

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

2021
LITERARY
MAGAZINE

KHAYYAM

MELBOURNE
SECONDARY
CAMPUS

VISUAL ART

CREATIVE WRITING

POETRY

TEXT RESPONSES

PERSUASIVE ESSAYS

2021



COVER ARTWORK BY

LEYAAN KAPISIZ YEAR 10

Leyaan Kapisiz of Year 10, designed this visually striking artwork of Hagia Sophia in Istanbul.

Leyaan donated it to a local community project fundraiser to help build services and facilities for the community. Her drawing was put up for auction during the event and was purchased by none other than our own Bachar Houli. It fetched over \$4,500!



DEDICATION

This edition of Khayyam was made possible with the contribution of some very creative and enthusiastic writers and visual artists. Within this edition you will be entertained by the wonderful poetry, short stories, persuasive essays and art work from a group of young and talented people.

Thank you to the dedicated teachers who encouraged their students to contribute to this edition.

A very special thank you to Ms Wanida Hammoude for publishing this beautiful 2021 issue of our Academy Literary Magazine.

I am confident you will enjoy reading it as much as I have.

Mr Sam Valentino, Editor Khayyam Magazine 2021

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Omer Khayyam

The Moving Finger writes;
and, having writ, Moves on:
nor all thy Piety nor

Wit Shall lure it
back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a
Word of it.

was a Persian polymath,
mathematician,
astronomer,
philosopher,
and poet.

AN ACROSTIC POEM

BULLYING

B *Bullying is repetitive harassment or when someone is trying to hurt you physically mentally, verbally, or even online.*

U *Upsets and hurts innocent people.*

L *Loneliness*

L *Leave the innocent kids alone.*

Y *You're going to regret what you have done.*

I *It's not cool to be cruel*

N *No one should have to go through that type of pain.*

G *Go and inform an adult if you are being bullied. Seek help.*

BY AHLAM AHMED YEAR 7



RELIGION REFLECTION

Prophet that lived for a long time.
Recieved the message of Allah.
Obeying everything Allah said.
Prophet whose message was the longest.
He was ignored by his people.
Encouraging people to believe in him.
The one who built the huge Arc.
No one believed in his message but 80.
Up it went when the rain came down.
He never gave up even though he was ignored many times.

BY SARAH KHALIFAH YEAR 8





BY RAWEEHAH BINT-HAMAD YEAR 12

THE LOST

FAMILY

“Jon hurry into the car we're leaving,” said Jon's mother. Jon and his family were leaving in their caravan to go on a road trip around Australia. His family never do much, so this was a happy surprise for everyone when his dad announced it last week. Jon was 14 and was a guy of average height with long black hair that went to his shoulders although it was usually tied up as to not get in his face. Jon had one sister and no other siblings. He also had a mother and a father who were caring people who at times had weird characteristics. Jon got into the caravan followed by his sister, the family then left and began their trip to the middle areas of Australia where they hoped to see a lot of interesting animals that living in Melbourne they didn't often see. The trip was a quiet one as Jon's family weren't very close and having two kids in the car both of higher age it didn't seem like anything would happen to spark conversation anyway.

Two hours had passed since the road trip began and Jon's dad soon realized he was lost, the GPS had broken only thirty minutes before and without reception their phones were useless as well. That was when Jon's dad came up with a fantastic idea, he parked on the side of the road and said “why don't I climb a tree and see if I get any reception” Jon's mother thought this was such a good idea that she thought she would climb the tree opposite him. Both parents were good climbers since they were both in the scouts as children and climbed to the top of the tree without difficulty, but as soon as they climbed the top of the tree to Jon and his sister's surprise, they still had no bars of internet who could've figured. They then climbed down and to Jon's luck his father fell right before he reached the floor and hurt his back although no one was surprised since he was 41 years old. Jon's mother Jessie then took care of driving which Jon figured was

almost as bad as if a monkey was driving. He soon came to realize how the trip truly has just begun.

Some hours later Jon and his family came to a cross section that showed a sign saying that Sydney was only 200 km in that direction which would take 2 hours and a half to travel to. There was also one saying that there was a bear cave 10 kilometers in the opposite direction which Jon's mum thought meant that there was a camp called bear cave that way and some how convinced everyone except Jon that it truly was just that, so instead of going to Sydney my family drove towards the bear cave. As they reached the side were a sign told them they reached the bear cave Jon's mother and father pulled out their phones to search for reception as they walked aimlessly deeper into the forest where they thought a camp awaited them. Jon and his sister stayed in the car just to be safe because they new there was



no camp there. As Jessica and her husband reached a cliff, they saw a cave and for some unknown reason decided to enter it with their flash on their phone. As they neared the end of the short cave, they heard a growl and soon realized they had just pointed a light at a sleeping bear who now woke up ready to eat. In defense the parents threw their phones at their bear and ran to the car the bear behind them and as soon as they entered, they shut the door and began to scream. Jon and his sister were confused as their parents continued to scream, they soon began to scream when they heard a heavy growl and felt the caravan begin to shake.

After an hour the car stopped shaking and the family assumed the bear went back to the cave to sleep as it was nighttime. Jon soon too felt sleepy and decided to go to sleep.

The next morning the family decided to go to Sydney, which was around 3 hours away now, but it was the only smart option. This time on the road trip the car was full of conversation as they spoke about what happened the day before and the parents described what happened as they reached the cave, but they might have exaggerated it a little bit saying they knocked the bare over and then ran out the cave. Jon's parents soon realized that they had no phones since they threw it at the bare and now had no way of communicating with anyone, they know so it didn't even matter if they now had internet now that they were near the city and in populated areas. The family then pulled over at the petrol station and filled some petrol into the car since it was near empty and continued their journey. When they reached the city and decided to buy a room in the hotel and stay there for the rest of the trip which

was a week, deciding that it was probably best if they never go on a road trip again and instead, they will just buy a plane ticket for the next holiday.

When the week finished Jon realized that they now had to go home, and they had to do so back in the caravan. He looked to his parents who were smiling at their new phones and somehow new that this time the trip home would be ten times worse than the trip there. Jon was the last to enter the car and as soon as he did, he regretted it. Jon then looked around at his family and said mostly to himself, "Here we go again."

By **Ahmed Abdallah Year 8**

MOBILE PHONES SHOULD BE

BANNED

Enough is enough. I am starting to lose my patience. Students are starting to take advantage of being allowed to bring mobile phones to school. Asking to go to the bathroom just to text online friends is unacceptable. Honestly, it's just a huge waste of time especially during times when a person's phone goes off during class. Students have been caught cheating on tests, being irresponsible and cyberbullying other students. In my opinion, without a doubt, I strongly believe that mobile phones should be banned. My reasons why are listed down below.

First and foremost, during tests and exams, disruptive students have been caught cheating and abusing their privilege of being allowed to bring a mobile phone. Mobile phones are a major distraction that students bump into almost every day. With mobile phones being permitted on school grounds, a handful of students have been able to cheat and shockingly get away with it.

Primarily, mobile phones are

extremely dangerous and very unhealthy. Mobile phones can put off a radiation which will be responsible for future brain tumours. Students are so addicted to their mobile phone that most of them get unbelievably defensive when their phones get taken away. The light radiated from the mobiles screen is called Blue Light.

According to researchers at The University of Toledo, the blue light can damage your eyes due to the light transforming vital molecules in the eye's retina into cell killers, which can lead to eye strain, weak focus, and age-related macular degeneration.

Additionally, irresponsible students have been losing their phones and blaming the school for their loss, resulting in the school taking part in the situation. These phones can then be stolen by another student which will enlarge the situation even more.

Lastly, students simply aren't willing to respect other students breach of privacy. Videos have been taken and resurfacing

across the internet. I have indeed seen a student getting bullied for videos of them on the internet. Cyber bullying is a big issue nowadays that I'm absolutely against. Cyber bullying can cause physical and mental health damage. Cyber bullying can also cause eating disorders, low self-esteem, depression, anxiety, feelings of worthlessness, didaskaleinophobia (which is the fear of school) and much more.

In summary, mobile phones should be banned because students are taking advantage of being allowed to bring mobile phones to school. Students have been caught cheating on tests, being careless about their own property and bullying other students online. Mobile phones are indeed dangerous and no matter what is said students can't stay away from their phones for a literal millisecond. This unhealthy addiction can lead to serious problems which can affect their physical appearance sooner or later.

By Habiba Abdella Year 7





COVID-19 POEM

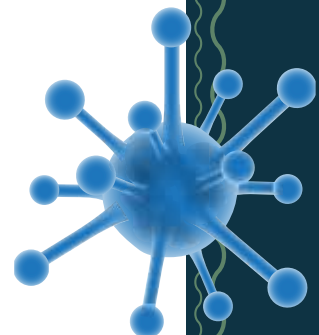
COVID-19 is a big façade,
It makes no sense, it's made life hard,
Lockdown's announced every month or two,
No visiting, no leaving and no school, too.
No shopping, no meeting, no going on a cruise,
All because of one man called Daniel Andrews,
The cases are forged, the statistics are fake,
Just tell us the truth, Oh for God's sake.

When lockdown ends, I smile in glee,
O my Dear Lord, I Praise and Thank Thee,
But then the Prem locks the city again,
If only I lived in Copenhagen.

I hope we don't get locked in for the 7th time,
I feel like I will turn insane sometime,
Please, Daniel Andrews, don't lock us again,
Or else I might leave to somewhere in Arnhem.

We might get locked in a dozen more times,
It's the sad truth, the case number climbs,
I hope COVID-19 can stop ruining our lives,
It'll be part of history and of the archives.

By Amr Ahmed Year 7





SHAAKIRA
BEKAI
YEAR 7



SHORT STORY

SARAH'S MOONS

By Ihram Muzayen Year 10

“What would you do if I died?”

I immediately stop the car and turn to Sarah. With her head buried in her hands, she starts to sob, taking in shallow, ragged breaths. At the back of my head, I know that my wife needs me now, but my tongue twisted in a knot so big that even a boy scout would not be able to untie it. It had been three weeks since my mother-in-law had passed away. Sarah could not even attend her mother's funeral because of Coronavirus travel restrictions so we decided the best thing would be to go on a summer road trip to rural Australia to cheer ourselves up. Having nothing to say, I hold her hand and do not answer her question. The night outside was settling in, with the stars getting brighter as the night ages. Such a sublime and stellar beauty, only to be contrasted by the dark reality of life. “Sarah, do you want to go back to camp?”, I ask. She just looks at me, dead in the eyes and as I look into her teary hazel eyes, I know what to do.

“Life has no meaning anymore,” says Sarah as she wipes her tears. This was not how I envisioned our summer road

trip to be. What she had just said hit me deep within my conscience, and I knew that it was time to do something as her husband, as her family. I look forward, onto the endless road, trying to concentrate on the road in front so that she does not see my tears. Did I have no place in her life? Was I not a reason to live? All these questions start to flood my mind, but I quickly squash them before they get stronger. In my head, I knew exactly what I had to do. After three hours of driving, we arrive at a cliffside. Sarah is sound asleep, so I switch off the ignition and wake her up. She asks me where we are, and I give no reply. She gets out of the car and a strange gust of wind hits us. The stale and warm summer night rarely experiences wind. I tell Sarah to follow me until we reach the very tip of the cliff. I look at the horizon and I have a sudden sporadic urge to jump. I look towards Sarah, and I say, “Jump.”

“What? Are you crazy?” says Sarah.

“You said life has no meaning, so jump,” I tell her.

At that moment, she gives me a look that I will never forget.



For a second, I felt like she would jump, but she starts crying. This time, I hold her, and her whole body shakes

“I cannot do this anymore, I do not see any end to this pain,” she says.

“There is no end to this pain Sarah, you will feel this emptiness of losing a parent your whole life, but I am here to fill that void, your family is here to carry your burden, so just hold on a little longer,” I say. After this, we just look to the horizon in silence. I notice Sarah trying hard to not look at the stars, a memory she shared with her mother at their beachside house. She is running away from the harsh reality.

“Let’s go, Sarah, it’s getting late,” I say.

She just looks downwards and nods, wiping her tears with her scarf. After I get into the car, I realize that there is one more chapter left to complete this road trip and I turn the car towards the coastal city of Port Campbell beach. The national highway turns into the Great Ocean Road and Sarah asks me where we are going, but this time, I see

a glint of fear in her eyes. Maybe she knows what I am about to do. I park the car in front of the Twelve Apostles information centre. I ask Sarah to follow me, and I lead her down the sandy stairway. The night makes the sea more aggressive, but the sky more beautiful. When we reach the beach, I look at Sarah and tell her to look up.

“Why are you doing this to me?” screams Sarah.

“Is this what your mother would’ve wanted?” I scream over the wind.

Tears come out of her eyes again, and she falls to the ground, wailing. This time, she looks up. After a long time, both of us lie in the sand, waiting for dawn.

“Do you know why Juliet forbade Romeo to swear their love by the moon?” I ask.

“Because the moon is inconstant,” replies Sarah.

“But it’s still like love, ever-changing, but always there,” I say and we laugh.

Shaakira Bekai 7A



BULLYING

Bullying is hurting someone repeatedly.

Bullying is hurting innocent kids easily.

Innocent kids committing suicide.

Taking their very own precious lives.

Kids know that bullying is bad.

It makes them feel very sad.

Bullies think it is fun.

They later regret what they have done.

Bullying people does not make you cool.

It mostly happens when you're at school.

Cyber bullying is the most serious type.

We should drain it down the pipe.

Just because you're small and he is tall.

Does not mean you're above us all.

You may think that you rule.

But what you do is very cruel.

By Ahlam Ahmed Year 7

BULLYING

The Mortality Chronicles

DELIRIUM

What if I told you I can heal your pain?
Meet me below the gully, just be there.

Be quick, don't leave the stains,
just leave the lane.

It'll make your blood warm and
make your eyes flare.

A little can make your mind toil tonight.

Close the blinds and let darkness
find its way.

See, it just numbs your pain,
fills you with delight.

Just follow the star, close your eyes my prey.

But it burns your soul to content all right?

Don't worry, you won't feel a thing today.

It's going to devour you, and your light.

I'm talking too much,
just slide down the brae.

A few more days until you overdose.

Don't worry, I'll be by your side and close.

FIRST-NAME BASIS

You told me you would be there, but you left.

I cannot feel my face, but I feel you.

Tell me your name, a soul to love and cleft.

Eternal darkness calling me to coup.

I'll never ever leave your side you know?

But will you ever do the same for me?

I just want to stop but we're on the low.

Time never waits, believe me I know.

But I hate you and I can't leave tonight.

You have become love melancholic love.

See so much red, I think I'm losing sight.

Take me to the ridge and let's fly above.

Because I just can't get out of your spell.

If we live, I know we will meet in hell.

By Ihram Muzayen Year 10

LIVING INSIDE

I am you, you are me, we're one and same.
 Why don't I know where you start and I end?
 I cannot feel, I cannot sleep from shame.
 The peace of my soul is my own worst friend.
 When I talk to you, I talk to myself.
 I've got one more line 'till I overdose.
 So tell me if I should go end myself.
 Cause I don't want to die without you close.
 But I can't find you cause you're inside me.
 See the end from here, I don't want to fall.
 Tell me I'm you but I don't want to be.
 I'm all alone in this, no one to call.
 I want to stop but I can't cause of you.
 Tell me you'll be there; I know it is true.

EULOGY OF MYSELF

Let it burn and let me go with the fire.
 See the throne of death from here, my abode.
 Wrapped in your arms, I know you're not a liar.
 Let's drive down the road, tell me why've we
 slowed.
 Red, orange, green, the world is fading you.
 You're only there when I have nothing near.
 Got one more pill and it will end it too.
 Can't stop it, just like shedding my life's tears.
 But I'm alone and I got you beside.
 Don't want to die but I love you too much.
 We're on our own, but I want you to hide.
 Scared that the pill'll be the last thing I touch.
 Too late for that now, I'm already there.
 This will be the last time I'll shed a tear.

My Autobiography.

0-12YRS

My name is Janna Sanad. I was born on the 31st of May 2007 in Melbourne, Australia. I am excited to see what life has planned for me and the adventures it will take me on from here onwards. I am the newly last-born child of my Sanad family, I have an older brother whom is 7 years older than me named Mohamed. I also have an older sister named Eman who is 4 years older than me and a year younger than her is my older sister Yasmeen. My mothers name is Ann Marie Portelli and my fathers name is Waseam Sanad. My mother is Maltese and my dad is Egyptian and they are both born and raised Australian citizens. My dad runs his own car dealing business while my mum works for Qantas at the airport. From what I've discovered about myself for the few years that I've been on earth, I've learnt that I'm a very whole hearted and caring person. I love to give more than return, I also pride myself in being very ambitious and dedicated to the things I love. Although, I tend to over work myself and expect too much of others as I do for them. At the moment, we live in Altona north just beside the sea. I enjoy living by the beach although it gets extra cold during winter, but nothing beats having the ocean as my backyard.

I enjoy my life so far, I hope to start a sport when I'm old enough since playing soccer runs in my family and my siblings kick the ball around together but I'm too small to play rough them. I currently attend school at Australian International Academy in Coburg North, where I hope to complete my primary education and graduate. One of my favorite teachers is Mrs. Hillary whom is my year 1 teacher, Mrs. Hillary inspires me to become a teacher just like her. Her students are always first and she makes learning fun. One day I will be a great teacher just like her. I believe I adopted both my parent's brilliant athleticism, because I have always shown to be good at athletics no matter the sport. I now participate in soccer, volleyball, and basketball and got awarded the best female sportsperson in my grade. I have many accolades to my name, however the one that stands out to me is winning a massive tournament against my rival team. I thoroughly enjoy my life so far and I am excited to see what is planned for me in the future .

12-18YRS

As a new student at high school I am extremely nervous, the high school feels like it is double the size of my primary school and I feel like

I'm going to get lost. What eases my nerves is knowing that I'm entering high school with all my best friends and having my 3 older siblings around for whenever I need. It is the first day and I am so happy because me and all my friends were put in the same class, my teacher is Mrs. Silvana and she seems really nice and caring towards her students. We didn't do much in class today besides the basic introduction of identity and setting up a seating arrangement. I also got my first locker which I'm so excited about, I've always dreamt of having a high school locker that I can accessorize how I like. My locker is just across my best friend Saja's. which makes it so much better because she is always around.

A few years have gone by and I am now starting year 9, I have gotten use to the high school now and know my way around the place. We have NAPLAN coming up in the following weeks coming up and to be honest, I am nervous. I know our marks do not go towards anything but I've always strived to do well. I am confident that I will, since I have kept up with my work and am up to date with all my subjects. School is going well at the moment although there has been some drama between the girls, one of the girls spoke bad about her friend and now they don't like each other. Luckily for

me, my friends and I aren't involved nor do we plan on getting. I can confidently say that within my friend group we all have a solid bond that will never be broken by irrelevant reasons. I love my friends so much and hope to graduate with them.

Today is the first day of my last term in high school, I have exactly 6 weeks until my final exam and wow I never thought this day would come. I am overly stressed and so anxious as I really hope to get an over 90 atar. I discovered last year that I have a love for psychology that I never knew. My dreams of becoming a teacher have changed and I now want to become a psychologist. The subjects I chose to fill my prerequisites are English, general math's, biology, chemistry and psychology. It has been hard to keep up with all my subjects but I have managed to pull through and stay motivated to accomplish receiving my dream atar. The days are speeding up and I'm so close to the finish line, high school has been such an adventure and I will always hold these memories close to my heart. All the sports carnivals, Eid festivals, fundraisers, assemblies and the greatest moments with my friends. I will truly miss being a student and can't thank my teachers enough for putting up with me through my best and worst moments.

18-24YRS

During my break my mum bought me my first car in honour of how well I did in school, it's a matt black 5-seater mazda and fits me perfectly. With a 95 ATAR I received I was over the moon, I had hoped to get near 90 and even still that was a far fetched thought. I am so proud of myself and all the hard work I have put in, all the late nights and tears paid off to receive a mark to fill a spot on the high achievers board. I have now been accepted into La Trobe University, and I start my course in a month. I am nervous but so excited at the same time to finally begin my life. I'm scared of the thought of failure but I'm ecstatic to be able to learn about what I love most. I hope and pray that wherever University leads me to is nothing but happiness and success. At the moment, I am spending my time going out with friends and spoiling myself. I wasn't able to care for my lashes, nails and hair because of school policy, which I am able to do freely now. I love expressing myself through my appearance and always switching up my style.

It is now my second year at university and I am halfway, apart of me feels like im back at school but the small changes of being in university has been so much better.

Although, my course has been difficult but im always reminded that im pursuing my dreams of becoming a psychologist which keeps me motivated through all my rough nights.

I have reached my last year of university and being a student has now come to an end once and for all. I have passed all assessment and will be entering the work field soon. The thought of helping people and calling it my job warms my heart like no other. I am so thankful that everything that has happened so far has worked in my favour and all is going so well for me which I cannot appreciate more. Through my time at university, I met someone who shared the same interests as me. We've spent so much time together that we are planning on moving forward as 1. We hope to get engaged by the end of the year and plan our lives together from then on. My family is so happy for me since I am the last child and all my siblings are happily married with kids as well as kids on the way. My family loves him and wishes us nothing but the best. I'm so happy and thankful for how my life has turned out.

By Janna Sanad Year 8

Nature

FREE VERSED POEM

I love green mountains.
I see far horizons
and the beautiful seas.

The water looks like jewels
glowing in the sun.
The smiling sun
looking down on the gardens.

Swish ! Swish !
The wind is blowing
down on the grass.
It moves dancing
around with the breeze.

The birds singing – chirp, chirp
and laughing at us.
Old kookaburra is watching.

Nature is beautiful,
Nature is lovely ,
the calming breeze ,
the tall trees,
Stormy nights,
and flying kites
waking up to the chirping birds,
bees buzzing on the beautiful flowers,
the glowing sun on your face when you're
outside having fun ,
leaves spinning in the wind,
the sun smiling in every direction ,
but soon the leaf was out of sight,
and it soon became night and time to sleep

BY KAWSAR MERHI YEAR 7



ARTWRORK BY INSHA MAWIYAH YEAR 6

RELIGION REFLECTION

- P** Prophet Isa was very **patient**.
- R** Prophet Isa was well **respected**.
- O** Prophet Isa's **obligation** was to guide the Israelites and tell them about the Tawraat and Tawhid.
- P** Prophet Isa **passed** the message of Allah.
- H** Prophet Isa will take all the Muslims to the **hereafter**.
- E** Prophet Isa will come when the world is **ending**.
- T** Prophet Isa tried to teach the people about **Tawhid**.
- I** The Israelites were very **ignorant** to Prophet Isa's message.
- S** Prophet Isa **spoke** when he was a baby.
- A** Prophet Isa was sent by **Allah**.

BY SALMA KHAZMA YEAR 8



10:10

MOBILE PHONES SHOULD BE BANNED IN SCHOOL

From cheating, to misplacement, the inevitabilities that come with phones are by no doubt dangerous to students of all years. These phones harm students in peoples' classes to the point of no return. They are also harming themselves and their education. There is no doubt in my mind whatsoever that these disasters are by no standard school proof.

To people with the wrong mindset phones might be their saviours on tests. Cheating has always and will always be a major problem, with the most common way of cheating, Phones. Phones have been the reason behind many incidents of cheating. In fact, a study has shown that about one in three people tend to cheat during tests. Due to the statistics I firmly believe that phones should be banned through our schools.

To all of us I believe that misplacement would be a very common thing. Well at school the problem becomes worse, misplacement happens very commonly to some students and always will. Losing your things at school is a horrible feeling and it also affects the students' grades, Focus is key and if you lost your phone I doubt you would even focus for a few seconds without getting sidetracked. According to the facts in about 2019, a whole 84% of students in high school own or have access to a phone and on average 3 out of 10 students

will either damage, break or lose their phones. Can we trust that our high school students won't lose or damage their phones?

People feel embarrassed all the time it's bound to happen at some point in their life, but with phones at school the chances just increase. Some children have been caught red handed taking photos of people and invading their privacy. Sometimes we get lucky and the teachers catch these fiends but other times people are being spied on with even knowing it. Teachers & students alike have been humiliated online because of these students and their wrath. We need to stop these students through more permanent ways such as banning these weapons from our schools.

At the end of day we never know how these pocket items we regard lightly will be used, These pocket devices are always going to be misused at schools unless we actually do something about. Phones have always addicted their users, unless we stop the use of these weapons in our schools we will never really find the answer to the question that is really very simple. The students coming to school to learn something when really all the work they do is second rate while their only ambitions are for their phones. The question is, 'Why do we still have phones at our schools?'

By Maryam Husseini Year 7

THE THING IN THE BUSH

A Short Story

"Mum, do we have to go by car?" I asked my mum in an annoyed tone. My mum had planned a road trip to Sydney for the Summer holidays but my brother, Jonathan and I wanted to fly there by plane like dad. Dad gets car sick, so he was allowed to go by plane, but we had to go by car. It was going to take over 9 hours to get to Sydney from Melbourne and I'm pretty sure I'll hate it. If I can't even stay a minute with my brother, then how could I possibly stay 9 hours with him. But mum wouldn't budge, she says it will be a great bonding experience and that we might see interesting things.

We started the road trip and within the first-hour mum was already tired. My brother and I had already started bickering and complaining about how much we would rather be going by plane. We could tell that our mum had enough, but she tried to stay focused on the road. Mum then realized she took a wrong turn. She turned to a forest and the car just stopped. "Mum! What's going on!" I yelled. "Are we lost?" Jonathan said on the peak of crying. "I don't know, just be quiet!" my mother yelled at the both of us. That shut us up. Out of the blue, we heard a weird noise in one of the bushes nearby. "LOCK THE DOOR!" I yelled as I locked my door. We locked all the doors and sat in the car with absolute silence. The sound in the bush stopped. It now was coming from right behind the car!

The thing in the bush was now banging the trunk of our car! None of us dared to

look back."I'll go check what it is." I said to my mum and brother. "I'll never forget this brave act, farewell sister." my brother said to me. "Stop this nonsense at once," mum said with a serious tone. "We don't know who is outside or what he could do to you" "It won't be that bad if she's dead." Jonathan said jokingly. I knew this was a life-or-death situation, but it had to be done. I got up while saying prayers in my head. "Bismillah," I said while I opened the door.

"Dad?" I said, "You scared us so bad." "Surprise!" dad said. "Couldn't you have just called us!" I yelled at him still trying to process what was going on. My mum and brother came out of the car. "Dang it! Why did it have to be dad, you could've died!" Jonathan said to me but deep down I knew he was glad I was alive. Suddenly, mum and dad started laughing. Mum said she had planned this all along so we could finally stop arguing. I thought to myself how weird that logic sounded but didn't want to argue because I was now scarred for life. Dad hopped in the car and said he took a taxi here and was going on the road trip with us. He turned on the car and started driving. It also turns out the car hadn't suddenly stopped at all! We continued the road trip in silence as we were too scared to talk. At the end of the day, mum had gotten what she wanted, a road trip and for me and Jonathan to stop arguing.

By Meryem Sabah Year 8

Summer Road

Stop, stop! Stop over this instant." Mother shrieked; panic stricken. I could see her palms go all sweaty as she began the torturing process, but it seemed to have never stopped. She was vomiting atrociously outside the car and suddenly the air smelt significantly malodorous. I glanced to my right where I saw my brother, Mikey, standing there with absolute trauma written all over his face. I could feel the anxiety building up in that moment passing from person to person impetuously. "Great," I sighed. This is bound to be an extremely memorable and agonizing trip.

"How is mother doing?" I asked Father impatiently. I could see the amount of stress and concern on his face. His once green and lively eyes now red and droopy from many sleepless nights. I watched blankly as he ran a hand down his thick black hair anxiously. "Look Jessie just give it a rest, OK? She just needs some sleep and then she should be healthy and ready to take on the day." My eyes darted between my distressed father and Mother, who lay there lifelessly on the sofa of our new holiday house. And with that he walked out and onto the veranda to get some fresh air in which was evident he desperately needed. I walked cautiously over to Mother, as I watched her eyes flicker open. "Hi Mum!" I squealed. "Hey sweetie," She replied,

her warm smile lightening up the mood. "How do you like the holiday house? I think it is pretty cool, right?" I studied her exhausted and rather worn-out complexion. Multiple twigs, branches and leaves twined within her scruffy short hair. I peered at the side of her neck and then wished I hadn't.

"Mum! What is this?" I cried, pointing to the deep and petrifying cut that ran down her neck, painfully bleeding ever so slowly. Mother slapped a hand to her neck as fast as the wind, in desperation covering the injury. "Honey, don't worry about me, besides you should be helping your father cook dinner don't you remember?" She uttered out, as if the word were being forced out of her. I stared at her, puzzled. What happened when father came to check in on her? Finally, I nodded very slowly and started at the door. "Wait!" She exclaimed. My head spun around in curiosity. "Promise me, whatever happens you and Mickey will always be there and assist one another in the many curveballs life throws at you." She demanded. I looked at her intensely and nodded with the least idea of what she meant.

By Omar Chendeb Year 8

"Father!" I hollered. "There are no more cucumbers for the salad." Mikey and I chorused in union. I watched carefully as my dad began to add the contents to the salad, and for the first time, I considered his exceedingly long sharp nails. I couldn't believe it. Suddenly my throat became dry, my hands trembling in disbelief. No, no... it can't be I insisted. "Father, y-your sharp fingernails don't have anything to do with mums' injury, right?" He froze, and eventually his eyes met mine for what seemed like forever. Just as I thought we were starting to make progress, Mickey burst in the room with an alarmed expression on his youthful face.

"Father h-how could you?!" Mickey began. "It was you; you did this to mum! She has been putting up with your abuse and vicious behaviour for years. The scare that lay ever so still on her neck, the anxious vomiting -it was all you!" I stared at father trembling more than ever now. "No, you couldn't have..." I gasped. I held back the sob that threatened to escape and turned to my brother for strength and courage. "Oh, he did," Mickey shouted as tears rolled down his hot cheeks. "Don't even try to deny it.

Here is a tip: Next time you decide to do something cruel, and evil turn the surveillance cameras off!" He motioned to the footage that was now being exposed. I couldn't believe it. All this time my dad-the person I looked up to, praised and admired had completely betrayed me. Without a second thought I pounced at the phone and rang the police.

I could see the smirk that began to grow wider on Father's face from the corner of my eye. I watched dumbfounded as the man I had once loved and appreciated get arrested and sentenced to jail under the charges of physical and mental abuse. My eyes wandered towards the corner of the room where Mickey and Mother were clutching on to each other apprehensively. I made a beeline in the direction of Mickey and Mother. Craving my mother's comforting and warm arms, I threw myself at them both and hugged them like I never had before. No, this was more than a hug. This was our way of expressing the beginning to a new and healthy life, away from the treacherous abuse we had all been experiencing for so many agonizing years.

A Short Story

WHAT COULD GO WRONG?

'Finally, the last day of school had ended.' Mark said followed with a long, relieving sigh. Mark did not enjoy school much, he'd much rather summer holidays, especially this summer holidays. He and his friends decided to go on a road trip these holidays. They were thinking of going to go to a coastal city, Sydney. Mark was going with Isabelle, Fedrick, Joshua, Lisa and his best friend, Jack. They all lived in Victoria, so it was going to be a long ride. Mark had to start packing, they were leaving tonight. Mark had a hard time packing, first because of the adrenaline in his system. He was very excited. Second, he had a hard time choosing what to wear, he had to keep checking the forecast on his phone to see what the weather was. There, he had finally finished packing. He had said goodbye to his family and waited for Jack.

Jack went to everyone's houses picking them up in his minibus. Thankfully, it was big enough for all the luggage. It was dark, eerie, misty outside but everyone kept insisting that Jack continued driving. Once they had left town, the roads were quite barren. You would see a watch for animals sign every 10 km. It was about 1 am in the night and Jack was quite tired. So, Jack handed the wheel over to Lisa and then went to sleep in the back. Everyone agreed to do 2 hour shifts with the driving. Lisa finished a bit early; she said her head hurt. It was about 2:30 am when Lisa finished. Then it was Fedrick's turn, then Isabelle's. By the time they both finished in was almost 7 am. When it was Mark's turn, he

was coming up to the border. He woke everyone up telling them they ha just crossed the border. They all cheered.

They stopped in a town for breakfast, and since they were no longer with their parents, they could have whatever. So, Mark decided to get a massive sundae, topped with multiple cherries, chocolate, strawberry and believe it or not banana sauce. He was going to love it. When they left town, they seemed fine. All of a sudden, a kangaroo had jumped in front of them. The driver, Jack had to turn very sharply, making the minibus go sideways and start it rolling. Mark was unconscious. He could not hear anything, just faint cries. Mark regains his conscious and to his surprise he is pinned down by all the bags, along with one of the chairs ripped off from the bus when it was tumbling. He tries yelling but his voice is rasp, he can not call for help. And worse of all, breathing gets hard. Just he starts panicking, his friends find him. But he is running out of time. His vision starts clouding, blackness starts taking over, he is fading, fading, fading.....

SPLASH!!! Mark is startled by the water and gets up immediately, unable to identify his surroundings. His vision clears up seeing his friends. They all run at him. They were all worried. They had one, big, warm group hug. They all from that day vowed, never, ever go on road trips without a guardian, no matter how old they are.

By Raed Khatri Year 8

A Rhyming Poem

I WONDER...

Sometimes I get really bored
So, I roll around on my skateboard
I really like it and I can't hide it
So let's go out and just ride it
People say it is not fun
But I say they act like a nun
They always try to disapprove me
And that makes me very gloomy
I just want to live my life
And not the way you would like
I tried to learn some new tricks
But then I fell on a stick
I rolled around on the floor
Then my mum came through the door
She saw me in a lot of pain
But all of a sudden, we saw a plane
I was confused on how they fly
Then I had an urge to try
I jumped as high as I ever could
But then I thought if I really should
My mum was confused on why I did that
Then we sat and had a little chat
Like an eagle above the sky
I just really want to fly

By Rania Enati Year 7

COVID-19 JOURNAL

1 Write a letter to your future self 10 or 20 years from now and explain how the pandemic has changed your life as you once knew it.

Hello Year 12. I hope you're pursuing your dreams as a scientist or a historian but no matter what you're doing (one of the two) remember you should always have support.

Don't forget important sayings that will motivate you and keep you on the right track and use what you have experienced from the past to help motivate you in the best way that you can.

2 Are you keeping a daily journal during this time to record these historic events if so why, or why not?

Yes! I was last year (2020) but I stopped after about a month because it was really time consuming. I made video diaries talking about what I did that day and about my personal life and I was planning on doing it for the whole year and one day someone would find the camera and find out about what happened during 2020.

3 Describe your e-learning experience and school at home during the day. How is it different from your regular school experiences?

My e-learning experiences have been different they've taught me to be able to be creative and find new ways to do work like with friends after Zoom calls. But the thing with school learning is all work is done on the spot and in the 45- or 90-min classes.

4

Write what you think your teacher's day looks like. Describe your teacher's day at home.

I think all teachers' days should start early and with them preparing all their lesson plans for the classes. They will teach for the day as well as any extra materials their superiors have asked them to get for example presentations etc. At home however teachers should digitalize all worksheets they planned on giving their students and give them tasks to do that should be due at the end of the week.

5

Do you like distance learning? Do you want it to continue? Or would you prefer to go to classroom learning?

I did enjoy online learning in 2020 but I am now kind of sick of it not sick of online learning completely but I am kind of sick of the constant going into lockdowns for a week then getting out of it then getting 3 new cases then going back into it. It's all a bit time consuming and annoying entering then leaving repeatedly.

By Ahmed Elmi Year 8



isolation

What has isolation done to me?
I don't even know how to climb a tree?
With this isolation placed
School has somehow been replaced
Unfortunately, being online is all that we can do
Zoom, Zoom, Zoom and online learning too
Everyday stays completely the same
Nothing interesting happens because it's so lame
Does it feel like an obstacle going round and round?
If only this was a huge lively playground
Does anyone feel like there in hypnosis?
If you keep watching the news,
you'll need a diagnosis
I hesitantly wake up every day quite late
Feeling unorganized and rather overweight
Sadly, opening the fridge is my only thrill
I think I'm starting to feel ill
I try to stay focused as the day drags so long
Trying to concentrate so my work's not wrong
With all the rackets, rattles, whining and clatters
At least my siblings are safe at home,
and that's what matters

By Rayyan Hussein Year 7



TITLE: What happened to Stanley Yelnats after he was released from Camp Green Lake? What did he and his family do with all that money?

Finally, after the many months spent at Camp Green Lake Stanley had been released with Zero. They discovered and then opened the treasure chest which was full of gold and silver.

Stanley's Dad had also found a cure for the foot fungus which was a way for them to gain even more money than they ever had. They were finally rich with the money zero found and never had to worry about making a living ever again. The curse was now lifted and they could finally call themselves "lucky" once and for all.

On the final day of the Summer Zero and Stanley sipped lemonade on the front porch of a very clean, very shiny and very big house.

Then Stanley heard a familiar voice which said...

" How do you feel about being a teacher?"

Camp green lake taught Stanley that he had skills he never knew he had such as teaching zero to read and write. There were a lot of things Stanley didn't know that he learnt about himself. He now has all the experience he needs in order to teach.

Stanley could now afford a computer and was able to receive his teaching degree.

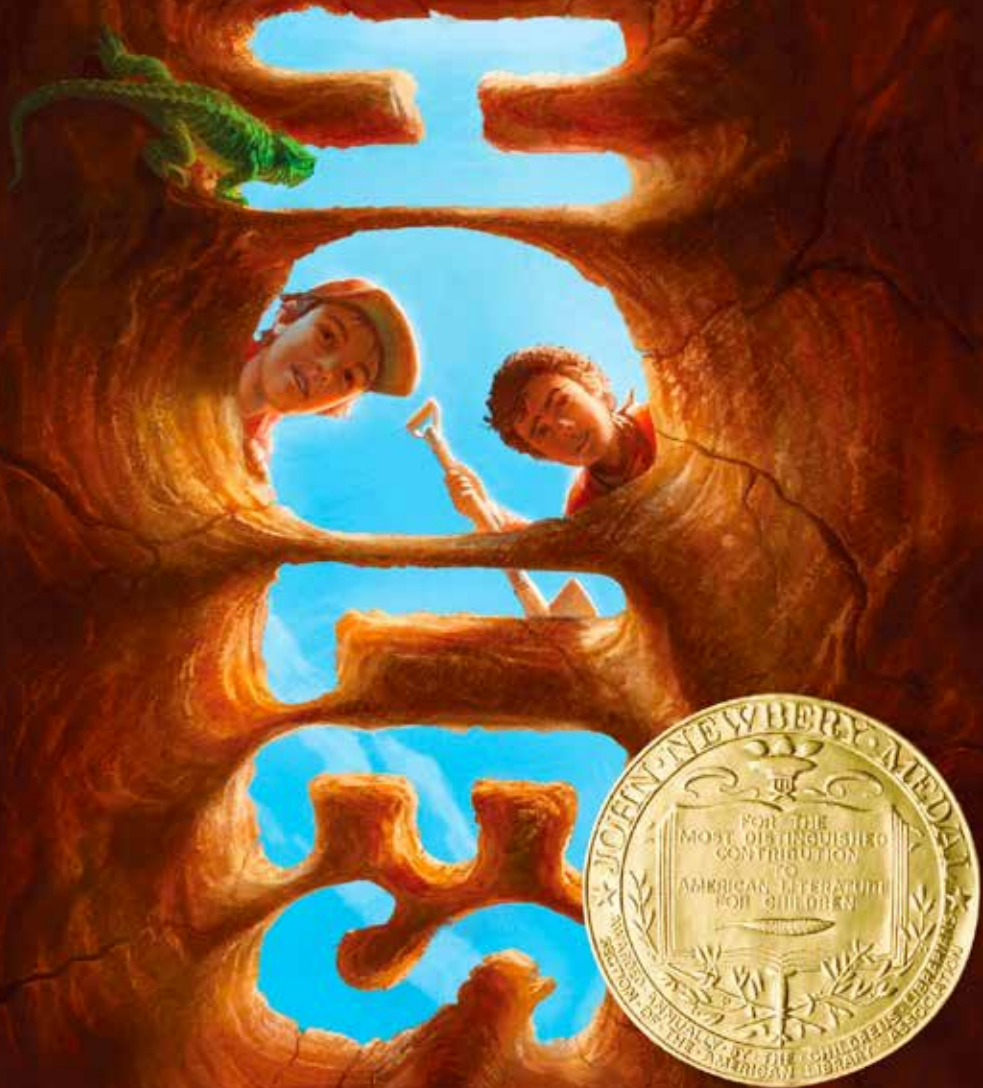
Zero and his family also lived a successful life. He had a new stepdad who he loved and cared much about and was getting an education to make himself even more successful.

Zero was very happy to hear that Stanley was becoming a teacher but he was even more excited when he heard that he had been offered a contract to teach.

Stanley's father then started his own business that sold cans of spray for curing foot fungus. Stanley's mother was now smiling. The family are now finally very happy with their lives.

By Saja Sabih Year 8

HOLES



LOUIS SACHAR

Winner of the Newbery Medal and the National Book Award



SUMMER ROAD TRIP

This is the best summer of my life, you ask why? I'll tell you, because it is the first time I have been to somewhere other than Kyoto, in Japan, I was even with my closest friends. This time we were heading to Tokyo, in a caravan. I was so excited, and I knew for a fact that this this will be the best holiday for all of us. I'm Isabella, I'm 18 and I currently started studying in Kyoto University, as well as my friends, Emma, Liam, and Norman. We all speak fluent Japanese, even though we are born in Australia. It has been a very hard year, especially because we are new to the country, so we decided to go to Tokyo on the summer holidays to relax, as well as explore more places in the country.

We all packed our bags and were ready to go, we put our bags in the caravan, then we all got in the car and played really loud songs, it was a five-hour drive so there had to be something to entertain us for the road trip. We got a lot of snacks and

drinks for the trip, we were going to stop at petrol stations, just in case if anyone needed to go to the toilet or buy something. In the car, on our way to Tokyo, Isabella and I were looking for places to visit, and Liam and Norman were busy talking. We were staying for a month, so we were going to visit and see a lot of places and buy a lot of souvenirs and take a lot of photos. The places we decided to visit are Mount Fuji, Ueno Park, Universal Studios Japan, the Imperial Palace, Disney Land Japan, visit a lot of stores, go to festivals, and also walk a lot in the city.

Our plans were going as planned, it was a bit of a hot day, and the sun was out, but it was a good weather to walk in. On our first stop, we parked our car and the caravan next to a small shopping area, there were small shops and a few restaurants, there were also a bit of tables outside. We all went to the toilet, and ate lunch, and went to see the shops in the area. There was an anime shop, that I went inside first,

and bought myself a figure, plushie and a hoodie. I then caught up with my friends in the store next door, they were all in different sections, so I went to scare each one of them, and they didn't really find it as funny as I did.

We went back in the car and continued our road trip, we had two hours left, I then opened Netflix, and started watching horror movies, I thought by the time the movie ends, we will be at Tokyo! I always get excited every time I think about getting there. Isabella started watching with me, we got so scared, especially because the sun started to set and it was getting darker, halfway through the movie, the car engine began making weird noises, we stopped the car on the side of the road and opened the bonnet of the car, Norman felt the parts of the car and they were hot, he said it's better to give it time to cool down, so we sat on the ground and talked, after an hour, Norman went to if the car can move, he started the engine while we prayed for it to move, and it did! There



By Sarah Khalifa Year 8

was only a small issue, we weren't sure if the fuel is enough for the rest of the trip, so we just went in and continued our road trip. The car moved smoothly for an hour, but then it started to slow down, the fuel tank was empty. We moved the car to the side of the road, again, and tried to figure out something. Isabella went on her phone to see where the closest petrol station is, it was thirty minutes by car and two hours by walking, there was no way any of us will walk for two hours, Norman suggested that we stop a car and ask for help, Liam didn't agree, he thought it's not safe these days to ask strangers for help, especially for a drive to a place that is far away. There wasn't any other option, and none of us agreed to walk for two hours. Liam disagreed and kicked the car out of anger.

Norman went to try to get someone to help us, without us disturbing them or changing their destination. We saw a car followed by a caravan coming ahead, Norman tried to stop them and ask for help, they were headed to Tokyo and there were three boys a girl. The girl looked like she was bored and not interested in this trip, they agreed to take us with them so we put our bags in the caravan, Liam and Norman went in the car with the other three boys and Isabella and I sat in the caravan with the girl, she didn't really seem to pay attention to us, Isabella waved her hand until she noticed us. She looked up at us, then Isabella asked her if she wants to come and sit with us. She agreed and came to join us, she told us her name is Violet, she seemed like a quite shy girl, but she spoke when a question was directed to her, other

than that she will stay quite and not say a word, I asked her why she was going to Tokyo, she replied saying that she is heading there with her three brothers to visit her family, she lives in Kyoto, and in summer, she goes to visit her family, she also added that this time she was hoping that she would get into university there so she could study and become a computer scientist. That was cool, computer scientists are really smart people and are always one step ahead of everyone when it comes to technology. We kept on talking about ourselves for the rest of the journey and that's when we arrived at Tokyo. I gave Violet my phone number because she seemed like she didn't have many friends, and maybe we can hang out sometime. We wished each other the best of luck then went separate ways.

SHORT ESSAY

ABOUT SUFFERING IN ISLAM

There is an on-going debate among intellectuals, academics and religious scholars surrounding the issue of suffering. As a result of these discussions, various reasons for human suffering have been developed and explanations from multiple perspectives have been submitted. However, when authentic religious sources are referred to, it becomes clear that Allah is compassionate and merciful, exemplifying the fact that all suffering has a purpose, be it a test of faith or punishment used to alleviate sins. With this in mind, Allah's compassion becomes unquestionable, and establishes itself as a clear indicator towards the purpose of suffering.

There is an overwhelming amount of evidence alluding to Allah's Mercy and Compassion, from sources such as the Hadith, Quran and life itself. His Knowledge, partnered with this Grace, enables Him to test us in a variety of ways that ensure we are never pushed past our limits. This is typified in the Quranic verse,

"do not despair of the Mercy of Allah. Indeed, it is he who is the most Forgiving and the Merciful" [Q39:53]

This Ayah underscores the Forgiving nature of Allah, who insists that we always have a second chance, further amplifying his perceived Compassion. Therefore, the reason for suffering should not be viewed as a cold-hearted punishment, but as a test from the Almighty Creator.

It is a well-known fact among the followers of Islam that the primary reason for hardship is to test the faith of the people and direct them to

Allah. Examples of this include how an illness can make you more grateful or how getting a bad mark in a test you studied for can be a reminder that Allah dictates all. These points are expressed by the Prophet (PBUH), who said "when Allah loves a servant, he tests him." This Hadith further illustrates how suffering is a test used to bring the people of this world closer to their creator, something they will be glad for on the Day of Judgement. Moreover, suffering is not only used as a test to avoid suffering, but a punishment used to save a person from something much worse.

Punishment in Islam is a very controversial topic with many interpretations surrounding its connection to suffering. Despite this confusion, authentic religious sources can be referred to solidify the fact that suffering is used by Allah to expiate the sins of the believers. According to Al-Bukhari, the Prophet (PBUH) assert that "no fatigue, nor disease, nor sadness, nor hurt nor distress befalls a Muslim, even a prick from a thorn except Allah forgives his sins for it." This quote epitomizes the way suffering is used as a punishment to remove the sins of a Muslim in order to save them from a much worse fate.

Ultimately, suffering is a many layered and complex idea which serves many purposes in this life. By understanding Allah's Compassion, a Muslim should be unwavering in their belief that that any pain they experience, be it physical, mental or emotional is a test to better their bond with the Creator, and a punishment to alleviate sins. Therefore, it becomes clear that there is no suffering that is experienced in vain.

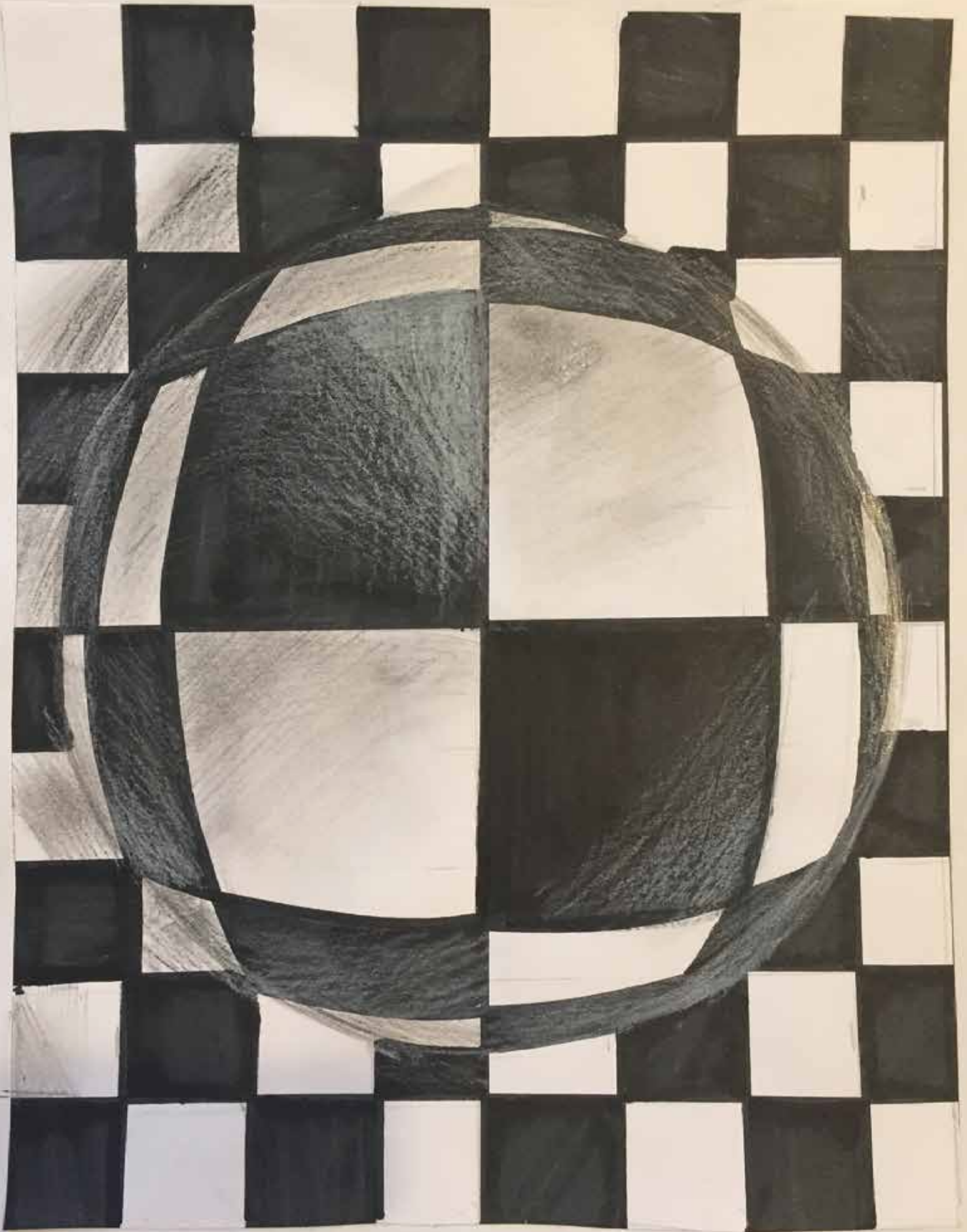
By Sid Ike Taouti Year 10

RELIGION REFLECTION

This year's religion class was insightful for me because it taught me many things that I did not know.

Even though that sounds cliché, I genuinely mean it. The topic that meant the most to me was the topic on Sharia law as it informed me on many important facts about Islamic legislation and the origins of the Sharia laws, as in the fact that they stem from the Quran and Sunnah. Learning about the 99 names of Allah this term was also quite captivating as I realised that by knowing Allah's names, we can learn a lot about not only Him, but also about our existence and the world that we live in. This year's religion class was very informative and memorable for me, and a lot of it is thanks to Mr Merhi.

By Ihram Muzayen Year 10



A poem for the Lockdown,

with Love and laughter from Aby!



Artwork by Raweehah Bint-Hamad Year 12

Staying indoors, looking inwards,
Watching the world go by your doors!
Missing friends and hearty companions,
Remembering laughter's long echoes...

Glancing at colleagues, all busy at laptops
Enjoying the graciousness of an offered sweet,
The banter with students, the troublesome classes,
The sorrow of partings and the joy when we meet!

The cobbled pathways, the noisy cafeteria
The games at the playgrounds, the high thrown ball,
The whisper of trees, the wind swept wisteria
The azan at midday, the school bell's call

The smiles most beguiling, some anger, some tears
The shoulder comforting, the soft words that soothe,
The courage and the gumption to face all our fears
To face the challenges and make our work smooth.

'Is all disrupted, is it ne'er to be repeated?
And life as we knew it, has it ended at all?
See how blithe Nature, it's seasons undaunted,
Moves beneath heaven in answer to God's call!

The sun is ever shining, the world is revolving
Though clouds may obscure the rays for the nonce!
Let Nature breathe easy, free from the tizzy
Whirl of man's madness, and its frenzied dance!

The world has seen disasters, fires and flood waters
Then peace has returned in the Lord's own time!
So be cheerful and grateful, and avoid being fretful
It's a test of our patience, then let tomorrow's sun shine!

It's always our fetters, that brings forth what's better,
Every dark cloud with silver lining is crowned!
Washed in our tears, cleansed of our fears
With changes far reaching, will our pathways abound!

Stay safe and stay cheerful, let no one be fearful,
The laughter though hidden, will always be around.
Your friends though invisible, are surely indivisible
Your life in the Lord's hand entrust and sleep sound!

Tamam Shud!

Aby Gupta, AIA Teacher



Artwork by Raweehah Bint-Hamad Year 12

KHAYYAM 2021

ARTWORK BY NOOR OBEID YEAR 9

