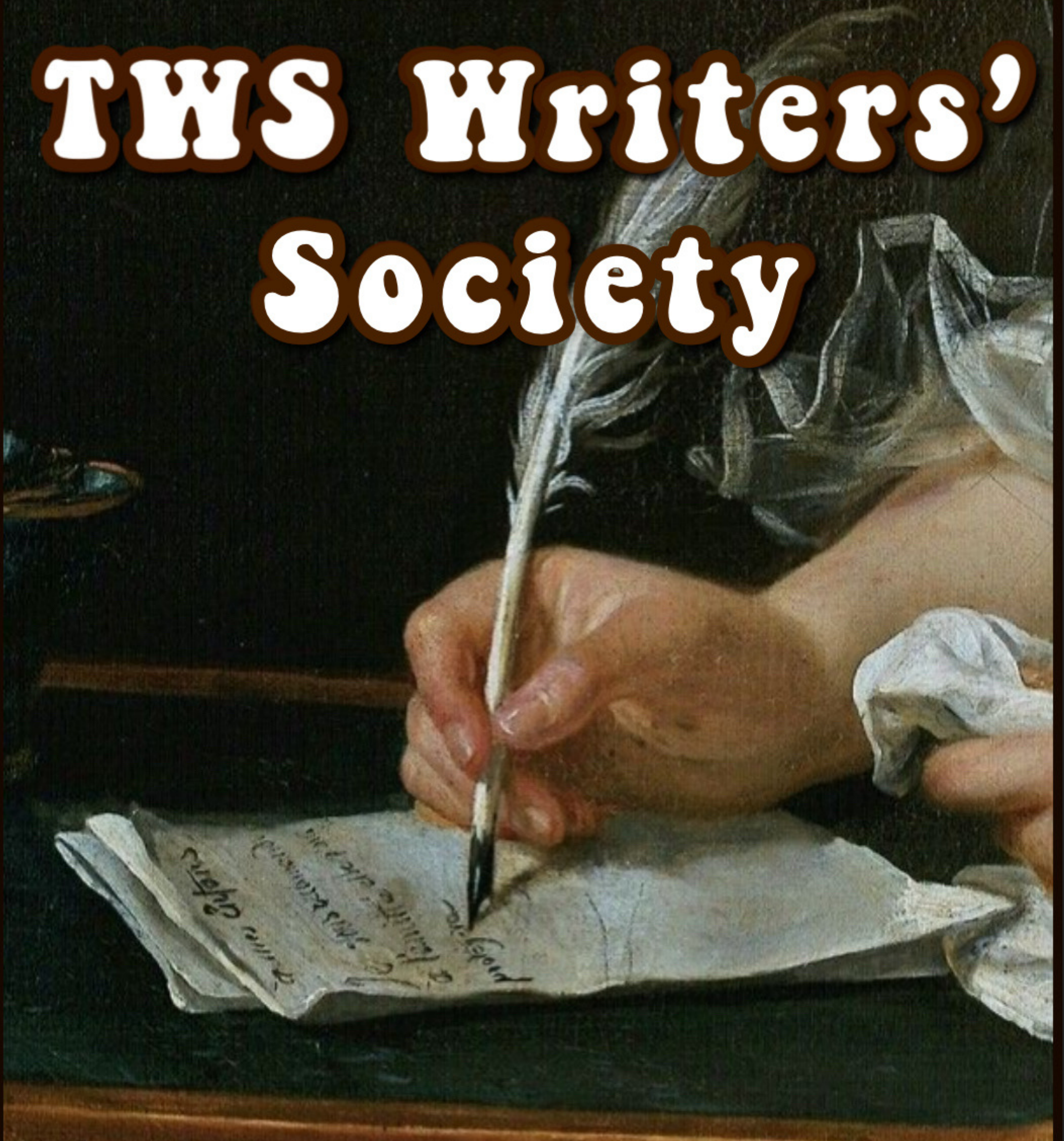




TWS Writers' Society



"Extraordinary tales. in an ordinary world"

2022 FIFTH EDITION



Welcome to TWS Writers' Society!

The idea 'small changes, big impact'- is what inspired 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" الكتاب 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 ALRAWWE —



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.

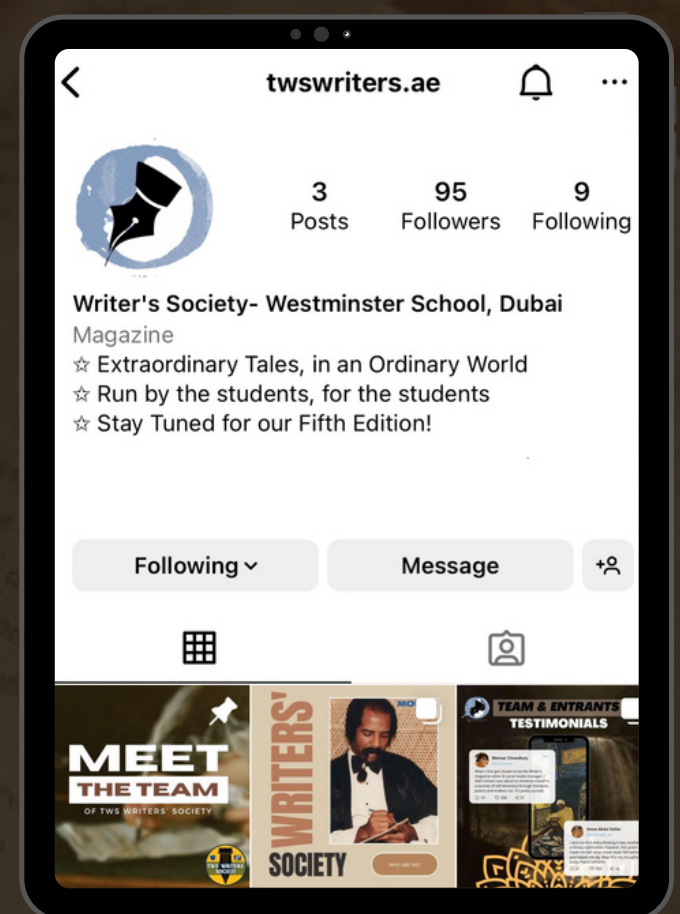


Webpage



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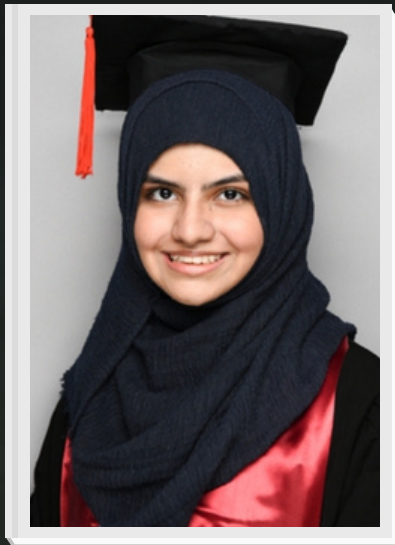
Instagram Page



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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

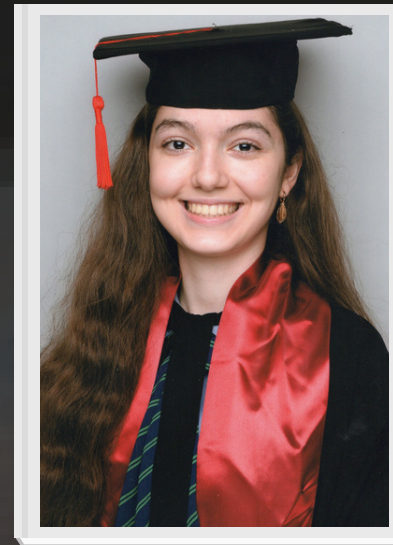
MEET THE *editorial team*



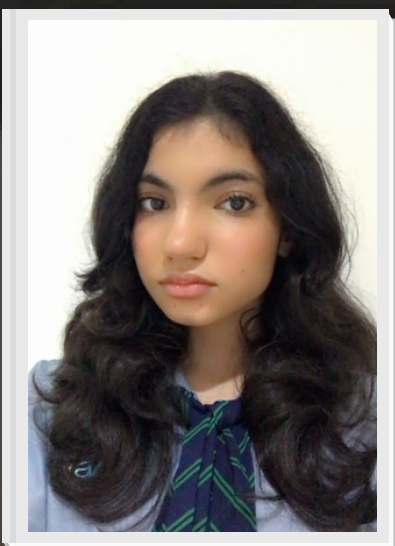
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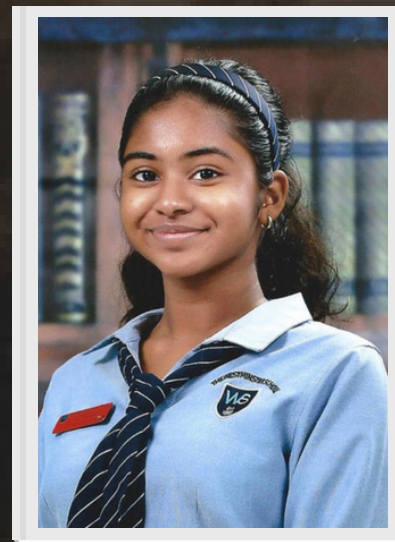
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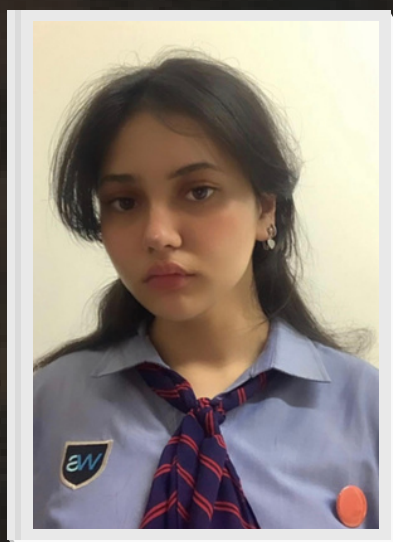
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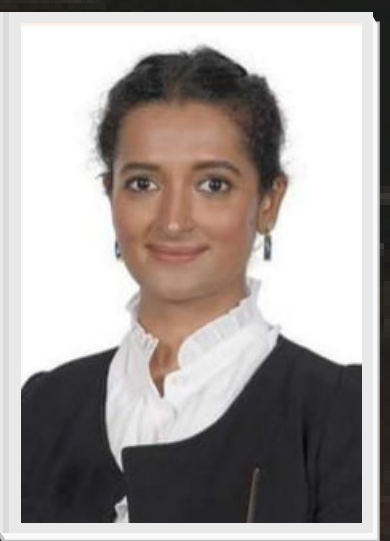
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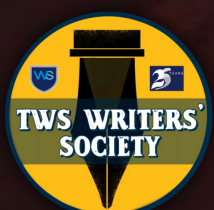
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NO. 5





FEATURED ENTRIES OF THE MONTH

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

— Chinua Achebe

A Moment in Heaven

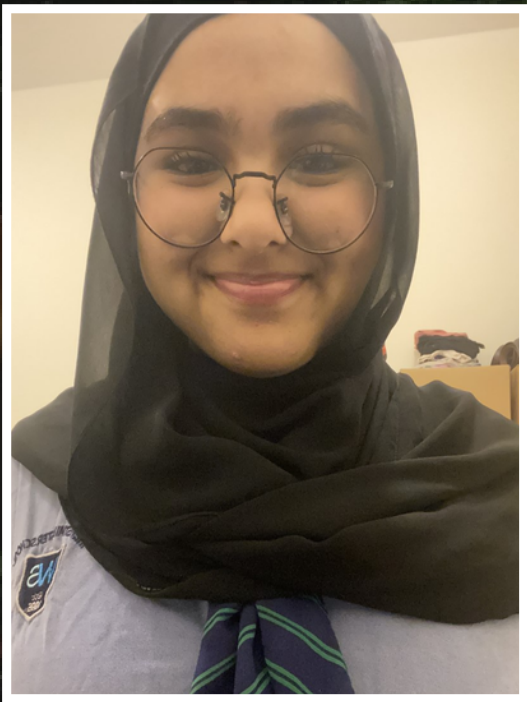


**By: Thenuki
Sehansa Wasala,
9G3**

Here lies a beautiful, serene cottage,
Along the glistening sea- crashing on the shore.
Perhaps- It is a daily chore?
Perfectly picturesque,
sketched on the plains of a fairytale.
The early sea breeze blows in gusts,
To which the rising trees bow in rhythm.
'But hey, I rise before the Sea', bellows the blazing Sun,
Creeping over the horizon,
spreading rays of delight;
Igniting the dawn sky- amidst the babbling sea.
The manor stands there, silent in solitude,
Its dwellers are Nature's, and Nature is Theirs.
Pebbles and seashells glitter the shoreline,
A single conch, among them lies.
As one remarkable mollusk has a voice,
A single mind's eye manipulates the world,
A voice to raise, and bring global change.
The hue of crimson tints the ultramarine,
Painting a divine, glorious masterpiece.
The scorching star descends at dusk,
As the twilight sea discerns its moment,
To hum low and strum a breezy melody.
The creatures retreat,
As magic awakens,
Silent- Soundless- Serene Solitude,
Befalls upon this innocent, growing world.

Short Story

The Brightest Star in the Universe



**By: Adhari Ismail,
10G5**

I crawl up the stairs, trying to stay alert if one was to come and see me. The old, worn floorboards creak below me. I was almost there.

"I'm coming to you mother, hang on a little while." The steps were finally in view, a tiny, run-down balcony. From my vantage point, I could see the brightest star; the wind swayed my night dress along with the rhythm of the night. The cold air pierced my skin, brushing my hair along my face and causing horripilation to form on my arms. The moonlight sparkled brighter than a gypsy. The night sky was aglow with bright city lights. The pale crescent moon shone like a silvery claw in the night sky.

I looked up at the blanket of stars that stretched to infinity. It was quiet. A deafening quiet.

Mother, can you see me now? Oh mother can you hear my thoughts and sayings? Mother, do you know how much I miss you and your voice like that of an angel? I still feel you here with me, singing me a lullaby to sleep as your finger lingers through my hair. 'Sleep my darling, mother is here. The curtain of night fell upon us.

One day, we'll see each other again. Mother, you're the brightest star in the universe.

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

.. جدلية العلاقة بين النجاح والشهرة ..

مقال للدكتور / رakan عبدالعزيز الراوي

دكتوراه في الإدارة العامة

خبير تطوير موارد بشرية

كثير من التساؤلات تدور حول العلاقة بين عنصري النجاح والشهرة، فهل كل فرد ناجح في ميدان معين، يعتبر مشهوراً أم أن كل مشهور في مجال ما، بنى شهرته على أساس من النجاح؟ وهل يفقد النجاح قيمته إن لم تثمر عنه شهرة أم أن الشهرة هي التي تفقد قيمتها إن لم تكن قائمة على نجاح فعلي؟ وهل النجاح يُعدُّ مستلزماً لتحقيق الشهرة، أم إن الشهرة هي التي تقود صاحبها إلى منصة النجاح؟ لا توجد إجابات محددة عن الأسئلة المذكورة آنفاً؛ لأن المسألة نسبية، إذ تعتمد على نوعية النشاط الذي يزاوله الفرد، وطبيعة المجتمع المحيط به، ومواصفات الفترة الزمنية التي يحيا في إطارها الإنسان. فهناك كثير من الأشخاص الذين قدموا إنجازات للبشرية، إلا أن إنجازاتهم لم تقدر من قبل الآخرين إلا بعد مفارقتهم للحياة. هذا الأمر يُثبت تأثير الزمان والمكان في توصيف طبيعة العلاقة الرابطة بين النجاح والشهرة الأمر الآخر الذي يمكن إثارته بشأن العلاقة بين النجاح والشهرة، هل هناك نجاح في مجال قيّم ومعتبر، ونجاح آخر في مجال تافه؟ هذا السؤال يُعدُّ جدلياً؛ لأن ما يعتبره أحدهم نشاطاً قيماً ومعتبراً في الحياة، سيأتي آخر ويعتبره رمزاً للتفاهة ولتبديد الوقت، والعكس بالعكس. كما أن هناك نشاطات لها قيمة في مجتمع معين، في حين تُعد متدنية القيمة في مجتمع آخر. لذلك تبقى مسألة التمييز بين المهم وغير المهم، والمفيد وغير المفيد، من المسائل المعقدة، وغير المتفق عليها.

—مقال للدكتور / رakan عبدالعزيز الراوي—

—ARABIC ARTICLE BY FATHER OF FARAH ALRAWI, 12G—



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*

GRIEF

The price of commitment and love,
Grief,
The suffering never leaves,
Sticking around like a never healing wound,
Cursed with every faint memory,
Seeing you in every star,
flower,
cloud,
Feeling your touch in every morning hue,
Droplets of rain,
And in the wind,
'After all, you were my world.

—MARYAM ASLAM, 9G5—

GRATITUDE

A thanking heart.
Days pass, not a thanks to give
All this time, with no flaw, you live
Take a moment, O dear soul
A tongue to talk and roll.
A mind to think and remember
A heart to feel whatever tender
What has caused you, O gentle one
To carry a grudge the size of a tonne.
Walk with no leg pain
Look with no eye strain.
Blessings, given a million
Yet sin after sin
Woe, you shatter the weak
Cause nights to pass sans sleep.
Greatness to him who comprehends
Always, a helping hand he lends
The world was made so you could see
Yet is connected like brambles of a tree
Triumph to him that plays the important part
Possess grace and a thanking heart.

—RUHMA NAVEED, 9G3—

A STORY'S END

Good days and bad days we had gone through it all,
We met in a meadow of flowers during rainfall,
When the chirping of birds wasn't so loud,
When the daisies looked grey under the clouds,
That's how a beautiful story began.

A story about us.
A story without an end.

You belonged in the spring,
Just like the flowers, you bloomed
Your laughter had a certain ring,
I couldn't quite get used to,
And we, like stars, shone bright,
But I wouldn't have called you a star
if I knew you would burn out that night,

I ran that moment with all my might,
The thought of losing you gave me such a fright,
A feeling I couldn't quite comprehend,
The thought of losing such a friend.
And there you sat again in our meadow of flowers,
Staring at me with empty eyes for hours,

The daisies underneath turned crimson with blood,
The tears in my eyes now started to flood.

Alas it had seemed,
All our memories had turned into a bad dream,
I woke up and cried all night,
You leaving just wasn't right.

All my carelessness,
Led to your demise.
All I wish, is to see you again,
But everything beautiful must come to an end.

—FATMA IMRAN KHAN, 10G1—

ROSES

He looked at her
With a stare as delicate as a flower,
But her eyes were dead
Like roses left to shrivel without water.

—MARYAM ASLAM, 9G5—

LOVE YOU LIKE OXYGEN

My bones felt like stones,
And my blood felt like lead,
Oh how my mind begs to forget,
All these memories we had.
Locked underneath my bed,
I cannot quite read you anymore,
But our chapters will always be my favourite,
Even though they ended long ago.
Decades after decades,
It still feels like yesterday,
When you felt like home,
When we sat under the moonlight,
And the stars looked dull as I stared into your eyes,
With your hand in mine.
I wish that night the stars had unaligned.
Like charcoal in my nail beds,
I couldn't get rid of you.
You were everywhere,
In my tear ducts,
In my veins,
In my lungs,
In my brain,
For I had loved you like oxygen,
I could never get enough of you.
Without you would I still be here then?

—FATMA IMRAN KHAN, 10G1—

O NATURE!

O Nature,
As the moon perambulates
A masterpiece, the sky creates
As the wind swivels and flits
The waves recede and drift.
O nature so serene, so spry
Within you, I wish to die
But as I live and breathe
A tranquil life I covet.
I wish to touch the sky
To feel the sand, so dry
To embrace the breeze
To savor the ease
Far from city bustles
Far from work truffles
If I was to draw my last breathe
Nature's shroud shall be my deathbed.

—RUHMA NAVEED, 9G3—

SPECIAL NEEDS

Don't ignore me,
neither judge me.
I am a child,
like all the others.

Yes, I'm "different",
not "abnormal".
Extraordinary,
like no other.

Is it my genius that disturbs you,
or is it the sparkle in my eyes.
Is it my pure innocence,
or perhaps that I sometimes cry?

But hey! So do you,
just in your hidden wall.
I express in public,
is that too much for you all?

Don't act as if I don't exist,
I can see you, I can feel.
Can't you see I want to say hi,
can you be a little less mean?

I am not less than you,
perhaps I'm even above.
So stop with your ignorance,
and try to give me love.

Because it's love that I desire,
not your foolish stares.
It's the warmth of comfort that I want,
the one me and mom share.

I am who I am,
and there is nothing wrong with me!
My Lord made me this way,
He makes no mistakes indeed!

So please don't ignore me,
neither judge me.
I am a child,
like all the others.

Yes, I'm "different",
not "abnormal".
Extraordinary,
like no other.

*Dedicated to all the families and friends of special needs children.
Yes, they have special needs! That means they need special love
and acceptance not ignorance!*

A surrealist painting featuring a massive, ancient-looking red book standing upright. A figure is climbing the book, reaching towards a small, open window or portal at the top. Another figure is visible on a ladder in the background, also interacting with the book. The scene is set against a warm, golden-yellow sky with soft clouds. The overall mood is one of wonder and discovery.

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

FREFOG

(Greek-style fictional story)

Chapter 1: The Foundation

In the country of Cutlang, far beyond the Acheron Sea, there lay a small island hidden amongst the reef- the island of Frefog...

On this island lived people who divided themselves into two tribes-the western Alicorn and the eastern Alicorn. These alicorns symbolize the two horns that make the head of the Kirin, a rare type of unicorn that has not one, but two horns. The Kirin can only be seen once every two blue moons.

Legend says that the two founders of Cutlang found a Kirin in 1988 emerging from the back of the Olympus hill which lays directly north of the island. The white-haired Kirin glowed mysteriously in the light of the blue moon. Though they only got a glance of its two majestic horns, the founders were fascinated by its appearance.

Some years later the founders sent their two daughters, Philliaus and Demeter to start a kingdom on that same island. The princesses took their most trusted and loyal soldiers, most hardworking craftsmen and farmers and they lay hold majority of the kingdom's slaves, all to help them in the process of establishing the island of Frefog. They embarked on the royal Palarus ship to transport them to the island. It was not easy, and it took a century, but both princesses built a foundation for the people and a whole new kingdom rose.

'Chapter 2: The Dispute' – coming soon





ESSAYS

*"Words are a lens to focus one's mind."
-Ayn Rand*

YOUR MUSE

Muse: a person or spirit that gives a writer, painter, etc. ideas and the desire to create things

Some consider their muse to be a great singer or actor like Marilyn Monroe, Whitney Houston, Adele, and more. Some choose to believe their muse to be a high-ranking military officer or a skilled football player.

My muse is a young girl, with shoulder-length deep brown hair about 5'2 but she tells everyone she is 5'4. She is known to be a people pleaser, and she disagrees, sometimes it is simply hard for her to say no, and I do not blame her, it is hard. Moreover, she gets distracted quite easily and cannot focus on anything without checking her socials every chance she gets, but then again isn't everybody like that?

She has a certain way of doing things, a routine she follows every day... that is a lie. She never really does anything on time, she thinks completing it at the last minute is more her style. She just says that because she does not want to admit that she could be a bit inattentive and forgetful at times and would most probably lose her head if it was not attached. Clearly, not the most organized person, but she gets the work done.

She does have plenty of good qualities of course. While others agree that being a person who feeds into people's pleasure and satisfaction is like being a doormat in a sort of way, she likes to go for the word 'charmer,' which she is. She loves to participate in extracurricular activities, mostly to receive a certificate at the end. She can be studious and hardworking when she needs to be, other times she recites a small prayer in her head and hopes for the best.

I am my own muse and inspiration. After the successful and victorious triumphs and even the unfortunate struggles, I have learned that although I am not perfect, I am content with who I am and am confident that I will grow and become a stronger version of myself in the future.



A CRASH LIKE RAIN

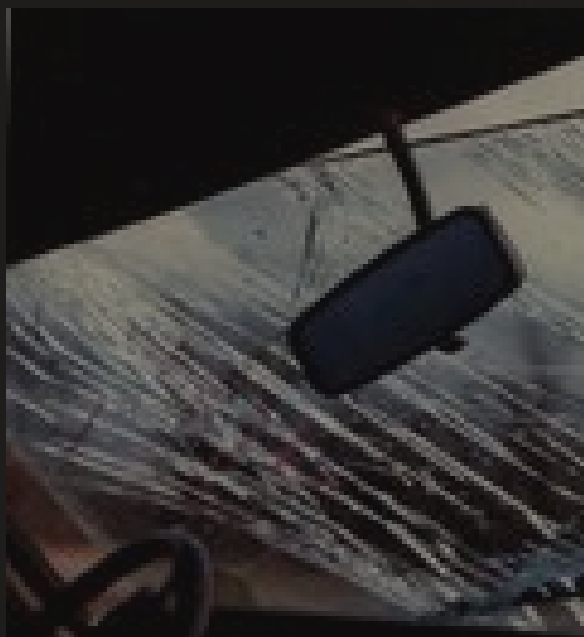
The sky was awfully pretty. A striking blue, clear, and cloudless day. That was before it started raining broken glass. Fragments of clear crystals surpassed me, slow-motion-like.

Blood splattered from somewhere, but I could not comprehend where it was coming from. My entire body experienced severe whiplash from the glimpse of the white Honda I had caught, before my head hit the dashboard, the impact being broken by the instantly inflated air pillow. I felt an intense pounding in my head, almost as if my brain had its own heartbeat. Sharp pains were making themselves known throughout my body. I tried to move but I could barely breathe without wincing, as if my lungs were set on fire. I recalled what lead me to this. Slowly, all the pieces fell into place. The speed of my car was going over a 100 miles per hour, I remember not being concerned about the speed limit because the road was completely deserted.

Then, out of nowhere, a white Honda car immediately propelled itself in my direction, coming from the right exit, like it had abruptly spawned. My heart stopped. It will swerve, right? I kept telling myself. It must. Anytime now. I recalled thinking as it got closer. But it just wasn't the case.

Everything now appeared to be going more slowly, as though time had completely stopped. Additionally, the only sound was my heart thumping. I took a long breath and slammed on the breaks, but I knew in my heart it was too late. The car slammed into mine.

When the distance between both our cars came to an end, an ear-piercing screech resonated from the collision. Despite all that noise, I could not get a single sound out of me. All I could do was stare and watch hopelessly as fate laid out its plans for me. My wind shield cracked into a plethora of segments, like dropping a mirror on the floor. Cracks slowly formed throughout the glass, until thousands of small shards fell out the frame in crystalline rain. In the moment, it was exquisite. Mesmerizing. I'd never seen anything like it. I couldn't put it into words even if I tried- its beauty was simply immeasurable. I think somewhere along my fascination, a sharp corner had sliced through the edge of my head, the reason for the blood specks on my shirt's collar. With strenuous effort, I lifted my head. What I saw ahead of me was a view I would never expect to have seen with my own eyes. A myriad of car parts, all completely wrecked, laid on the road. The Honda, no longer the sleek white car it once was- now transformed into a squashed automobile you would find at the dump. I stare at the sky. It was an awfully appealing cerulean-blue. We never admire the sky often, with its vast multifarious shades and colours. I closed my eyes and let the darkness engulf me as my head hit the dashboard.



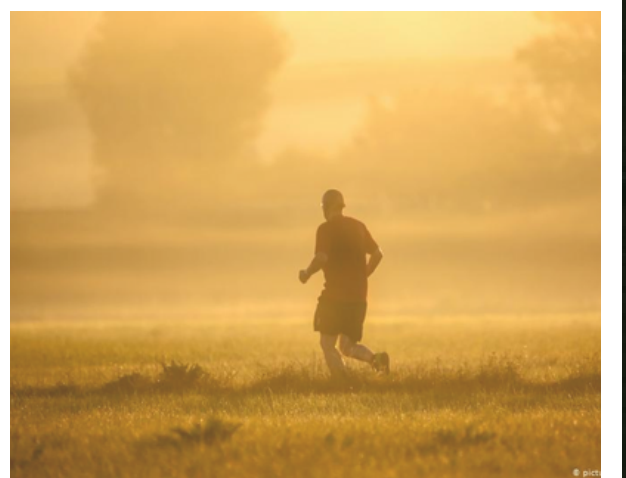
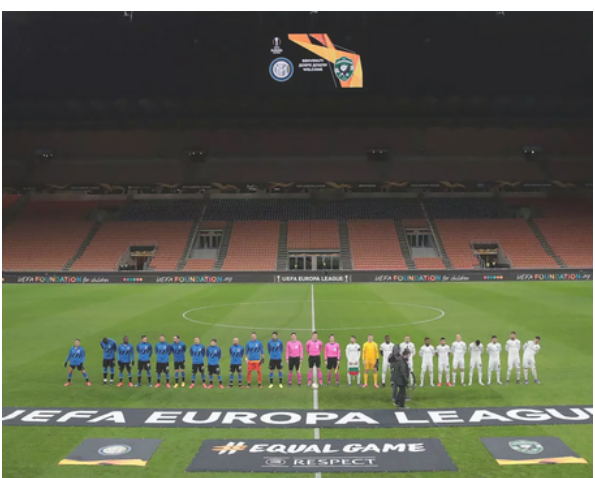
VIEWS ON ONGOING ISSUES

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

— Aldous Huxley

CLIMATE CHANGE AND SPORTS

Sports is being affected by climate-related changes in weather patterns across the world. One example of this could be, unseasonal rainfall forcing cancellation or abandonment of sport matches. Damage to buildings and other infrastructure due to violent storms, coastal erosion and sea level rise directly affecting sport properties in seaside areas. Due to extreme heat waves, inevitable changes to timing of sport events has taken place. Increased injuries to players from heat exhaustion and impact injuries from harder playing surfaces, is leading to a drop in sports facilities in several countries around the globe, leading to reduced athletic ability and fewer sports accolade.



—ZAHRA ALI JAFFER, 12 D—

A still life painting in a classical style, featuring a wooden table with an open book, a closed book, a pair of round glasses, a halved apple, and some papers. In the background, there are more books and fruit. The scene is dimly lit, with warm tones. The text is overlaid on the upper half of the image.

ARABIC ENTRIES

*“There is no greater agony than bearing an untold story inside you.”
— Maya Angelou*

الهوايات...هل لها فائدة؟

لطالما اعتقدنا أن الهواية شيء لا نفعَ له، أي أننا نمارسها في أوقات الفراغ؛ لتحقيق المتعة فحسب. ماذا لو فكرنا من جهةٍ أخرى، أي أن الهواية يمكن اعتبارها شُبه واجب؛ لتطوير أنفسنا في العديد من المجالات، واكتشاف مهارتنا ومواهبنا التي من الممكن أن تكون موجودة لدينا، لكنها كامنة في داخلنا.

بما أننا طلبة مدارس في الوقت الحالي، فإن الهوايات مفيدة جداً بالنسبة لنا؛ لما لها من تأثير إيجابي على مسيرتنا المهنية، كما أكد الرئيس التنفيذي لفيسبوك (مارك زوكربيرج)، إذ يقول: "إن امتلاك هواية يظهر لصاحب العمل المحتمل أن لديك شغفاً واندفاعاً. وفي الواقع، إنه مسؤولو". التوظيف في الشركات غالباً ما يهتمون بالاستفسار عن هوايات الموظفين

وبذلك أود أن اضيف أن الهوايات مثل القراءة والرسم والعديد من الاهتمامات الأخرى التي تساهم في تنمية العقل، تؤدي إلى تحقيق راحة نفسيه للعديد من الأشخاص. كما أكدت الأبحاث أن الأفراد الذين يمارسون الهوايات هم أقل عرضة للمعاناة من التوتر، وضعف الحالة المزاجية والاكئاب، إذ يمكن أن تجعلك هذه الأنشطة تشعر بالسعادة والاسترخاء بشكل أكبر ختاماً .. أود أن أحث الجميع على إعادة النظر في فلسفة الهوايات، واكتشاف قدراتنا من خلالها؛ من أجل استخدامها في تطوير شخصياتنا، وتحسين مهارتنا

— فرح راكان الراوي 12G —

كن شكوراً

كل يوم في الصباح الباكر، كان مالك الأرض الثري يدعى "نارل"، يتجول على حصانه، حول ممتلكاته الشاسعة لكي يهنئ نفسه على ثروته الهائلة. في أحد الأيام رأى نارل مزارع عجوز يسمى هانز، جالسا تحت شجرة، عندما سار نارل بجانبه فسأله "ماذا تفعل؟"، رد عليه هانز "كنت اشكر الله على نعمة وفضله الكبير علي"، ضحك نارل بسخرية فرد "إذا كان هذا كل ما املك لم تكن لي رغبة في الشكر" لقد أعطاني الله كل ما اريد وأنا ممتن لذلك " قال هانز مبتسماً. "من الصدفة انني صادفتك يا نارل، لأنني حلمت البارحة بصوت يقول ان أغنى رجل في البلدة سيموت اليوم" "لا أدري ماذا يعني هذا، ولكنني اعتقد أنك يجب ان تعرف". أضاف هانز اشمأز نارل وقال "الأحلام كلام فارغ" وفر بعيداً، ولكنه لم يستطيع ان ينسى كلام هانز، بأن اغنى رجل سيموت اليوم. لان نارل كان بالفعل أغنى رجل في البلدة. ولذلك دعا طبيبه الخاص لكي يتم فحصه. "انت قوي كالأسد يا سيدي، فليس من سبب ان تموت اليوم." قال طبيبه. وليطمئن نارل بات الطبيب معه ذاك اليوم وفي صباح اليوم التالي أتت رسالة عند باب نارل، مكتوباً فيها ان المزارع هانز قد توفي البارحة في نومه.

لا نحتاج المال لكي نكون أغنياء لأن الغنى يأتي من القلب. فكن شكوراً

— سلمى عبود 12A —



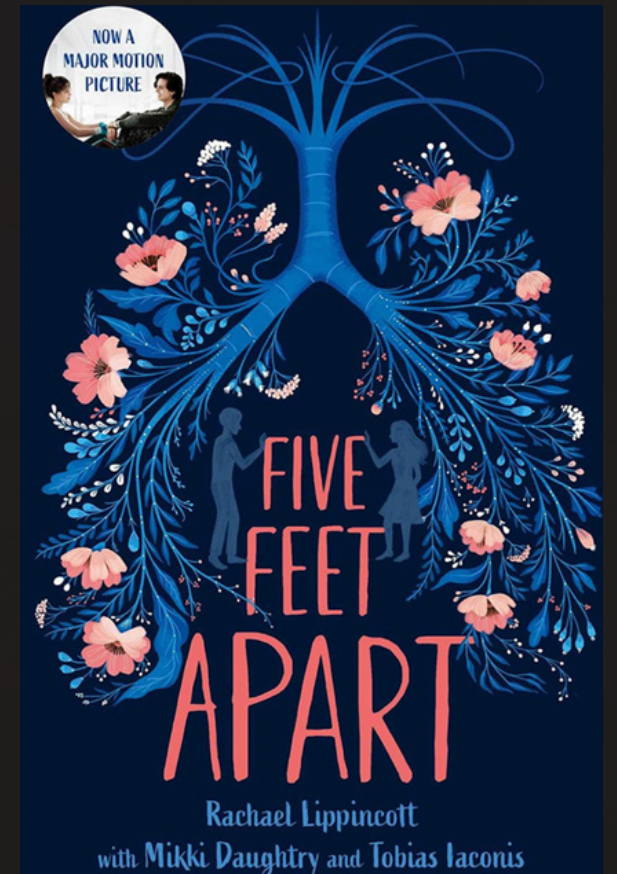
BOOK REVIEWS

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

FIVE FEET APART

By Mikki Daughtry, Rachael Lippincott,
and Tobias Iaconis

An engrossing, yet emotional journey of two teens in love, struggling with cystic fibrosis, which leads to uncertainty in their futures. Its' powerful message of living life to the fullest conveys hope, desire and belief. It is a heartfelt, and interesting storyline which portrays two different perspectives, and is sure to leave you teary-eyed. This book is definitely a must read!

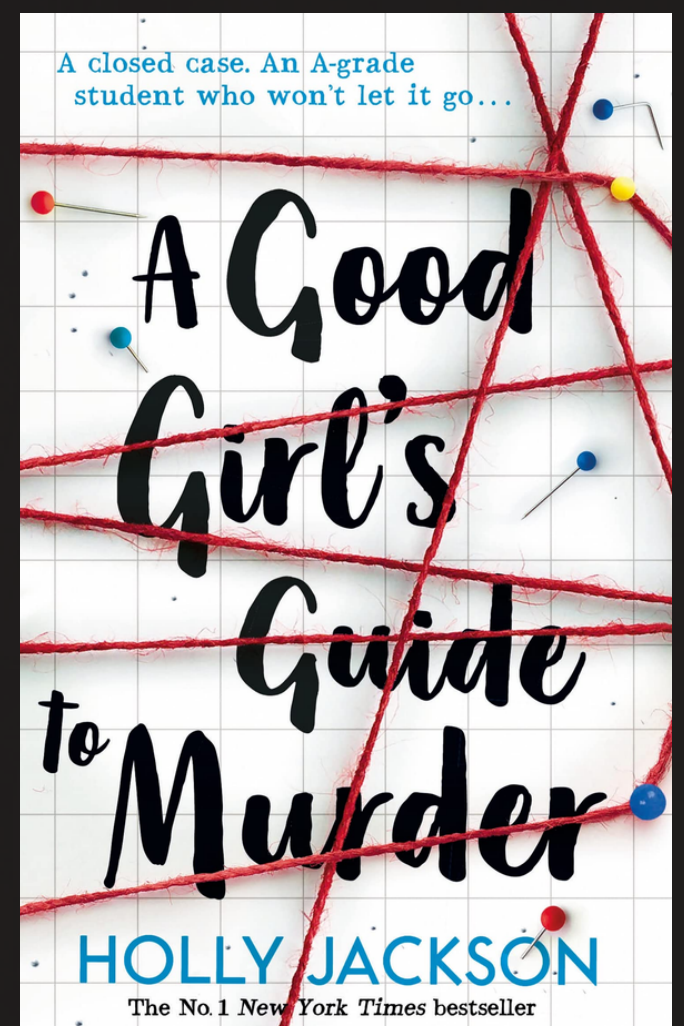


—ZAHRA ALI JAFFER, 12D— ★★★★★

A Good Girl's Guide to Murder

By Holly Jackson

In the world of murder mysteries and thrillers, Holly Jackson brings to you the perfect YA, nail-biting suspense story. It all starts when our curious girl Pippa Fitz-Amobi decides to uncover the infamous cold case that's been deep buried in her town. As Pippa digs deeper into the murder case that was initially the topic of her final year project, she soon uncovers secrets that someone is desperately trying to hide. Will Pippa be able to shine light on the secrets her small town is hiding or will someone put a stop to her to hide their own tracks? Read to find out!



—SHARIQUA TASNIM KHAN, 13A— ★★★★★

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 about two solo travelers who keep bumping into each other in the most unexpected of places.

You wake up one day to discover that you've been transported inside of a novel... and it's a horror novel.

Interview your favorite fictional villain. What questions would you ask them?

You find strange, muddy footprints leading up to your front door.

Word Search

Walt Disney

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

DUMBO
FANTASIA
GOOFY
HERCULES
HUNCHBACK
JUNGLE BOOK
LADY
LILO
MERLIN
MULAN
OLIVER
PETER PAN
PINOCCHIO
POCAHONTAS
SLEEPING BEAUTY
SNOW WHITE
STITCH
TARZAN
THE ARISTOCATS
THE LION KING
ALADDIN
ALICE
ATLANTIS

BAMBI
BROTHER BEAR
CHIP
CINDERELLA
COPPER
DALE