

AUK STUDENT MAGAZINE

VOICE

February Issue



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AUK



Anas Rasheed



The History of the Kuwaiti Currency in 10 points

Yasmin Ibrahim

1. During the early to mid 20th century, Kuwait used the Indian Rupee alongside other Gulf countries.
2. Gulf Rupee was introduced in 1959 by the Indian government. The purpose was for India to separate their own currency from the Arab world to avoid financial issues.
3. Kuwait pulled a “peace out” and gained independence. The first issue of the Kuwaiti Dinar was introduced in April 1961.
4. The Central Bank of Kuwait (CBK) released the first phase of the second issue: 1/4, 1/2 and 10 Dinar banknotes in November, 1970.
5. CBK released the second phase of the second issue: 1 and 5 Dinar banknotes in April, 1971.
6. 20 Dinar note was added in 1986, six years after the third issue’s release in February 1980.
7. National Currency use was cancelled in 1990 due to Iraqi invasion.
8. The KWD returned in 1991 after the liberation, with the fourth series being issued in higher quality material and more vibrant colors.
9. Fifth issue was released in 1994. Technological and security advancements were made during printing to avoid counterfeiting.
10. Sixth and final issue were released in 2014, with the highest quality thus far, in both design and materials used. Font size increased so people with visual impairment would be able to differentiate banknotes.



ALPHA PSI OMEGA BRINGS YOU

A **KU**WAITI PLAY



Alpha Psi Omega is a National Theatre Honor Society, AUK's official drama club. Last year, the APO team created a combination of classical Kuwaiti plays into a modern setting, and this year was no different. The team performed a play by the name "ذهب أسود" meaning Black Gold, on February 18th in the Black Box. The short play was centered around 2 parties fighting over leadership of Kuwait, each appealing to different needs that the audience might have. The play lasted around 15 minutes and was special in the way it engaged with the audience, as improvisation allowed them to turn this simple play into an interactive event.

What made the play stand out is the fact that the actors broke the fourth wall and improvised constantly which kept the audience on their toes and also allowed them to be a part of the play and interact with the performers. APO also offered Kuwaiti desserts and drinks to the students before and after the play, so as to give off an entirely authentic and celebratory atmosphere completely dedicated to Kuwait. The play, alongside the decorations and the complimentary snacks, made for a one of a kind experience for students who attended. APO's work could not be missed and their dedication for the characters and the play they performed was awe inspiring.

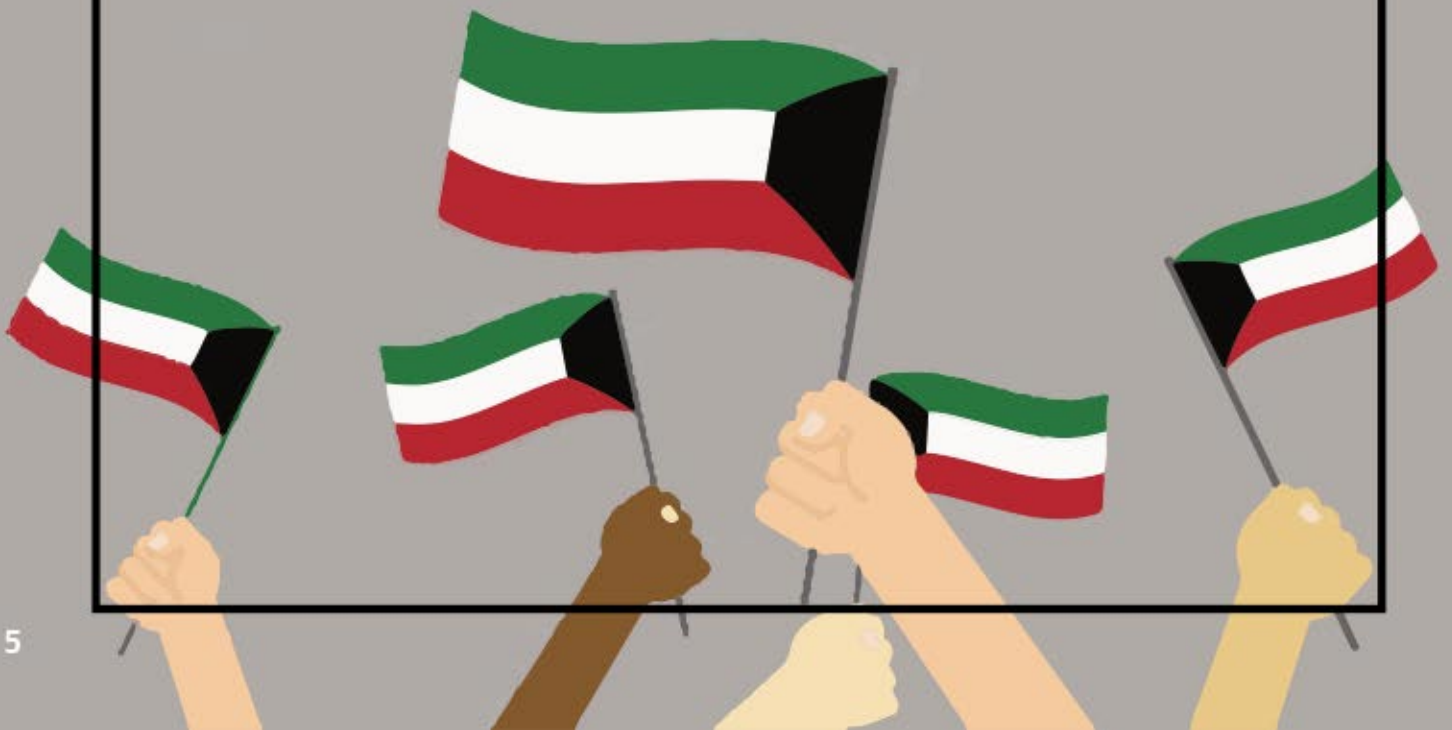
Shortly before the play, APO decorated the Black Box to make it look traditionally Kuwaiti. Inside, the students gathered every half hour to watch the play as the team performed it multiple times for all the students to get the chance to watch it. The stage setting was simple and uncomplicated, 2 groups separated on either side of the room and the actors that played the hosts or interviewers located in the center stage. An election was taking place and the entire play was focused on how each chose to represent their party and the promises they made to the people.



@Retaj Ashkanani

VOICE X SIGMA TAU DELTA

Celebrate Kuwait



On the 18th of February, The Voice team joined forces with Sigma Tau Delta, AUK's English Honor Society, to host an event for Kuwait's National/Liberation day. The 2 teams got together prior to the day's events to brainstorm ideas to make the celebrations of the day special for all the parties involved. The goal was to give the AUK community an opportunity to share their memories in various places around Kuwait and show their appreciation. Between the different ideas that flooded the discussion table, the 2 sides finally settled on a simple but effective idea that would unify the AUK community under their shared love for Kuwait.



@Anas Rasheed

The idea was simple: 4 Canvases were put out on easels in the recreational area next to a booth. Each easel featured the name of a Kuwaiti landmark that students know and visit. They were asked to share some fond memories at any place of their choice and then enter their name in the raffle draw. The students then proceeded to pick out various colored felt tips and write on the canvases. Over the course of 2 hours, the canvases were filled with colors and happy memories as well as some funny anecdotes shared by the student body.

Following their brief contribution to the time capsule, the students took cupcakes from the booth and went on with their lives while more joined and contributed to the fun. The event lasted from 2 to 4 pm and students were buzzing around the recreational area to join the fun. Members of both clubs were there at all times to supervise the event and urge students to contribute to the special day. It was an overall successful cooperation between the two teams and they hope to have more collaborations in the future.

A Message from a Graduating English Major

by Nawaf Almahdi

In the modern world liberal arts are often ignored if you are a bachelor's degree holder, but if you carry a Masters Degree or PhD, you are respected by most. From a senior English major to freshmen students who are majoring in English or any other Liberal Arts/Humanities majors, here's what I have to say to you.

Ask yourself the following questions:

- 1) Why did I pick this major?
- 2) Am I satisfied with picking this major?
- 3) What will the future hold for me once I graduate?

The point I am trying to get across is finding skills that could benefit you throughout your undergraduate years, and here's what I can offer.



First: Soft Skills and their long-life benefits.

What are soft skills? They are skills that can be learned on the side that could benefit you when applying to part time jobs while studying in college or full-time once you graduate. These skills range from learning how to copy-write & without; proofread, computer programming, Microsoft Office, photography, photoshop, and art. Even learning new languages orally and in written form can boost your self-confidence AND job resume.

The reason I encourage you to learn new soft skills is so you wouldn't rely on your college degree alone and have a backup to support you. If you cannot afford lessons that can help your soft skills, YouTube is free and it has so many videos and lectures by Ivy League Professors from Harvard and Yale, providing a wide array of topics you can learn from.

YouTube also has videos that can teach you other soft skills with a few keyboard clicks, so utilize that platform as much as you can.

Second: Read everything. I mean everything!

Every major in the fields of academia requires enormous amounts of research, and being creative in writing assignments requires lots and lots of reading books, essays, and journals within and outside your major; this is very helpful if you are looking for new ideas to write for your next final paper or strike an eye opening conversation with your friends.

As an English major, I learned to read everything even before beginning my journey of undergrad, and it helped me present fresh ideas to my professors during group presentation assignments.



Third: If you don't ask, you don't get.

I think it is a universal trope that the majority of humans hate participation in large classrooms, since one may either stutter the answer, is not confident that the answer might be correct, hasn't done their reading, or may have fear of bullying and sneering from other peers. I believe in the philosophy, "If you don't ask, you don't get."

The reason this philosophy helped me in my major is because it made me recognizable by professors. Professors are not looking for someone who is silent most of the semester and just attends so he doesn't get punished for missing class; they are looking for students who question everything and critically think of excellent rhetorical situations. You need to learn to question everyone and everything, because not only could this help you academically,

but could also open doors for you filled with opportunities that you don't want to miss. So in conclusion, if one truly wants something, they will relentlessly search for it; these three powerful tips were taught to me by my dear father, a man whose wisdom did save me in many situations. I urge you to reread the article for reference, it is what I can offer you, and you can thank me in the future.



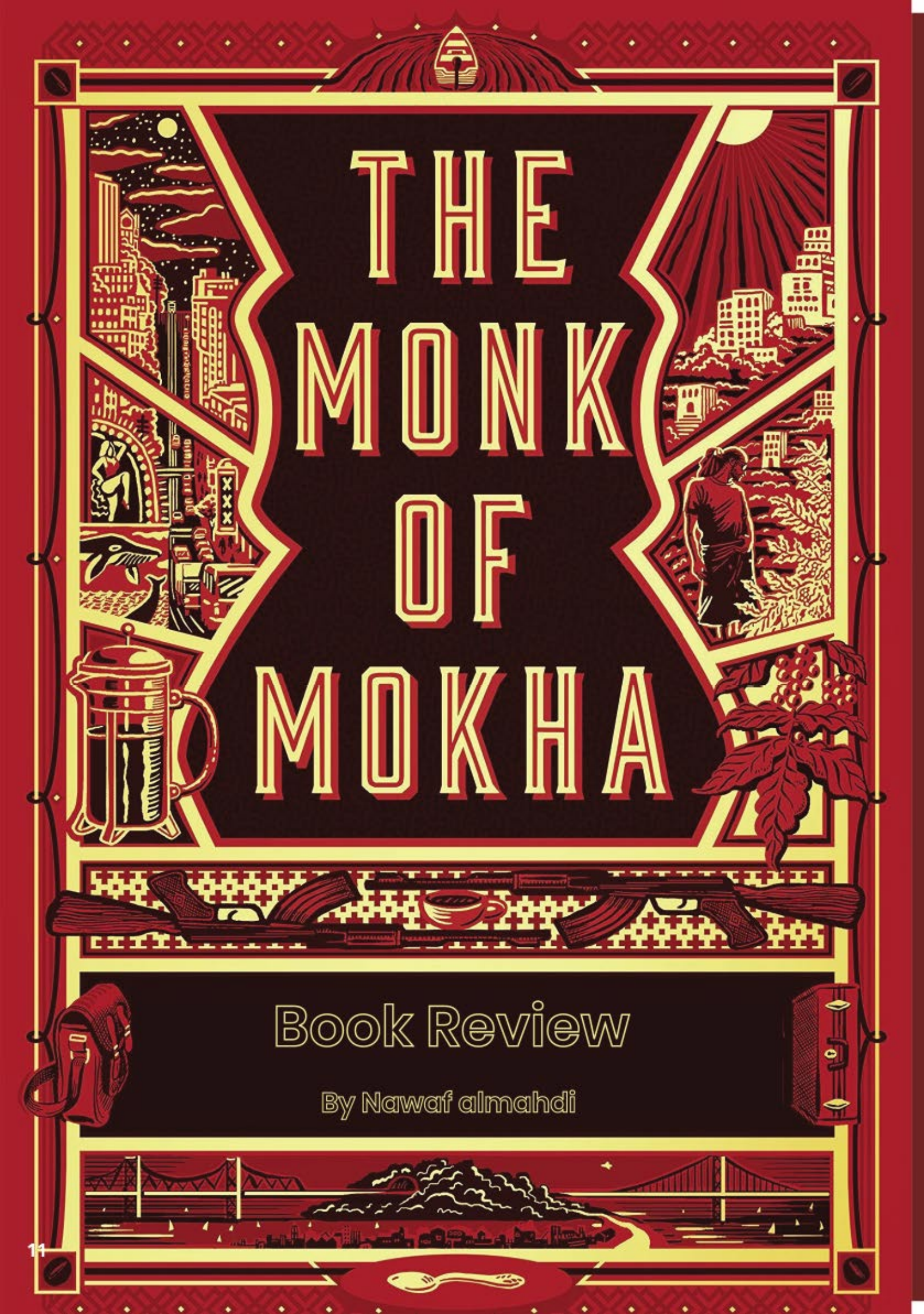




Enter -
tainment



Anas Rasheed



THE MONK OF MOKHA

Book Review

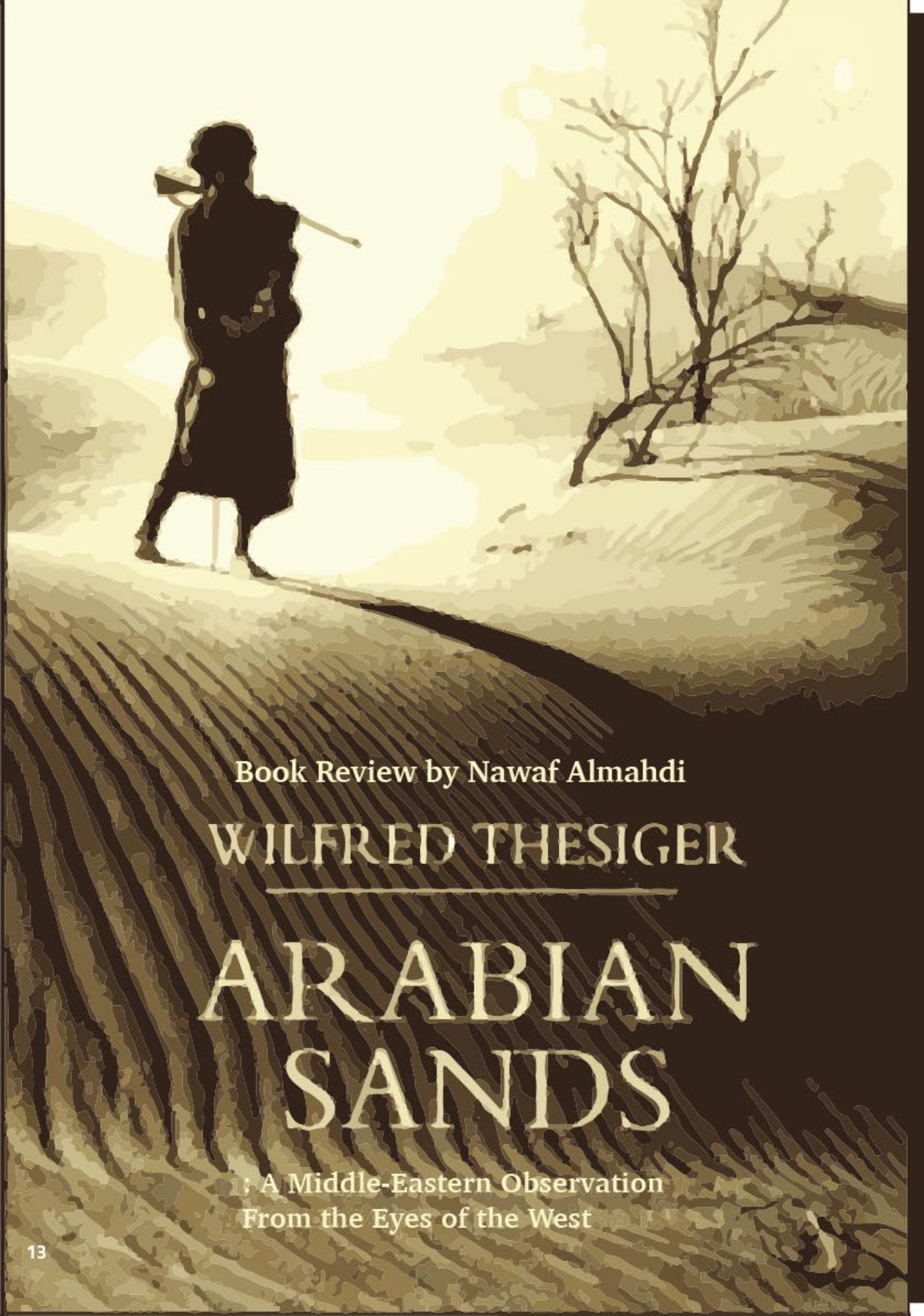
By Nawaf almahdi

As a coffee enthusiast, I like trying new caffeinated beverages from other countries. If you like coffee stories, *The Monk of Mocha*, by Dave Eggers is the perfect choice for you. The story involves a Yemeni-American man whose struggle to enter Law School ended with him becoming a one of a kind coffee connoisseur.

The format of the story is easy to read, and involves observations from the protagonist's view of the world as an Arab. If you are new to the coffee world, the book provides the background of the caffeine filled plant from its point of origin, methods of brewing, and types of coffee-beverages created with its history.

The book is quite long, but it is worth reading every page. I liked the writer's style of describing places, his passion for spreading knowledge about coffee as an important subject that binds us as a society; moreover, I highly recommend this book over a fresh pot of coffee to maximize the experience, and give this book an absolute 10/10.





Book Review by Nawaf Almahdi

WILFRED THESIGER

ARABIAN SANDS

: A Middle-Eastern Observation
From the Eyes of the West

Sir Wilfred Thesiger's book *Arabian Sands* is an amazing piece of literature that shaped the new age of Travel Literature. The book itself is about the author's birth in Abyssinia (modern day Ethiopia), alongside his journey from Africa to Al-Rubaa Al-Khali (aka The Empty Quarter in Saudi Arabia in the 1930's) where he travelled with a pack of Bedu travelers from Oman to nearby countries like the Emirates, Saudi Arabia, and Yemen.

What makes Thesiger a spectacular travel writer is his keen observations on behavior, cultural backgrounds, and difficulties of being a Westerner traveling amongst Arabs. Throughout the book, Thesiger compliments Arabs on many things, starting with their generosity, their kindness towards strangers, and even their knowledge of the desert.

I read this book for my senior seminar class last semester, and what I learned from travel writing's origins was that the writer's only evidences before the age of Facebook and Twitter were journals, photographs, notes, and even realia from the countries they visited (e.g. flowers, traditional clothes, spices, food, etc); furthermore, Thesiger states that he stripped himself from everything that brought him pleasure, such as modern medicine, protective headgear from the blistering sun, even withstanding starvation and extreme thirst in his journey.

A man like Thesiger is rare to find nowadays because he took risks to experience true pleasure from simplistic means of living; call it Minimalism, because I thought the same thing the first time I finished reading the book.

I highly recommend this book for those who enjoy reading about History, Cultural Studies, and Travel Literature, and my rating for this book is 9/10.



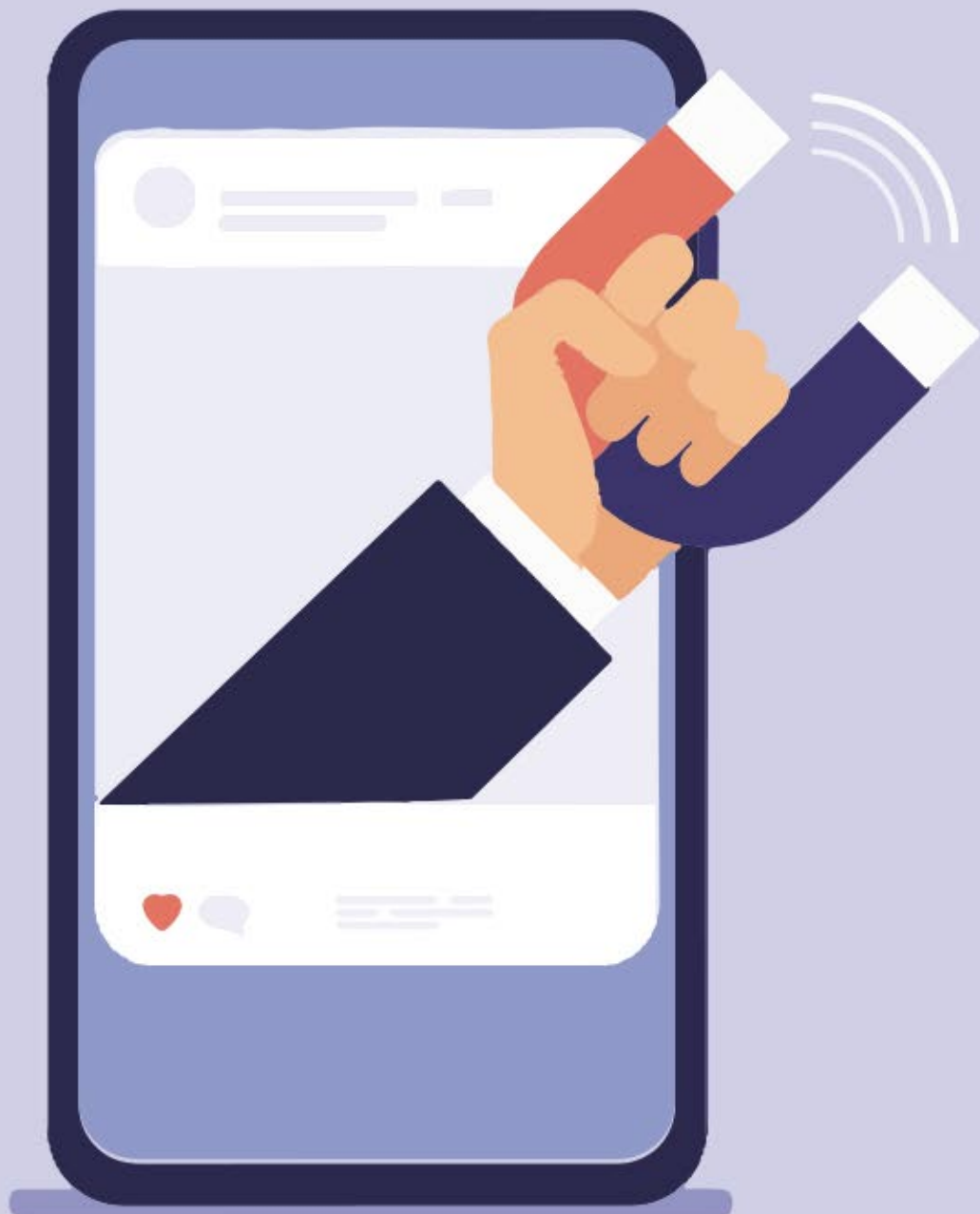
Lifestyle

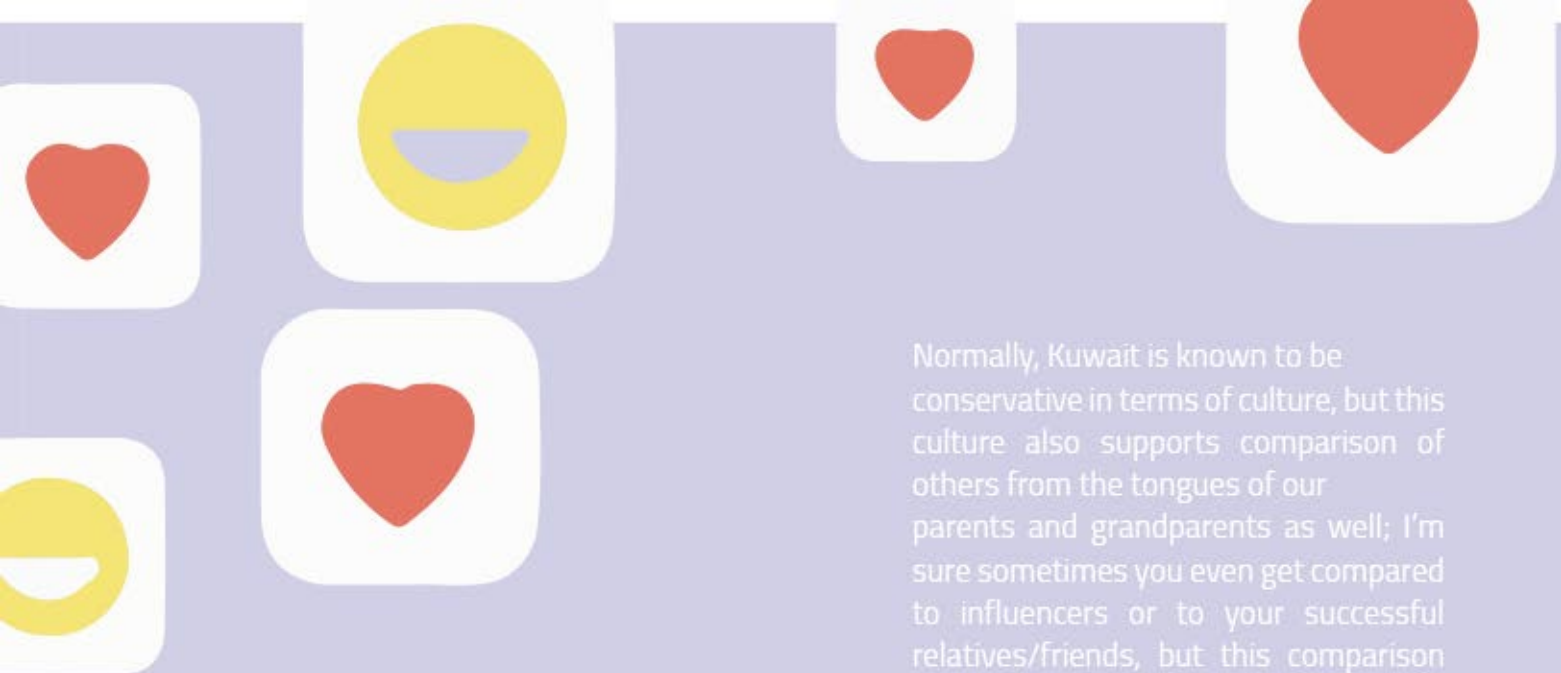


Detox Soup to Heal Thyself

by Nawaf Almahdi

When you wake up every morning, your phone is to your right, you pick it up and greet your eyes with an OLED screen filled with sleepless inducing light; don't even dare deny it to me or to anyone else. The first thing that comes to your social media feed is either a celebrity showing off their materialism or a scandal involving them.





Ask yourself, when you look at the materialistic objects these 'influencers' have, doesn't it sometimes anger you because you don't have these things? The term influencer is thrown here and there on anyone who has over a million followers on Instagram, Twitter, or YouTube for that matter. If you could shut down your phone for an entire day and avoid looking at those influencers, whether you like them or not, you will experience FOMO, which is Fear of Missing Out. FOMO is in all of us, and even I do have it, but why do we have it? FOMO is caused by our fear of not only missing out minute by minute updates, but also to be seen as 'cool' or 'hip' by our Millennial and Gen Z peers.

Everyone deserves freedom of speech, but I do think the reason why we compare ourselves to influencers is a psychological need of validation, and everyone deserves validation every now and then; however, there is a toxic behavior that is spreading around young adults to the point that some of them started to develop depression.

Normally, Kuwait is known to be conservative in terms of culture, but this culture also supports comparison of others from the tongues of our parents and grandparents as well; I'm sure sometimes you even get compared to influencers or to your successful relatives/friends, but this comparison needs to stop.

Right now you're going to ask "Nawaf, how do I prevent comparing myself to influencers? How do I stop my parents from comparing me to others?" The first thing YOU need to do is turn off your phone for two hours, take a hot shower, tidy-up your room, and enjoy a cup of tea; this method works for me, but to be completely serious, delete social media every now and then and busy yourself by listening to Ted Talks, read something new, or go for a jog.

Whenever I have a thought about comparing myself, I immediately start wearing my running shoes and go for a jog, then delete my social media applications for an entire week, or even longer. Consider the message of this article that you should detoxify your mind and soul from social media every now and then, because your mental health must never be ignored for the sake of validation from strangers online.

النهاية

حوراء وحيد

فوضى عارمة في الأرجاء. أحاديث أود التحدث بها لعلها تخرج مني وتنتهي. فمتى ينتهي هذا الشعور وتنتهي معه؟ أنت البرد القارس، وعتمة الليالي. أنت الأذى، والعمى، والوجع، والتعب. مُرْك سُكر، وتعبك الأجمل. أنت الذي هزمتني دائماً، أنا التي تابى إلا أن تنتصر .

فالآن، سأخذ عهداً على نفسي، هذه آخر الرسائل لك، وآخر الرسائل التي سأكتبها. من بعدك؟ لا أحد. من قبلك؟ لا أحد. أنت الأول والآخر والمنتصف، المنتصف الذي أرهقني، أفقدني عقلي. أنت سرت من خلالي، لم تكن يوماً عابراً كالآخرين. لكنك كنت رمادياً، لم تستطع رؤية ألواني. لن أتركك يا عزيزي عبثاً، سأتركك حين تؤذيني، وأنا متأكدة أن هذا اليوم قادم لا محالة. لا أقوى على التعلق مرة أخرى. فكلما اتجهت اليك تناثرت أكثر. أربكت عالمي المبعثر. أخذ نسيانك



عمرًا من عمري، وأرهقت كي أُمسح تفاصيلك من حياتي. لم تكن روحي سعيدة حينها، لكن كل من رأيَ ظنَّ أنني الأسعد. مبتسمة دائماً، لم يدركوا أن فاقد الشيء دائماً يعطيه. فلا بأس، كأني لم أنطفئ، لا بأس كأني لم أنخدش، لا بأس، كأني لم تكن. الفراغ الذي تركته داخلي، ظننت أنه امتلأ حين فهمني غيرك، أنت الذي لم تفهمني يوماً، حين اهتم بي غيرك، أنت الذي لم تظهر لي أنك تهتم يوماً. لكن حين عدت، أدركت أنه لم يستطع أحد ملئ هذا الفراغ غيرك أنت.

من بعدك، خرجت حياتي عن النص فأصبحت أرشد التائهين وأنا عالقة بالمتاهة. حزينه أنا على محاولاتٍ التي باءت بالفشل. لا زلت أفتقدك كأني لست هنا. لا أعلم السبب ولا أكرث. وجودك بعيداً لا يكفيني وإن كان يكفيك. قالت لي احداً أن مشعة هذه الفترة. شكراً يا نور أيامي وظلام روحي. فروحي لا تستطيع أن تبصر الطريق. لعل كلامي هذا يظهر ضعفي، لكن صدقني لم أعد أكرث. فأنت رفيقي، بل أنت كل رفاقي. هذا ليس وداعاً، لكنه نهاية شيء كان لا بد أن ينتهي. تذكر، حين يخذلك الجميع، اتجه نحوي، أنا هنا، دائماً وللأبد حتى لو لم نكن نتحدث. هذه نهاية للفوضى، وكفى.

من باء وصل الود، بعنا دياره

حوراء وحيد

رسالتي اليوم ليست له، فهو لا يستحقها. رسالتي اليوم إلى نفسي . اليّ أنا، تلك التي أضاعت عمراً من عمرها تنتظر الصدى من قلب خاو لم ينبض لها حتى لدقيقة. ليتني أستطيع مُعانقتي كي أشعر أنّي بخير، وأنّي لم أذل. ظننت أنّي سأبكي، مضى أسبوع ولم أذرف دمعة. أهذا الهدوء قبل عاصفة الانهيار؟ أم هذا حصيلة سنين من الخيبات. تعهدت على نفسي أنّي لن أكتبه ثانية، لكنّي فكرت مراراً، وقررت أنّي لن أمنحه حتى هذا الشيء. فسأظل أكتب، فلا ذنب للكلمات بما يفعله الآخرون. سأكتب لنفسي اليوم، وغداً، حتى تعجز الكلمات عن وصف ما بداخلي .

Love
yourself
first

أظن أنني لم أحبه يوماً، أظن أنني تعلقت به الى حد الجنون. لا، لست مُمتنة
للذي حدث بيننا، لا، لست مُمتنة لك، لا، لم تكن يوماً أجمل شيء في
حياتي. صدقني، فقد كنت الفوضى في عالمي المثالي. كنت دائماً خارجاً عن
قواعدي، لم أعرف نفسي وأنا معك. كان مزاجي دائماً سيئاً، ثقّتي بنفسي
مهتزة، كانت بصمتك الأسوء يا هذا. ولكن سُبْحان من ينزع من الفؤاد ما
يشاء، فها نحن نكبر معاً مثل عائلة سعيدة، أنا، وأنت والمسافة بيننا.
لكنك لن تنساني يوماً، فأنا شخص لا تنساه الذاكرة. ستراني أينما ذهبت
وأينما اتجهت. ستبكي يوماً على اضاعتك لي، ولن أكون بجانبك حينها.
لا أكثرث صدقني. كنت سعادةً موقوتة، فعندما كنت أتحدث معك، كنت
أشعر بنشوة لا توصف، لكن عندما كانت تمر ساعة دونك، أنتكس وأشعر
أنني بحاجة الى جرعة منك .

هذا ليس حباً كما كنت أظن، هذا سُم قاتل كاد أن يقتلني. لن أنطفئ أنا
اليوم من بعدك، بل سأضيء كالشمس المشرقة في أول أيام الصيف، و
سأزهر كالوردة الجورية في أول أيام الربيع. اليوم سأنهض من تحت أنقاض
رماديتك الخانقة، اليوم سأرى النور، لا بل سأصبح النور رغم ظالمك الذي
اكتسحني كُل هذه السنين. أنت اليوم في عداد المنسيين. أعرف أنني الان
على ما يرام، فلا أحن لشخص لا يستحقني، شخص قرر أن يخسرني لأن حُبي
كثير عليه. سأخضع مَحَبّتي في قلبي إلى اليوم الذي يبعث ربي السكينة إليه،
فأعطي كُل الحب للذي يستحقه حقاً. كنت دائماً جداراً مائلاً، لم أستطع يوماً
الاستناد عليك. فُكُنْتُ أكبر خيبة أمل في حياتي. كنت تحب حُبي لك، وتعشق
وجود من يغفر لك كُل صغيرة وكبيرة .

كنت أنا النجوم في لياليك المظلمة وكُنْتُ أنت الزوبعة في منتصف العاصفة.
أسفي على الوقت الذي أمضيته في رفع أشياء لا تستحق الصعود. عزائي
الوحيد في كُل هذه الفوضى، أن ربي سيسألك عني. أرني كيف ستستطيع
القاء اللوم على الآخرين الآن. حان الوقت كي أمجد نفسي اليوم، فاليوم
"أغلقتنا الاضواء، من يريد أن يجدنا فليحرق نفسه". أوْمن جداً أن الله يخبئ
قلبي لمن يشبهه. فالقلوب على نقائها تقع. اكتفيت الآن من أجل القتال
لاهتمامك . سيمحيك الغياب من ذاكرتي، فلا شوق لدي ولا حنين. سأنهيك
هنا، في آخر كتاباتي. ستنتهي كما بدأت، مُجرد محض من الخيال .



Retaj Ashkanani

A person is standing on a sandy beach, holding a large Italian flag (green, white, and red horizontal stripes) that is waving in the wind. The background shows the ocean and a clear sky. The text "Students' Creativity" is overlaid in white on the bottom right of the image.

Students' Creativity

A close-up photograph showing a hand wearing a black nitrile glove pouring a stream of golden-brown coffee from a metallic pitcher into a white disposable cup. The background is a warm, out-of-focus brown. The text 'Over My Dead Coffee' is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Over My Dead Coffee

by Nawaf Almahdi

I am waiting for a friend at the coffee shop that I usually go to on Saturdays. He is often seen at religious places, such as Mosques, Churches, and Synagogues; what makes him far more curious to the nostrils is how he always leaves behind a scent trail of formalin and chrysanthemums. The coffee shop's door was swung open with force, the bell ringing aloud from the door's top corner.

The barista's nose scrunched up a little, my friend stood in front of him, giving away his usual order "One large mug of toffee nut latte with extra whip cream on top." "Anything else, sir?" "Yes, how many died today?" Asked my friend, the barista's spine tingling with uncomfortable vibes surrounding his body "Uh.. I don't know sir.. the newspaper rack is right there." The papers rack was decaying, almost hasn't been either changed or cleaned since the coffee shop's opening.

The man sighed as he picked up a newspaper, fresh from the printing press with its authentic paper smell, a smell that is the cousin of both fresh and old books you would find at the library in your university. How would I describe my friend? Well, I never saw him eat a lot, but some say he is as carnivorous as a wolf chasing down a rabbit? Which is odd, because the only dish I see him eat whenever we meet up would be a grilled chicken breast with lots of boiled broccoli and potatoes on the side.

His profession might be a bit distasteful to regular folk, but heavily admired by members of intelligentsias and secret societies.. sometimes he likes to tease me about my office job, even offering me ways to kill my fat boss who hoards his employees' lunches from the office refrigerator. I would also describe him as meek, but also explosive at times.

His explosive attitude often arises when he reads the crime section in the newspaper, yelling at me with lectures about how people waste their lives chasing notoriety when Death is at their doorstep all the time. Come to think of it, I once asked him this question: "How would you describe someone dying?" His answer was this: "Imagine closing your eyes and seeing nothing, and that nothingness is a world of endless black skies, ground, and walls.

It is a nothingness you think can cross its borders, but to put it in simpler terms, it is a sea with no shore. This nothingness is a world where one moves after living a world where either you are eternally loved for your money, fame, and physical outlook; or, if you lived in eternal misery, where humans claim they're equal to other humans but will trash any man with little to no money or sustenance. The material world is just how Plato would describe Poetry,

an artificial entity created from something original that our minds simply cannot comprehend, because if we were able to comprehend it, there will be nothingness, and that NOTHINGNESS is the distant relative of 'boredom'. We shout 'carpe diem!'; yet the diem is seized with inane gossip, seeking unnecessary wealth at the cost of innocent souls, and children believe their parents to be immortal, yet ignorant of the nothingness beyond.

When one sits alone in the shadows, it is but an improv for the world beyond, but less terrifying.. why? Because once this improv becomes real, there are no closing curtains for the show in Purgatory." I tried comprehending what he said, but the barista called for my friend to pick up his order before he would continue with his speech. I tilted my head outside to the window, witnessing a car crash. My eyes widened as my friend sat in front of me again, looking at the sight where my head was tilted towards to, smiling.. just smiling.

"I knew this was going to happen today.. mmm.. this cuppa java is to die for."



I HERE BY GIVE MY WORD
THAT I WILL WORK HARD
TO MAKE MY COUNTRY
PROUD!



