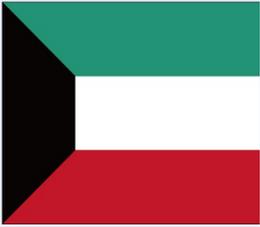




Canadian Bilingual School

Bringing Talent to Life

إدخال الموهبة في الحياة



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Editor's Note:

School is a place where students and staff alike come together 5 days a week, and for a great part of the day. As such, many of our memories, whether they be old ones, or ones that we are making currently, are made at school. For this reason, this month, English teachers had their classes work on memoirs. Memoirs often express thoughts and feelings through descriptive language, evoke all five senses, and tend to be about just ONE, SPECIFIC EVENT!

As you read this month's edition, you will see various memoirs from students in the school, some of whom you will know and surely be able to relate to.



Walk for Cure and World Teacher's Day

The Airplane Disaster

By Khalid al-Doukhi

Grade 11

It was August 10th, 2015, my family and I were getting ready to go on a three week vacation. We were running a little late, and two of my sisters were not home, and my brother was asleep and was still not ready. When my sisters finally got home, we rushed to the airport and we barely made it there on time. Then, we went to the check in, put our bags, got our tickets, and went to sit in the lounge. They had called our flight number on the speakers, so we went to the boarding area, and got in the plane.

After landing in Dubai, our first stop, we ordered Burger King, because the airplane food was not that good. We had a three hour transit wait and nobody had Wi-Fi. It was one of the longest three hours of my life. After three hours had passed it was time to get on the plane and go to the America, it was an eighteen hour flight. I watched a couple of movies, and then took a nap. When I woke up, thirteen hours had passed and five hours were left to go. I decided to take another nap.



Suddenly, I heard someone screaming and crying. I woke up with confusion and saw my mother crying and shouting "Fawzi! Fawzi!" (My father's name) I felt frightened, I did not know what was going on, my sisters were crying and all the flight attendants were surrounding my father.

I got out of my seat and ran to the other side to see my dad who had already passed out. We

tried pouring some water on his face, got him to smell perfume, and started calling his name to wake him up. It was of no use. What scared me the most was that my father had done two heart surgeries, is still on medication, and the air pressure was very low. A Saudi Arabian man, one of the flight attendants, and I carried my dad. We carried him to the back of the plane, and laid him down on the floor.

The flight attendants then got my dad a breathing mask so he could regain his consciousness. The crew got him a blanket and some pillows so he could be more relaxed. I was almost about to cry, but I wanted to stay strong, so that my sisters would stop crying. One of my sisters was very scared, so I went and hugged her to comfort her. The truth was I also needed someone to comfort me. After hugging her, I could not hold my tears, I just broke down and started crying.

The crew called "are there any doctors on this plane?" One woman replied and came to check on my dad. I was praying "ya Allah, please do not take our father away from us on this trip." I kept on repeating this prayer again and again. The crew got my dad another breathing mask after the oxygen in the first one finished.

My dad started to regain his consciousness. We tried helping him stand up, but he was still dizzy. When my dad was conscious again, I felt relieved and my mother and sisters stopped crying. I started giving thanks to almighty Allah (swt) for letting my Dad live. The Saudi Arabian guy and I helped my dad walk back to his seat. My dad took my seat and my brothers' seat to lay down. My brother and sisters all sat in one row. It had four seats and five people were sitting in them. My sisters had to deal with it so my dad could be comfortable. The flight attendants was very kind and helpful and found me a seat. After all the chaos and shouting that happened, my little brother was still sleeping. When we arrived, my dad was immediately taken to the hospital with my older sister. The rest of my family and I went and finished the check in. We got our bags, rented a car, and went to the hospital to check on my father.

Cruise Control No More

By Azzam al-Roumi

Grade 11

Once upon a time, I went on a cruise with my family around the Far East. This cruise was marvelous as compared to the other cruises that I had been on. There were many fun activities on the cruise, like shows and plays. The food was very tasty and delicious. The best thing about the food was that it was free. I had actually gained a few pounds since I came on the cruise. I had never been so happy in my life.

It was evening and the sun was setting. I grabbed an iced-tea from the bar on deck and sat on a sofa. The sofa was positioned in a direction whereby I could see the sunset clearly. I've never seen a sunset this beautiful. The sun was reflecting on the water, which made the view astonishing.

Suddenly, the ship shook. Everyone was shocked and scared. We were also curious about what happened. Was it an earthquake? Was it a malfunction in the ship engine? Then, the captain spoke on the microphone and said that we just experienced an earthquake! The people on the cruise, all to no avail. I could see deep inside the parent's eyes that they were scared. I on the other hand, was calm. I did not care that the earthquake happened. It was going to be a fun memory later that I would get to tell to my friends.

However, I was concerned for my family's safety. So, I went to the phone on deck and called my family's stateroom. They were worried about me and about my safety I told them that I was fine and I'll stay on the deck. I wanted to observe the situation, as curiosity is a habit of mine. While the tremors were still being felt by the passengers on deck, I bought myself an ice cold Pepsi, because I thought that was appropriate thing to do. I was sipping my Pepsi while people were going mad. It was very amusing to me because they were overreacting. "An earthquake happened, so what?" School will begin in a month and that's much worse.



Suddenly, something unexpected happened. A huge wave was coming towards us, it was a TSUNAMI! It was coming from the direction of the sunset. I never thought something so calm and beautiful like water, could turn so violent and destructive. An elder woman was screaming, "The end is nigh! The end is nigh! Run away! The end is nigh!" That did not faze me at all. People were running away. I did not run, not because I wasn't scared, but because I was! My legs were glued to the deck, my heart beat intensified, I stopped thinking straight. I had never been so frightened in my life. As the wave came closer, my heart beat faster. I could see death approaching, I was about to meet my maker. All I could do was stand and smile. Perhaps that would quell the tsunami and make it merciful to me...but the tsunami cared not. Nature, does not submit to the will of man, it is not controlled by money, and it definitely does not care about how much wasta I have.

Tips for Cyber Safety

- Think before you share anything online. Think about who will see it.
- Don't share your password with anyone.
- Only connect with people you know. Make sure you can trust them.
- Make sure you don't get recorded doing or saying anything that will get you in trouble. Don't do anything 'controversial'.
- You can always block or unfriend a person online if you feel uncomfortable.
- If you feel unsafe online, talk to your parents

UPHILL CLIMB

By **Mohammed al-Hooty**

Grade 11

On one eventful day, I went to the beach next to my hotel along with Mishary and Mohammed Al-Sayyar. We climbed cliffs, shot each other with air soft guns, discovered places, and fooled around like crazy kids. Before we get reunited with the others to hang out, we decided to climb one last cliff. It was the longest cliff we ever climbed! We always assumed that it was hard to climb it without even trying. So, Mishary tried first, and he was successful. In the process I realized that it was difficult and may cause me some injuries. I knew that it wasn't worth trying, but I did it anyways. Then, I got halfway up and got stuck.



Now, I was left with only two choices: either continue climbing upwards or risk plummeting to certain death. The rock that I was holding was not stable. I was pretty sure that I climbed the same path as Mishary's, but there was no way to get past where I was. In my head, I was thinking about getting down and backing up, but Mishary and Al-Sayyar were cheering me on and saying motivational stuff like, "You can do it, there is nothing I can do that you can't!"...as if my life was depending on it. Now that I think back to that moment, the stuff they were saying wasn't motivational at all. They were actually saying that I was a chicken, a loser or even that I don't have the guts to do it.

Despite all their negativity, I was not scared or anything, but even with these words, I listened to my heart for the first time. I backed up and watched Al-Sayyar climb. In my head I said

Y.O.L.O. You only live once MK. That means that I shouldn't risk my life over a stupid cliff. There will be others to climb. However, to this day, it still eats me alive that as a fat person, he was able to climb something when I wasn't.



As I am watching him climbing higher up, and me making my way back down, I realized that the rock that he was standing on was the same one that I held and felt it wasn't stable. I didn't have the chance to warn him. I remember seeing him falling towards me. All 100 kilos of him. If falling off the cliff didn't kill me, he landing on me definitely would have. This point in my life felt like it was going in slow motion. I could see him trying to reach for any rock that he could find to grab onto. As I was watching him, I could see my own life flashing before my eyes. I could see the face of my parents, and even my sister who I despised.

At this moment, there was one little thing that was bothering me. I didn't want to die until I finish my delicious meal that I saved up yesterday. So, I was thinking, "No, this is not how my life ends. This is not how I go out. Not by someone landing on me, I want to finish that one of a kind juicy meal under the bed!" But because everything was moving in slow motion, I was able to dodge him as he fell down just at the right moment. As he continued his descend down past me, I was able to catch hold off his hand before he hit the ground. I didn't know how I did, but I did. And I saved his life, and also Spain from what would've felt like an earthquake. Al-Sayyar wasn't hurt so bad, he just had some little cuts from sliding on rocks. He was a champ, he didn't lay down and complained. In fact, he did the exact opposite.

He stood up and laughed as if nothing happened at all.

LOST IN BRAZIL

By Faisal Ghazi

Grade 11



I went on an exciting school trip to Brazil with my classmates. We went to a beautiful part of the Amazon, and I wanted to discover the beauty it. My friends and I were talking about whether we should stay or leave. When we left our place, we saw this big and beautiful waterfall. This waterfall planted the desire to jump off it. I convinced my friends to jump with me, but some of them thought that it is a bad idea. So, I wanted all of them to jump with me, because I jumped first so that they can know whether or not it was safe to jump. When I jumped, I felt so alive, because I felt fresh from the cooled air and felt that I can fly. This jump is the best thing that ever happened to me.



The moment I told my friends that it was safe, my friends yelled "Look back! There is a river!" At first I thought it's just a river, but when I saw it, I saw the biggest current I saw in years. The waves were so fast and strong, moment it was hard for me to breathe and it was impossible to see. It pushed me so hard into the bushes, that I was stuck, only to find out that it was a home to a group of beavers. Finally, when I was in a

safe zone, I pulled my phone and hoped that it would work, but I didn't, because it was out of charge.

The only thing that worked was my gold painted watch and my waterproof camera. Then I started walking, hoping to find a road or someplace that led to people. I started to see monkeys, I was amazed how fast they could climb. When I pulled my camera, an ugly and fast monkey stole it from me. I became really angry after the monkey started annoying me, I yelled repeatedly "Return my camera you ugly monkey!" When I stopped, all of the monkeys started freak-out. I froze for a half a second, then, I ran the other way, so that I can survive this misery. I ran 2-3 kilometers away from those crazy monkeys. When I stopped to drink water from the river, I heard footsteps. It sounded like an army of people that I thought that I was near the city or a crowded street but I wasn't.



When I saw them, I literally felt like it's my end. They were yelling "Yanomami, Yanomami, Yanomami". They grabbed me and we went to their base, they told me to speak with their head. I didn't care who I speak with, the only thing I cared about is returning home alive. I did not understand their head, and he did not understand me either. So, I tried to explain, using visual signs with my hand, to tell him that I was lost and I needed help. All of them were staring at my gold painted watch. I really didn't like it so I gave it to them and after that moment, they gave me a map and told me where I am on the map.

At that time, it was dusk and it was hard to see so I memorized the map because I didn't have the resources. I saw cars and a restaurant, so I ran the fastest I can, because they were

closing. When I approached a man I told him my story and that I needed a charger so I charge my phone. I charged my phone successfully. When it got to 5% I called my friend Jack and told him to arrange a taxi for me, because he was with his teachers. When the taxi arrived I was so happy and kissed the taxi's head. I returned to the motel and told my friends what happened, in the end, we all laughed and enjoyed this adventure.

Nightmare in Lebanon

By **Retaj Abel** *Grade 11*



All stories have happy endings...well, not this one! Let me tell you a story of a very disappointing day. We spent our summer in Lebanon. Now don't get me wrong, Lebanon is a beautiful country with stunning scenery...but that's about the only good part of my experience

We were told that we would go sightseeing. My cousin and I weren't satisfied; we just wanted to go shopping. I was already pissed because I was covered with over 20 bug bites, since I didn't have an actual room with actual air conditioning, so my choices were to open the windows and be bitten or die of heat. Anyway, we woke up early that day because the waterfall was far away. We went to pick up food at a bakery. I got a donut and it tasted burnt. I tried spitting it out on a tissue, but we hit a bump on the road, and it fell on my clothes. On my new white denim jeans, which were now covered in chocolate. I tried wiping it off, but it just spread more. I realized then that this day was going to go from bad to worse real quick.

The road was long and the traffic was slow. We were at a red light, and I was staring at the window, with my headphones on, pretending to be in a music video to pass the time. Suddenly I saw a chubby boy get out of a car and go to a corner, and then he started peeing. I shouted "what the heck!" I kind of over reacted but whatever. My dad then turned around and told me to repeat myself. I didn't say anything because I didn't want to explain myself. He then turned to my mom and told her how they didn't raise me right and so on. I didn't need to hear how much of a disappointment I am, so I put my headphones back on, and continued daydreaming.

After two-long hours we finally arrived. I got out of the car and started wondering where the waterfalls were. My mom laughed and said, apparently the restaurant is called waterfall, but there are no actual waterfalls near here. I didn't find it funny, what kind of demonic humor is this! I was annoyed and I hoped the restaurant was worth the ride. Guess what? It wasn't.



We went in and ordered our food. The food arrived quickly so that brightened up my day. I ordered shrimp; I took half a bite and noticed it tasted weird. My aunt then took my plate and figured out that it was actually crab. I don't eat crab, I don't like crab, crab should be haram. My aunt then called the waiter and complained about my meal. He then went and got a box of ready shrimps, the one you can get from the supermarket and said he apologizes that he mixed the crab box with the shrimp box. So I didn't just eat crab, I ate cheap crab, how delightful.

Disappointing Vacation. No waterfalls. Bad Food. Lebanon, never again.

CLASSROOM OF THE MONTH

WINNER:
GRADE 12

Congratulations Grade 12s!

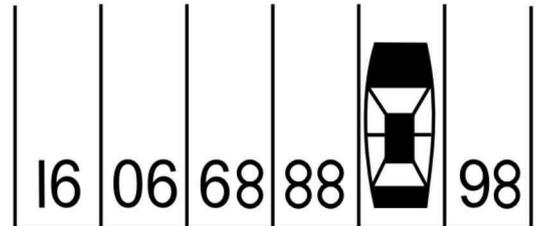
The 'Classroom of the Month' wins a Class Pizza Party on the last Thursday of the month!

Criteria:

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

MONTHLY BRAIN TEASER

What is the car's parking spot number?



Guess the correct answer to win something from the canteen!



@ CBS

- ➔ Progress Reports: November 9th
- ➔ Parent Conference Day: November 10th
- ➔ Career Day: November 17th
- ➔ International Day: November 24th
- ➔ HS Course Selection Parent Workshop: November 30th

'FUN DAY - 10th Dec



CBS Presents

Fun Day

Music, Food, Games, Prizes and more..

10-Dec-2016

Venue : Canadian Bilingual School, South Khaitan
www.khaitan.com