



JIS TIMES

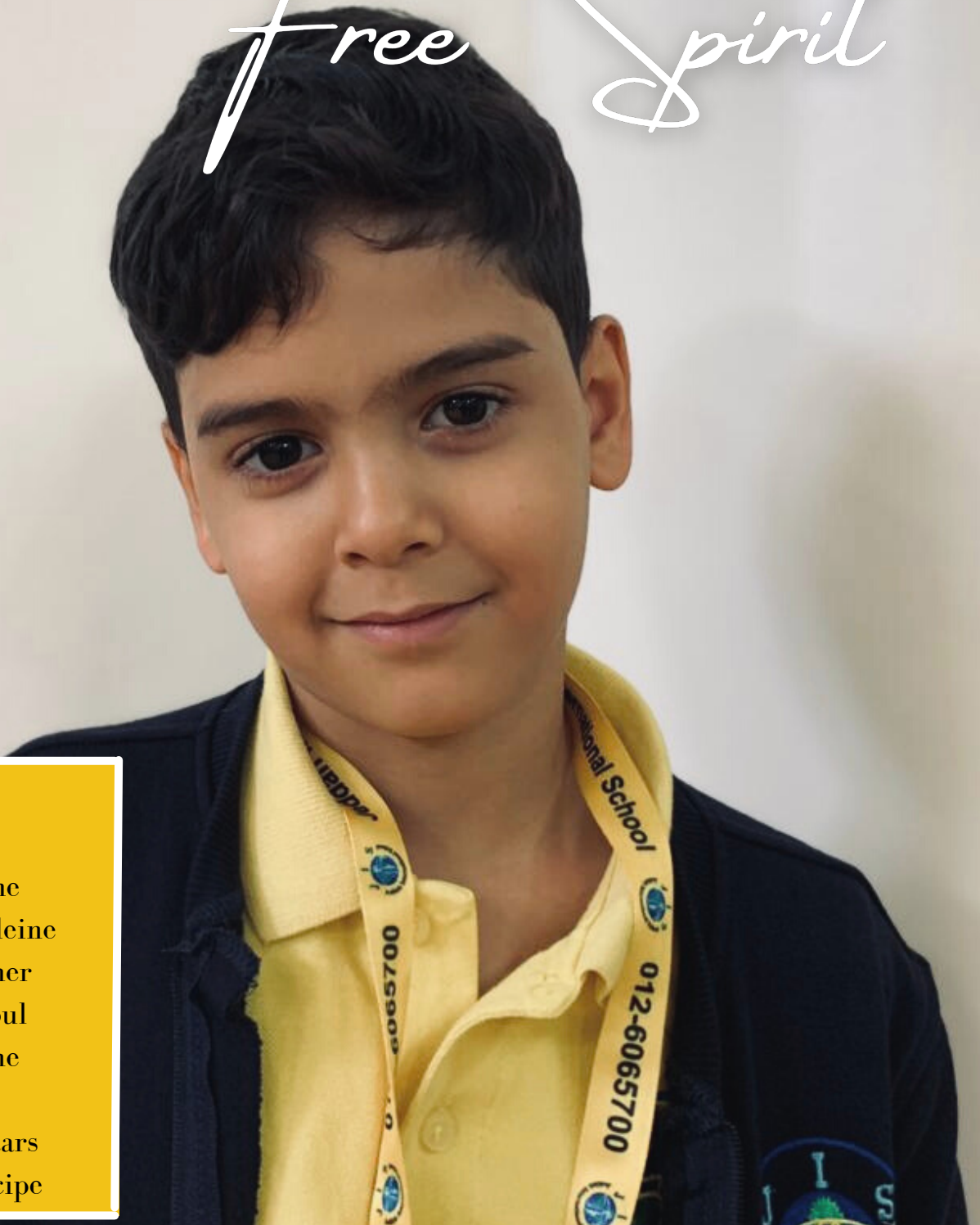
JANUARY ISSUE #004

to prepare the 21st century learners to excel in the global community

Free Spirit

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Blooming into a new year, January represents the freedom of expressing our future beyond the oblivion of those who dream with eyes closed.

It is a time to reevaluate what we truly want, what we need to heal, and what is necessary from our outlook to continue into our lives. We've reflected on our past. Now is the time of realistic action!

In this Issue, JISTimes captures the truth of each writer's style from soul photography into the essence of coffee delights, and with that, we seek that our readers see January as not only a month of goals but a month of inner peace and peaking creativity.

You are not limited to the goals you set , You are the determination that does not seize: embrace your patience, liberate all your "I wish" into realities.

- With ecstatic ambitions into 2022

By Layan Alharbi
12A-GS



WHAT'S IN A NAME

BY FAIDA SHEHADEH 10B-GS

“What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell just as sweet.” William Shakespeare

I have to disagree with Shakespeare because whenever someone mispronounces my name, I cringe and begin to consider how to and if I will correct them. I usually don't correct people but quickly regret I didn't do so. By then it's already too late. So who is to blame here? myself for not correcting them when I had the chance, or them for not correctly pronouncing my name?

Living in an Arab country, it never made sense why some people find difficulty in pronouncing my name, after all, it's an Arabic word. My name, Faida, which translates to benefit.

However, In non-Arab countries, I understand why people might find difficulty in pronouncing Arabic names they aren't familiar with. One summer in Canada, I recall taking a couple of swimming lessons with my cousin. Both of our names were unpronounceable for the two instructors, so they questioned our nicknames instead.

Sometimes it can be difficult to pronounce the name of a person who has a different culture or language than your own. An Italian person might find it difficult to pronounce a Thai person's name and vice versa. Neither person should be blamed for these blunders, however, they must at least try to understand the importance of each other's name and put in a fair effort to properly pronounce them, ultimately showing respect. I do not blame people for mispronouncing my name, but I do blame them when it seems like they don't make an effort to properly learn it.

It should be a must to learn the names of the people you come across since it is the only way you can refer to them. Going back to the question of the first scenario mentioned, who is to blame? Myself for not correcting or the people for mispronouncing my name? Well, both. One shouldn't hesitate to correct people when they mispronounce a name. They shouldn't be so careless nor unaccepting when it comes to the pronunciation of names.

So, the next time someone mispronounces your name, don't be afraid to correct them, and if you're not sure how to say someone's name, ask them how they pronounce it; they'll appreciate it.

LETTER TO MADELEINE

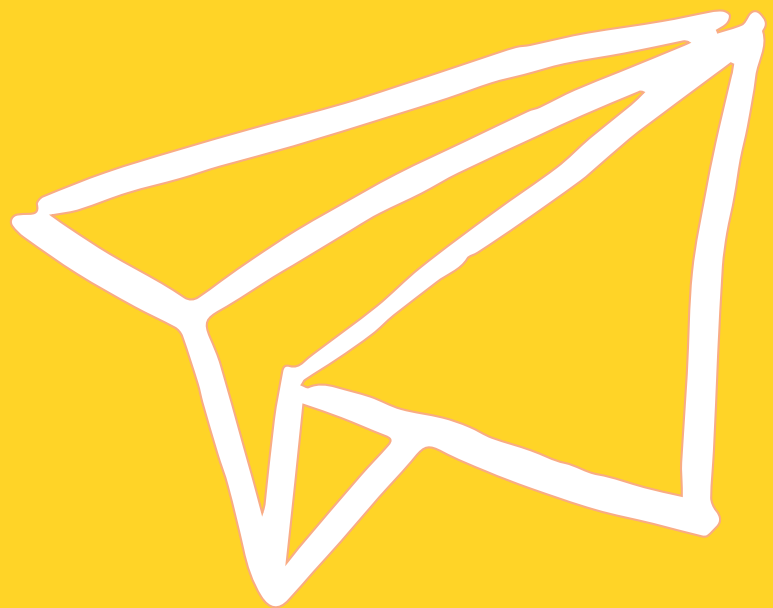
BY RANIYA BROWN 10A-GS

January 06, 2022

To Madeleine,

I've always wanted to meet you all my life but never got the chance, though well, it's mainly because you're not around anymore. From your recipes to stories about yourself, I find us quite similar, maybe not in most ways but enough. Dad described you as an elegant lady. He used the phrase "like a person running through a field of hydrangeas" I was confused, to say the least, but understood in a way. He said you'd always wait out on the porch every day when he got back from school; when I heard that, I thought, whoa, she must be a kindhearted person. You were his home, his haven, his grandma, and for that, I thank you.

Love Raniya,



SOUL PHOTOGRAPHER

BY SAADEDDIN MELITI 11B-BS



Apartment 603, it's been months since anyone has heard a single peep from inside the eerie flat, rumors say that the owner has gone completely mad and has locked himself inside there forever, nobody ever dared to even check in on the owner to see if he was still alive.

Not until a strange man with a briefcase dared to ring the doorbell, "Is anyone home?", he asked quite loudly, when he didn't get an answer, he decided to pick the lock instead.

"Excuse me, coming in", he opened the door holding a camera in his hand and he walked in, the apartment smelled musky and it was pretty obvious that whoever was inside hadn't cleaned for a long time.

He made his way over to the living room, on the couch he saw a ragged man lying down, "I don't remember letting you in my apartment", he mumbles in a half-awake tone.

"Yes, I let myself in!", FLASH!

A blinding light filled the room, the owner furiously rubbing his eyes in confusion, "Hello, my name is Alden, as you can see, I am a totally normal photographer" explained the strange man.

It was clear to the owner that this man was far from normal, "My name is Ryah, forget the greetings, go photograph other things, you are breaking and entering right now", the owner was awake now and had fully realized what was happening.

"I actually need your help, I'm looking for a dead soul here".

Ryah was completely perplexed, did he really just say that?

"You see, I specialize in soul photography, and the rumors I've heard about this place interest me, my camera has the ability to take, transfer and capture the souls of the dead".

What Alden was saying made no sense to Ryah, "There are no dead souls here, so you can leave".

"On the contrary my good friend, I think I hear small crawling noises coming from one of the washrooms."

"Wait you can also hear it-", he shut his mouth after realizing what he said.

"Yes, I can hear it and also see it, it seems to be calling out for a father, would you happen to know anything about that?", you could hear the sound of syllables in succession coming from the washroom, fa- -th- -er.

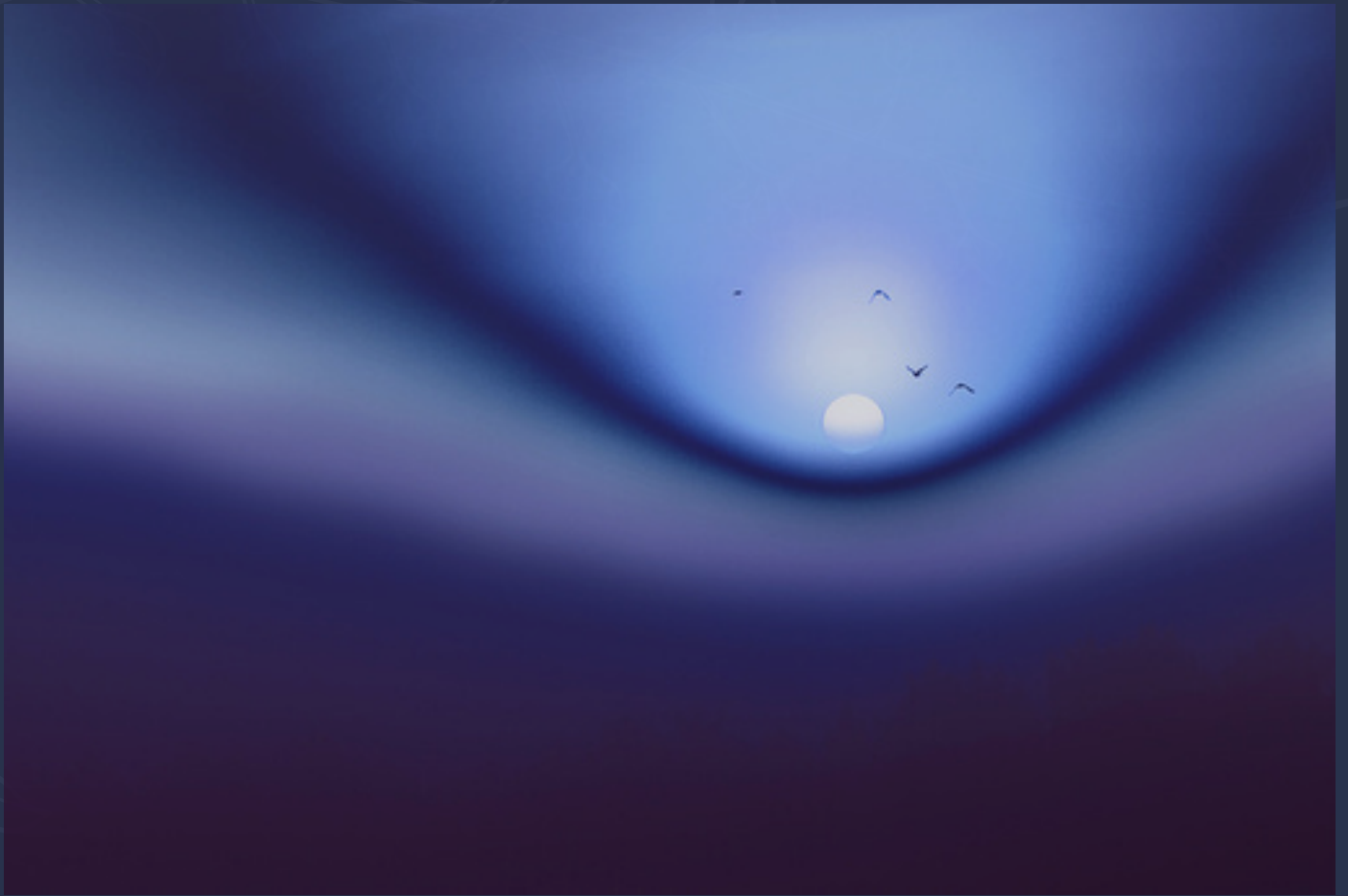
"I know nothing", replied Ryah.

"Then how about we let him out of the washroom and see what he wants?"

"NO PLEASE, HE'LL KILL ME", Ryah screamed in agony, it looked like he was remembering something very painful. To his complete surprise, the crawling ghost was already in front of him, Alden had opened the washroom door during the panic.

FA- -TH- -ER.





“Ryah, it seems like you are hiding something, this child crawled over to you instantly the second I opened the door, are you this boy’s father?”

“PLEASE, MERCY, I DON’T WANT TO SEE HIM AGAIN”, the child crawled closer to Ryah, “Why are you so afraid to see your child again?”

Ryah finally accepted what was happening and confessed, “because he must hate me.”

“Why is that”

“I killed him, that day, I was too busy writing my first draft for a story, I didn’t know my wife left the house. If I had paid more attention that day, maybe my son wouldn’t have fallen off the balcony. It’s my fault, I practically killed him.”

The young ghost embraced his father, “It wasn’t your fault, please don’t take it out on yourself.”

Ryah was clearly confused, “Your son doesn’t hate you Ryah, he just wants you to stop blaming yourself for the past, he wants you to live on.”

Ryah could not say anything as he was crying, tears of joy.

“Can I take a picture of you two?.

“Thank you”, FLASH!

Ryah will never forget that day, the day he accepted the past and decided to move on, taking a step outside, he starts a new life with no regrets.

OUR FAMILY'S SOUL

TETA'S LETTER TRANSLATED BY
KARMA HEJAZI 8B-GS



I was a mischievous child. Always demanding things from the man whom I saw the world in— my father. In my eyes, he was the greatest being to ever grace this world. One day, he came home holding the most gorgeous piece of fabric I have ever laid eyes upon. “I’m going to make that into a stunning dress,” my older sister flaunted; I was livid. Why did she get the fabric! I ran to my room sitting silently and waited for my father, who was out getting lunch. Half an hour later, his voice hollered my name.

“Come down Ilham, the food is ready,” he beckoned, but I did not reply. He came up to my room and knocked on the door three times.

“I will not come out until you get me that fabric,” I huffed.

“Please, I’m tired,” he said, “after lunch, I promise.”

“But then what will I wear? I have no clothes,” I declared. I opened my closet and threw all my clothes out the window. My father came in to find nothing in my closet. Still, I refused to eat until he got me that fabric though it was the last piece the store had. I demanded we go to other stores. Finally, four stores after we found one just like it, I smiled.

I loved reading so much to the extent that the sun would fall asleep without me noticing; I used candlelight to read. I suppose that later affected my ability to see, but I kept quiet since back then children ridiculed you if you wore glasses. My eyesight worsened to the extreme where I couldn’t see words written on a chalkboard and that made me anxious when I had an exam the following day. What if I couldn’t see the numbers on the board? Instead of giving you a printed sheet with questions, my teacher used to write the questions on the board and give us plain papers to solve them. The night before I wrote a letter praying to God, “Oh god! please help me see the board, please be my eyes.” I placed the letter on my chest and closed my eyes. The next morning, I looked up to the board from the front seat. I saw nothing. I couldn’t make out the shapes of the numbers. But, then I started to pick up the numbers from the teacher’s hand movements. I solved the exam and got the third-highest mark in the class.



Years passed since that exam, now I am older and married to an amazing guy. And, as I grew so did electricity. I went from having no light to read with at night to watch movies at cinemas. Still, I did not wear those much-needed glasses that my husband would always question me about.

“Are you sure you don’t need glasses,” he would ask,

“Yes, I’m quite sure,” my response was as serious as his.

One day my husband bought us tickets to a movie that Faten Hamama was starring in; I love binging every movie she was in. While watching, he saw his opportunity and used it.

He said to me, “Doesn’t Faten look very nice in this scene.”

“Yes, she does,” I answered enthusiastically.

Faten Hamama was not in that scene...Mary Mounib, an older woman, was.

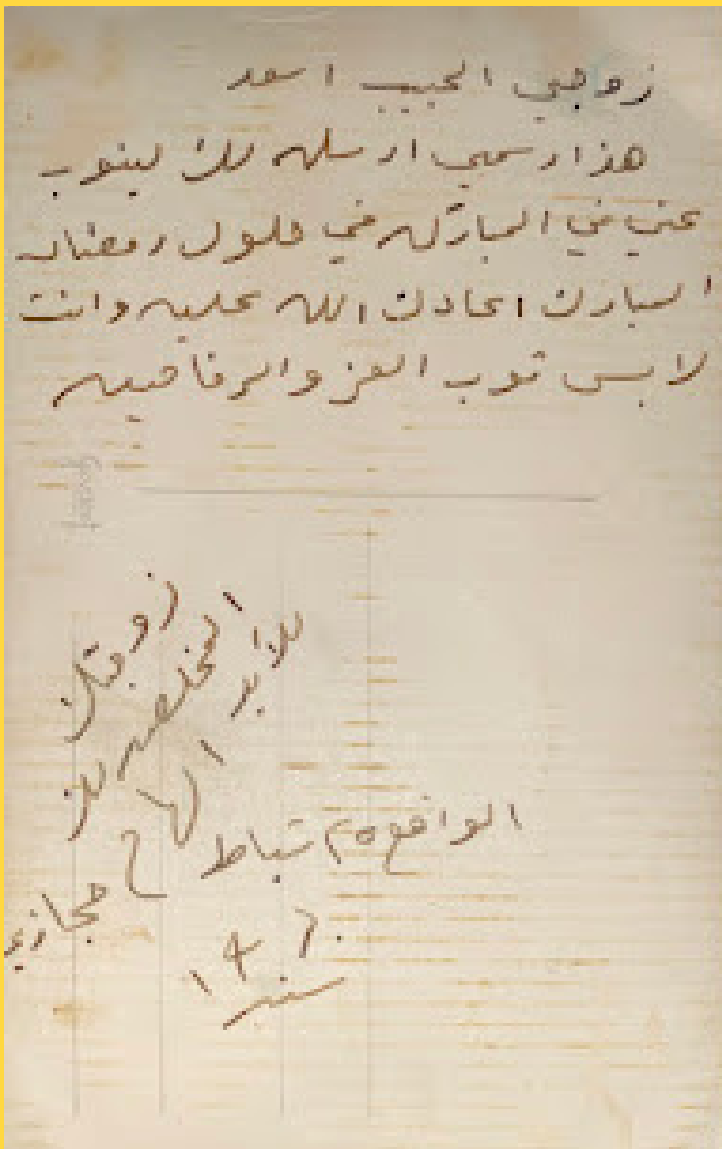
“I’m taking you to the eye doctor right this instant,” he said triumphantly. I didn’t even get to plead my case.

KARMA'S WORDS:

These were stories I grew up hearing. The stories of my beloved Teta. The one who miraculously raised 12 children. She is an outstanding individual. A caring mother. A beloved daughter. A genius student. But most importantly to me, she is my Teta. The light of our family gatherings. The sun to our planetary lives. She is the center of all things wonderful. She is our family's soul. And without a doubt, she has a way with the kitchen that to this day- she cooks the most delicious meals I have ever eaten. So, to the person who picked my name, I love you.



Eaten Hamama Mary Mounib



This is a letter she sent to my grandpa.



This is my Teta. .

BREAKING ROUTINE

BY RAZAN ALGARNI 8B-GS



"Beep beep beep!" I hear the alarm blaring through my car. I get up groggily to check the time. "6:30," said the big red numbers. I head to the bathroom to prepare for the day. The crisp mint-flavored toothpaste tickles my tongue as I brush my teeth and once I finish, I spit the hot water into the sink. After washing my face remove the hair rollers I placed overnight. I put on a bit of black mascara, blush, and wear my work uniform, an ivory dress shirt, a navy blue skirt with a tie. Lastly, I put on black high heels to finish my professional look. I remember not to forget my bronze floral purse, my house- and car keys before leaving my apartment.

On my way to work, I recall the tasks that need to be completed. "Organize those files, and submit them today.", "Prepare and attend the meeting at 5:30 pm." and so on. Upon exiting my car, I see my coworker. "Hey, Abby!" I wave and greet her with a warm smile. "Hayy! Hi staff!" she responds. As we head to our offices, we have a few short conversations. Once I arrive, I start working immediately.

I organize some files and finish some incomplete ones. When I checked the time, I was surprised to see it was already 4:47. I decided to touch up the presentation that will be presented in the meeting. At 5:15 I head into the meeting room and arrange the papers and computers. At 5:20 our clients arrive and we all sit awaiting 5:30 to start discussing business. After about 2 hours, we finally finished the meeting and I have only 34 minutes until I can check out for the day. I spend it doing a bit of work for tomorrow and before I know it, it's 8:00. After I inserted the slip into the machine, I waved my coworkers goodbye for the day.

After work, as always, I go to Verte Cafe, which has beautiful greenery. Julius, the barista that works from 7:00 to 12:00, is there waiting for me. "Hey, welcome back Stefany! Your regular I assume?" she asks. "Yes thank you, that would be lovely," I responded. Seeing that the seat I usually sit in is empty, I walk over to it and claim it. Looking up, I admire the view from the window. Beautiful stars, glimmering in the sky, lighting it up along with the breathtaking sight of the pale moon.





DO SOMETHING TODAY THAT YOUR FUTURE SELF WILL THANK YOU FOR.

Our actions and decisions today will shape the way we will be living in the future.

My thoughts were interrupted when a hand placed a cup of coffee in front of me. "Thank you, I bet it'll taste perfect as always." "You bet'cha!" Julius replies with a wide grin. We had many conversations, with the occasional customer coming in cutting us from time to time. Before long I finished my coffee and headed out with the usual "see you next time!". I would drive home, follow my nightly routine, and sleep awaiting another day of repetition.

This all would change though. I wake up, prepare for my day, and wear my uniform. I collect my things and drive to my job. I work my hours, from 3-8. Near the end of my day I enter Verte Cafe and ordered however as I paid, "BOOM- HANDS IN THE AIR!" I became deathly afraid, I didn't dare to look back. Someone walks from behind me and places something against my back. I sweat and shake nervously. It feels as though all oxygen from my lungs has been stolen. Nothing goes through my mind except "ohno ohno im- im-" when I suddenly hear sirens and see a flash of blinding, yet comforting red and blue. A week later, on the news, a public announcement has been stated of an attempted armed robbery and how the culprit has been caught.

That day broke my bland routine. I wanted to do so much more in life. I could not have imagined all the things I never got to do if the police hadn't shown up. Abby and I called in sick for work and had a trip to the beach 2 hours away from our city. I hung out with Julius before his work hours on my vacation days. I stopped having a bland day to day routine and started doing what I had always wanted. Life is too short not to do what's on your mind.

ADDLED TEARS

BY ASEEL BAFAGIH 12B-GS

THE SALTY TASTE OF TEARS
THAT FLOW FROM YOUR
EYES.
EACH TELLS A STORY OF
THEIR OWN
A SAD EXPERIENCE FILLED
WITH SORROW AND GRIEF
OR A HAPPY ANECDOTE
PACKED WITH AMUSEMENT
AND JOY
YOU NEVER KNOW WHICH
ONE IT IS
UNTIL THE EMOTIONS INSIDE
OF YOU BURST OUT IN FORM
OF WATER
LEAVING YOU WITH THE
FEELING OF ABSOLUTE
MELANCHOLY
OR THE OVERWHELMING
SENSE OF UTTER ECSTASY



MY MOTHER

BY HAIFA OMAR 9A-GS

YOU WHO FED ME FROM YOUR
GENTLE BREAST
AND HUSHED ME IN YOUR ARMS TO
REST
YOU WHO RAN TO ME WHEN I FELL
AND WOULD SOME PRETTY STORY
TELL
OR KISS THE BRUISE TO MAKE IT
WELL
YOU WHO WATCHED MY BOILING
HEAD
WHEN I WAS SLEEPING IN MY
CRADLE BED
YOU HELPED READ MY ABCS
AND READ MY FAVORITE BOOKS TO
ME
WHEN I CRIED YOU WIPED MY TEARS
AND KNEW ALL MY FEARS
YOU ARE THE ONE WHO HEARD MY
FIRST TALK
AND HELPED ME FOR MY FIRST
WALK
YOU MOM, WHO REALLY CARES



THE UNSPOKEN

BY LAYAL SAATI 10B-GS

I'M WRITING THIS POEM, HERE
WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES
WHERE YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN NEXT

I MAY ONLY HAVE A MINUTE TO LIVE
OR A SECOND, OR EVEN LESS
AND YOU NEVER KNOW
IF YOU'LL BE A LOST LOVED ONE

IT WAS REAL
I SAW THE PAIN THROUGH HER EYES
BUT ALL SHE SAYS IS SMILE,
EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE

ALL I COULD DO IS LOOK AT THE SKY,
AND PRAY TO GOD
FOR EVERYTHING TO BE FINE

WE KEPT ON HEARING SHOOTINGS
EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE,
AND ASK OURSELVES
IS OUR DAD ALIVE?

EVERYTHING CHANGED,
OUR LOVED ONES WERE MISSING
THE SUN NEVER SHONE AGAIN
THEY BURNT ALL REFUGEES
WE HAD NO PLACE TO STAY IN

THESE NIGHTS WERE ENDLESS
WITH FEARFUL HEARTS
AND ORPHANS SCREAMING FOR HELP
STREETS WERE EMPTY,
AND PEOPLE WERE DYING

AS I WROTE THIS
A LETTER HAS BEEN RECEIVED
THE MESSAGE GAVE US HOPE

NOVEMBER THE SECOND,
MY BIRTHDAY,
BUT IT TURNED TO BE
THE WORST DAY OF MY LIFE,
THE DAY MY MOM GOT SHOT IN FRONT OF ME

IT WAS A COLD NIGHT
I MISSED HER HUG
AND HER WHISPERING IN MY EAR
"EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE"

THE GOING WAS TOUGHER
DESPITE EVERYTHING,
WE NEVER LOST HOPE IN OUR FATHER
HIS RETURN IS STILL AWAITED

SEASON OF THE STARS

BY TALA BAGHDADI 12A-GS

Stargazing is the activity of observing stars. During the winter season, many stars and constellations are clear enough to see with the naked eye. This happens due to the less amount of humidity in the air and the air being dry. The best way or timings for stargazing is on a cold winter night, that way not much will stand between you and viewing the stars. Some of the clear constellations you should look out for are the Canis Major, Gemini, Orion, and Andromeda. I personally use an app called Star Walk 2 to help me identify the stars and constellations, but there are multiple free apps you can use to identify them. Pro-tip goes to a dark area near the beach to view stars more clearly and you could even try taking a picture of the stars by turning up the brightness to capture the stars better.



COFFEE CAKE RECIPE

BY DANA DAOUD 7B-GS

COFFEE CAKE IS REALLY SIMPLE, YET A DELICIOUS CAKE TO MAKE. IT ONLY TAKES A FEW INGREDIENTS AND STEPS TO MAKE.

THE INGREDIENTS YOU WILL BE NEEDING ARE:

- 2 CUPS OF FLOUR
- 1 CUP OF MILK
- 1 CUP OF VEGETABLE OIL
- 1 CUP OF WHITE SUGAR
- 4 EGGS
- 1 TABLESPOON OF BAKING POWDER
- 1 TEASPOON OF VANILLA
- 2 TABLESPOONS OF COCOA POWDER
- 1 TABLESPOON OF NESCAFÉ (OR ANY OTHER KIND OF COFFEE POWDER)

THE PREPARATION IS REALLY SIMPLE, IT GOES IN THIS ORDER:

- FIRST, PREHEAT YOUR OVEN TO 350°
 - SECOND, MIX ALL YOUR DRY INGREDIENTS. (FLOUR, VANILLA, AND BAKING POWDER)
 - THIRD, MIX THE EGGS, OIL, SUGAR, AND MILK TOGETHER IN A SEPARATE BOWL,
 - THEN, SLOWLY PUT IN THE FLOUR, VANILLA, AND BAKING POWDER IN WITH THE REST OF THE INGREDIENTS.
- NEXT, ADD THE COCOA POWDER AND NESCAFÉ TO THE REST OF YOUR MIX.
- THEN, MIX THEM TOGETHER THOROUGHLY.
 - AFTER THAT, GET YOUR CAKE PAN.
 - THEN, SPRAY YOUR NON-STICK BUTTER SPRAY ONTO YOUR CAKE PAN. (OIL WORKS TOO)
 - POUR THE CAKE MIX YOU'VE MADE INTO THE CAKE PAN.
 - AFTERWARD, PLACE YOUR CAKE INTO THE OVEN FOR ABOUT 45 MINUTES.
 - FINALLY, TAKE YOUR CAKE OUT OF THE OVEN AND ENJOY!

NOTE THAT:

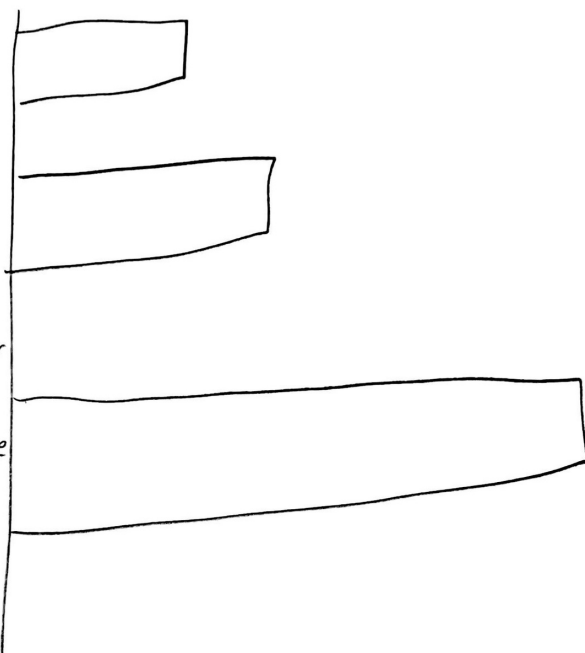
YOU SHOULD ALWAYS CHECK TO MAKE SURE YOUR CAKE IS PERFECTLY BAKED BY PUTTING A STICK THROUGH TO MAKE SURE IT IS NOT UNDER COOKED. AND DON'T FORGET TO HAVE AN ADULT PRESENT BY YOUR SIDE. BON APPÉTIT!

WHAT GIVES PEOPLE Feelings of POWER

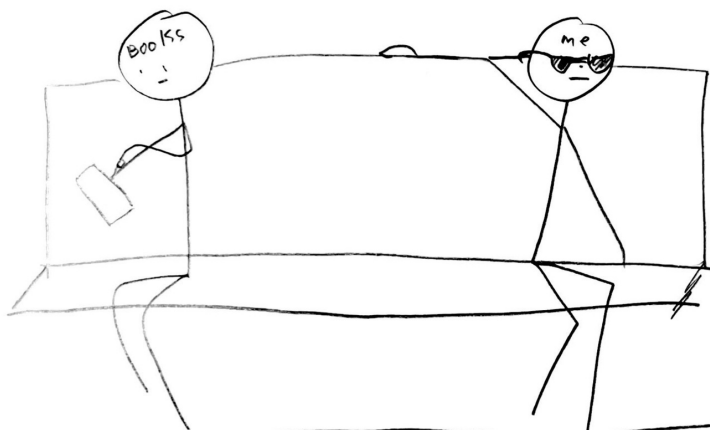
Money

status

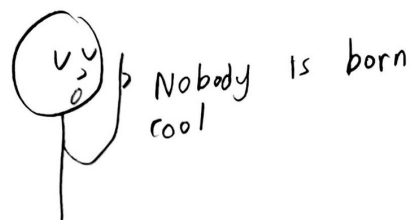
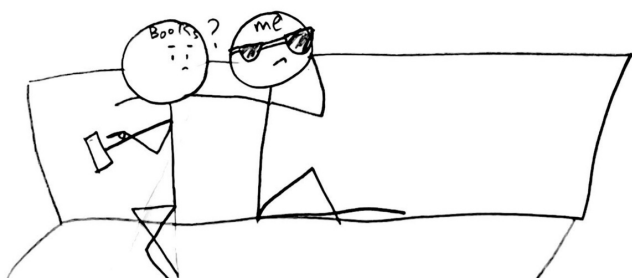
When teacher
asks you to
flip to a page
in textbook
and you flip
them first try



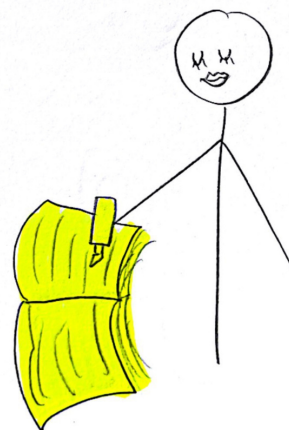
Whole year



one day before Exam:



Nobody:
that one girl in class





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JIS TIMES



ABOUT US

The JIS Times Team is a group of dedicated students that commit a lot of time and effort to producing our favorite monthly editions.

Our Goal is to keep the art of writing and Journalism alive at our school, and we will do everything we can to achieve this.

Our Mission is to provide 21st-century learners with the tools they need to express themselves in the world through Journalism.

Creativity is intelligence having fun.

ALBERT EINSTEIN

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