



THE KNES GAZETTE

February 2020



Sports galore!

Featuring in this bumper edition:

Articles, poems, short stories that touch the heart, pictures from various school activities and much more ...

Editorial:

Sporting bonanza with sprinkle of culture and a dash of science!

Dear readers,

I would like to welcome you to this bumper edition of the KNES gazette. Recently, we have been witnesses to busy spell or period for both students and teachers with various activities and celebrations sweeping across the school.

Two weeks ago, we saw the sporting side to our students as every year group – from early years to secondary, had the opportunity to participate in sports day. This well organized and eventful week was put together by the **PE** department with each sports day entailing a variety of sporting activities enjoyed not only by those within KNES, but also with those closest to our students - the parents!

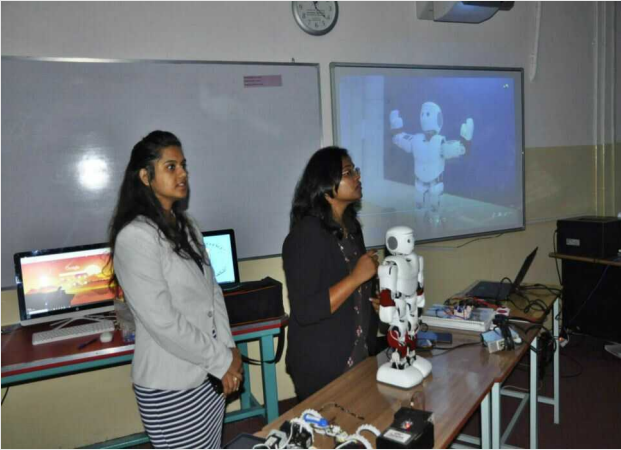
Additionally, the student council organized a successful and vibrant 'International day' for the secondary department. Booths were set up to showcase various cultures from across the world. To celebrate each country's culture, performances, food and a mini 'haute couture' was put on show with judges giving out prizes to the most outstanding in each section. Furthermore, the science department held a science fair for primary and secondary students. In allocated teams' students were given the platform to showcase their scientific minds by putting together models that related to a science topic. Robotic arms, solar powered cities and wind turbines were just a few amongst our students' creative flair! Finally, with all these different activities on display students still had time to celebrate national day and valentine's day!

Kuwait national English school always strives for excellence and aims to bring out the best in our students. By offering a range of educational activities, support and guidance. We will always look to nurture a generation of future leaders.

Please sit back and enjoy this fabulous edition of the gazette, brought to you by our ever exuberant journalists (students).



Picture gallery – various events



Picture gallery – various events



International Day

On February 4th 2019 KNES celebrated International Day which was organized by the student council. International Day was formulated by Secondary students, and every form class represented a country they were assigned to. Students got the opportunity to dress up in the traditional clothes of the country they were representing, they brought in traditional food, set-up a booth for their country and they performed a special traditional dance. It was a fun day and staff, even primary staff, and students helped themselves to some 'scrumptious' food.

Feminism

Feminism has turned into a joke on the internet. Feminism is now synonymous with "man-hater". Feminists are portrayed as aggressive women who are never happy and want to be like men but it has always been about women. It was never about men; it was never about hating men or trying to be like them. It has only ever been about giving women equal and fair rights.

This 200-year-old movement is the reason why women today get to vote, why they get to earn money, why they can go to schools. If you think your mothers, sisters, daughters, female friends should have equal rights as men, then you are a feminist. It is as simple as that. There are of course various types of feminists, ranging from "Liberal Feminists" to "Radical Feminists" but the core belief remains the same: that women are not inferior to men, they deserve to have the same standards of living as men, and they deserve a good quality of life.

Feminism is about realizing that the patriarchal society we live in has made women feel pressurized to look a certain way. On TV screens, in magazines, on billboards, you only see skinny women with curves, fair skin, straight hair making anyone who looks different from those models feel ugly, it is worth remembering that it is men behind the screens, and in advertising agencies that promoted this unfair and unrealistic body ideal. Girls from a young age are conditioned to think that their top priority should be pleasing men and being attractive. In fact, women have suffered so much trying to please men that they developed eating disorders as a result. You don't have to take my word for it, science has offered plenty of proof. Women/girls are constantly criticized for everything that they do and for how they look. They are always too fat or too skinny, too tall or too short, too bossy, too dark, too loud, too bold, just too much. Women who wear less clothes are degraded to "sl***" and women who cover themselves up are labeled as "old-fashioned", "narrow-minded", "restricted".

Growing up in Islamic countries, I have heard "Islam gives women rights, we don't need feminism" more times than I can count. Feminism is for ALL women, not just for Muslim women. Women's rights in Islam are overlooked and not given much attention which inevitably leads to mistreatment of women. Also, what about the severe problems that women in poorer countries face? What about women living in third world countries where they get acid thrown at them for merely speaking against men? What about the women who have to undergo FGM against their wills? What about the young girls who get married off to older men for money? What about girls who are forced to stay at home while their brothers go to school? You say feminism is unnecessary but who will speak up for the women who are tortured everyday just for being women? There are millions of women who are forced into marriages, raped, killed, denied basic necessities, and they need our help. You look at women from educated, rich families and think feminism is not needed but even they suffer; they are frequently told that they are not equal to men.

Feminism will always be relevant unless we have genuinely achieved gender equality and have given all women the right to lead the lives they want. And come on, if in today's day and age you still have a problem with feminism, get with it! -Emaan

Love is in the air!

On the 12th of February, the student council organized valentine's day celebration for our school (KNES). The shades of red shimmered around in the hallways, the scent of roses and the savory taste of cupcakes you could buy your secret lover, danced everywhere.

It was time for the long kept feelings to find their way out of shy mouths; friends supported friends, students admired students, and the environment flourished with love and acceptance.

To make things even more dazzling, the school organized a game of musical chairs; as two people from each class were chosen to represent and play. The excitement ate the playground and the laughs echoed in the sky; our final winner, Sherif, in year 8 got the cheers of a lifetime.

It was truly a wonderful day at KNES! -Jana

Unfaithful

The four walls of his large room felt as if they had gotten very close to him, making him feel trapped. The air seemed to have thinned as he no longer could breathe. The vibrant room no longer made him feel protected and secure, rather it felt as if the room had gone against him. His black phone started blowing up with messages from his friends asking him, pleading with him to run away. It was too late.

Derek and Amelia had been married for 10 years; their marriage was truly a fairy tale one. Both met at a café and instantly clicked. Throughout their marriage they had suffered through a lot, two miscarriages and three affairs, still they stuck with each other till the end. They had their fair share of fights, violent ones too. Today, however, was different. Derek felt the shift in atmosphere as he strolled into the living room. He was met by his loving and doting wife, "Hello Derek, do sit down." She gestured to an armchair positioned directly in front of him, Derek looked around the room and something was bugging him, something had changed, he just didn't know what. "I was cleaning around when I found this in your drawer," She pulled out a handwritten letter, written to 'Amanda Billard' Amelia's sister, "I read through it too. Is it true you 'hate how she moves around me, and that she has a big, stubby nose' which you find 'unattractive'? And that you're only with me because 'I can not have you, and I honestly feel pity for her,'? "Derek, explain," she commanded as calmly as she could although she was fuming.

Derek gulped, *no need to lie now*, "Yes, I do fancy Amanda more than you, in fact, I have visited her multiple times." That was the last straw. Amelia let out an ear deafening scream and grabbed the nearest item she could find and hurled at Derek, the intensity of the blow made him stumble backwards and land flat on his back. The apple bruised his lower lip and he could see the intense hatred in Amelia's eyes, it was the end.

The lamp barely missed his head this time, he didn't even flinch. Instead he wiped away blood from his bottom lip and sunk into his arms, the shouting got louder, the screaming got rowdier. Amelia was pacing around the room. The glass only just missed his feet this time, shards of the previous one still sticking out next to the floorboard beside him, reminding him that this was real. He drew in a sharp breath as the silhouette got dangerously closer. She grabbed a hold of Derek's shirt, fisted her right hand and punched him viciously on the face, and he collapsed on the floor again. The witch got angrier, more violent, too deadly!

She laughed menacingly and dropped down to Derek's level, in a high-pitched voice she muttered, "You never made me happy, my turn." The seconds turned into minutes, minutes to hours, for she was just standing over his limp, shivering body, waiting, silently begging for a response.

She got none. Instead after she'd turned away, she was pushed to the ground by a force that was inhumane. Derek. His shoulders slouching. head hung low. breathing heavy. He walked over, dragging his feet across the maroon, burgundy carpet. Each step sounded like a low, guttural growl, she backed up against the wall, what she saw next, she would remember forever. His warm, affectionate green eyes had turned into dark, menacing ones that showed no resemblance to how they were, his shadow itself seemed to have grown twice its size, he was only 5'9 but he seemed to be over 7 foot. He grabbed a ... - [Rania](#)



Remind Me.

I forgot the crippling effect you could have on me. The way you could wrap your fingers around my throat and take away all the air I needed. I forgot how you always took away my voice so I couldn't cry out for help. I forgot how strong your grip could be, holding me down so hard that no amount of thrashing around or struggling could set me free. I forgot how you could sneak up on me in the middle of the night and rattle me to the bones. I forgot how weak and unworthy you made me feel, how you always managed to convince me that I'm unlovable. I forgot how you controlled every movement of mine, making me curl up into a ball and cry so I could feel how pathetic and helpless I really was. I forgot that you could break me down in ways no one ever could.

I forgot. Until you reminded me again. - [Emaan](#)

I'm in Love with you

It's the way you say 'I love you' and the way you hold my hand
There's just so much about you I completely understand
It's the twinkle in your eye that I only see when you look at me
It's the warmth of your hands it sends a shock straight to my feet
It's how you always amaze me, you surprise me all day long
This I know is true
Baby, I'm in love with you! - Omar

Be my valentine forever

I love you for a lifetime
Not only for a day
I love you for who you are
Not what you do or say

I love the way you love me back
So there is only one thing I can say
I love you baby with my heart and soul and every other way
So will you be my valentine not only for one day -
- Omar

I miss you

The sudden change
has been driving me crazy
no more texts
no more calls
more sadness and tears
have I done something wrong?
I don't deserve what I've been feeling
thinking I've ruined something so beautiful
is it ruined?
don't confirm that
my brain already hurts
just thinking of it
I love you
don't stay away from me
for too long
it hurts
come back
I miss you. Fatima Al-Kharsa



Too late...

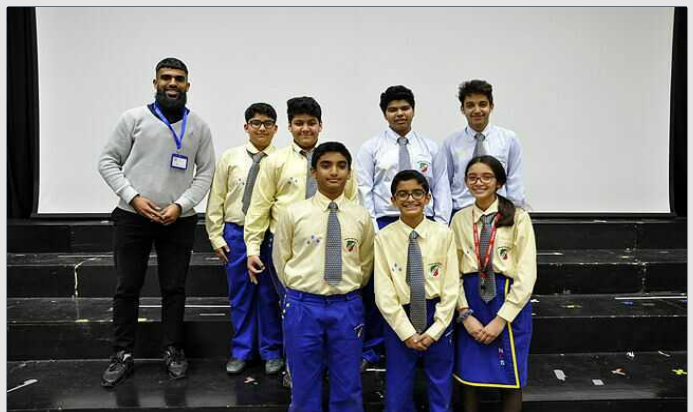
Being loved is a bliss
Someone to love is all I miss
It's high time, yes I fear
I'll never be loved its now clear
Denied, rejected, crushed by all
Like the rotten leaves of the fall
They blame me as they leave,
No one will ever love me as I believe

I despise what you did,
I despise how it hurt,
I despise how you left me alone to die in the dirt,
I despise how I loved you,
I despise how I felt,
I despise everything you said,
That made my heart melt,

Poison to my mouth were her kisses,
Slowly infecting me with her whispers,
Sane to insanity,
Joy to sorrow,
She stole my smile, bring it back!
I remember when I still had ownership of my own smile,
The whole world smiled back,
But now when I cry the loudest,
I look around me and no one's around.

Oh wait You're apologizing?
Your apology is neither wanted nor needed
Whatever you've done to me cannot be mended....

- Yousef al Jasmi



Loneliness: Is it cowardice or protection?

noun: **loneliness**: The fact of being without companions; solitariness.

Song: TONYA. Artist: BROCKHAMPTON

That's what Loneliness is to me. So just to be the bearer of bad news for a second. Undesired loneliness is not protection or cowardice. It's just Loneliness. But what is it when you do desire Loneliness? When you seek it. Desired Loneliness to me well, will always be cowardice for whatever reason. When you place yourself in a state of being where you stop feeling, loving, living, experiencing. Where you're blocked off from majority of everyone and everything but at your own desire. So let me tear this topic apart

Well, start with Loneliness is protection. Although you already know my bias, like a good writer I'll go against my own beliefs (I think that's what good writers do). I can understand why some people might desire to be lonely. We all do. It's a state of being that is needed for us as humans to live. How? Let me give you a simple and general millennial example to set the mood. You are 16-year-old male in the heights of puberty; growth spurt, and TESTOSTERONE!!! You have a girlfriend, also 16 and getting off the puberty train. It's Valentine's Day. You're excited, walking through the halls with a bouquet of flowers, and owwwww, she's passionately kissing another guy! You go back home early, claiming to be "sick" because you needed to get out of there you needed to be home. You're mad, furious and sad, confused questions, questions, so many questions! Your mind's racing with your thoughts and your head is about to explode! You need to sleep. You sleep. Wake up refreshed, but still have not forgotten because it's just phase one of the breakup. Now I'm not going to go through all the phases but one is loneliness. There is a reason you need to leave, because you needed to be alone. And there is a reason you needed to be home because your home is your sanctuary, your healing circle because that's what loneliness is right now in this scenario. It's healing. And that's why we need loneliness

But what is it when you use loneliness for protection. It hurts the people around you. You push them away and you consciously know it even though you will never admit it. You know it. It makes the people wonder, it makes me wonder what am I doing wrong. Why am I the one that has to be played with and practically abused with just to get you to a certain point of understanding within yourself. At this point, you don't use loneliness as protection as you've broken out of that, but the damage is already done. My relationship with you starts to be: You hurt my life saying it's for my own advantage. Saying it'll help me in my development because I will come out as a better person, better for me. But again what is the use when the damage is done? The problem is that your energy is the chaotic one, not mine. I'm trying to persevere my 'Mary Magdalene energy'. My loving and healing energy that wants nothing but peace and love and happiness. I know you and your loneliness for protection is not for me; it's wrong in my world, in my laws. I don't know why it's not clicking with me. Even as I'm typing it I still don't want to disconnect from you and leave. Leave you and your loneliness and your protection. I want to live and prosper and experience. To keep changing and thriving and doing better for myself. You are okay with your little lifeless cycle. I am not.



Dedications:



Dear readers,

Please welcome our February edition and the first of 2020! As usual, we have covered a variety of activities around the school, thereby enriching this edition of our gazette with news items, articles, poems and much more. Prominent among these are the valentine day celebration and the sports week.

On behalf of the team, I would like to express our gratitude to **Madame Chantal**, the pillar of our school, whose enthusiasm for what we do has neither wavered nor waned since our inaugural edition. We cherish your support! A special appreciation to some members of our SMT for their continued, unflinching encouragement — Dr. Raouf, Mrs Gaythree and Mr Bernie to mention a few.

This edition has been difficult to put to bed. A lot of our contributors moved on to pastures new - graduating to universities etc. We had to go on a recruitment drive and I'm happy to report that this has paid off. We are happy to welcome Omar and Jad on board. It took a while to shake off the rust and I'll like to congratulate everyone for delivering when it mattered most. You (student writers) are such a dream team and there will no KNES gazette without you. A special 'shout out' to Jana (my able assistant) for your constant reminders to colleagues - to attend meetings and to send in their contributions. Thank you Kishen for the editorial piece. Let's keep the flag flying guys.

Finally, a huge 'thank you' to our regular readers. Happy reading!

Michael Bardi (Editor-in- chief)

Contributors:

- Emaan Mirza - Year 11
- Fatima Al Kharsa - Year 11
- Yousef Al Jasmi - Year 11
- Jad Bashir - Year 11
- Rania Umer - Year 10
- Omar Eraky - Year 9
- Jana Yousef - Year 9

Editorial:

- Mr Kishen Parbat



ESPAÑA

hola!

INTERNATIONAL DAY CELEBRATION

