A black silhouette of a girl's head and neck in profile, facing right. Her hair is styled in a bun with several loose strands. The word "Nyeløt" is written across the middle of the silhouette in a light blue, elegant serif font.

Nyeløt

Because every girl
deserves a
chance to
shine

Editors-In-Chief [We Guys in Charge]

Batsheva Miriam Altose, Sara Kayla Singer

We the People Under the People in Charge

Devorah Fertel

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Hi! I'm Batsheva Miriam. Before we even start, I'm going to take you on a quick tour of Ayelet's articles for this issue.

Welcome to Ayelet — letter from the editors welcoming you to Ayelet Mag [Batsheva Miriam Altose, Sara Kayla Singer]

Meet the Editors — this one is pretty much exactly what it sounds like [Batsheva Miriam Altose, Sara Kayla Singer]

Dear Diary — a thought-provoking narrative about the upcoming Yom Kippur [T. Rina]

Yavne Yada Yada — describing what happened in Beatrice J. Stone Yavne High School during our first two weeks [P.T.]

The Sounds of Music — a review of a Jewish music album [Sara Kayla Singer]

Kitchen Krazies — Yom Tov meal plan [Leah Langsner]

Food for Thought — nourishing dessert! [Batsheva Miriam Altose]

A Student's Lament — one student's account of what may happen if you don't follow directions to the T [C. Ling]

Mnemonics — pronounced 'ne-MON-iks,' this article is here to help you find ways to remember things [Sara Kayla Singer]

Star-Bright Spotlight — an interview with Jewish women who have made names for themselves [Batsheva Miriam Altose]

Day of Judgements — short story about Sukkos [Sara Kayla Singer]

Songspot — lyrics and chords to an original song [Batsheva Miriam Altose]

Poetry — inspiring poetry by high school girls [Sara Kayla Singer and Tehila Mahalli]

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MEET THE EDITORS!

Welcome to Ayelet, y'all! It is with great pride we introduce our very first issue of Ayelet! Go us!

I'm sure you were wondering why the magazine is called 'Ayelet'. We chose the name Ayelet as in, 'Ayelet Hashachar' – the morning star. Although there are thousands and thousands of stars, Hashem knows each one 'personally' by name, and each one has a special mission only they can fulfill.

What we want to do with Ayelet is inspire girls-- and give them something fun to read! We worked really hard on our first issue, and being that we're high school students, plus it's our first issue, not everything went quite as planned....

Many article ideas had to be pushed to the side for our debut, and I really hope that all our readers will bear with us and stay with us for other issues as we bring those articles back to life and make each issue better than the last one!

As for how often the magazine will come out, we're hoping to put out a new edition every two months, but it's all in the hands of Hashem.

Have a g'mar chasima tova!

Love,
We Guys in Charge
Ayelet Editors,
Batsheva Miriam and Sara Kayla

	Batsheva Miriam	Sara Kayla
Hobbies	Singing, playing piano, writing, Sudoku, math	Writing, reading, guitar, singing
Favorite Quote	I don't suffer from insanity. I rather enjoy it.	I tried to be normal once. Longest two minutes of MY
Favorite Subjects	Chumash and	Megilla and Eng-
Contributions to Ayelet	Songspot Food For Thought Star-Bright Spotlight, Edi- tor-In-Chief, Techno-Savvy Entity	Songspot, Star- Bright Spotlight, Day of Judge- ment, Editor-In- Chief, Mnemon- ics, Poems, The Sounds of Music



Dear Diary,

Rosh Chodesh Elul and Rosh Hashanah came and went, just like that. They went so quickly, yet somehow left their marks on everyone. All I can think about is being perfect, serving Hakadosh Baruch Hu in every way. In less than a few weeks, the page will turn; a new chapter will have begun. I daven for a happy, pure chapter, but am I worthy? Do I deserve it? Reflecting on this past year, I crumble. I spoke Lashon Hara, I contradicted my parents, I was a mean sister, I was selfish, I didn't daven or say brachos, and I didn't dress tzniusly. I applied makeup on Shabbos, and ate milchigs after only waiting 3 hours. My list goes on and on.

Will davening erase this past? Can I change in such little time? My head pounds with questions, with worry. All I want is to be a Bas Yisroel, an Eved Hashem. So this year, I made myself a deal. I would let davening change me. When I open my siddur, I don't see meaningless words. I remind myself that I am standing before not only my King, but my Father. That the words on the page can erase and can change. And davening is now no longer a burden. I view davening as a bracha, as a gift. Now that I know what I am saying and Who I'm speaking to, I am looking forward to this Yom Kippur so eagerly.

The page is empty and I can write the words

~T. Rina



Yavne Yada Yada



Orientation was August 30th - a day some of us dread and a day that some of us look forward to. But I think the only part anyone REALLY looks forward to is socializing. I'm sorry, but since when did anyone truly wish to sit down for eight and a half hours learning information that they'll never use?

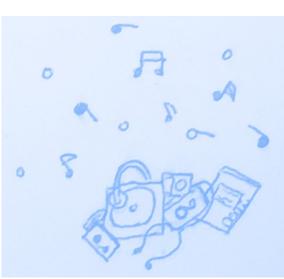
Right as we walked through the doors decorated with streamers and the letters 'G.O. 2018,' to the doors, covering the top window half of them, this reporter kind of felt like she needed to take a deep breath. It was loud in the lobby as most of us hadn't seen one another for two months and everyone wanted to catch up. Soon enough, however, we were all called into the auditorium where Mrs. Kohn, Menahel Kohn, Mrs. Weinberg and Mrs. Mager all talked. It was mostly about cleanliness of the building, uniforms, lockers and rules. Pretty much everything that makes school, well, school. Oh, and depending on who you are I suppose it can also appear to be a soul-sucking place of dooooooom! Afterwards G.O. had a welcome song all ready for us and we all got really excited for the upcoming year. Mrs. Berkowitz talked to the 11th and 12th graders about convention where she promised how much fun it will be and how amazing we'll make it. Possibly

also how very last minute it will be. I don't really know. I arrived so last minute to that meeting it was like I didn't even go!

On August 31st the doors of school opened for the official first day of school and every grade was adjusting to their new positions, classes and lockers, especially the 7th grade, since this is their first year in the Yavne building. And the boredom was already starting, as well as brains frying.

On September 6th, G.O. unveiled the theme: 'We're in our Element' and held the annual G.O. banquet. Jr. G.O. kicked off with some exciting arts and crafts snowmen to get a jump start on their theme, 'Discovering Me and Hue!' Then Vice-Principal Kohn really shot off the cannon with Convention of 5778 by announcing Convention Heads of Committees and then handed out sheets that so we could pick which committees we wanted to join. Chesed broke out with their theme 'Yavne runs on Chesed'. Chesed families will start right after Sukkos.

So much has happened in just three weeks! I'm sure when I say that I'm not the only one that's excited about this upcoming school year, you're agreeing with me. Just remember: make it fun and it'll be fun. ~P. T.



The Sounds of Music

In 2015, Dalia Oziel released an album, titled ‘Stained Glass’, featuring ten songs about Jewish themes and ways of life. One of our staff members was actually privileged enough to meet her when the singer/songwriter taught a workshop in her camp!

Rena described her as having ‘a really cute personality’. “I didn’t know who she was,” Rena admitted, having heard only one of Dalia’s songs before, ‘Almost There’. But by the end of camp, she not only owned Dalia’s album, but it was autographed by Dalia!

To hear samples of Dalia’s music, and learn more about the album, go to Daliaoziel.com!

The song for which the album is named for, ‘Stained Glass’ is a moving song about how it’s the ‘cracks’ and ‘stains’ that truly make your glass beautiful. There are nine other songs too, each beautiful and filled with meaning. The songs are all in English, although there are a couple Hebrew phrases.

Here are a couple customer reviews:

Fantastic! Favorite song was Stepping Stones!



Amazing!



Editor’s Review:



Sweet songs with some deep meanings. Really great music. Way to go, Dalia, and can’t wait for your next album!



Artist: Dalia Oziel

If you have any thoughts on future albums we should review, or simply want to contact us, we’d love to hear from you at ayeletmagcle@gmail.com!

~Sara Kayla Singer



Kitchen Krazies

Hi guys, it's Leah! Welcome to my world, the world of food! With all these hectic three-day Yamim Tovim, everyone needs a little help! So for you I have created a full Yom Tov meal - appetizer, salad, soup, side dish, and main dish - and best of all, my recipes are tried and true! Hope you enjoy!

Appetizer: Meatballs - This is a great appetizer. Make the meatballs and serve two per person, or you can serve as a main dish. The reason I like this recipe is because it freezes well. Make a double batch and put half away for next time you're in a rush.

Ingredients

4 lbs. ground meat	2 [12 oz.] cans of tomato paste
4 eggs	2 [15 oz.] cans of tomato sauce
1/2 c ketchup	2-3 TBSP lemon juice
1 c bread crumbs	1 1/2 c brown sugar
2 onions [1 grated, 1 diced]	30-45 oz. water
1 [10 oz.] can of mushrooms	

Directions

Mix meat, eggs, ketchup, bread crumbs, and grated onion. Roll the mixture into balls. Boil the tomato paste, tomato sauce, lemon juice, brown sugar, and water in a big pot. Sauté the diced onion and mushrooms. Add to the pot. Add meatballs. Stir every 15 minutes.



Salad: Avocado Salad - This salad is quick, easy, and delicious. Most - if not all - of these ingredients you already have at home! This salad is perfect for any meal because it's easy and yummy. Need I say more?

Ingredients

1 can hearts of palm

1 small red pepper

1 avocado

Cherry tomatoes

1 tsp salt

4 TBSP olive oil

3 TBSP sugar

3 TBSP vinegar

2 tsp dill

Directions

Dice the avocado and place in bowl. Cut up the red pepper and add to the bowl with the avocado, then add the hearts of palm. Put in as many cherry tomatoes as appeals to you. Combine the remaining ingredients and pour over salad.



Soup: Mushroom Barley Soup - This classic soup makes the meal. Put it up in the morning and it'll be ready by the time the seudah rolls around. Serve piping hot in the cold sukkah and everyone will enjoy!

Ingredients

3 TBSP margarine	1 stalk celery
2 onions	1 carrot
8 oz. mushrooms	1 TBSP salt
2 TBSP flour	8 cups water
¼ tsp pepper	2/3 cup barley

Directions

Sauté the margarine, onions, and mushrooms in a large pot. Add flour and stir until it dissolves. Add all other ingredients and cook for two hours.



Main Dish: Sesame Chicken - This delicious dish is very easy and requires minimal clean up. With this recipe, Sesame Chicken will soon become your go-to for a delicious and easy meal.

Ingredients

1 package [around 1 lb.] chicken breasts	1/2 c water
5 eggs	3/4 c brown sugar
3 c bread crumbs	1 clove crushed garlic
1 onion	1 1/2 TBSP sesame seeds
1/2 c ketchup	

Directions

Preheat oven to 350°. Crack the eggs into a small bowl. Cut chicken into nugget sized pieces. Dip the nuggets first in egg then in bread crumbs. Place in pan covered in foil. Bake for 15-20 min. Sauté the onion, garlic, ketchup, water, and brown sugar. Bring to a boil. Pour over chicken then bake for another 30 min. Garnish with sesame seeds.





FOOD FOR THOUGHT

“Here, this dessert is healthy.” But what does that mean??? Low calorie? Low fat? Splenda? Fruit?

In my house, we believe in LCHF, which stands for “Low Carb, High Fat” or “Healthy Fat.”

Food for Thought is here to bring you home cooked desserts that are gluten-free, dairy-free, plus delicious and nutritious!

For Rosh Hashanah, I give you Honey Nut Cookies.

Ingredients:

2 cups almond flour	Cinnamon, to taste [I like a LOT!]
4 TBSP butter/margarine	1 tsp baking powder
4 TBSP honey [preferably raw]	1/8 tsp salt
2 squirts liquid stevia extract	1/2 pecans
1/2 tsp vanilla extract	1/2 cup Craisins
1/2 tsp almond extract [if you don't have this, you can add more vanilla]	

Directions:

Preheat oven to 275°F. Chop pecans and toast for 12 minutes. Melt butter. Stir together all ingredients except almond flour and pecans. Mix in almond flour, then fold in nuts. Shape into flat cookie rounds on parchment paper. Bake for 12-18 minutes. Let cookies harden for at least 10 minutes before removing from parchment paper.

For more recipes like this, go to healthyindulgences.net

~Batsheva Miriam Altose

DULY NOTED

It's not usually a good idea to get worked up about something small and not worth the aggravation, but when you're in the heat of the moment, sometimes you don't stop and think. Yes, there are hundreds of proverbs out there, such as 'look before you leap', but I wasn't thinking about that when I was getting a stern talking-to about the virtues of handing in work on time. I wish I had the presence of mind to think ahead, instead of making a spur-of-the-moment decision I knew I would later regret.

The day before the first test of the year, at the end of class, my teacher said that all guided note sheets would be collected and graded. I didn't like writing very much, but I had a strong memory, so I didn't write any notes in that class. Understandably, I was annoyed. If I remembered the material and got good grades on all the tests without writing notes, why should I have had to write notes that I didn't need and wouldn't use? So, I decided that the notes were dumb and didn't fill them in that night.

The next day, I took the test and didn't hand in the notes. I was annoyed at the teacher for forcing us to do pointless work, so I didn't stop to think about what would happen afterwards, when the sheets would be graded.

The day after, we got our tests back. I aced it, with a score of 68/68. Since the test was worth so few points, I figured the notes would be worth around thirty to forty points, not very many in the grand scheme of things. So, when I saw my friend's paper, I was in for a surprise. It was worth eighty points. That was about one third of our grade for the quarter. I was shocked, and enraged. How could she skew her grading like that? It felt like she was personally targeting me, even though that niggling little voice of common sense in the back of my head said otherwise.

I had just skipped a grade, and I realized that it would look very bad if I had a C average the first quarter in my new grade, so I made up my mind that I would do whatever I could to raise my grade. I went over to the teacher and asked if I could make up the notes for the next day. Guess what? She said no. I asked why, and she said that her policy is not to accept late work at all, under any circumstances. I pointed out that the school's policy is that you can hand in work a day late with a maximum grade of a B, but she held her ground. She insisted that she would not accept the notes for any credit. I can work like a maniac for hours straight if I set my mind to it, and that night I did. I was determined to prove her wrong, so I made up all the notes and brought them in the next day. She did not accept them. I had expected as much, but I

sorely hoped she would change her mind.

I went to the principal. She said that true, school policy is that I could hand it in a day late for a maximum grade of B, but she also said that she couldn't force a teacher to follow that rule. She said that she hoped I would learn from my mistake, and listen the first time around. I wish I would've gotten that reminder three days earlier. I kept those papers in my locker for the entire year, to remind me to think before I act.

That teacher is no longer in the school, and I am done with ninth grade, but the effects still linger, both the good, and the bad. I am left with a B- average for that class in the first quarter. Also, for the rest of the year, I didn't like the teacher nor the class that she taught. Every time she granted someone an exception to the rule, I thought back to this incident. It still stung that she never made exceptions for me, only them. However, there were positive effects, too. I cannot "forget" to do an assignment anymore. This was an unpleasant reminder that even when I think I'm right, I still have to do the work I think is wrong. ~C. Ling

Mnemonics

When the time comes for Sukkos, I like to use Rebel Lizards Forage Under Dank Bridges.

Some people might prefer Roaring Lunatics Fail Undeniably Doing Basketball, but I like the first one best.

What am I talking about?

Mnemonics!

If you googled 'mnemonics definition', this should come up: *'the study and development of systems for improving and assisting the memory.'*

Hmm. Not very helpful, is it? Let's see if this article can make it clearer!

People use mnemonics to remember things like planets, (My Very Excellent Mother Just Served Us Nine Pizzas—back when they thought Pluto was a planet) tricky science formulas, and Halacha notes.

Just to give an example, before diving full on:

When I went to voice lessons, two years ago, we were learning a song that was very repetitive. One bit went "We are gifts, we are blessings, we are history in song. We are hope, and we are healing, we are learning to be strong."

Now, that's a lot of "we-are-"s, so, at my voice teacher's suggestion, our group made a mnemonic.

We took from the above paragraph the letters 'GBHHHL', (Gifts blessings history hope healing learning) and basically gathered up all the ones from before the chorus and after the chorus. Our mnemonic for the first paragraph went something like this. (Batsheva Miriam, who also went to the voice lessons, and I, had trouble remembering the whole thing, so we

ad-libbed a wee bit) Here it is:

‘Good Boys Hate Horrible Happiness Lessons With Silly Professional Catchers.’

Makes no sense, I know, but really-- we remembered most of it, didn't we?

Technically, mnemonic doesn't always have to mean you take every first letter in a string of words and make a sentence-- they can just be some sort of memory device-- but in this case, that's the kind of mnemonic we're focusing on.

We also use mnemonics for math-- ever hear someone say "Please Excuse My Dear Aunt Sally"? Well, don't start looking around for aunts, because the phrase is actually a mnemonic for PEMDAS-- the math formula for the order of operations (Parentheses, Exponents, Multiplication, Division, Addition, Subtraction).

Once we had to use the formula in math-- backwards! "Please Excuse My Dear Aunt Sally" became "Sally Aunt Dear My Excuse, Please." Doesn't make much sense, does it? Don't worry-- a classmate soon made up her own mnemonic, with her own name, "Dena" as the "D", but that was quickly substituted for a word that was more, uh, easily applicable for everyone to use. And that was how we came up with "Stop Asking Dumb Math Equations, Please!"

Yeah, it was more polite with "Dena".

So basically, mnemonics come up all the time. And that brings us back to Sukkos.

Who, while standing in their Sukka, holds their lulav and esrog desperately trying to remember the correct order to shake them in, having just witnessed their four year old sister do it flawlessly thanks to a song she learned in preschool?

My father created a mnemonic to remember the correct order: ‘Rebel Lizards Forage Under

Dank Bridges’. It stands for ‘right, left, forward, up, down, behind’. (Of course, keep in mind that nusach ashkenaz does 'forward, right, behind, left, up, and down',)

Very interesting, I'm sure you'll admit, but memorable!

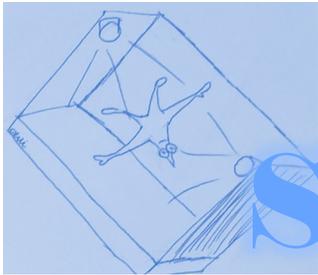
And a couple years ago, I created one with my sister-in-law and cousin that goes ‘Rena Loves Furry Unicorns Doing Backflips’. Also pretty ridiculous,

but let's all admit that not many mnemonics make sense-- that's why they're fun, after all!

There aren't really any hints to make mnemonics, except maybe to look out for letters that can stand either for names, or easily applicable stuff, such as ‘doing’, ‘for’, or ‘and’. Mnemonics are a great way to remember phrases and orders of things-- I remember using one in seventh grade to remember the genres and animal kingdoms...or something like that. Mostly all I can remember of the mnemonic is something with kings and spaghetti.

Anyway, the important thing is, making a mnemonic to remember the lulav ‘directions’ is easier to remember (and funner) than singing ‘right, left, forward, up, down, behind’ to the tune of “Dip the Apple...”

~Sara Kayla Singer



Star-Bright Spotlight

For the first article of ‘Star-Bright Spotlight,’ we found a band with a name so similar to our magazine’s, we decided it was absolutely necessary to interview the band known as Ayelet Hashachar - made up of Lisa Aronson Friedman, Shalomis Koffler Weinreb, and Stephanie Rabinowitz – before anyone else. Happy reading!

Ayelet: Welcome to Ayelet’s Star-Bright Spotlight! Just a basic question to begin: how did the three of you meet?

Ayelet Hashachar: *We were all seeking a way to share our music with other Jewish women. Stephanie and Lisa were introduced by another musician in the community, and Stephanie hosted a Rosh Chodesh kumsitz in her home, and when she heard Shalomis play, quickly called Lisa to let her know they’d found their bandmate.*

Ayelet: Did you have a role model when you were trying to make your dreams work in the Jewish world?

Shalomis: *As a songwriter, I admired the amazing songs of Abie Rotenberg. His music and lyrics profoundly touched my heart and soul, elevating and deepening my connection to Hashem.*

Stephanie: *As a vocalist, I was inspired by Kineret’s powerful performances and the influence she was able to have on Jewish women and girls with her music.*

Ayelet: Were you nervous? Did you

have doubts about how things would go?

Lisa: *Yes to both! I still get nervous performing, but it is better than at first. Of the three of us, I was probably the most skeptical that we could do all the things we wanted to do. By nature, I am very cautious. However, the beauty of collaboration, if done correctly, is that you can meld the abilities of the group. My band mates dreamed “bigger” than me, and that has propelled the band much farther than I had imagined.*

Shalomis: *I was so excited to have the opportunity to use music to bring women closer to Hashem, that I didn’t think about not being able to do it. And there was so much to write about and express—I was eager to run the course.*

Ayelet: Was anyone particularly encouraging; do you remember anyone having a positive effect on your careers?

Lisa: *For one, my husband, Murray. He has always been not just a support emotionally, but always there to lend us a hand. Second,*

Dina Blaustein, a”h, who introduced Stephanie and me. Until her petira, she was unofficially our “manager.” And my mom!

Stephanie: *We are blessed to be part of a community of supportive women who truly appreciate the music.*

Shalomis: *Our ‘fans!’ It is gratifying beyond words to have the love and support of friends and ‘sisters’ who truly get our music and understand what we’re all about. When we play, we bare our souls and our audience of sensitive, spiritual women and girls resonates and responds as if we’re one soul, which of course, we are.*

Ayelet: **Is your work in the band full-time? If not, does what you do the rest of the time have anything to do with music?**

Lisa: *This is completely a hobby of love. I don’t think there is any way for an Orthodox Jewish women’s band to make a living doing music. Even most of the Orthodox Jewish male musicians do other work to support themselves. I am a biostatistician (statistics for public health research), so my career has nothing to do with music.*

Stephanie: *When we started, I was a full-time mommy. I have since gone back to work in the community as a Shul administrative assistant.*

Shalomis: *Although we’re a professional band, we absolutely do not make our living playing AH music. All the money we’ve made over our 16 years together has gone right back into the band—be it for recording or equipment purchases. My career in marketing does involve music from*

time to time, as I produce videos that require soundtracks. I also teach guitar to girls in the community.

Ayelet: **How did you eventually achieve your goal?**

Lisa: *We had and have a number of goals. Our first CD was released in 2005 (we have two CDs and are currently working on the third). And our first concert was September 9, 2001.*

Stephanie: *With a lot of prayers. With initiative and creativity in developing program ideas and partnering with organizations needing to raise money. And monetary and emotional support from our families and friends.*

Ayelet: **What do you love about your job?**

Shalomis: *I don’t think of the band as a job--it’s a labor of love. Being part of Ayelet HaShachar is an awesome gift. I love the on and off-stage harmony. I love how finely attuned and tuned we are to each other. I love the feeling of when the instruments and voices all come together in a tight blend and we’re loving the music and each other, aware in that moment of what a joy it is to participate in Hashem’s incredible gift of music.*

Stephanie: *Working with two fabulously talented women, and having the opportunity to perform their music.*

Lisa: *Too many things to enumerate all of them here, but the best one for me is the connection I make with Hashem when I have just finished writing a song.*

Ayelet: Are you working on any new music?

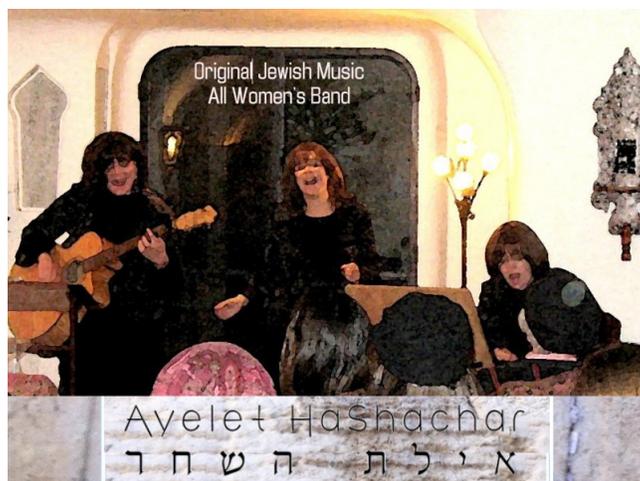
Ayelet Hashachar: *Constantly! Baruch Hashem, our band has a backlog of songs to work on and record.*

Ayelet: Do you have any advice for those Jewish girls with talents, struggling to find a way to use them?

Lisa: *Be creative in finding new avenues for your talent, and don't give up. Also, be sure you get the education that you need to do what you want. And most of all, daven for Hashem's guidance.*

Stephanie: *Work on your craft and get as much training as you can, and remember that we are here only to reveal Hashem's glory in the world. Use everything He has given us to do just that.*

Shalomis: *Learn from everyone. Aim high. Thank Hashem for your talent daily and never take it for granted for He gave you everything and can take it away at any time. Try not to compare yourself to others, good or bad. Know that Hashem gave every person exactly what they need for their unique mission and if you don't have something it simply means you don't need that skill/talent/attribute for your mission. Believe in yourself. Remember, the audience is your friend. :)*



~Batsheva Miriam Altose and Sara Kayla Singer





DAY OF JUDGEMENT

“We’re doing *what* ?” I shrieked.

“Oh my gosh, Ruchi,” Michal rolled her eyes. “Grow up! You act like we’re moving to Cleveland instead of going there for Sukkos.”

“Wait-- we’re going to *Cleveland* ?” I screeched, having only heard the ‘we’re going away for Sukkos’ part. “That place is practically a farm! And it has, like, ten months of Winter!”

My mother glared at me. “Rochel Basya Yenta!” She snapped, and I cringed, the way I always do when anyone mentions my full name.

“I’m disappointed in you! The Silvers are friends from years and years ago, and when they invited us I couldn’t say no! Besides, it will be so nice-- they even have a girl your age!”

I sighed. “Look, I just want to stay home for Sukkos, like we’ve always done,” I pleaded.

My mother shook her head. “I’m sorry, Ruchi,” She said, her voice gentler. “But it’s too late to say no. And besides, it’ll be good for you.”

“How will having Sukkos on a farm be good for me?” I said rudely.

“Cleveland is not a farm,” My mother said patiently. “I’ve told you this before. I

boarded there when I was in high school. It’s a great place.”

I shrugged. To be honest, I didn’t really care about that aspect, although I still didn’t quite believe my mother. I cared because I knew how it would go-- My mother and Michal would be their charming selves and fill up the room with their light conversation, and then time would come for the meal and they’d put me right next to their daughter Shoshana and I would have nothing to say.

Every meal would be like that, with me fumbling for something to say and Shoshana making judgments.

* * *

I sulked the whole eight hour drive to Cleveland. Michal kept declaring that I was being immature and I should just ‘relax’, and the twins screamed for practically an hour after we left.

“They don’t want to go either,” I’d muttered.

“Rochel!” My mother said sharply. She was tired and frazzled and her eyes blazed. “That’s enough! We’re going, and that’s final, so stop acting like a child!”

I had retreated, wounded, into the car and hadn’t said a word for hours. The drive seemed interminable. I couldn’t read, because that made me carsick, and the twins

made it impossible to listen to something, for the first hour at least. And Michal was too busy reprimanding me to play a game.

Finally we made it.

The Silvers flocked out of their house to greet us. “Bracha!” Mrs. Silver cried, hugging my mother, who exhausted, gave her a weary smile.

“Hi, Shaindel, it’s good to see you.”

“You look exhausted,” Mrs. Silver said importantly, hustling us all nearer the door, and insisting that ‘my kids will bring in your stuff.’

“Oh no,” My mother protested politely, “That’s alright.”

“Nonsense,” Mrs. Silver waved a hand. “Because of Sukkos, they’ve been off school for days now, doing practically nothing. A little help won’t do them any harm.”

I watched, gaping, as six freckled, cheerful children, all under the age of fourteen, piled out of the house and swarmed out towards us.

With only four kids, Michal, the twins, and I, I knew we were not the size of your average Jewish family. But still, the sight of so many children intimidated me.

“Where’s your stuff?” Asked one of the kids, the only girl without red hair. She seemed to be about my age, so....

“I’m Shoshana,” the girl confirmed with a smile. “I’m really glad you’re here!”

That makes one of us, I almost said, but cut off at the last minute, instead offering up a feeble smile.

“You’ll be sleeping in my room,” Shoshana

called over her shoulder as she headed towards the trunk of the car, where our bags were located.

I trailed behind her, disappointed. I’d secretly been hoping that Shoshana was one of those ‘*talk-fast-don’t-wait-for-anyone-I-have-so-many-things-to-say-yippee*’ kind of people.

But Shoshana didn’t seem that type. And I would know-- I had plenty of friends like that back at school.

We had reached the trunk when Shoshana’s words finally hit me. “Wait,” I cried. “I’ll be sleeping in your room?”

Shoshana gave me a quizzical look. “Yes,” She said slowly. “Is something wrong?” She added apologetically, “there wasn’t enough room for you to sleep downstairs with everyone else.”

I fumbled for words. “I, um, I don’t know....”

Shoshana was staring at me.

“Uh, never mind,” I mumbled miserably. “That sounds....great.”

She was still staring at me.

Change the subject, change the subject!

“Um, is there....something I should be doing? To, uh, get ready to sleep there...?” I asked

lame, trying to sound nonchalant.

I failed.

Shoshana’s blue eyes turned to flint. “If you don’t want to sleep in my room, just say so,” She snapped frostily before turning and stalking away.

I was left standing alone, dumbfounded.
Had it been that bad?

“Hey lazybones,” Michal called, tossing me my pink duffel. I guess my mother had insisted we help.

As I took the duffel, I saw Shoshana whispering to her mother out of the corner of my eye.

I sighed. This was going to be a long, *very* long, trip.

* * *

Sukkos night. I hadn't had nearly as much time to prepare as I would have liked, since we had arrived Erev Sukkos.

I sat miserably across from a stony Shoshana. I missed our old sukka, it's wooden walls seeming flimsy but comforting, somehow. The Silver's sukka was one of those plastic ones with sliding doors and clear windows. I hated it.

I hated everything.

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat as I took a bite of the salad. Around me, the table was bright and alive with conversation-- even the twins had found a kindred spirit in the Silver's toddler Heshy, and Michal was chattering away to Shoshana's older sister, Chani.

But by me and Shoshana, everything was quiet.

Well, sort of.

I was quiet. Shoshana, on the other hand, was talking and laughing with her siblings while I sat in silence.

I was so embarrassed over what I had said to Shoshana. How could I explain to her

that my hesitation to sleep with her stemmed from a fear that I would have nothing to say to her? That the level of awkward we would certainly achieve at the table would surely be escalated tenfold if I slept in her room?

Swallowing hard, I cast an envious glance at Shoshana. The other girl was sitting on the opposite side of the table, elegant and poised, her bracelets jingling in a graceful manner and her eyes sparkling.

She looks so content, I thought with a pang. *So happy. She's probably glad I'm not talking to her so she can have her*

normal Sukkos the way she usually does.

Suddenly I was angry. Who was she to judge me? She had been the one to take offense, and a little too quickly, if I may add.

Festival of Joy? I thought bitterly, remembering what

we learned in school. *Festival of Insecurity is more like it.*

* * *

She's staring at me. Why is she staring at me? Shoshana anxiously smoothed her skirt down over her knee. Was there some kind of stain she couldn't see?

She had thought having guests for Sukkos would be fun, but the girl-- what was her name? Ruchi-- had barely spoken a word since they had sat down.

I shouldn't have snapped earlier, Shoshana thought worriedly. *Maybe I hurt her feelings.*

Shoshana sighed. She knew she got angry too quickly, and sometimes lost her temper, but she had been hurt by Ruchi's obvious hesitation.

I shouldn't have snapped earlier, Shoshana thought worriedly. Maybe I hurt her feelings.

It's not my fault, Shoshana thought firmly. She gave Ruchi a slightly envious look as she took in the other girl's calm countenance as she speared a piece of lettuce with her fork.

She looks so calm, Shoshana thought jealously. *Definitely not wracked with insecurity like I am*. She hoped Ruchi hadn't judged her already.

* * *

I stood up to carry in my plate and stepped inside the house. Shoshana was right behind me. We were the last ones in and there was an awkward moment as we both tried to throw our stuff out at once, but then Shoshana stepped back stiffly. I threw the plastic plate away and hesitated, watching as she dumped her plate in the trash and turned to leave. "Shoshana, I," I began hesitantly. Maybe I should try to apologize. I should have tried to explain earlier, or done something at least. Maybe I could redeem myself now. Shoshana turned to face me, and the look in her eyes made me flinch. "Uh, nothing," I mumbled, inching away.

* * *

Shoshana's patience broke. "What is it, for heaven's sake?" She asked angrily, throwing up her hands. "Just say it already! I'm not going to bite your head off!" Something flashed in Ruchi's eyes. "Oh yeah?" She said defensively. "Well, you sure looked like you were going to back there!" She gestured at the door that led to the sukka. Shoshana reeled at the unfairness of that. "That's not fair! It's you who's been ignoring me! I kept trying to include you in our conversation and you just looked down at the table! Well, listen up Miss-High-and-Mighty--"

"I am *not* high and mighty!" Ruchi yelled angrily. "You were sitting at that table judging me, I could feel it! Judging my clothes, and the way I couldn't think of anything to say..." Her voice trailed off. Shoshana's anger cooled slightly, but when she spoke, her voice was still tinged with exasperation. "I wasn't judging you, really! I thought *you* were judging *me*. *That's* why I didn't try harder to talk to you!"

Ruchi stared. "But...but..."

Shoshana laughed, all anger gone by now. That was always how it went-- her temper came in brief, albeit scorching, bursts.

"I guess we were both sitting there focused on how the other was judging us," She said ruefully, "instead of actually talking to each other!"

Ruchi hesitated, then smiled. "You're right." She agreed, and even gave a tentative laugh. "And when you made that face at me when we dipped the honey," the laughter was louder now, "I guess that wasn't really what you meant?"

"No, no," Shoshana gasped between gales of laughter, "it was...*you* who were...staring at me!"

This was too much for both girls, and they burst into peals of laughter.

* * *

I can't believe it, I marveled as the laughter came bubbling up, *we're talking! We're laughing! We're having fun*. Mrs. Silver came into the kitchen then, and her eyes widened, not with dissatisfaction but with pleasure, at the sight of her daughter and the daughter of one of her best friends, practically rolling on the floor laughing. "Girls," She said, smiling, "Get up off the floor and join us! We miss you at the table, and Shoshana, Abba's about to make a Dvar Torah."

We scrambled to our feet and charged towards the sukka. I knew then that it would be alright. And as we slipped into our seats, I whispered to Shoshana, "I can't wait to sleep in your room tonight! We'll have so much fun!" And when she smiled back, I knew she understood.

~Sara Kayla Singer

Ayelet Magazine

Because every girl deserves a chance to shine

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Yom Kippur is an incredibly special day. We don't want to waste this precious opportunity. Go to ayeletmag.weebly.com/contact.html and leave a comment to sign up to say a perek/perakim of tehillim and get a list of cholim. Please sign up by Friday, September 29 at 11:30am EDT.

Dm Am Dm Am

Standing in an open field watering the grass with tears

Dm Am Dm

Eyes wild, looking towards the sky she lets out a quiet sigh

Dm Am Dm Am

“Why do I feel so alone? Why can’t I see Your Holy Throne?”

Dm Bb Am Gm Dm

Where are You if not here for me? Can You help me see?

Am F Dm Bb

“Dear Father, caring for the world, I need You, I’m just a young girl

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm F

I turn myself, my heart to You; why don’t You answer, I wish I knew

Am F Dm Bb

“Dear Father, Master of everything, the One who controls my fate, my dreams

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm Dm

Where are You, tell me why You hide, You’re not answering, Father dear, please tell me why.”

Dm Am Dm Am

Sifting through her memories, remembering bits of suffering

Dm Am Dm Am

She begs help from the One Above, wishes she could feel His love

Dm Am Dm Am

“Where are you when I need Your help? Why is pain all I have felt?”

Dm Bb Am Gm Dm

She crumples, falling to the ground; her crying is the only sound

Am F Dm Bb

“Dear Father, caring for the world, I need You, I’m just a young girl

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm F

I turn myself, my heart to You; why don’t You answer, I wish I knew

Am F Dm Bb

“Dear Father, Master of everything, the One who controls my fate, my dreams

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm Dm

Where are You, tell me why You hide, You’re not answering, Father dear, please tell me why.”

C#m G#m C#m G#m

Then the wind starts to whisper and blow: “I’ve always been right here, You know



SONGSPOT

C#m G#m D#m G#m
I love you, My child, I truly care; Daughter, I was just waiting to hear your prayer

G#m E C#m A
“Dear daughter, yes I’m caring for the world, but You’ll always be my little girl

E F#m C#m A G#m F#m E
You turned to Me, the right thing to do, and now you see that I’m answering you

G#m C#m G#m A
“Dear daughter, I’ll give you anything that you wish for in your dreams

E F#m C#m A G#m F#m C#m
But sometimes I might need to hide, and when I don’t answer, it’s so you ask why.”

Dm Am Dm Am
Three steps back and bow three times; then she pauses and closes her eyes

Dm Am Dm Am
Seemingly silent, not saying a word, but if you listen close, you’ll hear what can’t be heard

Dm Am Dm Am
“I’m almost finished with my prayer, and Father, I know that You’re there

Dm Bb Am Gm Dm
In my peaceful moment, I feel close to You, thank You for helping me through

Am F Dm Bb
“Dear Father, caring for the world, I need You, I’m just a young girl

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm Fm
I turn myself, my heart to You; I know that it is the right thing to do

Am F Dm Bb
“Dear Father, Master of everything, the One who controls my fate, my dreams

F Gm Dm Bb Am Gm Dm
I know You’re there although You hide, and when You don’t answer, there’s a reason why

Dm
Now I know why...

To hear the recording, go to
ayeletmag.weebly.com/songspot.html

~Batsheva Miriam Altose

Batsheva Miriam and Sara Kayla recorded this track... until we listened to it, we didn’t know how alike our voices are! So just a heads up, there ARE two people singing, not one!

**Future Past
Tehila Mahalli**

**A piece of you part of the past
You are not me and I am not you
but to you I am stories
the past you
In a year or a month or a day
You will become like me a flitting memory**

**I am the unfinished you
The Future that is coming near for you
You are similar but are not me
The memories that have not yet been made
Prediction is all that you can see of me
The future
If it's a day a year or a month
You will become me**

**We are you but
when timelessness unfolds we are but three minds unlike
with stories or predictions
our future or past
hours gone by time re-sewn**

~Tehila Mahalli

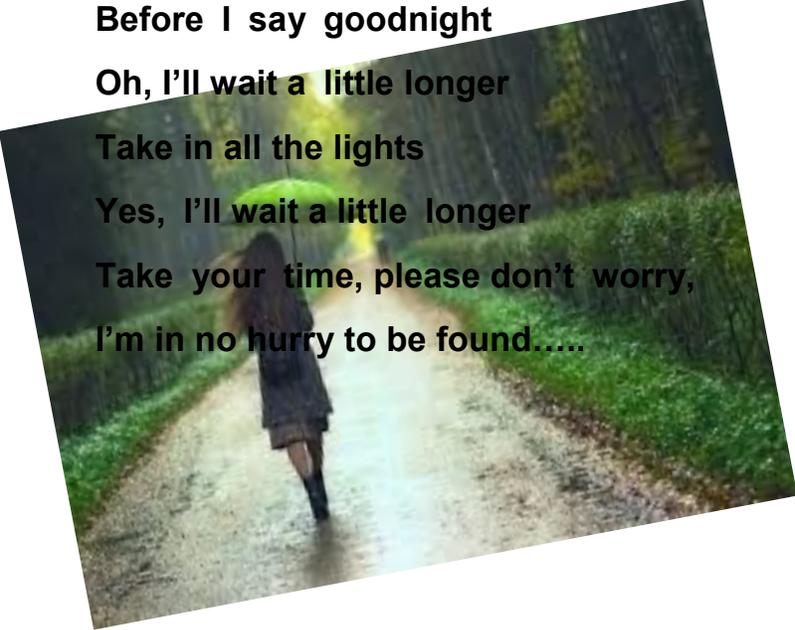
By: Sara Kayla Singer



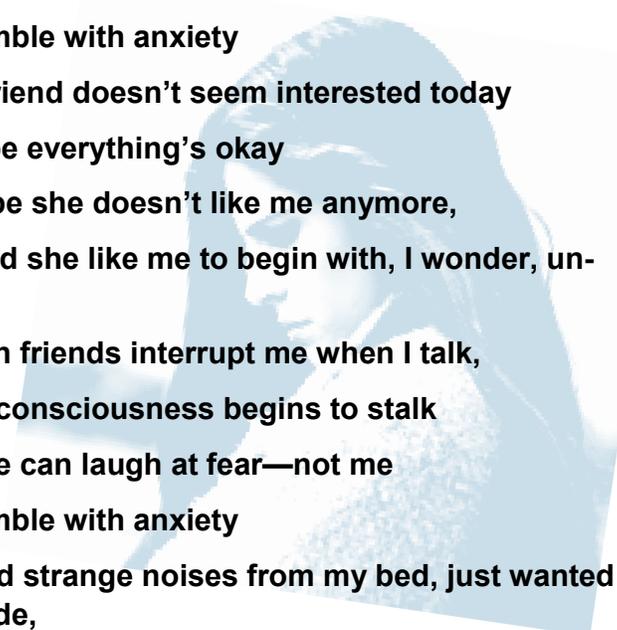
Lost But Not Found



You say I've been acting strange
I guess you're right but I kind of
Welcome the change
I think I'll wait a little longer
Oh, I'll wait a little longer
Yes, I'll wait just a bit longer
To return
This feeling's so refreshing, like I've taken
A fresh breath of air
But don't worry, I'll soon be out of here
But I'll wait a little longer
Oh, I'll wait a little longer
Yes, I'll wait just a bit longer to come
back
You have to get lost before you can get
found
But until that time, I'll hang
I'll wait a little longer
Before I say goodnight
Oh, I'll wait a little longer
Take in all the lights
Yes, I'll wait a little longer
Take your time, please don't worry,
I'm in no hurry to be found.....



Wait at the bus stop, no one's there,
Did the bus leave already, that no one's here?
I'll wait here a little bit longer
Wish my nerves were a little bit stronger
In davening I see someone's eyes linger on me
Has she seen that stain I hoped no one would see?
Some can laugh at fear—not me
I tremble with anxiety
My friend doesn't seem interested today
I hope everything's okay
Maybe she doesn't like me anymore,
Or did she like me to begin with, I wonder, un-
sure
When friends interrupt me when I talk,
Self-consciousness begins to stalk
Some can laugh at fear—not me
I tremble with anxiety
Heard strange noises from my bed, just wanted
to hide,
And my imagination took me for a horrible ride
I lay quietly in my bed at night,
Telling myself I'll be alright
My mind goes over the day I've been through
And I'm exhausted from fear
And anxiety too
Some can laugh at fear—not me
I tremble with anxiety
Fears and worries tumbling and spinning
Anxiety fighting – anxiety winning



~Sara Kayla Singer