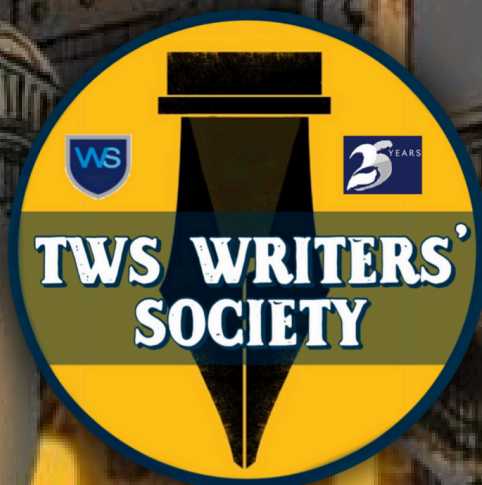


TWS WRITERS' SOCIETY



Extraordinary tales, in an Ordinary World

SEVENTH EDITION

Welcome to TWS Writers' Society!

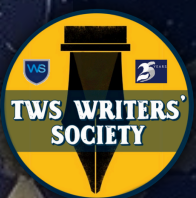
Small changes, big impact- our schools' motto is what helped a dozen of persistent girls to come together and concoct a plan, a plan that aims to bring together students that have a vision for today's generation; by simply igniting pupils' interest in literature. TWS Writers' Society proudly works towards presenting student's views on today's issues, favorite novels and a variety of pensive thoughts in a manner which caters to our audience efficiently, and celestially!

In addition to this, every issue is packed with often overlooked features such as book reviews, summaries as well as personal views by students, and many more; this boldly illustrated magazine glistens with insight and brings out the hidden talents of TWS. TWS Writers' Society also features tips and exercises on essay writing , short stories, poetry as well as articles, and inspiring prompts, and monthly writing competitions. This magazine will feature some of the best-written pieces every month and it will definitely stand by its motto "Extraordinary Tales, in an Ordinary World"

—ZAHRA ALI JAFFER , MEHNAZ CHOWDHURY—

مجلة "مجتمع الكاتب TWS" تأسست في مدرسة وستمنستر دبي. إنها مبادرة يديرها الطلاب في جميع أنحاء المدرسة وتهدف إلى المساعدة في تحفيز رؤية العديد من الطلاب المتحمسين للكتابة وربطهم بمهاراتهم ومجتمعهم وكذلك السماح لهم باستكشاف شغفهم بالصحافة والكتابة من خلال أخذ تجاربهم بعين الاعتبار ومن خلال منحهم الفرص لإجراء مقابلات ثاقبة تجعل رؤاهم تنبض بالحياة. يكرس "مجتمع لمساعدة الكاتب على تطوير حرفتهم وتحسين مهاراتهم بالإضافة إلى "TWS الكاتب تشجيع الطلاب على الإبداع وسيقدم مزيجًا من القطع الثقافية والحديثة والتقليدية وكذلك الكلاسيكية في كل إصدار شهري كل عدد مليء بالميزات التي غالبًا ما يتم تجاهلها مثل مراجعات الكتب والملخصات بالإضافة إلى وجهات النظر الشخصية للطلاب وغير ذلك الكثير ؛ تتلأأ هذه المجلة وتبرز المواهب الخفية لـ TWS. يقدم "مجتمع الكاتب TWS" أيضًا نصائح وتمارين حول كتابة المقالات، القصص القصيرة، الشعر والمطالبات الملهمة ومسابقات الكتابة الشهرية. ستعرض هذه المجلة بعضًا من أفضل الكتابات كل شهر ، وستتمسك بالتأكيد بشعارها "حكايات غير عادية في عالم عادي"

—FARAH ALRAWE —



TWS WRITERS' SOCIETY

Webpage and Social Media

TWS Writers' Society Team, has launched its very own Website and Instagram Page, which will provide easy access to our publication of the digital magazine, as well as provide an excellent platform for communication, to enhance the experience of our readers and writers alike.

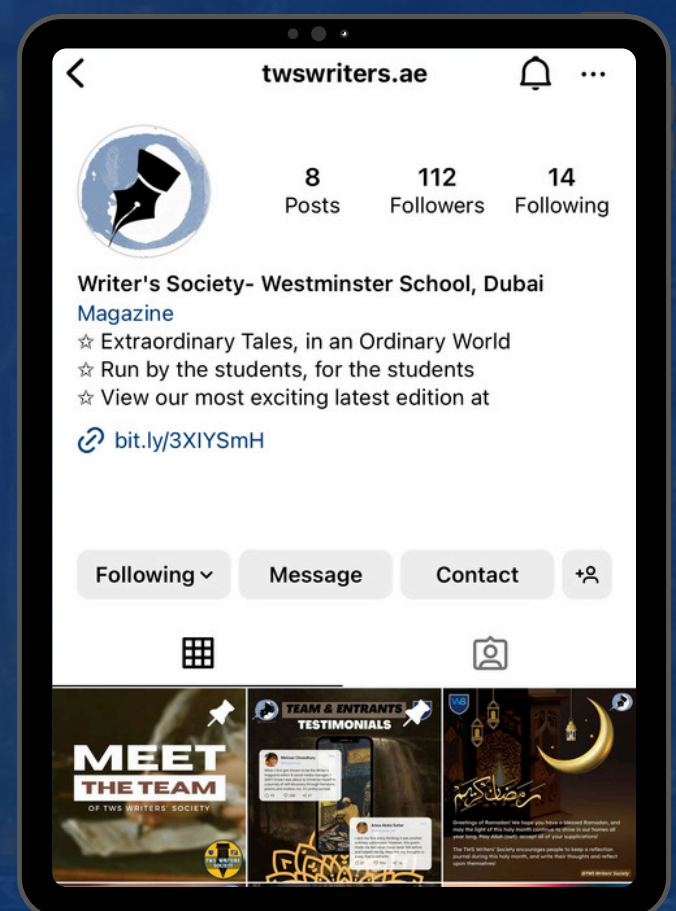


Webpage



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

Instagram Page



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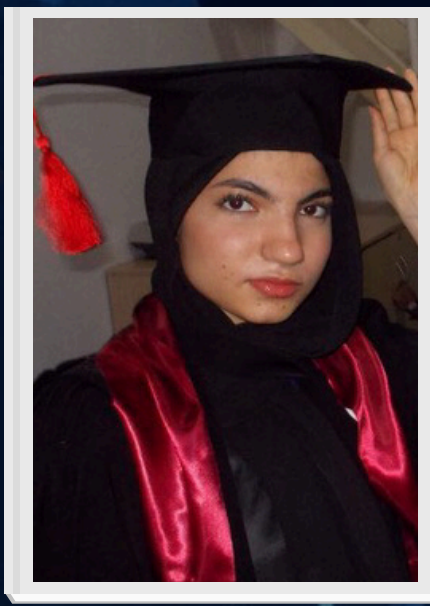
“Social media is the ultimate equaliser. It gives a voice and a platform to anyone willing to engage”
— Amy Jo Martin

MEET THE

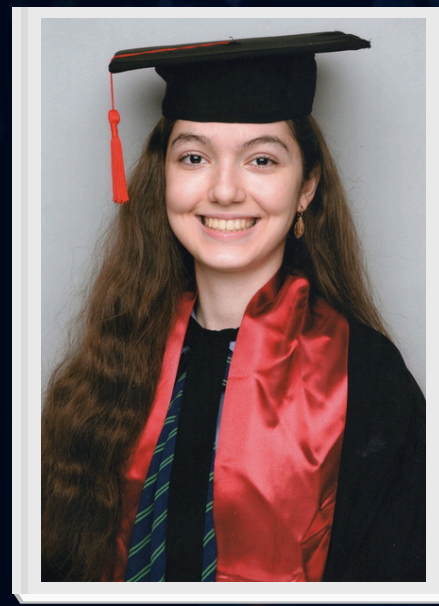
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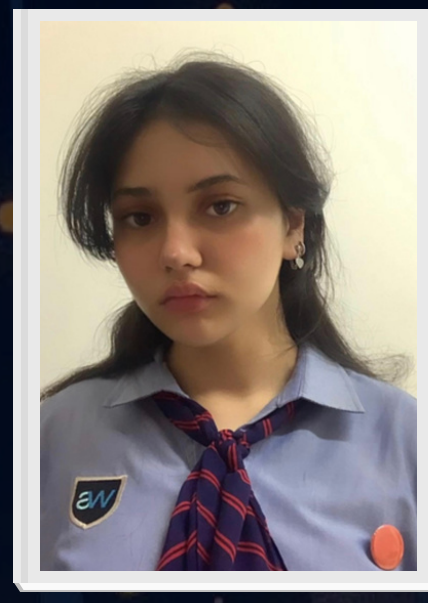
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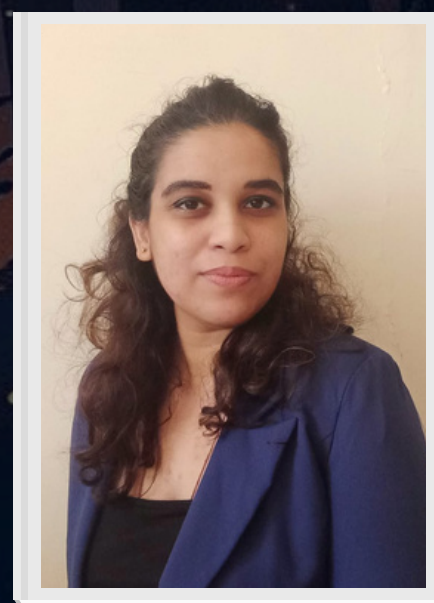
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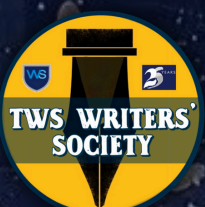
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NO. 7





FEATURED ENTRIES

“I believe myself that a good writer doesn’t really need to be told anything except to keep at it.”

— Chinua Achebe

A GLIMPSE INTO MYSELF

—AMNA KASHIF—

I close my eyes, succumbing to the lull of sleep,
my anticipating mind willing to go silent until we arrive.
after a while I open them,
and my sight is filled with glittering sand, the air in my lungs
leaving,
threatening to never come back.
A soft whisper escapes my lips, barely audible,
I love you.
dear universe,
I love you.
my heart flutters at the realization that I too am a part of it,
made of the dust that the stars encompass,
and my eyes water.
I blink, and I am inside a nebula,
watching the psychedelic dust swirl around me,
witnessing the birth of stars,
innumerable and grand.
Brilliant colors of pink, purple, and blue mist fill my sight,
their proportions changing, blending together, forming
more stars.
I blink again,
and am surrounded by gases in red, orange, and blue,
watching a fire in space, the hues blending into an ombre,
transforming into bright spots, tiny explosions,

some growing into tremendous sizes, trying to outsize
one another.
Blink, and I am watching a black hole devour a star,
glittery strips of white swirl around the monstrous void,
while it hungrily feasts on the helpless essence of its
victim.
Blink, and it is engulfing a whole planetary system,
the star's bright glow diminished,
it's orbiting planets waiting to be shredded into
nothing,
a cataclysm waiting to happen.
It is a mesmerizing sight, watching it grow larger in
size,
as if it's getting ready to engulf the whole universe.
Blink, and I watch an old star take in its dying breaths,
trying to rage for a little longer,
before the red giant collapses, becoming a ghost of
its shell—
its outer layers drifting away like the waves of a
cosmic ocean,
leaving nothing but a seething white beacon amidst
the radiant nebula.
Blink, and I am lying in the grass,
eyes carefully scanning the night sky,
constellations sparkling throughout.

COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES

—RUHMA NAVEED—

Standing amongst the corpse of my chums, my heart grapple my ribs almost as though it wanted to escape my body.
The sight was unbearable.

Blood drenched shirts, severed limbs, fire-burnt weapons even our horses were flogged relentlessly. The enemies have
vanquished my comrades and I stood gaping at their bodies like a helpless child wandering in a graveyard.

I waded across a dodering tower of burnt weaponry, pitying my self for being late to save them. My eyes, though
flooded, didn't shed a tear until I caught a glance of a fair face, ginger hair with his hands clasping his sword.

"John, my lad. You were more than a friend, you were my brother", I let out an anguished sob, sniveling the gloop from
my nose which was now runny and snotty.

Absorbing my tears I vowed soulfully to never mourn his death until I avenge him.

A sound of a galloping horse neared and a woman claded in a cloak came into sight, her widely opened eyes set on
John who was faced towards me, she shot a glance

of disbeleif as tear filled her eyes.

"No", she denied with a tone of a stubborn child, her voice faltering as she dismounted the lofty horse. She knelt limp
on the ground with a thump, slowly inched towards the boy's face to catch a glance. Though her tears blurred her
vision she knew what her son looked like, even after 15 years.

The sight crushd her, she couldn't beleive her watery eyes.

PARENT ENTRY

"If there's a book that you want to read, but it hasn't been written yet, then you must write it."

-Toni Morrison

العلاقات الإنسانية بين الفعل ورد الفعل

—مقال للدكتور / اركان عبدالعزيز الاروي—
خبير تطوير موارد بشرية ،، دكتوراه فلسفة في الإدارة العامة

علاقات الإنسان بالآخرين قد تكون إيجابية أو سلبية، وأحياناً ربما تكون متذبذبة بين الإيجاب والسلب. نحن ومن خلال هذا المقال، لا نستهدف مناقشة تفاصيل هذا الموضوع الواسعة والمتعددة، بل نود التركيز على جزئية الفعل ورد الفعل، ومن الذي يتحمل المسؤولية في حال وجود رد فعل معين من إنسان، مساوٍ بالمقدار، ومعاكس بالاتجاه، لفعل بدر من شخص آخر. لتوضيح المقصود، دعونا نطرح المثالين الآتيين:

أولاً: شخص لا يهتم بمن حوله، ولا يشركهم في أفراحه، كم أنه لا يتذكرهم إلا في المواقف المحزنة التي يريد من الآخرين أن يشاركونه إياها. أفعال هذا الشخص تُمّت مقابلتها بردود أفعال عادلة وموضوعية من المحيطين به الذين بدأوا يبتعدون عنه بالتدريج، ولا يتفاعلون معه.

ثانياً: أستاذ جامعي، لا يمنح طلبته ما يستحقونه من جهد في مجال التعليم، فهو لا يهتم بتطوير ما يمتلكه من معلومات ومعارف، ولا يركز على تحسين طرق وأساليب التدريس التي يستخدمها، كما أنه لا يوظف الترفيه لأغراض جذب عقول وأذهان الطلبة. هذه الأفعال تمت مقابلتها بردود أفعال سلبية من قبل الطلبة الذين بدأوا ينفرون من حصة هذا الأستاذ، ولا يقوموا بأداء الواجبات التي يطلبها منهم، كما أنهم قدموا ضده شكوى للإدارة بهدف استبداله بأستاذ آخر أفضل منه.

المقال الذي بين أيدينا لا يستهدف التشجيع على مقابلة السلبية بسلبية، بل يستهدف الوقوف بعقلانية وموضوعية إلى جانب الطرف المتأثر، وعدم إسقاط اللوم عليه في حال قرر تطبيق مبدأ المعاملة بعدالة. صحيح أن مبدأ المعاملة بعدالة في هذا المقام قد لا يكون مثالياً، إلا أنه بالتأكيد منطقي، ويمكن تفهمه.

ختاماً نقول .. ينبغي على الإنسان أن يضبط أفعاله مع الآخرين، ويحرص على جعلها إيجابية، تحفي از تحث من يتعامل معهم على مقابلة الإيجابية بإيجابية. في جميع الأحوال، من المهم أن يزن الفرد تصرفاته بميزان المنطق، ولا يستغرب من ردود أفعال المحيطين به عندما تكون متوافقة مع أفعاله معهم

—RAKAN ABDULAZEEZ AL RAWI—
—FATHER OF FARAH ALRAWI—

The background of the entire page is a dark, atmospheric illustration. The top half shows a large, pale full moon in a deep blue, cloudy night sky. The bottom half features a detailed, dark-toned illustration of a Gothic-style building, possibly a cathedral or university hall, with many arched windows and intricate stonework. Some windows are illuminated from within, casting a warm glow. In the foreground, there are hints of a garden with red flowers.

POETRIES

*“Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world, and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.”
— Percy Bysshe Shelley*

MAN KILLED HUMANKIND

The big ares died in war
The little ones, they were killed
All as I was safe and sound
in the tower's keep.

Cries of pain, yells & screams.
echoes my empty room
As for I sit firmly still
In the tower's room

The tower's keep, it isn't mine
The owner's body lies dead on it own Everyday I see his blood
running through walll
And yet I found the towers keep appealing like my home

but I cannot stay inside this cage, For to long
Food, water, Love & Care was long time scared
I feel like a poor orphan born all alone
I will get out, find my needs & return back home.

Slow & alert, I came outside the glourious tower's keep
I hear the gun, I' fall down
Pain erupting through my chest
What happened and why I try to rewind but before that I thought
the words
"Man killed humankind"

—PEHASI KULASEKARA—

HONESTY

If I'm being honest,
I find myself crumbling like a mountain, begging for the littlest rocks
to escape.

I find myself caressing my very own hair and wrapping my arms
around my body, embracing what needs comforting.
I find myself admiring girls my age as they can sit and talk on about
their mothers forever.

I find myself running my fingers through my hair, locking my fingers
in between knots as I undo them.

I find myself bottling up of what so little I have in me, hoping that
what needs to be said will be heard without uttering a single word.

I find myself looking after the children, feeding, caring and
comforting them when needed.

And if im being honest,
I find myself stepping foot into the shoes of my mother who I can't
seem to grasp.

—ADHARI WAHEEDA —

BOOKS

In kingdoms of ink and paper's embrace. A world awaits in a
sacred space.
In a world of tales untold,
A book unfolds its stories bold.
Each cover a portal to unfathomable lands, Where heroes rise and
fate demands. Tales of bravery, sagas of war,
Books, chambers of lore.
From dusty shelves to library halls,
Whispers of wisdom echo in the walls.
A gateway to dreams, where mind takes flight, The written word,
where words give delight.
In solitude's embrace, a book is a friend, A companion loyal until
the end. Through joy and tears, laughter and pain,
Books offer solace in life's refrain.

—HAMNA RAMZAN—

THE DEADLIEST STEPS

Silent footsteps, Creaking in my head
Silent
footsteps, Haunting me in my bed
As they near,
My heartbeat quickens
In sync with the ticking clock Beating loud in my ears,
My fear consuming me,
Overtaking
me,
I expect the worst to come, but it has
already begun,
I bury myself in my bed,
For the Silent footsteps now trodding inside my heart and head

—ABIHA RIZVI—

GETTING LOST IN A BOOK

The feeling of getting lost in a book,
Is like taking a dive in a crystalline brook.
Stories and tales fill my mind, With lore to uncover and find.
Every page a new emotion, Imagination set into motion.
It's like no other feeling, I must confess, The feeling of getting lost
in a book.

—HAMNA RAMZAN—

ETERNAL LONGING: A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER'S LOVE

A bond was born in the cradle of love
A mother's hug, soft and warm.
But now the veil of sorrow is falling
'Cause without her, my heart feels like it's going to break.

Oh dear mother, your absence is serious,
It echoes quietly in the room.
Your laughter was once a symphony of joy,
It sounds like a memory that can't be used now.

Your hands were so kind, you gently held mine.
Guide me through life's complicated pitfalls. But now I'm tripped,
lost and alone
The longing for your existence is now gone forever.

The scent of your love is in the air
But even when I reached out, there was nothing but despair.
Your voice was once a sweet and graceful melody,
Now it whispers softly in an empty room.

The world feels colder without your light
While navigating the darkness of this endless night.
A void in my heart, a void that can't be filled
I crave silent love. oh i'm dying to hug you again
To see your peaceful face with love in your eyes.
But fate has stolen you, cruel silent thief,
An unimaginable grief remains with me.

But in this sadness I hold you tight
In precious memories where love still flows.
'Cause when you're gone, your soul remains
Love will last forever in my heart.

So I carry your love like a flame that burns bright
Lead me through the darkness like a guiding light
. Even if the tears flow, even if the pain remains
In my heart, dear mother, your love still exists.

—NABIA KHAN—

OH HOW POWERED THE SKY IS

Oh how powerful the sky is,
the moon, the sun, the stars,
it witnessed us losing humanity,
and giving deep scars.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
witnesses griefs and regrets,
Seen lovers let go of each other,
and also the first day they met.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
Saw mankind going apart,
Saw us losing fear of god,
And love for him in our heart.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
Not afraid to show it's emotions,
Sometimes bright, sometimes tears,
Also cries oceans.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
It's clouds, shades and hues,
I don't worry about it leaving,
It's the only one I'll never lose.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
Holding soo many souls,
It's rival preserves the bodies,
They together have different roles.

Oh how powerful the sky is,
There's no doubt I'll be there one day,
I'll finally join the people,
Who always feels okay.

Oh sky how much I love you,
You're clouds, stars, the sun,
You're moon, colours, simplicity,
Like you there's purely none.

—MISHAL ANJUM —



SHORT STORIES

“A short story is the ultimate close-up magic trick – a couple of thousand words to take you around the universe or break your heart.”

– Neil Gaiman

PAPER BIRDS

I sat in the damp grass, my jeans growing cold with the rain. My legs were exhausted. It was a long...long time since I had been here.

She died here.

Cheeks pale, lips gasping, limbs trembling, eyes rolled back, blood spreading out beneath her. I closed my eyes. I could remember the way she spoke hoarsely to me— her voice tight with pain.

“Xyla run, run my dear get your father, help hi—”

I hadn’t been fast enough to save her. I saved him but not her. My mother had died here. And it was...all my fault. My feet hadn’t been able to carry me fast enough. My childish mouth hadn’t been able to express the amount of fear I was holding inside to my father.

My nine year old heart had stopped beating stopped realized she was gone. I opened my eyes. Rain dropped on my face. Her memorial stood before me, a beautiful statue made of marble.

I hated that statue.

Yes, her eyes were how I remembered them. Her shoulders were straight with her joy and confidence. Her confidence was not as quiet and genuine, as it always had been. they changed it. They gave her an arrogant smirk.

Tears dripped down my cheeks. “No, anything but tears, as my mother had taught me.”, I whispered to myself as I wiped them trying to muster up courage.

My fingers were curled tightly around the wildflowers I had picked. I could have bought beautiful roses or lovely daisies. But I plucked out wildflowers, because those were her favourite. I also had a few paper birds.

She used to give them to me every time I accomplished something.

As I took a step closer to her statue I gently placed the stems in her fingers, my hand lingering on hers for a moment. I placed the paper birds beneath her feet.

“I love you, Mom. I’m sorry I didn’t take enough time to mourn you.”

I slowly turned and left, my heart aching.

The flowers were drowning in the rain.

As I got closer to my house, I remembered all the good times I had with my mother. The way she used to encourage me and laugh with me.

The front door creaked as I pushed it open, and the warm, familiar scent of home greeted me.

The cozy living room seemed both welcoming and haunting as I sat on the worn-out couch, lost in my deep thoughts.

I glanced at the old family photos on the walls, realizing I could never relive these moments, a fragment of the happiness that seemed to slip away so suddenly.

My father, who was still grieving, was in the kitchen preparing tea.

Silently, we sat together, sipping our tea as raindrops tapped on the windowpane.

I looked at him and noticed his eyes mirrored my own pain.

As time flowed on, days turned into weeks, and weeks transformed into months. Seasons changed, and with them, we changed too.

The pain in our hearts started to heal, even though some scars lingered. To cope, I found comfort in my hobbies, especially in baking and reading – things I used to do with my mother.

Every day, I made a decision to make paper birds and pick wildflowers.

It became my way of silently paying tribute to the past. Each paper bird and wildflower carried a piece of the memories I held dear. They were a simple reminder of the love that remained, even in the face of loss.

And so, the healing continued, one day at a time, until...

On my way home I noticed a trail of petals, being the curious person I am I followed it.

A little afraid yet excited.

“Wait wha—,” I stuttered

I couldn’t believe what I saw. My mother. Standing there smiling at me.

“How is this possible?” I asked her, “I saw you on the ground laying there...”

“Anything is possible my dear. You healed. And I’m proud of you. I’ve been with you every step of the way, watching your resilience. You’ve done an amazing job, and I’m genuinely.. so, so proud of your progress.” she said as tears flooded her eyes.

“This isn’t real, is it?”

“It isn’t, but I’m always watching over you my dear. I love you. Always and Forever. ”

I watched as my mother slowly flew over to the air blowing a kiss and then a paper bird fell down. I smiled as I picked up the paper bird.

I knew I was never going to be alone.

I would always have my mother.

In my heart.

—HOORIYA FATIMA—

VIEWS ON ONGOING ISSUES

*"Words can be like X-rays if you use them properly--they'll go through anything. You read and you're pierced."
— Aldous Huxley*

COMMITTING TO NET ZERO BY 2030

Global Chairman Bob Moritz of PwC launched an operation to reduce carbon emissions. Their goal was to reduce 50% absolute of their scope 1 and 2 emissions as well as a 50% absolute reduction in scope 3 business travel greenhouse gas emissions by 2030 (this was in comparison to the 2019 base). They vowed to switch to 100% renewable electricity in all territories by 2030. This was done as Bob believed climate change is one of the pressing problems facing our world today. It affects everyone – from families worrying about their children’s futures, to pension funds deciding where to invest. He also believed the business community has a key role in making that happen.

The entire plan to achieve this has been very well planned and thought out. They are a global network, and they have a global supply chain, where they can have a significant impact on driving the transition to a net zero economy. The project also plans to support carbon removal projects, including natural climate solutions. So, for every remaining tonne (CO2 equivalent) that will be emitted, they will remove a tonne of carbon dioxide from the atmosphere, to achieve net zero climate impact by 2030. The process to do this fairly simple with their expanse of network and funding from wealthy organizations such as the IFRS (International Financial Reporting Standards), ISSB (International Sustainability Standards board), RE100 climate group and the United Nations Race to Zero campaign.

They kept their word by installing the Net Zero economy index that tracks the rate of decarbonisation in each of the G20 economies, highlighting what more is needed to achieve the Paris Agreement. This affects the business at a global scale, not only have they beneficially impacted some of the most important and powerful countries, but they have also done this through the most simple and effective way possible. Their reports are dependent on BP Statistical Review of World Energy, which is public to everyone online. Their data is already handed out to them, all there is left is to just focus solely on decarbonization.





BOOK REVIEWS

“Books are a uniquely portable magic.”
— Stephen King

I AM NUMBER FOUR

By PITTACUS LORE

Looking at the Book-Cover and reading the blurb, I predicted the Novel would focus on 9 Super-Humans in reference to 'NINE OF US CAME HERE', WE HAVE POWERS YOU DREAM OF HAVING and WE ARE THE SUPERHEROES YOU WORSHIP IN MOVIES AND COMIC BOOKS-'. I thought that perhaps there might be aliens or enemies that were after them since the blurb gave the objective of, THEY CAUGHT NUMBER ONE IN MALAYSIA, NUMBER TWO IN ENGLAND, AND NUMBER THREE IN KENYA' and 'THEY KILLED THEM ALL' which proffers the thought of someone after them.

As stated by the book, the 9 numbers are from an alternate planet called 'LORIEN' they fled to Earth with their 'Cepans' or mentors to train them to fight the MOGADORIANS (another species of aliens) that the book refers to as their current Enemy who are after them

and their powers as they believe the numbers to be a threat of defeating them and keeping Lorien to themselves.

The numbers, with special magic, could only be killed in order from 1-9. Terminally, the numbers 1,2,3 were assassinated.

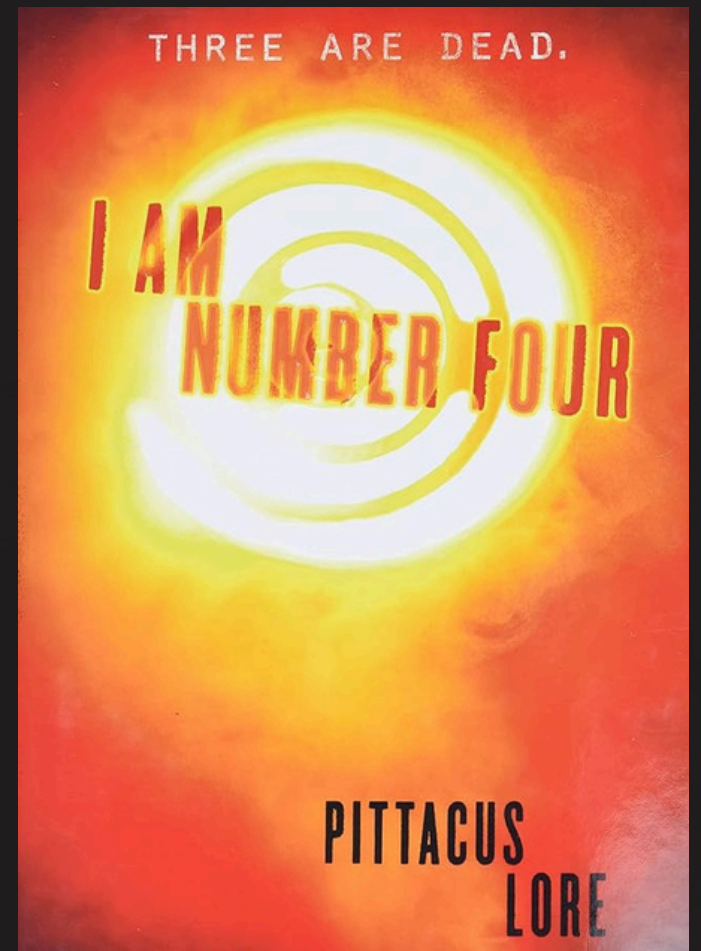
The book's point of view is written in first person by Four, the next number the Mogadorians are after. The Numbers go by different identities to stay hidden, each time there are signs of them being exposed, they move once again. At this stage, Number Four goes by John Smith after several identities, and when being threatened by the Mogadorians and being known as a criminal in his current persona, stays hiding with his best friend, Sam, & the number six.

In my understanding, The Genre of Book is Thriller, Mystery, and Tragedy. While the maturity of the book would be for young adults.

I verily like the book's plot and vocabulary since I find it idiosyncratic and indigenous. In my opinion, the suspense in the books leads the reader to find inclination for the certitude that the author shows and makes it feel as if the novel is gospel.

I honestly dislike the fact that there is a lot of tragedy in the book though, it leads to anxiousness and eagerness to read more.

In denouement, I would say the book is distinctive and peculiar and I find inclination in it.



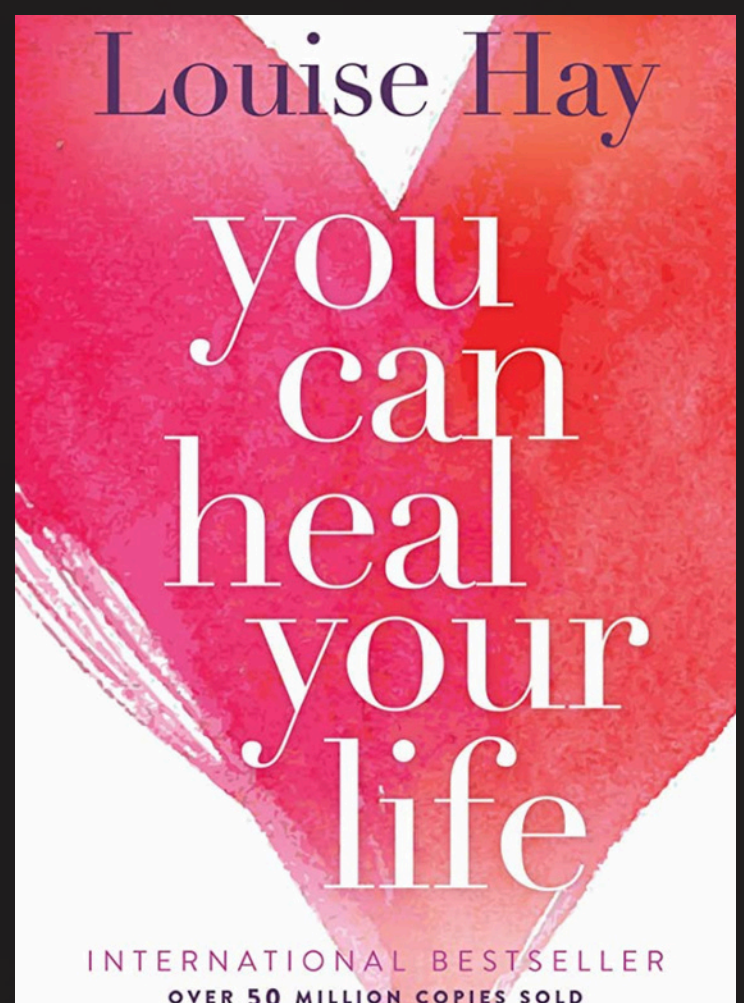
—HAREEM RIZVI — ★★★★★

If you want us to review your book suggestions, email them to us at twswritersmagazine@outlook.com and we'll read them and get back to you!

YOU CAN HEAL YOUR LIFE TITLE

By Louise Hay

“You Can Heal Your Life” by Louise Hay is a powerful and inspiring book that encourages readers to take control of their lives and their health. Hay’s message is that we have the power to heal ourselves, both physically and emotionally, by changing our thoughts and beliefs. She offers practical advice and exercises for readers to use in their daily lives, and her positive and uplifting tone is sure to leave readers feeling empowered and motivated. Overall, I highly recommend this book to anyone who is looking to improve their health and wellbeing.



—AREESHA REHMAN— ★★★★★

If you want us to review your book suggestions, email them to us at twswritersmagazine@outlook.com and we'll read them and get back to you!

LEISURE ACTIVITIES

Creative Writing prompts for those who love to write!

**Write a story in the
format of a gossip
column.**

**Write a story that
contains the line, "I wish
we could stay here
forever."**

**Write about a character
who struggles to do the
right thing.**

**Describe what you
looked like at the age
of five.**

Maze Puzzle

