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YOUTH MAGAZINE

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غالباً الأشياء الجميله تأتي بعد صبر واعلم ان الصبر صعب لكن لابد
ان تشرق شمس الصباح بعد ظلمت الليل و كل يوم ونحن فيه
بصحة نعمة .ولا تنسو ايضاً انكم لستم مجرد نجوم في هذه الكون
.انتمو اعظم مافيه .تمسكو بالامل حتماً ستشرق شمسكم ربما
اليوم وربما غداً ..ملاك بجناح منكسر

Often, beautiful things come after patience. I know that
patience is hard, but the morning sun must rise after the
darkness of night. And every day we are in good health is a
blessing. Don't forget as well that you are not just stars in
this universe; you are the greatest part of it. Hold on to
hope; surely your sun will rise, maybe today, maybe
tomorrow...

G.A.

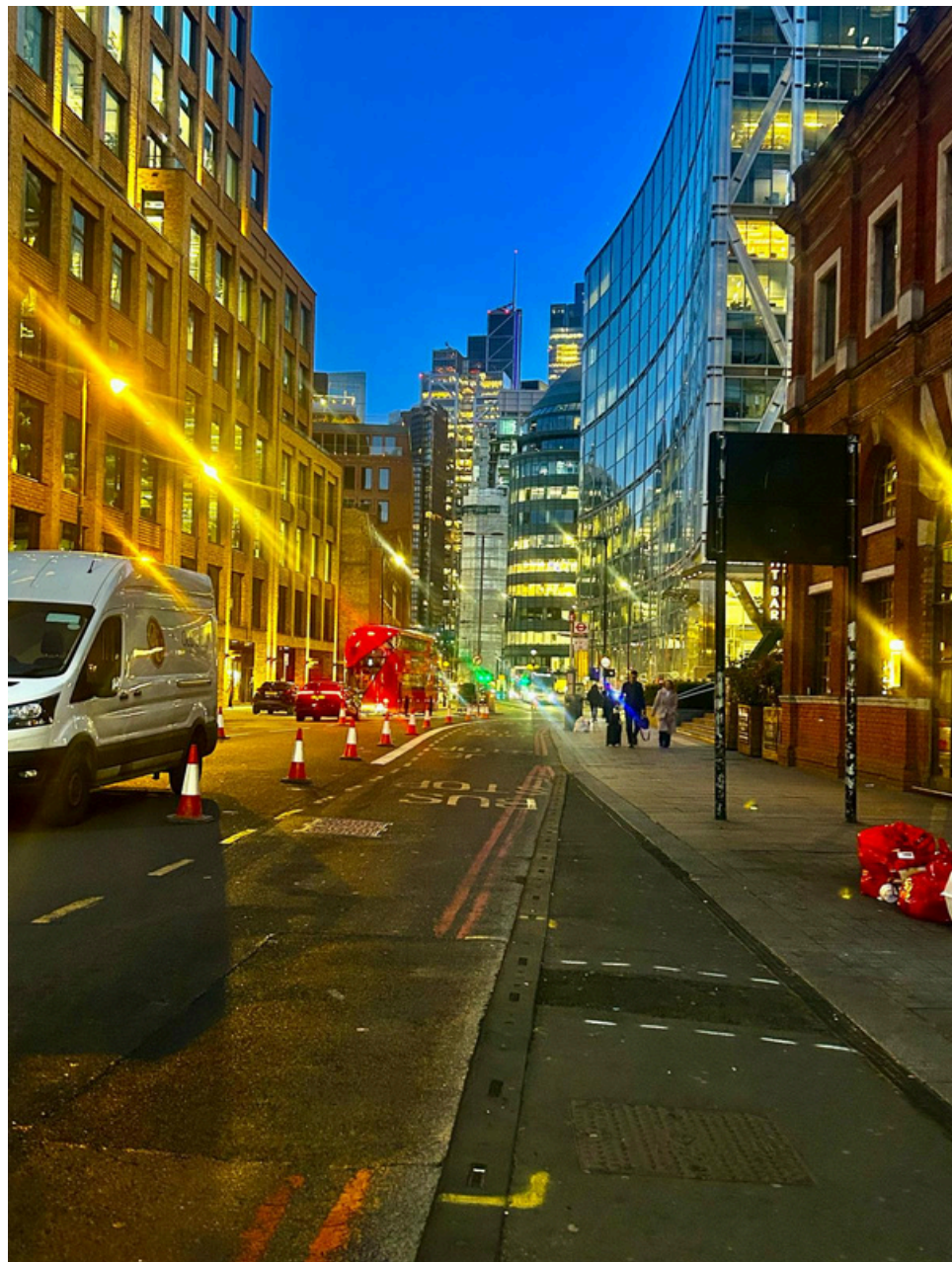
Tek Silahim Kalemim Satirlar Adresim Benim Ustume
 Var Beni Yargilama Ben Sessiz Batik Bir Ofkeyim
 Zorbalik Bana Gore Degil Ben Barut Kokan Namlulara
 Çiçek Takmaktan Ben Bariştan Ben Ozgurlukten
 Yanayim

**My only weapon is my pen,
 And my lines are my home.
 Do not corner me,
 Do not pass judgment.
 I am a quiet storm of rage.
 Cruelty is not my language.
 I place flowers in barrels that smell of gunpowder.
 I stand with peace.
 I walk with freedom.**

سلاحي الوحيد قلمي
 والسطور عنواني
 لا تُهاجمني، لا تحاكمني
 أنا صمّتٌ غاضب، غارقٌ في الأعماق
 الظلم ليس على مقاسي
 أنا من يعلّق الزهور على فوهات البنادق المشتعلة بالبارود
 أنا ابن السلام
 أنا مع الحرّية، قلباً وقالباً

H.M.









A LETTER TO MY FUTURE SELF

Dear future self,

I hope you're doing well wherever you are in life right now. As I write this, I have so many hopes, dreams and questions about the path ahead. Did we achieve our goals? Have we grown into the person we always wanted to be? Right now life feels like a mix of uncertainty and excitement. There are challenges I am facing, lessons I am learning and moments I am cherishing. I hope you look back and appreciate how far we've come, even if the journey is not easy. I want you to remember things that matter most like family, friendships, love and self growth. Stay true to your values, keep on learning, be like a sponge. Keep chasing your passions no matter what life throws at you, remain a kind and resilient being. No matter what, believe in you.

With love and hope,

Your past self.

T.D.

A TRAVEL GUIDE TO MY HOMETOWN

If you are planning to visit my town one day, the best time to come is during the summer (from March to July). This is because our summer is very different from the summer in the UK and other countries. It gets super hot, around 45 to 47 degrees. It's a great time to drink lots of juice and water. You'll drink more than you eat! The best time of day is in the evening, from 5 to 7 PM. The name of my town is Khartoum, and it is in Sudan.

You'll land at Khartoum International Airport. You can go to the Noon Café and Restaurant where you can try Sudanese food like shawarma and bagels. The bread is free. After that, you can go to Alwaha Mall because it's cool inside and a good place to relax for a bit. Then you can go to Bahri Market where you can buy meat for a barbeque near the River Nile. You can also visit Sheikh Ali Abu Shamla Mosque, which is in Alisalat (my area). It is a Sufi Mosque where you can see people dancing and singing in prayer. In Khartoum, you can see two rivers of different colours joining together. The Nile is so beautiful. It has so many fish. You can go fishing and you can even swim in the Nile. The water is so pure and clean that you can drink it. You can also see the town on the other side of the Nile and take a boat to get there.

What makes Khartoum really special is its people. They are very lovely. You can say hi to everyone and they won't be confused. They might even buy you food! Especially if you're from another country and visiting Khartoum, they'll take you home and give you everything. We treat guests with a lot of respect and love.

It is good to know a few phrases to use when you're there. You can say "Khaif hallak?" or "Khabar shnu?" which means "How are you?" And you can reply "Tamam, tamam" which means "I'm fine." It's better to say it two times to show that you're really fine.

There are many more things to enjoy in my hometown but I'll leave the rest as a surprise for you.





A LETTER TO MY FRIENDS

مرحباً يا صديقي اعلم أنك حزين ربما تشعر بالوحدة أعلم أنه ليس من السهل تجربة التشرد اعلم ان نومة الشارع ليست سهلة اعلم انك تحس أنه لا احد يفهمك انك ضائع تماماً أنا حقاً أفهم خوفك لا بأس لا بأس بأن تشعر هكذا أنا كنت مثلك تماماً ولكن يا صديقي لا شيء بالحياة سهل يجب عليك أن تكافح وتصابر سترى نور الشمس بعد ظلمة الليل سيزول خوفك سيكون لك بيت دافئ هي فترة مؤقتة لا غير فالآتي حتماً جميل

Hello, my friend. I know you are sad, perhaps feeling lonely. I know that experiencing homelessness is not easy. I know that sleeping on the street is not easy. I know you feel like no one understands you, that you are completely lost. I truly understand your fear. It's okay, it's okay to feel this way. I was just like you. But my friend, nothing in life is easy. You must fight and be patient. You will see the light of the sun after the darkness of the night. Your fear will fade, and you will have a warm home. This is just a temporary phase. The future is surely beautiful.

G.A.





I am sending this letter to my Muslim friends.

I am not a Muslim, but I love Ramadan days. I always remembered those days back when I was young. I grew up with Muslims. In the evening during Ramadan we would go into the street to give people food and drink. Ramadan in Sudan is very very special. People eat together in the road, even if you're not a Muslim you can eat with them from the same plate. People love each other. You don't insult people when you're fasting. During Ramadan people fast from sunrise to sunset, not eating or drinking, or making love. Ramadan Kareem.

G.N.

Ali kinik diyor ya seni uzerlerse haber ver bana ben seni kapinda nöbet beklerim çünkü ben severken çocuk gibiyim ben seni severken çocuk gibiyim seni severken çocuk gibiyim seni seviyorum çocuk gibiyim.

Ali Kinik says, "If they bother you, let me know,
I will wait by your door on guard,
Because when I love, I am like a child,
When I love you, I am like a child,
I am like a child when I love you,
I love you, like a child."

كما يقول علي كينك:
إن أذاك أحد، فأخبريني
سأقف حارساً على بابك
لأنني حين أحب، أكون كالأطفال
أنا حين أحبك، أكون كطفل
أحبك كالأطفال
أحبك... وأنا طفل في حبك

H.M.







قصة امل ...يحكى انه في سالف الزمان كانت هناك فتاة يتيمه صغيرة تدعى (jay) غادرت منزلها بحثاً عن الامل. سافرت ل اميال عبرت دولة ودويلات وقارات حتى وصلت الى مملكة ارض الضباب حيث كل شي مختلف عن وطنها (الناس الشوارع لغة الحوار .بدات صغيرتنا تجوب الشوارع بحث عن الامل. مشت ليالي وياوم وشهور. وفي احدى ليالي الشتاء رأت منزل يضيئ وسط الظلام تنبعث منه ادخنة المدفئة ذهبت تطرق الباب واذا بسيدة جميله بشعرٌ بلون الشمس وعيونٌ زراق ك السماء تفتح لها الباب. سمحت لها بدخول. والجلوس بقرب المدفئة كان لدى هذه السيدة الكثير من البناء بمختلف لونٍ وملامح البشرة وحتى ان اطفالها لا احد منهم يشبهه الاخر تناولو العشاء معاً و عند خوض اطراف الحديث. عرفت صغيرتنا انه كان من المقدر لها ان تكون هذه السيدة الامل الذي بحثت عنه عاشت هذه الفتاة تحت رعاية هذه السيدة الجميله وعاشو جميعاً تحت ظل افاقٌ جديدةيولد الامل من رحم الياس

Once upon a time, there was a little orphan girl named Jay who left her home in search of hope. She travelled for miles: crossing countries, small nations, and continents, until she arrived in the Kingdom of the Land of Mist where everything was different from her homeland, the people, the streets, the way they spoke. The little girl began to wander the streets in search of hope. She walked through nights and days and months. One winter night, she saw a house glowing in the darkness, with smoke rising from its chimney. She went and knocked on the door, and a beautiful woman opened the door with hair the colour of the sun and eyes as blue as the sky. She allowed her to enter and sit by the fire. This woman had many children, all with different skin colours and features, none of them looked like one another. They shared dinner together, and as the conversation unfolded, the little girl realised it had been her destiny to find this woman. She was the very hope Jay had been looking for. The girl lived under the care of this beautiful woman, and they all lived together under a sky full of new horizons. Sometimes, hope is born from the womb of despair.

G.A





Alone in the dark the night is all around me
The light that kept me warm, so melancholy.
A cloud of scolding gas, its core collapsing
Reduced to cosmic dust.
But 'dinna fash'
Our time has past
The dust to form a new
White dwarf
Your spite succeeds my trying to make the seasons
last by both abiding the wishes of your hearts
Yet I'm left crying
Caught in a foggy dew

J.B.



O esrarlı yangına bu can nasıl dayandı sahile vurdu kalbim su yandı kom dayandı bir mum gibi eriyip aktı uykusuzluğum ölüme baş kaldıran dertli uykumda yandı yurdundan mahrum edip dulaştırdın cem gibi ruhumla sündü alev sonra ruhunm da yandı kül oldu bir yiğidin figanıyla her umut bülbülün külerine konan tohum da yandı böylesi bir yangını görmedi Nemrut bile kaktüsün gölgesinde nazlı ahımda yandı haımdır zannederdim en belalı kıvılcım kirpiğine dokunan kanlı âhım dayandı bir damla su ver ey çöl bari sen küsme kalmadı bak hiç bir şeyim bak günahım da yandı yenilgiler bir tufan gibi çöktü üstüme ülkem yıkıldı heyhat ordugahım da yandı küleleri her akşam duman sardı gözlerimi başıma taç ettiğim padişah ı'm da yandı ilk defa böylesine tutuştu gök kuşağı renklerim siyah oldu ve siyahım da yandı ondan başka ne varsa yandı yandık sen ve ben onu göreyim diye kiblegahım da yandı

كيف تحملت هذه الروح تلك النار الغامضة ، وضربت الشاطئ ، وحرقت قلبي ، وحرقت الماء ، وذوقها ، وذوبت وتدفق مثل شمعة ، تمرد أرقتي ضد الموت ، تحترق في نومي المضطربة ، وكنت حرمني من البذور إد ، لم ير مثل هذا الحريق ، حتى نمرود محترق في ظل الصبار ، في تنهدتي الخجولة ، اعتقدت أنه خائن ، أكثر شرارة مزعجة ، تنهدات الدموية التي لمست رموشك ، تحلمت بي ، كما أن كامبًا يحيط بالحروق إد عيني كل مساء ، سلطاني ، الذي توجت به ، محترق أيضًا ، ولأول مرة ، أصبحت ألوان قوس قزح أسود وأسود محترق أيضًا ، كل شيء آخر كان هناك لقد احترقنا واحترقنا حتى نرى أنا وأنت ذلك، واحترقت قبلتي أيضًا

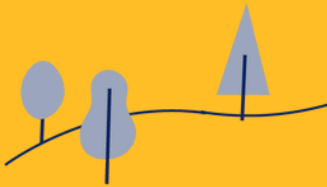
How did this soul bear that mysterious fire?
My heart burnt, the water burned, grief stayed
Like a candle, my sleeplessness melted and flowed
My pain-filled sleep, which rebelled against death, it burned.
You deprived me of my homeland, made me a widow
Like incense, my soul flickered out, then the flame died
But then my soul burned too, and turned to ash
With the cry of a brave one, every hope
Even the seed resting on the ashes of the nightingale burned.
Not even Nimrod had seen a fire like this
Even in the cactus's shadow, my tender sigh burned
I thought it was love but it was the cruellest spark
My bloody sigh, which brushed against your lashes, held strong.
Give me a drop of water, O desert - at least you, don't turn away
Look, I have nothing left. Even my sin has burned
Defeats fell on me like a flood
My country collapsed - alas, even my camp burned
Every evening, smoke wrapped around my eyes
Even the sultan I once crowned upon my head, he too burned
For the first time, the rainbow caught fire
Its colours turned black and with it, my blackness burned.
Everything but Him burned
And so did we, you and I
Even my qibla, the direction I turned to see Him - it too, burned.

H.M.

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 ሸተት ኣቢሉ ከየውድቀካ ተጠንቀቅ ኢኮ'

**The place where you have fallen is not a place of defeat,
 The place where you are now is not a place of failure.
 Do not be afraid of your fall, be cautious and rise again.**

A.T.



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***OUR STORIES
OUR WORDS
OUR MAGAZINE***



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