there are no consequences. One, reasonably, would expect the worst—but I’m very happy to report that the responses paint an optimistic picture, and AUK should be proud of a good deal of its student population. Most of the responses give new meaning to *Liberal Arts*—of course, a double entendre, meaning both a Liberal Arts education (one that primarily focuses on the study of the humanities) and a liberal mindset (as opposed to a conservative mindset, one much narrower than a liberal mindset). Liberal Arts, in a historical sense, is the medieval trivium and quadrivium—which are, respectively, grammar, logic, and rhetoric (for trivium), mathematics, geometry, music, and astrology (for quadrivium). Needless to say, AUK students give new meaning to this double entendre, *Liberal Arts* [italics mine].

There seems to be a consensus: “Equality between genders.” “A dream of equality.” “Equality! (to some extent).” One must ask a question regarding that last one—if it’s to an extent, is it really equality? Perhaps one can ask AUK’s professor of Philosophy Andrei Zavaliy to give us a lesson in logic (with a little sprinkling of girl power on the side!). But it doesn’t take a doctorate



Gerald Brookhurst – “Portrait of a Lady in a Blue and Black Dress”

in philosophy to understand that all women want, it seems, is to be on equal footing with men: equal rights, equal pay, equal say. Considering that half the world’s population is women, it’s only logical. Actually, I’d go so far as to say it’s *shameful*—though we pride ourselves on “civilization,” it’s downright shameful it took 2018 years for women to finally have their say.

And while “Equality” is the short answer, a more thorough answer is provided by another anonymous commentator: “Acknowledgement of the historical systematic difficulties barricading the potential females are capable in their lifetimes, and the push towards reimbursement of the sex, to an egalitarian human society.” Someone was kind enough to give us a SparkNotes version of that comment: “The freedom of choice.” Both responses are noble. To really drive the point home, a commentator writes, “The making of a history of oppressed women who have been stripped out of their value and efforts because of the sheer absence of power.”

But now we come to the less seemly section of canvas. One campus Grinch wrote, “Nothing.” A smartypants wrote, “You tell me” next to “What is Feminism to you?” “It’s B.S.,” one wrote—and no, the writer certainly did not mean a *Bachelor of Science degree*. American novelist Ernest Hemingway wrote, “Attention seeking.” “Where is freedom of speech?” another wrote. WHERE IS IT. Then there’s this comment: “It’s a movement that started with right intentions but now its just angry people with wrong ‘facts.’” When all women around the world are given rights, they will find it in their hearts to supply this person with apostrophes. And in between the comments, in big, bold letters, someone wrote “Ben Shapiro.” The name speaks for itself if you’re familiar with his work, but to those who aren’t, it’s just a name like any other, like Yusra Al-Loughani or Aziz Al-Ghanim, or Khalid Al-Wazzan; the list is endless. There really are names in the world.

While it may be disheartening to read, these responses only take up a quarter of canvas. The overall impression is a positive one, and if I had to pick one comment that stopped me dead in my tracks, it would be this: “Without women you wouldn’t exist.” It’s absolutely true, and if I were passing by this canvas on my way to class, and if I were lucky enough to find a little space, I know exactly what I’d write: “It’s good to know that our culture and feminism will soon coexist in harmony, instead of living in the state it is currently in right now..... see the truth... free your mind.... living in the state it’s in right now... HARMony....”

Let there be NO RED ZONE

By Omar Al-Nakib

While us common folk are cramming for our finals, and pulling all-nighters to finish that ENGL-102 essay, you might be thinking (because I sure am)—hey, graphic designers must have it pretty nice. All they have to do is highlight text and change the font from Times New Roman to Showcard Gothic. I have literally seen graphic designers lower the opacity of a picture of their cousin and hand it in as a finished product. Being a graphic designer is swell, I'd say! But if you ask any one of AUK's many GDES students, they'd tell you otherwise. They might even tell you you're crazy—because while English Majors have essays to write, and International Relations students have hand-shaking classes to attend, graphic designers have Capstone, and from I can gather, it's a lot worse.

AUK's best and brightest are now in the middle of this Graphic Design Capstone, and they must create a product that uses everything they've learned during the course of their academic career. You name it: Photoshop, InDesign. It's the equivalent of writing a Senior Thesis and getting grilled by a team of Math on why you used *centre* instead of *center*. Every graphic designer you know has only been getting 3 hours of sleep, and if you spoke to them, they'd respond with grunts and mutters before shuffling off to the computer labs to work their way out of the dreaded "Red Zone," where less-than-satisfactory projects

are punished. I don't know about you, but something tells me this Capstone is going to be *especially* great.

These students, without exception, are putting their all into it—and it shows. There is not a single unimpressive project in the bunch. Take, for example, Dana Al-Zuraiqi's Capstone project. Her goal is to create her own line of organic makeup out of fruit. She plans to take these earthly items and transform them into an affordable luxury brand both chic *and* useful. The best part? It's edible. Now if you're ever at a dinner party and the food can't come quick enough, you'd only have to take a finger and scoop up the eyeshadow for a sumptuous appetizer. If Dana keeps going, I wouldn't be surprised to see an organic makeup kiosk turn up at *Salhiya* sometime within the next year.

Another great example is Khaled Abdullah's *Hectified Films* banner. Khaled, an avid film cineaste buff of (and on) movies, is setting up a film production company to produce the celluloid classics of our age. Get out, *Gone with the Wind*! Hello, *The Batman Kills*! What Khaled intends to do with this project is to seek out aspiring filmmakers and provide them with a safe space (his words, not mine). These filmmakers would then be allowed to experiment with new forms, with little fear of legal repercussion, utilizing programs like VLC, and files like MP4, AVI, MKV. Who knows? Maybe Khaled Abdullah's in the process of becoming

the next Irving G. Thalberg, the boy-genius of Hollywood's Golden Age who was struck down at age 37 by complications arising from a congenital disease that limited oxygen supply to the heart.

The students, after this long and difficult journey, will exhibit their individual Capstone projects at *Promenade* in Hawalli. I can't wait. There will be stands and food and videos. And, reader, I promise you, it's going to be an absolute smash—jaw-dropping displays abound (and if you expect anything less, you might be in for a rude awakening!). The date? TBA. But keep a watchful eye on those emails. You never know what you might get!



Marie-Denise Villers - "Charlotte du Val d'Ognes"

HOW WEARING BLACK RUINED THE "ME TOO" MOVEMENT

By Hager Alazab

It is no secret that feminist movements have been getting more attention, popularity, and coverage in the past two years than they have in so long. With the availability of social media, women have been able to stand together and fight against the widespread misogyny, disrespect, and belittling against them as a gender. They have been fighting against inequality of many aspects including employment, body image, pay gaps, and so much more. One of the most famous and recent movements is the "Me Too" movement. "Me Too" initially started as a hashtag on twitter and turned into a worldwide phenomenon where women (and men) found a safe haven where they could share their sexual abuse stories with many others who experienced similar things. The movement that was started by author, Tamara Burke, trended for months to follow its birth in October last year. Many people of all ages, ethnicities, religions, and professions came forward to speak up about their experiences with different forms of sexual abuse. Despite all of the solidarity, understanding, and positivity that came along with such a powerful movement, it was efficiently ruined when the famed celebrities of Hollywood decided to "support" the movement and dress in black in order to show their unity with victims of sexual abuse and the "Me Too" movement as a whole.

Now, I am really not the kind of person who constantly looks for reasons to criticize or deride anything that might have a remotely positive side. In fact, when I was watching the Golden Globes earlier this year, I didn't think twice about the choice of most Hollywood celebrities to dress



John Singer Sargent – "Lady with a Rose"

in black as I thought it was a gesture that was truly a step forward in the figurative war that women are fighting against sexual abuse. However, after the awards were over and I was scrolling aimlessly through my Twitter timeline that was hogged by tweet after tweet about the Golden Globes, I came across a picture of a specific celebrity (that I actually kind of like) who was showing off his black attire with a caption celebrating the movement. Very normal. Very typical. Nothing weird or sketchy. What caught

my attention was the fact that this celebrity is acting in a movie directed by a certain man who is known for his predatory behavior towards kids and underage women (here are some hints: he is old, wears glasses, has a perpetually swollen eye, and is married to his own daughter. Oh, he also goes by the name Woody Allen). As much as it bothered me to see this hypocritical action and celebrate the all black theme for what it really stood for. But this was hard to do because only minutes later I came across another thread of tweets that accused yet another male celebrity of sexual misconduct through the relaying of a woman's horrific experience with him. And unsurprisingly, this man didn't only show up to the award show in a black tux, but he got awarded for his comedic performances.

It was truly shocking to see something like that unfold in front of so many women who could easily go online and find the truth about those celebrities and hence, unveil the hypocrisy. In one evening, Hollywood managed to turn something that made women and all sexual abuse survivors feel safe and empowered into something pretentious that celebrities, both male and female, used to hide behind their inappropriate behavior and mask their approval for the "famous" molesters. It gave them the opportunity to dress in black (which male celebrities have been doing for the past 100 years) and pretend to support the "Me Too" movement. "Me Too," with painful irony, was ruined by a night that carried the theme of ending sexual violence against women and men by rewarding sex predators. And that is Hollywood for you.

HOW CENSORSHIP CAUSED MY ANGER ISSUES

By Hagar Alazab

As a media major, I was taught that one very important aspect of writing an article is timeliness. Timeliness emphasizes the time frame in which a certain event happens and it is much better for writers to choose recent topics to write about because it makes it more relevant to the readers. This is why I am going to start this article by telling you all about something that happened to me exactly 4 months ago.

It was a Friday, *The Greatest Showman* has just been released in Kuwait and it was about time I watched the movie and let out 5 months worth of anticipation. I made plans, stood in line, got my tickets, bought my popcorn, took a seat, and refrained from blinking because I didn't want to miss a single moment of the movie. It was a blur of greatly performed songs, starting from Hugh Jackman singing "Come Alive," to Keala Settle's empowering performance of "This Is Me" and finally, we got to what I thought was going to be my favourite scene of the movie. We have the very handsome Zac Efron escorting an even more handsome Zendaya to watch a play when an unexpected run in with Zac's snobby parents ruins the night for the almost couple. Zendaya is running towards the circus, Zac is following her and they prepare for a great trapeze performance and a rendition of "Rewrite the Stars." I'm leaning forward in my seat and cramming caramel popcorn in my mouth when the most traumatizing movie experience anyone can ever go through happens right before my eyes. "You know I want you" Zac Efron starts as Zendaya starts her flexible routine and this is when whoever is responsible for editing movies in Cinescape decided to crop Zendaya's entire lower half. Literally. She was just an abdomen and a head moving in a confusing dance. The song goes on, but the performance is effectively ruined because the screen was focused on faces and the bodies delivering the trapeze performance were cropped in the most unprofessional manner. Finally, the two-and-a-half minute performance ended, and so did my patience.

It's almost laughable how censorship works in Kuwait and the content they decide to remove. Pretty much everything from swear words to anything remotely defying the culture and Islamic traditions gets cropped out. It has always been a topic of interest over the years and even though some people are all for that tight censorship, a lot of others are against it. The movies that get released in Kuwait are very precisely selected so that the people wouldn't be exposed to anything slightly different from what they have been raised to believe. Over the years, I have kept track of some of the movies banned from Kuwaiti cinemas and tried to justify the reasons behind them. But even though a lot of good movies get banned, there is still a wide variety of movies that one could go to and enjoy, right? It turns out that even when you go to the movies, your experience is never quite complete because you go home and find yourself looking for the same movie online a few weeks later only to realize that a good percentage of the movie was censored in the cinema and a lot of important (sometimes the MOST important) details get removed.

What's even more interesting than the seemingly tight censorship is the fact that some content is completely overlooked and made available to young audiences. Before Kuwait started applying the international rating system, which was only put in effect recently, a lot of inappropriate movies were allowed to be watched by children. About 4 years ago, my friends and I planned to go to *Love, Rosie* only to find out that it was removed from the cinemas the same day it was supposed to get released. We started skimming through the movie guide and finally settled on Denzel Washington's *The Equalizer*, a movie that the people at the theater didn't have a single problem letting us watch despite the graphic, violent scenes (I am talking man-getting-his-head-drilled-right-before-getting-hung kind of violent). No one thought it would be inappropriate for a group of 14 year-olds to watch an R

rated movie, but they deemed *Love, Rosie* inappropriate to the point where they completely banned it. This brings me to my final and *most important* question: since Kuwait applied the rating system that stops underage people from viewing certain content, why is the cropping of important scenes still in effect? I WANTED TO WATCH THAT TRAPEZE PERFORMANCE. I AM 18. LET ME LIVE.

In my very humble opinion, I believe that someone, somewhere should loosen their grip of the censorship laws we have here. However, I can also say that my anger has abated some ever since I found a 45 second, HD snippet of that trapeze performance on YouTube. But that doesn't really matter because I still paid 3.5 KD for the ticket and 750 fils for the caramel popcorn, and Zendaya's lower half still ceased to exist because of a purple bodysuit that was apparently "inappropriate" for me to watch.



John Perceval - "Survival"

WHEN CAN MONEY BUY HAPPINESS?

By Lara Jadayel

Can money buy happiness? The socially acceptable understanding of this over-asked question is no, money can't buy happiness. The younger version of myself would be irritated by such a claim (a small part of me still would be). I used to heavily justify that money could buy everything a person desires, and what any person desires is also what makes them happy, right? I mean how could we say that money, the only thing making you wake up early in the morning to get to class, to earn a degree, to attain a proper job in order to earn money, wouldn't make you happy? We could claim that different people define the meaning of happiness differently. However, the basis remains the same. Happiness comes from being able to do what makes you comfortable and brings you joy.

It is unquestionable that the factors of good health, maintenance of safety,

and the procuring of love precedes the acquirement of money. It is also undeniable that money can breed temporary happiness when spent in the wrong places, or on the wrong things. When spending surplus amount of money on designer clothes or on a luxurious car that will run for a five year period, the temporary happiness gained is prone to push people to claim that money couldn't buy them happiness. So, what could one spend money on in the hopes of reaping significant happiness?

I have been told this by my 12th grade English teacher, yet it meant nothing to me at the time. "Travel," he said. I completely ignored his remark, and continued to look through my phone under the table. It couldn't have meant anything because I didn't know what travelling on your own terms meant, nor did I appreciate the process of making and spending hard-earned money.

The return of spending, or in other words, venturing money on a trip is larger than the return of spending it on materialistic commodity. It is because when you travel, you learn. You get to observe how the "other part of the world" lives. You learn what set of ideas and interests people around the world adhere to the most. You learn what you want most in life. You either learn to be grateful or you learn to be ambitious. You—admired and desired by all of us—learn how to balance between working hard and letting loose. You get to temporarily pull away from the routinized food and weather you enjoy in the country you reside in. You do it for the chance to enjoy new cultures. You make good memories that are based on enjoyment, curiosity, and discovery; memories that will forever be stored for your satisfaction.

So, save up and travel.



Augustus Leopold Egg - "The Traveling Companions"

WHY IS IT OKAY TO SAY "I DON'T KNOW"

By Lara Jadayel

I watched a live survey take place amongst the young male generation in our society. The presenter raised the question "was the past a better time to have lived in?" The contestants answered the questions based on personal preferences. They were quick to answer how "the past was a better time," or how "the present dominates the past." The reason why I claim they were quick to answer is because when the presenter, knowing the answers he got were insubstantial, asked them for reasonings to support their claims. Not a big deal right? Yet most, if not all, claimed that they actually "don't know why."

It was agitating to watch. But why was that? If I said I didn't know, would you continue reading what I have to say? If you do continue paying me your time and effort, then you are one of a kind. However, if you don't, I wouldn't blame you. The reason why I wouldn't blame you is because I gave you an answer without giving you the reasoning on how I got to my answer, which is simply me wasting your time.

It is better for me to say nothing about the topic initially than to give you my opinion about it without any sort of backup to my claims. It is certainly not shameful for the contestants to have responded to the the presenter's initial question with "I don't know," or "I have no reason to claim the past was either a better or worse period." This would have shown the contestant's knowledge of being "un-knowledgeable," which is a characteristic not many tolerate possessing, but should (see

Misconception #2). Nonetheless, it is highly problematic for an individual to say that they don't know about something because of the misconceptions associated with not knowing.

Oh, the misconceptions...

Misconception 1:
Saying "I don't know" shows that you are ignorant. It most definitely does not. Admitting to a lack of knowledge in something shows your confidence in what you're knowledgeable in and your willingness to ask others for insights on a given topic.



Augustus Leopold Egg - "A Teasing Riddle"

Misconception 2:
Saying "I don't know" shows that you have no "personality." This is a phrase used so often by our Arab communities. But you do. Your "personality" demonstrates that you simply don't know enough to talk gibberish about the topic at hand. Something our Arab communities also do so very often.

Misconception 3:
Saying "I don't know" eliminates your ability to critical think. No, it actually enhances your ability to critically think, as saying it means you are attempting to better understand what you don't know much about, or think more about what you need to know more about.

Misconception 4:
Saying "I don't know" deteriorates your credibility. Well, in the case of the contestants who had no reasons to backup their claims, of course it did! But claiming you don't know much about a topic before getting into it does not affect credibility; it actually makes you modest.

The stigma around not knowing should be deteriorated, starting with ourselves first. Once we accept that it's okay to not know everything, we'll gradually contribute to the decline of the four misconceptions in our communities. In actuality, to claim that you know more than you do makes you possess the traits mentioned in these misconceptions, not the other way around. Nevertheless, to say "I don't know" without the intentions to learn more will keep you in state of stagnation.

PLEASE LET ME TEACH YOU HOW TO SPEAK!

By Omar Al-Nakib

I love you, I think you're wonderful. To me, you are a work of art, and very lovely. I wrote a poem about you, even, and I was waiting for June 23rd to Whatsapp it to you, but June's three months away and it's only March and I can't help myself. So I hope you like your birthday present. It's called "You are very Important to Me and I Love You." It's a quatrain, four lines. Pretty short, but has a lot in it. I'm not gonna embarrass myself by telling you how long it took. Here it is:

Armada and strategic
Mediterranean port.
You're to me Swiss craftsmanship.
You are the long hand and short.

I guess what I'm trying to say is I love you. And it's not enough for me to say that—to say I love you. I think it's nothing short of a crime that more people do not love you. That's not to say you aren't loved, because you are, but it's a crime you're not loved the world over—that the schools and post offices of the overseas collectivity of French Polynesia or those in the Micronesian territory of Guam do not shut on June 23rd is something I don't like to think about. June 23rd is my national holiday. It is the day I *most* love, because I love you. And now you know I love you, please don't yell at me again for telling you that you could use a bit of work on your speaking habits.



Z.P. Nikolaki - "Liberty Speaking"

HERE'S WHAT YOU CAN DO:

PLEASE LEAVE

First—and this sounds unrelated but it's valuable advice—please know when to make an exit. Please, *please*, please. You overstay your welcome. I still love you, (and love you enough to tell you this)—but you tend to linger. Know when it's time to go. There's a quote that comes to mind: "What's good, if brief, is twice as good. Even bad things, if brief, are not so bad." Baltasar Gracián said that. He was a philosopher, and was Spanish. I'd listen to him. I'd also tell you to listen to Shakespeare. You know what the 92nd line in the 2nd scene of the 2nd act of *Hamlet* is? "Brevity is the soul of wit." You understand what he means: keep it short. I've already told you're a work of art, and ships should be named after you, but have I also told you you're chocolate? I love chocolate, and if you put a piece of chocolate in front of me, I'll eat it. Chocolate is great. But you can eat yourself into a diabetic coma with chocolate.

KEEP IT CLEAN OR GET OUT OF MY LIFE

What the Spanish man and the Shakespeare man said also applies to my next point: be short, yes—but be *clean*. Organize what you want to say *before* you say it. It sounds like a lot, but I swear it only takes a second. I want you to take advice from an unlikely source. There was a mathematician named Carl Friedrich Gauss, and he would only present his work once it's the prettiest, cleanest, and simplest it can be, which is hard to do in math with all those numbers. They asked him, why put *that much* effort into how the equation *looks*? *Just give us the numbers, Carl!* And he told them, “No self-respecting architect leaves the scaffolding in place after completing the building.” And just like a great architect makes great buildings, he made very nice math.

IF YOU USE TEN-DOLLAR WORDS I WILL ROB YOU

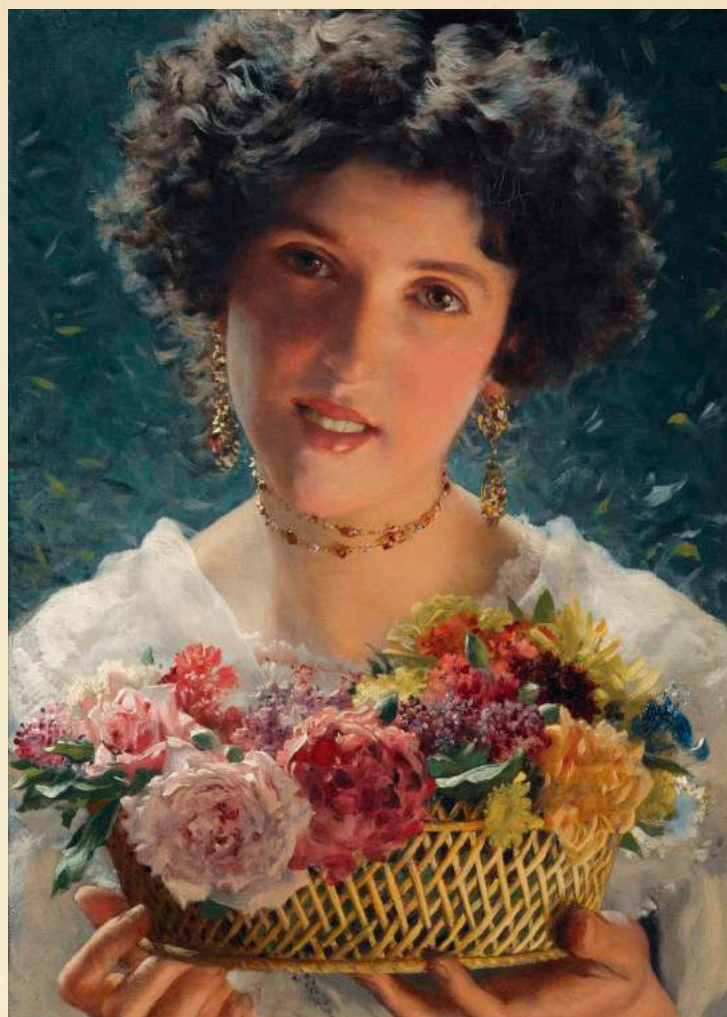
Now that you've organized your thoughts before speaking, let me be blunt. No big words. No long sentences. Look, I get that some things are difficult to communicate, and that it takes time to get across your theory that Neutrogena Pink Grapefruit facial cleanser dries up your skin so you buy the oil-free Visibly Clear®—but I'm sorry, I can't let you do that. “Simplicity is complexity resolved,” said Constantin Brâncuși, and I'm going with him. He knows a thing or two about trimming things down, because he was a sculptor. Trim the fat, all the fat, he'd say. Let me tell you the world's shortest story:

“FOR SALE: Baby shoes. Never worn.”

Six words. Very simple, very short. And yet everything's in there. 600 pages could've been spent telling the same story. You only need two or three sentences to tell me everything I need to know about Neutrogena's questionable moisturizing practices.

I'M SORRY FOR BEING SO HARSH BUT MAYBE DON'T SPEAK

Sometimes, when you speak, what you're giving me is word-vomit. *Logorrhea* is what it's called. That's what I'm getting from you. Carl the Mathematician would've been made sick. And I know that because he lived by a motto you and I would be smart to live by, as well. *PAUCA SED MATURA*. Which means, “Few, but ripe.” As in, when he opened his mouth—which wasn't much, I guess—he made sure what he added to a conversation was good and interesting and *clear*. You know the saying: *if you don't got nothing nice to say, then don't say nothing*—replace *nice* with good and interesting and clear. And if you have something to add that is none of those three things, remember: “It's better to remain silent and be thought a fool than



Władysław Czachorowski – “Buket”

to speak and to remove all doubt.” We don't know whether it was Mark Twain or Abraham Lincoln who said that.

I AM IMPORTANT MAKE ME FEEL IMPORTANT

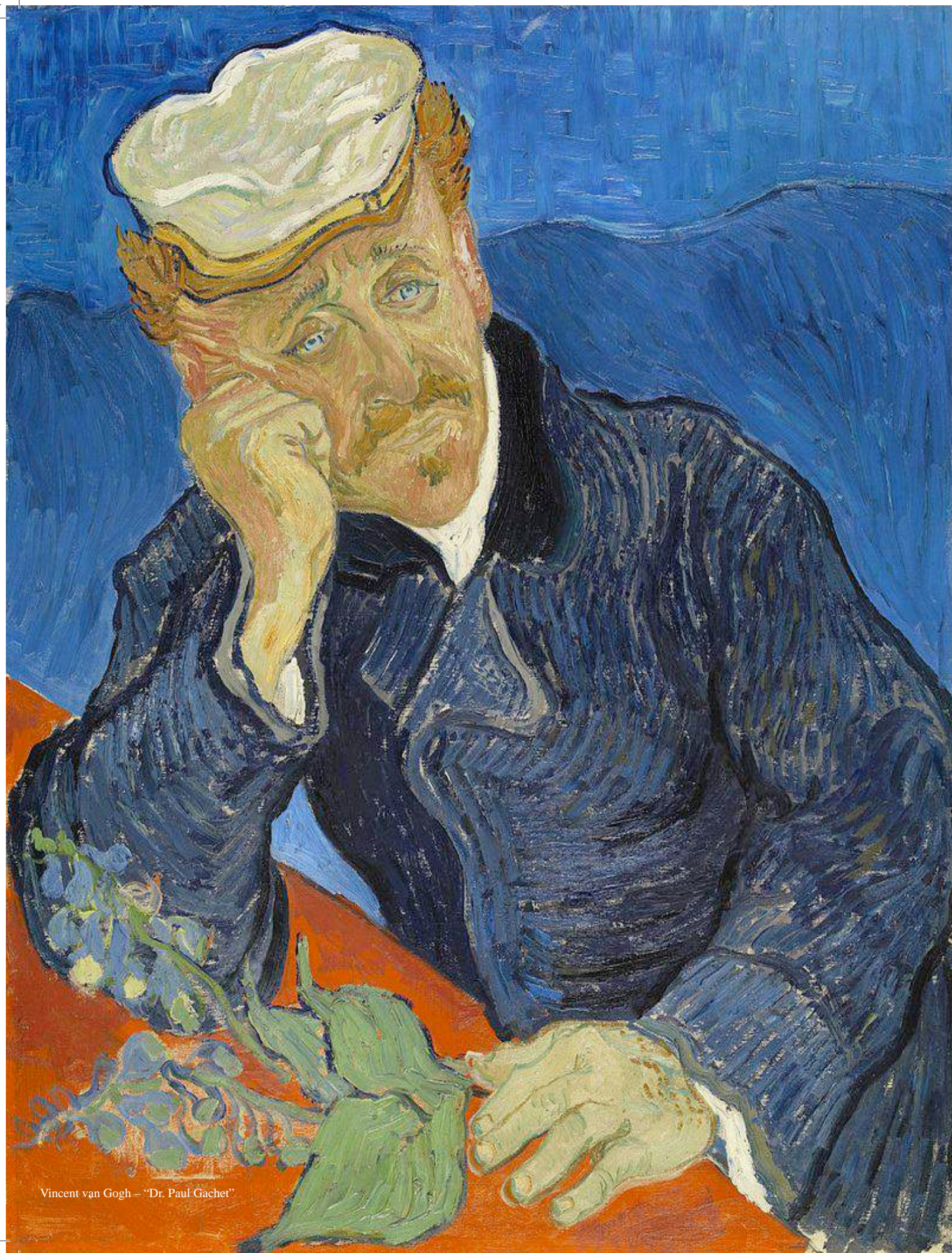
In 1868, there were two charming men in Britain, William Gladstone and Benjamin Disraeli. Both were politicians, and they were running against each other. There was this woman, and she had had dinner with both men separately. People, naturally, wondered what she made of them—these were, after all, the most charming, most clever men in all of England. And she said: “After dining with Mr. Gladstone, I thought he was the cleverest person in England. But after dining with Mr. Disraeli, I thought *I* was the cleverest person in England.” This much is clear: make whomever you're talking to feel like royalty. 200 years before this lady said that, the poet Robert Herrick told us the same thing:

In man ambition is the common'st thing;
Each one by nature loves to be a king.

Make them feel as if they've achieved their ambition to become a king. Make them feel clever, and very lovely. It's important. Should've started with this point, actually.

I LOVE YOU

I love you.



Vincent van Gogh – "Dr. Paul Gachet"

THE UPSIDE OF OVERTHINKING

By Hager Alazab

Over the past few years, I have noticed that the idea of overthinking has a negative connotation amongst people, and teens specifically. However, that is not the important realization of the day. What I found truly alarming was how guilty I am of this seemingly abominable habit. And the problem is, I never seemed to mind it at the least, but now that everyone is trying to avoid overthinking, it got me weighing down the pros and cons of the whole taboo process, only to find out that it is not that scary at all. Ironically, once you start overthinking the idea of overthinking, you see this little glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel.

While overthinking sounds like a process of unnecessary agony to some people, it is actually quite natural to want to get to the bottom of things and know everything there is to know about a certain situation. Yes, excessive overthinking is not particularly the healthiest route to follow, but it still has pros that most fail to mention. So, while I was stressing and overthinking how this article was meant to go, I came up with a list of all reasons why overthinking might actually be beneficial:

You Notice EVERYTHING

So imagine this, you text your friend a video you found truly hilarious and sit there anticipating their reply, only to receive a text including 4 laughing emojis when you're usually used to 10. You start overanalyzing your friend's behavior and whether something might be wrong with them. Did they fail a quiz? Did their cat die? Did their favourite band break up? Are they dying of a rare disease? You start thinking of all the possible

reasons behind why they could be mad or feeling down. You notice things that non-overthinkers wouldn't give a second thought to. You're very observant and hyper-aware of your surroundings and the behavior of everyone around you. Yes, you can read too much into things and give yourself a headache, but those observations you make allow for a great understanding of those around you, making you able to read people well, predict certain events (in the least psychic way possible), and most importantly, it gives you the capacity to only surround yourself with the most genuine of friends.

Curiosity = Great Knowledge

Overthinking gives you the opportunity to delve deeper into every scenario possible in order to have a rational explanation for any situation (that rhymes). So, usually when you come up with a million different ways why something happened a certain way or how it might happen in the future, whether it be a problem between friends or a health inquiry, you are always curious to know the solutions and the possible reasons for the scenarios you came up with. This usually leads to very extensive research on the subject of interest. Say you got a random, concurring headache because you have only gotten 3 hours of sleep in the past 2 days. You know you are going to think of the worst case scenario and look up your symptoms until you have acquired information good enough to work as a high paid neurologist and compete with the one and only Dr. Derek Shepherd.

Overthinking Leads to Perfection

It's natural to get a phenomenal outcome when you spend a good

portion of every day thinking about all of the possible reasons your project might go wrong. You will constantly try to fix and adjust different aspects in order to get a result that is hardly flawed and nothing less than perfect. Some might call you an overachiever or even paranoid, but the truth is, trying your best to ensure that something turns out exactly the way you planned it is never a bad aspect. In fact, after all the time you spent worrying, stressing, and overanalyzing your possible outcomes and setbacks, you will feel this great sense of pride once your work is finally over.

Problem Solving is your Strength

For someone who manages to overanalyze every little detail, it's completely normal for their brain to be wired in a way that allows them to have solutions for every single hypothetical scenario in the book. So, if you can come up with ways to solve possible setbacks you created while overthinking a certain situation, what is to say you can't solve any other problem you face? If you can come up with all the setbacks, you sure can come up with solutions to fix them.

Now, overthinking doesn't sound so bad, does it? Your observation skills are great, your projects are flawless, you are very knowledgeable, and you can easily get a job in crisis management without the usually required 4 year experience stipulation because you have been solving problems for the past 2 decades. All you have to do is sit back and let your brain work its magic and when the overthinking gets too overwhelming, always remember you can sleep it away.

YOU TIME. ME TIME.

By Hagar Alazab

How many times have you come across those introverted jokes that are always divulging the world, where nobody wants to leave their house or bed and everybody is living for the sole purpose of watching TV shows and sharing memes with their loved ones? You can't possibly answer this question because chances are you probably just liked a meme that jokes about the exact same thing. And while those jokes are completely relevant for those who can only be described as human sloths, it isn't particularly "relatable" or "accurate" for those who do actually find pleasure in outings, partying, and being surrounded by people in general. But that is okay, because everyone is different and each of us find happiness in different aspects of life. Some people are happy doing illegal things with 80 different people and staying out until sunrise while others are just as content looking at the ceiling of their bedrooms, thinking about that end scene in *Fight Club* and what it actually represents. But what if you were one of the self-proclaimed extroverts, who have always been the life of the party and now you're constantly cancelling plans just to sit at home and do nothing in particular? It seems weird, but is it that concerning?

The answer is a plain, obvious, BIG no.

Yes, the sudden change of behavior might make you ask a lot of questions, the most prominent one being: am I okay? You will want to make plans against your will just to prove that you are your old self and that nothing is wrong. You will even trick yourself into believing you had a good time outside of your house even though you know you were thinking about the appropriate time to leave throughout the entire hangout. But the truth is, there is nothing wrong with wanting to take some time off and focus on you. It

seems very simple on the outside but social interactions actually do require a lot of effort and it is totally normal to feel the need to catch a little break and have some you time. In fact, you time is actually really encouraged. You can find so much peace in solitude if it is done in moderation.

Allowing yourself to catch a break and thinking through all the thoughts you can't think with people around is quite fulfilling. It allows you to find your footing and clear out confusion. It allows your creativity to ooze out and skyrocket. Yes, humans are social creatures who depend on one another for so many aspects of survival, but some alone time is really needed every now and then to help you reevaluate situations and just focus on yourself without outside influences.

Taking a social break and focusing on *you* can actually be achieved in a lot of ways. Whenever someone mentions "Me Time", it is usually translated in wanting to stay home and never get out. However, taking a break off social media can be very beneficial if you are looking for temporary solitude. Social media allows us to connect with a dozen more people than we do in real

life, which means that the pressure is also heightened. Feeling the need to stay away from social media or a certain platform for a while can put things in perspective, as social media has proved to be a major contributor in the way we act and think.

Wanting to stay alone and away from people for a while is a common feeling experienced by so many people for a lot of different reasons. Feeling the need to cancel plans or hop straight home right after your class ends doesn't necessarily mean that something is wrong with you or that you should try right after your class ends doesn't necessarily mean that something is wrong with you or that you should try to prove to yourself that you're fine. In fact, you ARE fine. The one thing that can actually worsen your mental state is trying to do things against your will and force unwanted interactions upon yourself. If you get a feeling one Friday night that you would rather sit home with a huge bag of popcorn and watch a chick flick, you should most probably do that. Going with your gut instinct can sometimes lead to positive results.



Thomas Benjamin Kemington - "Idle Hours"

WHO SHOULD YOU BE COMPETING AGAINST?

By Lara Jadayel



John Brack - "The Car"

The reason why being down-to-earth is difficult to achieve is because people in their nature are competitive. Being competitive is commonly associated with ego, as the tendency for individuals to want to seem better than others is linked to how much a person “adores” themselves. This is not to say that being competitive is bad, nor is the act of loving yourself. What’s bad is the reasoning behind the process of why you are being competitive. Do you compete to better yourself, or do you compete to be better than others? Two completely different questions to consider.

Be prepared for yet another personal experience of mine to be narrated here for the purpose of better understanding of the topic – and for the mere humiliation of whom I befriend.

A few years back, a girl – who will remain unnamed for the purpose of identity confidentiality, and in attempt to save some of the friendships that I have already sabotaged during my time as a writer for VOICE (see previous articles) – approached me with an

unusual criticism. She said, “Lara, stop working so hard! When will you have the time to enjoy and live life.” Your initial reaction to this must be how “amazing” of a friend she is. At first, I too appreciated her concern of wanting me to enjoy life and minimize the efforts I put into work and academia, since “we only live once,” right?. That was until she continued her criticism only to add “I study, and work but you don’t see me looking as miserable as you do.” Hmm. What? I didn’t quite understand why she felt the urge to say that, yet seeing her crush sitting in the bench beside us seemed to clarify the purpose.

Being competitive in this case is not the same competitiveness demonstrated in sport matches or a puzzle solving competition. The criticism she bestowed upon me was raised for personal comparison, one she is happy to make to seem more sophisticated in front of others.

So the question remains, who should you be competing against?

Ask yourself: **Do you feel unconfident**

or distracted when you are around other people? If you feel **unconfident**, then you are more likely concerned with how others might judge you, or how others may be better than you are. You are then competing for the purpose of winning against others. However, if you are **distracted**, then you are thinking of things that are consuming your mind; things that demand your attention and concern for self-improvement. You are then competing to better yourself – good job!

Being down to earth requires more than just being nice: it requires modesty, not the “dress decently” definition of the word, but modesty in the sense that you don’t need to be better than others; you just need to be the best version of yourself. You must compete, but only against yourself. You must do everything in your power to learn more about the things you are not familiar with, enhance a skill that needs to be enhanced, improve on a talent, and spread more love and kindness all for the purpose of self-improvement, not for the purpose of comparing yourself to others.

THE LAW OF ATTRACTION

By Lara Jadayel

Understanding the Law of Attraction is as simple as understanding why $1+1=2$. According to *Psychology Today* “The law of attraction is the belief that the universe creates and provides for you that which your thoughts are focused on.” My simpler definition of this is *want positive to get positive, and want negative to get negative*.

It is very important to understand the concept of the Law of Attraction to be able to resist the tendency of blaming the world for all of our misfortunes, while expressing conceit towards the good things we bring to ourselves and others.

Take, for example, the unnecessary act of road rage. If we are driving behind a car that’s going slower than we are, *not* slower than the speed limit, we would honk our horns and tailgate the life out of that car, then slide sideways onto the other lane, speed up to see the face of the driver, give them a dirty look, speed faster to portray our anger at the driver, and then foolishly slow down to stop at the red light next to the driver who we are now avoiding to make eye contact with.

In contrast, when letting our calm and collected, self disciplined driving etiquette take the wheel, we don’t have to go through all the madness. When a slow driver is driving in front of us, driving within the speed limit and stopping at the red light the same time we were expected to stop is a much less stressful approach, I believe.

So, the question isn’t obviously “what situation would you want yourself to

be in,” but “is the driver at fault, or are you simply looking at the matter in a negative aspect?” The answer is the latter, you are simply looking at the matter in a negative aspect that is causing you to act out, which has hence resulted in a useless state of stress and anxiety that could have been avoided if you have put the situation under a different light.

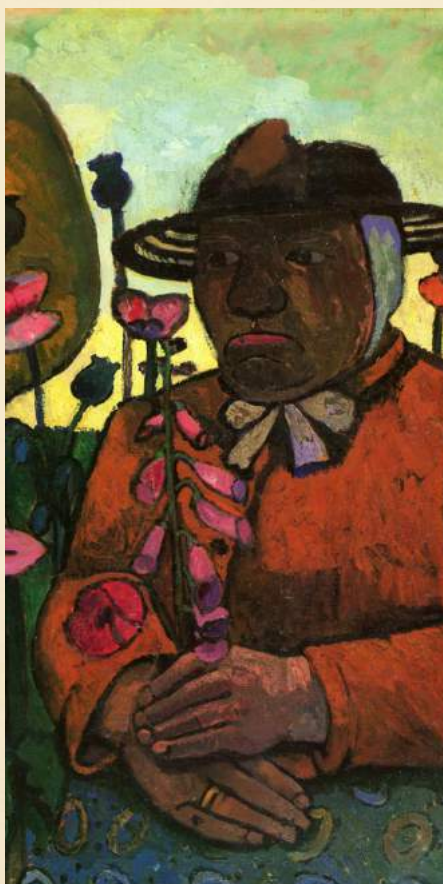
Could thinking positively of a situation actually change the emotional effect the result will yield?

Try it!

Let’s say you are dreading a midterm coming up. You are unable to sleep the night before, and you are constantly thinking about the outcome. You wake up the the next morning wishing for a snow storm in a sahara climate. You keep reviewing and revising. You go to class and see a group of panicking students going over material then begin to panic with them. You take the midterm with the only thoughts in your head being, “this is difficult,” “I should’ve answered all 250 test bank questions,” and “I’m doomed.” You end up earning a B and say to yourself “that’s fair.”

How nerve-wracking was that to read? But what if you woke up on the morning of the the midterm, went to class, took the midterm and earned a B? How different would have your mood escalated prior and post earning the grade?

I agree with those who claim “looking at something is a positive way is a bit too vague” as I have personally claimed it. But as I understood *how* to look at a situation positively, I automatically realized its effect. Looking at a situation positively means to look at a situation going in two completely different directions, then weighing the options on which direction yields the most benefit. Then, by choosing to carry out the situation that is promised to yield a non-negative aspect, that directed approach is how a situation is to be looked at positively.



Paula Modersohn-Becker – “Alte Armenhauslerin”

VOICE THE TOPIC

WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU WERE *REALLY* SCARED?



JUMANA KHALIL
GRAPHIC DESIGN

On the Tower of Terror in Disneyland. I was off my chair for so long with every drop. I thought I was gonna die.



AISHA M. AL-MISHWIT
ENGLISH LITERATURE

The day my car broke down on the highway and my phone was dead – I had to use my laptop to charge my phone. Longest 30 mins of my life



AMEEN MAAROUF
ACCOUNTING

Last week when a car was going to kill me on the Gulf road.



LIONEL RODRIGUES
MANAGEMENT AND MARKETING

The day my brother was drowning and I had to swim to him without knowing how to swim.



FOZIYA MUBARAK
COMMUNICATION & MEDIA

When I used to work for the Scientific Center we had to present in front of everyone. But one time my supervisors forced me to go on top of the shark tank and submerge my legs inside it. All the sharks swam around my feet.



S. H. BEHBEHANI
SOCIAL & BEHAVIOURAL SCIENCES

The last time I actually got scared was when my dad almost disowned me.

GET TO

Raymond Farrin

Dr. Farrin is a Professor of Arabic at AUK since 2006. He specializes in Classical Arabic Poetry, and has authored two books and several published articles.
Get to know him!



1) Where'd you grow up, and how was it like?

My dad was in International Business, so I grew up abroad. I was born in the Far East. Then we travelled to Mexico and Europe (I lived in Paris and London). At the age of 13 or so we moved back to the States. It was an adventurous and interesting childhood, which got me interested in going back abroad.

2) What made you get into this field?

As an undergrad I was an English major, so I always loved studying literature. And while living in Paris I learnt some French, which made me interested in learning new languages. After college I served in the Navy and was sent to the Middle East for one year to live in Egypt and Syria. During that time, I started taking Arabic lessons and I really got interested in it and attracted to its literature. This made me want to study Comparative Literature. So, I started to learn Arabic and I never stopped.

3) Who is the person you model your life after?

I model my life after my father. He's 81, still working and very eager to contribute. He works at a nonprofit organization in New Jersey. Also, my advisor in Berkeley, California. He's around 82. Every single day he walks 50 minutes to the library. Even though he retired from teaching when he was 75, he checks out books and is still doing research – writing articles and books. Retirement for him didn't mean just relaxing, it meant focusing on what he really liked doing.

4) How do you cope with the stress of being who you are?

I like exercising. I belong to the Corniche Club. Usually after a long, stressful day at AUK I like to go there. I go on the treadmill or go swimming. This always relaxes me.

KNOW

5) What scares you most about our Kuwaiti society?

I've gotten more used to it, but the driving here is crazy. Especially on the Gulf road when I see someone behind me driving really fast.

6) What do you do when you are not working?

I like to exercise, go out and have dinner with my friends, watch movies and the news, and I especially love to read. That's the great thing about being a professor: we teach what we love doing in our spare time.

7) If you were to get 3 people (dead or alive) in the same room for dinner, who would they be?

Albert Einstein, Gibran Khalil Gibran, and Al Mutanabbi.

8) Tell us 3 things we don't know about you:

I was born in Hong Kong, I love listening to Classical music and Arabic music, and I like watching soccer a lot (I love watching the World Cup).

9) How has the study of the Arabic language affected your faith?

I'm a Muslim. I came to Islam through Arabic. I started doing Comparative Literature then I started focusing more and more on Arabic. Then I got interested in Classical Arabic Literature. Of course, anyone who specializes in Classical Arabic Literature must study the Quran, and I was just amazed by the power and beauty of the language. The more I studied it, the more I became convinced that it's a truly miraculous book. I was raised a Christian; however, I don't see Islam as too different from Christianity, especially in its morality and ethics. Islam, to me, is an inclusive religion.

10) Being bilingual, what's your favorite book of each language?

I love Najeeb Mahfouz. I've read his *Cairo Trilogy* and my favorite is *Palace Walk*. I read it when I was in the Navy. This is actually what got me interested in the language, because I really wanted to read the book in Arabic. As for English works, I love *The Vanity Of Human Wishes* and *Rasselas* by Samuel Johnson.

11) Which dialects can you speak? And which dialect is hardest to understand?

I can manage some of the Egyptian and Palestinian dialects. I've been watching some Kuwaiti soap operas, so I can understand most Kuwaitis. But because I don't practice the dialects much, I can't really speak them. The hardest is probably the Moroccan dialect.

12) How long before you could pronounce ح/ع?

These letters weren't so hard for me. They probably took me a year or so. But the ح is far more difficult to pronounce. I couldn't roll my ح for around 5 years.

13) Top 3 Movies:

- *The Sound of Music* (my mother is half German, and we watched it a lot when I was growing up.)
- *Titanic*
- *Amadeus*

14) Top 3 Songs:

"Ah W Noss," "Enta Eih," and "Mashy Haddy" by Nancy Ajram.

HOW NOT TO CRY EVER AGAIN FOR SURE

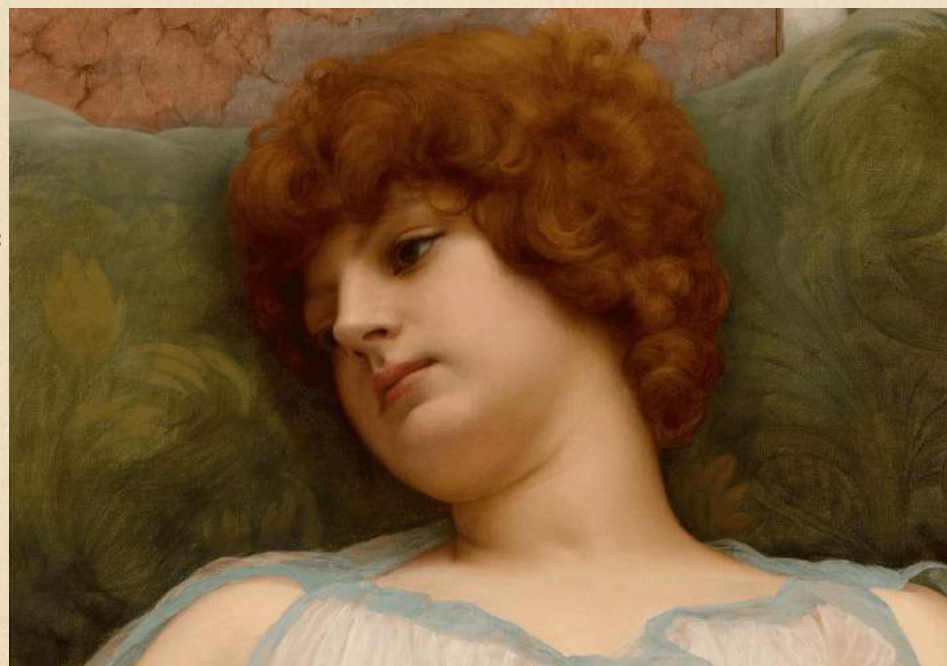
By Omar Al-Nakib

To not cry—to not cry again today, tomorrow, the day after, the rest of the month, the remainder of the year, the 50 or 60 years you have left to live, the 70 if you're lucky—is hard. You will cry, and they'll be cries of all flavors: tears of joy, tears of sadness, of grief, relief; all kinds. Good kinds, bad kinds, bad-bad kinds, and if you wanna know the worst kind—the worst bad-bad cry, it's loneliness. Ah, loneliness! Pen-pal to depression and self-hate! Someone said depression was anger turned inward, which is a very good description, and this person is absolutely right. It's inward, and it makes you hate yourself, and you shouldn't hate yourself because it's impractical when you have things to do. Is there nothing worse than asking your sister if it's okay to borrow the charger but you cry? Or if you're plugging the HDMI into your laptop but you cry? On a lazy day, when your pillow becomes wet with tears and you turn your head it's like twisting a sponge.

Enough! *Enough*, I say! No more sadness! There are literally three things you can do to never cry ever again. These are three sayings to remember, and to be remembered in this specific order:

Saying no. 1: THIS TOO SHALL PASS

There's a great story behind This Too Shall Pass. It goes like this: there was once a king, and he was sad. He called upon the greatest artisan in the entire kingdom, and demanded the artisan make him something that would make him less sad, and, if possible, not sad. The artisan said, give me a day, Your Royal Highness. The king said alright, and the artisan said great, I'll be back in a day. Yeah, ok, said the king, and the artisan said alright I'm gonna leave now. So sure enough, the artisan returned the day after with a ring. The king wasn't too happy about that. A ring? This can't be it! The king was about to order his guards to execute the artisan on the spot, but then the artisan said, Your Royal Highness, please read the inscription. The inscription was, "This too shall pass." The king paused. And then he smiled. He thanked the artisan. His sadness had miraculously vanished! Then he looked at the ring again: "This too shall pass." And then he was sad again. The point is that whatever you're feeling right now, good or bad, remember: it shall pass—and when it does pass, remember this next saying:



John William Godward - "Idle Moments" (Needs to blur the nipples lol)

Saying no. 2: MONO NO AWARE

Mono no aware. It sounds like I randomly strung together a few words, but it's Japanese. And you pronounced it wrong the first time like I did. The literal translation is "The pathos of things." It has to do with finding beauty in the fact that things come and things go—much like *This too shall pass*. The sun rises, the sun sets, and *Mono no aware* is about being in awe of the transience of everything. *Mono no aware.* Say it again. Pronounce every letter. *Mono-no-awar-ray*. It's like Latin; phonetic. There are no silent letters, so pronounce everything. We can even learn something from the fact that it's phonetic. Learning, writing, and speaking a certain language becomes easier (which in this case is English), and there's something to the idea of *easiness*. Spelling reform is something a lot of great Western thinkers and writers seriously considered. You have this idea that writers are snobs and enjoy being difficult for the sake of it, but some of the suggested spelling reforms offered by writers and scholars greatly (and very effectively) simplify the language by removing silent letters. There was a very short piece a lot of people thought Mark Twain wrote on the subject called *A Plan for the Improvement of English Spelling*. Scholars doubt Twain was its author—but if you were to read it, you'd find some good points, Twain or no. The first suggestion is to drop the letter "c" from the alphabet, and use "k" or "s" where appropriate. An example he provides is "replased." It's strange at first. You feel like you're failing an elementary-school spelling test, and your immediate, learned response is to spell it as you've always spelt it: "replaced". But *it does* make sense, and were academic institutions to incorporate reformed spelling, (even though this sounds optimistic), spelling mistakes, in general, would be *literally* impossible. And this idea goes way back: an early proponent

was Joseph Ritson, the eighteenth-century scholar and antiquarian, who was *very much* in favor of reform. Unfortunately, because of his rude behavior and strange lifestyle (he was vegetarian and atheistic, which people couldn't wrap their heads around then), he wasn't taken seriously. He also suffered from mental illness, and died legally insane. Then, in 1876, about 70 years after Ritson's death, the American Philological Association attempted to have a go at spelling reform. They started small, with only 11 simplified words: ar, catalog, definit, gard, giv, hav, infinit, liv, tho, thru, and wisht. Anyone, anywhere, could make sense of that. It's logical. So they simplified a couple more words, which a few important people liked, and encouraged further reform. Eventually, they had simplified three hundred words, and were ready to present them to the public. Despite good intentions, it was a massive failure. People didn't like being told what to do, and they didn't like change—which is normal—especially when they've been spelling words a certain way since they were kids. They were told to spell *Character* as *Caracter*, *Answered* as *Anserd*, *Manoeuvre* as *Manuver*, *Analysis* as *Analisis*, *Island* as *Iland*, *Hemorrhage* as *Hemorage*, and so on and so forth. It was a noble effort. Funnily enough, Mark Twain actually sent a message mocking one of the reform's biggest supporters, Andrew Carnegie, using simplified spelling. He wrote, "I am *sory* as a dog—for I do *lov* revolutions and *violence*," maybe another reason as to why Twain scholars cast doubt on his authorship of *A Plan for the Improvement of English Spelling*.



Rembrandt – "Portrait of a Woman"

Shrouk Al-Matrouk's

The Princess and The Pauper

Once upon a time in a land far away—well, it wasn't that far away, these days you can get anywhere on a plane, or a ship. Maybe one day we can even teleport places. There is always hope.

She talked about teleportation once. I remember, one day we were on a video call and it came up somehow.

She looked straight at me and said, "Scientists have done it, they've teleported a live animal, could've been a rabbit or a bird, I don't really remember. Point is, it happened."

I was amazed, completely taken aback by every word that hovered out of her mouth passed her lips, "Did it work?"

"Sort of, to some extent I guess it did. There's a downside to it though. The animal's physical structure was able to teleport, but it left behind its "life force," or its "soul," whatever you want to call it."

Once upon a time in a land faraway lived a beautiful princess. Okay let's get real, she wasn't an actual princess, but her family was filthy rich and that's close enough. As you must know, once there's a princess, there must be a pauper. By now you probably think this is your typical "princess and the pauper" hoey. But no, it isn't. You know what, maybe it is and it's cheesy, but it's a true story. The story of a connection so strong that it resonated between a couple of phone screens and a few words shared. It was the strangest way I have ever been introduced to anyone.

September 1st 2016, exactly a week before I get back from The Land of Filth, my phone lights up,

"Hey, this is Dana btw, he's told me so much about you. Your name on his phone is so weird."

"All good things I hope. What am I on his phone?"

"les(boo)."

"omg yeah it's cause I have him as Aziz gay on my phone... we can't keep texting on his phone, you should take my number from him."

How about you text me instead?"

Once upon a time in a land faraway lived a beautiful princess. This so called "princess" lived far away from the pauper. Around twenty minutes give or take, however without traffic, closer to fifteen. I would know, because I watch the clock the second she leaves her house until the moment she finds herself at mine. The Princess and the Pauper were both part of a small society. It was strange living there. Big houses. Small minds. Even smaller hearts. The Princess never fit in, and neither did the pauper. Perhaps you'd find a single drop of humanity every now or then. This very small world was known as "The Land of the Rich." Rich with oil, money, and more importantly immense greed. All these things, oil, money, privileges, education, scholarships, family, and faith. What more would you need? You're set for life. You wouldn't have to wipe your ass a single day in your life. Beautiful isn't it?

Everything you can ever ask for right at the tip of your fingers.

"What are we going to do?"

"Listen, we'll figure it out, everything will work out, I'll go off to college and in a year or two you'll come live with me, it will be fine. I promise."

"What if I have to get married?"

"Your parents won't force you into marriage, they can't do that, we both know they care too much about you getting a degree of some sort. We'll figure it out, don't worry about it."

"But what if we don't?"

"Everything will be fine as long as we have each other."

Once upon a time in a land faraway lived a beautiful princess. She tried for so long to adapt, to tolerate, to find a way to live, but she never did, not in this world. She took her own life the night of the great parade. Her mother screamed her name while her father grieved the family reputation. Her siblings stood in disbelief as their jaws dropped to the floor where she laid, lifeless. Where was I? I wasn't allowed to be around, it was a family affair even though I loved her more than all of them combined. I wasn't allowed to be there. I wasn't allowed to grieve the death of a loved one, because I was always nothing but a "friend."

ODE TO RALPH WIGGUM

BY AHMAD BOHINDI



Ralph Wiggum, you're one cool dude
Your cat's breathe smells like cat food
You drank blue juice from under the sink
And eated purpleberries that taste like burning
A leprechaun tells you to burn things?
Super Nintendo Chalmers help you learnding
When you grow up you want to be a principal
Or a caterpillar, your mom says you're special
you fail English? That's impossible
So don't listen to the leprechaun
and Ralph on, Ralph, Ralph on



A Revolutionary Letter

Shaymaa Al-Qalaf

A revolutionary letter

A dragon said that the revolution will not be televised

The revolution is here,

Bring down the schools of lies

Tear down the school of arts

A promising land is what they said it was

A hot desert is what it really was

Bring the school down or do something else

Build a new parking lot

Or buy gate three

Talk to the government or

Build a new car building

Save the dying students from perspiration

Take them seriously or bring the school down

Tear down the gym or change it

Three treadmills, and one bike?

Make some room and build a new diner

Make something happen

Make anything new happen



Beyond Repair

Bahja Al-Qaazweeni

Deprived from affection

Drained by love

Destroyed by the pain

You no longer desire to become captivated in this cage

You say that you've become free

With neither attachments nor constraints

But I wonder are you really free?

You abandoned yourself the moment you gave up

on mending your bleeding wounds

I see how you wander aimlessly through life

While everyone is deceived by your disguise

You use the sound of your laugh to hide your grief

And my eagerness to destroy your facade increase

But I know that I'll never be forgiven if I do

So gently I reach out

In an attempt to heal your tormented soul

But still ... you refuse to let loose

Scared of becoming vulnerable in front of an other

You hold on to yourself stronger than ever

Locked in this cycle forever

النسيانُ ليسَ مسحوقاً سحرياً

بقلم حوراء وحيد

نُحبُّهم ونكرهم في لحظةٍ واحدة، نبتسم لهم في عز غضبنا، نتمسك بهم ونحن نريدُ التخلي عنهم؛ نكتب... ثم في منتصف خواطرنا نتوقف ونقول "أحقاً يستحقون أن يُكتبَ عنهم؟" مشاعرنا تتخبط في الأرجاء تاركةً فراغات ليس لها أي تفسير، أسئلة بلا أجوبة؛ فنتساءل: ماذا يخسر العالم لو أنهم أحبونا؟ تجاهلوا محبتنا فاعتروا بأنفسهم؛ فعاتبناهم دون كلام... عتاباً على هيئة سكوتٍ وابتعاد، فعاتبنا من كانَ العالمُ بالنسبة لنا، عالماً خائناً وتركنا وحيدين. جعلونا نفقد جزءاً منا لم نكن لنفارقهُ أبداً؛ جزءاً على الرغم من فقدانه إلا أننا ما زلنا نحمله في قلوبنا وعقولنا أينما ذهبنا. بسببهم أصبحنا نحارب كي ننجو من طوفان الذاكرة المدمر، أصبحنا نتمنى معجزةً تساعدنا على التعود على حياتنا الجديدة التي تخلو منهم؛ حياةً بشعةً وجميلة في آنٍ واحد؛ ففي الوحدة جمال، فلا ألم، لا اشتياق، لا فراق، لا مشاعر؛ ولكن تبقى ذكراهم عالقة في قلوبنا، تجعلنا نُعاني، تجعلنا نموتُ شوقاً لأيام لن تعود. لو لم يخذلونا لكانا حادثناهم في هذا الوقت، وأخبرناهم عن ما حصل لنا اليوم، فنحن الذين لطلما جرينا لبعضنا في السراء والضراء، // قل لي برك من أين تعلمنا القطيعة؟ // لكن لا تُقلِّقوا قلوبكم الهشة، فكما لأم الله البحر من بعد موسى، سيُرجع ربي قلوبنا ملتحةً من بعدهم هم.

أنا أشفق على كل أولئك الذين يبحثون عن النسيان كما لو كان مسحوقاً سحرياً يشفي كلَّ العلل؛ صدقوني، لا أحد ينسى أحد، فنحن نتذكر كلَّ الذين قابلناهم في حياتنا، فالمشكلة لا تكمن في نسيانهم إنما تنبع من مرارة الشعور حين نتذكرهم. فحين نتذكر نشعرُ بأغرب خليط من الحب والكراهة، والغضب والحزن، وأحياناً اللاشيء الذي يُجسد على هيئة ابتسامة صغيرة ودمعة مكسورة. النسيان لا شيء أمام الذكرى المؤلمة، فمهما أوهمنا أنفسنا بالنسيان، تقتحم قلوبنا تلك الذكرى العابرة وتفسد كلَّ شيء؛ فحين ننساها، نسمع أغنية كنا قد سمعناها في لقاءٍ مشؤوم، فتُبْعَثُ كلُّ تلك الذكريات المدفونة وتعودُ إليها الحياة ووجدنا نحن من نموتُ من الألم. تعلمُ قلوبنا أن كلَّ شيءٍ زائل؛ لكنها لن تكون أبداً قادرةً على تحمُّل ألم ذاك الزوال، المشكلة أيضاً أن مع الذكرى يأتي التحسر والندم؛ فننتذكر أنه كانَ لزاماً علينا أن نغادر منذ انقباضة صدرنا الأولى ولكننا لم نفعل، رمينا أنفسنا إلى ساحة القتال بلا سلاح، توكلنا على من خلق الأزواج وسواها؛ لم نهيب أنفسنا للهزيمة، فنحن لم نُظنَّ أبداً أننا سنُهْزَم.



"Ilya Galzunov - 'Countess' Bedroom"

WRITING PAST WRITER'S BLOCK

By Lara Jadayel

Forty-percent of my laptop's charge has been wasted on the constant pressing of the "delete" button, not to mention the two medium sized cups of coffee that are usually gulped down with no result yielded. "It's too cold," I complain. "It's too hot," I would also complain. Yet, the "I'm not inspired" complaint seemed to do the trick. I wasn't suddenly, magically inspired if that's what you're thinking. What really happened was I became worried, for I had to admit to myself that I, after years of being a non "writer's block" believer, I'm experiencing, with no exaggeration, it's aggravating effects.

I used to believe that people who claim they are experiencing writer's block were using it as an excuse to procrastinate or to become inspired through the efforts of others. Yes, I know, what a horrible person I am. Not until I was put through it did I understand how stressful and real it is for a person to suddenly find it very difficult to creatively construct content. Thus, I apologize for the false judgment I have beheld against you. This gets less insulting, I promise.

What I noticed most about the effects of writer's block is the prolonged state of agitation it sets me in. Not only was I irked at my inability to produce content, but I began to direct my irritation towards the environment surrounding my writing and blaming it on my lack of initiative. I would purposely ignore phone calls while angrily exclaiming "nottt nowww." was neither too hot nor too cold. I would aggressively shift my laptop

I would huff and puff at how hot or cold it was when, in reality, it was neither too hot nor too cold. I would aggressively shift my laptop in different yet useless angles, and forcefully push against the back of my chair, as if the chair had anything to do with the construction of the sentence "every human being has the right to practice their own bathroom."

The reason why something like this would be very hard to cope with is because it, for some, serves as a fundamental quality in their day-to-day lives. Whether it is their source of income or source of self-expression, writing comes naturally to them. But writer's block is certainly not a dead end, as bouncing back from it is accomplishable with genuine efforts and a dash of desperation to attain the satisfaction of writing back.

I attempted to speed the process by reading "How to" articles, yet three hot showers later and a walk in the wind, I found myself still uninspired and with nothing to incite my writing process because all I focused on was forgetting I was experiencing writer's block. And that was the wrong way to go. As I continued to suffer through the phase and my desperation to begin writing again heightened, I sat in front of my laptop and typed the question "what should I write about when I'm in a writer's block?" Ecstatically, and ironically I should mention, I began this article, an article about my experience with writer's block.

It was a revelation! This article and a Nobel Prize later, I can say that writing about one's experience with writer's block can be a stepping stone to creating some content. As I am sure someone in the vast and immeasurable widths of the Internet has already grasped this idea, kindly refrain from sending me any of their articles. I have answered the unanswerable phenomenon.



Masters of the Female Half-Lengths - "A Lady Writing at a Desk"

HOW DOES MORALITY WORK?

By Lara Jadayel

One of the most repetitively used sentence I have endured hearing and withstood using is *everyone is different*. It remains the universal-themed reaction to any situation needing explanation, or mere understanding. Complex questions such as “why is this person against death penalties?” or simple ones such as “why does this person not enjoy this particular TV show?” could both easily be answered with *everyone is different*. More horribly, questions like “why does a person mistreat domestic workers?” or “why does a person feel no shame when manipulating and deceiving the less fortunate?” are also, unfortunately, explained by the easily accessible claim that *everyone is different*. The reason why it is unfortunate is because one’s morals, whether good or bad, have an effect on not only the person’s life, but also on the lives of the people around their exhibited “good” or “bad” behaviours.

On one random day, where all I wanted was to enjoy a meal with friends, lunch turned into a debate match. We were treated with nothing but the utmost respect from our waiter, who friendlily initiated small-talk while seating us at our table. As our waiter patiently stood to take our orders, one friend demanded the shrimp pasta. A “please” and a “thank you” before and after ordering were not used. As I attempted to hint that a “please” and a “thank you” were in order, they replied saying “why should I thank him for doing his job?”

The implication of the claim *everyone is different* here is simply an excuse to

not shun such ill-mannered individuals so quickly, which is exactly how the next part took place. As I argued how ignorant and revolting such a reasoning was, the responses I got from some of the individuals on the table were, “Lara, not everyone is as nice as you are.” As I thanked them for the meaningless compliment I received, the debate, myself being on one team and the rest on the other, carried out until their food quieted down their rumbling stomachs. I lost.

Being “nice” is a characteristic, while being respectful should be a moral obligation. The distinction is quite obvious for those who comprehend the concept of mutual respect. Being “nice” is exactly what it sounds like; it’s nice. Yet, being respectful, considerate, and polite is what distinguishes an absurd individual

from a sensible one; it is what determines civilization.

Should good morals be rewarded? Should bad ones be ignored because *everyone is different*? Should there be an institution that determines what is good and bad morals? Surely not, because if there’s anything in this world that could not be bought or taught, it would be the set of morals a person exercises.

No human is born evil and no human is born good either. What differentiates either sides is the manner the person accepts others to treat them with, and the manner the person allows themselves to treat others by. So, no, morals cannot be taught, because you cannot teach people how to be respectful to others if they initially do not want reciprocated respect.



Pablo Picasso – “Atkin and a Friend”

Pages From my diary

haneen al-sharrah

JUNE 16th

The end of everything is death. Death; vanishing and expiring with all our memories. We can assume it's an undiscovered world of mysteries about who we really are, our earned and deserved places, or it's the beginning of a journey we might despise. A journey in which we declare our results in life. We hate what's unknown to us, that's why we tend to hate thinking about our own death. We express this by delaying our inescapable destiny, we tend to delay the end.

JUNE 23rd

Love and hate, desire and fear, devotion and denial, kindness and aggression, they sum up all the excuses for what we do to each other on Earth; in everything we do, we move one step towards death and one step back to where everything started: from the very first spark of the Big Bang until the vanishing point that no one can ever study and discover scientifically, our death. I believe the spark is the existence of every single life of every creature acknowledging and accepting death. The lives of creatures who live, love to hate, desire to fear, devote to deny, and show kindness to express aggression. For them, to be surrounded with the appreciation of all these elements is to live for your death and make the best out of it.

What's with death? Keeping it a mystery gives humanity a chance to act in denial. Disclaimers in humanity will experience the end of the universe before the universe gets to spark again. Humanity is a failure for this specific reason.

JULY 1st

Life is vanishing because eventually everyone who knew you very well and grieved for your loss will forget and move on. Not saying it's not ok and that I want people to be sad about me forever, it just means that a lot of things around us seem meaningless after coming to that realization. We get mad, sad, and annoyed over other stupid things. Very stupid things. We make people shape us instead of doing things for ourselves, not knowing people will forget about a lot of things we thought are special for them.

OCTOBER 5th

You change

I change...

That's all what we know of the future and all what makes us move forward. I'm not perfect and I never seek to be and that's me. You can't apply perfection on me and you also can't decide to make me a bad person for my personal choices. Perfection and hypocrisy are the last on my list, that's why I only seek to show myself and other people the real me, not the fake, culturally engrossed Haneen. The problem with some is that they exist on other people's terms. I'm not saying we should be inconsiderate of our culture, I'm just saying religion and culture are so enmeshed that people now think they are one in the same. I have deep faith in Allah and a big part of me is willing to only please Him, this is why I decided to wear my hijab in the first place. But the struggle I lived with since day one is with differentiating my hijab with the culture I'm living in.

This is not the hijab I wanted and it is covering who I really am. Throughout the past 2 years of being a hijabi I got to love my hijab in the opposite way. The way that my society wanted to see me in. My comfort zone became dependent on the clean makeup I put and the nice colors I choose for my hijab. This is not me. But I realized that nothing changed for me or in me. I'm still in the same spot with the same set boundaries from my society.

OCTOBER 9th

My society is happy with me, my family, most of my friends, but not me. If all of you just realize what is really going on around and decide to be considerate towards me or anyone for that matter, you won't judge, although it is part of our culture to judge!

OCTOBER 14th

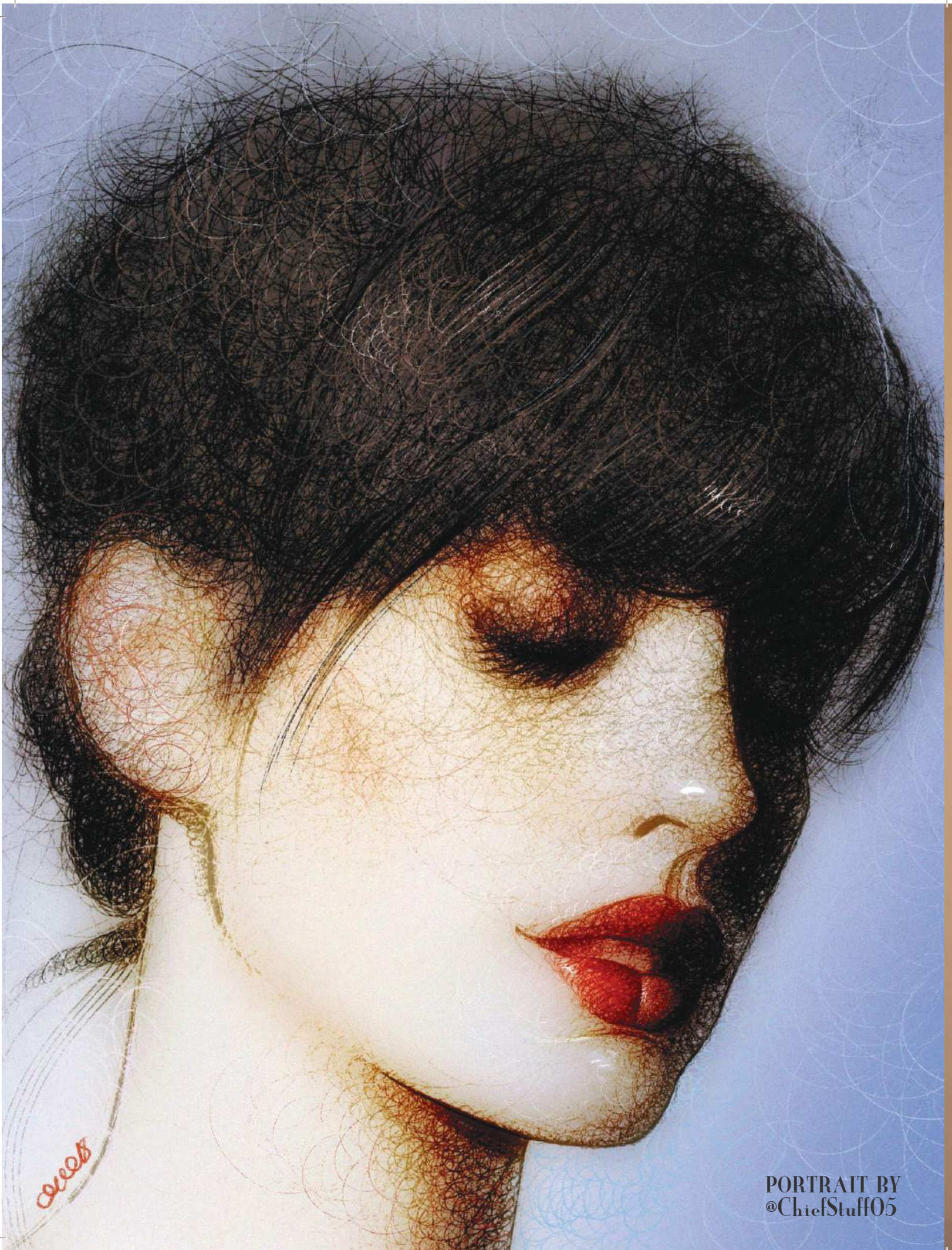
"Why did you wear it in the first place?" "It would've been okay if you stayed a non-hijabi." Well, I wouldn't wait for anyone's approval, and I wouldn't come to that realization if I didn't wear it in the first place. I'm proud of trying and experiencing the past couple of years. And hopefully there will be no regrets.



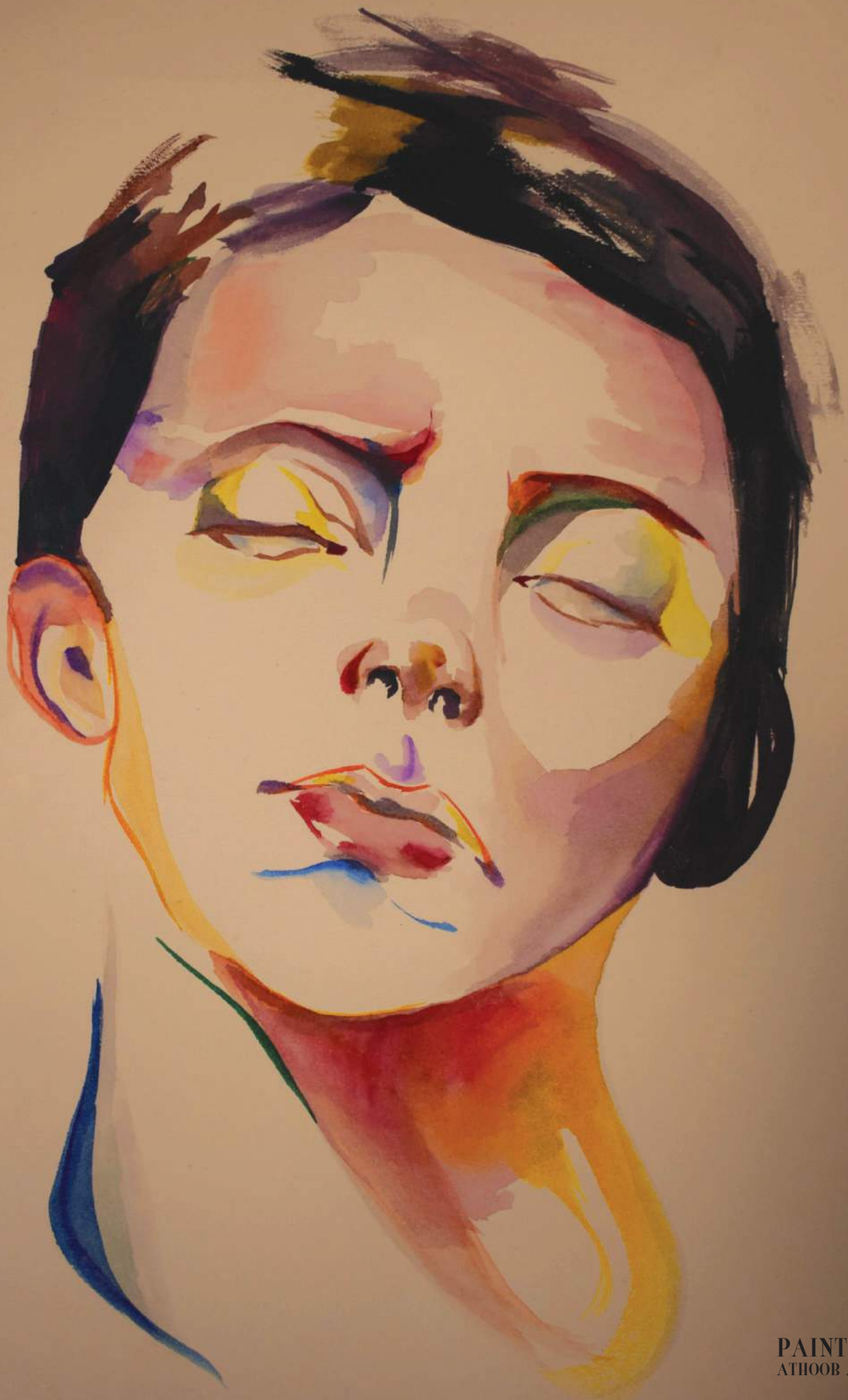
HE WHO PRAYS FOR THE DEATH THAT WILL NOT COME.



DIGITAL COLLAGE BY
KHALED F. ABDULLAH



PORTRAIT BY
@ChiefStuff05



PAINTING BY
ATHOOB AL-ROUMI



On March 13th, 2018, Curly Rae Sue disappeared. She was last seen boarding a "Single Mingle" cruise ship somewhere off the coast of the Caribbean Islands.

Mary Jae Lou, her "ex-sister" submitted the following piece to V O I C E magazine, in the hopes that it would shed light on Curly's sordid past and their problematic relationship.

Listen—I don't know what that thick-witted winebibber said about me, but I can assure you it is patently untrue. First of all, let me ease the "minds" of her birdbrained disciples, Curly Sue is not dead. I don't know of any dead person that spends \$24,000 on an autographed Simon Baker *Mentalist* headshot. So, if you're gonna "die," Curly, you might want to limit your online purchases. This pathetic drama is EXACTLY the sort of stunt the Curly I knew would pull. In our youth we attended the Bryar Fluck school for gifted girls. I got in on my own merit, of course. Curly's grades and general demeanor were less than desirable (dreadlocks and the faint smell of seafood were a turn off. Go figure). And she would have been rejected were it not for my mother's insistence on bribing Mr. Jennings, our unscrupulous and vaguely urban headmaster. It took no time at all for Curly to align herself with the school's riff-raff, and I seem to recall a coup d'etat taking place one summer, when Curly started a small revolution in the cafeteria, which resulted in the death of the school gerbil and the severe maiming of our dear janitor Cecil, who was never the same again and whose life began a steady decline into alcoholism and mental deterioration. R.I.P. Cecil 'Bucky' Silver, you really were our janitor. In College, whilst I was in Harvard, Curly was running Cell Block C. Not a prison, mind you, but a novelty shop for recently released prisoners and purveyors of THUG LIFE. The establishment became a legal issue in and of itself when it was discovered that Curly and her gang, THE FRIZZ©, were slowly embezzling from the establishment. The next 10 years of Curly's life were spent in a juvenile correctional facility, which is an odd place to be at 33. Curly and I were never close, but our relationship hit a new low when she started dating my ex-husband, Taymour Shabazz III, a Turkish drummer most well known for his short stint in the Fleetwood Mac. One memorable Christmas break had Taymour and Curly showing up at my mom's house on horseback, both bizarrely dressed as Santa, from her favorite film *Bad Santa* (2003). A fight ensued, some arrests were made, a gerbil passed and a sisterhood...fell apart. I have no qualms, quibbles, or quinoa with the way it ended with Curly. It was inevitable. I just wanted you all to know that you have been following a false prophet and that if you did indeed take her "advice" to heart, you can look forward to a life of abject scummery. I am Mary Lou and I am NOT your Guru.

P.S. Her hair is straight. It's a perm.

Thank You!
MARY LOU

Editor's note: Curly Sue has been found in Meknes, Morocco. She is the founder of Meknes' Simon Baker fan club and owns the football team, The Meknes Magpies.

FASHIONISTA:

YOUR GUIDE TO A YOUNGER, HOTTER EXISTENCE

I don't know what disgusts me more, people without a fashion sense or people with the wrong fashion sense. I won't even try to figure it out. I have people who do that for me, and I pay them more daily than most people make in a year because I value my team. As a burgeoning, potentially legendary fashionista, I find myself shocked (can you say SHOOK?) to see a treasure trove of hunnies and babies wasting their God given good looks (GGGL) on "jeans" and "shirts." These limp dogs are limper than a couple of dead dogs, honey. Like WHAT on earth were you thinking with that getup, Omar? Denim? Why don't you just frost your tips and move down to Miami Beach circa 1986? Absolutely disgusting. But like here's the deal; I'm not here to tear the simple folk down, though my 3, you heard it right, 3 fashie awards (not to be confused with Italy's 1922 "Fascistie Awards") certainly allow me to. I'm going to save your lives. So, grab your pads and pens, boys and girls, cause this column is not that long and I'm already stalling.

🔥 TIPS 🔥

TIP# 1: Ok,first of all, garbage is your friend. Homeless chic is like so freakin' in right now and I am on it like a blömhurst. We covet the hobo because he OR SHE represents the best in us. We are fighters, we are warriors, we are hobos, and we are PROUD. Appropriating the misfortune of others is not a new concept, but it can be fresh (and if you're lucky it can be both-It can be FNEW©). As the accompanying photo illustrates, you don't need a million dollars to look like \$21,000. But rest assured, I have a million dollars and I will use every penny of it.



TIP#2: Make other people feel bad about what they don't have. The only way to ensure a successful career in being hot, is to make others not. Now there are a lot of ways to do this. My personal fav, tho, is to go up to the offending party, look them straight in the eye, and scream "NO. Who raised you? because I know your mom and she is gorgeous with a capital gorgeous." This will both confuse and alienate the person. If you can, have a hot friend stare them down while you verbally berate them. It'll make them feel shame AND embarrassment.



TIP#3: ACCESSORIZE TILL U CAN'T. Baby, I cannot stress this enough. Going out without accessorizing is like showering without exfoliating. It is a cardinal sin. Put it all on. I'm talking watches, wristbands, bracelets, necklaces, canes, carpets,a roman pillar, a full size antique clock, and a first edition of *The Iliad*, I mean ANYTHING.



TIP#4: Don't EVER donate. We need homeless chic to stay homeless chic. If you donate your clothes and the homeless start dressing like the homeful, we will forever lose homeless chic. If you're feeling charitable donate here: www.fashionistamoneylaunderscheme.org

STAY HAWT YA'LL!!



بريدُ الأزمان

"تفاوت الحب بين الأدباء و العامة"

بقلم السيد حسين القلاف

بأثارة فضولي عن تساؤل متعلق بالعواطف و الحب و هيمنة القلب على وعي الإنسان : هل كانوا الفلاسفة و الأدباء يحبون كما نحب نحن ؟ هل حب الفلاسفة و الأدباء هو ذاته حب البسطاء و العامة ؟ هل الحب ثابت رغم تغيّر الزمن و الأرواح أم أن للحب صور تتناسب مع شخصية و عقل و روح المحب في الزمان و المكان الذي أحب فيه ؟ فلم أجد سبيلاً أفضل من البحث في رسالة من رسائل الأدبية مي زيادة للفيلسوف جبران خليل جبران للبحث عن الأجوبة .

جبران خليل جبران الفيلسوف و الكاتب و الشاعر و الرسام اللبناني المهاجر إلى الولايات المتحدة الأمريكية ، كاتب "النبي" الكتاب الذي " فكر في كتابته منذ ألف عام " كما قال لمي زيادة ، إحدى روائع الشعر الفلسفي على مدى التاريخ ، تميز جبران بميوله تجاه الحياة النقية و الإستمتاع بالطبيعة و الهيام مع الأثير ، و كان يتراسل مع مي زيادة و جمع رسالاته لها في كتاب أسماه " الشعلة الزرقاء " . أما مي زيادة فهي أدبية لبنانية و فلسطينية تصغر جبران بثلاث أعوام و أعجبت بمقالات جبران و بدأت بمراسلته بعد كتابته لقصة " الأجنحة المكسورة " ، يُقال أنها كانت تقصد من رسائلها في البداية من أن تطور حسها الأدبي إلا أنها وقعت في غرامه و عشقه مع مرور الأيام و بعد تبادل الرسائل المليئة بالحب النقي الروحي الخالص ، حتى ظلت تراسله لعشرون عاماً و لم تلتق به إلا مرة واحدة فقط ! و لم تعترف له بحبها إلا بعد إثنتا عشرة سنة !

الوقت هو دقيقتان بعد منتصف ليلة الأربعاء ، المكان هو مكتبي المكون في زاوية الغرفة و الممتلئ بالروايات الدستوبية ، و أوراق نبتة المنة ، و الأسطوانات العتيقة الغير رقمية لأم كلثوم و ل"بينك فلويد" ، يوجد أمامي حاسوب المتنقل و بجانبني قهوة سريعة التحضير الرديئة كحسي الأدبي و لساني الشعري و علمي بقواعد النحو ، أحمل في رأسي بعض التساؤلات المرتبطة بشكل غير مباشر بين أصالة السعادة و عمق الروح و بين طعم القهوة المرعب التي لازلت أشربها رغم كرهها لها ، أبحث عن موضوع لأكتبه بسبب وعدي لمريم قطب في وقت تجمدت فيه أصابعي عن الكتابة منذ أشهر وسنين ، فبالرغم من حبي للكتابة إلا أنني كلما مسكت القلم لا أجد في بالي سوى انعكاس البياض الناصع للورقة ، فراغ و صمت كالذي يسعى إليه المتأملين ، شعوري بالقلق يجعلني كاستراحة مهملة بجانب الطريق السريع ، أرى الأفكار تمر بسرعة من أمامي بلا توقف سوى للوقوف الاضطراري ، و ما أقبح الاضطراب ! كيف للاضطراب أن ينتج أي إبداع ؟ لا أعلم لم وعدت مريم بالكتابة ، يالهذا اليوم المنحوس ، لا أستغرب أن الأساطير و الروايات تقول أن الله خلق جهنم في يوم الأربعاء ، لم وعدت مريم ؟ و لم قررت الكتابة في هذه الليلة ؟

هدأت بعد أن انتهيت من قهوتي و استمتعت ببعض الجودة لأم كلثوم وهي تطرب أذاني بطريقتها للفظ حرف الهاء بكل فخامة و رقة و أناقة عندما قالت " شكواي أم نجواي في هذا الدجى و نجومٌ ليلي حُسدي أم عُودي ؟ " ، حتى تسبب هذا البيت



Gibran Khalil Gibran

ضغط يسببه العواطف المكبوتة ، و لكن تفضل الكاتبة أن تكون من المكبوتين الأشقياء المتأذنين على أن تعبر عما في جوفها من مشاعر حتى لا تتلوث نقاوة الحب ، لأن الحب المكبوت عادةً يكون أعمق من المعلن والتعبير عن المشاعر يقلل من تأثير الحب على القلب كما ترى الكاتبة ، و الجميل هنا أنه فعلاً الحب المكبوت أفسى على القلب من الحب المعلن حتى عند البسطاء شاعرياً وفلسفياً ، و هذه القساوة لا تزيد من الحب إلا عمقاً ، ثم ذكرت مي أنها لا تهتم بكل هذا الكلام المعقد و التحليلات العاطفية و التعقيدات الأدبية بقدر ما أنها تحب جبران ، و الحب يكفي بذاته بلا أي كلام أو منطق أو شعور آخر ، فبراعة الحب و نقاوته تكفي ، و بالرغم من ندرة التفكير بهذه الطريقة لدى العامة ، إلا أن البذرة ذاتها موجودة لدى البعض منهم ، فنرى منهم من يقتنع بأن الحب سبب كافٍ و حجة وافية بذاتها بلا أي تعقيدات وبلا تفكير بأي شيء آخر .

أما في الفقرة الثالثة يمكن ملاحظة اللطافة و الطرافة في أنها تخجل من مقابلة مواجهة محبوبها جبران و البوح له بمشاعرها ، فهي لم تصرح بحبها له إلا بعد إثنا عشر عاماً من المراسلة ، يبدو أن الخجل في الحب شعور غريزي موجود في كل البشر ، حتى لدى أخبر الناس في التعبير عن مشاعرهم ، لدرجة أن ثقل الإفصاح جعلها تندم على حصولها حرية التعبير ، حتى قالت الموقلة الشرقية القديمة بأن "خير للبت أن تقرأ ولا تكتب" ، يبدو أن ثمن الحرية غالٍ ، و أن أصفاد الخجل بدأت بجرح معصمها ، أهكذا هو العشق ؟ أهذه آثار كتم الحب ثم الإفصاح به ؟ سأترك الحكم للقارئ .

ثم بدأت بالتساؤل إن كانت هي على صواب أم في ضلال ؟ إنها لا تهتم سوى أنها تحب جبران ! لدرجة أنها بدأت تربط مشاعرها بالطبيعة و التأمل فيها بنفس الطريقة التي يكتب بها جبران كتاباته ، لا زالت تسعى لكسب وده و اهتمامه ، كالزوجة التي تطبخ لزوجها طبخته المفضلة ، أي حب هذا الذي يضرب فيه الأمثال بكل صورة و موضع ، و يا لشقاء المحبين المكمة أفواههم ، و يا لذلمهم في بعد المسافة . هذه الرسالة المفعمة بالمشاعر تبين للقارئ هوائل العشق على الأدباء ، فنرى كيف تتلعثم الكاتبة في التعبير رغم كونها أدبية ، نراها تعبر عن حبها في حين و في حين آخر يراودها الخجل حتى تندم على الحرية ، تتغزل في جبران على طريقته في موضع و في موضع تعلن عن شقائها لكتمتها حبها ، فتتشابه حالة الكاتبة بحال المحبين من العامة مع بعض الاختلافات البسيطة ، هي ذات الأسى و ذات اللذة على من ابتلى ببقاء الحب ، يبدو أنه ليس للحب صور تتناسب مع عقل و روح الحب في الوقت و المكان الذي أحب فيه ، بل أن الحب ثابت بأهواله و شقائه ، يبدو أن الحب ، فعلاً يحمل ذات الندوب على الأدباء و العامة ، يبدو أن الحب ، فعلاً ، ثابت بنقائه و طهره ، و كالموت .. لا يعرف القوانين !



May Ziade

هنا رسالة من رسائل مي زيادة إلى جبران فضلتها في البحث عن الأجوبة أكثر من القصائد المعلنة ، حيث يمكن للكاتبة التعبير أكثر بكل خصوصية ، و لأن الرسالة مفعمة بالعواطف و الكلام المنمق الذي قد لا يفرق عن القصائد إلا في عدم الالتزام بقواعد الشعر و البحور و الترتيب ، أي أنها تمتلك حساً أكبر من الحرية ، حيث أن هذه هي الرسالة مع الاعتذار على طولها:

إلى جبران 26 فبراير 1924

جبران

لقد كتبت كل هذه الصفحات لأتعايد كلمة الحب ، إن الذين لا يتاجرون بمظهر الحب و دعواه في المراقص و الاجتماعات ، ينمي الحب في أعماقهم قوة ديناميكية قد يغبطون الذين يوزعون عواطفهم في اللاأ السطحي لأنهم لا يقاسون ضغط العواطف التي لم تنفجر ، و لكنهم يغبطون الآخرين على راحتهم دون أن يتمنوها لنفوسهم ، و يفضلون وحدتهم ، و يفضلون السكوت ، و يفضلون تضليل القلوب عن ودائعها ، و التلهي بما لا علاقة له بالعاطفة ، و يفضلون أي غربة و أي شقاء (وهل من شقاء في غير وحدة القلب ؟) على الإكتفاء بالفطرات الشجيحة .

ما معنى هذا الذي أكتبه ؟ إنني لا أعرف ماذا أعني به ، و لكنني أعرف أنك محبوب ، ، أني أخاف الحب ، أقول هذا مع علمي أن القليل من الحب الكثير ، الجفاف و القحط و اللاشيء بالحب خير من النزر اليسير ، كيف أجسر على الإفشاء إليك بهذا ؟ و كيف أفرط فيه ؟ لا أدري .

الحمد لله أني أكتبه على الورق ولا أتلفظ به لأنك لو كنت الآن حاضراً بالجسد لهربت خجلاً بعد هذا الكلام ، ، لاخفيت زمناً طويلاً ، فما أدعك تراي إلا بعد أن تنسى .

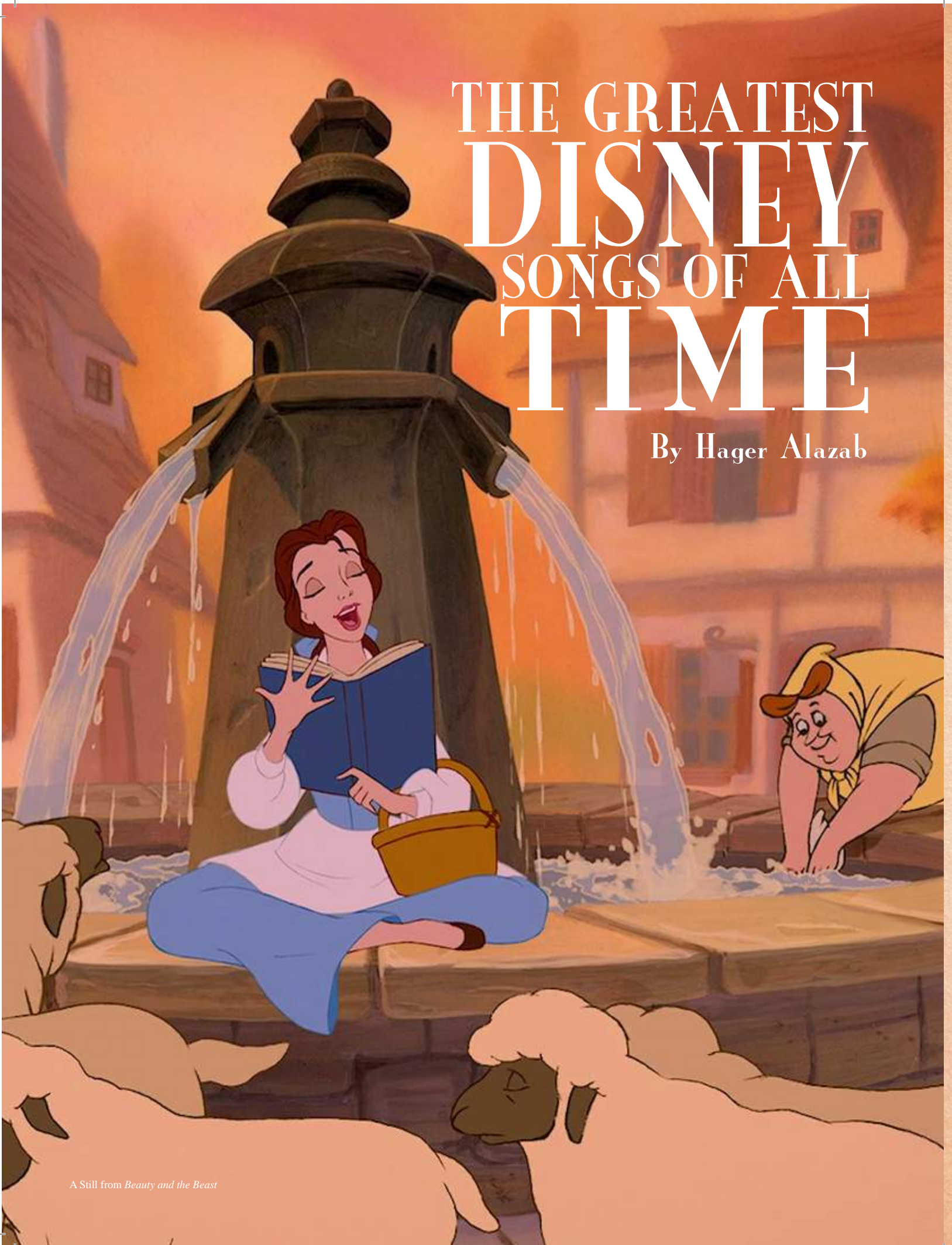
حتى الكتابة ألوم نفسي عليها ، لأنني بها حرة كل هذه الحرية ، أتذكر قول القدماء من الشرقيين : إن خير للبت أن تقرأ ولا تكتب .

إن القديس توما يظهر هنا و ليس ما أبدي هنا أثراً للوراثة فحسب ، بل هو شيء أبعد من الوراثة . ما هو ؟ قل لي أنت ما هو . و قل لي إذا كنت على ضلال أو هدى فإني أثق بك ، و سواء أكنت مخطئة أم غير مخطئة فإن قلبي يسر إليك ، و خير ما يفعل هو أن يظل حائماً حوالبك ، يحرسك و يحنو عليك ، غابت الشمس وراء الأفق ، و من خلال السحب العجيبة الأشكال و الألوان حصصت نجمة لامعة واحدة هي الزهرة ، آلهة الحب ، أترى يسكنها كارضنا بشر يجيئون و يتشوقون ؟ ربما وجد فيها بنت هي مثلي ، لها جبران واحد ، حلو بعيد هو القريب القريب . تكتب إليه الآن و الشفق ملاً الفضاء ، و تعلم أن الظلام يخلف الشفق ، و أن النور يتبع الظلام ، و أن الليل سيخلف النهار ، و النهار سيتبع الليل مرات كثيرة قبل أن ترى الذي تحب ، فتتسرب إليها كل وحشة الشفق ، و كل وحشة الليل ، فتلقي بالقلم جانباً لتحتمي من الوحشة في اسم واحد : "جبران".

تبدأ رحلتي بالبحث عن الأجوبة بنقاش بدأت فيه الأدبية الرسالة بين الحب المكبوت و الحب المعلن ، حيث أنها ترى أن الحب المكبوت يسبب الأذى و القساوة و الشقاء لحامل الحب ، بل و قد يسبب لهم الوحدة و يشجع على التلهي بما لا يثير العواطف حتى لا يُرهق القلب أكثر من إرهاقه ، و أن معلنين الحب محظوظين لأنهم يعيشون بلا

THE GREATEST DISNEY SONGS OF ALL TIME

By Hager Alazab



A Still from *Beauty and the Beast*

This is totally in my very own, very biased, very *un-humble* opinion, but I think Disney animated movies have been providing us with amazing performances over the years and it shouldn't be a surprise that their movies have always been high on the charts in terms of quality and profit. Disney is basically everyone's best friend. You grow up with it and think "oh, when I get older, I probably won't watch it anymore," and yet, 19 years later, you are in a seat at the movie theater crying over Miguel singing "Remember Me" to an old Coco. And for the record, if you haven't watched Disney's latest movie, *Coco*, you should. The animation is amazing (as usual), the plot is mesmerizing (as usual) but most importantly, the soundtrack will sweep you off your feet (yes you guessed it, as usual). So, in an attempt to show my gratitude for these amazing performances that have blessed our existences over the past century, I compiled a list of what I believe to be the 5 most *magical* Disney Animated movie performances of all time:

SPOILER ALERT

"I See The Light" – *Tangled*

Nothing – and I mean NOTHING – will ever compare to Rapunzel and Eugene expressing their overflowing feelings of affection through this great rendition of "I See the Light." First of all, I would like to say that this song, alongside the animation that came along with it, has always come top on my list. It also makes me tear up but that's beside the point. But seriously, it is just out of this world beautiful. Rapunzel is seeing the lanterns for the first time. Eugene realizes that she is much more than a great voice and glowing hair. Eugene flies a lantern with Rapunzel. Pascal turns red from all the romance. Did I mention the lanterns enough? Everything about this is done with great detail, it is hard to just move past it and just get on with your life. Also, Mandy Moore, only one of the most angelic voices ever, plays Rapunzel. Can this get any better?

"Remember Me" (The Ernesto De La Cruz version) – *Coco*

Yes, Mr. De La Cruz turns out to be the devil himself in the end, but his singing of "Remember Me" was definitely a remarkable point in the movie. Not only was it the main reason Miguel was interested in music, it was the single that made Ernesto De La Cruz the Latin pop sensation he was. So what if he literally had to kill a man, steal his music sheets, and claim them as his own in order to produce this bop? He performed it well. He actually performed it so well, he ended up dying in the process. The man went up a huge flight of stairs in a blue suit and blue fedora ensemble, danced with one of the backup dancers stacked alongside him on the massive stairs, and hit a note so high the stage shook so violently that a giant bell fell on his head and crushed him. Talk about passion.

"A Whole New World" – *Aladdin*

You saw it coming and so did I but come on, when there's a flying carpet dipping and turning with 2 people singing on top of it, it's hard not to be impressed. You just can't ignore the beauty of the scene where they're flying above Agrabah on Aladdin's magic carpet without a care in the world, singing one of the most iconic Disney songs to ever be written. And for 2 people flying on the most unstable piece of furniture ever, you would expect a hitch in their voices or even a moment of hesitancy before the performance begins, but no, this is Disney and everything has to reach an immaculate level of perfection.

"Belle" – *Beauty and the Beast*

Pretty much the first feminist song to be sung by a Disney princess. It was also the very first song performed in the movie *Beauty and The Beast* and a perfect tell on what Belle's character was like. An educated woman surrounded by close minded villagers who believed that she was a complete freak while all Belle ever wanted was to have more than the "provisional life"

she was living. The girls were looking down on her because she didn't want to marry the self-proclaimed beauty, Gaston, who was by all means the biggest French jerk to be seen on or off screen since 1991. In the performance of the song "Belle," the soon to be princess is wandering around her little village on her way to the library while also showing the kind of people living there and the lives they were leading. Besides being a great song performed by an even greater voice, the song "Belle" is just the perfect introduction to the movie as it tells the audience everything there is to know about Belle through a 4 minute song.

"On My Way" – *Brother Bear*

What could possibly be better than a bear, which was originally human, setting out on a trip with a bear cub to a magical mountain where he hopes to transform back to a human so that his human brother won't kill him, thinking that he is a vicious predator? A song to accompany the migrants on their long trip and to make the whole idea of the movie *bearable* for 5-year-olds. "On My Way" is a song that highlights the evolution of the relationship between the once human bear and the bear cub, one that turns from forced and unwanted relationship to a loving and strong one. Besides the evolution in their relationship, it also emphasizes the evolution of Kenai, the human bear, as it focuses on how he adapts to his life as a bear – a very tough adaptation if you ask me. All in all, this song witnessed so many milestones in the character development of Kenai through a concoction of great lyrics and heartwarming scenes to accompany them.

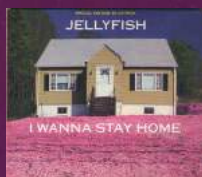
And with that, I end my very short list of the greatest and most memorable Disney animated musical performances of all time. Fortunately for us, there is a much bigger list of songs to look through and many more to come!

THE NOISY 90S

MUSIC EDITION

1990

JELLYFISH - I WANNA STAY HOME



Melancholy rocker with a decidedly 90's production. The voice of Andy Sturmer resonates for miles.

1995

TUPAC SHAKUR - DEAR MAMA



It may not have the driving beat of the 'Los Angeles Lothario's' other hits, but it sure hits home.

1991

MARKY MARK AND THE FUNKY BUNCH - GOOD VIBRATIONS



Not gonna sell you on this one. It's a must listen.

1996

JASON FALKNER - AFRAID HIMSELF TO BE



Jason Falkner's music is what music is jealous of. This song is too good to describe. LISTEN TO IT.

1992

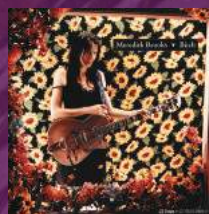
DR. DRE FT. SNOOP DOGG - NOTIN BUT A G THING



Egregious spelling errors aside, this post N.W.A. Dre track vibrates, gyrates, bumps and thumps. Whatever the hell that means.

1997

MEREDITH BROOKS - B*H**



Most famously featured in "What Women Want" (2000), This poppy stinger is bound to be stuck in your head for days. Weeks if you're not careful.

1993

THE MUFFS - BIG MOUTH



One of Kim Shattuck's eviscerating hate-love songs. The gorgeous melody beautifully contrasts with her raging throaty screams.

1998

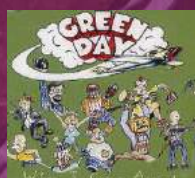
JAY Z - HARD KNOCK LIFE



Repurposing the hit "Annie" song might seem a move too bold for the "Los Angeles Lothario", But it serves the song well and bumps, thumps and etc...

1994

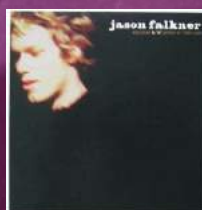
GREEN DAY - WHEN I COME AROUND



Billie Joe Armstrong, blessed with a brilliant sense of melodicism, has penned many a great song. But this one, written after a particularly nasty fight with his wife is a song.

1999

JASON FALKNER - HOLIDAY



BEST. SONG. EVER. Aeolian cadences and Mixolydian modes abound!

THE NOISY 90S

FILM EDITION



1990
JU DOU

Brutal Chinese meditation on domestic abuse and the frailty of marriage.



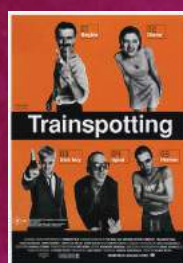
1995
BABE

A breathtakingly beautiful piggie tale directed by the man who brought you the ever popular Mad Max films.



1991
BARTON FINK

A hilarious and skewed look at the old integrity in art debacle. Wonderful performances from the 3 Johns. John Turturro, John Goodman and the late, John Mahoney.



1996
TRAINSPOTTING

An infectiously fun brit-pop infused masterpiece. Endlessly re-watchable.



1992
THE PLAYER

Robert Altman skewers hollywood. One of his best and that's really saying something.



1997
FACE/OFF

Too insane to describe. Go watch it.



1993
A PERFECT WORLD

A criminally underrated thriller from Clint Eastwood. Kevin Costner turns in a powerhouse performance as a criminally underrated criminal.



1998
THE BIG LEBOWSKI

Perhaps it's too popular to recommend, but this just may be the funniest film ever made.



1994
ED WOOD

Tim Burton's only truly great film. An ode to Ed Wood, a man whose desire to make films is as strong as his lack of talent.



1999
AUDITION

Premium Japanese horror. Any description would spoil it, but let's just say you'll never look at blood the same way again.

Myriam & Khaled

at the movies

Myriam's Film Review CAMERA PAN-THER

Black Panther is an extraordinary piece of cinema, or as the french call it Cinema Verite. This hilarious and humorous romp through the frayed old streets of Wakanda is a pleasure thrill-ride of the highest order. Film critic Rex Reed described the film, and so will I. The film's cinematography is a dazzling array of special effects and other not so special effects. The African accents were spot on and at times wonderfully droll. The script by several unknown people moves the action along nicely while basting its chicken-skin-esque veneer with the seeds of flowing romance, and what a loving romance it is. Some of the film's finest scenes take place on the (in)famous Wakandan streets. People jump, run, fight, and run through narrow alleyways and on rooftops (parkour style). The camera swoops and ducks with great skill and technical proficiency, and hardly ever shows the crew at all. One cannot ignore the obvious political statement the film seems to be making, But I can. I never really got caught up in that whole dog vs. cat debate and I'm glad to see the movie eschewing it all together. Eschewing is a funny word, isn't it? It almost sounds like an obscure city in Germany. Like you can totally see it on wikipedia "Hans Christian Andersen was born in Eschewing, Danish." Fascinating. One confusing aspect of the film is the recurring appearance of water. It's in several establishing shots and I can think of at least 3-4 instances in which characters consume it. This is precisely the kind of compelling visual metaphor that makes the Spierig Brothers so brilliant.



Review MARVEL BLACK PANTHER

Khaled's Film Review BLACK CRAPHTER

Stan Lee must be rolling in his cold, damp grave. What in the world have they done to his precious creation? The Batman used to stand for something. He was a symbol. A symbol of a man who lost his parents to gun, internalized the tragedy, and lived his adult life as a fairly well-adjusted human bat. And what better way to deal with tragedy, ladies and gentlemen, than to costume yourself in a customized \$6 halloween outfit that doesn't even look anything like a real bat, murder criminals and innocents alike, flay small animals, and be a generally menacing presence to the people of Gothamville? I don't think this is what Bruce Lee had in his senile mind when he created the masked vigilante. And yet this is exactly what is portrayed in the new version, curiously titled *Marvel Studio's Black Panther*. This is a limp, sad, little version of the Dark Nightman. GONE are the days of the strong social messages that were the sole and maybe even vital reason behind the success of *Batman Forever* and its subsequent predecessors. I genuinely have nothing good to say about this "film," save for a few great moments, stunning cinematography, terrific scripting, stellar acting, an emotional, breathtalking soundtrack, expert directing, gorgeous production design, subtle, tremendously engineered sound work, and an ovation worthy ending. It's pure garbage. I practically had to be dragged to the theater mid-way through a terrific episode of *Fraiser* in which Niles finds himself caught between his ex-wife, Maris and his new girlfriend, Daphne. So, he goes out to lunch with Maris and has a helluva time trying to keep it secret from Daphne, then Fraiser slaughters his father and the dog dies of a broken heart.





GAMES & PUZZLES

HOW DRAMATIC ARE YOU?

1) You slip your hand in your pocket only to find your phone missing. You...

A- Keep shuffling your hand around your pocket.

B- Run back to the last place you were at.

C- Think of skipping class to purchase a new one.

2) You are stuck in traffic. You...

A- Let out a sigh or two.

B- Attempt to move from lane to lane only to end up on the one moving the slowest.

C- Self-reflect.

3) Your favourite TV series ends. You...

A- Watch the "Behind the Scenes."

B- Watch the last episode again while demanding a better ending.

C- Start a new one.

4) You order a dish at a restaurant. It's smaller than expected. You...

A- Eat with disappointment in your eyes.

B- Complain to the manager and demand another dish.

C- Weren't hungry anyway.

5) Your friend invites you to meet a friend of theirs. You don't feel like socializing but you go...

A- Because "it's the right thing to do."

B- Late and annoyed because you were "busy doing other things."

C- and exchange Snapchat accounts.

If you got....

More A's, you are slightly dramatic!

You are the person who makes jokes about others and don't mind others making jokes about you. You don't get mad easily, but when you do you are seen asking others on how to react. When someone gives you an advice, you take it but change it to fit your style: "Hey, you should start eating healthy food more often!" "Okay, i'll start eating more."

More B's, you are pretty dramatic!

You are the person who makes jokes about others, but no one dares to make a joke back. They know how dramatic you can get. When you get angry, you storm out. Doors are always being slammed. People don't give you advices because they will only get a lecture in return. Ain't nobody got time for that.

More C's, you are not at all dramatic!

You are the person everyone makes jokes about; they laugh with you and at you. You never get angry, but when you do, it's mostly about societal and governmental issues. "Where is the justice?" is the only thing we would hear you yelling. When people give you advices, you are ready to take it. Constructive criticism is your motto.

H O R O S C O P E S

Aries

March 21st-April 19th

The whole point of having friends is to open up to them and share your troubles with someone trustworthy. Small talk won't get you anywhere.

Taurus

April 20th-May 20th

It's okay to take a break off of social media, but completely and abruptly disappearing is unacceptable. Replying to the texts you already read would be greatly appreciated.

Gemini

May 21st-June 20th

Gossiping is fun and games until all of your friends start cancelling out on plans because their dog is sick. For 6 months straight.

Cancer

June 21st-July 22nd

I'm so sorry; there is nothing we can do. Spend time with family; get your affairs in order. I'm so very sorry.

Leo

July 23rd-August 22nd

You are ambitious and there is nothing wrong with that, but don't let your hopes for the future ruin the good things you have now.

Virgo

August 23rd-September 22nd

New beginnings will never work out if you keep repeating the same mistakes over and over again. Break the cycle and ruin your life with something different.

Libra

September 23rd-October 22nd

You have completely diminished the line between self-confidence and arrogance. Take that ego down a notch, or ten.

Scorpio

October 23rd- November 21st

WebMD has about 100 articles on how anger could affect your health. Read and remember them next time you feel like losing it over the salt shakers not having enough salt in them at the diner.

Sagittarius

November 22nd-December 21st

No, this group of strangers you just walked by wasn't gossiping about you. And no, those jeans don't make you look fat.

Capricorn

December 22nd-January 19th

Having a sibling makes everything 10 times more brutal, but you will soon learn to appreciate the gift you've been given. Just give it 25 more years.

Aquarius

January 20th-February 18th

Humans come and go. Humans aren't loyal. Dogs are loyal. Dogs are great company. Adopt a dog.

Pisces

February 19th-March 20th

Being straightforward is a great quality until someone asks you to give them your "honest" opinion. In this case, ALWAYS LIE, they never actually want to hear the truth.



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