



THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL



Everybody walks past a thousand story ideas every day. The good writers are the ones who see five or six of them. Most people don't see any.

- Orson Scott

TWS Writers' Society

"Extraordinary Tales in an Ordinary World"

2021 SECOND EDITION



Welcome to TWS Writers' Society!

The "TWS Writers' Society" is a magazine founded at The Westminster School, Dubai. It is an initiative run by the students across the school which aims to help ignite the vision of many students who are passionate about writing and connect them with their skills, community as well as allow them to explore their passion for journalism and writing, by taking their experiences into account and by giving them opportunities to have insightful interviews which bring their visions to life. TWS Writers' Society is devoted to helping writers develop their craft and improve their skills as well as encourage students to get creative and it will present a mix of cultural, modern, traditional as well as classical pieces in each of its monthly issues.

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 —

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 —



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TWS WRITERS' SOCIETY ISSUE
NO. 2





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

MIDNIGHT WALK



By: Amna Abdul
Sattar

As I escaped from my house and jumped
Silently opening the lock,
Frozen streets were welcoming me
The moon gazed on my midnight walk
I walked a treacherous path,
An uninviting one
While with unrelaxed and breathless eagerness
The moonlight says hello to the nightingale
All just began from an exciting tale
I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night
Charms struck my sight like a quasar
Perhaps for the reason that no one said
I love the silent hour of the night
For blissful dreams may then arise
Look up at the sky and not to your feet
Wonder what makes the universe exist
This mysterious life is full of tricks
It's hard to turn, go back inside,
And step into the light,
Knowing that there is a peaceful sky waiting for me tonight

THE ILLUSIONAL LIMIT

By: Ruhma
Naveed

As the sun perambulates across the sky, flooding its rays upon the ground. There in was a young lad who walked frivolously passed a circus setup area. The children merely dragging their parents towards the cotton candy man, the vivid saturated colors, that heart filling ambiance; is sure to dazzle every eye that settles upon it. Just as the young man was off to leave, his eye caught a view that left him jaw-slacked. He decided to get a closer look to ensure his eyes are not deceiving him. There were four elephants tied to a pole, the surprising part is that they were tied with thin ropes! How on earth is a creature like an elephant tied with ropes? These were enormous elephants with quite a large and healthy size, were they really that obedient that they hadn't tried to escape?

The man asked the circus manager who was passing by. "Sir, these huge elephants are tied with ropes but are still in the same place. By now, they could have escaped. They can easily break the rope".

The manager replied with a smile, "Ah, these animals sure are strong and mighty but they will not escape, nor will they try to do so. You see, these elephants were here since they were babies, when we tied them with ropes, they endeavoured to escape but were unable to because they weren't so strong at that time. Now they have grown all mighty but they are not aware of their strength, they know they have failed to escape once so there is no point in trying again."

The man was astounded, he couldn't believe what he just heard. The manager's words echoed in his ears all day long.

We are just like the elephants; we are capable of doing many things yet are unaware of them. We can't know our capabilities unless we try, we may fail in the beginning but every professional was once a beginner. After all, every dreadful fall has a glorious rise.

Once failed isn't always failed



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

THIS NEW PLACE...

It's a land full of people
Non-stop shops deplete street and never ending homes,
Busy like ongoing machines-they never stop.
I stood on the grass,
A shadow of leaves on me.
Found wildlife creatures,
Some rise high in the air; others lay low on the ground.
In this new place full of tweets,
There is a bright light beaming on me
The critters hide from it.
Tiny little things fluttering and flapping,
Others dipping and diving...
I was perplexed in this new world,
Vexed on how they do it so naturally; like it's their habitat.
Everyone is going to their family tree.
In a moment it's dim,
Not a soul to be found.
Me laying on pitch dark ground.
It's silent!
A tranquility of mind when I look up to the sparkling stars,
Little twinkles in the dark.
With the world around me; I fall into forty winks...
Woke up to a clutch waddling through the plantation.
Hit by a cold breeze; it was sudden.
I felt hungry -like an urge to eat something,
picked and plucked some fruits off different tree branches.
Some were sour and others were sweet; they all had something
unique to them.
A sour sphere orange with a citrus summer smell,
A sweet succulent apple - bright red color with winter scents,
Sweet and sour berries with dark pigments
Nevertheless they filled me up...
I walked myself through the woodland.
Stepping on thin branches and stiff rocks,
Muddy landscapes on brown blocks.
Stumbled upon a tarn with small fish swimming.
A school of tropical fish bathing under the sun.
I thought to myself what free souls are they...

—MANAL AKRAM—

PERSPECTIVE

The mountains stand tall,
I notice as I fall through,
How big the world is.

—AMNA BINTE-E-KASHIF—

YOU

You, who is mistaken for rays of sunshine, cherry blossoms, vanilla
scented candles and the last hues of dusk.

You, who is mistaken for drops of gold, scents of libraries and
books and the sky after a rainbow show.

But you, are one of those who stargaze across the serene night,
your breath hitching by, soft smiles while you're wrapped in satin
silk amidst the gentle wind.

—VEDIKA PATEL—

FANTASY

My days consist of me laying on my bed
while breathing so lightly yet heavily.

As I whine, not wanting to get up.

My life is just a series of staring off to
space.

I sigh, doing what I'm told in life.

Yet, doing nothing at the same time.

My time is spent as if time itself does not
exist.

As if time does not stop moving forward.

Unlike my mundaneness, time is important.

I long for a tragic love that will hurt me.

Long for powers that could kill me in the
end.

Longing to be the main character in my
existing life.

To be the character that everyone notices.

Where the story revolves around me.

And to have my own interesting plot.

Instead of just watching it on the television
or reading it off a book.

Instead of living a life of a background
character.

A world where school was just a setting.

With logic where I could bleed out litres of
blood and still live.

Somewhere to be my own hero.

I love the little things in life,

but life must be balanced with the big
things too.

Yet the big things in my world aren't like
plot twists in fiction.

The people around me must feel the same.

Either wishing to change the world,

or to simply live in a video game.

A life where I can have my own soundtrack.

A life of fiction that has its own story.

A life of dreams where reality is far from it.

Yet, most of my moments take place inside
my home.

Where laziness is my only character trait.

And reality sadly does exist.

—MACY ANN—

HOME

My days consist of me laying on my
bed

In the foundation of
hope and spirit.

Outstanding are walls of
sustenance and right.

As I make room for
culture and glee,

And a roof of happiness

We all share but none divide.

As a family comes closer,
Blooms and thrives,

I build more stories

Of progress and advance.

In archive of memories

And vision of the future,

I take a step back, look up,
Have a glance.

A building not so flair-full,
But a family so plentiful.

Waves of happiness

And memories I see,

Billows over billows

Of happiness so big.

Grief and sadness
fret away easily.

Materials I feel are like Sand in a
fist.

Wellbeing and memories are
Long lasting pleasures.

Home is where the heart is,
Where everyone is free.

Where waves of inner peace come
In never-ending sessions.

—FATIMA ALI—



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

EXPLORING THE LIGHT AND THE DARK OF THE HUMAN MIND

I watch attentively as it clicks for her, how her mind whirs and registers the colours and their place. All there is to cry about is the astonishingly beautiful aftermath of an explosion. An explosion so powerful yet so confined to the bone structure of her head. The taunting whispers, silent screams and exaggerated cries were now naked of their power. Yet I feel chagrin when I realize she misses them. She'd allowed too much control but the rush of metallic threads was somehow more comforting than this empty void. She'd learnt so much.

Something about light too, and its deceit.

How it so comfortably seeps into this feeling of need and when you extend yourself to try and reach, it pulls away, sucking you in. In the tornado of pricks and stubbed toes, you realize the light is what you make of it, as is darkness. So she falls back this time with a slight smile, shakes her head, releases the hair in her fists and lets some pieces stay, and some go.

—AIZAH WAQAR—

TRUTH OR DARE

Eerie woes and screams from long ago echoed along the once thought to be safe haven. Damien, shell-shocked, contemplated his past decisions after accepting that dare, but after—
all isn't this just a harmless game?

Damien with all his might, inched further and further, wary of his steps, however his mind was far from eased. Thoughts of the asylum's sinister past led him to feel awfully worried. Trying to comfort himself, he yelled, "Hello, anyone there?!" and within a moment of his voice resonating across the lengthy hallways, followed spooky silence which made him feel more scared than ever. But it wasn't the silence that creeped him out, instead, it was the sudden shift in atmosphere when he spoke. Something certainly felt different, no clarity was to be found. However, it felt as though a presence loomed over him. Although Damien wasn't a keen believer of the supernatural sort, this whole occurrence changed his mentality. He wanted to bolt out of there, as fast as humanly possible but it was as though he was stuck, frozen in the clutches of terror.

Knowing that he couldn't possibly get out of this trap, he waited patiently for what awaited.

Damien kept on trying to fill his head with all the non-life-threatening situations this could possibly be: a prank from one of his friends (although not a likely case), he tried to reach for that glimmer of hope that was very much so engulfed by this horrendous reality. Creak. Creak. Creak. Creak. The noise grew louder with every second. Damien, holding back his fearful tears, stood as still as possible, hoping that it would simply pass by. Creak. Creak, Creak. Creak. The pace was quickening, growing shriller and shriller, Damien knew his end was near. The time had come, darkness had emerged. Damien spoke his last few words before falling victim to this very asylum...

" I hate truth or- "



—RUHMA NAVEED—

HER LAST FOREST STROLL

A little level of unanticipated lift invited its way to the unvarying degree of the breeze, handing it the capacity to shove a bang of ebony-black hair from her countenance, unveiling her left scarred eye. It is a token to the evocation of that recently made reminiscence. Her silence spoke of her desire to have never known that girl. Her emotionless features did not delineate anything yet the gradually growing trace that she abandoned with each step she urged forth was filled with pure regret. She had not intended to kill her.

Just being a 19-year-old, I committed murder. If I had not helped her that day, she would have eventually and gradually died about the spot. But why did I save her if I would end up killing her? I simply felt foolish. I usually take long strolls in the forest outside my town – on the paths I am familiar with. That is where my feet are aimlessly, yet in a patterned rhythm, taking steps forward to drag me into one of its tracks that I have never wanted to see again.

It was nine years ago when I heard screams during one of my walks in the forest and decided to change my usual course of strolls to forage for the source of the screams. There she sat on the ground, supporting her back with a strange-looking boulder while having a firm grip on her injured ankle. I made a beeline towards her, supporting her condition, and headed towards the hospital.

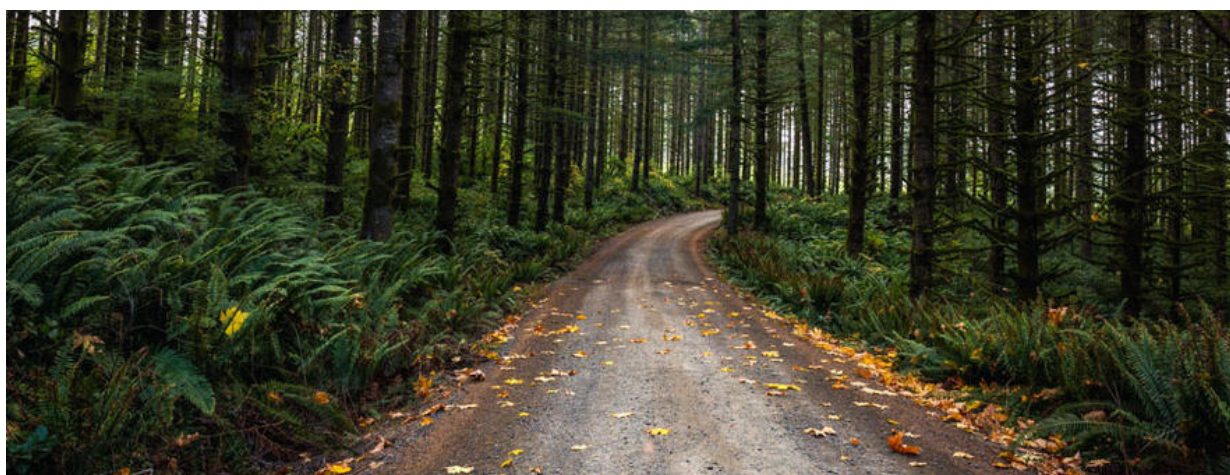
Months passed by and we became inseparable, always being there for one another. But one tragic day, when we were 18, she murdered my family, claiming the money as her rationale. Asking why she left me alive, she replied, “To have you witness the scene, of course.” She laughed menacingly as I ran away from the scene that day...

I met her a few hours ago just to sincerely say that I forgave her for the past. I knew she would not believe me, and she did not – so predictable. But what was unpredictable was that she attacked me. I, unwillingly, fought back in my defense, only to have ended the fight by unintentionally pushing her out the highest story window of the mansion we were in.

Respected cops,
Kindly ensure this property's donation to charity.
Rightful heir of this property,
Alexis Fernsby Rodriguez

After leaving the note on a table, I abandoned the place I once called home – my only home.

My feet finally stopped. Here I am. The place where I first found her. I do not know why I came here. Looking up at the grey sky, I let the newly formed raindrops gently hit my scratched face. Notwithstanding that she was dead, I knew I would see her very soon. Perhaps that is the reason I found my way here. And just like I let the rain hit my face, I let the lightning strike my form, allowing the sky's wonders to take all rights on me, even shutting my eyes forever.



—ADEENA REHMAN—



ESSAYS

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

EMBRACE ALL THAT IS YOU

Life is constantly reminding us of what we don't have, but what about all the things that we do have? What makes us unique? What makes us, well...US!?

Your worth is determined by you, embrace yourself and do what you can to look and feel your best! Don't change and degrade yourself to fit in, BE YOU!!! Different isn't bad, in fact being unlike others makes you stand out! How boring and color less would the world be with everyone having the same personalities, views, looks etc.

Being a better version of yourself is good, but don't let go of what makes you who you are, don't let go of your values, nobody is perfect, but we need to accept our imperfect selves because we all are perfectly imperfect! The first step isn't to be accepted by others; it's to accept yourself!

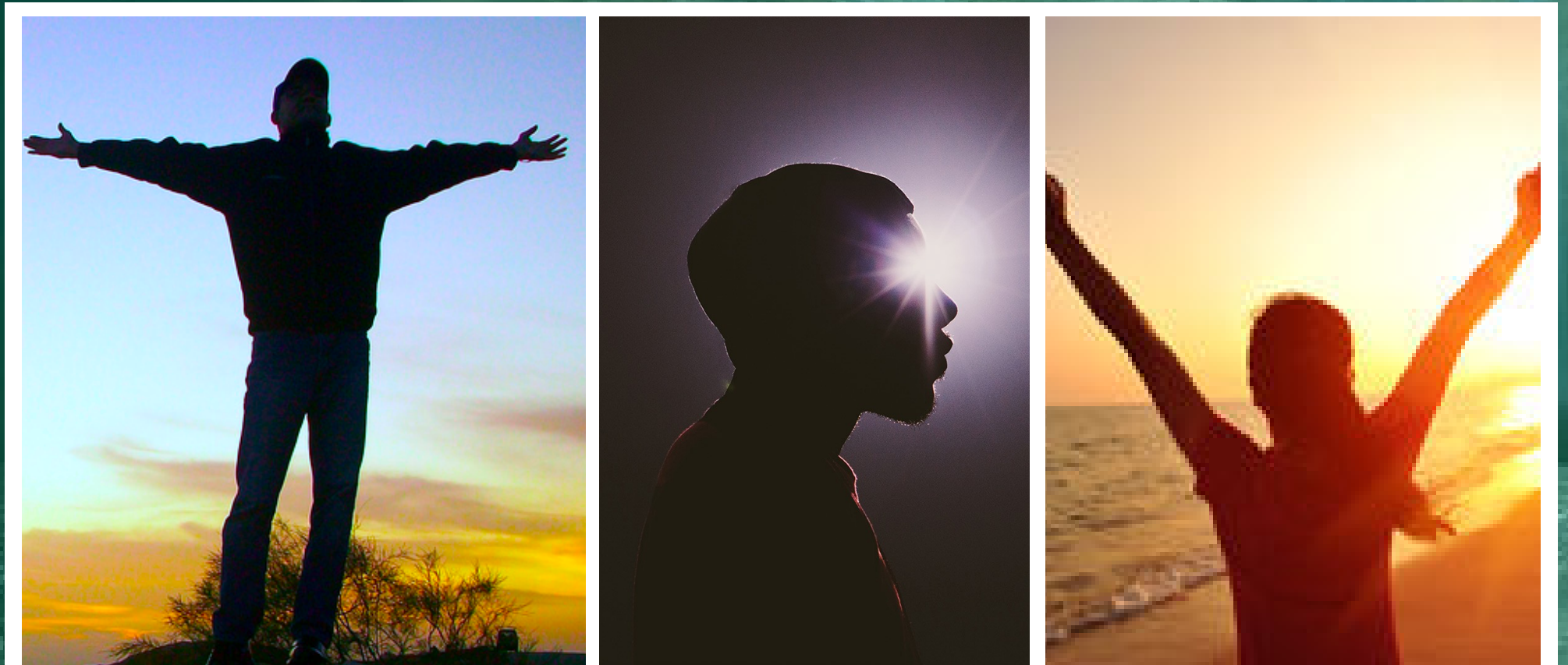
Loving who you are is the key to a happy life. When you love all that you are unconditionally, life reflects that back to you. When you learn to love yourself fully, you create a happy, loving environment to flourish in. When we lose sight of what's most important—loving self—we lose sight of our goals and dreams and being happy and healthy. Ultimately, to live a fulfilling life, first and foremost, requires that you love all that you are and trust that life loves you in return.

Let go of who you think you should be and be who you want. Everyone is coming out of their own closet, emerging to be the person they really are, their true self, and fall into the dismay of worrying about what others may think, and if they'll be accepted.

That's why it's so important to connect with authenticity and compassion, but you can't be compassionate to others without being compassionate to yourself first. Don't change so people will like you, be yourself and the right people will love you.

When you truly love yourself, life becomes wondrous, colorful, and bursting with great abundance and love. Loving who you are will enable you to be more inspired to reach for new heights to become all that you esteem to be. If you make loving YOU your highest priority, it's guaranteed that you will have a happier, more fulfilling life.

“NO ONE IS YOU AND THAT IS YOUR POWER”



—SYNUM MANSOOR—

DIFFERENTLY-ABLED

ASL- A language that isn't spoken but is rather used to communicate, with the help of simple hand gestures. Or at least, that is a definition that most regular folks would refer to when asked about it. However, another large community would like to differ. To most from this community, ASL is often referred to as a form of weapon, a weapon with the power to protect against violence aimed at people of determination, an armament with the ability to make a change in society and a missile that can help attain one's rights and desires. In the 21st century, the American Sign language is proving to be of great importance; however, the language is gradually dying- due to the lack of funds to operate schools that educate people of hearing loss about communication and combating disability-based discrimination. An issue like lack of funds could eliminate any form of future investment that could be made by a nation to support those with such disabilities live a successful life even as full-fledged working-age individuals. In contrast to this issue, it is common to see countries invest in sectors such as army defence. An estimated \$1.92 trillion dollars is spent annually on military progression at a global scale. Now, what if the focus is shifted to encourage people of determination to learn vital skills such as ASL? Many would point out that it is a country's military that protects the nation's peace, however, many countries like the USA are willing to invest more in military tactics, rather than education and/or healthcare industries. In a time like this, when education is deemed to be more dominant than physical strength, society should invest in educating themselves about opportunity cost as after all, diverting one's attention for the betterment of a community that requires justice is known as supporting basic human decency.



—MEHNAZ CHOWDHURY—

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*

SPORTS ARE OUR BUDDIES!

As we all know, if we do not exercise, we will not be able to live long; live healthier.

So, sport is a way to get fit, to get healthier and to be happy. Physical exercise is good for mind, body, and spirit. Furthermore, team sports are good for learning accountability, dedication, and leadership, among many other traits. Putting it all together by playing a sport is a winning combination. Regular physical activity helps keep your key mental skill sharp as you age.

That includes critical thinking, learning, and using good judgement. Another advantage is when you are physically active, your mind is distracted from daily stressors. This can help avoid getting back down by negative thoughts.

Moreover, as your strength, skills and stamina increase through playing sports, your self-image will improve as well.

Therefore, these are the ways to keep us fit and healthy in our daily lifestyle.

But not to forget that this is all thanks to an essential factor of our living known as none other than sports.



—ADEENA REHMAN—



BOOK REVIEWS

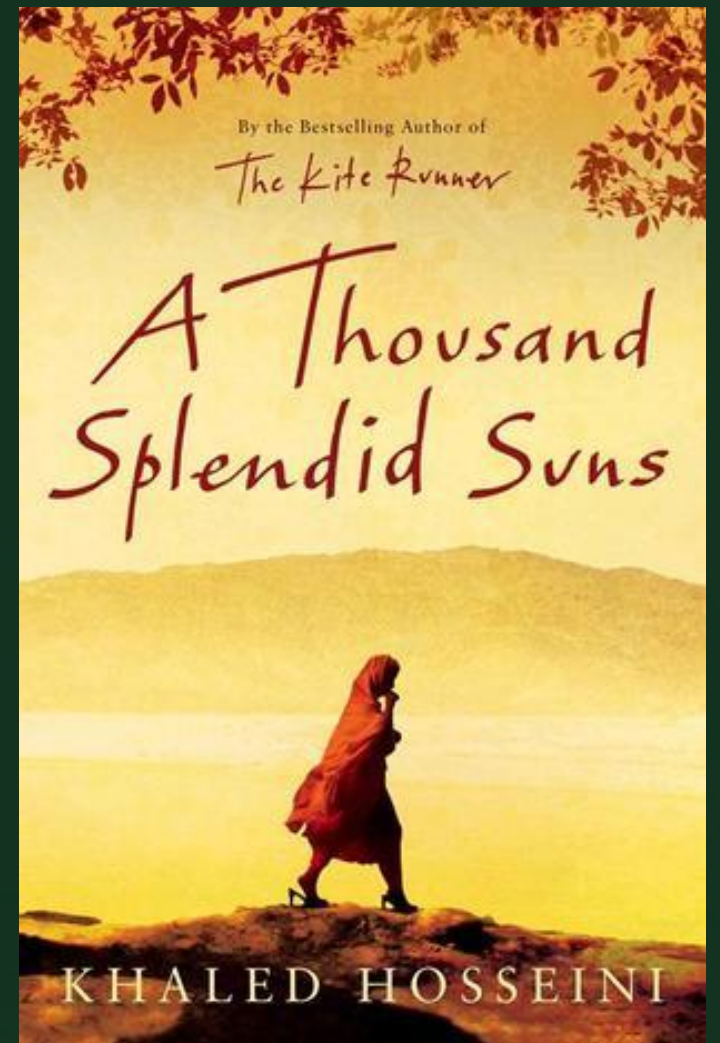
*“Books are a uniquely portable magic.”
— Stephen King*

A THOUSAND SPLENDID SUNS

By Khaled Hosseini

I had only bought this book a few months ago but the impact it left on me was enough to make me ponder over it for weeks. It was so extraordinary to the point where I had already read it twice. No book had ever given me comfort and warmth as much as this one had, and its unbelievably thrilling plot made it impossible to put down.

A Thousand Splendid Suns is a novel by Khalid Hosseini; the story follows two young girls named Mariam and Laila, who go through the challenging hardships of being girls during a time wherein women barely had any rights or voice in a male dominated country. Although Mariam and Laila came from two extremely different backgrounds, a sudden misfortune twists the path of their fates and they end up in a dreadful state of affairs.



Their dilemmas as they live during an unforgiving war full of oppression and discord truly shows how difficult living was. With no one by their side, they only had each other to comfort in an abusive household. Consequential sacrifices and decisions were made which would reorient their lives forever.

Not only is this story written in an alluring and fascinating style, but the way that Khalid Hosseini writes about his characters makes you feel strong emotions and a painful pang of empathy towards them. The story truly makes your heart yearn for the characters and the disastrous events that happen to them, their sorrow and grief is enough to bring you to tears as you uncover more of their secrets.

Truth be told I was a little disappointed at the end to see the path that the main character takes. I expected her to break free from her past and start afresh in a new place with new people but instead she decides to return to the place where she had endured so much pain, but then again, I couldn't really blame her, for she had suffered an extremely traumatic past and the place might feel sentimental to her. It also reminded me of the saying, 'You cannot heal in the place where you've been harmed.' and it really made me question her true intentions for returning to Afghanistan.

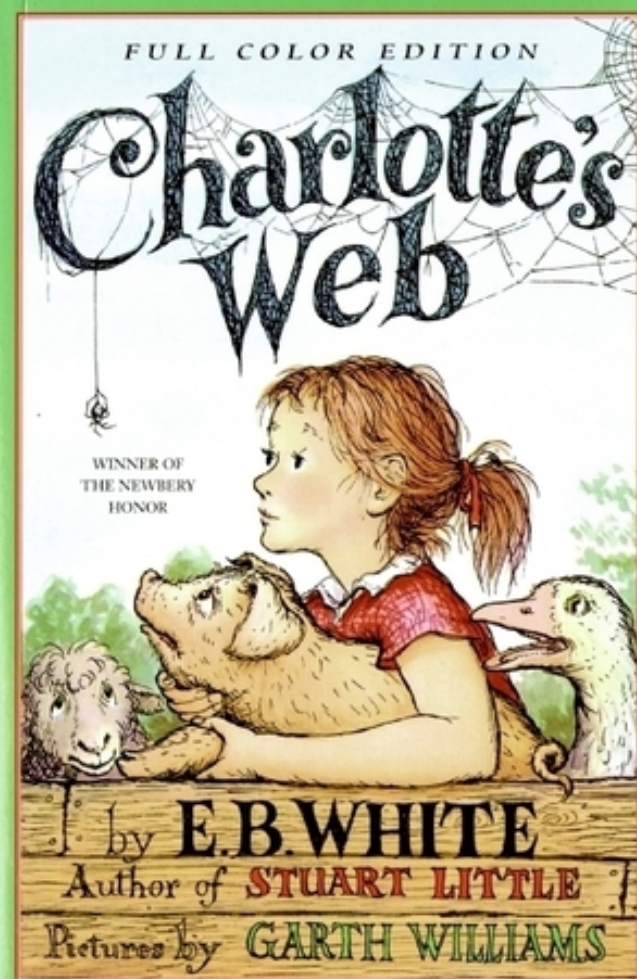
Honestly, I didn't have a lot of expectations for the book when I first got it, I had actually bought it just because the book had a pretty name, but I'm still amazed by how perplexing it was and how hard it had impacted me. *A Thousand Splendid*

Suns made me realise how privileged and lucky I was to live in a safe country where I had access to proper education and safety. I cannot put into words how phenomenal and beautiful reading this felt, I would read it a thousand more times.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB

By E. B. White

Charlotte's Web Written by: E.B White One of the greatest classical books I've ever read. This is one of my personal favorite books, The story Charlotte's Web is about a pig named Wilbur, and a Spider named Charlotte. Wilbur, adopted by young Fern grows up and sells him to her uncle who intends to kill him for food, Charlotte vows to save the pig's life . This gentle story with its kindly wisdom about friendship and love, referencing how it's survived and thrived even during this digital age . This inspires the readers to think about how we should keep friends and about how we should treat each other.



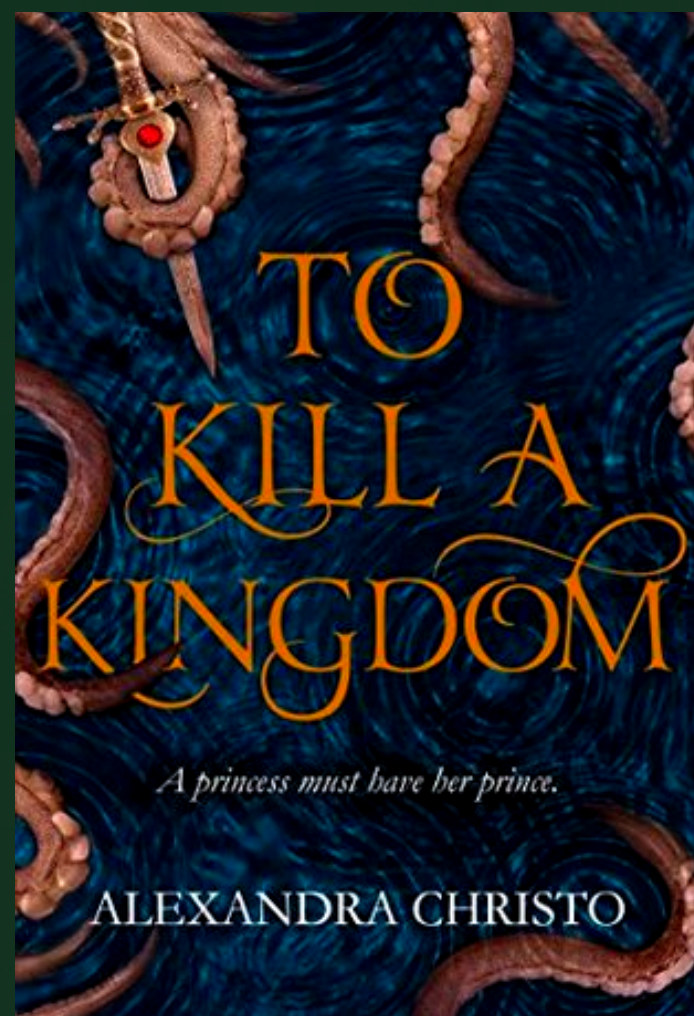
—JOSHUA—



TO KILL A KINGDOM

By Alexandra Christo

To Kill A Kingdom is the debut standalone novel by Alexandra Christo and it is a book perfect for high fantasy and young adult readers. This dark retelling of The Little Mermaid follows the point of views of our main protagonists Lira who is siren royalty and Prince Elian who is a pirate and siren hunter. Lira is considered to be the most lethal of them all, but when a twist of fate forces her to kill one of her own, the Sea Queen punishes her and turns her into the thing she loathes the most; a human. This book follows Lira's journey as she has a go at trying to be human and Elian's as he embarks on the hunt for the key to destroying all sirenhood. Read this book if you are a fan of dark retellings of classic fairytales, this one will not disappoint.



—SHARIQUA—



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!

The Letter:

Write a poem or story using words from a famous letter or inspired by a letter someone sent you.

Secret Message:

Write something with a secret message hidden in between the words. For example, you could make an acrostic poem using the last letters of the word or use secret code words in the poem that only you would know.

What You Don't Know:

Write about a secret you've kept from someone else or how you feel when you know someone is keeping a secret from you.

Light at the End of the Tunnel:

Write about a time when you saw hope when it seemed like a hopeless situation.

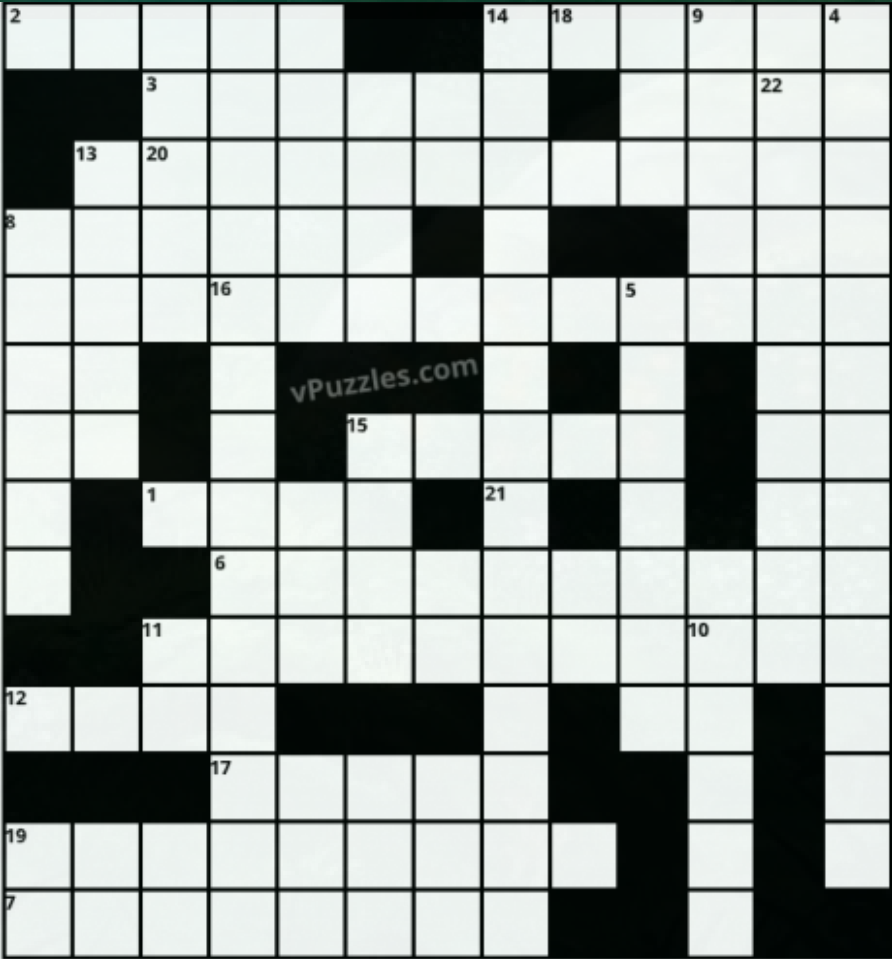
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

- 1. Liklihood of something happening
- 2. Estimate of payment
- 3. A person who drives a vehicle
- 6. list of items included
- 7. Legal document
- 8. Ranking based on popularity
- 11. To demanad something
- 12. vehicle manufacturing number
- 15. Sequence of events e.g. hour, day, week etc.
- 17. The worth of something
- 18. Related to vehicles
- 19. Agreement between parties to cover cost
- 20. An unfortunate incident that happens unintentionally

DOWN

- 4. Widest range available
- 5. To spoil something
- 9, 10 Minimum cover available
- 13. A mistake
- 14. Price of cover
- 16. A machine for transporting
- 21. The amount at which something is bought or sold
- 22. To legally responsible for something



Check Answer : vpuzzles.com/c1