

Ayelet



Out of Place



CREDITS

We Guys In Charge (Editors In Chief)

Batsheva Miriam Altose, Sara Kayla Singer

Hashkafic Mentor

Mrs. Rochie Berkowitz

Authors

Batsheva Miriam Altose, C.L.B., Leah Langsner, Rena Langsner, Shira Moskowitz,
T. Rina, E.S., M.S, Sara Kayla Singer, Perri T., E.Z.

Techno-Savvy Entities

Batsheva Miriam Altose, Shira Moskowitz, Sara Kayla Singer

Cover Credits

Batsheva Miriam Altose

Logos

Devorah Fertel



Ayelet Tour

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Welcome to Ayelet!

Dear Ayelet Readers,

We're back this month with Issue Three of Ayelet! Our theme for this issue is "Out Of Place." This applies from a thousand different angles. So many times in our lives, we feel out of place--sometimes it's something small, like having a song resonate so deeply with you, but rub your best friend the wrong way. Sometimes it's something bigger--feeling left out, rejected, or maybe not understanding why Hashem put you in the position you're in. In the story of Purim, there were so many little (and big) things that had to contrive so things could happen the way they did. When Esther became queen, it seemed like a tragedy-- it had been so unlikely she would be picked at all! She seemed out of place; the whole course of events, certainly, seemed jarringly out of place. Not how they should be. But in reality, Esther was in the exact *right* place to save the Jewish people. So too, no matter how it may seem, YOU are in exactly the right place. Enjoy this issue of Ayelet!

Love,
Batsheva Miriam and Sara Kayla

Meet the Staff

Shira Moskowitz

| | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Hobbies | Reading, writing, playing piano, dancing and word puzzles |
| Favorite Quote | "Tell me I'm beautiful, smart, and talented. Tell me I'm wonderful, good, and popular. Tell me I'm gifted, wise... but tell me the truth." -Shel Silverstein |
| Favorite Subject | Current Issues, Peirush Tefilla and English |
| Contributions to Ayelet | Short stories, graphics |



Dear Diary,

Happy Purim! Everyone has been freaking out about their costumes, Mishloach Manot, and finishing Ayelet Mag. It's a really big issue.

Get it? Baa dum tss! And while we're at it, what do you get when a sheep, a drum, and a snake fall down a cliff? Baa-dum-tss! Here's a quick Purim fact... Did you know that Mordechai was the first person in all of Tanach to ever be referred to as a Yehudi? Funny... I thought Mordechai was from Shevet Benyamin...

This just in.. Noose News!

As we all know, Haman and his 10 sons were hanged on gallows originally intended for Mordechai (HaYehudi...?). Here is some info on hanging throughout the ages.

1. Delaware has not hanged anybody since 1996... not like that was crazy recently or anything...
2. In the history of Canada, over 710 people have been hanged there.
3. There are at least 5 different variations of hanging.
4. Hanging someone can cost a LOT of money! So kids, don't try this at home.

Well, there you have it, folks!

Oh, and by the way... is it hanged, or hung?

A Freilechen Purim!

~T. Rina



Possible answers to חכמת נשים בנתה ביתה ואיולת בידיה תהרסינה

Yocheved (Amram's wife, Moshe and Aharon's mother)

- She tricked Pharaoh
- She hid Moshe and saved him by placing him in a tar covered basket

Miriam (Moshe's sister, Kalev's wife)

- She tricked Pharaoh
- She told Basya (the daughter of Pharaoh) to get a Jewish mother to nurse Moshe

Tziporah (Moshe's wife)

- She gave her son a Bris Milah because Moshe was getting eaten by a Malach

The wife of יאן

- Stopped her husband from going out to bring Kitores by sitting at the entrance of her tent with her hair uncovered

Devora

- She was a Shofetess!!

Avigayil (Dovid HaMelech's wife)

Esther

- She named each of her servants a different name so that she would know when it was Shabbos

Michal (Dovid Hamelech's wife, Shaul HaMelech's daughter)

- She saved Dovid from the soldiers of Shaul by lowering him out of the window and putting a dummy in Dovid's bed.

Wife of Potifar

- Incident with Yoseph

Izevel (Achav's wife)

- She killed Navos to get his field {and she did many other nasty things}



Kitchen Krazies

For Purim we will do easy and simple chocolate. Both of these recipes look and taste professional and are super easy. They're great for party favors or Mishloach Manot.

Chocolate Covered Popcorn:

Ingredients

2 lbs popcorn kernels
1 bag dark chocolate chips

1 bag white chocolate melts

Directions

First, pop your popcorn. Melt the white chocolate and dark chocolate separately. Spread popcorn out on baking sheets. Drizzle most of the dark chocolate on top, leaving a little over, then do the same with the white. Mix the remaining chocolate and drizzle on top of the popcorn. Leave in freezer for about a half an hour. Put chunks in clear plastic bags and tie with dark brown ribbon.



[cont next page]



Chocolate Covered Pretzels:

Ingredients

2 bags chocolate chips OR 2 bars of baking chocolate

2 bags pretzel rods OR 2 lbs thin pretzel twists

Rainbow sprinkles

1/4 tsp mint extract (optional)

Directions

Melt the chocolate until smooth. If using, add the mint extract. Lay the pretzels on baking sheets 1 and ½ inches apart and pour the chocolate on top. Lightly shake sprinkles on top. Freeze for an ½ an hour. Put the pretzels in clear plastic bags, 2 or 3 each, and tie with twist tie.



~Leah



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Take it from me—Purim is *not* an easy time to diet. But never fear! Food for Thought is here to give you two ways to make staying healthy(ish) on this Day of Treats easier!

1. Stick veggies in your Mishloach Manot! Packing Mishloach Manot has always been a time of noshing in my house. By giving assorted veggies, you can nosh without gorging yourself on sugar. If you're into the themed thing: Veggies and Ranch [cowgirl], rabbit food [farm theme, Alice in Wonderland]... it's much easier than you'd think to come up with cute ideas that include vegetables.
2. Chocolate Peanut Butter Lava Cakes. Science aside, chocolate and peanut butter is an addicting combination. And what better than the two together... melty and gooey... and sugar-free! This recipe is from alldayidreamaboutfood.com

Ingredients

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1/4 cup butter | 1 oz baking chocolate |
| 3 TBSP erythritol | 1 egg |
| 1 egg yolk | 3 TBSP almond flour |
| 1/4 tsp vanilla | 2 TBSP peanut butter |

Directions

Preheat oven to 375F and grease 3 small ramekins. Dust the ramekins with cocoa powder and shake out the excess. In a microwave safe bowl, melt butter and chocolate together, whisking until smooth. Alternatively, you can melt it carefully over low heat. Add the sweetener and whisk until combined. Then add the egg and egg yolk and whisk until smooth. Whisk in the almond flour, vanilla extract, and salt until well combined. Divide about 2/3 of the batter between the three ramekins, making sure to cover the bottom. Divide peanut butter between the ramekins, placing in center of the batter. Cover with remaining batter. Bake 10 to 12 minutes, or until the edges of the cakes are set but the center still jiggles lightly.

~Batsheva Miriam



A Lesson Learned

5 Adar

It's one of those days where you just feel, like, *trapped*. It's a gorgeous Thursday in March, with the sky a brilliant blue and surprisingly warm (not *really* warm, just, like, 63 degrees or something) for March. I long to be free of classes already. Unfortunately for me, it's only third period, with two more loong ones to go and only two four minute breaks to look forward to (I have a double biology period on Tuesdays). Glancing at my watch, I see that there's still forty minutes left to the period. I groan inwardly and then look back towards the front of the room, where Mrs. Herman is droning on about the sphygmomanometer and its virtues. I glance towards my best friend, Tamar Halpern, who's doodling idly on a bright orange Post-It note. Right now, she's sketching different packages of *Mishloach Manot*. Oh! Purim's in only 9 days! I really need to start thinking of ideas! I know that I for sure want to make these really cute cookies I saw in *Family Table* that have these adorable crystals on them (from rock candy), but our family always does a theme for Purim and I'm still trying to figure out how I can fit it in...

6 Adar

It's another *boring* period...this time it's geography. Frankly, I'm not quite sure why geography is fundamental to our curriculum. It's not like we're actually going to need it one day. Groan. Just then, a voice penetrates my thoughts.

"Rikki Feingold!" Uh-oh. Guiltily, I look up right into Mrs. Lederman's angry face. Obviously, she's been calling it for a while.

"Uh...can you please repeat the question?" I mumble, my cheeks reddening. Mrs. Lederman lets out an annoyed sigh.

"What is the capital of Georgia?"

I quickly glanced into my textbook.

"Um...Tbilisi," I said quickly.

Mrs. Lederman gives a grudging nod. "Good." She turns to write on the board and I breathe a sigh of relief.

7 Adar

It's a week to Purim and I *still* haven't figured out what I'm doing for *Mishloach Manot*. I'm getting a little panicky, as most of my

classmates already started buying things for theirs. I'm toying with the theme of royalty, but honestly, it's a little cliché. My mother suggested doing trees, since Haman was hung on a tree, but I pointed out that our neighbors did that last year. Right now, I'm writing my name over and over again in different fonts. Just as I'm forming a curly *k*, a genius idea strikes me: *Feingold*. Gold. Jewels. Which are technically rocks, right? I can make those adorable cookies I've been dreaming of! I grab my notepad and start feverishly scribbling down ideas.

8 Adar

I have *the* cutest plan for my *Mishloach Manot* and I seriously can't wait to start working on it! My idea is going to take a lot of time and energy, but it's going to come out amazing. I can't wait to see my classmates' faces when they see my gorgeous package! The second the bell rings to dismiss us, I literally jump out of my seat and race for the door.

After I get home, I yell out to my mother, "Ma, I'm going to the store!"

"That's fine, just be back by six," she calls back from the bathroom where she's washing off my little sister, Meira, who apparently smeared baby food all over herself.

Grabbing my pocketbook, I hurry out and after walking about three blocks, I arrive at Target. I enter and walk straight to the crafts aisle. First, I look for a box. After about five minutes, I find the *cutest* container: it's a small, wooden treasure chest with a gray, plastic lock...and even better, it's only 75¢ apiece! Next, I head to a wall stocked completely with ribbons. I pick out a pretty gold color. It compliments the rustic, wooden look of the treasure chest. Afterwards, I pick out a few blank sheets of labels to print my slogan on.

I check my watch and start – it's already 6:06! I can't believe my quick in-and-out took over an hour! Running to the checkout lanes, I hastily pay and dash out. Panting, I arrive home at about 6:20. Ma's waiting there with a small frown on her face. My siblings, who are clustered around the table, are clamoring for food.

"Next time, Rikki, can you try and listen to me?" she asks with a sigh. "I was waiting for you to start dinner and everyone got a little...impatient." *[cont next page]*



“Sorry...but look what I got! It was real bargain, too—”

“Can you show me later?” Ma cut in. “We’re running a little late and I still need to give the little ones baths...”

“Sorry...” I say again, feeling ashamed of myself. “I’ll really try not to come back late.”

“Thank you.” Ma gives me a smile and I grin.

10 Adar

It’s four days to Purim and I’m spending every possible moment on creating the most perfect *Mishloach Manot* ever. During classes, I barely pay attention...but that’s not saying anything. I mean, who *can’t* help catching the merry feeling that’s sweeping the school? Of course, the G.O. contributed plenty, complete with a trip to this place that has tons of mazes of all different types (because you should have an *amazeing* Purim) and this incredible lunch with French onion soup, breadsticks and salad with croutons (you should have a soup-er Purim). Today, during history, instead of brainstorming ideas for the theme, I spend the time fantasizing and sketching pictures of my perfect *Mishloach Manot*. Mrs. Klein gives back our history tests and I glance at it. A 64. In big, red letters, Mrs. Klein has written, *See me after class*. I’ve never failed a test before. This is really weird. Whatever. I shrug it off. It’s probably just a one time thing. After school, I hurry to the corner grocery to pick to some rock candy and gold sprinkles for my cookies that I’m planning on baking today. It takes me a grand total of four hours and two minutes to completely finish the cookies. Unfortunately, despite the immense amount of time spent on this project, the cookies didn’t come out exactly as I’d hoped...they were all a bit lumpy and the frosting wasn’t perfect, but I reassured myself that nothing ever looked like it did in the magazines. I saunter out of the kitchen after individually wrapping each cookie. Later, though, Ma complains to me about me not cleaning up the whole mess.

“Really, Rikki, you’re old enough to clean up after yourself,” she scolds. “I had to spend an hour cleaning up that huge mess you made in the kitchen!”

I shift uncomfortably from one foot to the other. “Sorry, Ma,” I mumble.

13 Adar

 The day before Purim!!! I have basically finished all my *Mishloach Manot* except for

one detail – I still need to print out the labels. I take out our super old and extremely slow laptop to create the labels. I click on the Microsoft Word icon and then have to wait three minutes while it starts up. Finally, when it does, I try to find a cute font, but since the program is very old (2000, to be exact) it doesn’t have the one I want. I finally settle on a semi-cute one and print out the labels. Sticking each one on the mini chests, I then set them out neatly on the dining room table for easy access the next day when I’d have to give it out. I go to sleep that night, excitement brimming.

14 Adar

Purim at last!! I get up at nine, but am too excited to go back to sleep, so I get dressed and *daven*.. Afterwards, I hurry downstairs to take pride in my beautiful *Mishloach Manot*. But when I arrive in the dining room, I’m greeted with a horrific sight: my little siblings have trashed every single chest! My little brother Moishy is currently chewing on two cookies at once; my little sisters,

Chayala and Gitty, are scavenging the chests for other goodies and Meira is smashing the rock candy all over the place. I hear a bloodcurdling screech and then I realize it was me. My siblings all jump and whirl around to stare at me. I feel a red-hot fury take hold of me and all the words I’m planning to yell get all jumbled up into one big mess. “MOISHY! How dare you! My cookies! Chayala! The chests! Walmart! MAA!” Spent, I collapse into a chair and start to sob. All my hard work...down the drain! What am I going to do now?! It looks like I’m going to have to give out a bottle of water and an apple slice for *Mishloach Manot* since that’s all we have in our house...

Ma comes running in. “Rikki, what’s going—” She stops short when she sees the destruction my siblings wrecked on my *Mishloach Manot*. “Moishy, Chayala and Gitty!” she says sharply. “Go upstairs right now! All of you!”

“But Ma,” Moishy whines. “We didn’t know it was Rikki’s! We thought it was for us!”

“Yeah, right,” I snarl. Moishy, Chayala and Gitty all trudge past, mumbling apologies. I could care less about them – all I want is my *Mishloach Manot* back! Ma turns to me and sighs. “I’m sorry, Rikki. I know how hard you worked on these...”

[cont next page]

“And they ruined them all!” I say, beginning to cry. “I spent so much time, energy and money on this...and now it all went down the drain!”

I turn to my mother. But surprisingly, instead of looking sympathetic, she looks thoughtful.

“Maybe this was all to teach you a lesson,” she says quietly.

“How?”

“Think.”

I do. I think of staying out past curfew, the failed history test, making Ma clean up after me and generally going crazy over some silly *Mishloach Manot*. I look up at Ma.

“I realize it all now,” I say softly. “I really have learned my lesson.”

Ma smiles at me and then gives me a hug. “C’mon, Rikki, let’s go see what we can scavenge from the nosh cabinets for your new *Mishloach Manot*. And that’s exactly what we do.

~Shira

I don’t know about any of you, but for me, school alone is taxing. We all have crazy long hours and even if we don’t, the amount of work more than makes up for it. Of course, this isn’t even mentioning the various activities we all do, whether it be chessed, or volunteering for your local special needs organization, or learning to drive, which eats up hours as well. There are so many more examples, especially all the things that school requires you to do, like drama or choir or a club. And we’re just the kids! Our parents have to figure out carpool, busing and ways of getting our brothers back home from Yeshiva, in addition to all the shopping, working and household up-keeping they have to do. And yes, while we help them where we can, the brunt of the work falls to them. Needless to say, people are stressed all around, especially with all the Purim and Pesach craziness, so the stress and worry spreads swiftly. In this article we’ll have helpful tips on how to relax and de-stress after a long day, give advice on how you could organize more quickly and easily to free up more time, and assist in figuring out how to manage a good and well thought-out timetable so you’ll get more out of your day. Each issue of Ayelet Mag will have a few tips and tricks on how you can de-stress your life. Let’s get started!

Not many people understand how long an average high school girl’s day can drag on but *we* do. We live it and breathe it. So it’s important that we actually remember to **breathe** because more than once you just have to slow down and take a breath.

Music covers more than it seems to on the surface. There are different parts: listening, singing, playing and instrument, and writing it. Listening to music can actually be pretty tricky. I know that once I start, I don’t want to stop. The trick to this is to have songs that you have never heard, because it increases your concentration.

Of course, music isn’t the only way to relax. You could just go to the local **ice cream** shop or on a **walk** to Starbucks with a friend who you can talk to and destress. If you’re frustrated about your day, it is okay to **vent**, just remember; you aren’t angry at your friend. Also, give them a heads up that you’re going to vent, because it can help them understand why you may be using a tone of voice that you normally reserve for when you’re angry.

Hang in there till the next round of Take a Chill Pill!

~Perri T.

TAKE A
CHILL
PILL



G.M.(D!)T.A.

I'm pretty sure you've heard the phrase "great minds think alike." Well, I'm here to disprove that. Ayelet Mag gave the same sentence ("Put the spoon down, Harold," said Nancy. "And tell me where you put the bomb.") to a few different girls who were all told the same thing: "Write something, around a page long." Hope you enjoy reading what they came up with as much as I did!

THE FRIDGE'S DEMISE

[Poor little innocent fridge...]

"Put down the spoon Harold," said Nancy, "and tell me where you put the bomb."

Harold sipped his coffee and added more sugar.

"In the fridge Mom," he called out.

"What?" Nancy whirled around from where she had been putting away the milk.

"In the fridge," Harold repeated calmly. "I told you already. And all my weapons are in the flower pot." Then he spilled the salt.

"Oh, and Mom, you probably shouldn't touch the mustard either."

"Come on, Harold. All I wanted to know was where the baby's diaper is!"

"What baby? The one hidden in the greenhouse room by the county fair?"

And then an airplane flew by and a bird chirped and the wind blew and Harold's house exploded. As rescuers rushed to the scene, a neighbor claimed that they

had heard Harold breathing his very last words: "...so maybe the fridge wasn't the best place to hide a bomb."

~E.Z.



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PRANK YOU VERY MUCH

There were many things that Lucas did not appreciate, and one of them was his little sister's obsession with the new 'in' phrases. Suzie was constantly badgering him using slang he knew nothing about.

"LUCAS!" A shrill scream could be heard throughout the house. "MOM SAID TO GET YOURSELF DOWN HERE TO GO TO THE CARNIVAL! IT'LL BE LIT!"

Lucas groaned. Every time he came home from college, his mom took his family on a 'bonding' trip. Each time it was somewhere Lucas just happened to despise. Lucas shut off his Xbox and scrounged the floor for a shirt that didn't look too dirty. He found one, gave it a sniff and pronounced it good enough to wear. He pulled on his black combat boots and grabbed his wallet and keys, hurrying up the steps before he could be summoned again. Once he made it to the car and into the passenger seat he allowed himself an exasperated sigh.

"Lucas," His mother, Nancy, snapped. "This is family bonding time. You don't get to have an attitude." Lucas had only to glance at his mother's slightly red face and her dagger eyes to know this would be a miserable trip. He turned to the back and grinned at Harold, his sixteen year old brother.

"What's up, bro?" Harold asked, noting the grin on Lucas's face. Lucas only shook his phone and began typing away. After a few moments Harold's phone lit up with a new message. Harold began to laugh.

"Really bro?" He snorted. "Fine, but you owe me one."

The rest of the ride was quite uneventful. Lucas kept to himself, as he usually did, and Harold silently schemed. Meanwhile, Suzie sat in the back making Musicallys she proclaimed as 'dope' and 'fire.' Lucas rolled his eyes when Suzie complained about lack of service and bad lighting; she went through this every day, and Lucas was quite fed up with it.

What happened to the world he used to know? The world where kids were found outside playing sports and not indoors glued to a screen of some sort. As it was, Lucas only played his Xbox for lack of anything better to do, and generally ignored his phone, using it for only texting and calling.

"We're here, kids!" piped Nancy, pulling into a parking space.

"Thanks, Mom," Harold said sarcastically. "Lucas and I will go have fun now."

"Yeah," Lucas added quickly. He grinned at Harold. "Suzie can go with you and have a girls' night." Harold lost himself in laughter at seeing Suzie's reaction.

"What?!" Suzie exploded. "Moms are lame! I wouldn't be caught at a carnival with my mom! Are you kidding? That's pathetic! Nope, I'm sticking with you!"

Lucas played his best shot and responded, "But this is Harold's and my bonding time. We never have time together because I'm at college and this is our bro time." He ended with a pleading glance to his mom. "Lucas is right, Suzie," his mom sighed. "Harold never sees Lucas because unlike you he can't leave school to visit. Let them have tonight." She began dragging Suzie away.

Lucas turned to Harold and laughed. Harold grinned back heading to the trunk and pulling out his pranking kit.

"Right bro. All that's left is to get the bear." Harold laughed maniacally. After winning a bear, Lucas and Harold presented Suzie with it and an ice cream sundae. Suzie was in love at first sight.

"This thing is bae!" she screamed, causing Lucas to look to Harold for an explanation.

"It means it's cute," he deadpanned. Lucas nodded.

Nancy walked up just in time for Harold to steal a spoonful of ice cream and for the bear to emit an awful stench. Suzie began to shriek about Harold stealing her spoon, while holding her nose and trying to locate the source of the pungent fumes.

Nancy caught on first.

"Put the spoon down, Harold," said Nancy. "And tell me where you put the bomb."

Lucas and Harold burst out laughing and Harold pulled his stink bomb from an incision in the bear's back. He and Lucas high fived reveling in their successful prank, even if it would land them a grounding. It was worth it, Lucas surmised, if it would get back at Suzie for her annoying slang.

~M.S.

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THE BOTTOM OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING

"Put the spoon down, Harold," said Nancy. "And tell me where you put the bomb."

"What bomb?" Harold asked innocently.

"The bomb I *know* you were building. Harold, I'm not dumb."

"Really?" Harold raised his eyebrows. "Because-"

He got no farther.

"*Harold!* Don't make me use your middle name," Nancy warned. "Because I will."

"Okay, okay." Harold held up his hands in surrender. "It's set to go off in two hours, but if anyone touches it, it will detonate immediately."

"How do you disconnect it?"

"Uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhh...."

"You don't know?!" Nancy cried in disbelief.

"Uuuuu-"

"Don't start Harold. Just don't." Nancy was fuming. She narrowed her eyes at him "Where. Is. It?"

"Um, the basement of the Empire State Building?"

"Is that a question or a statement?"

"Uh, a statement?"

"Harold!!"

"Yes?" he squeaked.

"You and I are going to go down there and take care of it before it explodes. And you better watch out, mister, because I am on to you!"

"Eeep!"

"Yes, be scared! Because when this is over, ooh, you will regret ever doing it."

The two of them set off to the heart of New York. It took some time – an hour and a half, to be exact – but finally they made it to the Empire State Building. They got through security and trooped downstairs. There were only 4 minutes left by the time they reached the basement.

Nancy looked around "So? Where is this bomb?"

Harold reached into his bag and grinned.

"Well..." he said "It is in the bottom of the empire state building."

He dropped the bomb, and ran.

~Leah



Star-Bright Spotlight

Ayelet: Today we're interviewing a very well-known, young Jewish artist. Ayelet Mag warmly welcomes.... NECHAMA COHEN!!!!

Ayelet: When did you know that music was something that you wanted to do?

Nechama: I don't think it was ever really a conscious decision. Ever since I was little, I felt like music was life and that I wanted to experience it with others, share and create. As I grew up and started playing instruments and writing, I felt like I needed to put it out into the world.

Ayelet: Were you nervous? Did you have doubts about how it would go?

Nechama: I wasn't so nervous about releasing the album because I didn't dream of where it would go. I never planned for it to be a business. I was more worried if the religious communities would accept it. But I figured it's ok if not everyone approves of me. I still try to follow through on that mindset today. It became necessary these past few years. I can't and don't want to be what people think I should be, rather just be authentically me.

Ayelet: How did you create your first album?

Nechama: It was quite a process of research and emails and figuring out how it works, how much it would cost, getting musicians, and just how to even start. I started working with a producer and tried it out, seeing how the process worked of creating the music, the vocals, etc. I soon realized that it wasn't creating the sound I envisioned and moved to the producer I work with now: Jake Antelis (jantelis@gmail.com). It was quite overwhelming and difficult but once I started working with Jake, it started coming together and I could feel it.

Ayelet: What inspired you to write your songs/album?

Nechama: In short, life whether it's my own experiences, thoughts, ideas, relationships, faith...

Ayelet: What do you hope to achieve with your music? What makes your dream worth fighting for?

Nechama: What I hope to achieve with my music is what I always did, from day one. I want to reach people. I want people (especially in societies that teach a repressive and shameful mentality) to feel less alone, to speak up about things that matter, to feel all their depth and beauty and connect authentically with themselves and others in a

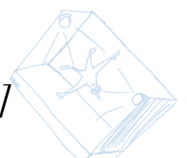
real way. Every time I get a message, email, or someone comes up to me after a show to tell me the impact I've had on their life... every time I see all of your faces as I'm singing and you sing the words right back with tears in your eyes... those are the moments that make this dream worth fighting for.

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

Nechama: The only piece of advice I would give on this subject is as follows: HOW is never as important as WHY. Let it be the reasons why you want to share your gift the guide to how and when you express it, and the level of publicity you should or shouldn't do that, and the right way will find you.

[cont next page]

“I can't and don't want to be what people think I should be, rather just be authentically me.”



Ayelet: What was your favorite part about making the music video for Inside Out?

Nechama: I think my favorite part was the process of seeing the idea come to fruition. It was a really fun experience working with a few of my talented friends to create the ideas I had written down into the visual it became. It was a lot of hard work for me to plan, coordinate, direct, and be in it, and most importantly to believe in myself, but it was something put my energy into, went greatly out of my comfort zone for, and was proud of the process and the outcome. Filming in Israel was definitely a bonus!

Ayelet: Did anything funny happen on set?

Nechama: Yes! When I was filming under the Tachana Mercazit tunnel, it was one of the first few takes we were doing on the first day of filming. Naturally, I wasn't so in the zone yet and kept laughing every time I started playing the guitar on camera. So as I'm playing and trying to get this shot, some old man walks by and drops me a half shekel and continues walking as if I was playing for money! Thanks a lot!

Ayelet: What was your most favorite moment you've had being a singer?

Nechama: Hmm, that's so hard to say. There were so many pivotal moments that were WOAHHHH. Singing at the Millennium Theater to 1500 women right after my album was released was definitely one of those moments, and probably the earliest big moment I experienced. Singing in Mexico and visiting the schools and community there was also one of those stand-out, surreal, over-the-top moments. But there were so many favorite moments after that, glamorous or otherwise. Every step along the way (until and including now) has been filled with so many countless moments of insane amounts of love for strangers turned friends and amazing opportunities and experiences.

A favorite moment for me is any time I feel connected, purposeful, and like I'm making a difference!

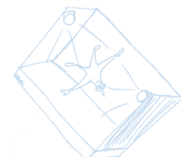
Ayelet: Why is Heartbeat your title track?

Nechama: I think Heartbeat is the best representation of my album message and purpose. What Heartbeat means to me is accepting that the journey of life is both beautiful and heartbreaking. Whether it be through life events, relationships levels of connection, states of mind, or ranges of emotion... it's an understanding that what makes life life is all the ups and downs keeping us alive. Your highest highs, lowest lows, and vast in-betweens are all a part of a larger picture; all integral, all necessary, and all worth it.

Ayelet: During your time performing, you got to perform with other singers and performers. Did you ever feel out of place up there on stage, with people you may have looked up to as performers and/or role models?

Nechama: Definitely! In the beginning, more so, as I was performing with people who have been singing/performing for many years in the Jewish women's entertainment world had a lot more experience than me. It was quite intimidating. It was helpful to remind myself that no one else can bring what I can do or what I was meant to do, as every person (whether they are a performer or not) is unique and belongs just as much as the person next to them does. It took some time for me to build my confidence and develop as a person and an artist. It's important to always keep in mind that as "out of place" as you may feel in any given situation, you are never meant to be anything or anyone that you're not. No matter what, where, when, or how – by being yourself, you're always perfectly in place.

~BM and SK



“By being yourself, you’re always perfectly in place.”



D A F#m E

Many years of memories filed away in our hearts

D A F#m E

That we can take out and remember when we're far apart

D A F#m E

Never realized just how much I treasure our friendship

D A F#m E

But now I'm faced with separation, feel like I'm losing this

D F#m A

Never thought that I could feel this much sadness, ooh

D F#m A

You're gone now, I always will miss you

D F#m A

Right now you're not here with us physically

D F#m E

But you'll always be part of our family

D A F#m E

Thinking forward hurts my heart cuz you're not by my side

D A F#m E

So instead I try (to) think back to when we had nothing to hide

D A F#m E

Don't think that I can handle you leaving me, whoa

D A F#m E

But we're bound with something stronger so I won't let go

D F#m A

Never thought that I could feel this much sadness, ooh

D F#m A

You're gone now, I always will miss you

D F#m A

Right now you're not here with us physically

D F#m E

But you'll always be part of our family

SONGSPOT

FAMILY

An original song by Batsheva Miriam Altose



[cont next page]



Bm D F#m
More than just friendships were formed

Bm D F#m
We're a family, loving and warm

F#m A Bm D C#
You're a sis...ter... lea...ving.... home

D F#m A
Never thought that I could feel this much sadness, ooh

D F#m A
You're gone now, I always will miss you

D F#m A
Right now you're not here with us physically

D F#m E
But you'll always be part of our family

~Batsheva Miriam

“I wrote this song when one of my best friends moved halfway across the country. She really had her place with us, and we’ll miss her forever. Love you!”



FREE FOREVER

*Love of heart
Delight in fun
Sweetness of life
Glorious
feelings expand
wanting to burst
FREE
away
good and bad
all at once
none the same
yet all similar
all new
yet all familiar
in me
waiting to be
separate
never ending
always
these
release
and
BE
free
Forever*

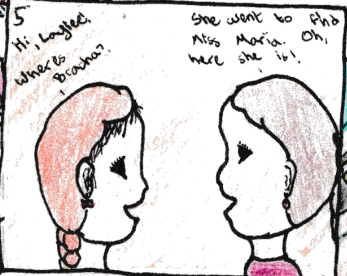
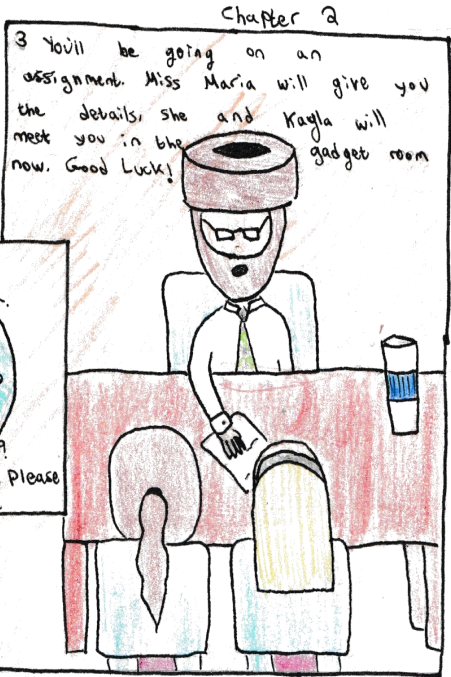
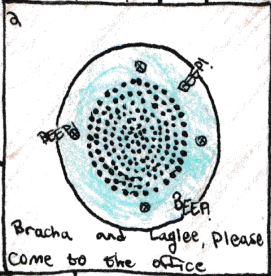
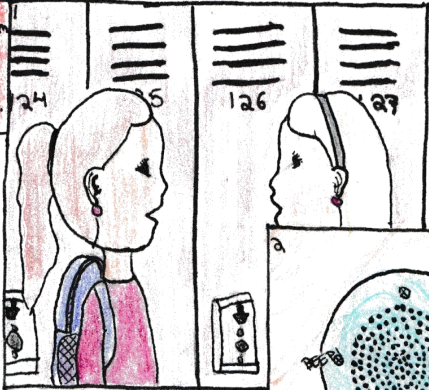
~Anonymous



The Music flows
the words don't stop
My joy is overwhelming
I feel myself
stopping
then
starting
singing
poetry into the night sky
the love I feel won't stop
I close my eyes
and I hear it
in my ears
softly singing to me
enjoying every moment
it will never stop
sometimes it will be sad
or happy
or mad
or monotone
but always there

~Anonymous

Recap: Laylee has a dream about PQ and then wakes up in her bed at home.



TO BE CONTINUED...