

Duneha Times

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Saturday

If Wolves Lived On Mars

BY ANONYMOUS

To begin with: my name is Cedar Fanwood. I am not sure whence I come from, or if I am native to anyplace or anything. As far as my knowledge goes, not even my name links me to 'unknown roots. But I don't mind that, because I don't believe that there are many people left in this world who can honestly say their name is their home. And so, I am Cedar Fanwood. Unforgivingly, relentlessly, conceitedly -a wave of short auburn curly hair flew past.

It shocked me out of my reverie and warped me back to the present. Hickory Corolla, owner of the said fiery crop, pushed me aside to make tampering with the submarine's electronics easier for him.

Sometimes, he made me feel like the most useless person to ever board a submarine.

With his swamp green eyes, expressive hollow-cheeked face, tall vigorous physique, and healthy bronze skin (contrary to my own black-brown eyes and disconsolately wan visage), Hickory was easily the handsomer of the two of us. He was also of an astute, quick-witted disposition, and a more stalwart, resolute, *caring* person I believe never was born -although he was rather sharp-tongued at times.

But putting such distressing information aside, he was the best person I had ever met. "Cedar, go be miserable at the other end of the submarine, *please*," said the voice of Hickory. I say voice because my friend stood absolutely still; not even his mouth moved as he spoke. He was staring at the screen above the control panel. "Is something wrong?" I mumbled. In that infectiously sickening silence, with only the 'blooop... blooop... blooop...' of the radar as Hickory eyed the screen with violent vengeance, I couldn't help but feel nervous. "Cedar Fanwood, how long do you plan to have us waft about like this? A captain's job is to steer the ship, not waft it." "Ah!" I reddened with acute chagrin. "Of course!" I advanced to the steering stand. "Thanks for reminding me, Hickory," and as an afterthought,



Free Canva image of Mars

"what would I do without you?" He grimaced. "Without me? You'd crash into the shore of some island -watch out Cedar!"

The submarine -we called her the *Spicebush Swallowtail*- was reaching the shallow coastal areas of a near island at an alarming pace; if I hadn't done the right maneuvers in time, the *Spicebush Swallowtail* would have gotten stuck in the sand, and that is very inconvenient in terms of submarines.

I got the *Spicebush* to surface safely, much to the irritation of Hickory, who would have gladly gotten us stuck just for the sake of proving that I was an absolute failure. "Let's get out!" he cried, opening the hatch. "I am not a fan of continual Fanwood." "Are you kidding?" I laughed, suppressing the petty urge to roll my eyes. Standing on the submarine's roof, I deployed our inflatable raft.

"Fanwood has a tendency to rub off on people." I continued. "Next thing you know and the both of us will be absent-mindedly driving into island shores." With a good-natured chuckle, Hickory threw his arm over my shoulders.

Brotherhood -in all its forms- is a valuable thing.

By then, we were standing on the maroon sand of an empty beach. We had pulled our little raft ashore. All was silent, apart from the calm shushing crash of waves and the shuffle of our feet.

My mind felt empty and loose without the persistent submarine cacophony it was used to. The island looked odd, I thought. It was all rusty red -sort of smelled like rust, too. And it was all crimson beach, as far as the eye could see. "It's cold." my friend stated flatly. I looked up. "Hickory, is it night already?"

The sky was empty and pitch black, except for two things. They were bright. One was larger than the other, more like an asteroid, while the second twinkled like a vehement young star. I looked back at the shore.

"Um, how far inland are we, do you suppose?" I blurted. "Or is it my eyes?" Hickory quickly produced a little flashlight from his pocket. Even in that deathly dark, I saw his face go pale. He waved the light frantically, he rubbed his eyes, he walked to and fro, forwards and backwards, he asked me to pinch him, to shake him into consciousness, but none availed.

"Cedar, the water! It isn't here!" His voice went hoarse and low. Manly yet hysteric. It was a comically desperate blend of the weak in him and the strong. "The *Spicebush Swallowtail*, the raft, our things... *nothing's here!!!*" I held him firm by the shoulders. "Hickory, *don't*, don't panic. We must have strayed from the shore... things like shores don't have a habit of disappearing, I assure you. We've traveled tons around the world together to be sure of something stupid like that."

Though I needed much pacifying myself, I managed to calm my friend - to a degree. Hickory and I sat on the beach, back to back. Figured it would be the best way to think over our puzzlingly dreadful predicament.

An hour passed; I'm not sure if it was an hour, or a minute, or a second, or a fraction of that, for, you see, we had no way of telling time. We had gotten so used to the silence, the dark, the rusty smell, the cold, the isolation by then, that any change in our surroundings would have shocked us.

And yet we were so comfortable in our despondency that we were almost lulled to sleep. I tried to stay sensible to our surroundings. A stream of wind, a whirly gush of heat, powdered glass sand...

Image credit: @reallygreatsite

And as our eyelids began to falter -a howl. Loud. Strong. Clear.



Free Canva image of red sand dunes

Letter from the Editor

Dear readers,

Welcome to the November edition of DUNEHA Times!

I would like to thank all the wonderful people who contributed to our newsletter this month. Your submissions are highly appreciated and we'd love to see more in the future! As for all of you who sent your contributions a little late (after the assigned deadline), worry not! Your poetry, stories and drawings will be included in the next edition.

If you're already interested in sending us your latest piece (be it written or otherwise), you can email newsletter.duneha@gmail.com.

Thank you all for your ongoing support and happy reading!!!

All the very best,

*Aya S. Khalaf,
The editor*

The Circle of Hope

BY HAFSAH SMAJLOVIC



“Hey!” The call drifts on the wind from the house. I didn’t answer. I was in a dream. Our backyard was big and the house was several meters away. It always reminded me of a green forest; trees and long grass filled the backyard. The trampoline stood in the middle. I was jumping up, down, high. My hair flew, my clothes felt light. I jumped higher, higher. Beyond the old garage, there was a circle patch. As I jumped, I could see it perfectly, a blissful three seconds before losing sight, seeing it again. It wasn’t much to other people, I suppose, but to me it was everything.

The sky was always a bright blue, of an indeterminate shade. It looked like they took many shades and mixed them together to make that shining, airy blue. Big, puffy clouds stayed suspended right in the middle and sides of the circle of blue. They looked pearly, slightly pink yet blindingly white. That place looked far away, and I knew that circle rested above something I could not reach, yet. The place where I could always be. That circle looked so free and bright and. . . and perfect. Always carefree. And happy. I’d been having troubles at home.

The circle was always shining and content. I didn't know why I felt so allured, but when I jumped up, felt the wind lift me, the breeze swift through me, I saw the circle and wished I was there. What was there? It didn't seem perfect, it was perfect. One day, I thought, maybe I could go there, and be free of the troubles that haunted me like a nightmare by night and was a nightmare by day. The deep breaths just to keep from screaming. The cold, empty tears streaming down my face to cool its burning. I switched directions mid - air and looked toward the other side. The mountain was green and loomed in the near distance. It did not look much more than a big hill, yet I knew that it was much taller than the tallest building in the world.

It was covered in green, green trees, and the smallest part of the much larger mountain. It was pleasant, but it didn't have the ethereal lightness the circle did. I turned around again, and as I jumped, I felt the wind lift me higher, it seemed, though sense told me it didn't. Yet sense also somehow told me that something inside me had lifted me higher. I imagined jumping into the air like the bird that is born of the breeze. Soaring high, soaring away. Some people say that when they close their eyes, their worries slip away. But not me. For me, I felt my worries glide away, a peace settle in me as I looked at that circle full of possibilities. One day, I resolved, I would go there, soar like the bird. To me, that circle was more than possibilities, brightness. It was the essence of a dream.



Image from Brain Stock
Photos, Royalty Free Brain
Images | Depositphotos

Random Fun Fact of the Month:

Do you know that your brain is actually eating itself? Yes! It's true! And it's happening literally all the time. According to the BBC Science Focus Magazine, this process is called 'phagocytosis'. That is when, quote, 'cells envelop and consume smaller cells or molecules, in order to remove them from the system'.

BBC Science Focus Magazine (2021). Yes, your brain is eating itself all the time. Here's why.
Available at: <https://www.sciencefocus.com/the-human-body/does-the-brain-eat-itself>
[Accessed on 11/13/2024]

The Anaconda's Lesson

BY IDREES ASHKER

Once upon a time, there was a huge tree in a big forest. Many animals lived on this tree. There were monkeys, birds, leopards and even tiny worms. There was also an Anaconda that lived nearby the tree. One morning, he came by the tree and watched all the animals one by one. He said to himself, "Why should I go out to hunt my food when I already have much on this tree?!"

He started making plans.

That was when a Macaw of the tree laid her six eggs. She was so happy to welcome her babies. When it was night, the evil Anaconda came back to the tree and made sure all animals were asleep. He slowly slithered through the tree and finally reached the Macaw's nest. He quietly started eating her eggs one after the other. He ate three of her eggs and slowly slithered away. Next morning, the Macaw woke up to look for her eggs and was surprised to see three of her eggs missing. She ran to her friends on the tree. She first went to the Monkey, "Did you see my missing eggs?" The Monkey replied, "Monkeys don't eat eggs and I don't know about your eggs." She then flew to the Leopard, "Did you see my missing eggs?" The Leopard replied, "I don't like eggs and I don't know about your eggs."

Suddenly an Owl came flying to her and said, "Are you looking for your eggs?" Macaw said, "Yes." "I know what happened to them. They were stolen by the evil Anaconda the last night." The Macaw was shocked and started crying. She sadly flew into her nest.

Soon, all her friends hurried to her. The Owl started talking, "Dear friend, I know you are sad but let's save your remaining eggs and teach the Anaconda a lesson! I'm sure he will come back for your other eggs." The Monkey added, "Let's surprise him with a trap!" The Leopard said, "All the animals in this tree will stay together and make a big trap for him."

All animals, big and small, gathered together to plan for the trap. They decided to knit a huge net around the Macaw's nest. After a long day, the animals went back to sleep. That night, the Anaconda came back to get the remaining three eggs. He came close to it, smelled it and opened his mouth wide to gobble it when... "Push him in!" said all the animals and together they pushed him into the trap. The Anaconda fell into the net and couldn't move anymore. He learned his lesson!

The Bake Sale

BY HUDA RAHEEL

This story is about two sisters named Ayiza and Mariya.

Mariya is crazy and Ayiza is diligent and does everything precisely. They were having a bake sale at school.

Mariya wanted to bake chocolate chip cookies. Ayiza decided to bake brownies.

Mariya put in macaroni, peas, strawberries, watermelon, apples, carrots, cucumbers, chocolate chips, flour, and rice in her cookies.

Ayiza followed the correct recipe for her brownies.

Everyone at school loved Ayiza's brownies and had so much fun in guessing the ingredients of Mariya's cookies.

We should follow the recipe but also not be afraid of experimenting...



Free Canva cookies image



Free Canva brownies image



Free Canva baking image

The True Causes of PCOS

BY AYA KHALAF

Lately, more and more women are being diagnosed with PCOS. Especially younger female individuals. A disorder that is thought to be ancient and virtually incurable, PCOS, Polycystic Ovary Syndrome, is an imbalance in the hormones that happens when the ovaries make an excess amount of androgens (a type of hormone). This is often accompanied by high insulin levels and little follicle cysts on either or both of the ovaries because of anovulation. However, not all women who suffer from PCOS have ovarian cysts. And though this disorder is considered rather common in the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, it is said that the exact cause of Polycystic Ovary Syndrome is yet unknown. But why is the rate of prevalence of this syndrome increasing over the last couple centuries, and what are its causes?

Since there is no actual historical or medical proof that ancient people suffered PCOS, or at least that it was not half as common in women as it is today, it is safe to assume that something different is happening to us; something that didn't happen or was not predominant in older times. As previously mentioned, PCOS cases are escalating in recent years.

This makes me wonder: is some unseen variable at play?



Image from [PCOS Stock Photos](#), [Royalty Free PCOS Image](#), | Depositphotos

This brings to mind three possibilities: the first being the increasing population of the world. With an increased amount of people one would imagine that there would be an increased amount of PCOS, but if this really were the case the percentage of PCOS women would have remained the same even if the population became larger. This does not explain the sudden rise.

The second possibility is the heightened awareness about Polycystic Ovary Syndrome, which did not have a name before it was 'discovered' in 1935. This is a plausible reason, especially since it is estimated that up to 70% of women worldwide who have PCOS remain undiagnosed, and many women who do have the opportunity to see medical professionals often get misdiagnosed.

There are many cases in which PCOS is misdiagnosed as types of neurodivergence, like ADHD or OCD, or simply cast aside by doctors as “unimportant” and “will go away with time”.

Such things are said especially about the physical symptoms of PCOS. More women learning about this disorder and identifying it would naturally occur in a seeming escalation in the number of women who have it, but this does not clarify why PCOS is happening to younger females more than ever, particularly when PCOS used to be less ordinary for preteen or early teenage girls.

This also does not explain why, in history, we do not hear of such an ailment affecting the women then in any manner similar to the way it is affecting the women now.

This brings us to the third and final possibility: genetic mutation.

Genetic mutation is when the DNA sequence is changed. This is caused by chemicals and radiation, amongst other lethal things.

But in simpler terms, genetic mutation is caused by pollution.

Something that the entire world has been suffering from terribly since the industrial revolution- which also happens to be the same time when the cases of PCOS began to escalate. As mentioned before, it was only in the 1900's when Polycystic Ovary Syndrome was properly explained.

According to research, not only chemicals and radiation can affect the DNA, but also air pollutants, and the effect of such exposure can be transgenerational. So what about pollutants that we take in directly?

This links with the fact that some of the factors that contribute to the development of PCOS are the type of lifestyle and the environment one lives in. In addition to that, many researchers agree that there is a strong link between the prevalence of obesity and the prevalence of PCOS. Between 38% to 88% of people with PCOS are overweight or obese, keeping in mind that obesity started to become common around the 1960's.

Obesity is caused by consuming high fat and high sugar foods without using up the energy gained from eating them. It is also a symptom of unregulated hormones because of these ultra-processed foods. Unregulated hormones is the *main* feature of PCOS.

Such foodstuffs are manufactured by the large food industries that we are exceedingly reliant on in this century. This also keeps in line with the fact that more developed countries -countries which possess ample access to such food production- have a higher rate of PCOS prevalence.

It is important to point out here that many products from these industries include heavy metals and microplastics in their food items, whether incorporated intentionally or unintentionally.

And apart from that, the general usage of plastic for storing foods and liquid in itself contaminates the food.

Heavy metals and microplastics are pollutants. Pollutants we are constantly ingesting.

There is no end to the list of food items that include heavy metals and microplastics; spices, dried herbs, fish, rice, chicken nuggets, chocolate, and even fruits and vegetables. Shockingly, it was found that there is a high level of microplastics and heavy metals in baby food, such as cereals and applesauce 'pouches'.

Many consumers have found lead and cadmium -even mercury and arsenic- in chocolate bars, cake mixes and other such products from popular brands like Nestle and Hershey's, though the manufacturers continually insist that the items are still safe to eat.

But it is not 'safe' to eat any of this. We eat pollutants, we breath pollutants, we drink pollutants, pollutants run in our blood, and thus genetic mutation ensues.

The aforementioned 'possible causes' of this disorder (genetic inheritance, lifestyle, and environment) all make it very possible that this increase in PCOS is actually because of the 'modern life' we are living.

A type of life that exposes us constantly to everything that is harmful to human beings. Does this mean that this sudden bloom of PCOS was triggered because of the toxicity that surrounds us from all corners?

Is PCOS induced by intoxication?

Whether the true cause of the escalating prevalence of Polycystic Ovary Syndrome is toxicity or some other unknown source, PCOS is a global problem -a pandemic, one might say- that requires more thought and attention than it often receives. And for the sake of womankind, who suffer from this generally 'overlooked' illness more than many people may think, let's work hard to put an end to PCOS once and for all.

NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR:

As mentioned in the article, the actual causes of PCOS are disputable. The aim of this article is to provide a different perspective on PCOS and its causes by using a more 'systems thinking' type of approach in connecting existing data and information.

If you would like to view the references, paste this link into your browser:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1Fkt_57o1WhNTZNBgjB5JBmI2haXs5URqFu2I4v3xp1Y/edit?usp=sharing

Onwards, Upwards, Downwards

A POEM BY ANONYMOUS

Arrogance!!!
The beauty of you.
When I hold the chance,
In my very hands,
I slave for the love of you.

And lo!!!
There I am.
You, my crowning jewel,
My aspirations condensed,
Have lifted me to heights.

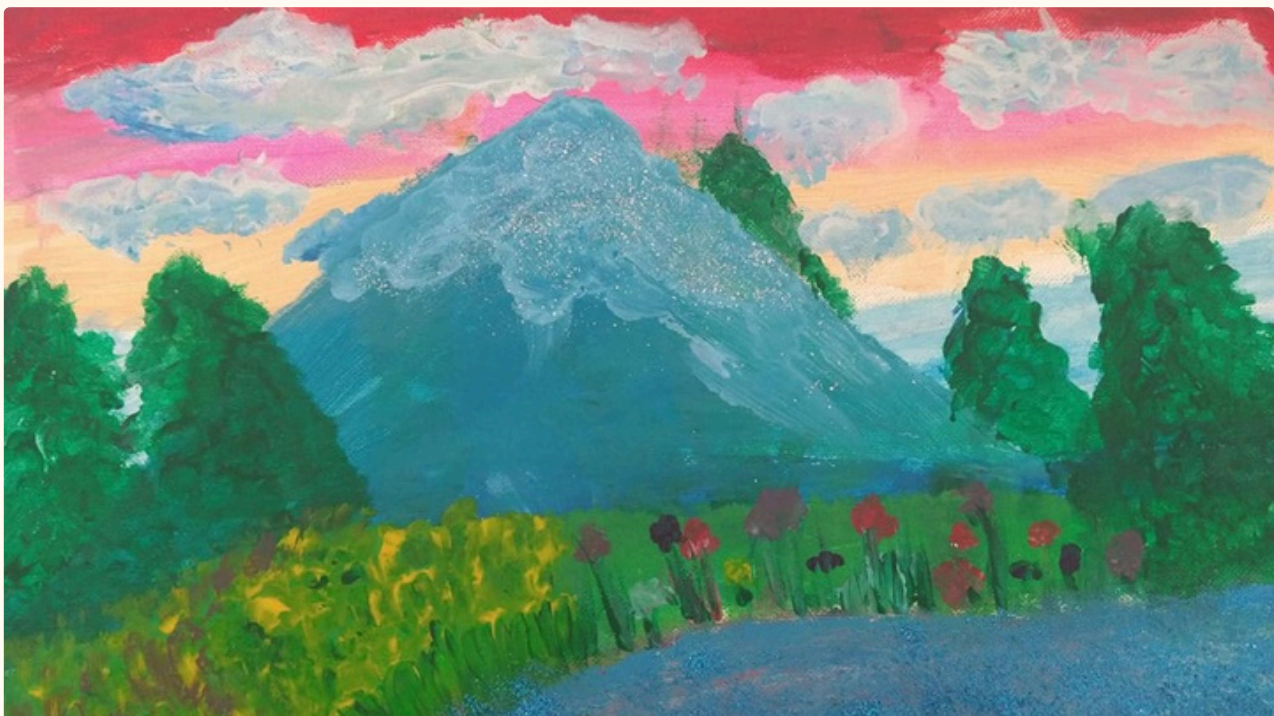
You've raised me!!!
With your index and thumb.
Up the steps,
The pyramid steps,
To immortal majesty.

And the skies!!!
I can touch.
I feel them succumb,
Like the soil crumbs,
Under the gaze of my eyes.

And people!!!
I have them.
To toil all my toils,
And think for my brain,
As my power sinks deeper.

To stop!!!
Would be madness.
And those who attempt,
To start my descend,
Will find their courage drop.

But Arrogance!!!
How you have failed me.
For all my might,
For all my glory,
My grave does disagree.



Painting by Huda Raheel titled: Sunset by the Mountain Lake

Counting

A POEM BY HAFSAH SMAJLOVIC



Free Canva image of a cat

Running my hand
Against the familiar furry side of you
The fur which I now cry in
The beautiful chestnut side I have
stroked so many times,
The sweating coat which used to be so
silky,
I wonder, weeping,
If I will ever see you again
Burying my face.
You muzzle me as best as you can
With weak frailty
That startles me
A soft whinny that shows your pain
As much as mine
Strong as breaking day and clear as
falling night
Please, breathe
Counting to keep my eyes from crying
My heart from breaking
One two three
Breathe
Four five six

Breathe, please, breathe
Pulling gently the scraggly mane that
used to be so lustrous
Used to be born of the wind of the
gallops in the mountains
Looking into the once bright eyes
Now so suffering
I see the depth
Wrapping my arms around my best
friend's neck
My best friend who is lying on the
floor
I will wait
And in the meantime
Seven eight
Fight
I will not wait in your battle
But join you in it
Nine ten
Breathe please breathe

Day and Night

A POEM BY HIBA SYEDA



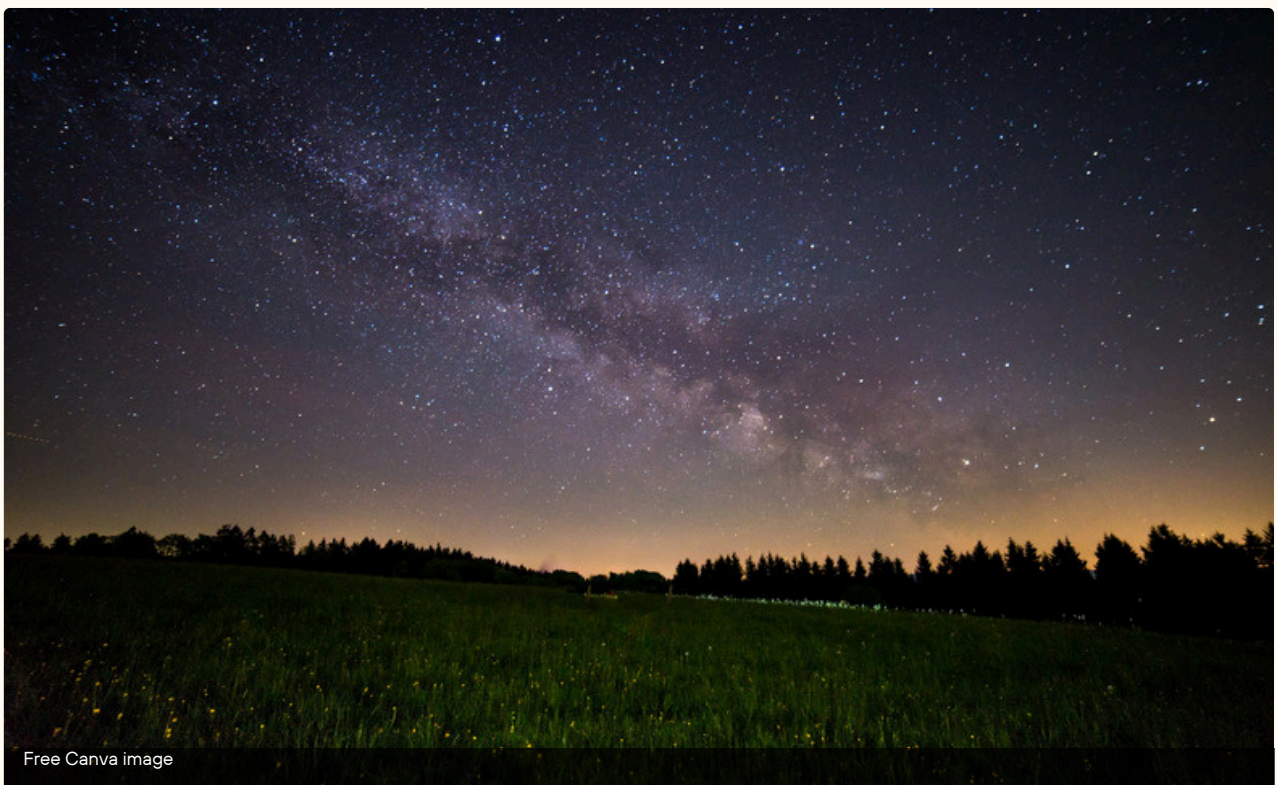
Day and night
Warm and cold

How the sun
Shines like gold

While the night is dark
And moon silver

But both have
Their own beauties

Created by the one



Welcome Spring!

A POEM BY MARIAM ALHOSAINI

How nice it feels,
When the flowers begin to bloom
Out of their colorful bulbs.

As Spring begins to spread.

Welcome Spring! Welcome
Spring!

Welcome to our world.

Birds will start to sing,
And flowers will cheer.
You will always be happy enough

To see us every year.
Because each time you visit,
The world leaves the cold behind.

Welcome Spring! Welcome
Spring!

When it's time for you to leave,
We all say goodbye,
And hope to see you again.



Free Canva image

Delicious Muffin Recipe

BY MARIAM ALHOSAINI

INGREDIENTS

- 2 cups (260 g) all-purpose flour
- ½ cup (100 g) granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup (180 ml) milk, room temperature
- ½ cup (114 g) unsalted butter, melted and cooled
- 2 large eggs, room temperature
- 2 tablespoons sugar, optional

INSTRUCTIONS

- Preheat the oven to 350°F. Line a muffin pan with paper liners.
- Whisk the flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt together in a bowl.
- Whisk the milk, butter, and eggs until well combined in another bowl.
- Add the flour mixture and stir with a silicone spatula until combined.
- Divide the batter evenly between the muffin cups and sprinkle the tops with coarse sugar (if using).
- Bake for 20-25 minutes, or until a toothpick inserted comes out dry.
- Transfer muffins to a wire rack to cool completely. Muffins are best the day they are made, but they can be stored for later use.

enjoy!



My Journey to Homeschooling

BY AFTAB AHMED

Part One: Early School Days

I still remember my first day of nursery school like it was yesterday. As we approached the classroom, I saw children running around, laughing and playing. My father knelt down to my level, his eyes filled with kindness and reassurance. When he finally let go of my hand, I burst into tears. I cried and cried. He gave me one last wave and walked away, leaving me in the care of my new teacher.

The crying didn't stop after that first day. The teachers tried their best to comfort me, but nothing seemed to work.. By the end of FS2, I had received a C grade.

My parents decided that a change of environment might help, so we moved to Pakistan. Leaving behind familiar faces and places was hard, and in Pakistan, I repeated FS2. The school was different, the teachers were different, and so were the children. I started to enjoy school. I managed to pass FS2, and because I had already done it once, I was allowed to skip grade 1.

After completing FS2 in Pakistan, we moved back to Dubai. Returning to Dubai was another big change. In Dubai, I joined grade 2. But it wasn't all smooth sailing. There were still moments of doubt and fear, but I learned to adapt and make the best of my new situation.

Part Two: Learning and Growing

Grade 3 was full of changes and challenges, having skipped Grade 1 and completed Grade 2 in Dubai. There I had my first encounter with inappropriate language and gestures, and it left a lasting impression on me.

Another major challenge was the language barrier. Coming from Pakistan, adjusting to an English-speaking environment was tough. I struggled with reading, writing, and understanding the lessons.

Despite this challenge, I remember the first time I received a good grade on an English assignment. It felt like a huge victory.

In Grade 4, I was more settled into the school routine, but the social dynamics were becoming more complex. One incident that stands out was a school fight that almost got me suspended.

It started when my friend was looking in my locker without my permission. We ended up in a physical fight. When the teacher arrived, my friend told her what had happened. He was suspended for his actions. Despite the fight, my academic performance improved significantly.

However, the academic pressures were overwhelming, and the constant cycle of studying and trying to meet expectations left me exhausted and anxious.

Part Three: Grade 5

Making friends in Grade 5 was difficult because many of them were involved in behaviors I didn't agree with. I often found myself alone during lunchtime, except for a few good friends who felt the same way.

In addition to these challenges, I was given the responsibility to take care of a boy named Jad in my class. Jad had dropped from grade 6 to my grade, and I was assigned to help him adjust. Jad introduced me to gaming, which quickly became a major part of my life.

Despite the challenges, I learned a lot about resilience and staying true to myself. The constant teasing and bullying made it hard to focus, but I managed to keep my grades up and stay on track. I learned to ignore the negative comments and focus on my goals, even though it was difficult.

Part four: Grade 6

When I was in grade 6, at just 10 years old, I faced numerous challenges, especially with my peers. In an attempt to cope, I started cheating my parents by secretly playing games on the bus. However, it also became an addiction that I couldn't easily shake off. One day, my sister caught me playing games on the bus, and my mom was shocked. My younger brother, who was in grade 1, also confessed to cheating. This revelation led to my introduction to homeschooling. Homeschooling was a significant change, but it also provided a safe environment where

I could focus on my studies without the negative influences and bullying I had experienced at school. It was a chance to rebuild my confidence and find new ways to cope with my challenges.

Part 5: Adjusting to Homeschooling

After transitioning to homeschooling, I quickly realized that this new way of learning required a different approach. With more time at home, I immersed myself in activities that I loved. Reading and drawing became my favorite pastimes, allowing me to explore new worlds and express my creativity. Football also became a significant part of my life. Joining a football academy and winning numerous medals taught me the importance of perseverance and teamwork. Every new beginning comes with its own set of challenges.

My goal is to become a scholar and a good doctor, using the skills and knowledge I've gained to make a positive impact. The journey has been challenging, but it has also been incredibly rewarding, and I look forward to the next steps with hope and determination.

After transitioning from traditional school, I faced several challenges but also discovered many benefits. Reflecting on this journey, I realize how much I've grown and how these experiences have shaped my outlook on life. And I know that with God's help, I can achieve anything I set my mind to.

Interview

BY HIBA SYEDA

I interviewed my mother who is a home schooler, Science and Biology teacher, and a wonderful mother.



Q1: Why did you choose to be a teacher?

Ans 1: My passion for teaching started when my siblings and cousins came to me for simplifying concepts they learnt at school. I see teaching to nurture and develop mentally strong, emotionally aware and socially responsible generation.

Q2: What grades do you teach?

Ans 2: I teach Science to middle and biology to high school.

Q3: How long have you been teaching for?

Ans 3: I have been teaching for 8-10 years

Q4: Do you enjoy your job?

Ans 4: I love my job because it gives me a sense of purpose.

Q5: Have you always wanted to be a teacher?

Ans 5: No, my target career was to be a geneticist. I wanted to research on Gene Therapy and develop ways in which hereditary diseases can be prevented or cured. This goal of mine was not achieved due to marriage and motherhood. I enjoyed it more than I would as a geneticist. When I decided to homeschool my kids, my love for teaching rekindled and hence, I became a teacher.

Q6: If you have children, how did you manage with parenting and teaching?

Ans 6: It was very challenging in the beginning. It was not just parenting and teaching for me, it was parenting, homeschooling, and teaching. My husband's support, outsourcing tasks, and soft discipline made it possible for me to manage my professional and personal life.

Q7: Have you ever thought changing your profession and if so, then why?

Ans 7: I never thought of changing my profession, but I would love to take a career break. Teaching is an overwhelming job with least amount of appreciation and huge workload.

Interview

BY ASIYA EBRAHIM

An interview with a laser dentist

Q1: Could you please tell us your name and what is your specialty in the field of dentistry.

Dentist: Yes, my name is Pavithra Kumar and I'm a laser dentist.

Q2: What made you choose this career?

Dentist: I was going to choose microbiology but a close relative convinced me to chose dentistry.

Q3: If a student would like to pursue dentistry, what steps would you advise them to take?

Dentist: The student should like the subject and be willing to be a long-time learner as well as willing to be patient.

Q4: Can you tell me some myths like if you drink apple cider vinegar your teeth will become black are true?

Dentist: It's not 100%. It really depends on quantity.

Q5: Which tooth brush tooth paste do you recommend using?

Dentist: I would recommend not a too hard or too soft brush and definitely not a very grainy toothpaste.

Q6: Do you think electric toothbrushes are better than regular brushes?

Dentist: No, I don't think electric toothbrushes are better than regular toothbrushes. I usually recommend electrical brushes for people who can't maintain normal toothbrushes.

Q7: If a patient has dental issues, does it also affect other parts of the body?

Dentist: Yes, it actually affects the heart you can have cardiovascular problems if you don't take care of dental issues.

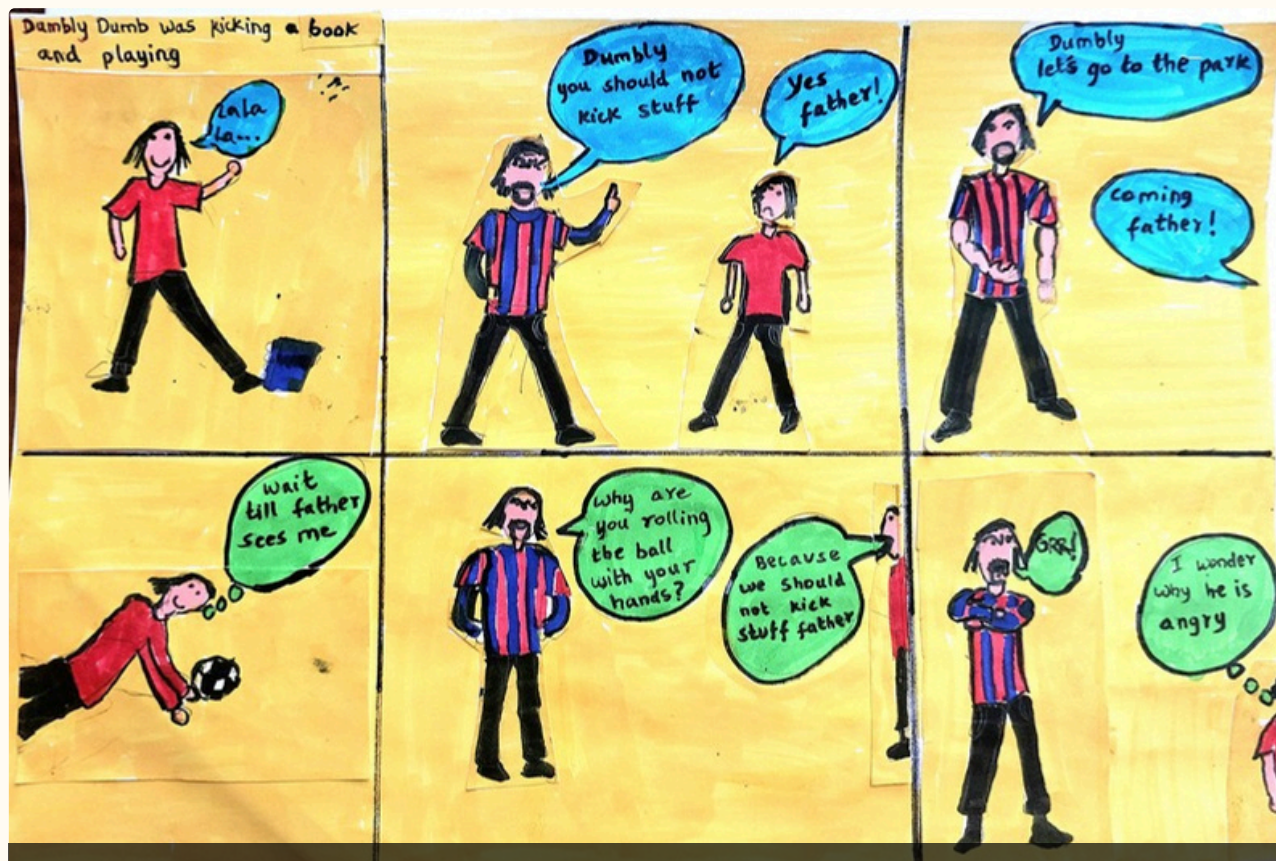
Q8: What is your favorite and least favorite dental tool?

Dentist: My favorite tool is actually the laser tool and my least favorite tool is the tooth remover called tooth remover forceps.

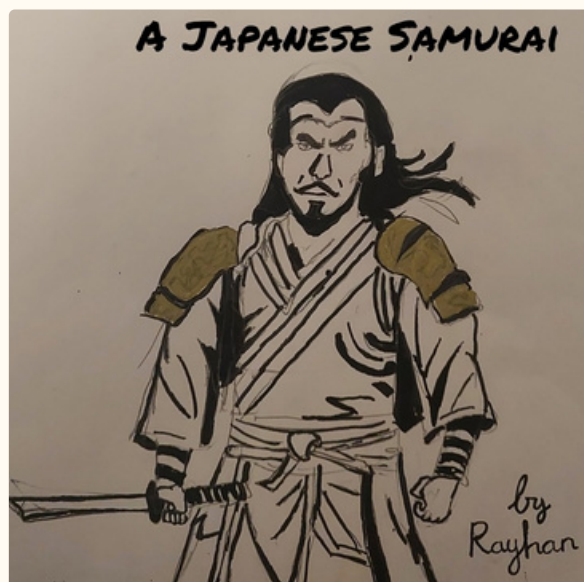


Comics

BY RAYHAN



from the 'Dumbly Dumb' comic series by Rayhan



Drawing of a Samurai, by Rayhan

Back in Time: the Samurai

In the past, samurai were highly skilled aristocratic warriors that were a part of the Japanese armies. And though they do not exist any longer, the cultural legacy of the samurai is still present.

Sources:

- <https://mai-ko.com/travel/japanese-history/samurai/do-samurai-warriors-still-exist-today>
- <https://www.blacktomato.com/inspirations/japanese-samurai-five-facts>

The Gallery

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