



OMRALAJMI

The Voice of AUK

THE OFFICIAL STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF
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The Voice Members

Editor-in-Chief - Zeinab Wasfy

Hello, I'm a 21 year-old who like's the color green. My vision for the future is to be surrounded by trees, greenery, a blank un-lined book that comes with an attachable pencil and a puppy that will grow old with me. Maybe also a turtle, because they're usually green.

General Reporter - Farah Hamoudah

I'm Farah Hamoudah, an 18 -year-old computer engineering major. I have a passion for all things mind-boggling and writing happens to be one of those things. My friends say I'm too loud, but I think that makes me more enthusiastic than everyone else. I can't write too loud, so that's why I do it. Technology, science fiction, comedy and people (social psychology) are the four fields that I think I'll always be curious about, and AUK helps me curate that curiosity. My ultimate goal is to travel through time to erase all bad vampire novels from existence, which is laughable but necessary (like myself).

General Reporter - Sara F. Ayesh

سلام عليكم, I'm a 20 -year-old senior majoring in Management. I enjoy being a fact debunker, and taking photographs; ironic occurrences are my favorite subject, selfies are not allowed. I hope to be a writer in the near future.

Section Manager - Shahad AlMousa

Entertainment Section Manager and social media correspondent. managing and editing the articles that fall under 'entertainment', also in charge of social media platforms related to The Voice Of AUK.

Section Manager - Shahad Al-Failakawi

My name is Shahad Al-Failakawi and I am a 20 -year-old. I love to spend my time writing random things, cooking, and binge watching TV shows.

Section Manager - Ahmad Hasan

Hello! My name is Ahmad Hasan; I am a 22 -year-old business student at AUK with a diploma in marketing and in a little under two years a degree in Finance and Management from AUK. The English language has always captivated me, to the point where my Arabic skills have fallen laughably behind in comparison. As such, I look forward to working in the Voice in a way that not only lets me share my love of the English language with others, but also combines that passion with a more practical, business-like application, which is relevant to what I am currently studying at AUK. I have also recently gotten into playing music as well as physical fitness, two aspects of my life I also enjoy sharing with others, and look forward to writing articles about.

Graphic Designer - Alaa' Dashti

I'm Alaa' Dashti, a 26 -year-old graduate from Box Hill College, Kuwait with a diploma Graphic Design. I enrolled in AUK to continue and get my bachelors degree in Graphic Design. One of my initial projects for The Voice of AUK was the logo, which was successfully changed. I designed it to portray that all AUK'ers have the right to express their opinions freely.

General Advisor - Omar Mehdi

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AUK Hosts Head of Clinical Nutrition and Dietetics, Ms. Ala'a Awali



By: Sara F. Ayesh

On Wednesday April 12th, AUK invited Ms. Ala'a Awali to give a lecture on healthy eating and nutrition titled, "You are What You Eat." The lecture was held in the Multipurpose Room and was organized by the AUK Clinic and Ms. Shirley Marshall from Student Affairs in collaboration with New Mowasat Hospital.

Ms. Ala'a Awali is a professional nutritionist with seven years experience. She holds a Bachelors of Science in Clinical Nutrition and Dietetics. She has worked previously at Specialty Hospital, Amman in the Nutrition and slimming center as a nutritionist and dietitian and in Diet Care's professional team of dietitians as a clinical and community dietitian specializing in youth cases. Ms. Ala'a currently is the head of clinical nutrition and dietetics in New Mowasat hospital.

Ms. Awali's lecture "you are What You Eat, aimed to raise awareness about healthy eating practices, the raising obesity in Kuwait, incorrect diet practices and misconceptions, and recognizing fad diets and their harm.

The lecture revealed some shocking statistics; 80% of the Kuwaiti population is either overweight or obese and 26% are diabetic, making Kuwait battle the United States for the top spot for the country with the highest percentage of obese individuals. At this rate it will outrank the US in the upcoming years. Unfortunately not something to be proud of. These numbers and rank do not come as a surprise when taking into account the reasons why obesity is so common in Kuwait; the excessive food intake, ready availability of unhealthy meals, genetics, and the lack of activity amongst the population. Gyms are common but loyal membership is not. A gym card does not an athlete make.

To summarize Ms. Awali's main points;

1. Skipping meals will not make you lose weight, but it

will affect your blood sugar and pressure, concentration, mood and metabolism, as well as make you more prone to diabetes, and cause you indigestion problems. So just eat dinner in moderation instead of lowering your nutrition intake and wreaking havoc on your systems.

2. While eating salads is good for you, drowning them in "healthy" olive oil is not. Despite its numerous benefits, olive oil is still fat that contains a lot of calories and you should not add more than 1 teaspoon of it to your salad (1 tsp= 45 Calories).

3. The same is true for nuts, despite their nutrients, eating them in large amounts is harmful for you; 30g/60ml of nuts is equal to 4 teaspoons of olive oil, 180 calories. That is 24 almonds, 18 cashews or 47 pistachios.

4. Vegetable oils outrank ghee and butter for cooking, but excess amounts of them will amount to excess calories and health risks.

5. Despite what those colorful labels on juice boxes say, fruit juices are just packed with calories and sugar with a small percentage of actual fruit content as clearly evident in the ingredients label. Even fresh fruit juices are not innocent, 1 cup of fruit juice is 120 calories.

6. No matter what anyone says, nothing you eat has the ability to burn fat. "Nothing will burn what we eat, the thing that will burn is exercise," Ms. Awali stresses.

Instead, to be healthy and lose weight, Ms. Awali advises to:

1. Eat healthy food that is moderate in calories and quantity.
2. Exercise regularly and have more than 30 minutes of daily activity like brisk walking, biking, and cardio.
3. Calories taken in should be less than calories out (Eaten V.S. Burned) and "If you want to be slim make sure the calories you eat the right ones".

Ms. Awali spoke about fad diets and all the misinformation surrounding them. Fad diets are common amongst those who wish to lose weight fast without exercise. There are many problems with this type of diet as they are usually "unhealthy and unbalanced" and that the weight that is often lost is actually water and not fat, because it is much easier to shed water than fat. Ms. Awali also stresses that if you must only take one thing from her lecture it is this; do not go on a fad diet. For the worst diets are those who force you one or more of the food pyramid; diets that not ban carbohydrates, the juices only diet, cabbage soup or grape foot diets, and so on. Some of those who go on the fruit and vegetables only diet actually develop diabetes while they are on the diet due to the excess amount of fructose (natural sugar), and a tuna diet could lead to gout.

Ms. Awali also stressed the dangers of diet pills. While some diet pills are fiber inducing and make you feel full faster, it is the other types that are truly dangerous; pills that affect the nervous system have very bad side effects on the body and pills that divert the fat into your intestines cause many complications.

Ms. Awali also answers the age old question; how much exercise is enough? Well the answer is simple, why are you exercising?

1. If you want to stay healthy and reduce your risk of chronic diseases 30 minutes of moderate activity most days of the week is enough. Keep in mind that you only start to lose weight after 20 minutes. "Panting is the speed to burn fat."

2. In order to maintain the weight you have lost, you should exercise moderately to vigorously 60 minutes a day most days of the week.

3. To prevent gaining weight after losing it you should exercise moderately 60-90 minutes at least 5 times per week.

Like anyone who has ever gone on a diet knows, sometimes you and your body are at stalemate; you are refusing to give up and it is refusing to lose weight. In her lecture Ms. Awali helps shed some light on some factors that prevent weight loss.

1. Your weight might already be normal taking into account your height and Body Mass Index, not just what you think is overweight. If that is the case, "your body will resist any change in weight."
2. You are eating too little and that can actually prevent you from losing weight.
3. Hormonal imbalances in the body.
4. "Many medications can cause weight gain or hamper weight loss".
5. Some mental and mood illnesses like depression and anxiety.
6. Self-deception is common amongst weight-watchers and could lead to the prevention of weight loss.
7. Vitamin D deficiency. "Anyone who wants to go on a diet should check vitamin d levels," as vitamin D deficiency prevents the loss of weight.

Fun Fact: Eating 1 regular burger, fries and soda is equal in calories as eating 21 apples.

Ms. Ala'a's lecture was equal parts fascinating and informative. Her talk would not have been possible without the liaison and collaborative efforts of Ms. Shirley Marshall in coordination with the AUK Clinic & New Mowasat Hospital.

Stereotypes and Discriminatory Beliefs Towards Immigrants

By: Anonymous

Stereotypes or any type of discrimination against a certain class of people is never acceptable even in a country where it seems as if it's almost permitted by knowing of the nonexistent laws that should protect the working class nationalities. When my partners and I interviewed our chosen interviewee about her life in Kuwait, she did not mention any severe discrimination towards her. Although she spent a short two years in Kuwait thus far, she has not had the misfortune of experiencing racism or any mistreatment. However, something she had realized was that it was an accepted norm to treat people of her nationality as their inferiors.

An example of this discriminatory mentality is that our interviewee works as a private home nurse, however, she is often considered a maid, to cook and clean, even though that is not in her job's description. She had earned her college degree in nursing, she works to treat her patients, and not to be treated as an uneducated person. While she may not be suffering through the more humiliating first-hand experiences of worse mistreatment, she is well aware of what to watch out for, may it be rude supremacists or others with discriminatory beliefs.

The mentality that some of the more ignorant xenophobes think that someone from another race or nationality is immediately their inferior. In their little

heads, there's a malfunctioned clockwork, ticking, and convincing them that they have the right to be better than others' race, culture, or nationality. However they justify it, either by bank accounts, job status, or merely by the fact that they were born as a certain nationality and that is their God-given right to disrespect others and step over them.

To really pinpoint the rotten seed of how people become like this, I would be interested in an actual psychological evaluation. However, my opinion is because of how they grew up in their environments, how they were raised by their parents, and any other outside influences. Growing up in a school with a diverse array of nationalities has a much more positive influence than attending a school in a secular area with almost only one nationality, usually being Kuwaiti.

With diversity, children are more accepting of others and they usually make friends with more nationalities and learn about other cultures. Plus often times when parents are acting in a discriminatory behavior to others or voicing their phobias and beliefs, the child will grow up to most likely have the same mentality and actions.

What we need in our community is more awareness campaigns to teach people of the circumstances the discriminated nationalities are suffering through in the lives here in Kuwait. The more people speak about a matter, the more likely it is for the government to pass laws to legally protect the domestic workers. As for educating the masses, it should start early in school to teach children and teens equality and respect for all humans.



5 Apps for Students

By: Sara F. Ayesh

As students we are always looking for ways to make our time in AUK easier and more productive, all while spending the least amount of time studying. Here are some helpful apps to aid you in just that.



Quizlet (Free): A personal favorite of mine, Quizlet will be one of your best friends during your years in AUK. Create flashcards

out of your notes to remember dates, terms and key concepts. The app also lets you get creative as well when revising by creating matching, true and false, and multiple choice questions. If you don't feel like creating a set of flashcards, simply search the classes or sets already in the app. Chances are students from another university would have studied the same textbook and have already done all the work for you. Plagiarism is legal then.



Evernote (Free): One of the most popular note taking apps in the market, an app like Evernote is a must for anyone taking notes on an electronic device. Unlike word documents, or the traditional built-in Notes app, Evernote lets you create note books so all your notes are not in one jumbled list and you can open the app on three of your devices at the same time so you can review your class notes on the ride to AUK. You can create to-do lists, reminders, and attached all kinds of media and documents, from audio to pictures. You can also share your documents and notebooks with others and chat using your emails. For a monthly rate of KWD 2.400 you can also annotate pdf files, keep track of the changes you have made in your notes from the beginning and search text and handwriting in images you upload.



CamScanner (Free): Instead of taking photographs of your notes or important

documents, CamScanner converts your photos to accurate scans, fixing lighting, orientation and glares as well as allowing you to password protect them when viewing them or sending them to others. You can also group your scans into pdf files and send them to your printer or share them with others. CamScanner also lets you mark up the page once it is scanned. For KWD 1.500 a month, you can also convert your scanned documents to text, search documents for specific words and sync on your different devices.



Google Drive (Free with Gmail account): USB's

are a thing of the past, with Google Drive you won't have to email your documents to yourself either. G-Drive lets you upload documents, audio, video and photos to an online server for safe keeping, then when you want to access them simply log in to your Gmail account from any of your devices. Dropbox and OneDrive do basically the same thing as well but G-Drive has the added feature of having all of the Microsoft programs, PowerPoint, Word and Excel, online for you to use without downloading them. During group projects you can share a file with your group members and use it to upload all important document anyone wants to share with the others instead of searching through your inboxes. G-Drive can also be used to share documents that are too large to send by email.



EasyBib: As every student knows, citations are most irksome part of any paper, because really who has the time to search up whether the date of publication is before the

medium of print or whether there is a comma or a period after the author's first name? EasyBib is a website and app that simplifies citations by giving you a short form to fill out, author's name, book title, date published, etc., and it will provide the citation for you. The best part is, it saves all your citations in alphabetical order, so when all citations are done, you have a complete work cited page ready to copy and paste, but don't forget to indent the second line!

Painting a Picture

By: Anonymous

How many times have we heard criticism against art? Art has many different forms and faces, and can embody a plethora of different college majors, and several jobs. "What will you be doing, when you grow up? You're going to be a starving, homeless artist. Art is useless!", the naysayers may cry. The subject of art, is often called counterproductive waste of time, and incredibly worthless. I'm constantly bombarded by these ideas from people, friends, and others who think they can change my opinions to fit their ideals. The negative connotations affiliated with artistic creativity are one of the reasons pertaining to the severe lack of inventiveness in the Kuwaiti society. I believe that our city needs to support the young fledgling artists, and shift gears to bring back the beauty of originality.

Since childhood, I've always loved to observe and create beauty; art is the subjective essence of a creative mind, and it's my biggest motivation to get out of bed in the morning. When I was younger, I loved watching western cartoons and Japanese anime. TV shows like *The PowerRangers* and Hayao Miyazaki's *Spirited Away* were the heart of my childhood. I quickly became attracted to the bright, beautiful colors. My older sister was also a creative youngster who drew on almost anything. She was already venturing into the magical land of imagination and I, an eager copycat, I wanted to attempt to do the same. My parents were exasperated to have such creative minds as daughters. My sibling was the elder out of the two, therefore, she was more experienced, and she went on to improve on her talent with full support from our parents. She never stopped drawing throughout her school years.

Since my sister enjoyed drawing so much, I wanted to join in on the fun. I was inspired from my early childhood animations that I loved so much. I was six years old at the time, so my drawings were like chicken scratches, literally! As I grew up, with no improvements whatsoever, I quickly realized I was just no good. The more I persisted, the more I hated my drawings. I wasn't enjoying this at all. I found no

happiness, and no fulfillment, so what was my sister so crazy about?! Around that time, during my chaotic, hormonal, teenage years, I skipped from one hobby to another. I experimented with different forms of art. I took up gaming, baking, and swimming. Eventually, I abandoned hope of ever obtaining a fragment of talent.

That was when I fell in love with reading books. Then I took my first legit art class in high school. Several years after my countless artistic failures, I came to draw my first sketch, and it was as if Leonardo Da Vinci, himself, blessed my left hand with an effortless artistic attribute. That glorious day, I drew a spectacular portrait. It was a huge improvement over my earlier attempts with a bunch of scrapped, lined paper and a broken pencil. In that art class, it may have been the inviting, artistic atmosphere, that released my inner Picasso.

The outside world is where artists can pick up their pen and paper and truly be inspired in an open atmosphere. "The artist is a receptacle for emotions that come from all over the place: from the sky, from the earth, from a scrap of paper, from a passing shape, from a spider's web" (Pablo Picasso). The greatest artists may have died neither a common man, nor a street beggar knowing their names, but their legend lives on, to inspire the novice and the professional, alike. The

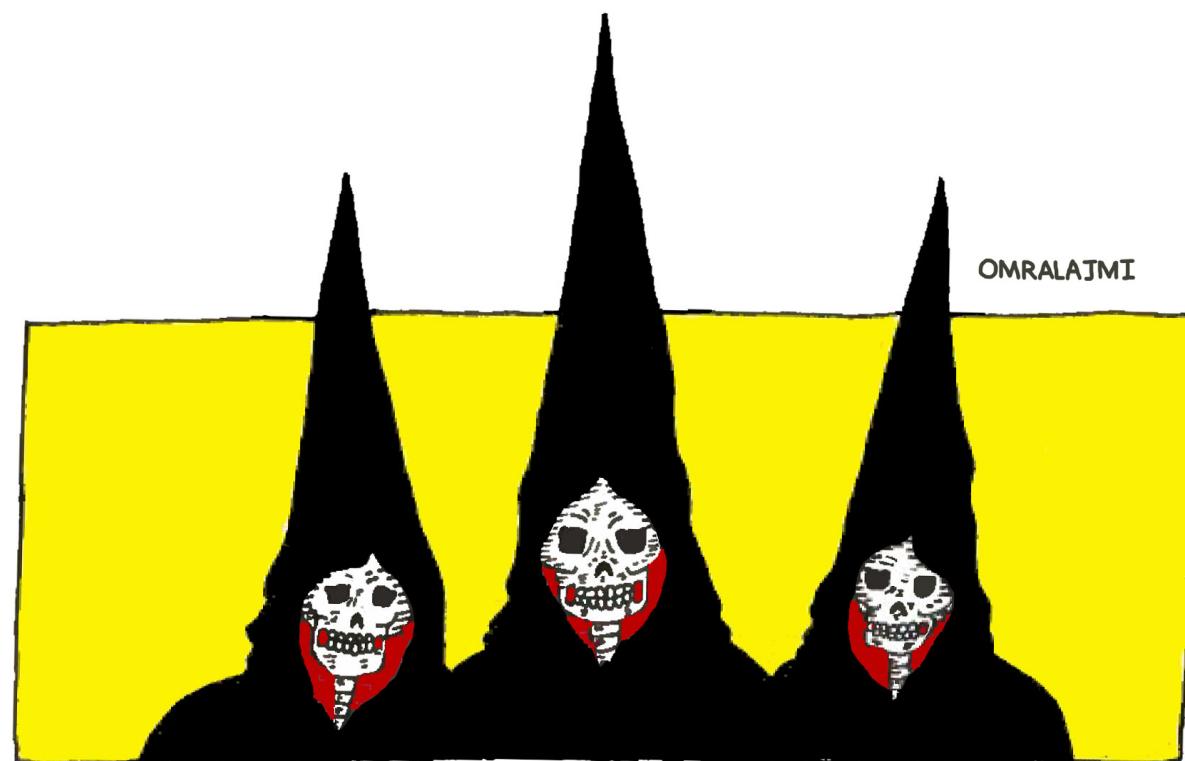
day I decided to study art seriously, was when I really understood what art was to the human soul. A few splashes of paint on paper is much more than just a canvas. It's the conveyed emotion of the artist's message. It is the joy and happiness, sadness and woe that is behind every shadow, line, and shape of a work of art. For example, a smiling child's appearance in a brightly colored portrait may trigger warm, innocent childhood memories. Similarly, a prostitute's dark alleyway elicits the pain of severed ties, and an aura of danger. No matter what the painting may be, it is derived from our lives, because inspiration is all around us. Most certainly, for an artist, there is no greater pleasure than to create meaning and give life to a piece of paper with swift strokes of a paintbrush.

When I practiced and improved, the more I painted, the more I felt the fulfillment and accomplishment of finding my own style of art. Rather than being bombarded by the daily negative comments, I was showered with praise and compliments. This praise only motivated me to promote my talents and advance my skills. The love I had for fine arts outweighed any other activity. School became a chore; I only looked forward to my morning art class. I started neglecting my schoolwork, and I even sacrificed sleep to complete my daily masterpiece. My devotion grew into obsession. As a result, my parents

took notice. They wanted me to stop what I was doing altogether.

Time and time again, they tried to convince me that I was wasting my time on art when I could be doing schoolwork. Their idea was, that if artistic skills weren't going to benefit me in my future, white-collar desk job, then I should give it up before I became too attached. Wait a second. Where had all the love and support gone? They had encouraged my sister to paint and express herself, so why couldn't I have the same, supportive treatment? Moreover, had they gotten too old and bitter to appreciate a little ingenuity? Whatever had made them understanding, and compassionate about the interests of their eldest daughter, was long gone by now. However, they needed a lot more than a few discouraging words to stop me from picking up a brush again.

Watercolor painting, in particular, had become my outlet from the daily hardships of life, and its degrading effects plastered on the tired faces of everyday commutes. Coming back home after an endless, exhausting school day, and picking up my painting tools to produce a new image, was what I looked forward to, every day. At times, thinking about what I would draw next, was the only thing on my mind. Those were the times when I could truly put my mind at ease, and artistically pour my thoughts and worries out on a canvas.



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Just Call Me Vain

By: Sara F. Ayesh

*They called me vain in school today Mama
I gave my speech today, the one you helped me with?
They said it was brilliant.
I knew It was, and I said thank you.
I looked them in the eye and smiled.
They blinked, tilted their heads mystified.
Like they have never seen me before.
I think I seemed a little less brilliant then,
like they were rethinking what they saw.
Their lingering eyes swept from the top of my scarf to my flowing skirt
"I thought you were supposed to be modest"
A part of me broke then,
I never thought we fell so far.
When I was 6 my Mother called me a hero when I came home with a scraped knee.
She held my hand and spritzed my knee with perfume.
I flinched, wanting to pull away but she called me a hero so I stayed.
When I was 10, my Grandfather called me a lioness.
"Asada" he said
Now 10 years later I can't remember why,
but I will never forget how proud I stood, beaming back.
In Middle School we had awards for every little thing,
We celebrated our achievements and we were proud of it.
High School came and everyone was a mystery.
No one knew anybody.
Every personal achievement was hidden,
Modesty was taken to extremes.
Timers were placed on our*

*foreheads,
Reminding us that we only had a few minutes to talk about ourselves,
never boastful, never vain,
Always unsure, constantly self-deprecating.
Better than boastful, bigheaded and bombastic;
'I'm okay, I'm really not that good.'
'I suck at this, maybe you should do it.'
Every compliment to yourself had to have a conjunction.
'I can swim, but not that well'
When I was 15 leadership was a taboo,
No one wanted to be the one in charge,
To say 'I'm good at this, I am fit to lead, to delegate'.
To do so would be narcissistic, egotistical, egocentric, egomaniacal.
I took my job seriously, I had goals.
They called me bossy.
At 17 universities are all you think about,
you start looking back at your life,
remembering all the achievements you had, all the talents you worked so hard to possess.
Your pen flies on paper, your mind going faster than your hand.
The application is full, your essay is immaculate.
You smile proudly.
You show it to your friends.
They smile and raise an eyebrow.
You erase half of it.
No one likes an arrogant applicant.
I'm 20, and they called me vain.
Because I didn't blush when they called me brilliant.
Because I didn't argue when they praised my work.
Because I didn't try to find fault in it to justify the good.
Sometimes words change meaning; nice meant foolish, awful was 'worthy of awe', silly was just another word for blessed.
So maybe vain now means something else too.
Maybe it means confident, proud, content, self-assured, existing without validation.
Do yourself a favor,
Take a child,
Make them proud, make them content, make them delighted to be themselves.
Make them know their own self-worth.
Drill it in their heads.
Pump them up when they are young,
call him a hero, call her a lioness.
The world will do all it can to knock them down when they are older.
So call me self-centered, self-absorbed, self-obsessed, I'll only take it as self-loving, self-accepting, self-respecting, self-confirming.
After all, in a world where you are afraid to be proud of yourself,
where vain only means knowing your own worth.
I am vain, and I am proud.*

Family Reunion

By: Maryam H Kotb

*Under the shade of a tree,
I read my book.
It's called Irony,
Just have a look!
Oh! The nerve of me,
Flipping pages under a tree.*

A Heart's Conflict

By: Fatema Al- Mazyad

*I fell in love with you just how long has it been since then?
My feelings have only been getting stronger.
I wonder have you realized how I feel?
Even though I never said a word
It's like snowflakes drifting in the sky gently continuing to pile up higher and higher
Hold me tight if this is how it feels
The feeling of falling in love with someone
I never wanted to know that feeling
I love you I can't stop my tears from falling
In that case then you should never have come to my life
I wonder how long will I keep thinking about you?
My breath is fogging up the windows glass
My trembling heart is next to the lit up light
It's bleeding now. I wonder will it survive?
Hold me tight, so tight that I might break
so that when we meet in this snow
I won't be cold anymore*



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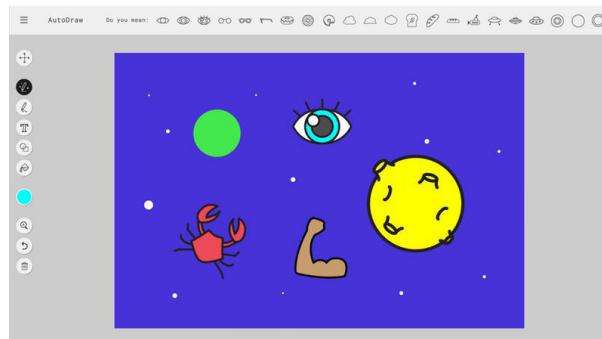
Hot Topics

Google's AutoDraw Makes Artists of Us All

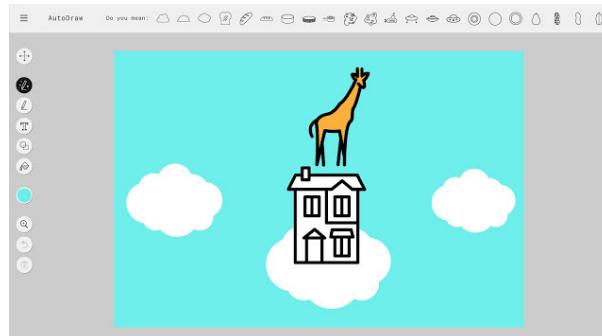
By: Farah Hamoudah

If the thought of a machine that can read your mind like a book gives you goosebumps, then be warned, because Google just came up with it. It's called AutoDraw, a website that, on the surface, acts just like the prehistoric "paint" program we used to doodle on for fun back in the early 90s when Internet access was a little out of reach.

It plays you for a fool. One minute you could be scribbling unfathomable non-sense, the next AutoDraw gives you options to replace your messy doodles with relevant art. What's more is that the transformation happens from algorithms that capitalize on machine learning and artificial intelligence- the more training the machine undergoes (the more data it receives), the better it can foretell your next move.



In the past decade, machine learning has given us a lot of useful applications, most notably speech recognition apps, self-driving cars (yes, they exist, and yes they're from Google!) and ingenious chess-playing computers, but AutoDraw stands out not only because it's so accessible, but it's also so easy to use that you often find yourself forgetting that there's an incredibly complex algorithm behind the meaningful art.

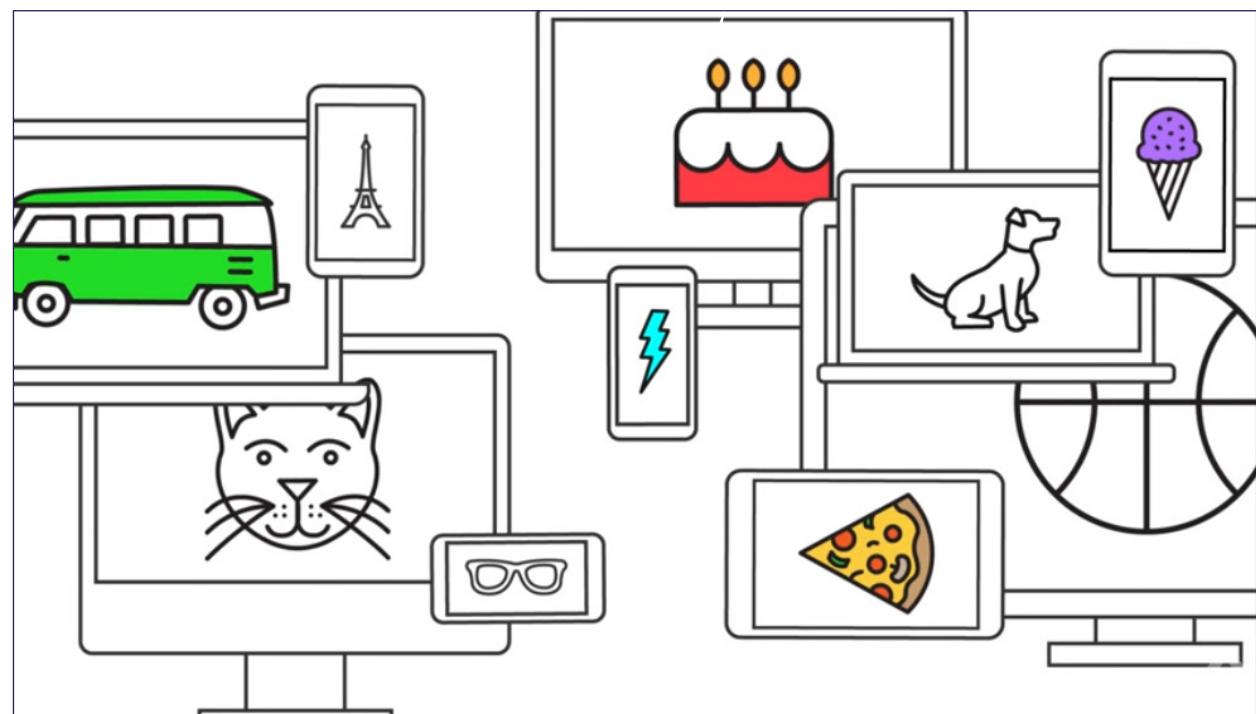


Although Google did not officially release the technical details that make "magical machine learning" happen, they do say this: "AutoDraw's suggestion tool uses the same technology used in QuickDraw, to guess what you're trying to draw. Right now, it can guess hundreds of drawings and we look forward to adding more over time". Looking back, the early Google Creative Lab A.I

experiment "Quick, Draw!" mentioned afore is the basis of the all-new "AutoDraw" since the prior app's dataset was used in the newer version.

"Quick, Draw!"'s concept was a whimsical game that obliged the user to illustrate a random object in under 20 seconds; if the algorithm can guess the assigned object from your drawing before time's up, you win. Attempting "Quick, Draw!" I basically scribbled half the time, and shockingly, the algorithm almost always guessed my

assigned object. The machine learning premise manages to revolutionize dumb robot "cavemen" into terrifyingly witty Siri's. It may not seem like much to wonder about now, but as those machines are fed more and more information, and as they are given more time to process it, our own intelligence just might be put into question. But, for now, let's ignore the Terminator-like forewarns, and indulge in the addicting fun in the lines, colors, and suggestions of AutoDraw.



Vegan Meals are Underrated! - Veganism is Always an Option!

By: Sumayah Al-Baker

Almost all vegans believe that vegan food is super healthy. It's natural, 100% created by our Earth, purely agricultural, and environmentally friendly.

Most vegan meals are easy to prepare and fill you right up, yet quite light on the stomach, depending on your choice. The reports by the website "The Flaming Vegan", that state that vegans are healthier, are somewhat true. It is a fact, that according to the American Dietetic Association (ADA), Individuals who chose either a vegan or vegetarian diet tend to display lower blood cholesterol, lower blood pressure, a decreased rate of Ischemic Heart Disease, and lowers the risk of getting colon and prostate cancer. This is one of the main reasons why most people chose to be vegan.

In addition, as stated on the website, "Organic Facts", a recent study showed that agricultural foods contain antioxidants (polyphenols) that possibly improve blood sugar in individuals who are at risk for heart disease and diabetes. Therefore, Vegetables and fruits are tasty, beneficial, and easy-to-prepare foods that are certainly crucial in your diet to sustain good health. They are full of nutrition; as they are filled with minerals and vitamins that are essential for your hair to grow and nourish, for your skin to glow and shine, as well as to keep your organs and limbs in a good health. Therefore, we should at least try to add as many vegetables into our meals as possible, whether you prefer them hot and cooked inside the meal, or cold and on the side of your meal.



So, let's get an insider's perspective to what vegan people could choose to eat. Here's a recipe: The "Red Veggie Pasta, a vegan meal" is a nice light meal that will satisfy your stomach and extinguish your hunger.

- First you boil the penne pasta, for 10 – 15 minutes (depending on the size and type of penne that you are using, whether, white or brown). Then you cook the veggies of your choice, I personally, include broccoli, zucchini and a carrot separately while the pasta is cooking on the side. I usually steam the broccoli, and shred the 1 carrot, whereas when it comes to the 1 (depending

on the size and quantity desired) zucchini, 2 pieces of garlic and 1 small onion you cut them into very small pieces (depending on how hard or crunchy you prefer) to be added and cooked at the end when the macaroni is cooked and ready.

- For the sauce, I personally blend 1 bell pepper (I prefer red bell pepper) and big tomatoes, and $\frac{1}{2}$ tomato paste (to make the color darker red and thicker) I sometimes prefer my food to be a little bit spicy, so I tend to add 1 green Indian chili, and blend them all together in a blender (Depending on how viscous you prefer it to be, you can add few spoons of water to make the sauce less thick and, a little more watery, I personally like to blend together a few types of veggies to make the sauce rich and thick) and if necessary a pinch of salt and pepper.

- Once you're done with the sauce, the macaroni, and the veggies, you will then add them all together and mix them in the pot at a lower temperature until they are all covered with the sauce, for few minutes, the zucchini at this point will be cooked enough and mixed well with other

vegetables, vegan cheddar cheese on top is optional. After this final step, the pasta is ready to be served! - Bon appétit!



Mouth Watering Mathematical May Drinks

By: Sara F Ayesh



Sparkling Apple Juice

Apple Juice + Sparkling Water + Apple Slices + Pear Slices.



Sparkling Raspberry Lemonade

Raspberry Puree + Lemon Juice + Cold Water + Sugar + Honey + Sparkling Water.



Sangria

Cranberry-Grape Juice + Sparkling Water + Orange Juice + Lemon Juice + Apple Slices.



Cranberry Rosemary Refresher

Apple Juice + Cranberry Juice + Chilled Rosemary Tea.



Sparkling Cucumber Lemonade

Lemon Juice + Cucumber Slices + Sparkling Water.



Shirley Temple

Pomegranate Syrup + Orange Juice + 7UP, Mountain Dew, or Sprite + One Cherry.



Piña Colada

Pineapple Juice + Coconut Milk + Sugar + Heavy Whipping Cream + Vanilla Extract Ice, Crushed.



Sour Punch

Orange Juice + Pink Grapefruit + Ginger Ale/Lemon Juice + Kiwi Slices.



Blue Detox Water

Water + Orange Slices + Blueberries + Mint.



Sun Splash

Lemon Syrup + Ginger Ale + Pomegranate Syrup + Ice



Multitasking

By: Shahad Failakawi

Think of one concept. The art of multitasking. What comes to your mind will probably be one of the following: applying makeup while driving, bathing while texting, or maybe studying while eating.

Let me tell you, those may be the obvious answers.

But go deeper, try and think clearer, don't you think leading others, and lying to yourself is also a branch of multitasking? What I'm blabbering about is vague, so let me put an example ahead of you, so you can thoroughly process what I mean. Love.

How come this is related? Let me tie the knots. You lead others to think you love them; you admit the cheesy words of cherishing to those whom you feel connections with. Friends, family, even lovers. Whoever your heart thinks that they like. But have you ever believed in love? Your words show so, but what about your ideologies? What about you, though? What about you? Let me rephrase the question, do you love yourself? Do you appreciate who you've grown to be? Are you even capable of reciprocating feelings that you've never had enough of? Bizarre as it may seem, it is in fact ironic to be living such life.

What kind of life? The one where you constantly wait for others approval, and let them control who you are. Unconsciously, you allow others to mold you into shapes, when you're thinking that the planet revolves around them. When you wait for them to love you, in quantities that you haven't been able to provide yourself. You'd be a hypocrite to think that you will stop feeling hollow once someone compliments you, or that anyone's love would fill the gap that you have shoveled up in your heart. You'd be deluding yourself into thinking that others acceptance will fulfill your desires, & make you happy for once and all. But how could it be? When this is not even what you need?

That leads to my point, your brain following a path of broken shards, while your heart beats for another reason. It all comes down to the art of multitasking. Which as human beings, we have proven to excel in. By nature and other factors. We multitask our feelings and desires; we fool ourselves into doing things while our hearts belong to other things. We claim love for others, while we hide that we've never really believed in love, because maybe, just maybe, we've never tried aiming these feelings back towards ourselves.

The History of Food

By: Shahad Al-Failakawi

Food is a very important part of the day. It brings friends and family together onto one table and causes nothing but laughter and joy. Living in Kuwait, I cannot stress how important food is to the culture. I don't think it is possible to drive a couple of minutes without finding a restaurant or food chain. Most of the foods introduced to the Kuwaiti culture are influenced by other eras and cultures. Here is a history of how different foods were introduced to the world:

11000 B.C -Bronze Age

- Wooden sickles are used to gather grains.
 - Lentils discovered near Lake Biel in Switzerland.
 - Almonds found on the Island of Crete
- 9000 B.C- 7000 B.C.
- Plant cultivation begins in the Middle East.
 - Sheep are trained in the Middle East.
 - Central America domesticating plants –gourds, peppers, avocados, and a grain, amaranth

6500 B.C.-3500 B.C.

- Peas were grown in Turkey
- Sumerians use thyme as medicine
- Dates nurtured in the Middle East
- Avocado in Mexico
- Bread making in Egypt
- Sumerians using wild mushrooms as a food
- Olives known to have been grown on the island of Crete

3000 B.C. -2500 B.C.

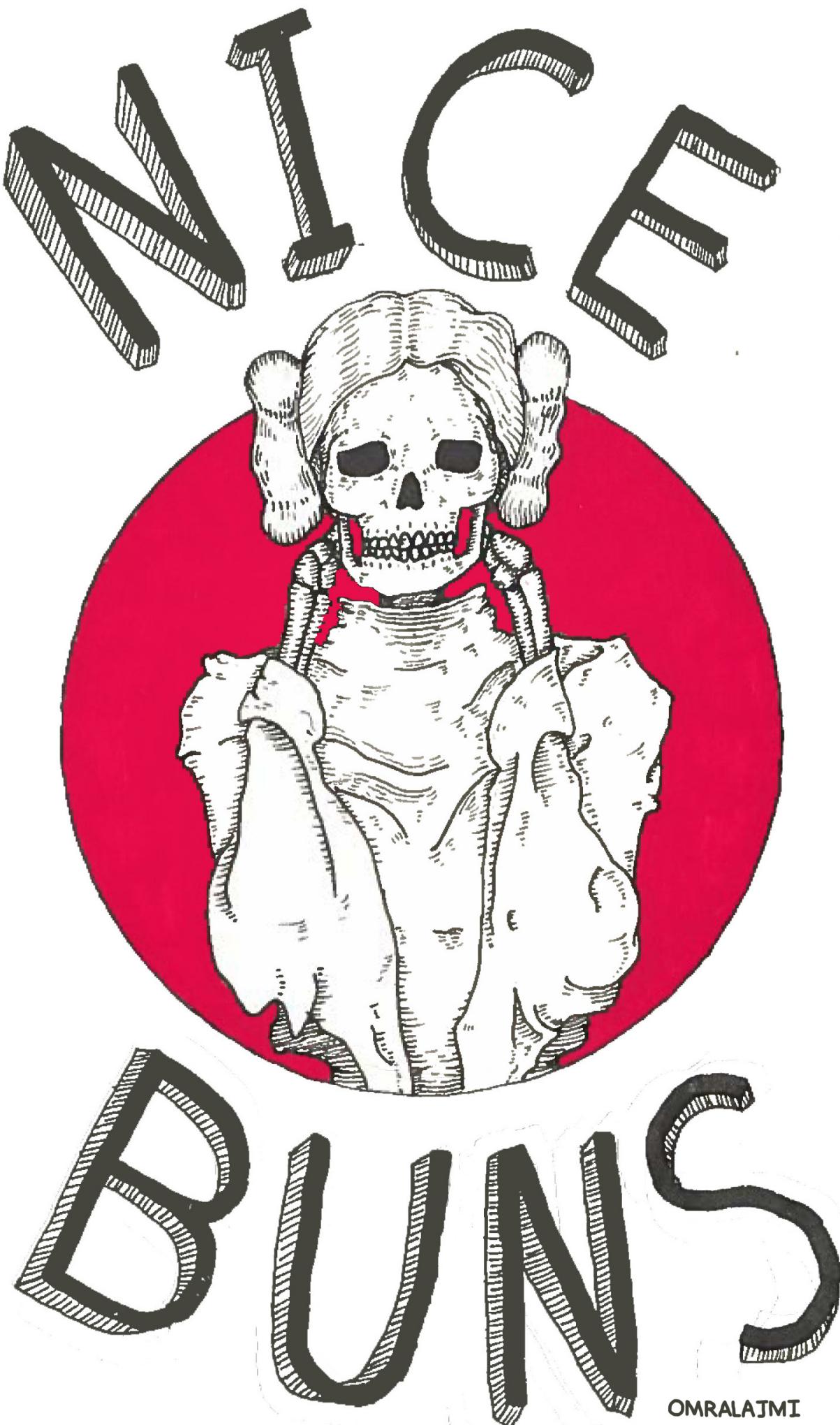
- Farmers of Mesopotamia were growing turnips, onions, broad beans, peas, lentils, leeks, radishes and garlic.
- The Chinese had a herbal listing of 365 plants
- Corn is domesticated in Central America.

1450 BC-1000 B.C.

- Egyptians using cinnamon as a spice
- The Incas were freezing potatoes in the snow for preservation
- Chinese produced a type of alcohol from rice

800 BC-206 B.C.

- Tomatoes used in Mexico
- Flour milling introduced into China = Chinese noodle making.



Days of May

By: Sara F. Ayesh

1 International Workers' Day aka Labour Day (International)	9 National Lost Sock Memorial Day (US)	17 World Telecommunication and Information Society Day (UN)	25 AUK Final Exams Begin
2 World Tuna Day (UN)	10 World Migratory Bird Day (UNEP)	18 World AIDS Vaccine Day	26 National Paper Airplane Day (USA)
3 World Press Freedom Day (UN)	11 National Technology Day (India)	19 Pizza Party Day (USA)	27 Ramadan Begins (Expected)
4 Anti-Bullying Day	12 International Nurses Day	20 Learn to Swim Day (USA)	28 Amnesty International Day
5 International Midwives' Day (International)	13 World Fair Trade Day	21 World Day for Cultural Diversity for Dialogue and Development (UN)	29 World Digestive Health Day (WDHD)
6 International No Diet Day	14 54 years ago, Kuwait became the 111th member of the United Nations.	22 International Day for Biological Diversity (UN)	30 Water a Flower Day (USA)
7 Lemonade Day (USA)	15 International Day of Families (UN)	23 International Day to End Obstetric Fistula (UN)	31 World No-Tobacco Day (WHO)
8 Time of Remembrance and Reconciliation for Those Who Lost Their Lives During the Second World War (UN, ends May 9th).	16 12 years ago Kuwaiti women were given the right to vote and run for parliament.	24 Reading Day	OMRALAJMI



Where's the Peck of Pickled Peppers?

By: Zennia D. Paganini, Ph.D.
Cultural Attaché, U.S. Embassy
Kuwait

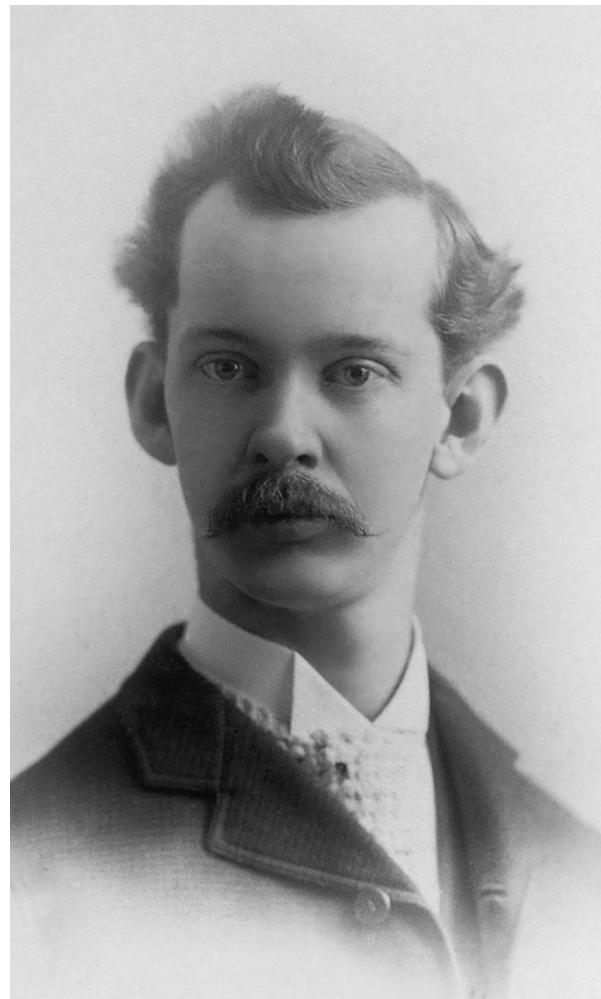
They assault your taste buds and bite you back. And yet, we keep pouring them on: Hot sauces have played a piquantly vital role on the American cuisine scene since the 1800s.

Do you know what's inside your typical hot sauce? The main ingredients are three vegetables: Tomatoes, onions, and peppers (so hot sauce is good for you!). What's added after those three basic elements are things that make each hot sauce unique—you may find olive oil, vinegar, lemon juice, garlic, salt, pepper, cilantro, and other "secret recipe" spices.

But let's go back to the hot sauce trinity of tomatoes, onions, and peppers, and single out that last component, because of course that's the one that really matters. The type of pepper used is what makes the difference as to the intensity of the hot sauce experience. The pepper gives the hot sauce its power.

The pain factor is what counts when it comes to whether or not you choose to savor the burn of any given hot sauce; but what exactly is it that makes a hot sauce "hot"?

The sting of a pepper is caused by how many capsaicinoids—chemicals that cause the "heat" sensation—are in a pepper. And there is actually a scientifically-based way to determine how hot a pepper is, thanks to American pharmacologist Wilbur Scoville, who while he worked at a Detroit pharmaceutical company called Parke Davis in 1912, created the "Scoville



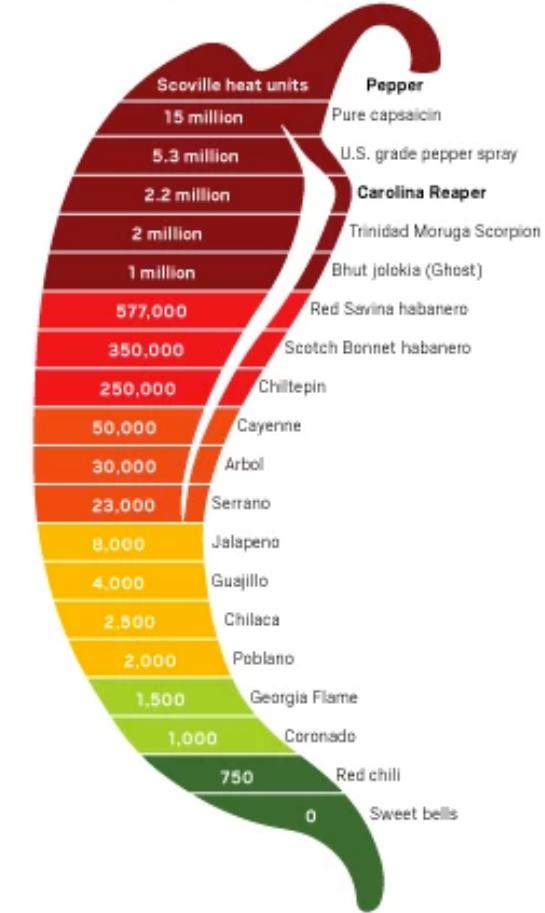
Wilbur Scoville, creator of the Scoville Scale

Scoville's test involves extracting and analyzing capsaicinoids from dried peppers. The extracted sample is mixed with a solution of water and sugar, and taste testers sip it, repeatedly diluting it with water as needed, until they can barely detect the heat. Then the pepper is assigned a rating on an incremental scale Scoville created, based on how much the capsaicinoids had to be diluted to reach the point of "bare detection."

Obviously, this relies on humans to be the taste testers, so the rating of the results—"bare detection"—leaves room for error. In any case, the outcome of the taste testers' analysis is a "Scoville unit" on the "Scoville scale," and a hotness rating is created. Yes, that's a thing. The higher the Scoville rating, the hotter the pepper. If a pepper has a rating of "10,000" then it means that the capsaicin extracted from the pepper was diluted 10,000 times before the taste testers could "barely detect" the heat in the watered-down solution.

So how do your favorite peppers rate? Sweet bell peppers (or capsicums, in some dialects of English) have a Scoville rating of zero—they don't pack a punch at all; however, habanero peppers have a Scoville rating of 300,000. Ouch. Then again, pure capsaicin rates at 16 million Scoville units. So habaneros are pretty mild,

Scoville heat scale



A graphic with the Scoville Scale
Photo Credit: Jeff Goertzen, Pepperheads for Life

What's the hottest pepper in existence? Take a guess. Maybe some of you will remember the social media hubbub around the "Ghost" pepper (also known as the Naga Bhut Jolokia) a few years ago. Literally too hot to handle, you have to wear gloves if you want to cut up a Ghost pepper and add it to your food, otherwise it will burn your bare skin. But, Ghost pepper is not the right answer. Scotch Bonnet? Not that either. Jalapeño? Child's play. The hottest pepper, according to the Guinness Book of World Records as of 2013—and this still holds true today—is the Carolina Reaper, which scores over 1.5 million on the Scoville heat unit scale. (The name is no doubt purposely reminiscent of The Grim Reaper, which is worth looking up, if you don't know what that means/who it is.)

Yep, this pepper will outright kill you.

Just kidding. It will merely cause agonizing pain. This genetically engineered, American-produced pepper is a cross between a Pakistani Naga and a Red Habanero, and it purportedly tastes really quite good. Not that you'd be distracted by the flavor with all that spiciness going on. Just ask New Yorker Wayne Algenio, who in April last

year broke the record for “most Reaper peppers eaten in under one minute.” He ate 22 of them. If you search for him online you will see videos of him writhing from the exquisite self-induced torture of speed-chomping on Reapers.

As part of the “challenge,” Algenio wasn’t allowed to drink any water during—or for one full minute after—his ordeal. And when his torture time was up, it wasn’t water he reached for, anyway; capsaicinoids aren’t water soluble, so drinking water won’t ease the burn. The capsaicin molecules bind to pain receptors in your mouth, so the trick is to either neutralize their alkalinity with something acidic (e.g., orange soda, a piece of citrus fruit), or drown them with fat (like full fat milk, or cheese).

After the Carolina Reaper, the world’s second hottest pepper is the Moruga Scorpion, which hails from the Caribbean nation of Trinidad and Tobago; in fact, it’s not until we get to wimpy number seven do we catch sight of the famous Ghost pepper. Granted, the Indian-born Ghost was the first pepper to be scientifically tested to yield a score over 1 million on the Scoville Scale, and because of that, many people mistakenly still believe it is the world’s hottest. But: Seventh.

Now how about your knowledge of famous American hot sauces? While there’s probably one for every U.S.

State, there are a few standouts worth mentioning. Let’s begin with Tabasco, from Avery Island in Louisiana. It is probably the most ubiquitous American hot sauce. (Trivia fact: Avery Island is actually a huge dome of rock salt.)

Next, it’s worth mentioning Frank’s RedHot, made in Cincinnati, Ohio. This hot sauce has the distinction of being the official hot sauce of the first Buffalo wing, which in case you don’t know, is a deep-fried, breaded, cayenne pepper hot sauce-coated chicken wing. This method for producing delicious wings originated in Buffalo, New York—hence the name (American buffalos do not have wings, just clarifying).

Those are probably the top two, but next up I have to mention Texas Pete, from Winston-Salem, North Carolina (not from Texas, go figure—the word “Texas” was used in the name so that consumers would know it was American); then Original Louisiana Hot Sauce from New Iberia, Louisiana (going strong since 1928); and finally Tapatio, from Vernon, California (a family-owned company for 45 years and counting). And let’s not forget the now-famous Huy Fong Sriracha, from Irwindale, California, invented by a Chinese American, and without which most televised cooking shows nowadays simply could not exist.

There are several other popular hot sauces across the United States, with names so descriptive we just cannot

print them in this very honorable publication. Suffice to say, they encapsulate the range of sensations that hot sauce gives you.

So here’s a question: Despite the fact that it’s vegetable-based, hot sauce can also induce pain. Which can’t be good for you—can it? Well, it turns out that if you can withstand scorching your taste buds a little, hot sauce might not be that bad for you; capsaicin has been shown to have anti-inflammatory and antioxidant properties.

A final thought: If you’ve read this far, you might have noticed there has been no mention of pickled peppers, despite the title of this article. That’s okay. As you might know, it refers to a nursery rhyme and tongue twister first published in the early 1800s—see the historical reference, first paragraph (it all makes sense in the end, right?)—when as we know, people were using peppers to make hot sauce. The tongue twister, for your entertainment or nostalgic musing, is:

A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, Where’s the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

That’s eight dry quarts of peppers, a lot of peppers picked; and in the 1800s, luckily for Peter, there were no Carolina Reapers.



99 Lives Without You

By: Fatemah Al-Dewaila

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE lived a kind fisherman and his wife. The fisherman had twelve daughters, and he worked hard everyday to provide for his family. However, no matter how hard he worked, his children often went to bed hungry and cold.

One day, as the fisherman began to head back home, he came across a beggar woman. She was very old, and most were repulsed by her haggard appearance, turning their eyes away.

The fisherman however, looked upon the beggar and said, ‘Grandmother, would you come and break your fast with me and my family?’

The old woman agreed and the two walked back to the fisherman’s hut. The fisherman’s wife, upon witnessing the beggar, said nothing to her husband. Instead, she instructed her daughters to help the old woman get comfortable while she prepared dinner.

Though the daughters were at first frightened by the woman’s appearance, they soon calmed and treated the woman warmly. The beggar laughed as the children told her stories about their family and friends, and she reciprocated with grand stories of her own.

The fisherman’s wife soon placed a dish full of food in front of their guest and entreated her to eat.

“But won’t you eat with me?” The beggar asked.

“In our house the guest eats first.” The wife claimed.

The beggar ate in silence as the daughters entertained their mother. When the beggar woman had eaten her fill, she handed the plate, half-full, back to her host.

“Are you finished, Grandmother?” asked the fisherman, and the beggar nodded.

He took the dish and handed it to his daughters.

“Won’t you eat with your children?” The beggar asked the fisherman and his wife.

“In our house, the children eat first.” He replied.

After the children ate, they handed the plate back to their father and went to sleep. In the plate, only a single apple remained.

The fisherman cut the apple in half, handing one to his wife and eating the remaining half himself.

“Surely that is not all you will eat?” the beggar asked.

“Good grandmother,” said the wife as she nibbled on the apple. “we are poor and we are many. Trouble yourself not; we are used to eating very little.”

The beggar turned quiet.

“You are very kind, so I shall be kind in return.” She told them, and suddenly she seemed to change. Though she remained old, she was different; she seemed powerful and otherworldly. “I shall give you gold and riches; your

daughters will rule kingdoms, and your son will as well.” The two then knew that their guest was no human, but a fairy. The fisherman stuttered his thanks to the fairy but his astute wife said, “We have no son. And fairy gifts never come free.”

The fairy nodded. “Indeed. But you will have a son. Soon you shall have twins; a boy and a girl.” “And your payment?”

“Give me the girl to raise after her sixth birthday. I promise to raise her as if she were my own, and she shall want for nothing. That will be my payment.”

The wife shared a look with her husband, and she nodded her head. “Very well.”

The fairy was true to her word, and the fisherman and his wife were granted many riches, and they were blessed with a son. Their son married a princess from a far-away kingdom while their daughters married princes.

And They Lived Happily Ever After.

“Let’s choose something else.” Rosalind said, trying to rip the book away from Dawn’s hands.

“No way,” Dawn replied. “This is perfect.”

“It’s really not,” Rosalind asserted.

“Rosalind is right, Dawn.” Lauren said, playing with her wand. “It’s obvious the story is incomplete. I mean, it doesn’t mention what happened to the twin girl. We can’t study an incomplete fairytale. It’s against the rules.”

Dawn sighed, defeated. “Well what should we do for our project?”

“Three Theories on How to Improve Broomsticks’ or, ‘Three, a Magical Number: Analysis of The Three Little Pigs?’ Lauren offered.

“We shouldn’t do the pigs – that project’s a cliché. We should do the broomstick thing; it’d be unique. You can work on the theories, I’ll work on the runes and Rosie can work on the integration.”

Rosalind started packing up her bags. “I like the broomstick idea; at least we’ll be putting our education into good use.”

Lauren hummed, and after waving goodbye to both of her friends, Rosalind left the library.

As she walked back home, her thoughts drifted back towards the fairytale.

Of course the fairytale is incomplete. Of course it doesn’t tell what happened to the twin daughter – a fairy messed up, and the girl died before she turned twenty-two.

Say what you want about fairies, but they are all too proud.

For a moment, Rosalind’s feet stopped moving and she remembered her first life.

Her life as Emmelyn.

“How is your spell coming along?”

Emmelyn turned her head towards Aletris and smiled. “It’s

coming along. Watch!”

The blonde closed her eyes and concentrated, guiding her magic towards the flowerpot in front of her.

Within the flowerpot, a sprout grew. The sprout soon grew into a large bush.

The girl smiled, waiting for the fairy to praise her.

Instead, Aletris clicked her tongue. “That took longer than it should.”

The old fairy sighed. “I can see your mind is not with your lessons – it’s that Jeremiah boy, isn’t it? I knew he was going to be a distraction!”

“His name is James not Jeremiah.” Emmelyn said. “And he’s not distracting; he helped me with this spell.”

Aletris began to float around the workshop, shoving herbs into her bag. “Well maybe that’s why your spell was sloppy. I won’t be around tonight; Oberon got into another fight with his wife – honestly why my son married that woman....”

As the fairy floated away without a goodbye, Emmelyn let out a sigh of relief. Once she was sure the fairy had left the house, she quickly banished the invisibility charm she had hastily placed moments before.

“I thought she was going to find you,” She said, as he muttered, “We’ve known other for three years and she still thinks my name is Jeremiah?!”

Emmelyn giggled as she observed the newly rematerialized James. “Don’t be offended; she sometimes calls me Oberon and I’ve been with her for thirteen years.” James snorted before he sat on Aletris’s workbench. “I still don’t understand why you stay with her.”

Emmelyn settled next to James. He was so close; she could feel the warmth radiating from his body. She blushed as she struggled with her desire to snuggle with him; fairies are naturally cold, so it had been a while since she had felt the warmth of another human.

“My parents gave me to her since she blessed them,” Emmelyn explained, gazing into James’ blue-green eyes. She knew, even though she would never say it out-loud, the true reason why she wanted to be close to James. “And she takes good care of me, so I have very little reason to complain.”

“Hm.” James replied, turning away from Emmelyn’s face. The evening sun reflected on his face, making it look as if he was blushing.

“Say...“

“Hey...“

They both stopped at the same time, their sentences trailing into an embarrassed laughter. Emmelyn quickly insisted for him to continue, and James cleared his throat, averting his eyes.

He jumped off the bench and turned around to face her. He knelt down in front of her, and Emmelyn’s breath caught in her throat.

Impossible. They’ve only ever been friends –

"We've known each other for three years, Emmelyn and you've been my best friend from day one. You are kind, talented, and amazing. I don't like taking the first step, but I...." James fiddled with his hands before he pulled out a ring from his pocket. "I love you too much, and I think you love me too – so please, will you spend forever with me?" Emmelyn smiled, and her eyes felt wet. "Don't people usually make sure of others' feelings before they propose?"

The dark-haired man smiled her favorite lopsided smile and said, "Well, I like surprising people."

"Throw it away." Aletris commanded as soon as she saw the ring. She didn't ask Emmelyn where she got it from, or why she was wearing it on her ring finger, so Emmelyn tried to explain.

"James asked me to—"

"I know what he asked you. Whatever he feels, it's fake." Aletris cut her off, sounding more and more irate with every word she spoke. Emmelyn clenched her fists.

Of course Aletris knew.

"No." She denied her foster-mother. "We're in love; it's real. I am going to marry him."

"No you won't!" Aletris suddenly shouted, her face red with anger. "I'll never see you again if you do!"

Emmelyn looked at the simple golden band around her ring, and then she looked at the face of the fairy that had raised her.

She nodded her head. "I understand. Goodbye."

"No – wait! Emmelyn! Listen to me; you'll die!"

Emmelyn didn't want to listen.

She left.

She can taste blood in the back of her throat.

"No – no, no! Lyn, hold on!"

Emmelyn looked up to see her husband's face. She's twenty-one, she's been married to this man for nearly three years.

Now she was dying.

She could feel the sickness in her bones, in her bloodstream but she didn't regret coming to this village. Too many happy memories were made in this sick village. "Lyn." She coughed, blood trailing down her chin. She liked the nickname. "Say it again."

He hugged her close, his body shaking. "Lyn; I'll call you that forever, so please don't leave me."

She wants to tell him that she loves him, that she's sorry, but she's tired. Her tongue won't move.

Emmelyn vision faded, and she breathed her last.

When her body is cold and dead, he carried her to the home of the fairy Alteris. She screamed when she saw him, but she stopped when she saw Emmelyn's lifeless body.

Alteris's eyes filled with tears.

"Magic always has consequences; I gave her parents riches, and so she was cursed to die after finding true love. I never told her – I always hoped I could break the curse..."

Sobs wrecked her old body, and James hugged Emmelyn's cold body.

"Send me to her." He begged.

"I can't." The fairy replied, wiping at her eyes. "But I can make sure your soul is drawn to hers in your next life."

He blinked. "Do it."

"Your souls will be bound for eternity!"

"I don't care. Do it."

It's her second life and it's kind of hard to react to a name that is not Emmelyn. She sits and she waits for James to come and find her. Sometimes, she can see him watching her from the corner of her eyes.

He'll come to her when he's ready, and she'll wait for him.

She waits, and she waits.

She waits for a long time.

James never came.

It's her thirty-first life and she knows James is nearby. He's always been nearby, but he never approached her. She knows why he doesn't want to come to her, but she pretends otherwise.

The truth is too painful.

Her sixty-sixth life, is the worst yet. Her brother killed her for refusing to marry, because – well.

She may not be good enough for James, but...

James is her husband.

As Emmelyn, she never knew that love could be so lonely.

Now...

Now she just wants this sick imitation of their 'forever' to end.

"The Forty-Fifth Magical Games are about to commence! Representing the Academy of Magic is Edward Elwenys! His partner is the representative of the University of Magic, Rosalind Fayra!"

As the announcer spoke, Rosalind wondered why destiny was so cruel.

She had not seen James for a while, but...

He was standing right in front of her; he had a new face and a new name. He may be called Edward, but she could see James in everything that made him Edward.

She could always recognize him.

Rosalind bit her lip. She knew participating in the Games was a bad idea, but participation awarded a bonus grade, and she desperately wanted to pass Spells330.

They stood next to each other, their bodies stiff and hard.

They didn't speak to one another, even when they were handed their assignments.

She groaned when she realized they were going to be the first team to participate in the Survival Challenge.

She barely listened to the Keeper as he spoke. No blood-magic, don't hurt your partner, survive, blah-blah-blah.

When the Keeper presented them with the portal-stone, Rosalind thoughtlessly reached out for it at the same time as Edward.

As the portal's magic enveloped them, Rosalind's heart beat loudly in her ear, her hand still warm from where their hands touched.

A Chupacabra.

She was hoping for a unicorn, but she got a vicious dog-vampire. A hybrid of the two things she hates the most.

"Very nice," She murmured, trying to find a way out of the cave the beast had chased them into.

"I'll distract it. You can attack it from behind." Edward suddenly offered, and Rosalind nearly jumped out of her skin because he sounded – like himself.

She took a deep breath and turned to face him. "No."

"This—"

"No. You'll get hurt." She interrupted, hoping he won't find her pathetic; a girl holding onto a love that wilted over ninety-nine lifetimes ago.

He began to violently shake, and Rosalind rushed to him.

He twisted away from her touch and she retreated, hurt.

"Don't you get it?" He said, and her heart jumped in her throat. He's going to admit he hates her. She closed her eyes, wishing he was ignoring her again. That would be better than this.

His voice wobbled as he spoke, "I don't mind getting hurt for you – it's the least I could do. I bonded my soul to yours without your consent; I took away your choice."

And she realized; he didn't avoid her because he hated her. He avoided her because he was afraid. Afraid she was going to reject him for binding their souls together.

Suddenly, she felt foolish. She could have spared both of them years of suffering if she had just went to him.

"How could you think that?" She suddenly asked, and his brown eyes bore into hers. Rosalind saw understanding in his eyes as angry tears wet her cheek. "I love you; How could I hate the choice you've made, when I'd have chosen the same?"

He could not reply, but she thought that was okay; she understood him well enough that she never needed his words. She brought her arms around him, and basked in his warmth as he returned her embrace.

When they parted, she said: "Let's stay together. Forever."

"Forever."

And she knew that her 'forever' was never going to be lonely again.

Going Home

By: Fatemah Al-Dewaila

Once upon a time in a kingdom, the peace was kept by the efforts of a noble hero. He fought off every monster, every creature and every danger that dared attack with his mighty sword and spirit. Not only was his fighting skill impeccable, but his looks too; long curly brown hair, a perfect beard, a strong fat physique, dark skin, brown eyes, thick eyebrows, a big nose and a dashing smile. He was loved and known by all throughout the kingdom and beyond. That was, however, quite some years ago, for our hero vanished one day without a trace. What could have happened to our hero?

The birds are chirping, the sun is shining, the centaurs are galloping around, the fairies are working, the pixies are chatting...it sure is a good morning for our hero to..."Stay in bed!" Diyaa sighed and stared blankly at the ceiling. He has retreated to an abandoned cottage in a beautiful, lively forest far from the kingdom since his mental health worsened. He can't even appreciate the scenery because he feels so empty. He thought back on his glory days. A happy, energetic, productive hero? Mingled with people? Didn't have trouble getting out of bed? It all seems so absurd. He is but a mere husk of what he used to be. His rusty sword settled to rot in the spider-webbed corner. The puke-yellow walls, the unwashed floor, the leaking roof and creaking door were breaking and decaying into pieces, repairs long overdue. His dusty armors and dirty clothes lay scattered on the floor. Crumpled maps and quest requests were strewn all around, longing to be picked up. The pantry was an indescribable mess.

Should he have asked for help? But how could he...he was a hero. Heroes don't ask for help, they give it. He was someone people look up to. How can he show weakness? I'll be fine....I'll be fine...it will pass...I'll be fine...I'm not fine.

A green pixie flew in from his broken window interrupting his daily self-hating ritual. They were slightly staggering from the weight of a flyer they carried in their little hands. "Hello Diyaa! I have a new quest for you!" they yelled.

Diyaa, irritated (and baffled) from their usual high energy let out a reply "hey Char... you can...uhhh" he looked around to find if he designated a spot for quest flyers, but couldn't find any. "Just put it on the floor...I'll get to it" "That's what you always say! You're going to put this one off too? You're so lazy!"

"I'm not lazy, I'm depressed." He said firmly. "You have to go on a quest again! Redeem your honor! Everyone in the kingdom says bad stuff about you...like you're a coward or you're ungrateful or you've abandoned your people..."

He already had his mind convincing him he's a bad person; he doesn't need actual people badmouthing him. "They don't know what I'm going through."

"There's a wizard who makes potions that can cure anything! You can cure your laziness- err...state?"

Diyaa was skeptical. Why bother. It's not like he hasn't tried to "get better" before. Maybe this depression will last forever. Maybe this is just who he IS now. He gave them a defeated, uninterested look.

"Come on! I think this one's really exciting! It's dangerous too! You love danger! Nobody made it out alive from there!"

His face immediately lit up. "I'm going." "Wow, really?"

"Yes, I love great danger because I'm very likely to hurt myself lightly or severely or die and I absolutely deserve it!!" he said impulsively. Wow, I need to be kinder to myself.

Char gave him a concerned look. "Okay, here's the map with the guide."

"Please read what's written, I hate reading words. The letters keep jumping around and I get a headache."

"Okay. So there are three areas you need to go through. The first area is deep into this very forest, the gathering of banshees. They say there are so many banshees wailing there that heroes went mad! After the forest, you'll arrive at a graveyard plagued with hordes of ghouls and the undead. No hero has ever succeeded in fighting them off alone. If you do get through the hordes of the undead, you'll reach the tunnel of eyes. It's where basilisks and medusa's snakes lurk. If you meet anything's gaze there you'll either die or turn to stone AND after that you'll meet the wizard and get your healing potion!"

"I'd prefer if the potion was just...in a chest or something. I'd really hate to have to... talk to someone."

"So are you going to go? I want you to be a hero again!" they cheered.

"Yes...as soon as I get out of bed!"

Diyaa rolled himself off the bed and propped himself upright. He ruffled his short bedraggled hair and dragged himself to the waterfall and took a shower for the first time in a month. I've lost weight. He cut his itchy beard carelessly with a dagger, hurting himself. Ah, what's another scar? I can't tell whether they're from fighting monsters or if they're self-inflicted. He drank his bi-weekly testosterone potion, put on his enchanted pain-free chest binder, his light dull armor, his dirty boots and his tattered gauntlets. He couldn't find his helmet and didn't bother looking. Maybe you'll bash your skull today. He sheathed his blunt sword and headed out for the first time in...ah, he lost count.

"Look who's finally out of his cottage" the fairies in the emerald grass teased.

He rolled his eyes. "Yes, thank you. Unfortunately, I'm still alive and I'm heading out."

"Without breakfast?" piped a voice from the water. A mermaid popped out with a box and she reached her arms out. "It's sea serpent. Take it. You have to eat."

Why do they even bother taking care of you? "Wow, haven't killed a serpent in ages, thanks Mina. I forgot eating was a thing I have to do." he took the box. "Lured anybody to their death today?" he joked.

"I'm a mermaid, not a siren, Diyaa. There's a difference." "Right...I'm forgetting my lore."

"Anyway, enjoy your food! It's my wife's favorite! I can't wait to share this with her! Bye! Good luck!" she said and dived down.

Diyaa eyed the map and looked north of his cottage. I never knew there was a bad side to this place. I don't have the energy for this. "Okay....I'm doing this..." he halfheartedly raised his arm in the air "to the gathering of banshees...."

Anguished sobs echoed as Diyaa ventured deeper into the forest. Frail shadowy figures loomed everywhere. They were grey and had a mouth for a face. They drifted around every branch, behind every tree and bobbed upwards, blocking the sky. The sobs grew stronger, turning into howls into wails into screams into grating shrieks. Diyaa reached for his sword but hesitated. He...wasn't bothered by the noise. It just seemed so...normal. Like he's been through this before. Every day, in fact. My mind is worse than this. My racing thoughts. My suicidal thoughts. My anxious thoughts. My self-blaming thoughts. He could go on and on. My mind is always wailing. He looked with pity

at the banshees. "You're going to have to try harder than this...this is nothing compared to the noise I hear every day." Of course, the banshees didn't comprehend what he said, their empty grey mouth gaping. Diyaa muttered to himself as he advanced without a care to the swarm of banshees. His mind was occupied with something else. "...that was embarrassing...what am I, a poet? Ugh I'm going to think about this for the next week....my mind is always wailing...embarrassing..."

The trees gradually disappeared as Diyaa neared the cemetery. The transition between the two areas was slow, dull and undistinguishable. It's as if they just blended together. Much like Diyaa's tiresome, monotonous days. He wondered why he felt so tired even though he didn't fight anything. Of course he knew the answer; it's just the depression sucking the life out of him.

The wailing subsided, but could still be faintly heard, like a nagging anxious thought. The ugly groans of the undead took over. Diyaa drew his sword. Suicidal thoughts stirred in his head. Yes, I'd love to, but being eaten is painful. I'd rather not go through that. He moved forward slowly in circles, waiting for hordes of the ghouls and the undead to approach him. He vaguely remembered the time where he heroically fought off hordes of goblins at the kingdom borders. Who was I before getting depressed? It was a familiar question to him without an answer. He kept shuffling forwards, feeling confused. At least ONE undead had to have noticed him by now! Why are they not attacking? Come here and eat me! Kill me! Do it! Diyaa, his anger fizzling out, relaxed his pose and looked around. Fog consumed the graveyard. Countless undead staggered around aimlessly with empty hollow eyes, staring at nothing. Some had their arms sloppily stretched ahead, grabbing at thin air. Some stumbled and fell, not even bothering to get up but continued to groan as they weakly hauled themselves forward, to nowhere in particular. They gaped at him blankly and carelessly bumped into him as they continued moaning and dragging themselves to pointless destinations. Diyaa put away his sword. He didn't know why but he felt like crying but that emotion quickly slipped away and he felt empty again. I guess we're not very different....We're both pretty much dead, huh? Suddenly, he felt very stupid as to why he was out there in the first place. He should've stayed in bed. Stupid stupid stupid...stop it stop it stop it stop it shhhhhh....we're going to the tunnel, to the tunnel, to the tunnel...he kept repeating that phrase like a protective chant to distract his negative thoughts. He wandered through the vast graveyard unharmed. His presence didn't matter to the undead; he was one of their own.

Diyaa reached a large gravestone marked with a bloody eye symbol, with a stairway leading deep below. This must be the tunnel of eyes. Wow, aren't you a genius. No you're not. You're so dumb. As Diyaa went down it was as if he was entering his own grave. Menacing hisses resounded repeatedly through the tunnel. The darkness was illuminated by the glow of countless eyes, snakes crawling on the ground and basilisks hanging to the ceiling. If he met just one of those eyes....it's over. He can't close his eyes either; it won't be good if he bumps into a basilisk or trip on a snake. Or would it? That will hurt wouldn't it? Diyaa couldn't help but chuckle as they tried to capture his gaze. "All the Basilisks and Medusas in the land can't harm me for I am....a master at avoiding eye contact due to my severely low self-esteem and anxiety!" he waved the sword randomly slashing away snakes. "I can literally never meet your gaze! Try as you might!" pathetic. His eyes darted left and right, up and down, avoiding all the countless luminous eyes surrounding him. He felt intensely angry as he felt more and more unfriendly gazes, reminding him of being in public. The kingdom market place was the worst. A nightmare. He hasn't been there in a long time. They got nothing to do with me, they're not talking about me; but his brain would always convince him otherwise. They're watching, the whole world watching and laughing at you and judging you...and as he stood there shaking and breathing heavily, more people surrounded him, looking down on him with concerned looks. Don't look at me like that. Don't look!!! His heart raced as he struggled to forget about the memory. "I'll never meet your eyes!!" he yelled to distract himself.

In the distance, Diyaa could see a light- the stairs leading upwards. Freedom! No more eyes! Diyaa hopped up the steps, tripping on the last step and landing face first on hard rubble ground. He didn't even bother to protect his face. He didn't feel like getting up. He wanted to lay there for a bit. Hours. Days. Years maybe. You didn't even do anything. Heroes died on this quest and you did it so easy. You don't deserve this. You didn't suffer enough.

"Hey, you okay?" asked a quizzical voice.

Diyaa bolted upright and drew his sword. Strange, he didn't even feel a presence. It seemed like he arrived in a small village. Deep breaths. A tall dark-skinned wizard with a huge floating wagon stood in front of him. He wore a shimmering blue strap dress with silver stars on it. His hat was enormous, same pattern as the dress. His long silver hair suffocated underneath, popping out the sides and down his shoulders. He had blue lips and blue eyes with silver-painted lids. His knee-high blue boots clacked as he approached Diyaa.

"Are you the wizard?" of course he is, you dummy.

"My name is Basel. My specialty is magical potions."

Well, that's the part where you get your item you so hardly fought for. Diyaa was....underwhelmed. He had hoped this quest would be his big break. Something to bring his passion back. Make him happy again. Fulfilled. But all he felt was emptiness. What did you expect? You're never going to get better.

"Wizard...I want something to....help me? I feel sad and empty...all the time? But also my mood changes very rapidly and I think awful thoughts? I can't do or enjoy things anymore? And I want to get better?" what are you doing over-sharing you dolt?

"I have a potion that will help you get better, but it won't work overnight."

"But... you said it was magical."

"Yeah, it's magic, not an impossible miracle. You can't rush this. You have to give yourself time to heal." He took out a green bubbly potion with his painted hands. "Take this once a day. When you finish the bottle it regenerates. Keep taking it."

Hey, that's like my testosterone potion. "...Okay."

"There's no shame. You need it. It's like being wounded by a dragon. This isn't something you can recover from by ignoring it. You need proper treatment for it."

"...Okay." Yea, don't blame yourself for something you can't control. People who tell you to get over it are wrong. People who tell you you're weak are wrong. You're not exaggerating. You need help. "Can I stay here for a bit? I'm tired, but I feel a bit better."

He smiled, "Sure." He waved his long arms and turned the ground into soft grass. "Just tell me when you're ready, I'll teleport you back."

Diyaa blushed and awkwardly lay down, putting the potion carefully in his pocket. Wow that's soft grass the wizard looks very cute too I'd really like to see him again I'd like him to serenade me ah I'd like to get home and talk to Char they'll be very happy I did a quest Char I'm a good person I forgot to eat my sea serpent I'll eat it when I get up probably wow maybe I should've been a wizard instead of a hero...Soon, his thoughts died down and he drifted away to a good sleep, the best sleep he'd had in ages.

Fantasy Writing Contest: A Day in Xanthia

By: Hamad Al-Khaled

It was a sunny day in Xanthia-by-the-Sea, and the people were celebrating. Festival lights adorned the narrow streets of the bustling city, and laughing confetti burst magically from the cramped buildings onto the swarming crowd dancing their way to the palace.

It had been a month since Karos the Foul had been slain by a group of intrepid adventurers, and the workers tasked with rebuilding the crippled metropolis had had to contend with swathes of joyous citizens celebrating seemingly endlessly, ecstatically relieved that the great evil of their age had been slain. Now the people moved in a seamless river towards the ocean, streams breaking off to pass through alleyways and over houses where the still steaming wreckage blocked their path, all headed to the palace. The golden seat of King Alain had stood proudly defiant against the flaming strikes of Karos' dragon legions and the steps of the palace was where the mysterious and powerful group of five were to be rewarded for their heroism.

On a rooftop in the artificer's quarter, a young street urchin with a shock of blonde hair and piercing blue eyes who worked as a sweeper for an alchemist whose science-magical experiments tended towards the more explosive side of the spectrum leaned over the balcony excitedly,

taking in the city below. His small hands drumming the railing, he called out behind him "Jan! Come see this! Everyone's headed to the ceremony!". A short, pale boy with mousy brown hair rubbing his eyes sleepily walked up beside him and peered over the side. Pilo turned to his friend and grabbed him, wildly gesticulating, "Come on! We've gotta get going or we're going to miss it!"

Without waiting for his friend to answer, Pilo leapt over the side of the alchemist's workshop and started running across the roofs of the various buildings that made up the artificer's quarter, scaring a flock of pigeons witnessing a philosophical debate between two ancient gargoyles who were discussing the finer points of millennial erosion in regards to the temporal consistency of gargoyle aesthetics on the roof of Magda's Mystical Conservatory. As Pilo soared by, one of the gargoyles by the name of Hukal-on-North dropped his pipe and swore furiously, leading future historians chronicling this event to speculate on the nature of the pigeons', who had flown in from Copis Carnavalus nearly half a continent away to witness this final conversation, panicked departure from the area. Nonplussed, Hukal's colleague continued with a particularly pointed observation of decaying wing symmetry and the virtues of granite versus marble.

Jan, grumbling, started out after Pilo, who had by now made his way to the steeple of the Temple of Dan'thar, and was trying to calculate the jump between his precarious position and the top of the gate that marked the entrance of Xanthia-by-the-Sea's bazaar, famed for its colorful, mysterious and thoroughly well-stocked

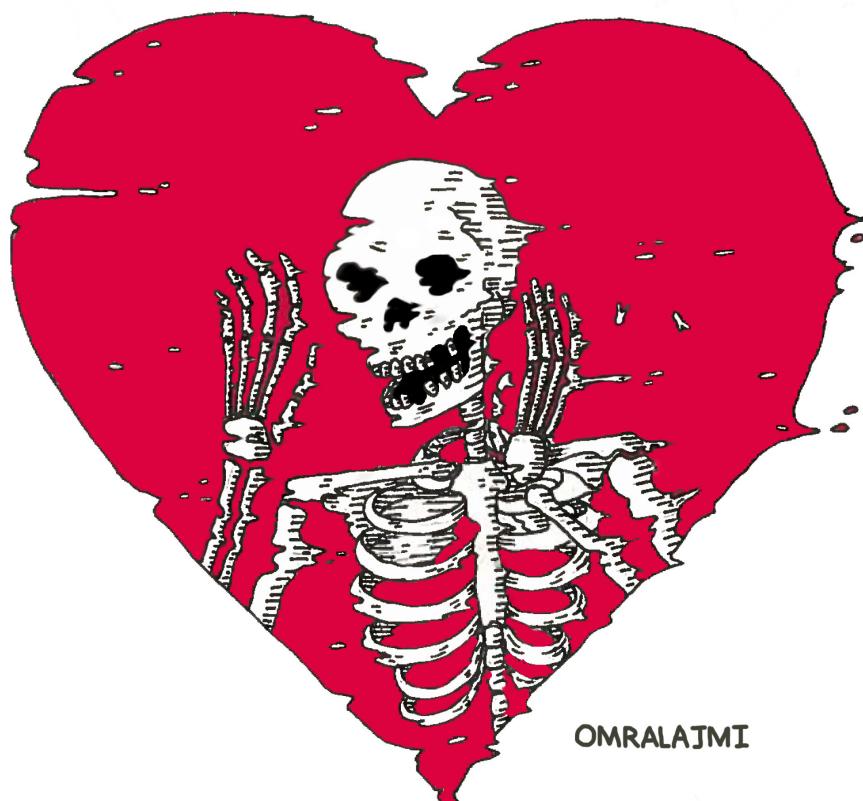
merchants trading in oddities from all around the world thanks to the city's bustling port. Miraculously, the bazaar had been untouched by Karos' assault, and more than a few city officials suspected it had something to do with the highly effective and highly illegal scrolls of protection from thieving and damage that the merchants had hidden beneath their stalls.

Just as Jan arrived at the steeple, huffing and trying to catch his breath, Pilo jumped to the gate, clearing it and tucking into an acrobatic roll to land in a currently unoccupied cart full of hay, and set off through the streets. Jan spared a passing glance at the priests of the Cult of Dan'thar, who were engaged in a conversation with their god, a 60 meter tall behemoth crouching in the church's massive yard, moving tattoos adorning his divine flesh that told the story of the god's birth and his achievements culminating in the birth of his prophet, a saint and founder of the cult who had died and been canonized centuries ago, and continued on.

Jan found Pilo arguing with the proprietor of a magical clothing store and it seemed that in his hurry he had tipped over one of the clothing racks and torn a valuable garment, shining and buzzing with magical energy. After extracting a promise from the impatient Pilo to return and work to repay the damage, the storekeeper waved him on his way and Jan fell by Pilo's side in a leisurely gait as they sprinted to the roof of the Sapphire Court, where they'd be able to view the ceremony in all its splendor.

Gasping, they arrived, and as they beheld the sight before them, were struck dumb. The massive steps were crowded with people talking and laughing and watching a group of five very different and very powerful people bowing before King Alain as he lay wreaths on their heads. Yomas the Elf, a powerful wizard. Grak the dwarf, the greatest blacksmith of this age and an immovable bulwark. Renna, the fair haired fae sorceress from the north. Bumpsa, a jovial islander skilled with a sword and whip, widely said to be the charmer of the group. And finally, Princess Naema, King Alain's own daughter and the leader of the group, a skilled archer who, it was said, was responsible for the killing blow on Karos the Foul that had saved the city and the world. The masses cheered as King Alain kissed his daughter on both cheeks and as he raised her arm, the crowd went wild with applause.

Pilo, his head between his hands, viewed this spectacle with awe. "Wow," he sighed, "What I wouldn't give to be down there." He tilted his head to the side. "I wonder how hard it was to fight Karos?" Behind him, Jan stepped up and in one smooth motion drew a dagger and slipped it between the bones in Pilo's skinny back, and smiled, his eyes gleaming a dark and odious gold, and said, "It wasn't that easy."





Do you want to be a WOM performer?

Word of Mouth Poetry is looking for spoken word artists for their next event. If you are interested please submit a video/voice note of your writings to info@wompoetry.com.



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Word Of Mouth - Poetry

SENIOR



BUCKET LIST

WINNER GETS A LAPTOP AS A GIFT AND A GRAND PRIZE THAT WILL HELP YOUR PROFESSIONAL LIFE

Hello Seniors!

Let us introduce you to our very own bucket list, not that anyone is sentenced to death but if you think that after you graduate things will be lively, you are mistaken. Without further ado, a list of 15 tasks are presented to you and are to be completed. These tasks are meant to help you detach from AUK in a healthy manner while leaving a meaningful print behind. The deadline for the completion of all tasks is the day after graduation (**8th of June 2017**).

Follow @thevoiceofauk to stay updated for further details!

To be featured on AUK media outlets, gifted a laptop, Counseling centre services such as; mock interview. A chance to get interviewed and receive constructive criticism.

1. Diner meal. (Get the receipt, staple it to the checklist, obtain signature from Chef).
2. Enter every single building at AUK: for proof we may hang posters within every building and have the students sign them.
 - B BUILDING- (5th floor front desk signature)
 - A BUILDING- (4th floor front desk signature)
 - STUDENT CENTER- (Student Life signature)
 - ADMINISTRATION BUILDING-
(bookstore front desk signature)
 - ADMISSIONS- (Front office signature)
 - REGISTRAR- (Front office signature)
3. Take the AUK shuttle and take a picture as you are on the shuttle. Get the bus driver's signature.

4. Speak to a Department chair you have never spoken to before. Must obtain their signature and sign your name on the signup sheet.
5. Bury a time capsule (event in collaboration with The Gaming Club).
6. Visit The Voice office and leave a note on window. Signature from member of The Voice needs to be obtained.
7. Perform a given exercise at the gym. (A signature must be obtained by the gym instructor/keeper).
8. Mr. Abdulraheem Sallam, play table tennis with him.(Must obtain signature and sign on sign-up sheet).
9. Find wolfpack mascot and take a picture with him/her. (Mascot will stamp the SBL, a photograph will need to be submitted for proof).
10. Frame at the library; sign your name and leave a book recommendation from the AUK library! (A signature must be obtained as evidence.)
11. Tea with The President for seniors. (Sign-up sheet will be provided at the event)
12. Play Billiards with Bader Al-Sayed. (Signature must be obtained on SBL) Location: Hangout.
13. Hang plants on a designated area on campus.(In collaboration with Al-Akhdar Environmental Club) (Signature by member of Al-Akhdar Environmental club must be obtained).
14. AUK trivia with Omar Mehdi. (Signature must be obtained by Omar Mehdi. Student must get %50 correct).
15. Take a selfie with the president on Graduation day.
(Photograph must be submitted as evidence).