



Eighth Edition

2024-2025

Winter Volume Now Out!



TWS WRITERS' SOCIETY

-Ink the Unwritten-





Welcome to Our Magazine!

Welcome aboard the 8th edition of our magazine!

It is such an honour to serve as the presidents of such a prestigious society. Where imagination meets the pen, and the pen meets the paper—that is what we call the TWS Writers' Society. This is where young minds delve into the beauty of writing and the charm of language.

Do words drafted on paper impact individuals? Do our voices and opinions make a difference? Our magazine exists to answer these questions and to showcase the undeniable power of the pen.

We encourage everyone to submit their writings—whether poems, articles, book reviews, or short stories. We value your prose and publish it not only to celebrate language but also to inspire confidence in your writing. What you write mirrors your soul; it reflects who you are. That is why we've made it our mission to connect through the power of words. Let's continue celebrating the elegance of language together!

If you'd like to submit your work, please email us at twswritersmagazine@outlook.com.

Good luck, and don't forget to grab a cup of coffee while you read—you're in for quite a journey!

-Mishal Anjum and
Nazni Raiza

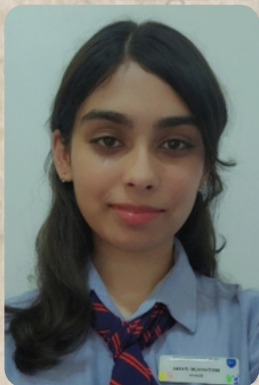
مرحباً بكم في مجلة مجتمع الكتاب! هنا يمكنكم
اخذ خطوة داخل عالمٍ خلاب من الادب العربي و
الإنجليزي و الفرنسي. ندعوكم إلى الاشتراك بكتاباتكم
المبدعة سواء كان شعراً أو قطعة تتناول قضية
مستمرة يهمنا مشاركة اصوتكم في مجلتنا.

-Mariam Ahmed





Meet our talents aboard the new editorial team !



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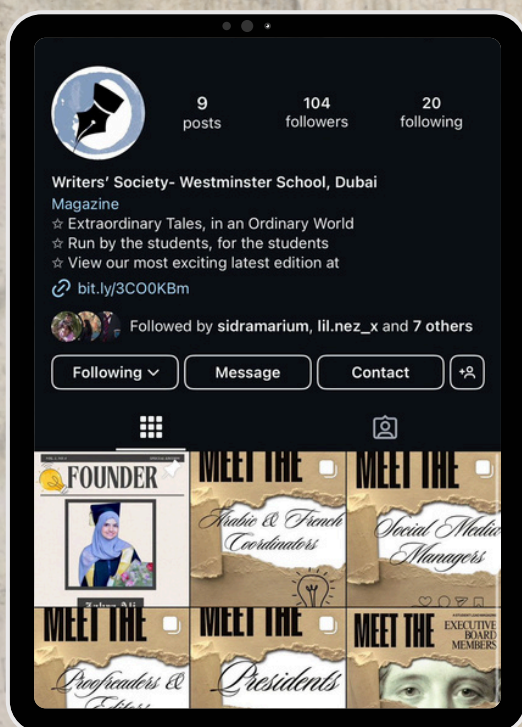


**MS. SERANIC
TEACHER COORDINATOR**

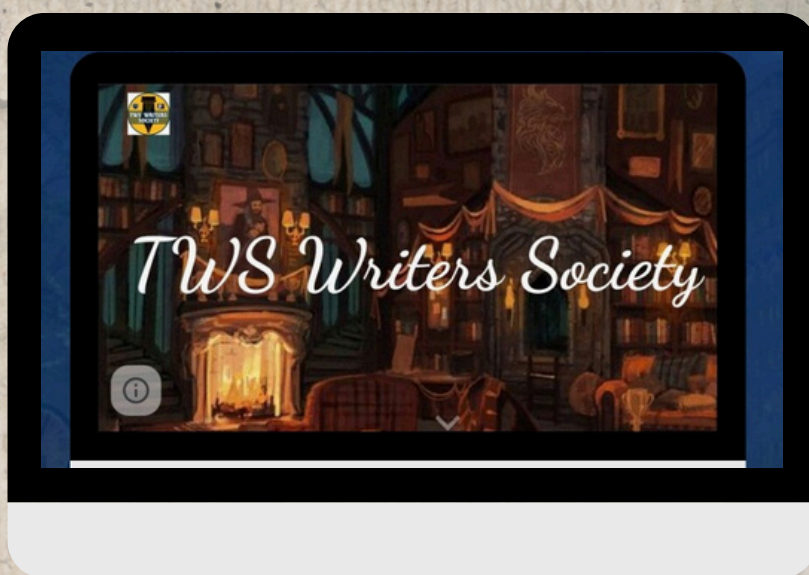


Tws Writers' society webpage and social media

The TWS Writers' Society offers multiple platforms to showcase our students' work. Inspired by our founder's vision, we maintain an Instagram page and a website, both of which link to our digital magazine. These platforms allow us to connect with writers, fostering a united community that celebrates the power of language together.



<https://www.instagram.com/twswriters.ae/profilecard/?igsh=cXNpaTVwOWMldGhy>



<https://sites.google.com/view/twswriters/home?authuser=1>

"Content is Fire, Social Media is Gasoline." Jay Baer

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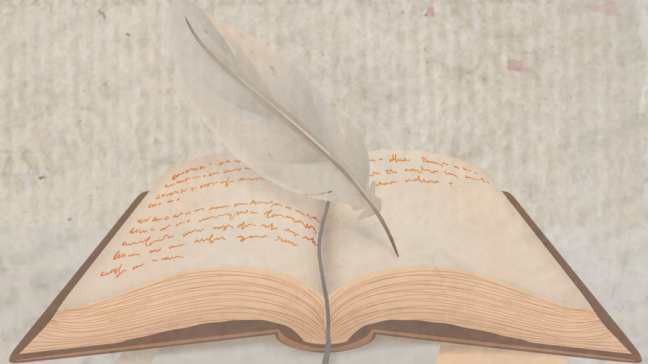
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*"A word after a word after
a word is power" Margaret
Atwood*



Short Stories

"There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you." Maya Angelou





Oops!

Nose pressed against the window and eyes locked on the world outside, I was spellbound by the beauty unfurling before me—God Himself seemed to have poured His soul into this masterpiece. A lush carpet of grass stretched endlessly, sprinkled with delicate flowers that bowed reverently to the golden beams piercing the forest canopy.

In the distance, a pond shimmered like a polished mirror, its surface disturbed only by a deer bending low to drink and a frog leaping joyfully into sight. Overhead, robins soared in jubilant arcs, their songs rising like a chorus to the heavens.

Cradled within the wild heart of the forest, our train let out a bone-shaking wail as it barreled through the trees, each fleeting glimpse of the creatures outside a whispered secret. Without warning, darkness swallowed us whole. The tunnel was a gaping mouth of blackness—absolute, suffocating. My vision clutched at the void, desperate, until a sudden eruption of light hurled itself at us, forcing me to recoil and squint like a creature dragged unwillingly into the sun.

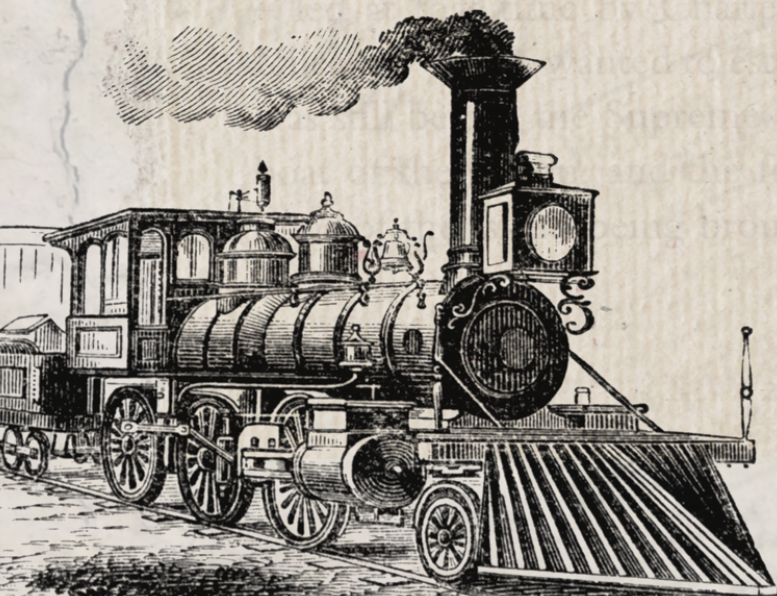
I slumped back into my seat, the rhythmic shuddering of the train weaving a fragile cocoon around me. Taking a slow breath, I let the dream of my Shinjuku escape pull me under.

The spell shattered.

“We hope you’re enjoying the journey to Jiyugaoka. Please let us know if you need assistance,” crackled the announcement, cold and sterile.

Shock gripped me like a vice. My jaw slackened, my eyes flew wide, and my fists curled, helpless. The gentle vibrations of the train now pounded against me like blows. Outside, the trees seemed to leer and mock, their leaves thrashing like jeering hands.

I had boarded the wrong train!



-RUHMA NAVEED 11G3-





The Final Farewell

It wasn't long ago that I jolted awake in a cold sweat—eyes bleary, body quivering, quaking, breath caught in my throat.

Had I known the reason for my perturbation, perhaps I could have found solace and returned to sweet slumber. But I could not.

Unaware of why my heart had plunged so precipitously, I sat upright, reaching for the water on my bedside table—when an innate voice echoed within me.

A deeply intimidating voice.

An undeniable command, as though my very conscience was tugging me towards the window.

My body stirred at the thought of opening it, for the view beyond had always mended my bruised heart. Outside, the trees—my steadfast sentinels—stood vigil, their outstretched branches waving a reassuring, almost tender greeting. That silent communion somehow stilled my racing pulse and soothed the restlessness gnawing at me.

With a quiet sigh, I bid the trees goodnight.

If only I had known, it was the last goodbye!

The final farewell!

The next morning, I woke at the usual hour—but nothing was usual.

A creeping dread clung to me. The once-tranquil breeze now pressed down, oppressive and heavy, as if the very air sought to smother me.

I hadn't been roused by birdsong or sunlight, but by a gnawing terror.

I stumbled to the window, desperate for a glimpse of my healer, my faithful trees.

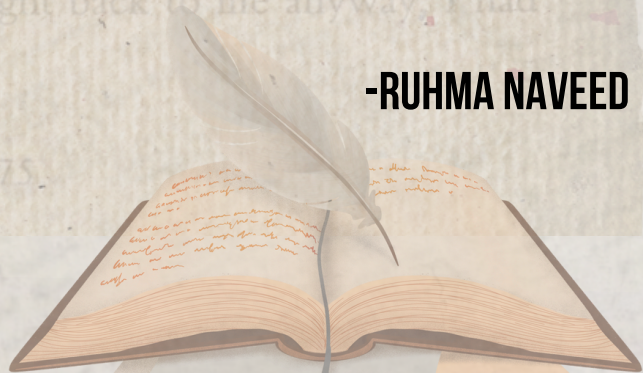
But my eyes met only emptiness.

The rapacious hands of "progress" had torn through my sanctuary. No leaves rustled in applause, no branches cradled weary birds—my sentinels had been felled, their lives severed at the roots.

The pasture lay mute, its orchestra silenced forever.

And there we stood, left to grieve in the hollow silence, mourning what was, and what would never be again.

-RUHMA NAVEED 11G3-





Journey Back to My Five-Year-Old Self

At five years old, I was a whirlwind of curiosity and energy, with jet-black hair cascading to my shoulders—silky-straight, like a raven's wing. My wide, doe-like eyes (now slightly smaller with age) sparkled with wonder, especially for my teacher, whose endless kindness left no room for anger. I was neither tall nor short, but what I lacked in height, I made up for in boisterous enthusiasm. My world revolved around animals. I needed to know everything: how they ate, how they breathed, how they communicated with one another. My skin, lighter then than now, often bore the marks of outdoor adventures. Between explorations, I'd curl up for hours watching Shimmer and Shine, utterly spellbound.

Green was my colour—the shade of rustling leaves and dewy grass—a tribute to my love for nature. Parks, beaches, and gardens were my sanctuaries, places where the air felt fresher and the views stole my breath. But nothing rivalled the magic of the ocean. I marvelled at fish darting through coral kingdoms, their scales flashing like secrets. Aquariums and zoos became my classrooms, their inhabitants my teachers.

Friends came easily back then. Though time and school changes scattered us, I still hope to reunite someday, even if our memories have frayed at the edges. My cousins, too, were my partners in mischief—but oceans and years now stretch between us.

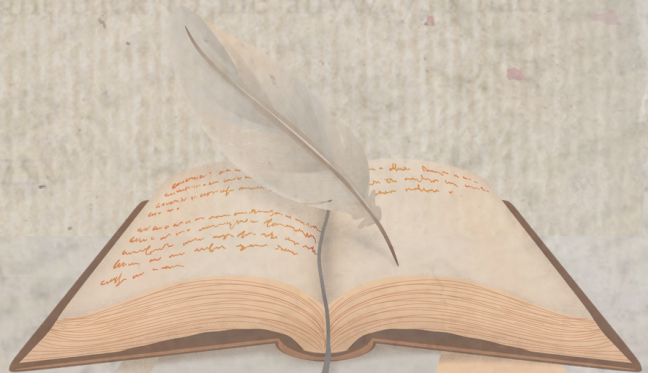
Back then, I dreamed of becoming a baker, armed with a whisk and my mother's recipes. Today, my passions have grown—nature, creatures great and small, the mysteries of the deep—but that wide-eyed wonder remains. Wherever life takes me next, I'll carry it with me.

-RIJJA FATIMAH 11G3-



Poems

*"Poetry is when an emotion
has found its thought and
the thought has found
words." Robert Frost*





Moonshine

*Alone in the dark, glowing and luminous
its beauty lighting up the night sky,
shimmering like it owns the world.*

*People say the moon's glow
isn't its own.*

*I suppose that's true in some way;
it doesn't shine as bright as the sun—
burning one's eyes.*

*Instead, it has its own unique beauty and forms:
the crescent, the half, and the full—
each bearing its own
extravagant shine.*

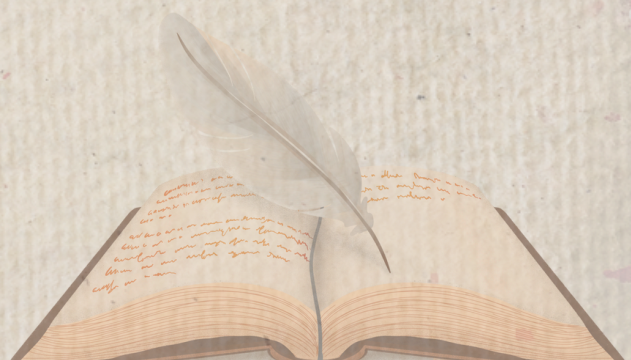
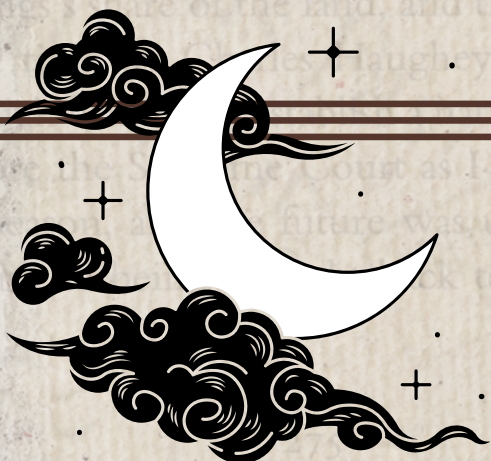
*People say the sun is the giver
of life to all living creatures.
but to me, moonshine is the
giver of soul to the night.*

-Ayeda 11G3

Run

*Let's run away,
somewhere far, far away.
a place with a starry night sky,
under which we could lie.
Maybe a cosy cottage,
surrounded by trees,
and a thousand other evergreens.
where the waters are the bluest of blues,
and no one would ever have a clue.
So come with me,
let's dissociate from society,
because who even wants reality?*

- Ayeda 11G3





Dreamworld

***A world where you can fantasise about everything and anything.
A world that seems too good to be true... because it is.
A place where the most embarrassing and wildest fantasies exist.
Somewhere you can experience the most bizarre moments—without
consequences.***

***Some people can't wait to go to sleep from the moment they wake up,
Just to live the fiction.
While others try to make that fiction a reality.
It's up to you which one you want to be:
Living in your dreams—
Or making them a reality?***

– Ayeda 11G3

The Bell Rings

***The bell rings loud,
A brand-new day begins,
With books in hand,
We dive right in.
In every class,
We learn and grow,
Uncovering wonders,
We come to know.***

- Anoush Meraj - 9G3





In Her Hands

***Death is finite.
It just is, and it just happens.***

***Without thought or remorse,
she snatches souls and feasts on bodies.
She tears away loved ones,
leaving us with words
dripping on our lips.***

***Do you think she grows tired of it?
Hearing wailing children beg for their mother's warmth,
soldiers pleading for another chance,
while the elders rejoice in her sweet mercy,
embracing the quiet stillness of oblivion?***

***Does she ever pause,
amid her work,
to wonder what it is we fear so deeply?
Does she listen to the prayers
whispered under breaths,
or the silent goodbyes left unsaid?***

***Is she ever haunted
by the weight of all the unfinished stories
she carries in her hands?
Perhaps, for her, it is routine.
Another breath silenced,
another name forgotten.***

***But for us, it is everything.
Each loss a rupture,
a world undone,
while she moves on—
indifferent,
eternal.***

***And maybe that's what makes her so terrifying—
not the taking,
but the fact that, for her,
it is never personal.***

- Fatima Gazafi 11G4





The Whispers of the Forest

*Leaves rustle in the cold night breeze,
Moonlight merges with dawn's soft tease.
A sentinel tree stands tall and wide,
Gazing over the forest's shadowed side.
Through heavy mist, secrets lie,
Beneath the hush of a charcoal sky.
Birdsong drifts through the towering green,
Branches sway in a graceful routine.*

*Soft footsteps echo in sacred air,
Stars above glimmer with quiet prayer.
A journey begins to nature's heart,
Where blooming beds and ferns impart
Their silent stories to the trees—
In a world untouched by time or pleas.
Beneath the sky where dreams take flight,
Ancient hopes awaken in the night.*

*This sanctuary, serene and deep,
Where even time dares not to leap,
Whispers gently fill the air,
Flooding thoughts laid hidden there.
Embrace this hush, this forest true—
A soul's retreat, a world in view.
The echoes of those once near, now gone,
Fade into earth, where memories live on.*

• **Syed Abdur Rafay Naqvi - 11B4**





The French Countryside

*Long, long ago,
When she was just a child,
She dreamed of running off to the French
countryside—
Away from society and its needless kinds.*

*She'd pray for the wind to carry her far,
And if it did,
She'd make a life in the French countryside.
Where flowers bloomed in perfect lines,
And vast green fields stretched endlessly,
A cottage nestled by a forest of trees—
That was all she ever truly needed.*

*So one day,
She'd go and pay a visit to the French
countryside,
And maybe stay hidden for a while,
Until her wandering, empty eyes
Were finally satisfied.*

- Ayeda Adnan 11G3

Untouched

*Indeed, the most heartless among you
will prosper—
those who leave their words undone,
and their souls unattached.*

*But he who does not yearn,
does not live.*

*To prosper without desire,
to exist without the weight of feeling—
is that freedom to you?*

*You walk untouched,
unscathed, indifferent.
But what do you carry,
if not the burden of longing,
the fire of being?*

*Perhaps it is safer
to remain hollow,
to drift between moments,
unmoved, unchanged.*

*Yet in your stillness,
what do you truly gain?*

- Fatima Gazafi 11G4





NYC

*A summer in New York—
Magic in its purest form.*

*A weekend in the woods,
Sitting by the campfire in a mellow mood.*

*Showering in the summer rain,
Catching the clattering subway train.
Walking the Brooklyn Bridge at night,*

Snapping Polaroids by the city lights.

Watching the sunrise on a sandy beach,

Then driving somewhere far, out of reach.

*A summer in New York—
Truly, magic in its purest form.*

- Ayeda Adnan 11G3



Zephyr

*A gentle, cool breeze—
The kind that dances through your hair.
It brings a soothing ease,*

As you crash into my thoughts like the sea.

*Waves upon waves of you come to me;
I close my eyes, breathe in the breeze,
And imagine you here, beside me.*

*Cold winds and falling autumn leaves—
They carry you all the way to me.*

- Ayeda Adnan 11G3





Shattered heart

***You were the bullet that cut through my heart,
The shot that tore me apart.
Your love was the weapon that stole my breath,
Your words were poison that led me to death.***

***Your voice was the sound that echoed in my head,
Not once,***

Not thrice,

But for my whole life.

***Your eyes were the threat that made my heart race,
Your tears—waves that swept me away.
You're the nightmare that stole my daydreams,
The sorrow that taught me the meaning of pain.***

***You were the war I knew I'd never win,
Yet I fought and lost—left wounded within.***

***You were the bullet that shattered my soul...
And I remain—alive, but never whole.***

- Fatima Zehra - 10G4





The Little Bird

***There was a little bird
Outside my windowsill.
It seemed frozen in place—
So quiet, so still.***

***It stayed through day and night,
Pecking at grains with care,
Alert and watchful always,
As if danger lingered there.***

***I wondered what kept it bound
To that very space.
I never gave it much thought—
Until I looked at its face.***

***There was a sorrow hidden deep,
A sadness I couldn't define.
It was just a bird, I thought—
But could it too cry?***

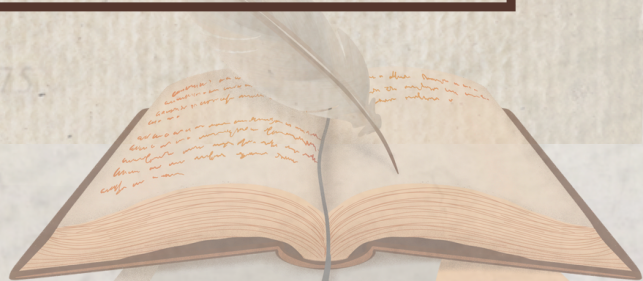
***Then one day, in the window's corner,
I finally saw what was true:
A single little egg lay there,
And the bird guarded it too.***

***It stood alone, brave and still,
Afraid to fly too far.
So, I placed twigs and grains nearby,
Hoping to ease its war.***

***Then one day, it disappeared,
And the egg was gone too.
Only broken shells remained—
A quiet, empty view.***

***If you see them now—fragile and small—
Will you lend your kindness too?***

- Asmita Roy - 9G3





I, who have never known life

*I, who have never known life—
Its harsh reality, its years of strife.
The lows, the highs,
The joys and cries.
The hurdles, the victories,
The answers, the mysteries—
It is I who have never known life.*

*What will tomorrow's sun bring?
Kindness of words, or a bitter sting?
Will I fail to try or try to fail?
Will my efforts be to no avail?
Will I merely tread through the day,
Or swing joyously through it, carefree, in play?
It truly is I who have never known life.*

*Trusting foes and pushing friends away—
A tragic tale in every way.
Should a heart ache with this much pain,
While life hides its thorns beneath flowers of feigned gain?
Is it them, or is it me,
Left chasing shadows with songs of plea?
It really is I who have never known life.*

*Must we take on challenge after challenge,
Causing more anguish, more damage?
My heart yearns for a home long gone—
Should I leave it behind for a place unknown?
For a mere adventure, undefined and new?
For winds that rage against all I do?
No comfort, only loss,
No clear direction—no cause.
A blind man led by sighted hands—
That's how change feels in unfamiliar lands.
It is true—I have never known life.*

*Deluded by false promises wrapped in beauty,
Was I wrong to believe we were free of duty?
To lie in prickly grass in blissful rest,
With rain on the glass and wind on my chest?
To run through nature's warm embrace,
To slumber without time or place?
To stop and stare without worry,
To let the future remain soft and blurry?*

*The friend I trusted struck from behind with a knife—
And the saddest truth is:
I only thought I knew life.*

- Aaima Sajid - 10G4





Balcony

Sitting alone,
Perched between sea and
sky.

A cup of coffee—
That's all I have,
Watching the waves,
Wryly whistling their tune.

What's special about this?
Looking beyond.
The cup of coffee, untouched,
Tilted oh-so precariously upon the
railing.

What more to adore?
What more to love?

The sun escapes the horizon,
Entrapped in the sky's vast realm.
Its colourful legion stands by.
I, the foreseer—more or less, a
fool.
What more to love?

It's more a sequence to watch.
Slowly the coffee drips away,
Its warmth—no more.
It falls, little by little, drip by drip
The wry whistle of the waves,
Led by the wind—
Too salty, too bittersweet.

The sun, halfway through its
escape.

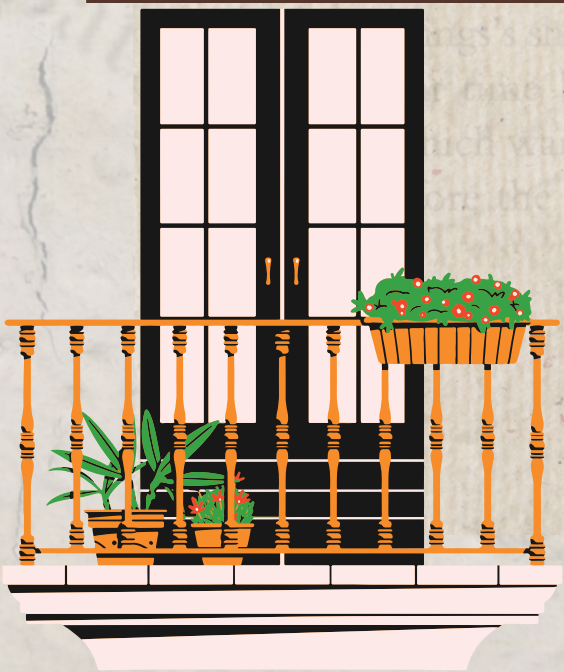
The coffee, untouched, half
gone.

It falls—
Cup and all.
Too far from reach,
Too far to grasp.
Too late.

Its demise—done.
A shattered mug—
That's what it is.

A smile—
That's all I say.
"How nice."
That's all I say,
As I walk away.

- Kyle Hicban 11B6





Mare's Call

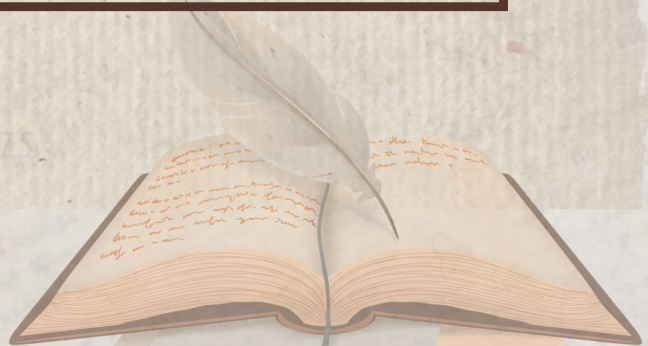
***I was ready to call him my friend—my betrothed,
But no, that man holds such broken thoughts.
I trusted, I tried with all I had,
That same man with blue eyes,
Who was ready to leave.***

***I gave it my all, but he's obsessed with me.
I torture myself with the same thoughts,
Asking, "What have I done to deserve such loathing?"
This life was never meant for me.
I was never the one who should've learnt this lesson.***

***From this moment on, let it be known:
"Anyone can betray anyone"—
Starting with my foe.***

- Manahil Ali 11G5

(Inspiration taken from a book 'Red Queen')





Featured French Entry!

**« Quelle belle journée »
Ce soir, l'air chante et sifflements,
Le soleil descend lentement
Les enfants se rirent fort et courent heureusement.
La mer rugit comme une bête
Les arbres se dressent haut
Et les fleurs sentent incroyable.
Quelle belle journée...**

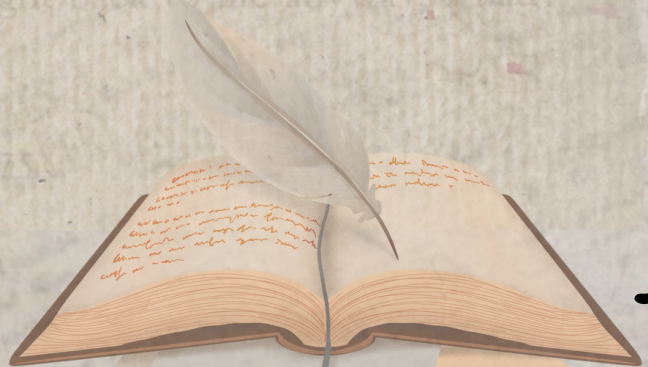
-Hareem Rizvi 10G1





Views on ongoing Issues

*"Do not blame the world,
find a solution." Sri Chinmoy*





Whispers of the water

- Urwah Miraal 9G3

"Whispers of the Waters" aims to inspire awareness and action towards the conservation of water.

***From mountain peaks to ocean's deep,
In every tide, in each rain's sweep,
A precious gift we must defend,
On which all living things depend.***

***Let's cherish rivers, lakes, and streams,
The blueprints of our earthly dreams,
With careful hands and mindful hearts,
We'll play our part, where change starts.***

***Turn off the tap, and save the rain,
Let not a single drop be vain,
For in our care, the waters thrive,
Ensuring all can drink, survive.***

***With every action, big or small,
We safeguard life for one and all,
A future bright, a world renewed,
With love for water, pure and true.***





Our World: Our Responsibility

It's no secret that climate change has seized global attention in recent years – and for good reason. Each summer smashes heat records, with global temperatures now 1.54°C higher than pre-industrial levels. The consequences? Unrelenting disasters: wildfires that swallow forests whole, floods that erase communities, and heatwaves that push human endurance to its limits.

Behind every headline lies a deeper tragedy: families displaced, economies shattered, and irreplaceable habitats reduced to ashes. Meanwhile, our oceans suffocate under trapped heat, melting polar ice at unprecedented rates. Rising sea levels now threaten to drown coastal cities – home to millions – within our lifetimes.

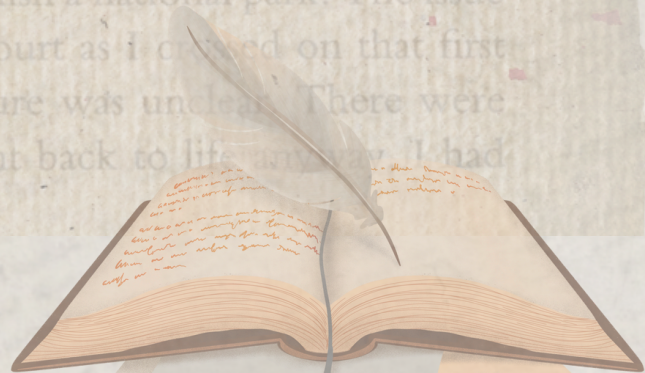
And at the heart of it all? Greenhouse gases. Though terms like “global warming” are now commonplace, CO₂ levels have soared by 50% since the 1750s. The invisible toll of these emissions manifests in hurricanes, droughts, and ecosystems pushed to collapse. If we ignore this crisis any longer, we invite catastrophe.

Yet hope remains. As students, we wield power:

- Demand renewable energy and green policies.***
- Reduce waste and champion sustainability.***
- Raise our voices – awareness sparks action.***

The planet's future hinges on the choices we make today. We must become the change we wish to see – before it's too late.

-Aliza Zainab 12G



غياب نور المعرفة

في زاوية من العالم، حيث الأحلام تُخنق خلف جدران الجهل، يقف ملايين الأطفال محرومين من التعليم. لا كراسي ولا كتب، بل ساعات يقضونها في العمل أو البحث عن لقمة الخبز. العقول التي كانت يمكن أن تكون منارة المستقبل تُترك في الظلام، غير قادرة على اكتشاف إمكانياتها.

التعليم ليس رفاهية، بل هو حق. هو المفتاح الذي يفتح أبواب الأمل، والجسر الذي ينقل المجتمعات من الفقر إلى الازدهار. عندما يتعلم طفل، فإنه يُغيّر مصيره ومصير من حوله.

لكن، وسط هذا الظلام، هناك بصيص من النور. متطوعون يعلمون تحت الأشجار، برامج تمنح الفتيات فرصة للتعليم، وأشخاص يكرّسون حياتهم لتحقيق حلم بسيط: مدرسة لكل طفل.

لن يتحقق التغيير إلا إذا آمنا بأن التعليم هو الاستثمار الأعظم، وأن بناء عقول الأطفال هو بناء مستقبل الإنسان.

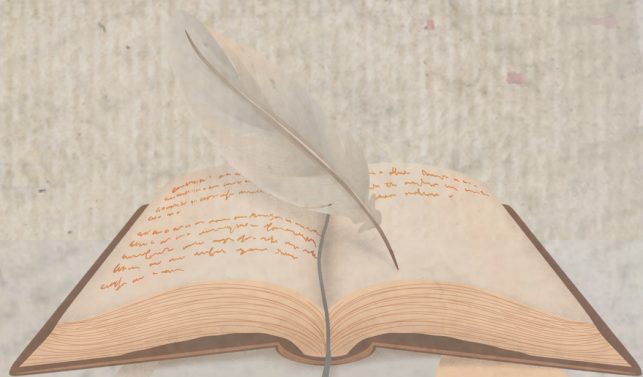
- Mariam Maheen 9G5





Book Reviews

"I mean, when you're tired of book reviews, you're tired of life." Lev Grossman





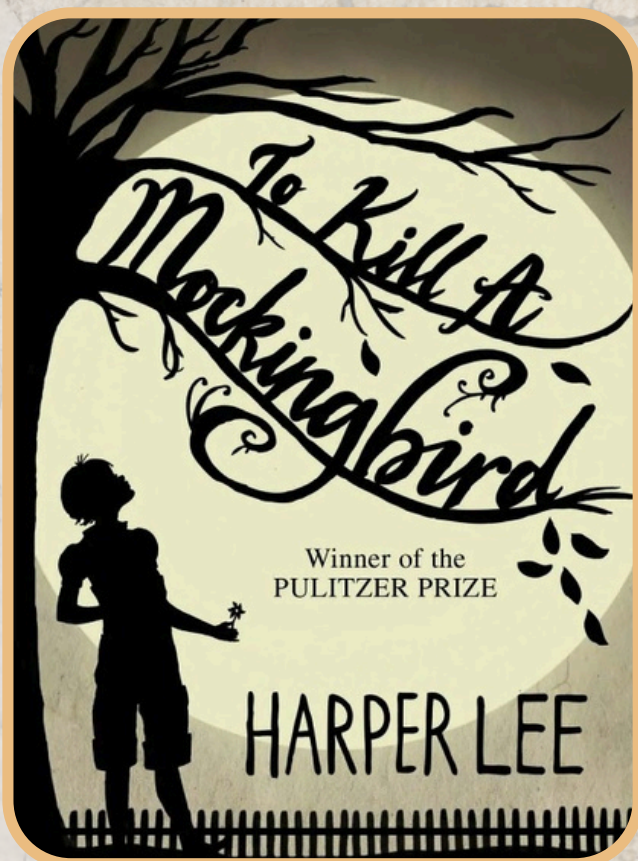
-To kill a Mockingbird-

I recently read To Kill a Mockingbird by Harper Lee, and I loved how it made me think deeply about fairness and kindness. The story is told by Scout Finch, a young girl growing up in the American South, and follows her father, Atticus, who defends a Black man, Tom Robinson, wrongly accused of a crime.

The most powerful part of the book is how it portrays the impact of racism and prejudice, while also emphasizing the importance of empathy. Atticus has always been an inspiration to me because he stands up for what is right, even when the entire town is against him. Scout and her brother, Jem, also taught me a lot about courage and understanding others' perspectives.

The mix of serious themes and relatable moments made the book both thought-provoking and enjoyable. It's not just about justice—it's about growing up and seeing the world for what it truly is. I highly recommend it because it inspires self-reflection and challenges you to see the world from a different point of view.

- Fatima Zehra 10G4



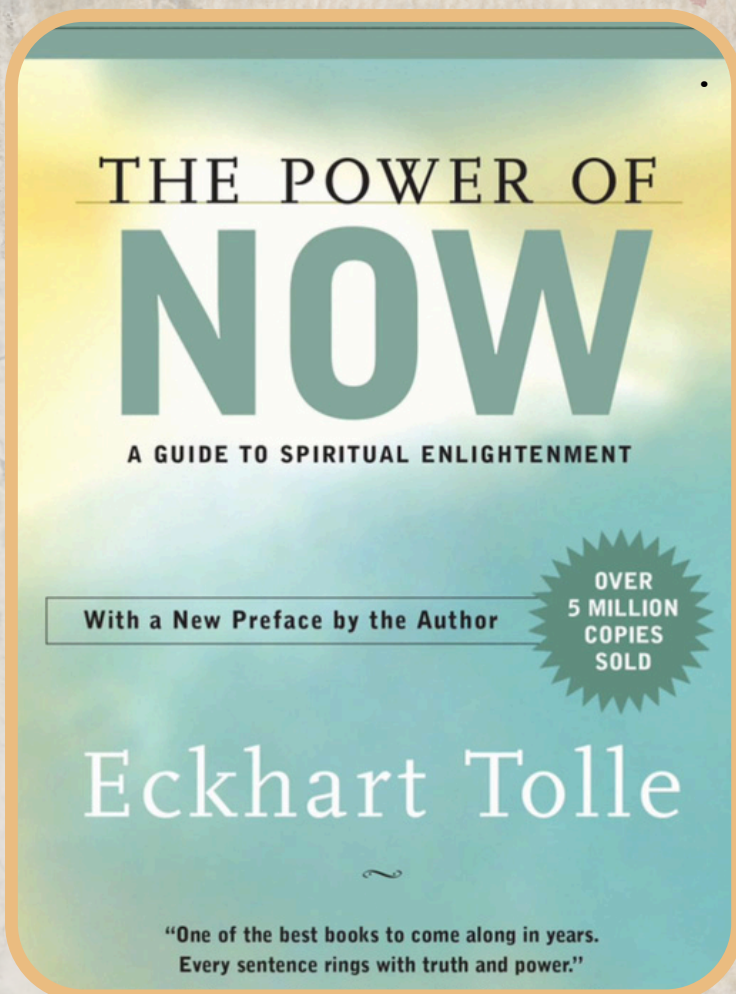


-The power of now-

"The power of now" by Eckhart Tolle is rather an impressive work that inspires its audience to be in the now and to experience the tranquility within themselves. Tolle advocates for training the mind in moderation and refraining from the habitual over-analysis. He offers brilliant understanding and real life examples that allow the audience to detach from the regrets of what has been and the fears of what may come, which allows them to access their true self.

One remarkable feature of the book and its author is how easy it was to explain deep spiritual issues. Thanks to Tolle's wisdom, a reader can understand that there is only one moment expected – 'now', and it is the moment to take advantage of. For everyone who is looking for an answer in life and to find inner peace, yes, I would recommend this book to everyone.

- Fatima Ali Anjum 11G3





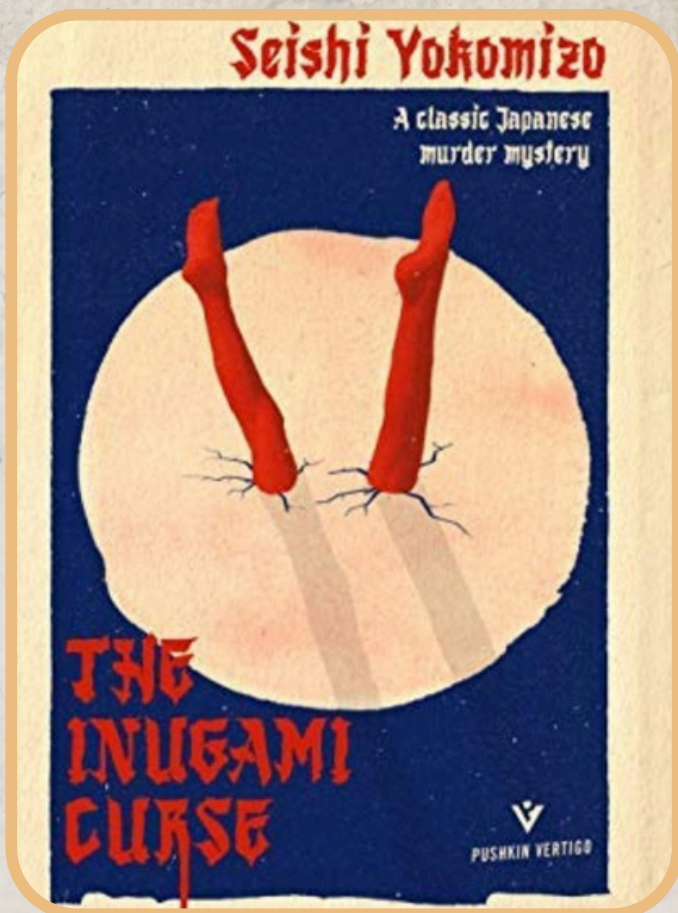
The Inugami Curse

This novel is part of the Kosuke Kindaichi series, but personally I believe, it's a masterpiece on its own! I absolutely loved the plot, the characters, and their dynamic personalities. It's the perfect concoction of family politics, love, jealousy, and selfless kinship.

I read this at quite a young age and have been a die-hard fan of Seishi Yokomizo's works ever since—it's surprising how his writing, which dates back to 1951, hasn't received as much recognition as it deserves.

I definitely recommend this book to all lovers of realistic drama who are craving action-packed pages, beautifully blended with a touch of calmness and the serenity of genuine affection. To give you a sense of his skillful storytelling: he had me flipping through page after page, even as my eyes grew dry—you just can't help yourself with all the engrossing twists and turns!

-Ruhma Naveed 1193



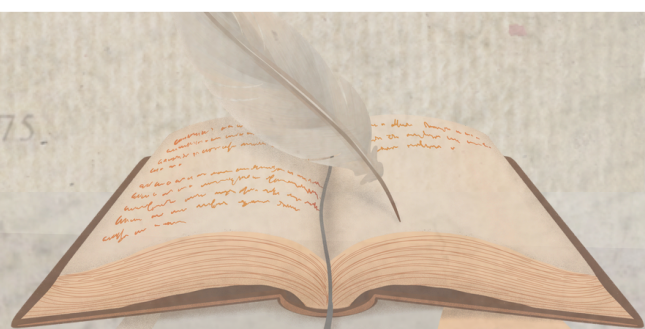


Leisure Activities

For the Love of Reading

I	S	C	D	E	S	Y	H	O	P	S	O	W	E
A	R	H	R	R	E	H	O	S	M	I	M	O	S
C	O	R	A	O	I	P	R	C	R	L	F	R	N
D	M	O	M	M	R	A	R	I	A	R	C	D	E
Y	A	M	A	C	E	R	O	M	E	P	H	S	P
S	N	E	O	O	S	G	R	L	S	J	I	T	S
T	C	M	I	M	R	O	L	O	C	I	L	O	U
O	E	O	I	I	N	I	P	L	I	L	D	S	S
P	U	U	O	A	R	B	R	E	F	T	R	C	E
I	E	T	R	H	I	R	E	I	I	E	E	R	P
A	O	A	T	N	O	I	T	C	A	D	N	E	I
R	P	I	I	N	N	O	I	T	C	I	F	E	C
A	D	N	Y	R	E	T	S	Y	M	L	A	N	E
R	L	I	C	S	H	I	F	T	E	R	S	R	R

PARANORMAL
THRILLER
ACTION
WORDS TO SCREEN
SHIFTERS
DYSTOPIA
CHILDREN
SERIES
CHROME MOUNTAIN
ROMANCE
FICTION
SUSPENSE
ROMCOM
JILTED
HORROR
MYSTERY
BIOGRAPHY
DRAMA
RECIPES
SCI-FI





Leisure Activities

A A U T H O R S P U R P O S E L O B R E P Y H F
D D K K W Q E G A U G N A L E V I T A R U G I F
E O J N X O C K D T X L S S I M I L E N X A D Y
T D R E O C O N T E X T C L U E S B N M T M C R
A C T E C I S E Q U E N C E U R B S A Y G G O A
I L A I A T N T V P W S I I T Z O R I N P K M L
L N A U A D I I E P R V S P E L H A E O L H P U
S N F R S R I V P C U E H A U E R M O N O M R B
S T P E E E T N E O N V D T S E Z M P Y T Y E A
U Y O R R T G V G S V E I I T U M A O S B N H C
M X I U S E I U G C E O D P C U E R T E L O E O
M S N T Z M N L D N N M A I K T T G A V S T N V
A G T C F E W C C R X H E F V Z A B M W E N S N
R H O U I L B C E B C E L H W E P E O D R A I T
Y P F R I B Y T Q Q E H Z R T I H Y N E U E O O
T A V T N O I T P A C P I M Y H O Y O M T N N P
E R I S C R U H B V K T H K V U R E E J A K F I
X G E T H P K J A M E T S A R T N O C V E O I C
T A W X N O U N N O I S U L C N O C E D F W C O
K R D E S C R I P T I O N J S T M R Q I T I T M
L A U T M F A L N A R R A T O R B Q R X X R I P
G P W I Y A E D A E D I N I A M N G I P E K O A
K R F L F C T C E F F E Q I D I O M H G T D N R
X Y Z M Z T N O I T C I F N O N K S E T M C R E

figurative language
comprehension
nonfiction
hyperbole
solution
grammar
caption
details
topic
verb

authors purpose
point of view
vocabulary
inference
sequence
chapter
antonym
compare
trait
noun

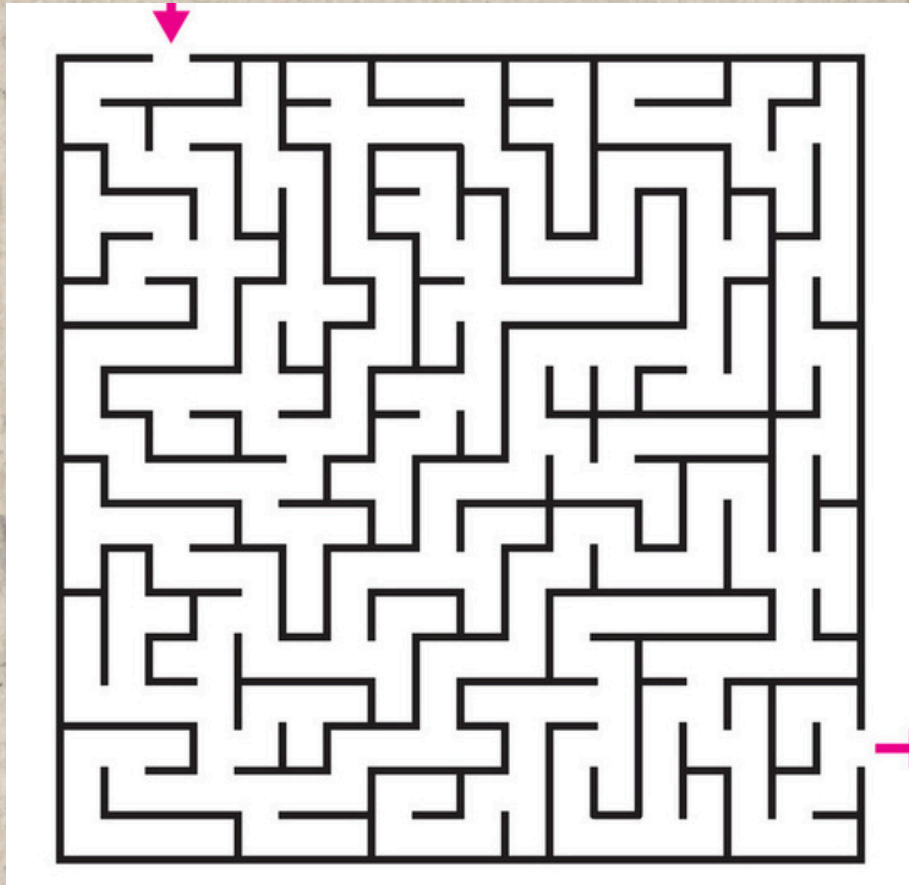
text structure
onomatopoeia
paragraph
evidence
contrast
summary
fiction
simile
idiom
text

context clues
description
adjective
metaphor
reading
predict
opinion
effect
cause
fact

text features
conclusion
main idea
narrator
literal
synonym
problem
write
theme
plot



Leisure Activities



9	1	3				5		
6		7					2	4
	5			8			7	
	7	9						
		2		9			4	3
					4		9	
	4				1	9		
7		6			9			5
		1			6	4		7