

SPOTLIGHT

2021-2022

Challenge Yourself, Involve Yourself, Be Your Best

Al Batinah International School

Academic year 2021-2022

“Spotlight”

Sohar, Oman

Forward

This book represents a selection of the quality work that students at ABIS have produced in the 2021-2022 academic year.

This is a book that I will compile each year to honor excellent student work. This is issue one. I am already on the lookout for great work to add to issue two. The goal with creating this book is to encourage students to see the value in what they produce and to challenge themselves to do better. Great work is never an accident. It comes from dedication and persistence. Hard work, thought, and sweat.

These selections were nominated by teachers and present a variety of age groups across secondary and come from a variety of different subject areas. I hope you enjoy reading this first edition and that you will, like we do, feel pride in the work of our students here at ABIS.

Sincerely,

Michael DeMaranville

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Through Pain, We Can Still Find Happiness

Maria Veiga dos Santos

He was on his knees as a gun was placed behind his upper neck. He pleaded for his life, he didn't want to die. He was only 18 and with a gun to him, all due to a misunderstanding. The shot was made and a life was ended. The life of my brother.

I grew up in poverty. I think people don't usually understand what poverty truly looks like when their only problem in life is slow internet. I'll put it into perspective for you, I was born in a house where I watched the dogs in the street passing by through the gap of my wooden paneled home. We rushed to the supermarket after my father's payday to buy as much food as possible before the prices rose and we would manage to buy milk, bread, rice, and beans for that month. The streets of my neighborhood reeked of sewage water as the sewage system was practically nonexistent. Fortunately, I was able to receive a good education through my father's work in industrial companies, and as for my mother, she worked as a tailor and received little pay for her job. Although I was unfortunate in many areas of life, my siblings and I were able to indulge in the love of my sweet mother while she took some time off to look after us.



A picture of mother and I when she took care of us. We lived in a house similar to the one in the background made of wood.

During this time, many of my friends didn't have the luxury of a stay-at-home mom. However, my mother left us to work when I was finishing my primary years in school. My sister, at the time, was 12, looked after my younger brother and me alone. At least my mother and I became close during the time she looked after us, but this wasn't the same with my father growing up. Don't get me

wrong, he was the best father I could have under the circumstances of life. My father and I were estranged from each other as he wasn't present in my childhood. I used to see him from 6 pm to 9 pm after he would arrive from work. He would spend our money drinking and would only show up at home days after. He wasn't an example for us, but thankfully I grew up in the church and knew wrong from right the moment I was brought into this wicked world. We all grew up in church. I had tremendous faith in God, or so I thought at the time, and I attended all the church events, prayed every day, and was obedient to my parents, that being one of the principles of Christianity for children.

From the day he was born, my sister and I ran after my youngest brother to look after him from the problems he would get into. I was the opposite of what he was, so we often fought from our different perspectives. He was more courageous than I ever was or could be. Our relationship as siblings was very different from what you normally see in families. My sister and I acted as parents, keeping him away from trouble. As my parents worked to put food on the table and provide us with a good education. At the age of 14, we began to notice things at home missing. The sweat and tears my parents put into providing for the family were taken away by our own blood. Mother didn't think much of it when things went missing at home. Often after we visited friends and family, they would contact us asking about their missing belongings. How could my own brother put his family, the people who sacrificed their dreams to provide for him, through stealing from our other's home? How could I call him my own brother? He brought shame into the family. He dragged our name

through the mud. Yet, mother couldn't accept that her son could be capable of doing anything wrong. He was her little angel. Although, I can't blame my mother for this. She was simply being a mother. She loved him so much that it blinded her to what was happening in front of her. How could I blame her for his death?

“We often fight with those who mirror us” is a saying I often resonate with. My father used to spend his weekend nights at the bar and would often come back home 3 days later. Regularly, my mother would hide some of his paychecks so he wouldn't spend it all drinking, as he only stopped once there was no money left to spend. Occasionally, my mother would borrow money from friends and family to feed us due to my father's spending. My father was illiterate and left school in grade 2, so many would take advantage of him at the bar and count his money for him taking much more than they should've. His absence, as he drank his way through his paycheck, impacted all of us. My brother began to leave the house at 14 to drink and smoke with friends. He would often make jokes or play intentionally to hurt others. He would push and shove little kids at the park to hurt them. He would persistently hang out with drunks and drug dealers. Due to his bad company, he got arrested while hanging out with a friend who was selling drugs. I've heard and seen many times that “Bad company corrupts good character”- 1 Corinthians 15:33 as an example of my brother's life. These events led my father and brother to fight continuously to address my brother's behavioral issues. I heard, on too many occasions to count, this sentence blurred out of anger from my father's mouth, “I hope you die anyway”. Their fights, ever so often, became

violent, throwing objects at each other. In a sense, they were fighting to save each other. It was like a copy of my father in a younger body with an open door to drug use. This was the moment I understood the saying, “we often fight with those who mirror us”.

“Ismar, they killed your kid! They killed your kid!” was a sound no father wants to hear. I heard it coming from the streets. The shouting came closer and closer. I was laying in bed as we all heard it. I jumped out of my bedroom window and ran into the street. I saw the men who announced my brother’s death. I followed him behind a park. I had to see it for myself that it was him. As we ran, I began to process what this meant. I had lost a brother. Someone I grew up with and learned to love despite all the challenges. That's when I saw his heartless body on the floor. He was on his knees as the gun was being pointed behind his upper neck. The bullet ran through the back of his upper neck to the top of his right forehead. A pool of blood surrounded him. My brother wore the shorts my mother sewed from my father's pants and were covered in blood. His flip-flops were covered in blood. That's when I knew it was over. It was over for him and there was no going back. There was nothing else to be done. He was dead. The police officer at the crime scene asked if I knew who did this and I said, “If I knew who did this, I would kill them too”.

I had to leave. I had to take care of my parents through this. Both of them suffer from high blood pressure and they need me now more than ever before. They can't handle this. I have to take care of this now. It's in my hands. So, later that day, I went to the police station to

release the body and his death certificate. I had to pay for where my brother's body would rest along with other family members. They had to move the body of my grandparents to put my brother with them in the same hole. I had to buy the coffin where my brother's body would be lowered into the dirt and never seen again.

A hard moment I had faced was the moment I saw him there. He was laying peacefully in the coffin. They had removed the bullet from his head, but the wound was still open. Family and friends were coming to see him for the last time and the last image that they would have of their loved one was with a bullet hole in his forehead. I ran to the nearest pharmacy and bought a bandaid. I carefully covered up the mark of his violent death left on his body and solely let the bare sadness gloom around the room. The air was heavy and the lights seemed darker than usual. The worst moment was seeing my father looking at his son's lifeless body. The last glimpse that my father had of my brother was when he left to eat pizza at the park but never returned. The only knowledge of his son's death was the news he had received. The moment they opened the coffin to reveal my brother, that's the moment I imagined what a man who stops being a man looks like. This was what I saw when I looked at my father that saw him for the first time. He stopped existing for some time as if he was nothing. He became oblivious to everything around him. His surroundings were dulled out. His life lost its color and purpose. I saw it all in him. That moment I felt as though like his own son, his soul had left his body and only his carcass was left. Solely gravity kept him on his feet as his soulless body moped around the coffin. It felt as

though I wasn't only burying my brother that day, but my father too.

It's complicated to move on from the death for someone who shared memories with you and shared life, to let them go. However, we must move on to continue living our lives. A way to move past this tragic event was finding relief that it was all in God's plan. God works in mysterious ways and I learned that, helping me grow my faith in an unimaginable way.

After my brother's death, I spent 2 years blaming God for it. But I began to see that God was protecting our family and allowing us to grow. My brother was involved with bad people and when you can't catch the person you want, you hurt their family instead. I wouldn't be able to leave my family behind and let my mother take care of him, while I'm 13000 km away. I wouldn't have come to Oman and changed many people's lives. I wouldn't have grown as a professional and the family dynamic would change greatly. In this way, I was able to see that even though God put all of us in a difficult situation, it was for the good of us all in the end. We can see this attitude of God today in parents from all around the world. Parents often take away things or ground their children when they misbehave and it's done out of love for their children. No parent finds pleasure or happiness in seeing their children upset, but parents do it anyway because they know their children need to learn and grow. The same goes with God, he allows bad things to happen for us to grow and learn. It shows how much we depend on Him during those bad times. In conclusion, my brother's death brought my

family and my relationship with God closer, more than it could've been.

my Cat Dying ☹️

I was annoyed or anything that morning

get ready for school!

where is he? he was right here!

his window?

you know him, he's probably hiding somewhere

he's FINE

I was so annoyed at my mom because I HATE being late to school

FINE! I'll go LOOK FOR HIM

but then.....

Back of my house

Noooo!

I ran back inside with him. he was still breathing. that was the last time I held him....

My mom blamed herself for leaving him at the window.

Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe Breathe

This is all my fault

DO IT'S not. stay calm

I have to stay calm

he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
fine he's fine he's fine

YOU CAN'T SKIP SCHOOL TODAY. YOU MISSED TOO MANY CLASSES

he's fine he's fine he's fine
fine he's fine he's fine
fine he's fine he's fine

Classes seemed like torture. I don't remember what they taught that day.

he's fine he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine he's fine

I found his fur on my uniform and I held on to it.

he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine

I lost it... though I held on to it.

But I could breath again

he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine
he's fine he's fine he's fine

Something about losing it told me that he was gone. but I still couldn't accept it.

Karna? your mom is here!

my mom told me he was gone, and to pack my things so I could see him one more time. I had to hold it together before getting back into class. And I did but then my teacher asked me what was wrong....

I started crying and my class started laughing.. (OO) oops.

HHA HHA HHA HHA HHA HHA HHA HHA

I got home, and saw him one last time. he's just taking a really long nap. Right? I kept wishing that I could hold him one last time.

that week I had a group dance competition. It was hard trying not to ruin the whole group's energy with me being sad all the time.

So, I had to suck it up.

And eventually, I healed from something that I thought I would never recover from.

I thanked the dance competition for keeping me distracted

next page!! ↓

<p>But did I really move on from it? A little bit at least?</p>	<p>So I gave myself time to grieve. Who's judging when I'm alone?</p>	<p>He was not JUST a cat. he was what I held on to when I felt like I was falling.</p>	<p>But when I gave myself time to grieve, I learnt to smile at memories of him</p>
			<p>I stopped associating every cat I saw, with death.</p> 
<p>Since then, I stopped feeling guilty for having feelings. I also learnt that, we heal from things we think we may never get over. That does not mean that I stopped missing or loving him. it's been 4 years and I still do.</p>	<p>But I realised that sometimes being strong means that you have to let yourself cry.</p> 	<p>I changed after that. I had better control over my emotions, this was an important turning point in my life.</p> 	<p>The End</p>

Kavya Chirayil

Origami

Emma Johnson

You are not gone.
 Hands that have folded you
And hits that pleat
 Have transformed you to a
A shape of the wise.
 No origami figure or shape
Was born that way,
 A soft, dainty paper-like thing
Was long gone before
 It became an admired asset.

Morning Weather

Georg Kopecky

 The morning breeze,
 expels cool air,
along with brown leaves falling from the tree next to me.
Brown leaves slowly falling from the tree into the shade.
 The warmth on my skin,
 when I sat on the bench under the tree,
and the sun.

Campo de Vista

Francisco Clemente

A yellow tree in the distance
My dog's bark directed at
Birds flying in the bright blue horizon
Green camps that seem to encapsulate all
Of my field of view, and seem to be endless
A forest filled with sounds,
That seems to engulf all creatures
Except for mosquitoes
A rope in a yellow tree
Tethered to something, a tire maybe, that
Reminds me of my childhood
And late afternoons with my family
Laughing under the bright sun
In a smaller field, but filled
With way more life than
This damn mosquitoes
A brown dead tree close

My dogs barks seem
Distant and the tree closer
Now I can see, it isn't a vivid yellow
But a dead rotten brown.
The field is empty and
Almost silent if not
For mosquitoes warning
Of the death that surrounds
A rope in a brown dead tree
The barks seem almost as
Fruits of your imagination
But the tree is too old for that
Tethered to it is no longer a tire
It is something that I barely recognize
Did time really fly with
The birds in the bright blue sky.
Is it already night or is
My world ending
And mosquitoes getting louder.

Vento aprisionado

Francisco Clemente

Words are wind
And promises blow-by
Capturado; Enjaulado; Preso;
A promised land
A lie of greatness
Left all behind
Moving quick
To the unknown
A forest of opportunity
Was what I imagined
Mentiras; Borrado; Cego;
Greeted with deserts,
A different language
Knowing new people
In the core of the unknown
Heat driving me crazy
I miss breezy chills

Frio; Distante; Separado;
Different clothes set me apart
Missing my language
And people left behind.

Torn between

Maria Silva

I trace back to different paths
Two paths converge and assemble a wider one
Although I can't seem to remain in the middle

Swept to one side, and pulled to the other
Yet the feeling of being pulled down remains

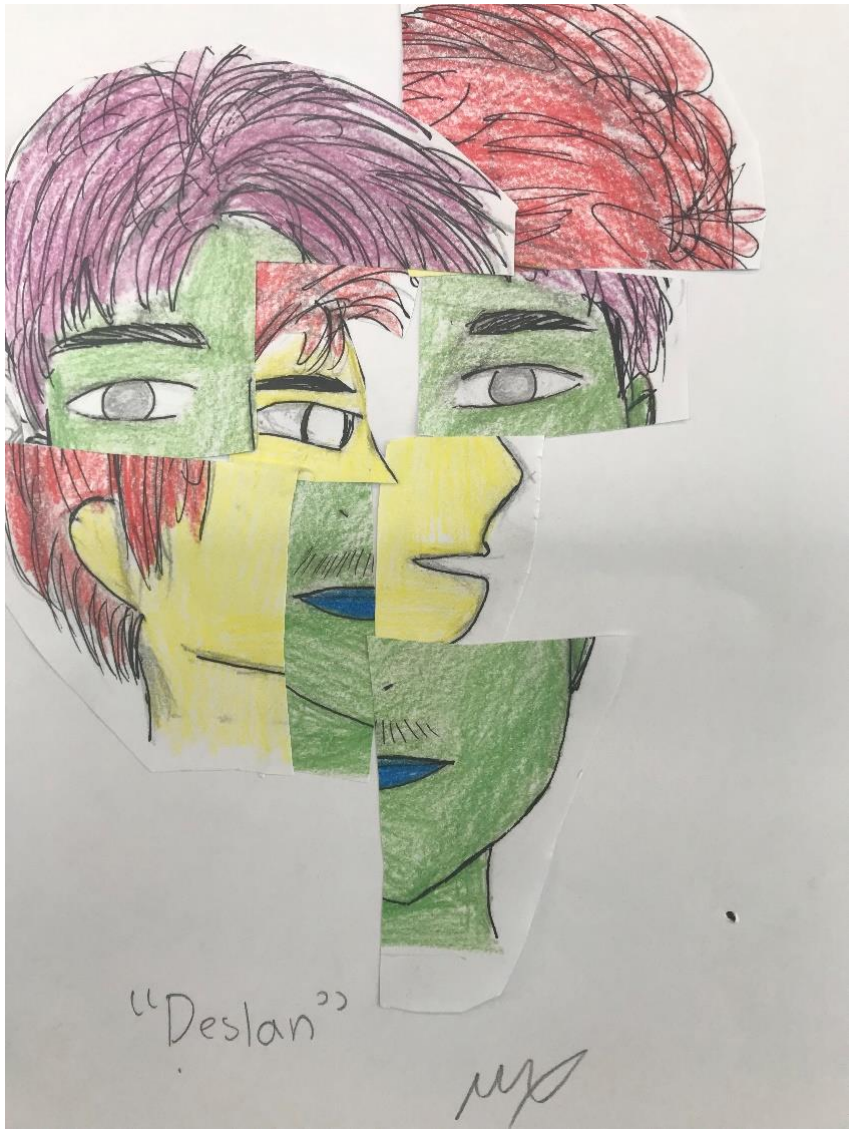
The only thing that remains certain are the curves in my
speech

a protruding heritage

To what extent is making a cubist painting like doing history?

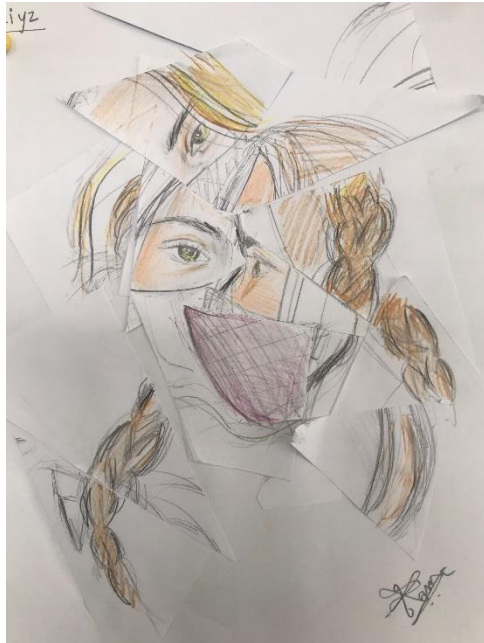
Noaf Al Balushi

A cubist painting is a painting of an object or a person shown from many different angles. Instead of depicting objects from a single viewpoint, the artist depicts the subject from a multitude of viewpoints to represent the subject in a greater context. When analysing history, a historian looks at a wide range of perspectives, as well as different depictions. Because one is unable to read the thought process behind historical figures, it must be viewed from multiple perspectives in order to be able to discern truth from opinion. The historical method -the method historians use in order to analyse information- looks at multiple primary sources in order to answer questions about historical events. For example, when analysing what led to the persecution of Jews in Nazi Germany, primary sources such as eyewitnesses, newspaper articles, and speeches were analysed in order to conclude an answer to the question. When putting all the sources together, it forms a cubist painting: fragmented and abstract because of the different interpretations, but helps put an overall picture together. In my cubist artwork, I drew two different perspectives of Dylan: one of his side profile, and the other of him facing forward. By cutting up the pieces drawn and sticking them together in an abstract form, it artistically represented the different ways in which Dylan can be seen in, the same history is.



Kavya Chirayil

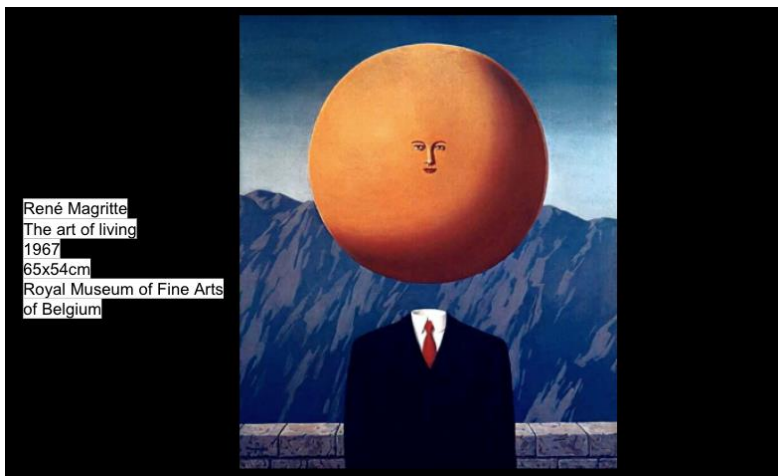
Cubist art depicts things from a multitude of perspectives to represent a particular subject. It is similar to history in the sense that it looks into different perspectives rather than just focusing on one. Both cubism and history try to make sense of a particular subject by putting the pieces together. Though it generally tells the same story, it isn't completely fitting or accurate. It also aligns with the argument that history is said to be shapeless, just like how cubist art seems to not have a fixed shape. When putting the pieces together, the artist does not necessarily have to arrange it in the order that it was drawn, however in history, we try to put things in chronological order.



Analysis of a René Magritte work

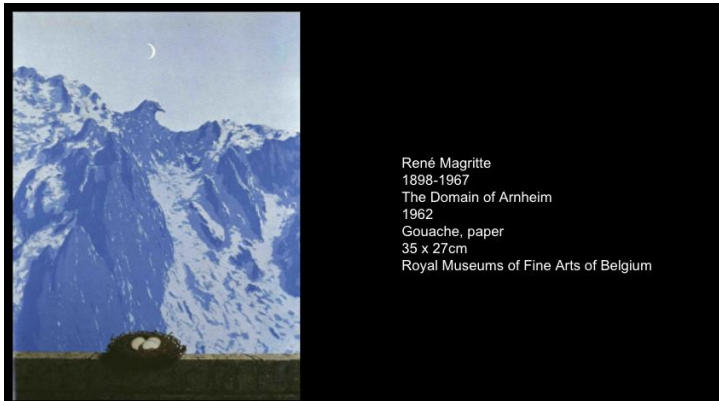
Gabriel Piąszolla

This artwork uses a lot of surrealist and illusion methods because it is a very strange painting of what looks to be a person with a very large floating orange head and a very tiny face, which obviously is not a normal painting. René Magritte is really trying to make you think about what this painting could possibly be about which is why it is really mysterious and is very surreal, he really makes it look like something from a dream. This artwork also uses space and scale because of drawing the mountains in a specific spot that would look like they were behind the giant person with the orange head.



Amanda Rocha

I really like this painting. For me it represents protection. The mountain isn't just a mountain, it is an eagle. I believe that The eagle is made of rock (mountain) because it is strong and big, and that represents protection. The eagle is protecting the eggs on top of the wall (which appears very often in the paintings by René Magritte). It has scale, the eagle being not it's common size. It has depth, the eggs are smaller on the front and the mountain really big on the back. He uses shading and value, he makes some darker details that makes the mountain look more rocky, so he used the shading and value to create texture. He only uses a few colors, shades of blues a pale white and a dark kind of green brown color. The cold monochromatic shades of blue in the background contrasts well with the warm tints and shades of yellow green and brownish colors on the foreground. There is also a little moon which does not transmit any meaning to me, so I don't know what he wants to transmit by that.



Les Immigrés à Bruxelles

Olly Cooper

Introduction

Bonjour à tous, je m'appelle Olly. Je travaille pour une radio Belge et cette semaine, je voyage à Bruxelles parce que j'ai besoin de trouver des informations sur l'arrivée des immigrés en Belgique. Je voyage à Bruxelles avec une voiture, mais les immigrés arrivent avec un bus. Je fais une interview avec une immigrée qui arrive à Bruxelles.

Moi: Bonjour, ça va?

I: Ça va bien merci.

Moi: Bon, quel est ton pays d'origine?

I: Je viens d'un petit pays du nord Afrique, la Côte D'ivoire, mais j'habite en Libye parce que ma famille vient de Libye.

Moi: Pourquoi es-tu allé à Bruxelles?

I: En Libye, les conditions de vie c'est très mal, c'est très pauvre et dans ma ville c'est très conflictuel. Je voyage à Bruxelles avec ma famille parce que dans L'Europe les conditions de vie c'est bon, et pour mes enfants, l'école à Bruxelles, c'est bon.

Moi: Je comprends, mais pourquoi tu choisis le Belge en particulier, c'est pas un pays facile ou arriver?

I: Oui, c'est vrai, mais ma famille voyage avec un bateau, et arrive en France. Dans le Calédonien, je voyage avec un autre bateau et arrive à Douvres en Angleterre, mais ma famille est sans papier, et le contrôle des frontières exige à ma

famille de voyager dans un autre pays. Je monte à bord d'un bateau à destination Belge et arrive en Belge, ma famille borde un bus et arrive à Bruxelles.

Moi: Ok, c'est un voyage très compliqué.

I: Oui, ma famille a obtenu de façon permanente en 2021, et j'habite en Belge permanent.

Moi: Très bien, merci d'avoir rencontré votre expérience!

I: Pas de problem.

L'immigration en General

En Europe, il y a beaucoup d'immigrés parce que les conditions de vie sont très bonnes. Mais pour beaucoup immigrée, le voyage en Europe c'est pas facile, mais c'est une expérience difficile que le personne réalise pour une meilleure vie.

Book Week Short Story Winners

Honorable Mention – **SMACTed**

Aldo Zamora

I'm at my desk, writing an article about the elections, one of the candidates is winning by over 70% of the population. I need to talk about how people are excited about it. It's early, next to me is my "peer" Winston, he's friendly but too busy with the bagels from the cafeteria.

- "People show extreme excitement towards the new government coming into this country and maybe this world"

- Nah, this sounds too mediocre. What do you think Winston?

- It's...ok...

-Huh? Oh wait I have to go meet HR

-Again? oh boy, you are some special case

-yeah I know, I know...

- Hello, I think its time for our talk

-yes, yes it is. Take a seat. Tell me have you done something after our talk last week?

-yeah I have, I know I was "overthinking", and the funny thing is overthinking is a symptom. So I went to the doctor to get tested, and yes I got tested positive for SMACT.

-oh...

-yeah, I should start cleaning my desk, I know people with SMACT are not the most suited for jobs, especially ones about talking. Oh wait, victimizing that's right haha oh lord I definitely have it

-it's ok, don't worry about acting like that, regarding you losing your job we have no information whatsoever, I know that it is said that people with SMACT tend to be fired but you seem like you can bring something to the table.

- yeah I think so

- Is that all?

- yeah *gasps* I must get going I have an idea for another article

-oh good, will you tell me?

-it's a surprise.

-alright take care, Jackson.

-you too.

She is not very aware of SMACT, bring something to the table? Yeah sure why not, but there is no use of having ideas if you can't even say them. A person with SMACT in a news company? Yeah, that's like water and oil, they don't mix. People with SMACT lose

their ability to concize information by will, the older they get the harder it is for them to sound logical. Also, they tend to become “devil’s advocates” they will try to be against things with the excuse of them improving knowledge but in today’s world, they don’t want that. People with SMACT have been out saying things about the new president and the new norms and they just disappear, not literally but they are unable to do anything after what they did. If I don’t quit I’ll get fired which is better because I would get a severance payment. Probably the reason I can’t write that final paragraph of the article so well is because of SMACT. I probably shouldn’t have told HR about my visit to the doctor. HOW DID I SWITCH TOPICS IN MY MIND SO FAST? Oh lord.

- Excuse me Mr. Grant, boss.

- Jackson, what’s up?

- I sent my article for proofreading...

-Oh good...

He is just looking at me skeptically. I don’t want him to know about my ‘thing’ mostly because he’s on the side where he would not like to hear what I might say later. I have specific ideas that I know are not appreciated but I don’t say them, but I know I will... eventually.

- Is that all, Jackson?

-Oh no, I wanted to talk to request an interview. I have this idea for an article. I want to talk about SMACT. There is not much out there about it and it might be helpful for, you know, raising minorities’ voices and all that.

I smiled awkwardly, that sounded retarded but I know that type of vision is what Mr. Grant likes. I just said it terribly.

- Why do you need me to request an interview? You know there are centers for people with SMACT, so they can live normally with their conditions.

Those centers are not as nice as described. Most of them are “pretty prisons” they sent people with SMACT there so they do not bother people with their attitude and their “verbal diarrhea” that just makes them say nonsense to the point where they are offensive. Also since those people are not suited for jobs they make them live there in order for them not to generate a huge public expense to society since they live on government support. Maybe what I said makes no sense to someone reading my mind but it does to me. How would life be if you had a telepathic therapist, I wonder.

-It's because I want to interview someone who contained his illness as much as he could, Maverick Josiah, the actor.

- So you want to talk about how someone engages his nature in order to fit in?

- Yeah, that's it!

- Ok then, it sounds like a good idea. Let me see what I can do.

- Perfect, thank you so much
- No problem Jackson, take care.
- Yeah.. bye.

That wasn't the exact main idea of why I was doing the interview. Maverick Josiah is the most famous person with SMACT. He is an actor and a celebrity, so his attitude and his voice matter. For the past years, since he was diagnosed with SMACT he has worked very hard on not becoming a SMACT patient. He has been able to remain efficient and not say anything that pops into his head. He was able to follow society's idiosyncrasy and remain useful to the world, through the film industry. I need to know how he did it. I need to remain useful, I don't want to be considered crazy. I've seen people with SMACT, they end up lonely and sometimes even hated. I don't want to be lonely, I want to be useful, to have purpose and worth. How did Maverick do it? Why did he get tested in the first place? Is it because of acting that he's been able to hide it? It sure is, then why do the interview if I already know? I need foundations right. Oh wait, I'm changing topics again.

Third Place

Sexism in Volleyball

Renee Van Der Wal

I'm in an after school volleyball activity led by Noah and Emilia. Although as always Noah is actually the only one leading this due to the male dominance so he is just believing he is better and should be better than Emilia, but that's only where it starts. When we eventually got to playing a game after doing little activities, it got serious, for the boys. Yet why should us girls care? We got put in places by Diego (of course a guy) but in spots where girls weren't next to girls as otherwise and I quote "we would lose". I was still close enough to my friend Maze (who wasn't there the week before) to help her notice the sexism happening in the game. When I got to the front row Diego kept on telling me to stand closer to the net, so I could spike it. So I finally thought someone wasn't undermining me. This turn exactly that one of the players had set it to me but good old Diego jumped in front of me and spiked it. Why did I even try anymore anyway, there was no point, but I like volleyball so of course I continued. For a bit of history, I used to play volleyball with my swim team and at this point I was already used to one of the guys jumping in front of me and hitting the ball the ball. So now eventually I would only go for it sometimes but sometimes I didn't even bother anymore since someone else would most likely jump in front of me even if I did try. Back to when Diego

hit the ball when I should've. I continued but the opposing team hit the ball to an area on the playing feild that wasn't mine, I still got screamed at by my best friend Charles for not hitting the ball. And that round our team was doing awesome, and this time Mason set the ball like right in between Maze and I, and it was a clear shot for both of us. Then all of a sudden our tall friend San bolts up from behind us and smashes the ball, and yes I'm grateful he gained us a point but so could one of us. That was eventually my breaking point and I sat out for the rest of the game (as a substitute). So I decided to tell our supervisor Mr. A and he noticed everything sexist about this game but all he told me was "always go for the ball". Well I'm sorry Mr. A but I can't without smashing into a boy. All of us girls here in the volleyball activity feel undermined. This mentality of us not knowing if we have to actually go for the ball or they will has got us confused. This all leads us to play worse than we actually can because we really just don't know if we should go for the ball anymore. This doesn't only happen in this specific volleyball activity it happens all around the world. Not only in mixed high school games but also in the whole of volleyball worldwide, like the clothes they have to wear. In the 2021 summer Olympics the Norwegian female volleyball team got sent home since they weren't wearing the right (tight) bikini outfit. Even an 8 year old girl noticed stating that "It's so frustrating, because these women are amazing athletes, and it's hard to watch that be diminished to just, 'this is what you're supposed to wear,'". History Research shows that since women have always been structurally excluded and built differently so not for

sports, just being a body for reproduction, so girls aren't made to have the form but we still have the right techniques. Boys were the main point of sports during the second industrial revolution, with sport being the base of hyper-masculinity and male dominance in society. In those times sport was called a 'male preserve', which is to have led the presumed status of men to be superior to women. So this isn't just one petty little girl's story, it refers to every girl and woman around the world and way back to the beginning of time.

Second Place

That's how it ends

Rayan Alfarsi and Sara Alkindi

We were dancing and having fun, I didn't realise Olivia was gone. I go looking for her, down the hallways I glimpse a puddle of blood coming from under the door. I go in. I gasp, this can't be happening. I see my own best friend with a knife laying on the floor. I hold my hands against my mouth and start crying. *Olivia would never leave me, this can't be happening*. I began shouting for help but the music was too loud. I go through the crowd and call Ace. "What Veronica" Ace says, getting closer to me. "Help!Help! Olivia is, Olivia" I stuttered . Ace starts following me, we enter the room, he's in shock. He runs back there calling for help. After what seemed like 30 minutes the ambulance arrived. All I remember from that day is the knife on the floor . I don't remember anything that happened after but I found myself laying down on Ace's couch. I've liked Ace since High School, but I know he wouldn't want a freak with scars. As I turn around facing the other side of the couch , me and Ace lock eyes. "You're awake," he says. I asked what happened and why I'm here, "you passed out when you saw Olivia" he pauses. "I picked you up, and my apartment was the only place I can bring you in. your safe here"

The news starts spreading like fire around the school about Olivia committing. There wasn't a day that passed that I

didn't think about her. I was curious at times wondering why Ace would help me? As I was writing in my journal Ace came back to check up on me "Are you okay?" He says with a soft tone I nodded saying "I am fine" Ace knew I wasn't doing well. He sat next to me looking at my journal. I closed it really fast. He held my hand and said " talk to me, what has been going on your mind Veronica". "I'm tired, I think I need some sleep" I say trying to avoid looking at him. Ace gave me my space and left. I snuggled under the blanket facing the other side. Thinking about everything that has been happening lately. Ace came up to check on me once again. I pretended to be asleep but it still showed I was crying with tears rolling down my cheeks. Ace sat next to me stroking my hair.

I never realised I fell asleep, until I woke up to Ace sleeping on the floor next to the couch. "Ace" I whispered to his ears, "it's 6 in the morning, what are you doing down there?". As he wakes up he whispers "go back to sleep, it's still early" looking at him I say "why are you still here, go up to your room", " I couldn't leave you here like this" Ace says, slowly getting up. As he goes to get ready for his morning run, I get up. I didn't want him to leave me here alone. "Can I come with you?" I ask, " no you can't, I don't want you to get hurt". I could tell he cared about me. But I stared at him, and just said, "Okay", *I guess I'll have to stay here alone*, "Trust me, it's for your own good" he added, looking me in the eyes. *For my own good, my own good*. He leaves the door and I lay back down on the couch.

Ace Pov

I tried calling Veronica a few times, but she wasn't answering or responding to my texts, so I became concerned that something had happened to her. I knew she was suffering and in pain, but she couldn't come with me. I had assured her that it was for her own good. I went back to my apartment, surprisingly I didn't find her on the couch, I started calling her name "V" no answer.

"Veronica" I call again. I start heading to the room when I hear something in the bathroom. I change my direction to go and take a look at it. Veronica is on the floor with cuts and scars all over her arms and thigh. "Look at me", I grumbled, but she didn't seem to be conscious. "Look at me!" I demanded strongly. As she glanced at me, tears welled up in her eyes. She closed her eyes, anxiously trying to catch her breath.

I didn't enjoy seeing her this way, I carried her to my car without hesitation. She asked where we're going, but I didn't respond. We arrived at the hospital, and I asked a doctor to help her in any way possible. I was scared that she would do it again, and this time it would be worse. I had no choice but to take her to therapy in order for her to find relief and closure. I can't leave her in this condition. When I informed her that she'll be going to therapy the next day while I find her a therapist, she glared at me. But she didn't respond, I could tell she wasn't sure about it by

her facial expression. When the doctor was all done we headed to my apartment, she laid on the couch all day.

Ace walked with me to the entrance of the “*therapist’s*” office. *I don’t really need it.* I coped with harming myself for months now, but I went along. She welcomed me and kept asking questions non-stop. It wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be, it actually really helped. On my third session Ace insisted on staying, I felt safe. She asked why I harm myself. I paused, words buried in my throat for a while. “I don’t really want to talk about it. I lost everyone, everything, even my own parents —They divorced—, It’s just beneficial to me”. “I stopped hurting myself for some time, but my best friend’s commitment...” I started crying. Ace glares at me, with his hazel eyes watering up. He pulls me into a tight hug. Olivia made me promise I wouldn’t do it again but *I did*. I promised I wouldn't do it, *for Ace*. Despite the fact that I didn't know Ace very well — since he was Olivia's friend — *I felt safe for the first time in a while.*

First Place

The Three Little Pigs Part 2

Told by Jake (AKA The Oldest Little Pig)

Hannah Adams

2 Weeks Ago

We knew the wolf was coming down my chimney, but luckily, I had been heating water over the fire for my first ever evening stew in my new house. It was starting to boil and I had an idea.

“Open the front door” I shouted to my brothers.

“Are you crazy?” said Jeffery, the middle child.

“I’m scared” cried Johnny, the youngest, as he dove under my table.

“Just trust me, I have a plan!”

Just as the wolf climbed down the chimney, I opened the lid to my pot. He fell into it and scrambled to get out. Jeffery understood my plan and opened the door just in time. The wolf ran out the door with a painful limp in his leg.

“Woo hoo!” Johnny shouted, jumping up as soon as the coast was clear, “The wolf is gone!”

“Yeah, but my stew is ruined. I wanted to have a feast when my house was finished! Oh well...” I was pretty upset about that, but I also felt bad for the wolf even though he tried to kill us.

“I miss mommy! I don’t have any friends here!” complained Johnny.

“Don’t worry, you guys can stay in my house until you get your own.”

Present Day

I’ve gone into the woods to collect logs for my fireplace. I could have sent Johnny, but he’s afraid of the woods and wouldn’t carry anything. Suddenly I hear a twig snap. I drop my wood and grab two thick branches. I see a flash of grey fur and I suddenly realize the wolf must have come back to get revenge. Then there’s nothing. No sounds except the normal birds and squirrels. But I know it must be a trick so I think I’m safe. Ha! I won’t be tricked so easily!

“I know you’re still there! You don’t fool me!” I shout into the trees as I raise the branches and prepare for a fight.

“Please don’t hurt me.” I hear a deep voice say quietly from somewhere in the gloom nearby, just out of sight. “I am Lucas, the wolf. I’ve only come to ask for your forgiveness. I recently learned that eating little pigs and little girls is not a respected practice.” The wolf sounds tired and defeated. He steps into the light and I can see

that he's in no shape to fight. He has become extremely skinny since the last time I saw him. He is covered from head to toe in bruises and cuts and he even has a black eye, but what surprises me most is that they are cuts from a knife. He has been in a fight with a human, not another wolf.

I don't lower my weapons though, it could all be a trick to lull me into a false sense of security and he can strike me unaware. "You don't fool me." I repeat, but I'm not as sure. Is it all a ruse? Or does he actually want my forgiveness?

To my surprise, he suddenly doubles over and clutches his stomach, where I now realize I saw quite a large wound and it's bleeding heavily. I don't know what to do. Until he passes out on the ground and I make up my mind. I know my brothers won't like it, but I have to.

When I get home, I get to work. I gather the sharpened sticks I was going to use for a fence and pound them into the ground. I grab some rope and tie the wolf to the posts by his legs. Dragging him all the way here unconscious was hard; I don't know if I would be able to defend myself if he attacks now.

I gather some herbal healing ointments my mother made, some warm water and some clean cloth for bandaging and set to work. Some wounds are shallow and only need ointment while others still bleed and need to be carefully wrapped in bandages. The wolf stirs several times and each time it gives me a fright, but he quickly passes out again

and I continue until only his head remains. I am not confident he will not snap up and bite me if I try to do anything there. Fortunately his neck is not severely injured so I tie him securely to the thickest post, but allow some movement. I untie his front paws and one in the back, but he needs to stay put for a while so I leave one hind paw bound.

I bring out water and set it near him. Then I go inside to prepare lunch. My brothers are both in the front yard and I watch them through the window as I cook. I must have looked away for a while because soon they come bursting through the door pointing to the back yard. I sigh.

“Wolf! (pant pant) Jack! There’s a wolf in the back yard. Did you know?” I nod, “Why would you bring it?”

“He was hurt and needed help. And now he needs food. Stay inside for now.”

I go outside and find the wolf awake, and staring at me. He seems confused and a little scared. “You saved me.” He says.

“I did.”

“Why? What do you want of me.”

“I don’t know, but I couldn’t leave you to die.”

“I owe you my life. How may I repay you?”

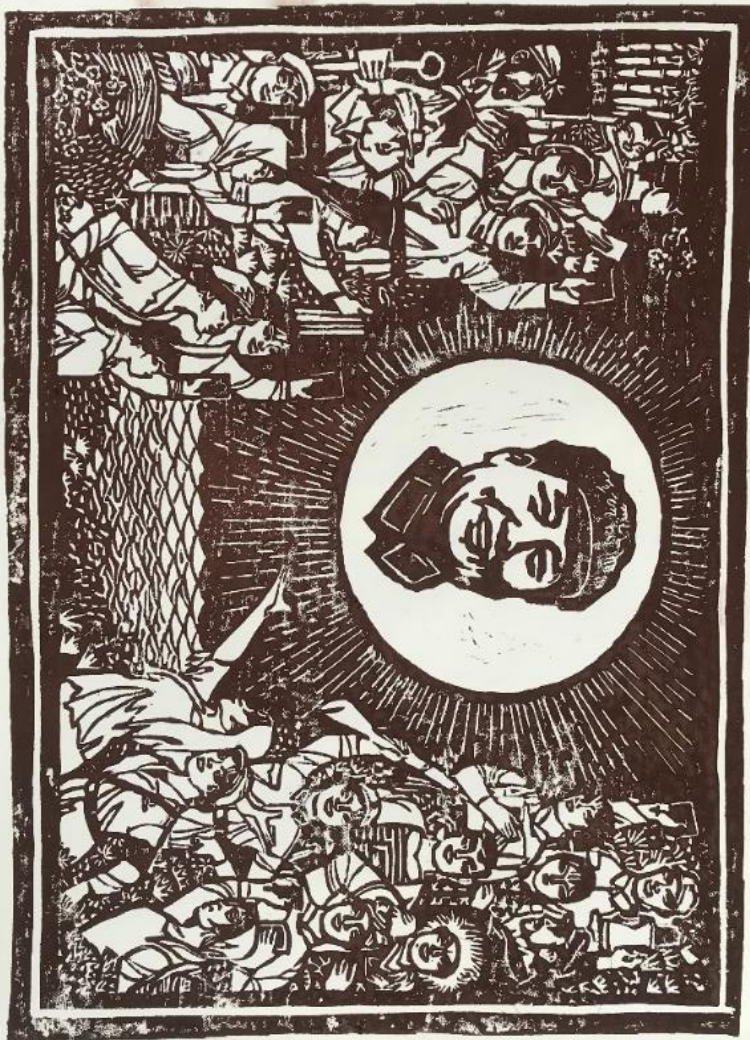
I think about it. “Do you promise not to hurt me or anyone I know or love?”

“I promise. Whatever you need.”

“My brother needs a friend. One who will go with him in the woods and show him the world. One who will take him on adventures. I think that someone is you.”

I walk over and untie the ropes holding him. He looks up at me and I realize this is probably the first time he has been given a chance to do something good. And he is going to take it.

The End





Volkssturm Soldier using Panzerschreck Launcher Outside Berlin

Size: A3

graphite drawing on paper

I.G. Abbel

Task 3

And this is the final product. I feel like the tone has improved drastically as well as the proportions of the image and I learnt the skill of drawing trees.

I think that the added contrast to the image expresses the statement of inquiry "The observation of nature leads to creative expression" because it demonstrates the by looking at the tones of nature I was able to learn how work with contrast which in return will help my have creative expression in my art as contrast is a huge part of art.

Landscapes in the style of Wolf Khan

Mohammed Oasim Al Nammani



My first draft



My first step of drawing



My final product



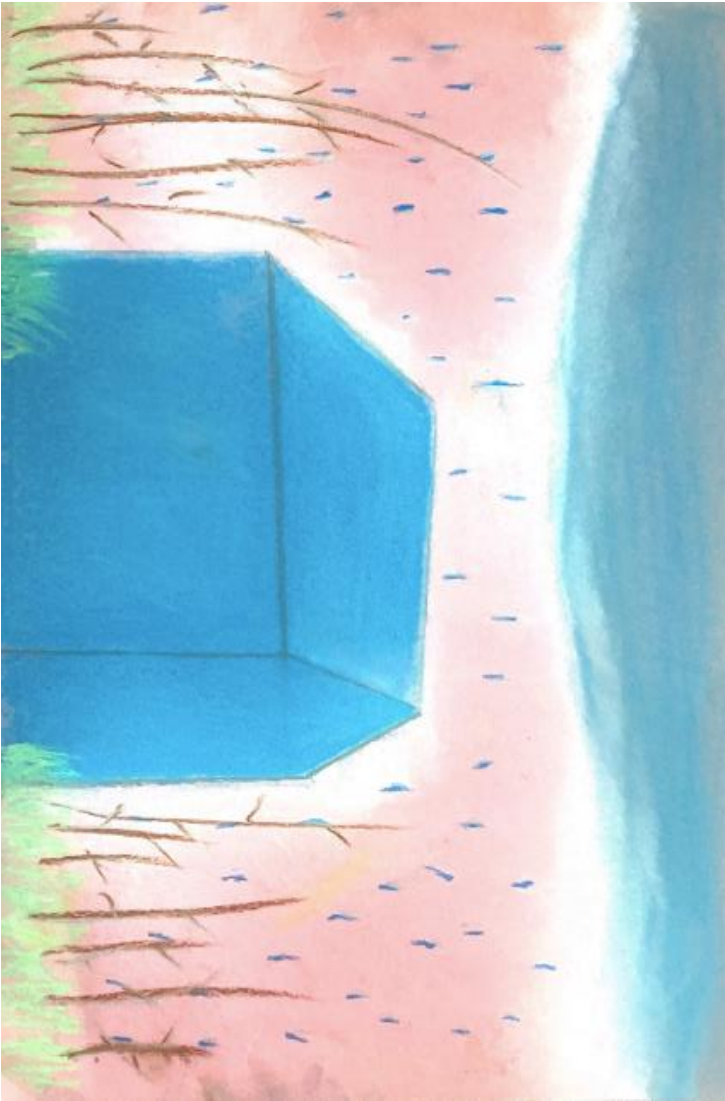
Dana Al-Kham



Christopher Ridgeway



Mohammed Al Jabri



"5G RADIATION DANGERS"



S • Lloyd Barrer, he is a conspiracy theorist that writes Articles, sells and illustrates books about 5G radiation.

O • More 5G towers are being built around the world and with the technology increasing so is the "radiation" (as he says)

A • Conspiracy theorists and mostly older people are susceptible to believing in anything on the internet.

P • Create the concern of 5G radiation while "solving" it with his own products and opinions. He promotes ENF readers and his own book to exploit money out of his readers.

S • 5G Frequencies disrupting the human body and mind.



He states this as a problem but refuses to explain how is it compromising our health, this is just his opinion.

He assumes humans are affected because rats and frogs are. He also doesn't cite any source for such studies.

The weapon shown is completely different from the 5G. They show a straw man

fallacy by having such an absurd comparison, it would be like prohibiting gunpowder because it is used in guns. Also, his governmental "source" is an un-elected government department with almost no legitimacy.

He vaguely connects the coronavirus with his subject and yet again only CITES HIMSELF as source.

He states the articles are misleading while his whole article provides no sources, this so said misleading studies are not sourced.

Win a Free ENF Meter!
 Enter your name and email to win a digital ENF Meter!
 The winner will appear in our newsletter by email on 31 March, 2021.
 You will also receive our free 5G Protection Kit (includes 5G Protection Kit and 5G Protection Kit).

Pop up Ad that appears once site is opened.

David Manske & Francisco Clemente

Forest Fire - Emma Johnson





