

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION

2023  
LITERARY  
MAGAZINE

# KHAYYAM

MELBOURNE  
SENIOR  
CAMPUS



VISUAL ART  
CREATIVE WRITING  
POETRY  
TEXT RESPONSES

# 2023

THEME "Feelings, Thoughts  
and Reflections."

COVER ARTWORK  
BY LEVAAN KAPISIZ

## COVER ARTWORK BY

LEYAAN KAPISIZ, YEAR 12



### ***Nourish to Flourish***

*100x150cm cotton stretched canvas. Mediums: Oil paint, acrylic paint, polymer clay, artificial flowers.*

*To flourish, we embark on a journey of growth through our ambitions. The human heart lies as a powerful symbol of the inner self. Yet, it is not confined to merely pumping blood through our veins; it embodies the strongest emotions of love, as Plato argued. The heart is synonymous with affection, a feeling that is lost when a body is starved and deprived. Nourish your body, and watch as the petals unfold within that paint your life with love and healing.*

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Dear readers of Khayyam,

**“The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot always be seen or even touched. They must be felt with the heart.”**

Helen Keller - Author

This year our literary magazine Khayyam offered our students and teachers at AIAE the opportunity to write about the theme of “Feelings, Thoughts and Reflections.”

Congratulations to all students whose writing and art work was selected and published in the 2023 issue of Khayyam .

Thank you to Ms. Wanida for her wonderful display of all work presented in the magazine.

A big thankyou to students and teachers from our Art Department who supplied the beautiful art works.

We hope that you enjoy reading the pieces that were selected and also thank all students and teachers who participated this year.

Kind regards and happy reading.

Ms. Irene Kakoulis, Editor of Khayyam - 2023

# CONTENTS PAGE

- Front Cover** by Leyaan Kapisiz Year 12
- 2 Acknowledgements**
- 3 Contents Page**
- 4 Poem** by Khalid Ahmed Year 6A
- 5 Acrostic Poem**  
by Innaya Maheera Year 6A
- 6 Artwork**  
by Yasmine Abou Eid Year 8
- 7 Camp Reflection**  
by Aayan Tarik Ali Year 7B
- 8 My experience in a Haunted house**  
by Eesa Ali Year 7B
- 9 Nightmare** by Maysara Taleb Year 7C
- 10 My Journey** by Zimal Khurram Year 6D
- 11 The Day My Dad Came**  
by Minnah Bishnak Year 7B
- 12 Journey Through Year 6**  
by Isaac Elkhoder Year 6B
- 13 My Cat Milo**  
by Rukaiya Hussain Year 7B
- 15 Night time**  
by Aleeza Raja Year 7D  
**The Night Sky**  
by Mariam Owais Year 7B
- 16 The Best Holiday**  
by Jayda Ayoubi Year 7B
- 17 The Beach** by Maysa Hagose Year 7C
- 18 The Chosen One**  
by Meerab Mustafa Year 7D
- 19 Artwork** by Ibrahim Ahmed Year 7B
- 20 The Wonders of Turkiye**  
by Adem Arguc Year 7E
- 21 The Hydra** by Aayan Tariq Ali Year 7B
- 22 Artwork** by Oshin Najida Year 9D
- 23 Feelings...** by Hasan Hamze Year 10B
- 24 Year 6 Journey** by Ali Helmy Year 6B
- 25 My Year 6 reflection** by Somaya Year 6C
- 25 Artwork** by Aleeza R Year 7D
- 26 My Grade Six Journey**  
by Newal Faud Year 6C
- 26 Artwork** by Mehmet Mailmail Year 7D
- 28 'A Glimpse from Past'**  
by Jayla Tarhan Year 8E
- 29 Artwork**
- 30 Aleisha Taleb** Year 11D
- 34 My Phobias** by Amina De Guise Year 8C
- 36 Stuck in an uncommon fear**  
by Amina De Guise Year 8C
- 39 What are your fears?**  
by Roqaya Baghdadi Year 8C
- 40 10 Years Ago**  
by Zoya Khurram Year 9D
- 42 Shiver Me Timbers**  
by Ashraf Mekhilef Year 8C
- 43 My Biggest Fear**  
by Jenna Rafhi Year 8C
- 44 My 2 Biggest Fears**  
by Zaid Rousselin Year 8C
- 46 The Wonderful World of Lasiaf**  
by Valnoor Suhasril Year 8C
- 47 Digital Artwork by**  
Shaakira Bekai Year 9A
- 48 What I'm Scared of**  
by Elana Najmeddine Year 8C
- 51 My Scariest Fear**  
by Ghinwa El Achkar Year 8C
- 52 Artwork by**  
Rayann Hussein Year 9D  
Shaakira Bekai Year 9A  
Aaliya Duha Altinors Year 7B  
Amelie Iskander Year 9D  
Mehmet Simsek Year 9D  
Joanne Derbas Year 9D  
Heba Salim Year 9D  
Ibrahim Baarini Year 9
- 54 Artwork** by Leyaan Kapisiz Year 12
- 55 Artwork** by Shaakira Bekai Year 9A
- 56 Back Cover Artwork**  
by Sarah Chamra Year 12

A world of wonders can be seen,  
From art to culture, food to fashion,  
It's a treasure trove of information.

With each issue comes a new delight,  
A feast for the mind and the sight,  
The words and images come alive,  
And take you on a journey to thrive.

Through Khayyam magazine's lens,  
The world becomes a little less tense,  
It's a beautiful escape from the mundane,  
A place where creativity reigns.

So let yourself be transported away,  
To the world of Khayyam magazine today,  
With every page, you'll be inspired,  
And your imagination will be fired.

**KHALID AHMED YEAR 6A**



**P**

**Patiently listening and teaching their children.**

**A**

**And loving us unconditionally.**

**r**

**Respect and love them always.**

**E**

**Endless things they teach you.**

**n**

**Never wish bad for their children**

**T**

**Too much responsibility but they still make time for us.**

**S**

**So always respect and love your parents.**

**INNAYA MAHEERA YEAR 6A**

ARTWORK BY YASMINE ABOU EID YEAR 8



# YEAR 7 Camp Reflection

As the bus rolled in to the concrete driveway, I could see a building, a large, rectangular building with a slanted roof and no less than fifteen rooms. The lodge. No, not the one that the prime minister lives at, this lodge, at Acacia camp. It had brick walls, pillars and fifteen cabins, each cabin can hold up to six campers. The main hall was a large empty room with tables and chairs, as well as a ping pong table, a kitchen and, for some reason, a PS5. But, best of all were the Grampians, they towered over everything and surrounded the little town of Halls Gap. Except for a narrow road that leads to the small shops of the town. They gave the entire area a 'connected to nature' feeling that I quite enjoyed. If you were up to the gruelling task of climbing the mountain, you would be rewarded with a waterfall and the sight of the flat farmland on the outskirts of the town.

You smell the rugged air and know that this wasn't an overpopulated metropolis. It was a peaceful and remote area, mostly untouched by humans, unlike most areas of the world. Even the houses had large backyards with trees and grass, and fire wood. At six o'clock, the entire camp was flooded with the flourishing smell of chicken parmigiana. Outside, the scent of animal excrement

could be faintly detected, even though it was everywhere. Giving you a moment to get in sync with nature.

You could feel the ancient bark on the looming trees and feel that they were here before you ever did, possibly even before your parents for the larger ones. On the high ropes, the ropes that held you up were rough, and felt hand crafted. They probably were too. It felt somewhat scary, being on a wooded log 25 feet in the air, and the only thing supporting you was a rope attached to two people on the ground.

The flavourful chicken wraps flooded your mouth with flavour as well as the creamy chocolate mouse and an ice cream with a flaky outside and a soft chilled inside. The toast by itself was great, bit with butter and honey? Best toast ever.

And you stood outside at dusk, you would hear the cackling call of the Australian native bird, the kookaburra. As well as the cry of the lone buck that roamed the outskirts of the camp. And on the mountain, if you stood absolutely quiet, you could hear exotic birds communicating with each other. A truly blissful experience

**AAYAN TARIK ALI YEAR 7B**

MY EXPERIENCE IN A

# HAUNTEDHOUSE

I once went to a haunted house with friends  
It was pitch dark we couldn't see anything  
We were looking left  
We were looking right.  
My heart was beating and my body was shaking  
As we walked through the corridor  
All we heard was shaking  
I held my friend's hands and kept walking.  
We heard voices through the walls  
RUN, RUN AWAY!  
But still we didn't care  
We kept on walking.  
Everywhere we went all we saw was webs  
All we felt was the cold air  
Even with jumpers on and thick pants  
Nothing really helped.  
We opened the first door nothing was there  
We opened the second door  
There was a weird sound  
We went a bit further there was a dead body.  
We screamed as loud as we could  
We ran for our lives through the forest  
Through the graveyard all the way home  
Never to go back ever again.

EESA ALI YEAR 7B



# WICKETMARE

In the dark night  
The doors keep slamming  
While the windows shut and close  
Non-stop and its cracking.

As I wake up from the wind  
I see a tornado swirling in the sky  
After all that crazy stuff  
You won't believe what happened.

Fire is spreading everywhere it looks like  
A volcano! As I try to wake my family up  
I fall, I start to bleed  
Not knowing what to do as I look up.

I see a vampire and I scream for help  
But he puts his big rough hands  
On my mouth before I had the chance to  
Call for help... I pass out.

When I'm being taken, I leave a track  
From my blood that is very runny  
I wake up and it's not funny  
When I fully open my eyes, I'm...

MAYSARA TALEB YEAR 7C

# MY JOURNEY

There I was standing tall  
Afraid in case I would fall

Had a speech to say, the nerves were kicking in  
As well as the excitement raging through my skin

Remember telling teachers about my stage fright  
They would tell me, I would do just right  
I had to say it in Arabic, that was my worry  
I told myself, do exceptional and don't hurry

The emotions I included in that speech  
I felt different after each

The honour I felt after delivering the speech to  
the whole crowd

The applaud was loud and I felt very proud

Primary school is finally done  
Many memories more than one  
A long awaited suspenseful moment has finally driven by  
I felt so happy but I cried and felt pretty shy

Happy and sad at the same time  
A new mountain I need to climb  
I hope it's full of goodness and cherishing moments  
There'll probably be many challenges and opponents

But I am ready to challenge myself and learn  
more than ever  
I'll be grateful for every experience in high school forever.

I'm Zimal, and this is my journey.

**ZIMAL KHURRAM YEAR 6D**

# The Day My Dad Came

It was a Thursday Night  
We were so tired,  
But when we found out  
We were more than excited!  
In our pyjamas, into the night  
It was as cold as comfy.  
In the car, the warmth of the seat,  
Off into the night.

In the car, I look outside  
The stars cover the blank midnight sky.  
I think "Is it true? Is it really?"  
Yes, yes it was.

We got out, and the taxi went.  
We look and look, he isn't there, where could he be?  
Here, there, up, down. We almost got lost.  
Then there he is, standing in the starry midnight sky.

Cry, cry, crying like a waterfall.  
She goes to him, gives him a squeeze!  
Mother is happy "He's here".

MINNAH BISHNAK YEAR 7B

# *Journey*

## THROUGH YEAR 6

At the very beginning of grade 6, I was rather frightened by what I thought would be a tough journey through high school. It is not that there wasn't challenges in primary school; I thought it was going to be a much harder journey. Luckily year 6 turned out to be mostly a revision year of the previous year, just a little more complex.

It is now week 2 of term 4, and I can safely say that I have increased in knowledge mentally and spiritually. I also feel that I participate more in sport as of this year, especially in rugby and soccer. I feel that this term, I am starting to become more focused with my education as I am trying to cut off most things of which can distract me.

Most things I have learnt this year, as I said was like a revision. Although, I feel that in every one of those concepts I have learnt last year, I have increased in accuracy as well as speed. The subject I rather enjoyed most this year was language and literature as I can express my feelings through my writing. I have made close friends and I feel comfortable when interacting with them.

**ISAAC ELKHODER YEAR 6B**

# My Cat Milo

Dear Oreo,  
so soft, so sweet.  
With fur as dark as night,  
you're a cuddly treat.  
Your little whiskers twitch,  
your eyes are so bright.  
A playful bundle,  
bringing pure delight.

In the morning sun,  
you prance and you leap.  
Tiny paws dancing like secrets to keep.  
Your purr is like music, a gentle melody.  
Bringing warmth and joy into every moment.

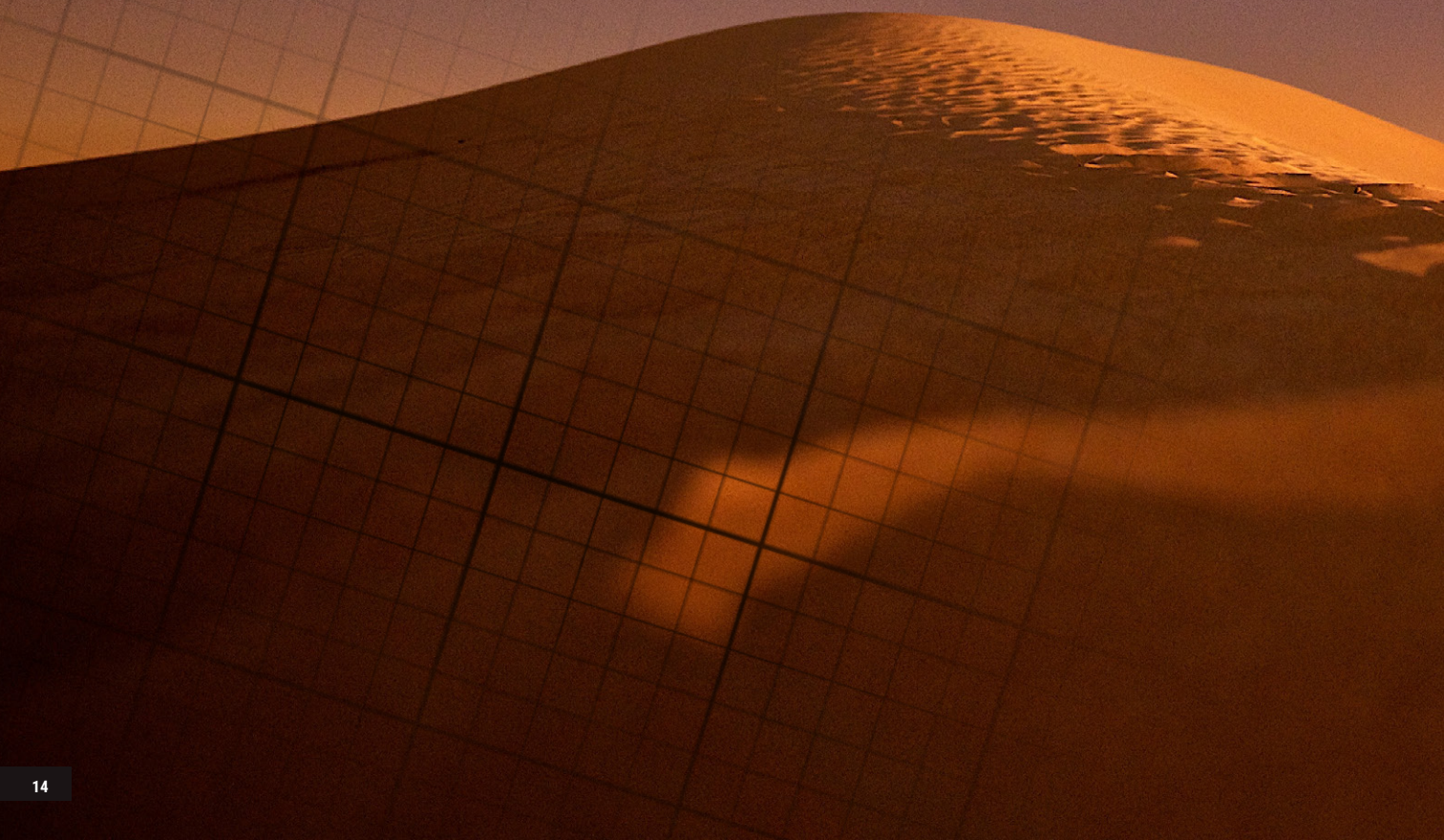
With a mischievous nature, you explore far and wide.  
Scaling curtains with grace,  
with courage by your side.  
You pounce on fallen leaves as if they're your prey.  
A fierce little hunter ruling the day.

But in the evenings calm,  
you curl by my side.  
Nestled in my arms,  
where your dreams collide.  
You chase butterflies from fields so fast,  
In a world so small- but to you it's big.

Oreo, dear Oreo,  
you bring me such delight.  
A companion so loyal, morning to night.  
With every purr and play,  
my heart does sour  
For you precious kitten, I will always adore you.

RUKAIYA HUSSAIN YEAR 7B

# Night



## Night time

The sun slowly sets  
Into the pitch black  
Nothing can be seen  
Soon the fun begins to crack.

Stars shining so bright  
The beauty does not lack  
Bats instead of birds  
Flying in the back.

Lights turn on  
To dazzle up the track  
Children read a bedtime story  
Soon they hit the sack.

The moon watching down  
Brightens up the sky  
Staying in its place  
As shooting stars go by.

The sun coming back  
Overtaking the moon  
Saying goodbye  
Please come back soon.

**ALEEZA RAJA YEAR 7D**

## The Night Sky

The Night Sky is just so beautiful  
Makes me want to stare at it all night  
When its cloudy I can't see a star  
But when the clouds go away.

There is nothing better than  
watching stars  
What is it called?  
Stargazing am I right?  
I just love to count the stars.

They are just so bright  
All the shiny stars  
1,2 do you know  
There are millions in the sky.

It gives me peace  
Watching them  
Making silly shapes  
They look like light.

They are so lovely  
Only if I had one for myself  
I would keep it in my room  
close to me  
To make my room glow.

**MARIAM OWAIS YEAR 7B**

# THE BEST Holidays

Who doesn't like going on holidays?  
You get to go to a beautiful place.  
That you're not used to and spend time there  
It's so great especially when you go with loved ones.

I'm going to Spain this year.  
I'm staying at the most beautiful resort.  
It has big palm trees and a pool with sand inside  
There's a cool breeze in the nights.

The wind is so settled.  
When you get out of the water you can feel  
The sun warming you up with the heat.  
And the water is so crystal clear.

Me and my cousins go sight-seeing.  
We go to this hill every year when we go to Spain.  
You can see the view of the beautiful sea.  
I can see the fish swimming freely.

I love holidays so much I can't even explain.  
It's such a beautiful feeling and you can take a  
long resting break that you may need.  
Holidays just make me feel different.

**JAYDA AYOUBI YEAR 7B**





# THE BEACH

On A hot humid windy day  
Where the sand burns my feet when I play  
I love the sandy beach  
That's where I spent my day after I teach.

The best part of the beach is  
finding creatures  
But I mostly find money and teachers  
Who doesn't love the beach  
That's where I wish I could teach.

MAYSA HAGOSE YEAR 7C

# THE CHOSEN ONE

Ever since Omen had been a child all anyone ever spoke to him about the prophecy. He was the Chosen One. The one that would fight the evil Prince of Darklands and stop him from enslaving humanity. He had to be ready when the time came. In 2 years when he turned 18 he had to win. There was a lot of pressure on him. He had school, extracurriculars and combat and defence training. Making sure he fulfilled the prophecy.

Everyone viewed him as brave, awesome at fighting and respected him. However, inside he was scared. Everywhere he went people would just talk to him about the prophecy. Well, everyone but Never. She was his best friend, the only one who knew his true feelings and the world's only teleporter. She helped him when he was overwhelmed and he was always thankful to have her there with him.

Suddenly, one day psychics from around the world started having visions. These visions showed them that the Prince of Darklands would appear to fight Omen earlier than expected. This came as a shock to everyone as they flitted about desperately trying to get ready for the prince's arrival. Meanwhile Omen and Never were training, harder than ever, to make sure they won. After days of training, panic and fear a psychic from across the country contacted Omen, informing him that he had seen the exact day the prince would come. Thankful for his help, Omen invited the psychic to stay with his family for a while.

Omen and Never started skipping classes to get more combat training in. Everyone feared that Omen was not yet ready for this battle but Omen would try his best and his hardest. Never had fallen asleep in an English class but was woken to Omen shaking her. He filled her in on something he just found out. There was a weapon, a knife that could wipe the prince from existence. Never immediately joined him to go meet with the principal; who was also an information broker and seemed to know things no one else did. Fortunately for them the principal knew a bit about this knife and of its whereabouts, she was only aware that it was currently held by a hitman who, the last she heard, was somewhere in the town of Roath.

Never and Omen set about tracking this hitman who had a tendency of disappearing without a trace. Luckily

for them, they found him in a safehouse not far from the school. The hitman was very reluctant to part with the weapon and insisted that if Omen wanted it, he would have to fight him. So, Omen agreed to this and eventually emerged triumphant and the man at last allowed them to take the knife. When they teleported back to the school, there was an eerie silence hanging heavily in the air. Then suddenly a loud thud came from the cafeteria. Both instantly started creeping silently towards the cafeteria, sensing something was wrong. They looked in, only to realise that the Prince of Darklands had arrived and everyone in the school, including the teachers, were backing away from him.

Relief spread over the students' faces, as they spotted Omen and Never back with the weapon in their possession. Never teleported herself and Omen behind the prince and just like that, that fight began. Never helped as best she could but the prince was just too fast. And when it looked like Omen was about to collapse, a fireball exploded across the back of the prince. Slowly, he turned around, glaring at the terrified student who had thrown it. When it looked very much like he was going to kill the student the room was suddenly filled with the sound of people clicking their fingers, generating fireballs to keep the prince in one place and distracted. Never found the knife under all the wreckage and teleported beside Omen, handing it to him. He rose behind the Prince of Darklands and stabbed him. Time seemed to slow down as the prince slowly and simply ceased to exist. Being wiped from existence.

Omen greatly thanked everyone in the school for their help against the prince. He had realised that help can come from unexpected places and people and to never underestimate people. This fight had only deepened the bond of friendship for Omen and Never, who both realised that they could ask their loved ones for help at any time, and it would always be there. Although this had supposedly been the fight of their lives, Omen had a feeling there would be many more to come, in different ways and forms, some of which might even test their friendships. The knife, which was named the Obsidian Blade, with one cut could wipe anyone and anything from existence, was stored away to be used if a threat appeared but otherwise unreachable.

**MEERAB MUSTAFA YEAR 7D**



ARTWORK BY IBRAHIM AHMED YEAR 7B

# The Wonders of TÜRKIYE

Beautiful Türkiye, full of wonders  
Where historic buildings stand  
The vast amount of people fills the ground  
But peoples' voices can be bland.

Beautiful skies where the sun sits  
And it's nights are full of life  
The beautiful moon glistening in the abyss  
Where they put love in their rice.

When the sun rises and the birds chirp  
And the freshly baked bread melts in your mouth  
Where blooming flowers extract scent in the air  
And the steam of your tea floats about.

As the sun sets and the Athan recites  
And people walk to the mosque  
While they pray it becomes night  
And on the way back they flock.

As historic buildings open  
And people go to have tea  
After they cherish this beautiful place  
They go home to sleep.

ADEM ARGUC YEAR 7C

AAYAN TARIQ ALI YEAR 7B

# THE HYDRA

It's my job, I must slay,  
keep slaying from night till day.  
My job is to protect the king,  
and if I win, the choir will sing.  
The hydra lurks beneath the water,  
dragging whales beneath for slaughter.  
Using its many jaws to snap up boats  
using its tail- it smashes moats.  
The hydra drags itself on the beach  
lets out a blood curdling screech.  
Too bad for the hydra,  
the army is clever  
the general pulls a hefty lever.  
Bombs fly out cannons,  
engulfing the beach in flames.  
The hydra rears up and cries in pain.  
It collapses in the sea with a weak screech,  
A sea of red surrounds the beach.



ARTWORK BY OSHIN NAJIDA YEAR 9D

# FEELINGS...

## Smoking should be banned in public spaces

Today, I stand before you as a concerned Year 10 student to address a pressing issue that affects the health and well-being of our society: smoking in public areas. Smoking has become an alarmingly prevalent habit, but its impact extends beyond just the individual smoker. It affects innocent bystanders, including children, who have no choice but to inhale toxic second hand smoke. That is why I firmly believe that smoking should be banned in public areas for the greater good of our community.

The facts say that dangers of smoking and exposure to secondhand smoke are well-documented. Studies have shown that second hand smoke contains over 7,000 toxic chemicals, including 69 known carcinogens. Non-smokers who inhale this smoke are at an increased risk of developing lung cancer, heart disease, and respiratory problems. The evidence is clear: second hand smoke is a serious threat to public health.

Public areas, such as parks, restaurants, and bus stops, are meant to be safe spaces for everyone. However, when smokers light up in these areas, they are imposing their harmful habit on others. This not only violates the rights of non-smokers to breathe clean air, but it also exposes vulnerable populations, such as children, the elderly, and those with respiratory conditions, to significant health risks. Banning smoking in public areas is a logical step to protect the health and well-being of all individuals.

What do the authorities say? Governments and health organizations across the globe recognize the negative effects of smoking and have taken steps to curb its prevalence. Many countries have already implemented strict smoking bans in public areas, and their positive outcomes speak for themselves. For instance, after a smoking ban was enacted in Scotland, there was a 17% decrease in hospital admissions for heart attacks. The authority of experts and policymakers supports the necessity of a public smoking ban.

Now, let's consider the perspectives of others. As responsible citizens, it is our duty

to consider the needs and concerns of all members of society. By implementing a ban on smoking in public areas, we acknowledge the rights of non-smokers to breathe clean air and protect their health. We also create a supportive environment for those who want to quit smoking by reducing their exposure to triggers. Surveys have shown that a majority of adults support smoke-free policies in outdoor areas, further highlighting the widespread desire for smoke-free public spaces.

Moreover, a public smoking ban can have economic benefits. Smoking-related illnesses place a significant burden on healthcare systems, resulting in increased medical expenses that are often borne by society as a whole. By implementing a ban on smoking in public areas, we can reduce the prevalence of smoking and alleviate the financial strain on healthcare systems, allowing resources to be allocated more effectively to other pressing healthcare needs.

In addition, a smoke-free environment can contribute to the overall improvement of public spaces and environmental quality. Cigarette butts, one of the most common forms of litter, are not only unsightly but also harmful to the environment. They contain toxic chemicals that can leach into soil and water, posing risks to wildlife and ecosystems. By eliminating smoking in public areas, we can reduce the amount of cigarette butt litter and create cleaner, healthier environments for everyone to enjoy.

In conclusion, smoking in public areas poses significant health risks to non-smokers and undermines their right to breathe clean. As a young person, I have witnessed the devastating effects of smoking firsthand. It is my strong conviction that we should prioritize the health and well-being of our community over the personal choice of smoking. By banning smoking in public areas, we are taking a step towards creating a healthier and more inclusive society for all.

**HASAN HAMZE YEAR 10B**

# YEAR 6 JOURNEY

In the beginning of the year, I was very lost, it was as if I was going to school for the first time because I did not know anyone other than the people in my year level and I did not know where anything was at this campus. I was only greeted by my brother and his friends because they knew me. Throughout this year I have made a lot of new friends and I have gotten a lot more focused and dedicated on soccer training. I have learnt that high school is a lot different than I thought and it is a lot harder and stricter. We have to do a lot more homework and classwork. The subject I enjoyed most this year is sports because I do not need to do homework and I can do what I like the most, playing soccer.

ALI HELMY YEAR 6B



# My Year 6 reflection

That morning, the sun rose, and with its beautiful light, creating an atmosphere of joy and happiness. It was when my year began at the Australian International Academy; the school that is full of happiness, safety, and fairness. My name is Somaya and this year I am Grade 6C. Reflecting on this year, I found that I have changed a lot since the beginning of this school year till now. My expectations and my feelings changed. I learned lots and lots of stuff that I don't think that I would learn anywhere else. I loved most of the subjects at school and I had lots of sincere friends that became like my siblings!

Prior to entering this school, I was nervous. I thought it would be so boring and hard for me to study, and nobody would welcome me. I thought I would not find friends, since it was a high school, and everybody had their own friends from primary school. But it was all baseless thinking because I found out that it's the exact opposite. When I had just entered the school, I found teachers, students, and staff welcoming me. Then we did some activities, and it wasn't boring at all. I was surprised. Then, one by one, I started feeling more confident as the year went on.

Additionally, my theory has changed about education and studying. I thought that education was something I had to because my parents think it's so important. So, I was studying and getting good marks when I didn't like what I was doing and was not enjoying it. However, after I entered this school, the teachers and the environment were supportive, so I liked learning and educating myself more and more, and now understand that my future is in my hands. I also learned that I should talk about my feelings and let someone know if something is annoying or upsetting me. My teachers are so supportive, and I feel like they are like my family because they worry about the students and their feelings, and they don't accept any bullying or disrespect from anybody. I like most of the subjects because they're all enjoyable, and the teachers also play a role in making the students enjoy their subjects. My favourite subject this year is sports because it's both fun and it's also very healthy to keep fit.

Lastly, no one can deny that most of my classmates were so friendly and kind-hearted, and I built so many positive relationships. I had lots of sincere friends in this school. They are friends that I trust, and we share a deep level of understanding and communication. We show each other a genuine interest in what's going on in each other's lives, and we care about each other a lot. Those friends who I will remember for the rest of my life, with whom I feel that we are sisters, not just friends, because we're with each other in the good and bad.

In conclusion, I learned a lot at this school, and it changed me a lot too. I enjoyed being at AIA. I made so many friends and connections with people including staff members, teachers, and my peers. I felt safe and welcomed from the very first day. I loved this school, and I will always cherish the memories I have made.

## SOMAYA YEAR 6C



ARTWORK BY ALEEZA RAJA YEAR 7D

# MY GRADE SIX JOURNEY

Hello, my name is Newal Fuad. I am a student in 6C. I've been going to Australian International Academy since 2017, when started in Prep. I have made many new friends as well as experienced and learned many things, I don't think I could have experienced anywhere else. Going to an Islamic school, I never felt like I was left out and have had an overall good time. I started Grade six this year and moved from the Primary to the High School campus. It was a hard transition. I did not know many people, who was going to be in my class or who my teachers were.

I started a few days after everyone else because I was overseas. Everyone already knew each other and knew what class they were in. I found out I was in 6C, and I really hoped that I had at least one friend in my class. Turns out none of my friends were in my class. I was very annoyed and upset, but I knew that I would be able to see them during recess and lunch. I thought it would benefit me because I wouldn't have anyone to distract me in class.

My life was good, I had friends, was learning new things and had good teachers. I was getting good marks for all

my CATs (common assessment tasks) and was happy with my progress. I got into the inter-school sports team for basketball, and we would play matches every Friday against other schools. I would also go to the library to read books or finish any of my incomplete work. I have four close friends in Grade 6. We would always have fun and sometimes talk with other people.

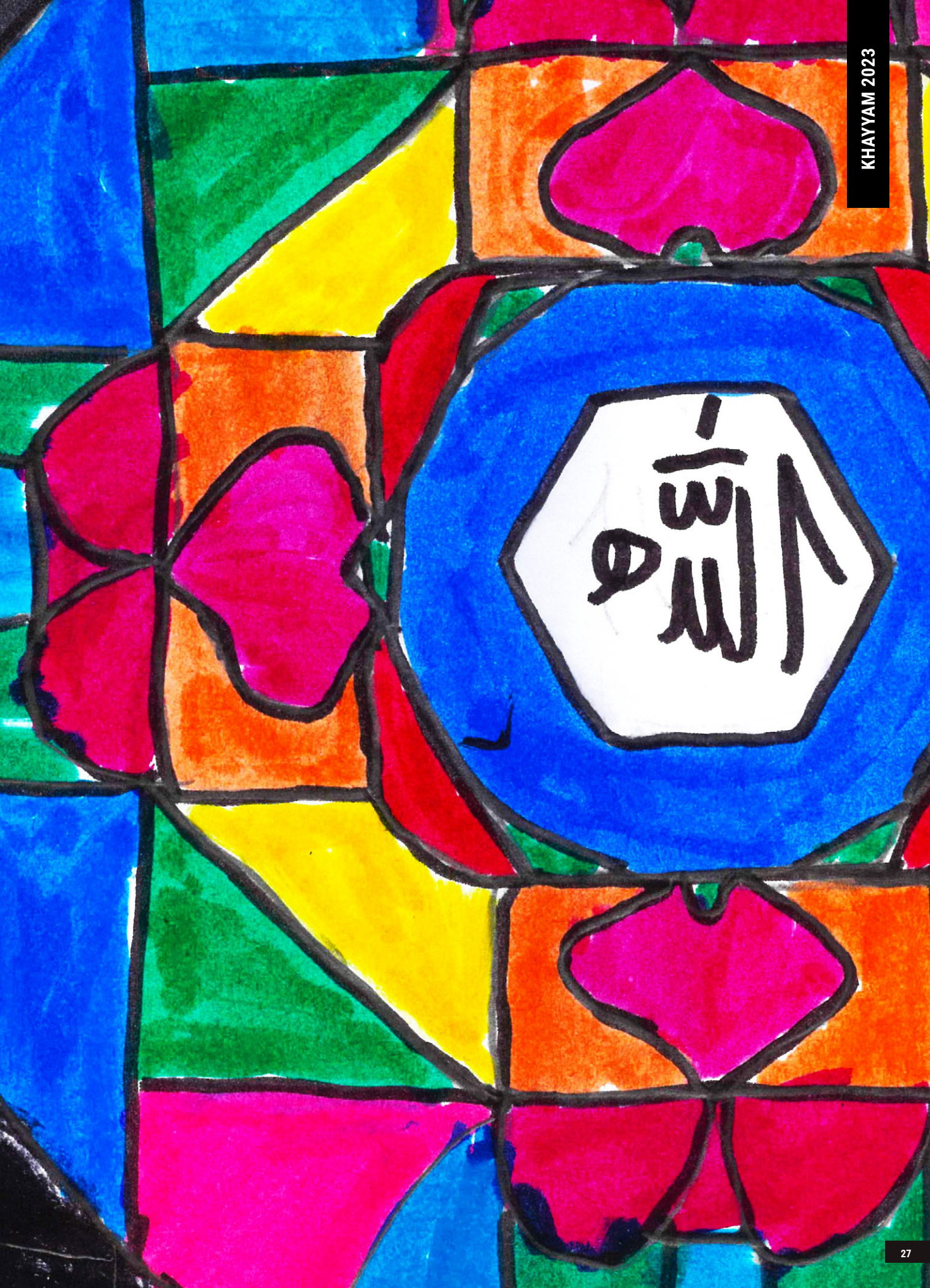
I honestly feel like I have become much more open to new things and more organised ever since the beginning of the year. I've also made new friends and have learned so much this year. A subject I have really enjoyed this year is Language and Literature. I especially enjoy it when we write such as persuasive writing texts or narrative stories, but I can't say the same for Mathematics. I have learned many new things, but I've never found it interesting or engaging.

Overall, I think Grade six is a year I will never forget. I have done many new things; made new friends and I have gained a lot of confidence. My perspective has changed so much about many things and hope that this year will help me with my upcoming years at AIA.

**NEWAL FAUD YEAR 6C**



**ARTWORK BY MEHMET MAILMAIL YEAR 7D**



# 'A Glimpse from Past'

## Chapter 7: into the future

As I journeyed through my teenage years and into early adulthood, the struggles and challenges I faced during my school years helped shape the person I was becoming.

Gradually, I began to find my voice and build a stronger sense of self-esteem. While the doubts about friendships and my place in the world persisted, I worked on nurturing the connections that truly mattered. My friendships with E, B, and E remained constant, providing stabilized support through the good and bad.

Leaving home for university made me nervous yet excited. The distance allowed me to find my independence and explore new avenues of personal growth. I started going to therapy to talk about the anxieties that had been concerning me for years. It was through this process that I began to understand that my worth wasn't defined by the opinions of others.

As I entered my early twenties, I pursued a career in psychology, drawn by my experiences with my struggles and my brother's autism, and my desire to help others solve their own struggles. Through education and therapy, I developed a deeper understanding of mental health and its complexities. Alongside my career, I continued to foster the friendships that had been my pillars of strength, and even re-connected with Aliyah, who had been an important part of my earlier life.

## Chapter 8: Healed wounds

By the time I turned 24, the chaotic journey of my past had led me to a place of self-acceptance and resilience. I had learned that it was okay to seek help, to set boundaries, and to prioritize my own well-being. The scars of my past struggles had faded into stories of strength, and I carried with me the lessons that each challenge had taught me. As I looked ahead, I saw a future filled with purpose, connection, and the unwavering belief that I could overcome anything life threw my way.

I continued horse riding, just as a hobby and I got my own horse, Gypsy, I had close friends, I had a job that I enjoyed and allowed me to live comfortably, I fixed my eating habits and I still had my dog, Milo. My life had gotten better, and I enjoyed the environment I was in.

**AYLA TARHAN YEAR 8E**







## The dark spectrum: Liar:

This journey is hated.  
All the mess they created.  
They led me on,  
And I followed, away from the dawn.  
I saw a glimpse of fraud in their eyes,  
So why must this take me by surprise?  
Like sidewalks, they walk over me.  
Loved ones and strangers say,  
'Break her heart, maybe it'll change her'.  
Tell me how can you hurt someone who is already broken,  
Then conceal your lies, laugh and say you were 'joking'?

Without fright,  
I sit in a dark room,  
Watch the bluebells through the window as they bloom,  
But I don't open my mouth, my words might kill me.  
A free woman but I bow on one knee,  
'Forgive me but I have not sinned',  
Curse me with the power of the wind,  
Help me escape this morbidity,  
Save me from their humility  
And make me capable of invisibility.  
Instead I am soaked in heartbreak.  
In a lake filled with my tears,  
I drown in  
Just to let them win.  
Instead I beg for forgiveness,  
I pray for god to keep me out of this sickness.  
If love is temporary,  
Why is letting go scary?  
If happiness is fake,  
Why must their nightmares keep me awake?  
This heartbreak is worse than I thought.  
All the dreadful pain it caused while all their demons I fought.

How can they tell me to live with the evil,  
When it's all that has ever been with me?  
How can they wipe my tears,  
After becoming one of my biggest fears?  
What are they seeking?  
What are they achieving?  
These mixed signals are misleading.  
They have destroyed my identity,  
Scarred me mentally,  
Now they're just a memory.  
And I am restricted,  
For I am a victim who was convicted.

## Liar:

You can't tell your biggest secret to a liar  
Even if they beg  
Even if their smile gleams  
Say their destination truly is  
The burning fire  
You can't prioritise them  
Nor can you make them your desire  
When you look in a mirror  
Do you see both of your faces?  
Or are you still so pathetic?  
Everyone to you is a lost case  
When you fight for her name  
Do you think it's worth losing your game?  
Destroying your fame  
Is it worth wiping the dirt off her?  
Is it worth making everyone love her?  
Tell me now  
Or are you still a liar?

ALEISHA TALEB, YEAR 11

## Eloquence, nobility and the wasp:

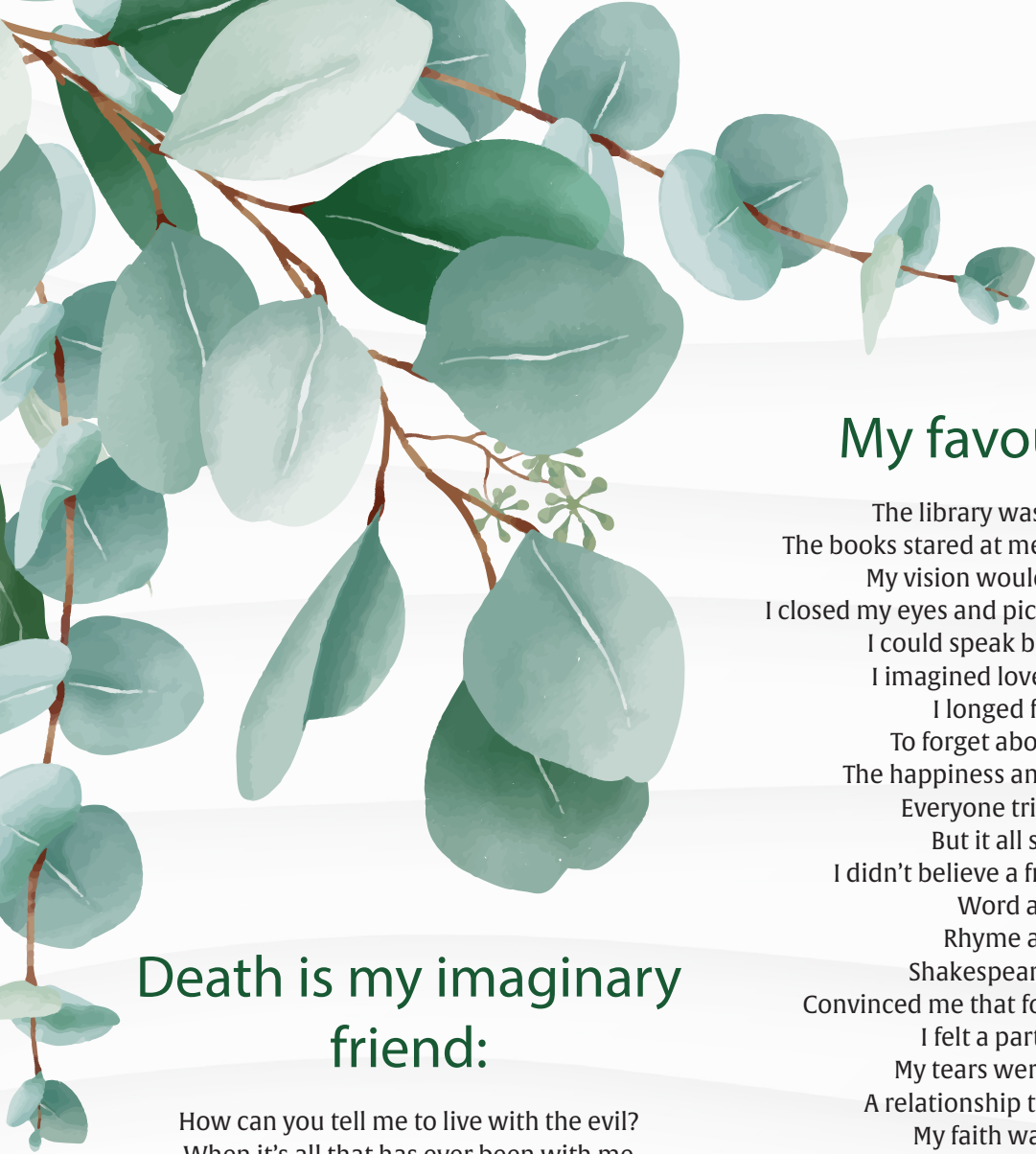
The petals flourished on the daffodil  
 By the palace, he grew on the gentle hill  
 The daffodil was the most beautiful  
 He attracted all butterflies in the meadow  
 For it was beauty that had covered its narcissism  
 The magnolia grew near the river of tears  
 Uniting with her love on a hill was a  
 form of escapism  
 Losing her petals day by day  
 Surely it was one of her greatest fears  
 To see them go all away  
 A wasp kissed his nectar  
 Stole the pollen that shone on the magnolia  
 He refuses the touch of the wasp just for her  
 Before he can, it's too late, she's soulless  
 Rain drops descend from the dark sky  
 Landing on her wrecked petals  
 The wasp waits for her to die  
 To steal what he finds so special  
 Her dress of pink, fragrant flowers  
 And her leathery leaves  
 She spends all her days climbing the towers  
 And when she can't move in the soil  
 She grieves  
 The sky suddenly becomes grey  
 Thunder strikes on the grass  
 And her love for him slowly decays



## Julia and Winston:

Capture identities, worthy of the unknown  
 Torture ungood til unstrong  
 Shout Big Brother til stone  
 Emotions unsad, so bow place a crown  
 A crime if lips unsealed  
 No unloud talk, no moan  
 Whispers not unheard  
 Not a sentence, not a word  
 Shadows twist tongues  
 Thought crime is to unbreathe  
 As crime is for one to seethe  
 Filled with unclean, the lungs  
 No daughters, no sons  
 Unlove must we praise  
 If so count your days  
 Free expression will pay  
 Open a trap, be sent away  
 'Big Brother' they chant  
 Some ungood just say  
 Revealed memories in minds confined  
 All ungood to humankind  
 Watched on the telescreens  
 Commit ungood  
 Unhandsome face disappear  
 Swapped with murdered on magazines  
 To unhear the ungood  
 One must their ears  
 As crime doer will unappear for years





## Death is my imaginary friend:

How can you tell me to live with the evil?  
When it's all that has ever been with me  
How can you wipe my tears?  
After becoming one of my biggest fears  
How can you read my mind?  
I've been blocking you out this whole time  
How can you ignore all the feelings?  
How can you ignore the fact I need time for healing?  
How can you ignore that I am not coping?  
How can you kill me though I am still breathing?  
What are you seeking?  
Who are you seeing?  
What are you achieving?  
These mixed signals are misleading  
How can you stab me even though I am already bleeding?  
What ego are you feeding?  
How does your screaming, sound like a melody?  
How are you so innocent whilst committing a felony?  
You have destroyed my identity  
You have scarred me mentally  
You have ended our legacy  
Now you're just a memory

## My favourite fear:

The library was my deepest fear  
The books stared at me as I entered with shame  
My vision would become unclear  
I closed my eyes and pictured it was all just a game  
I could speak but I couldn't write  
I imagined love but it was tragic  
I longed for the night  
To forget about all the magic  
The happiness and the wedding cake  
Everyone tried to convince  
But it all seemed fake  
I didn't believe a frog could be a prince  
Word after word  
Rhyme after rhyme  
Shakespeare is all I heard  
Convinced me that forbidden love is a crime  
I felt a part of me break  
My tears were never-ending  
A relationship that was a mistake  
My faith was descending  
Shakespeare convinced me it was wrong  
Young love kills your sanity  
But why did I wait so long?  
Couldn't I face his honesty  
I couldn't express these feelings  
I wrote pages of grief  
The truth, I was concealing  
The trust of a thief  
He stole the innocence that shone in my eyes  
Suffocated me til I was out of breath  
His words slowly became lies  
I was so close to death  
Until poetry found me  
It guided me correctly  
My soul escaped, it was free  
It was a piece that just fit perfectly  
My tears became lyrics  
My sorrow became stories  
I ignored all the critics  
Who fought all my glories

ALEISHA TALEB, YEAR 11



## Merry:

I know what I did was wrong  
 Doesn't mean you have to beat me down  
 Til I'm no longer strong  
 None of you are in my position  
 To shout my song  
 My life was on a roll  
 Now it seems like i have lost all control  
 Hurt the wrong person  
 And you'll end up without a soul  
 Criminal posters with my face on poles  
 Steal my identity  
 Affect my hardworking legacy  
 Murder my melody  
 Continue the jealousy  
 Portray me as the enemy  
 I know the damage I made  
 So instead of forgiving  
 You leave me betrayed  
 No matter the tears in my eyes  
 You must live up to your lies  
 You've made it so difficult  
 For everyone to believe my story  
 Because it ends your glory  
 I'm running out of pages in my diary  
 Lie after lie  
 Continue to bore me  
 What happened is history  
 But they'll only believe your story  
 If it's so easy to forget me  
 Then let it be  
 Don't say goodbye  
 And watch me fly to the sky

ALEISHA TALEB, YEAR 11

## His name is death:

Pain  
 All that is left in my brain  
 i can't swim in an ocean filled with my tears  
 It's too deep  
 It is too steep, I will drown  
 I am already drowning and he's pulling me down  
 Pulling me down to him  
 But he won't take me  
 He's too grim  
 He doesn't care for thee  
 I hold my breath past his home, the graveyard  
 My deepest fear  
 The gravestones look at me with shame  
 My vision becomes unclear  
 I close my eyes and picture it is all just a game  
 I imagine a relationship with death but it is tragic  
 I long for the night  
 To forget about all his magic  
 But he follows me  
 He steals the innocence that shines in my eyes  
 Suffocates me til I am out of breath  
 His words 'I won't kill you, I won't hurt you'  
 Slowly becomes lies  
 I was so close to death  
 I was so close to him  
 I found life  
 She guided me correctly  
 My soul escaped, it was free  
 She was a piece that just fit perfectly  
 I didn't forget about him  
 I didn't forget about death  
 I just left  
 Because this world is filled with love  
 A thousand of relationships that I'm  
 going to be part of  
 But I won't let death scare me  
 I won't let him follow me  
 I'll let death fail miserably  
 I'll let him set me free



# MY PHOBIAS!



I'm a 14 year old  
I'm afraid of many things  
you would be too.  
I don't have a lot that triggers me  
except two - thalassophobia and scopophobia.  
If I'm being honest  
I'm not scared of water or the sea  
it's really what is lurking beyond me.

Picture this - I'm swimming  
it's a bit deep in the water  
you can't see through the water  
you would never know  
what is supposedly swimming  
around your legs.

Scopophobia is a fear of being watched  
I'm not scared of public speaking or  
anything where people can watch me  
what really scares me  
is the feeling of being watched  
when alone at home or in an enclosed area.

If I have a feeling that someone  
is watching me in a creepy way  
I get really triggered  
makes me feel scared and uncomfortable.  
I get creeped out.

# STUCK IN AN UNCOMMON FEAR

AMINA DE GUISE YEAR 8C



My fears are my phobias, my phobias are my fears. I dislike buttons and stickers. They both make me feel uneasy. Example, when I'm looking through my fridge for an apple, I seek for the apple without any stickers. If there are none, I ask a family member to remove the sticker.

The origins of my sticker phobia can be traced back to a peculiar childhood memory. In my prep days, I excitedly put a Sleeping Beauty sticker on myself, only to apply hand sanitizer shortly after. The sensation that followed left me feeling disgusted, and it's an aversion that lingers to this day. Now, if someone has a sticker near them or on them, I can't help but feel uncomfortable, keeping a watchful eye to ensure it doesn't touch me or fall to the ground

Another one is buttons. I dislike buttons. Once, to an event, my mum made me wear this buttoned top. I was 5 at the time and cried non-stop. I kept on arguing that I didn't want to wear the top but the next thing I knew I had the top on.

I even cried at the event because of the buttons. This is why I dislike summer at school, if it gets too hot, I must wear my buttoned shirt. It's ok when I have my jumper because I can't see them. I dislike the school buttoned top in general, the appearance, the way your body is revealed, but especially the buttons. When I was once 9, I had buttons on the back of a jumpsuit, just one button, and I didn't wear it - not once.

In everyday life, these fears can be profoundly challenging. Clothing choices become limited, and objects like remote controls, phones, and laptops can be adorned with stickers. The fear can extend to mundane activities like checking the price tags on clothing or opening a book with a sticker on its cover.

I tried to take the sticker from an apple off recently, and I used the top of my fingers and looked away whilst closing my eyes and pushing the apple away. Once the sticker was on my finger, I started flying my finger around everywhere, rushing to take the sticker off.



JUST PEACHY



# What are your FEARS?

## COULROPHOBIA

My fear is clowns,  
the whole idea of clowns  
is just unsettling to me.  
They have an unsettling aura  
around them and  
just seem like the type  
to hurt or injure somebody.  
I mean you're dressing up  
in a costume and seem  
like a kind happy playful clown  
is a perfect cover for somebody who murders.  
The drawn features that clowns have  
are also extremely unsettling to me their smile,  
their porcelain white skin  
and their hair  
have something abnormal  
about them  
they just don't seem human.  
I reckon my fear of clowns  
grew from the movie Pennywise.  
When I was younger  
me and my friend  
had a sleepover and  
wanted to watch a scary movie.  
At the time  
the movie Pennywise was popular  
and we decided to check it out.  
The movie sure did earn its title of horror!!  
As from this day  
on my fear of clowns has grown.

ROQAYA BAGHDADI YEAR 8C

# 10 YEARS AGO

Both of us, lost in our own minds  
I have her, someone who no one finds  
She's my best friend, can't wait to see her again  
Finally got the answer to the question she asked me then

Sitting together, just me and my best friend  
She asked me something I totally could not comprehend  
We were young girls who just finished high school  
Didn't know what to do with our lives, we were such fools

At times I feel annoyed and sad, wish I hadn't come so far  
But what can I do, we had to do something with our lives which we are  
Thinking to myself, I could've been laughing with her this instant  
But regret is not right, I still laugh about her even though we're distant

Ten years ago she asked me what are you going to do next  
I didn't know how to tell her so I left and told her in text  
Leaving a piece of my heart behind, flying far away  
Never thought it was going to be this hard, think about her everyday

I was sixteen, ten years ago, now twenty six  
Time flies, everything changed just in a click  
The question now is, how is my life going to be in the next ten years  
I don't know, but I know for sure it will include laughter, happiness and tears

**ZOYA KHURRAM YEAR 9D**





# SHIVER ME TIMBERS

ASHRAF MEKHILEF YEAR 8C

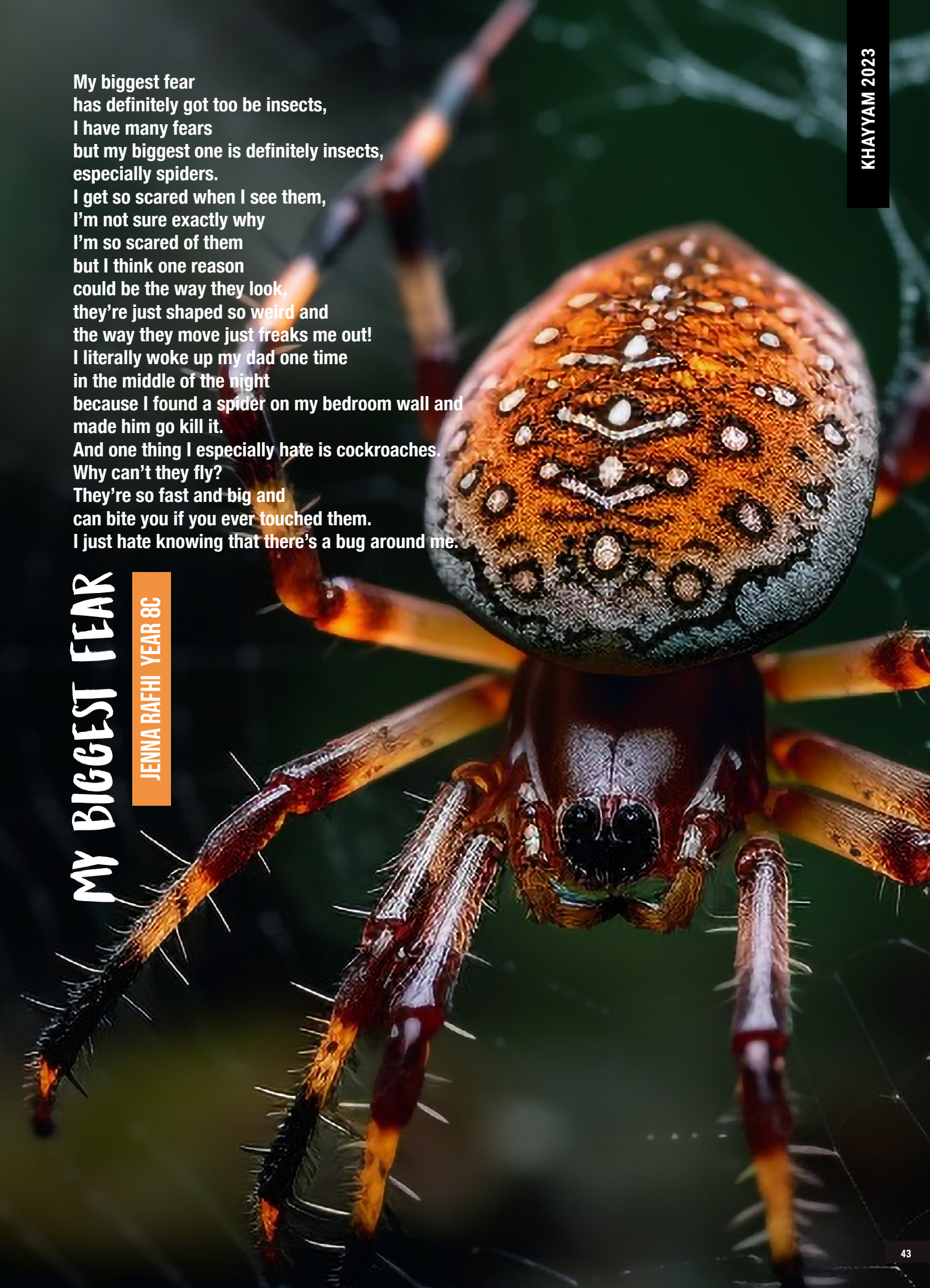
I don't like spiders and that phobia is also known as Arachnophobia, it is a common phobia that affects many people around the world.

I don't like spiders because they're small and they can get into weird places and when they walk on your skin it feels very unnerving. Arachnophobia is the most common phobia in the world with 15 % of people disliking spiders, even though most spiders aren't poisonous they are always getting into your food and clothes and places you don't want them to be in.

I suffer from Heliphobia which is fear of the sun/sunlight. I don't like the sun in my eyes because it's very annoying and it makes me hot even though the sun provides vitamin D I don't like the sun.

I also have Didaskaleinophobia which is Fear of School or going to school, this is because at school I have to be bothered to use my brain and actually improve my life and I don't want to do that.

I also have Anglophobia which is Fear on England, I don't like England because all they do is drink tea and eat biscuits. I also have Irenephobia which is fear of Ms. Irene my English Teacher.



My biggest fear  
has definitely got to be insects,  
I have many fears  
but my biggest one is definitely insects,  
especially spiders.  
I get so scared when I see them,  
I'm not sure exactly why  
I'm so scared of them  
but I think one reason  
could be the way they look,  
they're just shaped so weird and  
the way they move just freaks me out!  
I literally woke up my dad one time  
in the middle of the night  
because I found a spider on my bedroom wall and  
made him go kill it.  
And one thing I especially hate is cockroaches.  
Why can't they fly?  
They're so fast and big and  
can bite you if you ever touched them.  
I just hate knowing that there's a bug around me.

# MY BIGGEST FEAR

JENNA RAFHI YEAR 8C



# MY 2 BIGGEST FEARS

ZAID ROUSSELIN YEAR 8C

# WATER,

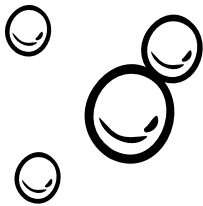
everyone loves water but that's the complete opposite for me.

Who wouldn't love water everyone thinks.

The real reason I'm scared of water is because when I was little, I went to the beach.

While being there a wave hit me and I was drowning but my dad saved me, picked me up like a hero. Now every time I go to the beach I don't go too far out in the water.

One weird thing is that as I am scared of water I really love swimming it's pretty fun feeling the water splash across your face, your body a brilliant feeling you can never get bored of.



# HEIGHTS-

I know it's a main common fear but my past experience is a story to tell. There are many events that I could say and they all were equally scary but one tops the lot.

I went to camp food, rides and wildlife. got to the big huge flying fox ride my friends all did it and said do it.

I couldn't see why I wouldn't just get on the flying fox right? When I was getting my harness on my heart was literally pounding to the point it could pop out. I got on it slid as I was approaching the half way mark it was going fine I thought.

The sound the flying fox made when it came to a halt was ear piercing. I was stuck in the middle everyone was like 'Oooh Aaah' someone's stuck!!

I was a good 5 metres in the air and had no way down??

That's how my fear of heights started growing and unlike the water fear it is definitely not improving.

# The Wonderful World of Lasiarf

Once upon a time there was a big and tall white boy named Lasiarf, he was very big and weak and he hated football, there was only one thing he hated more than football, and it was food. Lasiarf had always been a weird person, he had no friends because of his crippling phobia, cibophobia - the fear of food. When he was born his mum was eating lunch, and the food tipped all over him and he was consumed by the darkness of hell is what he said what happened, so now he must eat while he is sleeping.

One day his parents decided to bring him to an amusement park to cheer him up on the account of having no friends. They travelled for hours thinking they were on their way to Disneyland, but they took a wrong turn and ended up in the realm of food. The realm of food can only be accessed by the chosen human, and that apparently is Lasiarf. In the realm of food, Lasiarf had to face his fears, but he almost died there on the spot. His parents took him to the hospital, but the doctors said he had no chance in coming back. Then a strange old man walked to his hospital bed and said some random words, 'Water, wine, salt, pepper' and then Lasiarf stood right back up. The doctors said. "He was revived by a massive jolt of power." Lasiarf had a vision while he was almost dead, he needed to stop the animals of food from pouring into our world and consume it with the darkness of hell, it was obvious that the last part was exaggerated.

Lasiarf marched over to the realm of food and faced the Steak Devil, the largest of the food animals and obviously the tastiest. It attacked him and killed him, then the strange old man came back and said the magic words that resurrected him last time. And he had a revelation of pulling the Excaliknife from the

kidney stone, and slay the beast and stop the animals of food from consuming the world in the darkness of hell, so he did just that, and he overcame his fear of food, and devoured the Steak Devil and ended his reign of terror.



**VALNOOR SUHASRIL YEAR 8C**



DIGITAL ART BY SHAAKIRA BEKAI YEAR 9

Everyone has fears - some crazier than others.  
If someone told me, they weren't scared of anything  
I wouldn't believe them.  
Now my two most common fears are Pyrophobia,  
to be afraid of fire  
and Claustrophobia,  
to be scared of small spaces.  
As a Lebanese girl  
heating flatbread on a stove  
is one of the most important components of any meal.  
The only issue is that  
I have never failed to heat the bread  
without having a mini heart attack. (dramatic)  
I mostly just give up and get my dad to do it for me.  
I didn't always have this fear  
it started to affect me quite recently actually,  
probably around 2021.

I remember it perfectly.  
I was watching a show with my mum one day and  
I saw two sisters sitting in their room  
with cake in one of the sister's hands.  
She was singing Happy Birthday  
to her sister with her hair out,  
as she leaned forward to make her wish  
and blow out her candles  
her hair caught fire and  
caused them to both go into panic.  
The fire started to spread  
throughout their whole room  
causing the two sisters to pass  
away on their birthday.

**ELANA NAJMEDDINE YEAR 8C**





# WHAT I'M SCARED OF



# my scariest fear

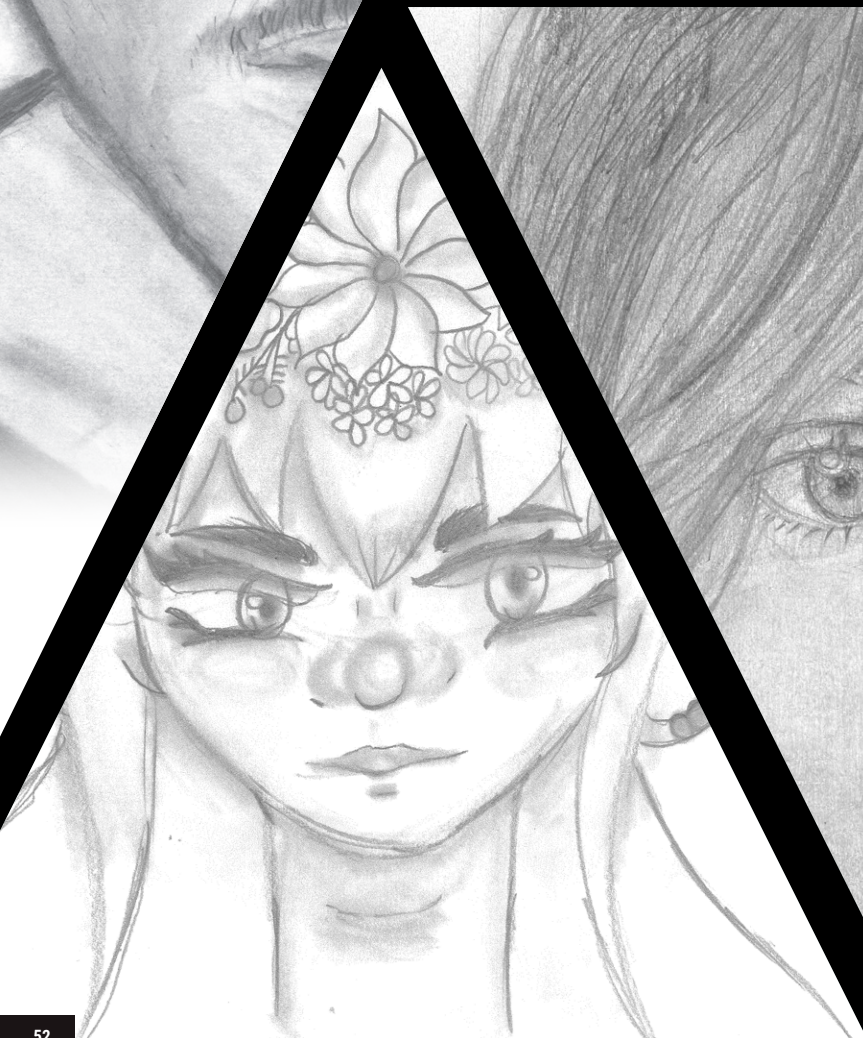
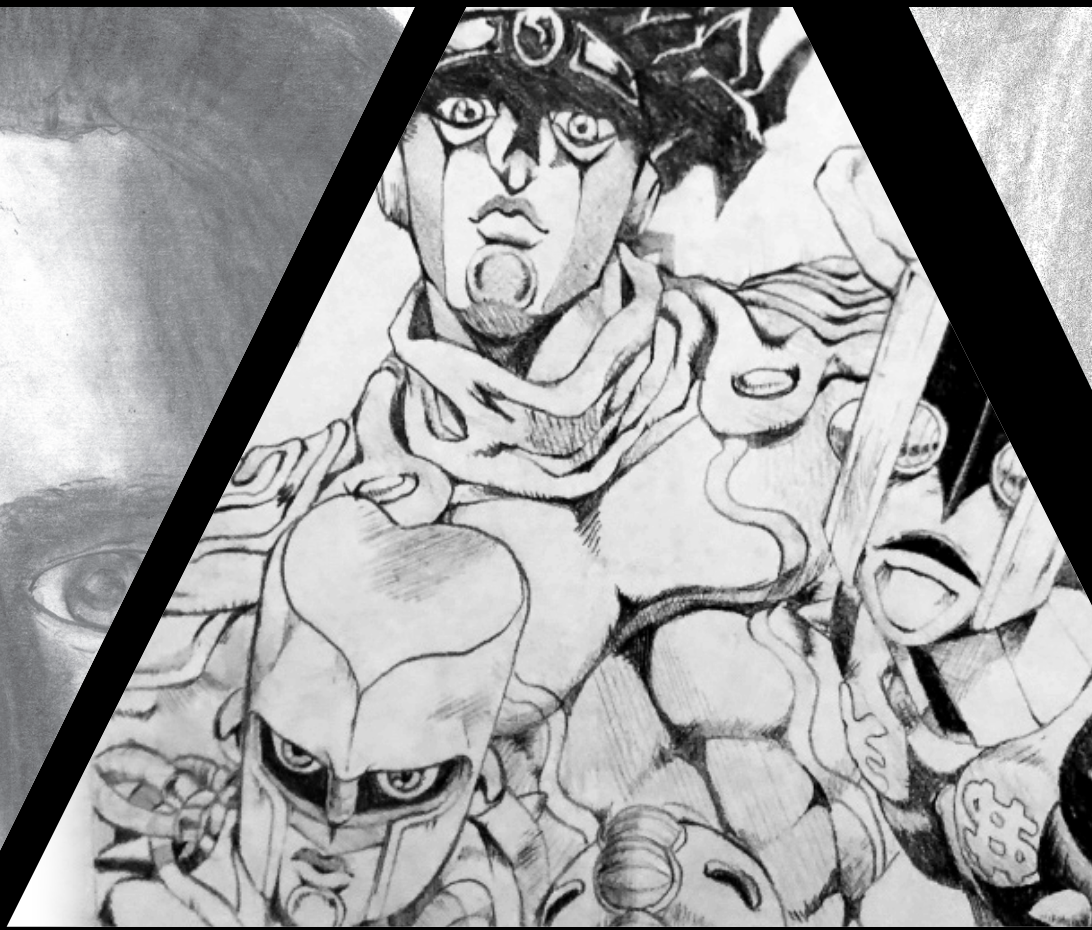
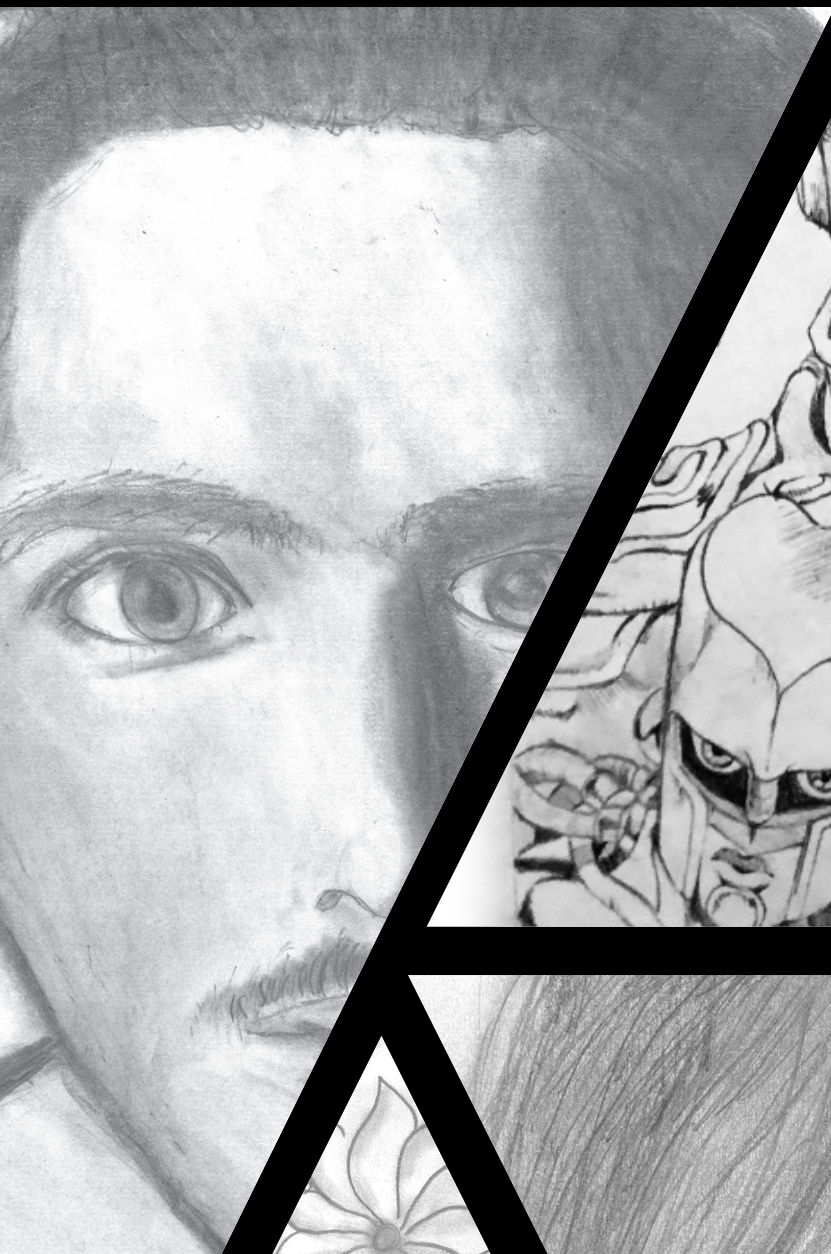
I have a terrifying dread of driving in mountains which is called Orophobia. Because there were so many mountains in Lebanon, whenever I was in the car, my mind would think about all the horrible things that could happen.

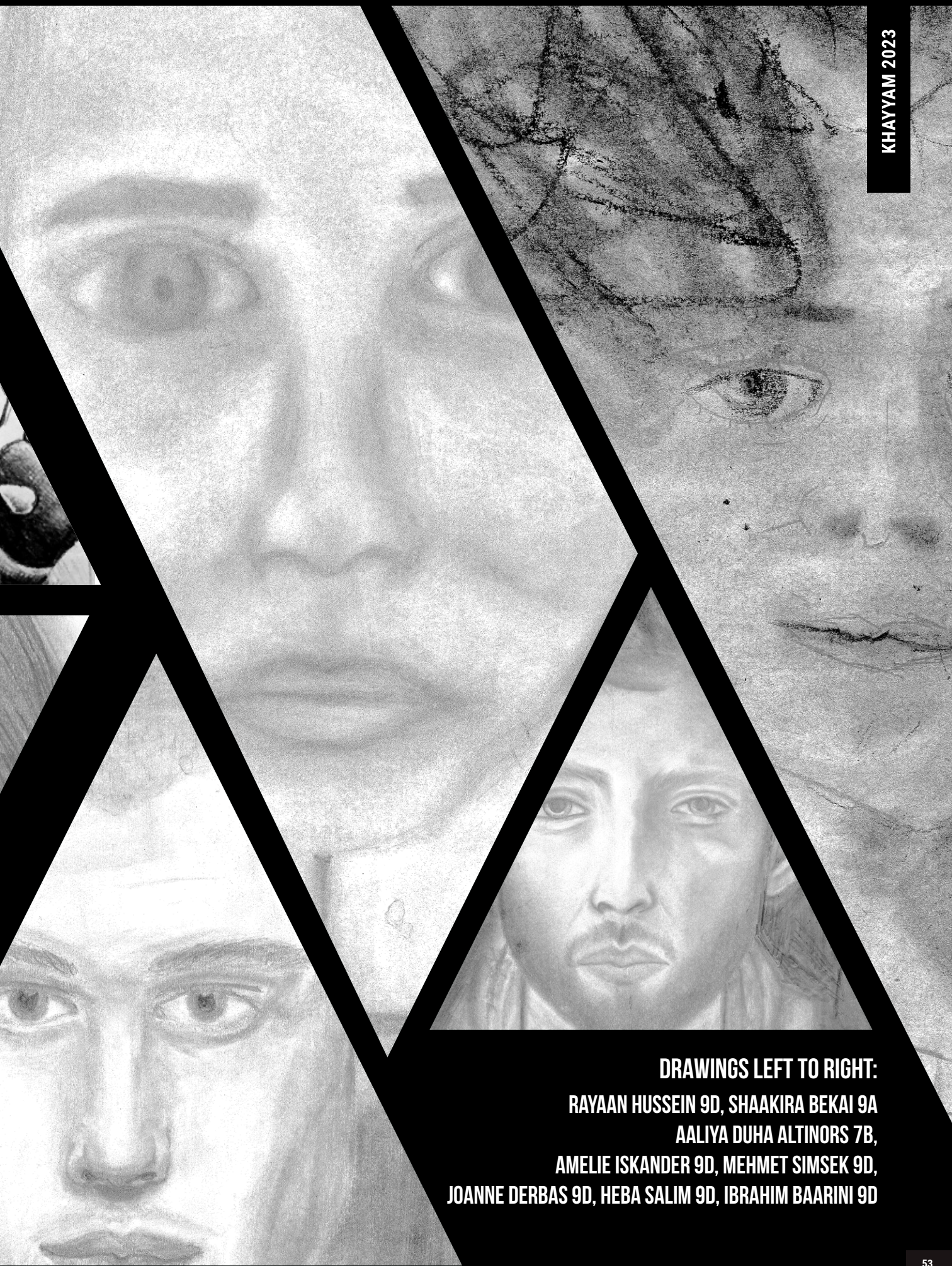
Orophobia is a particular type of phobia marked by an overwhelming and sometimes unfounded anxiety of negotiating narrow, twisting, and high-altitude roads. People who have this phobia may get anxious, perspire more, and have panic attacks when they are in hilly areas.

**GHINWA EL ACHKAR YEAR 8C**

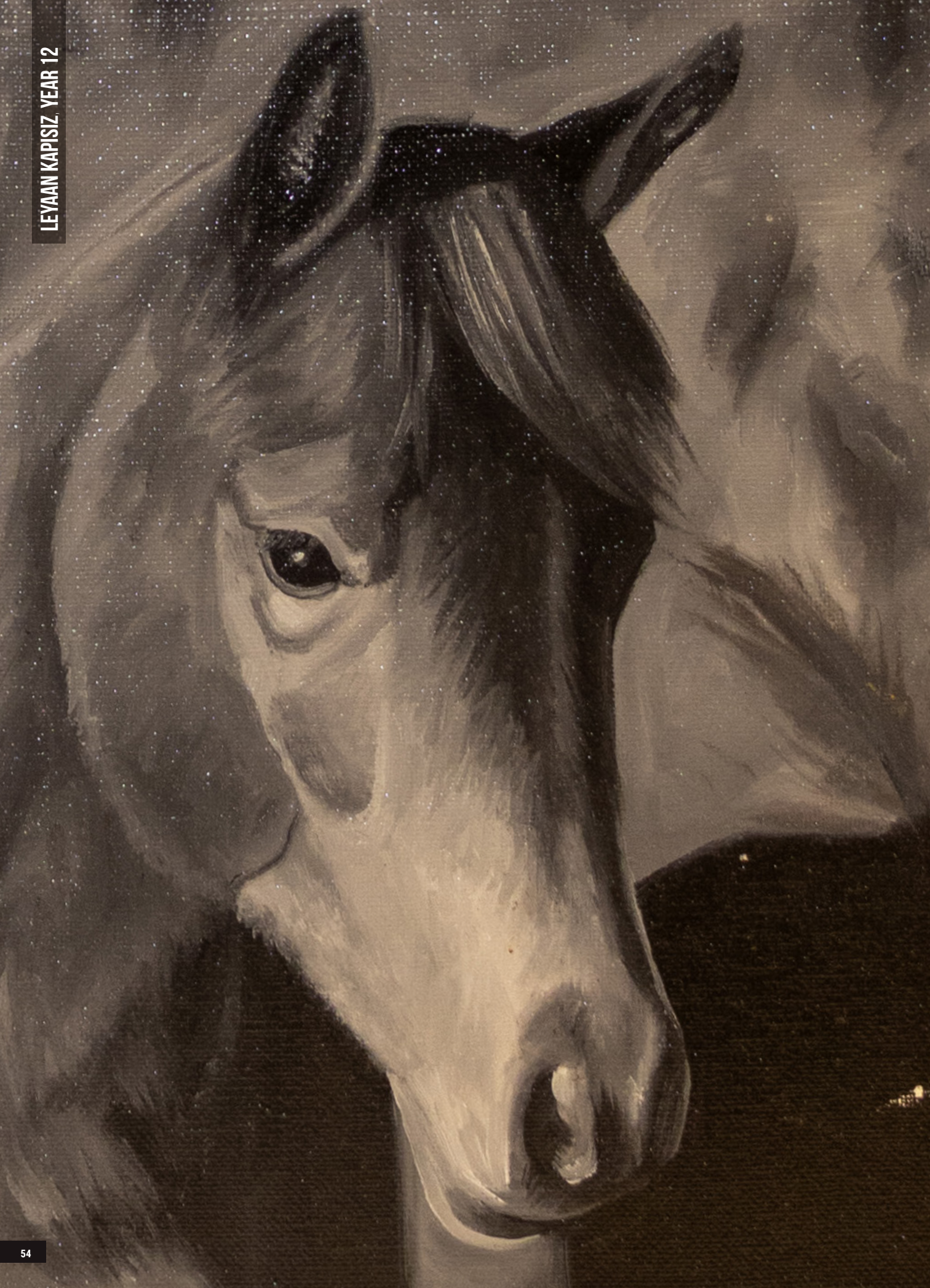
The tremendous drops on either side of the road, the possibility of accidents, or the dread of losing control of the car on steep hills can all be sources of terror.

This phobia may cause one to drastically reduce their alternatives for travel and maybe steer clear of hilly areas entirely. Gradual exposure, desensitisation methods, and developing confidence in one's ability to drive a mountain via practise and assistance are common strategies for overcoming this anxiety.





**DRAWINGS LEFT TO RIGHT:**  
RAYAAN HUSSEIN 9D, SHAAKIRA BEKAI 9A  
AALIYA DUHA ALTINORS 7B,  
AMELIE ISKANDER 9D, MEHMET SIMSEK 9D,  
JOANNE DERBAS 9D, HEBA SALIM 9D, IBRAHIM BAARINI 9D

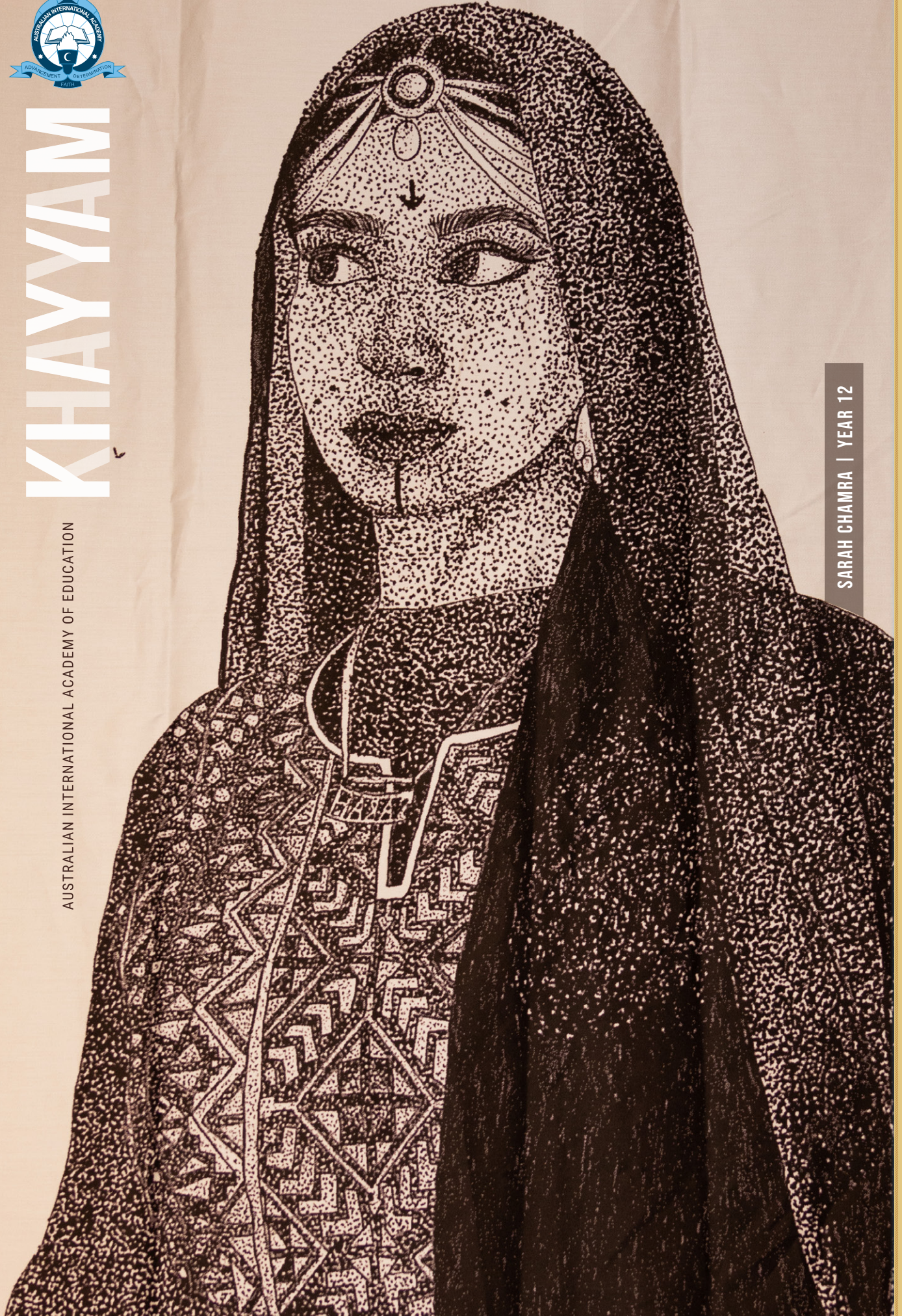






# KHAYYAM

AUSTRALIAN INTERNATIONAL ACADEMY OF EDUCATION



SARAH CHAMRA | YEAR 12