

AUK's STUDENT MAGAZINE

VOICE

SPRING 2019

Editor's Note

Energy cannot be created nor destroyed, but it can be expressed through various artistic forms. For this issue, we decided to capture the dynamic energy radiating among the Wolfpack through their creative endeavor—ranging from theatrical arts to academic performances.

The campus is constantly flowing with vibrant energy from different activities and events; to record and collect some of the outstanding ones has been a great honor. It has been a pleasure working with the team to publish this issue; I look forward to many more.



Sincerely,

Rafah Al-Shohaty

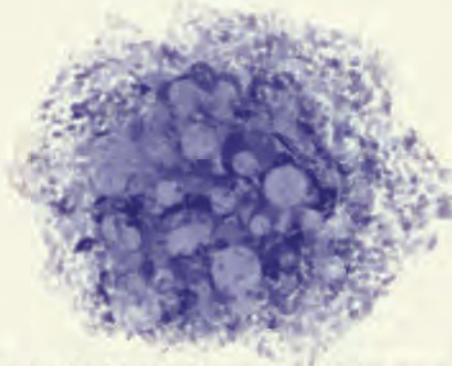
Editor-in-Chief

Meet The Team



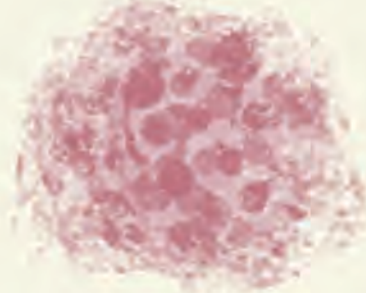
Mariam Naser
Reporter

Hello, my name is Mariam Naser and I am an English major in my senior year. When writing this biography, I have been reflecting on my academic path as a student in correlation to my creative passions. These reflections reminded me of my grandfather's wise words, "follow your passion, for it will find a way to reach you eventually." His guidance encouraged me to switch majors from Graphic Design to English-ultimately following my passion to pursue a degree in English.



AbdulMohsen Alfares
Reporter

Just briefly some nerdy things that could be easier to describe my interests, I've got Doctor Who, Star Trek and Dungeons & Dragons. I love anything space or fantasy related, I just recently began appreciating the beauty of real life. Love stories that don't go one way, but twist and turn. That's why I'm obsessed with time travel.



Batoul Alshammari
Graphic Designer

I am a junior who is majoring in International Relations. I have spent 23 years of my life discovering various hobbies ranging from embroidery and reading, to tennis and hiking. The connections I've built from talking to others and learning about new perspectives has contributed to my understanding of the world. On that note, if there was ever any talk about traveling, rest assured I would join the conversation. I hope to see the northern lights sometime soon, until then I will explore the outdoors and see how many snails I can manage to find.

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AUK Student Affairs

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KYLE DILLINGHAM & HORSESHOE ROAD MAKE A STOP AT AUK'S VERY OWN GRASSY AREA

Written By AbdulMohsen Al Fares

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To be completely honest I was not expecting much when I heard a country music group was going to be performing at AUK. There I was sitting on my chair in the grassy area when Kyle Dillingham skateboarded in all the way from the main hallway to the stage in the grassy area, all that while playing an awesome tune on his fiddle. That grand entrance set the stage for the upcoming performance. All the members; Kyle Dillingham, Peter Markes and Brent Saulsbury put on such a high energy, ridiculously fun show. The start was a bit slow, but I had a hand in livening it up. My friend Bassam is obsessed with John Denver's "Take Me Home, Country Roads". So, I had to request that they play the song for him. They were so excited to hear that there are fans of country music here in AUK, so they kept playing whatever song we requested.

Even though it seemed like they had a tight schedule to follow. I can't stress how high energy they were, it felt like they just wanted to spread as much joy and happiness that they could in those couple of hours they were there. The next song I requested was "Cotton Eye Joe" by Rednex. Kyle told me he'd play it under one condition, which is for us to dance to it since the song is made for line dancing.

So Kyle actually started showing us the steps to the line dance and a bunch of us from the crowd got up to dance along to the song. I can't speak for the rest who were there, but I danced miserably, I don't know if you can even call what I did dancing. But nonetheless, it was such a blast to go up and participate. There was a request for the song Jolene, and some guy from the audience went up on the stage and sang it himself beautifully. He says it was his "first" time singing that, but there is no way I'm going to buy that. After a bunch more requests, the band started playing their own set. One crazy thing I noticed was all throughout playing, the members would switch instruments in between songs. And the crazy part is how they would all sounds so great, no matter what instrument they'd use.

They ended the show by playing one of their original songs which they claimed would attempt to mimic the sound of an incoming train. And oh boy, mimic it did. The song captured the growing intensity and strength of an incoming train, by starting off very slowly and with hushed tones to Kyle going all out on his fiddle which he does so well. If I had to pick one song as my favorite though, I would for sure have to go with when they played "The devil went down to Georgia". I can't even begin to describe it. All I can say is, in the song(Spoiler Alert) Jhonny beats the devil in an epic duel where they both played the fiddle. So the devil rewards him with a fiddle made of gold, like he said he would. And honestly, if I had a fiddle made of gold I would for sure have given it to Kyle who just played that song magnificently. The entire show was such an uplifting treat. From feeling down earlier that day, I felt great till the end of it. Kyle Dillingham & Horseshoe Road is exactly what Kuwait needs more of. More exciting events with people who are devoted to spreading love and joy through their passion. Good on you Kuwait for housing such a good group. And Good on you AUK for being the first venue in which they performed.

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Arab Identity

WRITTEN BY MARIAM NASER

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Arab identity was a discussion and dialogue brought by Fikir club that was hosted and moderated by Professor Abdulrahman Al Farhan. Once again, Fikir club did not let us down as they always proceed to bring innovating, exciting, and stimulating events that broaden our minds and perspectives. I was amazed at the flowing conversation and dialogue and look forward to all future events Fikir hosts. Arab identity has been hosted now for two semesters and will continue in the future semesters, as the talk itself is ongoing. With new students attending each time, there is sure to be an interesting conversation and feedback going on. In the recent discussion, Farhan began by discussing what the main topic was and how it correlates with the community and society we live in.

The discussion touched on themes such as identity, Arabs, and what it means to have an Arab identity; all very big and complicated topics, made simple and understandable. The concept of identity is knowing the culture, history, traditions, and importance of that place. Overall, it explored all types of stigma, traditions, and perks of every culture and then specifically looked at the Arab culture. As every culture is so massive and enriched with decades and centuries of improvements, history, and richness,

the importance of learning more about the Arab culture is so crucial and important. Language is one of the first, if not the most important, key to a culture and identity. It brings people together; therefore, knowing how to speak one brings you a step closer to identifying with that culture. A further step in getting involved with that culture and identifying with it, is knowing the traditions, background, and history. All this is necessary in order to appreciate the depth and beauty of the Arab world and its enriching history and traditions.

The setting of the dialogue took place in a classroom where the seating arrangement was set as Fikir's usual cozy atmosphere: in a circle that encourages closeness, bonding, and acceptance. The seating arrangement created a fruitful discussion as we all were encouraged to speak up and talk about the topic, which never died down because of its unique arrangement as we could see everyone and be able to hear any concerns and points someone was making.

An interesting question Dr. AlFarhan brought up was to do with how gender influences time periods. To my surprise, the way anyone defines a time period, and or culture, is through gender—more specifically females. His question was, “Why do people only address women when asked about a culture?”

For example, when someone is replying to a question about their own culture their response usually revolves around this type of answer: “we are very liberal, our women wear whatever they like, dresses and so on.” The question puzzled and intrigued me. We had the chance to talk about gender in cultures and other factors that contribute to making a culture. The event lasted for 2 hours, as the topic is interesting and huge. Everyone has their own individual perspective and definition of culture and identity, which therefore added to the discussion and made the conversation on-going. I will conclude that if you get a chance to attend one of these discussions, do not miss it. Although the chat I attended was hosted in English, Fikir discussed the idea about the event being held in Arabic next time or even using both languages. I hope both languages get a chance to shine next time as it would add to the discussion or at least allow people there to express their thoughts in the language they prefer.

CUBISM 101

WRITTEN BY MARIAM NASER

Cubism101 revolves around learning a unique art style that's versatile, as it can be implemented in a variety of different mediums (paint, coloring pencils, different styles—creative expression is welcomed in all forms for this art style and design). It also has many additional uses that can be made simply as a poster, form of expression, postcard, bookmark, mural, etc. Depending on its chosen use, students who learn the basics of this form can then further expand on their creativity and try out the style in different ways, pushing it to explore all forms of uses and mediums. I recently held this workshop in the Art Therapy room, using for my equipment: A4 papers, coloring pencils, rulers, erasers, and sharpeners. Students can host their own workshops by sending an email to the counseling center summarizing the event they wish to hold and what material they require for the event. This event focused on individual creativity, and although it is titled "cubism," doesn't necessarily need to be defined and limited to cubic and geometrical art and designs.

The art style doesn't have a specific limit and requires to be pushed by the artists' imagination, as it's meant to be individual and a way for expression in diverse forms. It can be made with any medium of art such as paint, coloring pencils, watercolor, acrylic, chalk, pastels, oil pencils, etc., for many different occasions, posters, murals, banners, bookmarks, cards (post-cards, birthday cards, special occasions: mothers day, thank you, Christmas, New Year, Eid, and so much more). The emphasis on how the style can be used for, is in my opinion the best way to show off this new inquired skill, as it can make any occasion extra special for your loved ones and is fun to implement.

The workshop I organized described the three main components used to implement the art form. The first component consists of coming up with a theme.

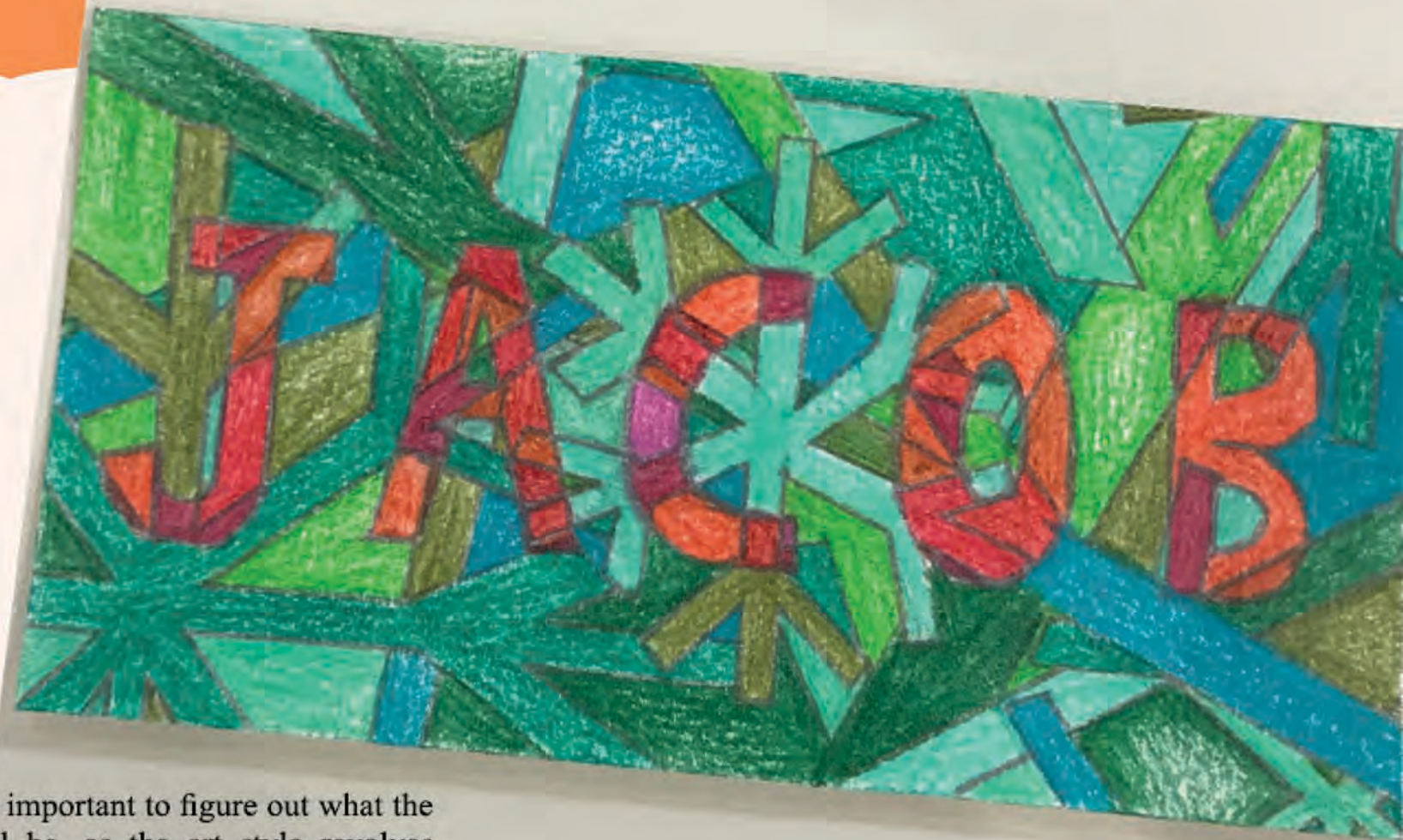
A theme is important to figure out what the design will be, as the art style revolves around a design that will make up most of the paper's background. The idea of this style is to have minimum negative/white space. Since the art workshop was held in April, the theme decided collectively was spring; many of the students who joined the workshop opted for a flowery background, as did I. But the way they drew their flowers was where the innovation and creativity set everyone's designs apart. One student did a geometrical and cubic flowery design, others opted for a spring and graduation theme to match AUK's spring graduation.

The second main component is the message and words that are going to be placed at the forefront of the paper. Depending on the theme and purpose of the design, the words come in to compliment them (they can be anything from names, titles, initials, etc.). Then, depending on what the chosen words or letters are, calculating how to spread them is the next step. To make sure all letters fit accordingly, you have to measure the horizontal and vertical size of the page to ensure the letters have enough space. Also, how you want to arrange the letters on your page must be taken into consideration; that requires thinking about the font, size, and style (graffiti, cubic, etc.).

The third final step is setting the colors. Usually, two main colors that contrast are advised to be used in order to show the difference between the background designs

and the letters in the forefront. So, one main color for the background and one for the letters. For example red and blue; whether the red is used for the background or letters, many shades of that color are needed to fill in the shapes, as the design will have many intricate spaces that need their own color—it is what will make the design pop when completed in the end. If more than one color is required for the design, make sure they are complimentary so they don't take away the colors from the letters or vice versa. Let us say red is used for the letters and blue for the background; purple or green may also be used for the background as they compliment blue and still contrast with the red.

Some additional tips to keep in mind: draw the design in the background first before the letters; that way, you won't tend to draw around the letters. Next, practice and experiment with different designs and colors. Keep exploring with it, even if it may be time-consuming; it will be worth it in the end. Finally, have fun with it.



THE SEAGULL

Presented by the Music & Drama Department at the American University of Kuwait

WRITTEN BY DR. YASMINE JAHANMIR ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF DRAMA

The Music and Drama Department at the American University of Kuwait (AUK) presented its production of Anton Chekhov's *The Seagull*, performed at the Black Box Theater on AUK's campus from April 17-20, 2019. The play was directed by Assistant Professor of Drama, Dr. Yassi Jahanmir, and featured a talented and collaborative ensemble of student actors: Rama Sabbagh, Fahad Al-Qadiri, Ali Albad-er, Ghazaleh Hosseini, Zahraa Abbas, Mohammed Abdulsalam, Alaa Al-Abdullah, Kawthar Alhamer, Jomana AlNahham, Syed Raza Ali, Faisal Alluhaidan, Hassan Hajiyah, and Abdulwahab AlQarooni. The play was assistant directed by Mariam Al-Sabah. The production's costumes, set, lights, and sound were designed and built by the Drama Production Class (Drama 160/360): Alaa Al-Abdullah, Sough Al-Ahmad, Nora Al-Sabah, Fahad Al-Qadiri, Ali Albader, Kawthar AlHammer, Layali AlQarooni, Lujain AlShami, Hassan Hajiyah, and Ali Mulla Yousef.

The company met nightly for close to three months. In the 20 hours of rehearsal per week, the students worked diligently to delve into the world of the play: memorizing lines, building their characters, and imagining the realities of middle-class Russian country life at the turn of the century. Additionally, the cast and crew spent a lot of time on ensemble-building activities, based on the Stanislavski system of acting, such as sharing personal stories, running on the corniche, and eating meals together, so that by the end of the play, they were a cohesive group with complete trust in each other. The play was performed in the round, so that the audience surrounded the actors who were a few centimeters away, and helped the audience feel as if they were "in the middle of the action." Business professor, Dr. Salime Smadi, called the ensemble a "group of talented and very dedicated students, showcasing the best of a Liberal Arts education." Math professor, Dr. Samer Assaf, said: "I was so into the story, I forgot I was watching a play." Music professor, Anna Karadimitrova, who has worked with many of these students, said, "I couldn't believe that the actors on stage were our own students...in only a couple of months, they exhibited an incredible deepness of emotion, rising to the challenge of Chekhov's plays." English instructor, Alison Koushki, who uses drama to augment English language skills, said, "Dr. Yassi's team of impassioned student actors brought Chekhov's characters to vivid life in the audience's very midst, close enough to see the tender malcontent, Konstantin's (played by Fahad Al-Qadiri), genuine tears well up." The actors performed before a sold-out audience for three out of the six shows.

The Seagull takes place on a country estate, where family and friends gather to share their art, play some games, and revel in "divine country boredom." Love is in the air, but there are dark clouds in grey skies: no one is happy, because everyone seems to love someone who doesn't love them back. As they discuss life, love, and art, the characters shed light onto the ubiquitous melancholia of the human existence and question what it really means to be alive.



Anton Chekhov (1860-1904) was a medical doctor by trade but is most remembered for his short stories and plays. He wrote five major plays, the first being *The Seagull*, that are famous for their startling realism. The plays were originally directed by Konstantin Stanislavsky, the "father" of modern acting, and Chekhov's literary ability to capture quotidian habit, subtle subtext, and melancholic pining helped to shape realistic acting as we know it today. Since the original 1896 production, *The Seagull* continues to be a popular play in theaters all around the globe. AUK is honored to be another page in the history book of *The Seagull*.

The Music and Drama faculty of talented professionals work closely with students to prepare them for campus concerts and plays, and to academically challenge them in courses on the performing arts and their cultural contexts. The department fosters artistic proficiency, cultural appreciation, a sense of community, and a lifelong commitment to the arts.

THE SEAGULL



REVIEW OF THE SEAGULL

WRITTEN BY MALAK HUSSEIN



The Seagull was a magnificent play. The acting was on point, the seating idea was creative, and the story ran smoothly.

Directed by Professor Yasmine Jahanmir and written by Anton Chekhov, The Seagull's play is a slice of a life drama set in the Russian countryside around the end of the 19th century. The characters in the play seem discontented with their lives: seeking love, desire, success and artistic intellect. The play revolves around Irena (Rama Sabbagh) who pays a summer visit to her brother Pjotr (Ali Albader) and her son Konstantin (Fahad Al-Qadiri) in the countryside. Occasionally, she brings a successful novelist with her called Trigorin (Syed Raza Ali). Nina (Ghazaleh Hosseini/Zahraa Abbas), their friendly neighbor and Konstantin's lover, falls in love with Trigorin.

The acting was brilliantly delivered. As I watched the play unfold I could feel a range of emotions flowing in the air, such as anger, frustration, happiness and despair—and not once did the actors fail to deliver the same emotions! The simplest of things, like the facial expressions and body language, were conveyed with such passion and commitment to the characters. One of the last scenes, where Nina meets Konstantin at night telling him how her life is, portrayed the levels of her emotions, ranging from happiness to sadness, incredibly. When she expresses her regrets, actual tears were running down her face! And at that moment my heart actually ached.

The seating in the play was nothing of what I expected! As I walked in, the chairs were set in a "U" shape form, overlooking the leveled stage that had a beautiful, painted background of a lake. And let me tell you, you could see both the audience members and the actors! You are basically seconds away from touching the actors! Don't get me wrong, it wasn't interactive but oh

did I feel like I was a part of the play: like a ghost lingering or watching. It was an incredible experience and nothing like a traditional theatre setting.

The story was just as remarkably depicted. Not once did I feel lost or confused at any point of the scenes, thanks to the actors who spoke clearly and vividly. If you payed close attention to how Rama (Irina) spoke, you would notice how she stresses out the vowels and adds emphasis on words. That way, it made the articulation loud and clear for me to hear and understand the story.

There was something that always drew me in, even when I observed the Russian characters interacting with one another and going by their daily routines: Pjotr, the grandfather, falling asleep and snoring, Paulina (Alaa Al-Abdullah) fixing the covers of the couch, which makes you feel homey and cozy, and Masha (Jomana Al-Naham) arguing with her mother, which brings tension into the atmosphere. There was nothing boring about it; it felt so real! Those interactions are what drew me in mostly, and they were brilliantly executed. The simple attention to details, such as the clothes, the couch, other furniture, and of course the acting alone, told the story and set its ambiance. I didn't need to be told twice that this was a Russian play! The actors didn't even have an accent, as they spoke normal English, but it is those details that conveyed and tied in the whole picture of the story.

The previous spring play, The Love of Three Oranges, stands nothing against it. The Seagull was a mind-blowing experience for me, while The Love of Three Oranges felt like a normal, traditional play. The seating of The Love of Three Oranges had a traditional seating design, whereas The Seagull had the audience surrounded by the play. During The Seagull, I sat on the front row and was able to hear the breaths of the actors; it was thrilling. In addition, the play conveyed heavy emotions that stunned me—sure there was a bit of comedy, but the overall story was both exhilarating and grim.

Overall, the acting was executed perfectly, the seating format was creative and the story ran incredibly smooth. I am honestly out of words for this play; I recommend that if you want to feel an incredible sense of passion and a wide range of emotions, then you most definitely should watch The Seagull.



NOW THAT WE HAVE YOUR ATTENTION..

Can we have your creativity, art and thoughts?



5 KD per submission

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SIGMA TAU DELTA MEMBERS TAKE ST. LOUIS!

WRITTEN BY LARA JADAYEL

Twenty-four hours in and the members of Sigma Tau Delta finally touch down in St. Louis, Missouri! Though they were extremely excited to be there, the hours spent on multiple flights and hours spent roaming the airports, during their multiple layovers, truly exhausted them. They slept soundlessly on their first night. Expecting to wake up late the next morning, they were surprisingly all up at 7 AM—some say it was the time difference, but I say it was DEFINITELY the eagerness to explore the beautiful city and to finally present the papers they devoted so much of their time and effort into perfecting.

Bahja Al- Qazweeni, Leila Ashkanani, Shaymaa Al Qallaf, Lara Jadayel, Mariam Kotb and Bashayer Al-Anjeri are all members of Sigma Tau Delta. This International English Honorary Society holds a convention every year inviting members to present their written papers. The theme of the 2019 conference was “Work in Progress,” and was held in St. Louis, Missouri on the 27th- 30th of March. Al-Qazweeni, Ashkanani, Al- Qallaf, Jadayel, and Kotb decided to test their chances in getting their papers accepted: with days of writing, and the encouragement from their lovely advisor, Dr. Rosalind Buckton-Tucker, their papers were accepted!

The members strolled down the picturesque streets of downtown St. Louis on their first morning and reached the google searched diner, Chris’ At the Docket, hungry. This became part of their morning routine—so did their inability to understand the pedestrian walk/don’t walk signals. Having completed their visits to tourist destinations, they prepared for the next days of convention-filled presentations.

Al-Qazweeni’s paper titled “The Construction of Identity under Colonialism” received great applause from the audience! Dr. Buckton-Tucker hugged Al- Qazweeni right after her presentation and, in Arabic, said: “Mabrouk!” None of the other members received such recognition from Dr. Buckton-Tucker, which means Al-Qazweeni set the bar high...really high.

Ashkanani’s collection of micro-fiction pieces titled “Breathing Underwater” received a ton of laughs, and a ton of astonished gasps. Ashkanani brought her characters to life by impersonating the dialogue which made the little girl, the grandfather and obnoxious woman distinguishable...

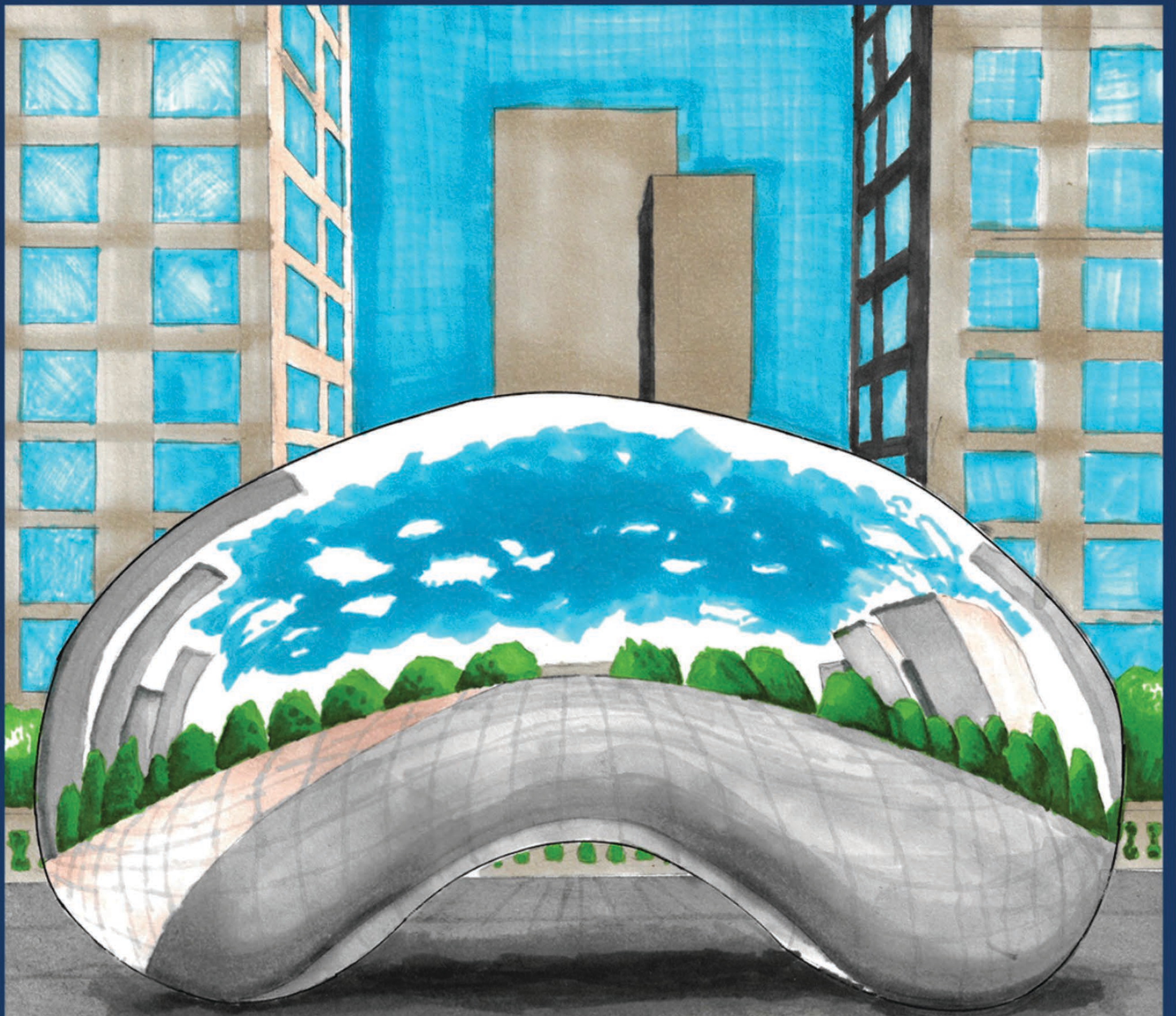
Al-Qallaf’s paper titled “Black Panther and the Magical What it?” received the greatest fame. After her presentation, Al-Qallaf was seen taking pictures with the audience, and exchanging her Snapchat username with those in her panel. Her popularity delayed breakfast for her hungry team members...-maybe doing really well isn’t so good after all!

Jadayel’s paper titled “The Consequences of Misinterpreted Quranic Verses” was great! It rained that day...

Kotb’s paper titled “The Inexorable Plummet of Feminism” received a ton of questions from the audience; I mean EVERY-ONE wanted to inquire about Kotb’s paper. Though she was the last to present amongst her team members, she was surely not the least!

The members boarded the plane heading back to Kuwait with feelings of sadness. Even though they feared jetlag, they all agreed that they would miss the beautiful city, and the experience they gained presenting at such a highly looked-upon convention.

Next year’s convention will be held in Las Vegas, Nevada on the 26th – 30th of March. The theme, “Transformative Landscapes” is surely confusing, but the members will, yet again, test their lucks at getting their papers accepted. Till next year’s article!



Chicago

THE WINDY CITY

Avana



CUBA

BY A CERTIFIED PROCRASTINATOR SINCE 1998

**HOW TO PROCRASTINATE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES AND
FEEL STRESSED ABOUT IT BUT STILL GET IT DONE
ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU ARE TRAPPED IN AN UNHEALTHY
CYCLE THAT YOU CAN'T UNLEARN**

WRITTEN BY RAGHDA ZAHER

I was going to write this instruction sheet later, but here we go. Chances are, currently you are probably procrastinating some underlying, urgent priority that you need to get to. It's okay. Don't feel bad just yet.

Now, there are a few things to bring to the table when starting "Procrastination"

- Little to no motivation
- Time (bonus points if it's plenty of time. Ahh yes, more time to think about the guilt of not having yet started on your assignments)
- Responsibilities, ideally college assignments, but any tasks that are productive will do
- Distractions or hobbies
- A very comfy spot
- A fear of inadequacy and a mental illness sapping your energy that you refuse to address

Method:

1. The first thing to do is evaluate all the assignments you have, the dates they're due and calculate how much time each one approximately takes. You might want to write it all down in a neat schedule to trick yourself into thinking you're an organized person and stare at it from time to time to remind yourself that you still got work to do (while not taking any effective action beyond that)
2. Feel your desire, responsible conscience and willpower to do the assignments dissipate and die. You try to fight this to no avail. (As a matter of fact, if you do succeed in regaining your motivation so early and actually get your work done, then congratulations, I salute you for your outstanding diligence. Procrastination comrades, do keep reading.)

3. Internally flip through the golden mottoes of procrastination. "There's still so much time", "I can do it tomorrow", "I will work on it later", "I don't feel like it right now" and so on. Occasionally, you might hear Shia LaBeouf screaming "JUST DO IT"- yet another desperate attempt of your conscience convincing you to work.
4. As the distress seeps in, you retreat to things you enjoy, or anything to occupy your time- anything BUT the assignments. Heck, you can even clean your room- surely, there has never been a more appropriate time than right NOW to find that long-lost childhood item you suddenly remembered. After that, there are countless trivial hobbies to kill the time, ranging but not limited to:
 - Sad lo-fi music to remind you of your non-existent relationship and false nostalgia
 - Video games (try: *Dark Souls*) that are too hard for your mediocre skills and only adds to your frustration, yet you keep trying to succeed for a meaningless urge to prove something to yourself
 - Disturbing Netflix documentaries followed by stand-up comedy specials to lighten the tension
 - Analysis videos by woke fans breaking down TV shows that aired 20 years ago
 - Browse conspiracy theory threads on Reddit about events that are not and will never be relevant to anyone's life
 - Take BuzzFeed quizzes to know which type of quirky animal sidekick you'll be if you were in a Disney film
 - Learn a new talent from an overly-enthusiastic middle-aged white woman's feed on Instagram
 - Watch loud youtubers with absurd humor criticizing actions that they themselves partake in
 - Read the *Communist Manifesto* (and the *Conquest of Bread* while you're at it- never too late to radicalize yourself and awaken your class consciousness)
 - Binge-watch the entire *One Piece* anime series
 - Refreshing your social media over and over hoping for notifications even though you're not as popular and demanded as you perceive yourself to be
5. Onwards, the process is quite simple- you continue to humor yourself with various obscure interests and memes to avoid working, pretending all the while not to face the fact that doing so is stressing you out even more. The duration of this period depends on the deadline proximity. Occasionally in between your retreat, have a few emotional self-loathing sessions. Really chastise yourself and wallow in your contemplation of this destructive habit and why you can't just start earlier and save yourself from all this (you can also blame it on your zodiac sign and waste more time by searching for extremely detailed horoscope essays written by a teenage self-proclaimed witch on Tumblr). You attempt to bargain with yourself: I can start on my assignment now, get it done, AND get back to my hobbies and enjoy them without the aching guilt. Shockingly, this does not succeed in changing your routine. Additionally, take a while to think about impossible solutions and unlikely scenarios, such as possessing the ability to freeze and control time or the professor cancelling the assignment like Mrs. Puff in that episode of *SpongeBob*.
6. Get in the zone. What is the zone, you wonder? (No, this is not a niche *Kuroko no Basket* reference.) It's that time when it's *just* right to start your assignments- when it's neither too early nor too late. It just the right time to pressure you into working, but not too much pressure that you're immobilized and in a panicking, sobbing mess. Think of yourself as a delicate egg being sizzled on just the right temperature – or a potato for vegan procrastinators.
7. Getting in the zone allows you to reach the student equivalent of Buddha finding enlightenment under that tree in the 4th-6th century BCE. Coherent IDEAS begin to form in your brain cells. You start working with a ridiculous rush of self-confidence and keep working until it's 4 in the morning and you have forgotten two meals and your own name. You have been possessed by the spirit of the Egyptian wisdom gods- Thoth and Seshat. It feels incredible to finally start working and see measurable, tangible PROGRESS- this high will last for a while, and you will continue to build on it until you are done. Is it an A or a C? Who cares, you're done, you're a free student, a previously-agonized soul miraculously liberated from the crushing burden that comes with procrastination!
8. Begin a celebration ritual, boasting and convincing yourself that you always manage and that you work "best" under pressure. In no way could all this have been avoided by simply starting earlier, you lie to yourself. Live the moment to the fullest and feel a heavenly sense of accomplishment and fleeting self-worth; give your brain some dopamine, you deserve it.
9. If it's a writing assignment, go to the writing center an hour before the deadline and expect an undercover wizard consultant to transform your work into an A+. Hold them accountable for your shortcomings.
10. It can be really hard being a hopeless, unmotivated perfectionist whose entire worth as a human-being depends on a letter grade and the validation of those in an authority position. If your procrastination persists (and it most likely will), examine the causes of this by visiting the counseling center and getting the help you need.

Thank you for using your precious time to read this!

VICTIMIZED 101001

Written by Mariam Naser

"Self-control is a strength. Calmness is a mastery. You have to get to the point where your mood doesn't shift based on the insignificant actions of someone else. Don't allow others to control the direction of your life. Don't allow your emotions to overpower your intelligence,"

-Morgan Freeman.

Albert Einstein defines self-control as, "If A=success, then $A=X+Y+Z$, with X being work, Y play, and Z keeping your mouth shut."

One of the worst feelings to experience is the absence of self-control. Consequently, becoming a victim takes and distorts vulnerability as an insecurity and weak-point in a person, which is far from the reality. A vulnerability is not a weakness, it is a strength. Moreover, self-control provides a safe harbor to allow an individual to grow and learn more about themselves with various conflicts. It develops a person's patience and gives them the insight to appreciate their 'alone time' to effectively reflect.

Almost everyone has the ability to adopt an internal locus of control to find insights to issues. Internal locus of control definitely helps with pinpointing what the best actions, reactions, and behaviors a person needs and wants to take. Relying on what is within helps someone have more independence and a sense of empowerment, which will make them able to make their own decisions. Therefore, by looking within, feeling victimized can be identified sooner and worked on immediately.

We are the heroes of our own lives and have responsibility for our chosen actions. Sometimes, unfortunately, these actions may result in the feeling of helplessness because some to the circumstances occur out of our control. Nevertheless, one conclusion is for certain: a reflective encounter is needed. Self-awareness is the first step to building on our self-esteem, which strengthens our self-control and allows us to better understand ourselves and our contribution in the world.

Some main reasons for the disappointing feeling of victimization is a compromise, sacrifice, or expectations taking place in our lives with the interactions of others. These three terms play differently in the face of ill-treatment and misfortunes. At the end of the day, we have no control over other people's thoughts and actions, only on our own actions. Understanding that certain aspects of life are beyond our control is the first step in recognizing that we are not responsible for the action of others and life's unforeseen, unexpected circumstances. We all get dealt a deck of cards and have to navigate through them to try to make the best out of every situation in our lives. It is everyone's responsibility to decide what their actions are to be, depending on their own moral compass and beliefs. Therefore, compromising the self to impress or please someone else will often leave an individual feeling disappointed and corrupted, since their sense of self has become imposed.

Identity allows us to have a sense of purpose and confidence that will help us go after our goals and represent ourselves in the best way. Since everyone has their own lives to live, and although we are not in control to dictate how others perceive us, how we judge ourselves is all that matters. Are we happy with ourselves at the end of the day? Did we make the best decisions for ourselves given certain circumstances? In the end, the right decisions are often the ones that make us feel good. There is no amount of time or place in the world that we could escape to and defy ourselves from becoming another individual that appeases and fits in with others.

"If friends disappoint you over and over, that's in large part your own fault. Once someone has shown a tendency to

be self-centered, you need to recognize that and take care of yourself; people aren't going to change simply because you want them to," Oprah Winfrey.

That being said, everyone's fighting their own battles that others are unaware of, and to some extent, they might be unconscious about it, too. Everyone strives on their own pace according to their time. In fact, labeling the concept of time as linear creates for it an objective sense in order to provide consistency among all individuals. However, that definition does not correspond with all individuals. Human beings are complex creatures to be placed under a category; categorizing and defining human beings is simply a mistake most of us fall under. Life's not about perfecting the world and its people, but accepting the faults in ourselves and around us and moving forward. "Life's not about how hard a hit you can give, it's about how many you can take and still keep moving forward," Rocky, Sylvester Stallone.

Don't be the victim in your own life. By taking ownership of your actions and choices and not feeling sorry for yourself, you can develop self-control to further better yourself. It's okay to not know who you are and to feel lost, but it will never suffice to camouflage into somebody else you think is who you need to be. You are enough and are deserving; it's time to start believing in yourself in order to give yourself the best chance. You are meant to be here and have a purpose, don't lose sight of your existence and sense of self-worth. So many steps had to happen for you to exist to make you the unique, special, imperfect, and gifted self-formed individual.



يا اعز ما كنت املك

حوراء وحيد

يا صديقي، يا أعز ما كنت أملك.

أنا أعيش حالة غريبة الآن، أعيش حالة أجزاء، فجزء مني يشترق وجزء مني يصد، جزء ينتظر وجزء لا يُبالي، جزء يُكابِر وجزء ينهار، جزء يتمنى وجزء فاقد الأمل. أنا في صراع دائم، في حرب لا أعلم أي جزء فيها سينتصر.

حاولت كثيراً أن أشرح لك، أبرر لك، ولكنك خبيث ظني.

حان الوقت كي أتوقف عن إخبارك بمكانتك في داخلي، وعن تذكيرك بأن لاشيء هنا قادر على تغيير هذه المكانة سواك، حان الوقت كي أتوقف عن إثبات ذلك بكل السبل من أجل إرضائك، إفعل أنت شيئاً هذه المرة من أجل إنقاذ الموقف. لم نعد نتحدث كالسابق، نحن لم نعد نتحدث أبداً، ومع هذا يجب عليك أن تفهم أنك أكثر شخص أتحدث معه رغم غيابه، وأخبره عن كل ما يحدث معي.. لا تقلق، أنا اليوم أقل حزناً، وغداً سيكون حزني أقل، وبعد غدٍ أقل، لا شيء يبقى على حاله، أنت أكثر من ظننت أنه سيبقى معي، ولم تبق. لكن يوماً ما سينتهي بك المطاف في طريقي، ستجيء لتكون جزءاً بسيطاً في أيامي من جديد، ستطلب مني العفو وسيكون باستطاعتي منحه إياك ليس لأنني نسيت وغفرت، بل لأنك لم تعد تعني لي شيئاً، ولكن هذا لن يحدث، ف أنت تعني لي الكثير. وأنت تعلم بهذا، وجميع من هم حولي رأوك بي، فأنا ما زلت أبحث عنك في نهاية يومي الشاق لأحكي لك كل ما حدث لي. ما زلت لا أجدك. لقد أخذ الأمر مني قلباً كاملاً. لكنني سعيدة، بعكس ما أكتب. أنا أعمق من تلك الصورة التي في مخيلتك لي، أكثر قوة من هذا الذي تراه يكتب حزناً، أشد لأمبالاة من هذا الذي يُعاني من القلق والخوف دائماً، وأكثرهم إنسحاباً في حين أنك تظن بأنني لن أتجاوزك، أنا شخص آخر لم تتمكن الأيام من شرحي لك ولن تستوعبني ظنونك أبداً. ولأنك أبعد من أن تفهمني، لن أشرح لك مدى خيبتني فيك. في حلمي أنت لي، وفي واقعي أنت حلمي. ظننت أننا تعاهدنا على الغرق معاً، فنجوت وحدك. كنت أنا قوس قزح، لكنك كنت مصاباً بعمى الألوان. أنا أحبك على أية حال كنا عليه، وسأبقى أحبك مهما تعثرنا، مهما افترقنا ثم عدنا. لكن انتبه، ف بمرور الزمن وبمرور افعالك التي لا تُطاق، وباستمرار صمتي وظنك بأنك تنتصر، وإذا بك تسقط من داخلي دون أن تدرك، وحينها لن يكون لقلبي حيلة وسأودعك للأبد.

فإن طاب المقام، لما اختاروا الرحيل

جوراء وحيد

ذلك الذي تخلى عنك ولم يحبك يوماً، حياته تدهورت من بعدك. كانت حياته جميلة بوجودك، كنت تثيرين عتمته، كنت النور خلف السحاب، كنت الملجأ في الحرب، كنت قارب نجاة خلال الأمواج العاتية، وهو كان يعلم ذلك. كان يخبرك بكل صغيرة وكبيرة، كان يستشيرك قبل ان يتخذ اي قرار، كان يرى حياته ملونة جميلة عندما كنت انت بها. لكن، من بعدك، فقد لذة الحياة. فلم يعد يكتب، ليس لأنك كنت الهامة، بل لأنك كنت سبب تذوقه للذة الحياة. كانت روحه جميلة، كانت كلماته أجمل، كانت حياته أجمل. تخلى عن أشياء كثيرة من بعد أن تخلى عنك، من بينهم أحلامه وطموحاته. ولأن ربي أعدل الحاكمين، تخلت عنه هي كما تخلى عنك هو. لعله لم يلاحظ ذلك، ولربما لاحظ، ولكن ما الفائدة؟ فيا من عزت عليه نفسه وما توانى عن الرحيل، أقسم لك سوف تأتي كالذليل طارفاً بابي كالهارب من تلك العاصفة، وسوف تهرع لنافذتي لتصل الي، وهناك ستجدي أمامك، أنظر اليك، وستعرف حينها أن هذا الباب لم يعد بإمكانك طرقة. فيا قاطعاً حبل الوصال، ان الحبال تقطعت، و الحب زال، والصبر نفذ. اشتقت لك حتى التعب. ولكن بمضي السنين، استوعبت وتعلمت أن لا أقف عائقاً أمام الأشياء التي تسلك مسارها دوني. تعلمت أن لا أبذل جهداً في استرجاع الأمور التي اختارت أن لا تمضي الي. فكل ما علي فعله عندما تخذلني الأشياء من حولي، ان يكون لدي قناعة بأنني لست بحاجة اليها، فالحياة لا تقف على أشياء خذلتنا، فدائماً يعوضنا الله بما هو أفضل. فلا وصال لمن بالوصل بخلوا، و من تناسى فبنا نسيناه. فان طاب المقام، لما اختاروا الرحيل. لا أنكر، ما زلت أريد حديثك ولكني لا أريدك أنت، أكره بعدك ولكني لا أريدك قريباً، أحتاجك أحياناً ولكن ليس حقاً. لست أنانية، ولكنك كسرتني، فالآن انا أقوى. أعترف، لم يدخل في قلبي أحد من بعدك، أعترف، ما زلت أريد أن تحبني ولكن فقط كي أكسرك كما كسرتني. فهناك اخطاء تستحق فرصة أخرى وأخطاء تستحق فرصة سعيدة.

BANGKOK

THAILAND



Boyu Wang



Little Girl

WRITTEN BY
YASMEEN ALHASAN

I wake up to the sound of fireworks. I look around me, my eyes squinting from the sunlight tapping on my face. I get out of bed. I go to the living room, and I don't see a smile on anyone's face. I begin to wonder what was going on? I begin to wonder where did the sound of fireworks come from and why did I hear fireworks in the morning? I see my parents panicking, and my two older brothers staying still. My mom is walking around the living room trying to think of what to do, trying to think of a solution, but for what? That's what I can't figure out. My dad's face is so serious I didn't recognize him. My brothers are so frozen their faces are blue. I look around me and I realize it isn't fireworks. I look at my dad, a bit scared to go to him but I approach him and ask, "Daddy, what's going on?"

He looks at me with eyes so scared, of course I didn't realize that at the time. My dad holds my hands and tells me, "I love you very much sweetie, but we need to go."

I look at his big hazel eyes and nodded. That sentence kept echoing in my head as I go to my room to pick up my teddy bear—my teddy bear, which is my best friend; my teddy bear, which I can't sleep without; my teddy bear, which is always there to hear my stories. I hug my teddy bear and go to the living room where my family is now sitting in a circle.

My mom looks at me and says, "Come here honey, quickly!" and makes a hand gesture for me to come closer to her.

All of a sudden, the door breaks down and men with big guns barge into our house. My mom quickly takes me and my brothers and makes us invisible to those men. She gets us to hide under the table where we will not be seen. My dad stands up, pushes my mom out of the way and confronts the men.

They shout at my dad. They make him get down on his knees, begging for his life as the gun is pointed directly at his head.

My mom is sobbing and begging them not to do it. My brothers hug me. My eldest brother tries to cover our eyes. "Please! Please! Please!" is all I can hear my dad say. My dad is so brave, so courageous. Then it happened. The loud bang. The sound I hate the most. It happened so fast that I didn't realize it happened. Everything goes silent. The bang was so loud I thought I would never hear again.

My dad drops on the ground. His blood oozing from his head. The men spit at his dead body, laugh and get out.

My mom screams from shock. She goes to my dad. She hugs his dead body and rocks him, like rocking a baby to sleep. I get out of the table, frozen as I am holding my teddy bear. I feel my heart shatter into a million pieces. I feel my heart turn into dust, leaving a black hole, an empty hole. Those feelings should never be felt by a little girl.

My mom wipes her tears and turns to us with eyes full of tears. "It's okay," she says and stretches her arms to hug us. She hugs us very tight, I even feel her tears on my cheek. She holds our little hands and tells us to go to our rooms and pack whatever's important.

I rush to my room, still not absorbing what just happened, still not knowing what and why that happened. Then we managed to escape.

I was a little girl back then. A five-year-old little girl. I didn't know much, I didn't know what was happening in the world. Precisely what was happening in my country, but I knew very well that whatever was going on wasn't right.



From that moment on my life was never stable. It was never the same. I never had a childhood. The little five-year-old girl turned to an adult in an instant. No little girl should ever witness so many deaths, or any such death, ever.

So much destruction. So much chaos. So much distraction. So much confusion. So much anger. I see children covered in dirt. Running around searching for their lost parents. I see them shatter and scream when they find out their parents left this world. Gun shots and buildings falling are our only melody. Anger and confusion are our only motivation. Bricks and stones are our only weapons. I see a whole family trying to migrate. Going anywhere but here. Home. They are forced to leave their houses. Their homes. I see a whole family sticking together. They go in one side, but not all of them come out the other side. I see young boys becoming men. I see young girls becoming women. The horrors we have witnessed. The deaths we have encountered. Bodies and blood everywhere. Heartbroken. Confusion. Anger. Those are the only feelings we know.

I escaped, I took my teddy bear, I left our house, our home, our family, but where did I go? Where can I go? They took our house. They took our country. They took my dad. They kicked us out like we're filthy rats. They tried to kill us. They destroyed everything we had. They took all of our rights, stepped on them, spat on them and then threw them away like garbage. And for what? Because we're human beings? Because we're breathing? Because we're living normal lives? Because we're defending our holy land? Because we're standing with what's right? Because we're fighting against them? Because they want to steal so many innocent lives? Because the world is just sitting there watching as we're being tortured?

But who am I to speak? Who am I to say a word? And who's out there to listen? I'm just a little girl.

Little Girl



"I FORGOT IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY."

Written by Nawaf Almahdi

"Ring, ring, ring!! Ring—SLAM!!"

Mr. Wulfric Cavendish slammed his hand on his noisy alarm clock, as he let out a mighty yawn that rivaled a lion's roar with arms stretching up.

"What a fabulous dream—what day is it?" The middle-aged man thought as he sat upon the king sized bed, well, not king sized, but rather emperor sized for his fat body to sleep on, and full of pillows, too. The man wore his slippers and pranced towards the bathroom for his morning bath. He took Emperor Quackers, the rubber duck, with him in the tub and let it swim across the soapy water, as he formed bubbles of islands.

Cavendish enjoyed filling his head with dreams, each designed for every time of the day. He projected the bright mornings with racing wild horses in the grassy fields. At noon, his dreams had ideas of managing an ice-cream parlor, which only sold unusual flavors like garlic cream, durian—and the sausage flavored ones were dominant. As for the nightly dreams, those were the most colorful: a Wild-West styled saloon full of dancing squires, Vikings, and women, who danced in rhythmic movements in swan outfits; but alas, dreams aren't all real.

Wulfric was done of bathing now. His servant called him for breakfast. He stood up as water ran down his body and shouted back, "will be there!" in a sing-along tune. As he walked downstairs to the dining hall, the chef brought up to him the tray of food with a lid on top, wanting to surprise his master, only to reveal what's on the dish to be one deviled egg and a triangularly cut, toasted bread with butter spread on it.

"Collinsworth, why is my breakfast like this today?"

"Today, sir, is another day to tell you my piece of wisdom. In the morning, we eat eggs because they represent a new life to be birthed, just like us... then comes bread with butter, man's simplest yet most filling food since the dawn of time. It shows how modesty is a non-ending gift," said the chef as his hand slowly circled the plate, moving it slowly before letting it stop.

"Ah, thank you, Collinsworth. The rotation of the dish shall keep the doxy fairies away from my food," said Wulfric in his usual joyous tone and proceeded to eat as Collinsworth winked to the four scullery maids to go prepare the surprise for their master.

With breakfast done, Benjamin-Tonio, the head of the butlers to the Cavendish manor, led his master to the barn directly in the garden, where Wulfric himself fed the two champion horses he used in both hunting and horse-racing gambles. His steady hand brushed the horses' mane at the humming of "The Muffin man" song.

"Sir, do you know what day it is?" Asked Benjamin-Tonio upon looking at his own silver pocket watch, seeing that the time is 11 a.m., which was time for Wulfric's mail opening hour, but today it will be postponed for the said surprise.

"I don't know Benjy, tell me, is the Duchess of Cambridge visiting?"

"No, sir."

"The Muffin man has gone looney?"

"No, sir."

"Banana bonanza and cream day?"

"Sir, you're missing the point," sighed the butler with annoyance.

"What point Benjy? I'm throwing in my spiral of answers to amuse myself," said Wulfric with a huff following the end of his sentence.

"I am aware of that. Come, the servants have prepared you something," said the head of butlers, offering his hand to his master to guide him in back into the house.

Both men's feet trudged on the red and blue bricked road back inside the mansion, leading Wulfric back to his room to be greeted loudly by his servants with a cake decorated in the shape of diamonds and stars.

"Oh dear! It must be my birthday today!" Wulfric said excitedly—dropping on the floor the next moment.

The servants were laughing maniacally, followed by Benjamin-Tonio muttering while polishing a bloodied knife, "That old oaf surely didn't want to die after passing the age of 105."

The maids and servants spoke to Benjamin in unison: "Tonio, what shall we do now?" "Clean up the evidence like always. This isn't our first time doing something like this, you imbeciles!" Growled Benjamin, lifted the corpse of Wulfric Cavendish and did the cleaning and dumping of his master's body underneath his favorite barn. Their deserved money was in a safe inside Wulfric Cavendish's portrait of himself, dressed as the king of Netherlands, to which some of the maids snorted amidst themselves at the delusions of Cavendish when he was alive an hour ago.

Burning the mansion, while enjoying the birthday cake afterward, was not a hassle; but, after a couple of bites from the cake, a rush of cyanide filled their veins and caused them to collapse eventually on the grassy terrain next to the Cavendish manor. A spectral figure walked towards Benjamin-Tonio, and it was Wulfric himself, watching the imposter head of butlers struggle on the fresh grass, thanks to the poison's power. He spoke in an echoing tone: "I knew it was my birthday ye fool. I knew your dark intentions with the cake, and you hurried with the results by stabbing me. What an ironic death for a murderous squad."

Wulfric walked back to his grave of grass and hay in the barn of his beloved horses, who neighed at the sight of their owner laying by the soil, fading away like the mist.

SHOULD SEBASTIAN KILL THE GRINCH (ISIS)?

Written by Madonna Sadek

Dear friends and family, do you remember Hansel and Gretel, the fairytale we grew up watching together—the boy and girl who had been abandoned by their family in the forest and how while wishing for a sparkle of hope, they stumbled upon a house made of cake, candy and other treats? The gingerbread house attracted them and left them speechless and delighted. But little did they know of the cannibalistic witch living in the gingerbread house. The witch had built the friendly home with all that is appealing to children to lure them in.

Like in the story, our little abandoned, lost or orphaned brothers and sisters are manipulated by the witch (ISIS) who lure them in and attend to their unfulfilled needs. The veil of religion they hide behind is the gingerbread house, which is made of love and peace and serves as a shield for those who are lost in the dark, cold desert. The witch (ISIS) stands by the doors of the house flashing a deceptive and an insincere smile. With outstretched arms, she welcomes those who have no family and loved ones. She uses the lost ones in return for providing them with her ugly definition of love. You may wonder why she would use these weak, hopeless, helpless children. My dear friends, please stop calling a frail person 'weak'. These 'weak' people, as you call them, may have something that you may not have. They possess a gift that grows in us when we suffer from loneliness. It has a powerful strength that can be used for evil or good and evolves over time. However, that strength can be destroyed in the blink of an eye in its early stages. ISIS finds these children and uses them to fight, kill, hurt, break and hide. The children become limitless especially if they were provided with something they were longing for. Given a second chance at creating happy memories, with the witch (ISIS) who replied, "I care."

When these children were adopted by the witch, they drank from the evil well. The more they killed, the more the witch showed her "love" for them. Actually, after completing the witch's mission, the children felt as if they had received full grades in their exams, making their parents (witches) proud.

These kids who joined ISIS or were raised by them were like the Grinch. They asked for love but were ignored. So, should they have been tortured and killed, or should we have given them a second chance, as the characters in the movie did to the Grinch? I know they killed our families, ruined our homes, our gatherings, and our happiness. But, remember, they were just acting on orders – they are not the factory, they are the product!

Should we burn down the factory with the product, like Sebastian did in Black Butler? Kuroshitsuji, or Black Butler, is a Japanese manga anime series that narrates the story of Ciel Phantomhive, a boy living in 18th century London. He hails from a noble family; he is known as Queen Victoria's guard dog and helps solve criminal and murder cases with his demon butler Sebastian Michaelis.

In Kuroshitsuji: Book of Circus, Queen Victoria sends her guard dog to see what the matter is with the children who have mysteriously gone missing around London. Ciel and Sebastian figure out that these kidnappings are being conducted by a group of loons who hide their true identity by working in a circus. They kidnap the children, putting them in a cage after brainwashing them, and then exploit their body parts. When



Ciel sees the cages inside the palace, he orders Sebastian to kill all the kidnappers. Moreover, he said "Sebastian do not leave anything behind, it's an order. Burn everything to ash including the children." Sebastian tried to explain that the queen wouldn't be happy. However, Ciel said, these kids do not look like normal kids anymore. Their eyes are full of evil, and their faces are pale and dull, along with joker smiles. If we let them out of the cages they live in, there is a possibility of them killing their loved ones and being tortured in the process. Ciel said he was in the same champers and the amount of torture made him go psychopathic, and he always wanted to find these people to exact his revenge.

Do you agree with Ciel? Are you with his order to Sebastian to burn the place as well as the kids who have seen terror and feast on innocent blood, or shall we give them a second chance just like in the Grinch?

My opinion on that is to prevent creating the Grinch in the first place. Those who are in orphanages or abandoned must be saved no matter what their age is. The least that we can do is to visit them in Ramadan, Christmas...devote our time to them because they are a part of our big family! Show them that we have each other's back. They need your time more than your money, to create loving memories that'll keep them wide awake and help them remember that outside the orphanage or the chains, there are people they can hope to reach someday. I hope that there will be a day where we can rescue them and destroy all the chains. My child and friend, who is struggling to find love someday, I promise you that my hand is going to reach out to you before the liars and the hypocrites seize you.

“ Nawaf AlMahdi

[CONCRETE JUNGLE]

What's more plastic? A barbie doll or a bag?

Grass has taken its surgery, turning into asphalt tracks
Instead of camels, cars come in packs

What's more disgusting? Sewage or smog?
Factory smoke fly through the air as fog

New Phones thrown into junkyards after being used for boring useless vlogs.

We think of ourselves as the most intelligent, yet we continue to spread a
slow death

Where our children sit amidst the smog and suffer from asthma and
shortness of breath

I live in a concrete jungle
A jungle made of cement and iron
Instead of a flower bouquet, i was given a number of ailments in a bundle.



Nawaf AlMahdi

[MARKETING MASSACRE]

Let the buyer beware
Of customer service
If you don't take their offer
Your soul is the first thing they will ensnare
What you do not know
Their methods are as ominous as the mist
Thousands of ads coming to you like a fist
More painful than any physical blow
Let the buyer beware
That marketing is an endless deal
Right now you're thinking: "for real?"
I'm saying that because they are a nightmare
For they massacred my bank account on a daily basis
Going into malls for shopping races
Fighting each other for the cheapest product using maces
Let the buyer beware.

NEED A NEW NETFLIX SHOW?

LOOK NO FURTHER!

Written by Abdulmohsen Alfares

Have you exhausted all the standard shows on Netflix, yet? Watched *Black Mirror*, *Vikings* and all that jazz, and now you resort to watching any cooking show that pops up waiting for the next big thing? Well, wait no longer: I'm here to tell you about some of the hidden gems buried deep within Netflix's stash. Granted, "buried deep" is a massive exaggeration, because they were pretty much on the front page when I found them. Now, you must be thinking what these shows are and what sets them apart from the usual ones. I have selected 3 of my absolute favorite shows I have seen recently, which are; *Dark*, *3%* and *Elite*. What connects all these shows is that they are foreign shows.

Let me start out with *3%*. *3%* is a Portuguese show that depicts a dystopian future where the majority of the population are really poor and have to live in slums, where they survive off of eating rats and any scraps they could find. Every year, there are tests where only 20-year-olds can compete. Only the best of the best can pass the test and proceed to what is basically described as a utopian world, where the rich, smart and healthy live. Those "best of the best" that I mentioned are the 3%. This show is practically what I would have wanted from the *Divergent* movie series. It is built with really great writing, phenomenal acting, and jaw-clenching suspense at every turn.

Next up is *Dark*. This show is by far the one that captivated me the most. It's a German time-travel, mind-boggle, sci-fi treat. Like I mentioned in my biography at the start of the issue, I am personally obsessed with anything sci-fi and time-travel, so this is right up my alley. To be frank, I would not want to dive into the show, because if I did, I will not stop writing about it and might perhaps spoil it for you. Besides, I would like to give you the opportunity to experience it to the fullest.

Last one I got is *Elite*. Now this show is a little change of pace from the previous two. It's about a Spanish drama where 3 middle-class students enroll in an "elite," fancy school for rich kids. The show is centered around a huge scandal that happens to the main characters, how they attempt to get past it and get down to the bottom of what happened. Interesting relationships and dynamics arise that keep you wanting to see what happens next. This show is the most playful of the bunch—that's for sure.

Here comes my favorite part: seeing what these shows have in common and what makes them stand out. What I found the most interesting is how well-crafted they are, all the way from the writing and acting to the soundtrack. This is something I don't find in shows like *Vikings* (no offence): full immersion with what is happening in the show. I found myself forgetting that these shows are in different languages to the point where I would randomly start saying German and Portuguese names out loud. It would then hit me that these names are not English, and that I had completely lost my surroundings and was just engrossed in the show. Just recalling the suspense from the show *Dark* makes me want to re-watch the show to see if I would have a completely different experience—if I will catch anything I had missed earlier. That actually made my decision of what to watch next much easier; hope the same goes for you, too.



Dunia AlObaid

ENJOY A
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TO...



TOKYO

Sarah Behbehani

Berlin





Shy



Funny



Fearful



Sleepy

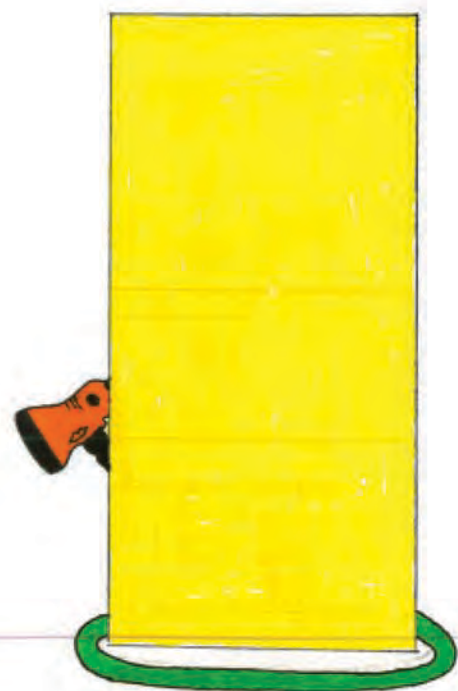


Nerdy



Loud

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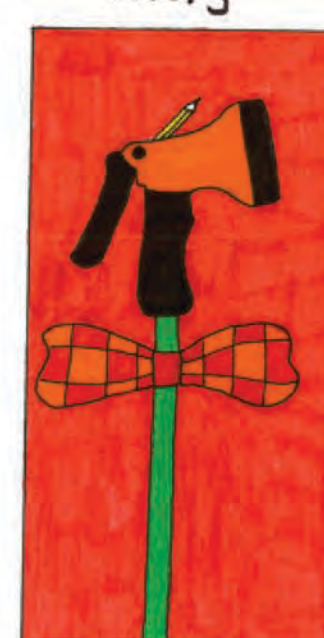
Sleepy



Funny



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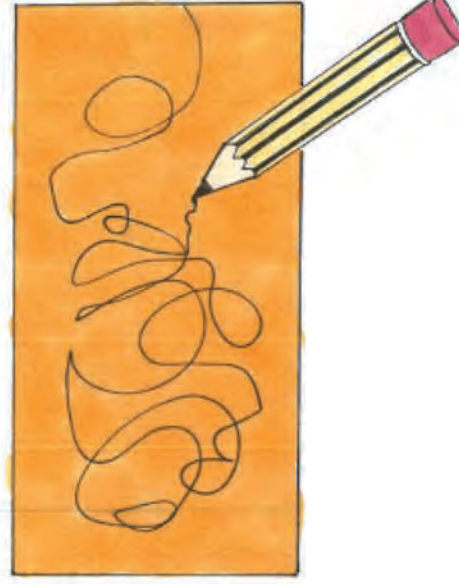
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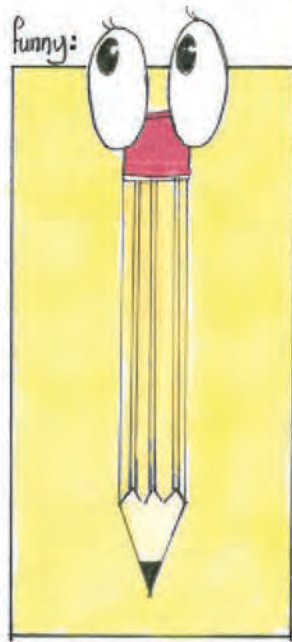
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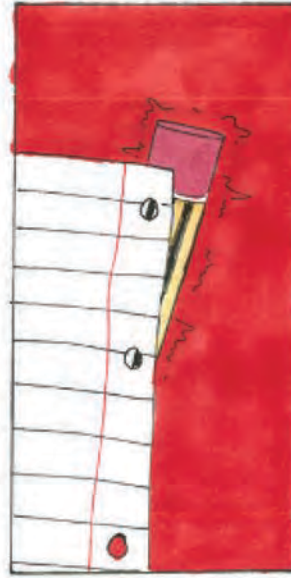
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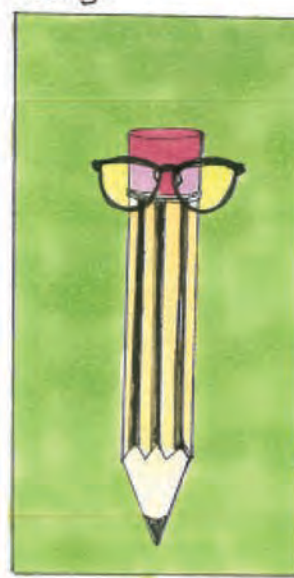
Funny:



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Shahed Altourah



Shy



Loud



Sleepy



Funny



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