



Canadian Bilingual School

Bringing Talent to Life

إدخال الموهبة في الحياة



# CBS EXPRESS

December 2016

Vol: 2 Issue: 3

## CBS INTERNATIONAL DAY



### ***Editor's Note:***

CBS successfully conducted International Day on November 24. Students came out in all their country appropriate outfits and put on beautiful displays for the school and the elementary students. Students were able to learn about an entirely different culture from that of their own and were also able to immerse themselves into the way of life that people in the various countries live.

The various countries on display were: Spain, Italy, USA, Germany, Mexico and India!

International Day was fun...now onto something a little scarier, a little darker. Horror is a genre loved and at the same time hated by many. This month in English classes around the school, students were told to explore their dark sides and churn out some truly horrifying tales.

## The Tell-Tale Heart

by Azzam al-Roumi

Grade 11

I was once a bright kid. I was loved by all and hated by none. I had positive energy running through my veins. I was very optimistic and enthusiastic. I used to see the glass half full, rather than half empty. I used to be the teacher's favorite student. In class, I was the best. In Physical Education, I excelled in every sport. I was a dream child to my parents. I was repeatedly told by them that "I was a perfect child". To be fair, I too agree. When people thought of children before starting a family, they used to think of ME! And ME only! However, one day it all changed.

It was late at night, we were returning from our lake house. We were there celebrating Thanksgiving. It was a few hours' drive to our house. We stopped at a traffic stop. When the light turned green, we moved on. However, a car on the other side did not stop. The car instead crashed into us. When I regained consciousness, the police arrived. I saw my mom and dad's body on the ground, they were dead. The paramedics couldn't save them. I, above all people couldn't either. I remember crying so much, I ran out of tears. Officers tried to calm me down, but to no avail.

The reckless driver came to me. He said that he was sorry and it was an accident. I knew he didn't care. He had only been nervous because his future was at risk. He looked like he was in his early-twenties. However, he had one eye that was different. Its colour was different than the other eye. This eye was pale blue and it was still. I stared at his eye. The more I stared, the more waves of sorrow and madness I absorbed. He was later arrested by the police and sent to jail. The police escorted me to my uncle's house. The only thing that I could've

done at that time was to wait for the court to deliver justice. However, it was too much to ask.



The killer of my parents was apparently the governor's son. He was pardoned by his father and justice was not served. The only thing I wanted was justice to be delivered, my dream didn't come true. This event changed my life forever.

I began having dreams of my parent's killer's eye. I had dreams of hell inside his eye absorbing me in while I'm trying to fight back. Thus, I stopped sleeping. Unfortunately, that did not stop the problem. It created more problems, more than I could endure.

After this, I was no longer the same. I was no longer the kid, I once was. I turned into that weird kid that everyone stood away from. A kid who always thought the sky was falling. A kid that used to talk to his imaginary friends. However, whenever I stood in the corner, I was not talking to my "imaginary friends", I was talking to the eye. I began to get bad grades in school, but it wasn't my fault. It was because of the eye!

My uncle later saw the scars on my hand. Cutting myself was the only pain I loved. My uncle decided that I needed to see a therapist. I told him that it was all because of the eye. That only convinced my uncle more to send me to the therapist. Looking back, I wonder why he did not send me to an asylum.



I really liked the therapist. She was the only one I could open up to. She was the only one who did not think I was crazy. She was the only one who understood me. She taught me how to tackle my problems. She changed my life for the better.

Just about a decade after this, I finished university. My life was going well. I decided to move to a new city to start a new chapter. I wanted to explore the world. I found a good paying job there. I moved into a good neighborhood. I was living my life to the fullest. However, one day it all changed. I saw it again! The eye came back!



## The Eye

by Retaj Abel  
Grade 11

October 25th, 1977, at 3:45pm.

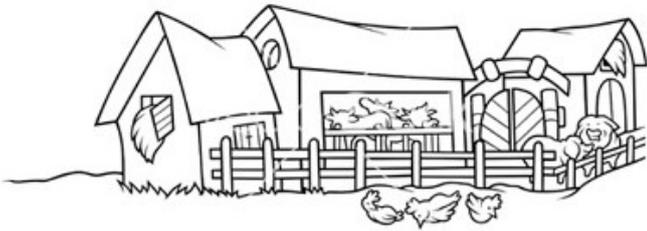
The night my family and I lost our patriarch. I remember it like it was yesterday, because it haunted me ever since. After that day I didn't know the meaning of normal, as if it was wiped off of my memory. All my fond memories snatched away from me, lost in a deep river of endless despair. You see, in October 25, my father lost his life, and all fingers pointed at me. His body covered with blood, as flies surrounded him, devouring his rotting corpse, in our backyard.

I could see why they thought I was the assailant. I had a lot of reasons to slaughter my father, and gouge his eyes out. I'll tell you now it wasn't me, only a mad man would kill his flesh and blood!



I have this particular memory of my father. It was the summer of 1974. My only stepsister from my dad's third wife and I were playing at the family farm. I had a Pinocchio toy, which my mother gave me before she passed away from breast cancer. It was the only thing I had

of hers, and my stepsister Matilda broke it. I was furious! So I shouted at her, she ran crying to our father. Without a second thought, my father pulled me from my feet, and locked me in the farmhouse. He got his whip, looked at me with his one good eye, and whipped me unmercifully; I could feel the blood falling down my spine slowly, my knees trembling, but I tried to keep standing, I would show no weakness. Matilda stood and laughed.



He then shouted, “No one upsets my little girl!” They left and kept me imprisoned in the farmhouse. I lost track of time, but the sun came up twice and still no one came to get me. My stomach was growling and my tongue was dry as wood. I scratched the doors yelling for help, until I noticed my bloody fingernails were clipped to the door. I gave up shrieking. I had no energy left in me. I had no choice but to eat the raw, live pigs at the farm. One of which was my best friend, piglet. I ripped his head off with my teeth. His cries for mercy synced in with my cries of shame. I blamed my father for this unholy act.

Enough about my childhood - let me tell you what happened after they accused me of murdering my own father. My stepmothers decided to take me to an asylum instead of sending me to jail. You see, they too witnessed my father’s unforgivable demonic acts, so they thought why I wouldn’t have turned insane because of him. The first thing they did in the asylum, was force me into a straight jacket. Later they shoved blue pills in my mouth and

the rest was a blur. I remember waking up in an empty white room. The only thing there other than the bed I was chained in was a wooden cross above me. Suddenly, I heard footsteps, two people walked in suspiciously. One of them came towards me. He looked terrifying with his cannibal mask on, but for some reason I wasn’t scared, perhaps it was the pills they gave me. He looked scarred from head to toe, like a chucky doll.

I asked, “What happened to you, did the asylum do this?”

He laughed, “You silly boy they can’t harm me if I’m already dead”.

I shouted at him to leave.

“But I thought you wanted to hear our stories, we can’t leave here anyway”. I figured that it was just a figment of my imagination, so I told him to carry on. “My name is the great Maxine and this is my assistant”, he went on. His assistant took a step forward. Later he continued, “I loved to entertain children, because I couldn’t conceive any of my own. I was well known back in my day, but my magic act started getting old and depressing. The kids developed a new interest towards clowns. I became unknown. With no one to entertain, I went mad thriving attention that lead me to do something I would later regret”. He took off his mask to show me his true face. His open mouth and blood drooling down his neck, his putrid teeth sliding down to his feet. He had the mouth of a haunting clown, and so did his assistant.

Maxine then explained, “I did it to gain back the love of the children, but instead I scared them off and became the town freak.



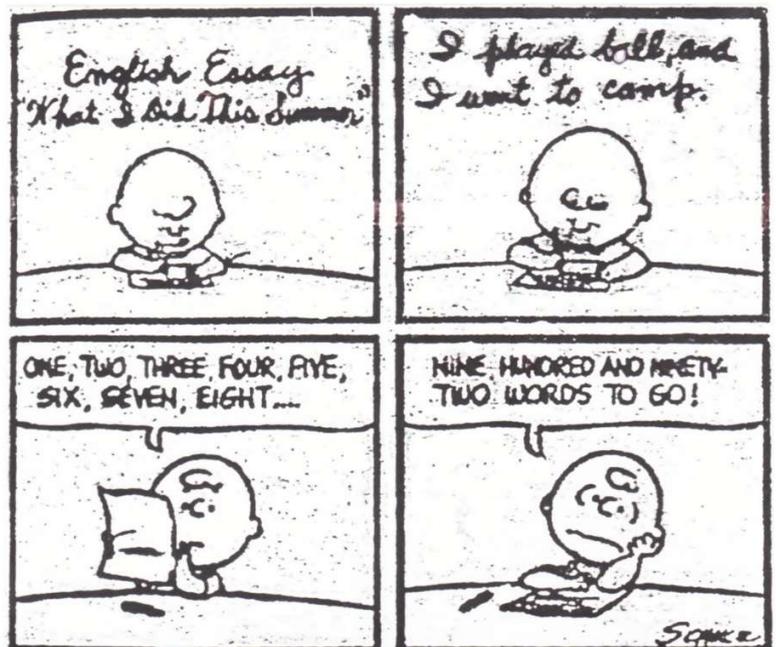
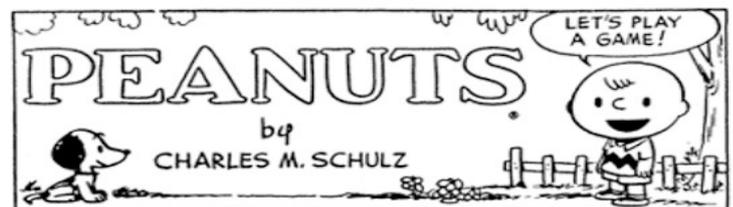
My assistant, Elisa did it to gain my affection, and that's when we got admitted to the asylum. Two months later they took us to the electric chair. A tragic love story isn't it?" I nodded my head. Maxine then said, "I think it's time for you to die also, so you can be my son and we'll stay here together forever".

I cried, "Get away from me you maniac" and then I spat on him.

He then said, "Why the hesitation, I know your story, an unloved orphan. Don't be an ungrateful twit". With no chance of escaping, I screamed my lungs out for help. The cross sign above me fell and Maxine and his assistant suddenly disappeared. That day, I swear I started believing in God.

Years have passed in the asylum. I've tried claiming to them my sanity, but they laughed in my face. I figured the only way to escape was to admit to them that I was insane, and prove my sanity only by my actions. My plan had worked and by the time I turned 28 I left that hellhole. I got an apartment in Brooklyn NY. I was finally going to live the normal life I was dreaming of, before my mother died and left

me with my ruthless father, before I allegedly killed him, as my stepmothers left him to rot alone with no funeral. I got me a girl and we adopted a pet together, but I never told her about my past. She would've thought I was mad, but just because you went to an insane asylum, supposedly killed your father and had a troubled childhood with no one to love you, doesn't mean you're mad! Anyway I was walking down the street one day, when I saw a man, he had an eye of a vulture. This man reminded me of my father's horrifying eye. I had to get rid of this man's eye. He's ruining my happily ever after, because now, every time I see him I'll relive my terrifying childhood in my head. How dare he? Don't worry, I'm not a murderer, I will do him no harm, because I'm not mad, I didn't kill my father, but I must kill him! Just like I did my father...



### Confession

by Mubarak al-Sanea

Grade 12

Dear Son,

What I will say in this letter will hurt, but it is the truth.

Before you were born, my life was not that easy. It was very hard, especially when your dad had to go to work all day, leaving me alone at home. But one of these nights would be his last. Your father came from work and sat with a grim look on his face. He told me that it was all done and that we were finished. That is when I did something, which is the reason I'm away from you. I wasn't thinking when I did it. It was the only thing that I could do to calm my nerves, but when I woke up I realized that your father was dead.

Son I know you are in shock, but this is the truth. You were the reason for that, he left



me because of you. When you were born, I turned myself in because I thought that it would be better for you. I'm now sentenced to life time in jail for what I did . I told your grandmother to take care of you and help you with your everyday tasks. I hope that you can forgive me and never forget me. I also hope that you're living a healthy and happy life, a life that I know I could never give you.

P.S. I saw your picture, you look like your father.

Love,  
Mom

## CBS WordSearch

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

- Digital
- Email
- Personal
- Domain
- Identity Theft
- Copyright
- Address
- Firewall
- Secure
- Privacy
- Parents
- History
- Spam
- Passwords
- Cybercrime

## CLASSROOM OF THE MONTH



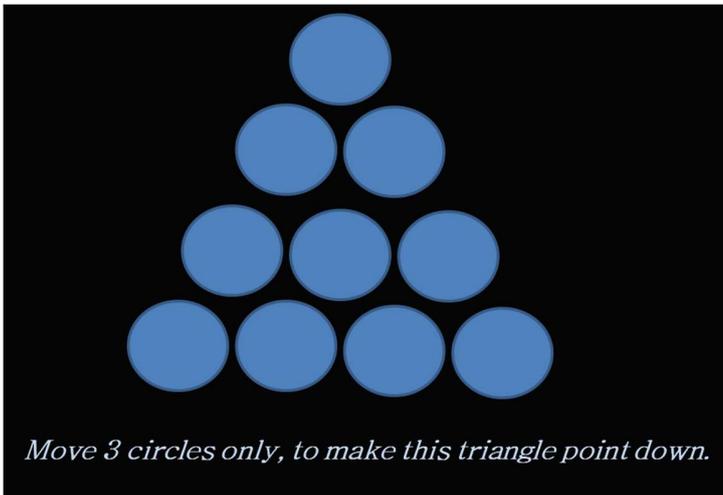
### Congratulations Grade 11s!

*The 'Classroom of the Month' wins a Class Pizza Party on the last Thursday of the month!*

#### Criteria:

- Cleanest class through the month
- Good behavior as a class

## MONTHLY BRAIN TEASER



**Guess the correct answer to win something from the canteen!**

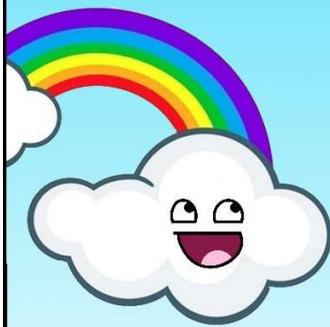


- FUN Day: December 10<sup>th</sup>
- Winter Break: December 21<sup>st</sup> – January 2<sup>nd</sup>
- School reopens: January 3<sup>rd</sup>
- Semester-I Exams: January 15<sup>th</sup>

# 'FUN DAY - 10<sup>th</sup> Dec



Canadian Bilingual School, South Khaitan



# FUN DAY

## 2016



10<sup>th</sup> December 2016  
Venue:  
CBS Auditorium

For more  
info: contact  
funday@  
cbskuwait.com

