

Vol. 1, Issue 6

July-August 2018/Av-Elul 5778

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Sara Kayla Singer

Ayelet Mag

מגזין חסד

4

שמעאל

”השיבנו ד’ אליך ונשובה חדש

ימינו כקדם”

(איכה, ה:כ”א)

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Ayelet Tour

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****Due to a very unfortunate technical difficulty, all of our pre-existing blog comments have been deleted. But please—feel free to add more!!!!****



Dear Ayelet readers,

Can you believe this is the last issue of the year? Next time you read an Ayelet letter it will be Ayelet VOLUME TWO.

And that is awesome.

But on to more serious topics-- the theme for this issue is "Hoping for Home", (No, it's not really about homesickness--or, well, it could be) with some focus on the pasuk

"השיבנו ד' אליך ונשובה חדש ימינו כקדם"
"Hashem, bring us back to You and we will return; make our days new like they were before."

The downfall of Bnei Yisrael is heartbreaking to read about. The starvation, the death, Jews turning on each other, and what makes it worse is that this isn't just a sad story you read in a book--it actually happened.

In this edition, we are very proud to have a special piece written by our (relatively) new author, "Yet_Another_Schwarz_Kid" called "A Voice of the Fallen", in which the talented author speaks through the viewpoint of a girl living in the time of the Churban.

It's been almost two thousand years since then--and every year, on Tisha B'av, we still mourn. We still "remember", even though we were never there. We still read their story.

We still hope.

 (And yes, we know it's *after*

Tisha B'av, but the message of hope isn't confined to dates;)

And here you have it-- the last issue of the first year of Ayelet.

It's been a crazy year of back-up plans, deadlines, hard work and random emails at random times. (Note: I'm sure we did this, Batsheva right? How could we not have??)

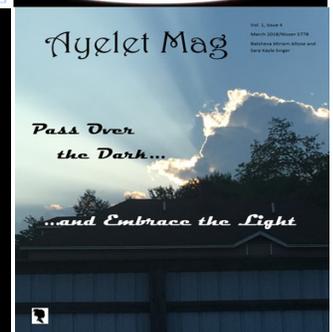
And now at last, it's the end of our first year.

But you know what they say--The end is just the beginning.

Love,

Ayelet Editors

Batsheva Miriam and Sara Kayla



Meet the Staff

Yet_Another_Schwarz_Kid

Hobbies

Writing, music (playing and listening), reading, hanging out with animals (dogs)

Favorite Quote

“When trouble strikes, head to the library. You will either be able to solve the problem, or simply have something to read as the world crashes down around you.”

-Lemony Snicket

Favorite Subject

English

Contribution to Ayelet

Short Stories

Short Stories

Kitchen Krazies

For this issue, the best HOMEmade recipes!

Homemade Teriyaki Sauce (tasteandtellblog.com)

Ingredients

1 1/4 c water
5 packed TBSP brown sugar
1/4 c soy sauce
1-2 TBSP honey
1 clove minced garlic
1/2 tsp ground ginger
2 TBSP cornstarch

Directions

Combine 1 cup of water, brown sugar, soy sauce, honey, garlic, and ginger in a saucepan over medium heat. In a separate bowl, mix cornstarch with the remaining 1/4 cup of water. Whisk until dissolved. Add the cornstarch mixture to the saucepan and heat until you reach your desired thickness.

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Homemade Zucchini Bread (allrecipes.com)

Ingredients

3 c flour	1 c chopped walnuts
1 tsp salt	3 eggs
1 c vegetable oil	1 tsp baking soda
1 1/4 c sugar	1 tsp baking powder
3 tsp vanilla	1 TBSP cinnamon
2 c grated zucchini	



Directions

Grease and flour two 8x4 in pans. Preheat oven to 325°F. Mix flour, salt, baking powder, soda, and cinnamon together. Beat eggs, oil, vanilla, and sugar together in a large bowl. Add dry ingredients to the wet, and beat well. Stir in zucchini and nuts until combined. Pour batter into pans. Bake for 40 to 60 minutes, or until tester inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool in pan on rack for 20 minutes. Remove bread from pan, and completely cool.



~Leah



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Falafel (toriavey.com)

INGREDIENTS

1 lb dry chickpeas	1 small onion, roughly chopped
1/4 cup chopped fresh parsley	3-5 cloves garlic
1 1/2 tbsp flour	1 3/4 tsp salt
2 tsp cumin	Vegetable oil for frying
1 tsp ground coriander	1/4 tsp black pepper
1/4 tsp cayenne pepper	Pinch of ground cardamom

DIRECTIONS

Pour the chickpeas into a large bowl and cover them by about 3 inches of cold water. Let them soak overnight. Drain and rinse the garbanzo beans well. Pour them into your food processor along with the chopped onion, garlic cloves, parsley, flour, salt, cumin, ground coriander, black pepper, cayenne pepper, and cardamom. Pulse all ingredients together until a rough, coarse meal forms. Cover the bowl and refrigerate for 1-2 hours. Fill a skillet with vegetable oil to a depth of 1 1/2 inches. I prefer to use cooking oil with a high smoke point, like grapeseed. Heat the oil slowly over medium heat. Meanwhile, form falafel mixture into round balls or slider-shaped patties using wet hands or a falafel scoop. I like to fry a test one in the center of the pan. If the oil is at the right temperature, it will take 2-3 minutes per side to brown (5-6 minutes total). If it browns faster than that, your oil is too hot and your falafels will not be fully cooked in the center. Fry the falafels in batches of 5-6 at a time till golden brown on both sides.



-Batsheva Miriam



A Voice of the Fallen

WARNING: THIS STORY CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF LIFE AFTER CHURBAN BAYIS SHAINI. PLEASE USE YOUR OWN DISCRETION BEFORE READING!

I suppose this must be the end. Or at least, what the end must feel like. What it smells like, and looks like, and tastes like.

Like dust, and the decay of those you once knew.

I wonder if the Romans know what the end feels like. I hope they don't. If they do, it would mean that they know what they are doing to us. And even though I sit beside the corpses of my loved ones, without strength enough to lift my head, I still refuse to believe that such evil exists in this world.

But I suppose it was our own evil that got us into this mess in the first place, was it not? There's a time of peace, we sin, we're punished, God miraculously saves us, and it repeats. The wheel of the Jews' history goes round and round, yet we keep on spinning it despite how predictable it all is.

Absentmindedly, my tongue traces the roof of my mouth. It tastes as it did yesterday, and the day before that: of nothingness. About a week ago, I finished the last of my and my family's shoes. Then my mouth had tasted of leather. But with my ebbing strength, I soon found that I was no longer able to search for possible food. Occasionally, I managed to catch a fly humming over one of the corpses, but they never seemed satisfy my everlasting hunger, and eventually I lost the energy to try and catch them. Or maybe it was my will that I lost.

Either way, my clothes have slowly

gotten baggier and baggier, my head harder and harder to lift, and my stomach more and more hollow. I can feel my essence slowly drifting away.

And all the while I know it must be for something I have done. For something we have done. As a people and a nation.

“I wonder if the Romans know what the end feels like. I hope they don't.”

I imagine mothers telling their children of the siege on Jerusalem. Of how thousands of Jews dropped dead in the streets and their homes from starvation. That will be me, a part of those thousands. My life will stand as a reminder to future generations to steady the wheel and keep it on the section of peace. But we

always spin the wheel. We can't help it.

Shakily, I lift my eyes to my mother, whose emaciated corpse sits across the room from me. It's only a matter of time until I become like her. I will be the last of my family to go. The last to feel the pain of an unknown sin. Warily my eyelids shut. I no longer have the energy to keep them lifted.

I can see the wheel of our history, of our madness, go round and round inside my head. Around and around.

I wonder if it will ever be still.

B.a.b.y.s.i.t.t.i.n.g. 1.0.1.

Okay, so just to make it clear: I WAS NOT THE ONE WHO CALLED THE FIRE TRUCK. That was completely and totally *Chava's* fault. I guess I'd better start at the beginning...

Basically, a few days ago, my neighbor Mrs. Gold asked me to babysit. Now, she has a *lot* of kids (seven, to be precise), so I knew right away that I would need help. So I called up my friend Chava, who had recently mentioned to me that her summer job didn't start till the following week and she was extremely bored. She agreed instantly and after receiving Mrs. Gold's permission, we were all set!

The day of the babysitting job came, and Chava and I went to the Gold's house. Mr. and Mrs. Gold, looking as if they had just survived a hurricane (which, in all honesty, they probably had): their clothes were all wrinkled, Mrs. Gold's sheitel was askew and Mr. Gold's hat was crinkled and dented - raced out of the house the moment they saw us saying nothing other than: "Kids bathed, Shana throwing tantrum, bye!"

The door slammed and we were left alone with the kids. The instant they left, pandemonium reigned. There was a pudgy girl throwing a tantrum on the kitchen floor because she didn't want to go to bed (who was obviously Shana), even though we hadn't even *said* anything yet. Another boy and his sister were making their own band, with pots, pans and trays, while some kid, who looked about seven, was literally *hanging from the chandelier*. And yet *another* little girl was blissfully coloring the  of the children's faces with permanent

black marker. Chava and I looked at each other, identical expressions of horror on our faces. This was going to be harder than we thought.

"Okay, everyone!" I stepped up and clapped my hands. I waited expectantly for the tumult to die down, but they all ignored me. Chava cleared her throat and stepped up.

"Leave this to me," she said in an undertone and then yelled, "EVERYONE, FREEZE!" All the kids actually listened to her and the house was silent, except for the squeaking of the chandelier as it swung back and forth precariously underneath the weight of its occupant.

"Okay, everyone!" shouted Chava. "In five minutes, all those under the age of six are going to bed upstairs. Everyone else will have ten minutes and then it's their turn! Now...uh... boy! Get down from the chandelier! And you... uh... girl! With the marker! Put that down!"

The boy simply stuck out his tongue and continued swinging, but the girl actually listened to Chava, putting down the black marker...only to exchange it for a blue one! The house degenerated back into chaos.

"Oh no!" I groaned, slapping my hand on my forehead. "Great. What are we going to do now?"

"Yell some more?" suggested Chava.

"That's definitely an option," I agreed. We watched the commotion for a few more minutes, and then I stepped up and yelled, "STOP!"

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with a fierce glare. Wonder of wonders, they did.

"You...uh...Shaya," I said to the kid on the chandelier, remembering his name, "please come down from there *right now*."

With much moaning and groaning, he finally acquiesced...but then it turned out he didn't actually know how to get down.

"Seriously?" I groaned. "Okay, stay right there, we'll deal with you later." We rounded up the other kids, who put up a good fight. The 'band members' were apparently quite attached to their instruments and refused to part with them until we finally bribed them with some of the jelly beans I'd brought along (I always bring along treats to babysitting jobs in case the situation gets desperate).

The marker girl gave me a run for our money as she dashed around the house, clutching her markers (Chava was upstairs, dealing with the chandelier kid). I had just cornered her in the den, when I suddenly heard the scream of sirens *right outside the house* and the girl and I, instantly forgetting the chase, ran to the window and saw fire trucks outside the house and firemen rushing to the front door.

"What's going on?!" I yelled to Chava who was standing underneath the chandelier on top of a stepstool, her eyes wide and terrified.

"I-I think Shaya called 911," she whispered, pointing to the kid on the chandelier, who was clutching a phone, a significant detail we hadn't noticed when we'd first arrived.

"What!?! Oh no, please, this *cannot* be happening..."

Just then, the door was forced open and four firemen, dressed in full gear, raced into the house. They looked around wildly, clearly searching for a fire, and then their eyes settled on us: standing frozen in the middle of the house.

"Uh ... what's goin' on, miss?" A broad-shouldered fireman strode over to us. I glanced around wildly, vainly searching for someone else to explain. Chava was still frozen with shock, Shaya was certainly in no position to answer and the marker girl was hiding behind the couch. There was only me.

"...when I suddenly heard the scream of sirens *right outside the house...*"

"Um...I'm actually...er...not so sure myself," I confessed, my cheeks turning bright red.

"Oh, I called you," piped up Shaya from atop the chandelier. "I'm stuck and I can't figure out how to climb down."

The fireman squinted up at Shaya and frowned. "Why's he up there?"

"Uh...er..." I gave a nervous giggle. "We were...um...pretending to be...monkeys?"

The fireman opened his mouth, but before he could say another word, Mr. and Mrs. Gold walked in...and froze.

Oh my gosh. This cannot be happening. Oh, please, no, please, no, please no...

The Golds' eyes traveled from the firemen standing uncomfortably in the living room, to Chava and I standing frozen in middle of the hall and finally up to Shaya sitting, funnily enough, on the chandelier. I wished fervently with all my heart that the ground would open up and swallow me.

"Well, let's help you down, little guy!" said the fireman, breaking the tension. He walked up to the stepladder, where Chava moved off without a word, and stepped onto it. Since he was much taller than Chava, he easily reached the chandelier and, reaching up, he lifted Shaya off and placed him gently onto the ground.

"If that's all, we'll be off," said the fireman and then he and the others left hurriedly, closing the door quickly behind them.

I don't want to go into details about what happened after that, but all I will say is this: Shaya would never climb the chandelier again. Needless to say, the Golds have never asked me back to babysit. But that's okay, Chava and I have had enough of babysitting (and chandeliers) to last us a lifetime.

~Shira Moskowitz

Love,
Laylay

6/29/18 Dear Mommy,

Hi! What's doing at home? Miss you already! I just arrived in camp...not sure what to think yet. I'll tell you later.

Love, Laylay

7/2/18 Dear Mommy,

There are fifteen girls in my bunk, it's so overwhelming! How am I supposed to get to know them all in only a few weeks?! I can't even remember most of their names, it's all a blur. Tova, Leah, Chana, Chana Leah, Rochel, Blumie, Esther Laya, Kayla, tall, blonde, black-haired, manicured hands.....aaaahhh!!! Today we did swimming and basketball. I hate swimming. I miss you. Love, Laylay

7/8/18 Dear Mommy,

The last few days weren't as bad, but still not great. I can't seem to approach any of the other girls. Today, while we were having a class on drama, the drama director asked about tryouts for the play. You know how much I love to act, but I couldn't go up there and write my name down on the sign-up sheet. I barely know any of these people...how can I act properly in front of them? They're probably all much better than me anyway. And I couldn't go up there, in that bustling crowd of girls. Couldn't do something as simple as picking up a wooden, cracked pencil and writing my name, which I've written since I was six years old, on a piece of paper.

Love, Laylay

P.S. A girl asked if I wanted her to write my name down for me. I couldn't even answer. What's wrong with me??

7/10/18 Dear Mommy,

My counselor, Reva, took one look at me and

cont next page



said I'm "homesick." Wonderful. Why did you make me come, Mommy? I miss you and Tati and Chezky. I miss Sirel and Chevi, and all my friends. I miss my bed and my room and our house. Of course I'm "homesick". Like I couldn't figure that out myself

Love, Laylay

7/15/18 Dear Mommy,

I'm sorry I was so angry last letter...I shouldn't have gotten so upset. It's just, the anxiety is getting worse! Back home, surrounded by people I've known all my life, it wasn't so bad, but here...whatever. It's fine. I'm fine.

Love, Laylay

7/16/18 Dear Mommy,

I'm not fine. There are billions of mosquitoes and bugs here, and this morning I found a spider crawling up the side of the bed. I screamed so loud I woke up all the five other girls in my room. One of them glared at me and the other told me not to be such a baby. Two others didn't really react. The fifth, Tova, gave me a slight smile and pulled herself out of bed a little reluctantly. She helped me kill the spider. So that wasn't so bad. But then she told me I would probably have to learn how to either kill the spiders or deal with them, because there were tons. I stared at her for a moment, and I thought she was joking. "...What?" I asked. She looked at me like she thought I was joking. "Don't you know anything about camp?" She asked. I felt worse than ever. I've got to go now.

Love, Laylay

7/17/18 Dear Mommy,

Later, Tova apologized about what she'd said earlier. She has four older sisters, and they've all told her exactly what to expect from camp. (Lucky her!) I told her I'm the



oldest girl, and I'm the first in my family to go to camp. Missing you all has become a dull ache, one that creeps up at night. But mostly I feel it during the day, in the middle of activities. Mommy, I can't do this!! I'm no good at meeting new people! We went hiking today. That, you don't really need to be with people for. I could just walk and be alone without feeling self-conscious. Tryouts are starting in a week.

Love, Laylay

7/19/18 Dear Mommy,

This morning at breakfast, Tova approached me again. I watched her come closer, nervous but hopeful. She sat down as though we had known each other for months instead of a matter of weeks. "So, why don't you try out for drama?" She asked, matter-of-fact, like this was something we'd discussed before. It turns out, she was the one who'd asked if I wanted her to write my name down for me. I shrugged a little shyly, and she didn't press it. Another girl wandered over then, I think her name was Sara Leah. She actually sat down then, and I realized she was Tova's friend. Slowly but surely, a couple other girls came too, until there was a small group of girls chatting animatedly. For a while, Mommy, I didn't dare speak. I was afraid I would say something wrong, and anyway they only really came for Tova. Still after a while I mustered my courage. (See, all that reading paid off. You always say I should stop reading and help more, but look at all the cool phrases I know because of it!) Anyways, I saw that one girl had a book tucked under her arm, so I asked, a little impulsively really because that hadn't been what I was going to say, "what are you reading?" And....it was my favorite book! I would describe it to you, but you never remember them by the titles alone

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and my hand hurts too much by now to write the whole thing. The point is, we got into a huge discussion about it, (you know how I love talking about books I like) and a couple of the other girls had read it too! When breakfast ended, a couple girls waved goodbye, and the girl I'd seen reading, Sara Leah, actually stayed behind to talk to me! We were on the same team during volleyball, and she doesn't really like it that much either. I wish she was in my bunk, but at least Tova is.

Love, Laylay

7/21/18 Dear Mommy,

It's Motzei Shabbos, and Tisha B'av has technically started. I feel thirsty already, so I'm writing this to distract myself, although I'll probably send it after Tisha B'av ends. The last few days, I've gotten a little closer to Sara Leah and Tova, and even though I still miss you all, I feel less miserable. I've found a picture of all of us, the whole family, on my camera, and I look at it sometimes when I'm sad. Weirdly, it helps. All the activities are much funner now too. I'm not into sports a lot, but Tova is and she gave me a couple pointers. Suffice it to say, I did much better in volleyball on Friday. (We played a quick game since Shabbos starts so late.) I've also met another girl, Ariella. She's SUPER dramatic, but sweet. You would like her, Mommy. I still cannot make myself try out for drama. What if I don't like the play? Still, I desperately want to try out. I so badly want to get a part, whatever the play is. But what if I fail, Mommy? What if I try and I don't get it, and I feel like a fool? What then? My head hurts.

Love, Laylay

7/23/18 Dear Mommy,

 The paper for tryouts is only a little bit

away from my bunk. Fifty-seven steps. I counted once, when I was really bored. It's nighttime now. In nineteen hours, that paper will be taken down. My name is not on it.

Love, Laylay

7/24/18 Dear Mommy,

Ariella told me I was being absolutely ridiculous. Did I call her sweet? She was blunt and straightforward this morning, looking me right in the eye. I remember exactly what she said, too. "Gosh, Layla, you're being ridiculous! You want to try out? So do it! You're a brilliant actress" (I didn't ask how she'd picked up on this after knowing me for about five days) "and who cares about the rest?" "What's that supposed to mean?" I protested, "It's not that simple." Tova joined the conversation, while Sara Leah simply looked on, amused. "Oh, absolutely you should try out!" She exclaimed when Ariella explained what was going on. "I've been wanting you to for weeks!" None of this makes much sense, BY THE WAY. Tova hasn't known me for that many weeks. But she's prone to exaggeration at times, I think. They then absolutely forced me to go the fifty seven steps to the drama room before pushing me inside and shoving a pencil into my hand. I stood there, Ma, battling with myself. At the last minute, I looked to my right, where Sara Leah was watching. She told me then that it didn't really matter whether I got a part. "Admit it--" She said, in that soft, frank way I'm starting to really appreciate, "you'll kick yourself for years if you don't even try out for this. If it's something you really want." She had a point. So I did it. It wasn't so hard after all.

Love, Laylay

7/25/18 Dear Mommy,

I'd written my name down just in time. I don't

know whether I'll get a part or not, or whether it's something I'll like. But as Sara Leah said, I would be so much more upset if I didn't try at all. And worse comes to worse--I get a bad part, and then we do the play, and then--it's over. It's not a life-changing decision... (I hope!) Of course, I doubt I would REALLY feel this way if I actually got a part I hated. I'm just flying right now, flying on a prolonged burst of euphoria. Still, I DO think I could feel this way if that happened, it would just take time. See you on Visiting Day!!!

Love, Laylay

P.S. My counselor Reva told me today that I seem to be improving. When I asked from what, she said "from homesickness." And, well....she's right! I still miss you all, but I know I'll see you soon.

'Til then- L a y l a y

~Sara Kayla

"I'm just flying
right now, flying
on a prolonged
burst of
euphoria."



So it's summer vaycay. Yay! Let's all hear our whooping war cries again. Mine is llamas. As you can tell, I'm being rather sarcastic. You may be wondering as to why. After all, school's out!

True, however, work is IN. And while yes, summer is a lot less stressful than school, the truth is, there is still a lot one can stress about. There are three things stressful that I believe are quite common.

1) Camp Social:

When you go to camp, there is always the social piece you worry about. What bunk are you in and who else is with you? Are your councilors going to be kind? What about friends from last year? Are they coming back? What if you're miserable because of issues with another camper? These are things most people worry about at some point or another when thinking about sleep away camp. However, it adds unnecessary stress. The trick is to picture in your mind a Venn diagram of sorts. One circle should be 'Controllable' and the other should be 'Uncontrollable'. I personally use this trick when someone is being beyond reasonable. The word I'm looking for rhymes with 'cupid'. Anyways, as an example; the worry about if a friend is returning to camp or not, controllable, why? You can always e-mail, call or text them asking is they're coming back. (I'd say also you could write a letter, but alas, the art of communication by written word is lost. Texting and emails don't count, that's the art of typing.) After you contact them, there is nothing you are able to do in order to ensue that they are returning. So let that worry rest, because it is out of your control.

2) Camp Workaholic:

Specifically, those who start to work within five days of school ending and the work up until five days before school starts. I would appreciate all of your sympathies, I was, unfortunately, unable to leave my town this summer. And while I love my job, I think

we can all agree that the mountain air is good for growing teenage girls.



See, the thing about going straight from school to working, is that it doesn't alleviate any stress, it merely switches what you are stressed about. So make sure that you are getting enough sleep. I know I'm not, I'm still waking up at the same time as I did on an average school day! And let me tell you what you have been told your whole life: SLEEP IS GOOD FOR YOU. In addition to making sure that you are getting a good nights rest, be sure to make time with your friends during the weekday. It helps when you have someone your own age to vent to, but also just to hang out with. My suggestion is the mall. Go into a random store (personally I go to Forever 21, they're so chill there) and have each other try on random outfits. It's a lot of fun and a great way to make your troubles melt away.

3) Camp Time:

Some days it feels like you need an additional twenty-four hours in order to just get everything done. Other days, it just feels like you GOT those additional twenty-four hours when you didn't need them. I believe I have said before and I'll say it again: Time Management. If you ready have a Monday packed with work, a dentist appointment and two babysitting jobs, so yourself a favor and wait for Tuesday when you only have work and a single babysitting job to clean your room. That ensures that you don't have too little time on Monday and too much time on Tuesday. I know that this won't always work, just remember to try your best at managing your own personal stress.

~Perri T.

TAKE
A
CHILL



Star-Bright Spotlight

Ayelet Mag: Meet someone who is dedicated to creating an effective learning environment for *every* child; learn about the ins and outs of running a new and specialized school. Introducing... Liat Shyken!

How would you describe what you do in one sentence?

That is tough. I educate and support students with learning needs in the school setting by providing wraparound supports for social, emotional, behavioral and educational needs.

How did you decide to become a speech therapist? How did that translate into running a school?

I chose speech-language pathology because it was a perfect combination of specialties (teaching, psychology, medicine) and a career that really used my strong points (language, comprehension, patience, working with people, analytical skills, teamwork). I used all these skills plus a few acquired throughout my working years to help run the school. As a SLP, one has to be willing to work with a variety of disciplines and types of people. You have to be flexible in scheduling, good at establishing rapport/creating trusting relationships both with students, parents and other staff, you need patience and all of these are needed in running a program/school.

Were you nervous? Did you have doubts about how things would go?

Yes and always. That is part of the challenge and that is part of why I am always striving to do well and move upwards.

“...the Torah is always so accurate in terms of educating each person *al pi darko*.”

What are some challenges of creating an alternate educational curriculum? Of running a school?

The biggest challenge is getting other people to see and understand your vision. Getting people

to understand that "behavior" does not mean fighting and throwing things, but can also include lack of focus, work refusal, just sitting. It is challenging to put together all the visions (parents, board of directors, teachers, assistants, therapists, etc.), make each voice heard and support each student in the way he needs. Sometimes, you have to disagree with a team member and that is hard for me.



What do you love about your job?

The people. Watching the students struggle, learn a skill and feel the pride of success. Working with others to find solutions and make changes for the positive. My work gives me emunah and pride in how the Torah is always so accurate in terms of educating each person al pi darko.

What don't you like about your job?

Paperwork or, in today's day and age, emails.

Was there ever a low point in your life when you felt uninspired/dejected? How did you motivate yourself to keep going?

There do seem to be low points where I felt a need to be new and exciting. At those times, I tried to make changes in what and how I practiced/worked in therapy. Sometimes, it meant a change of type of job or a change in role overall. I made the change from a speech-language pathologist to supervisor / coordinator / principal, because I wanted a change of pace and new challenges. Newness and challenges motivate me.

Have you had any particularly motivating experience?

Too many to recount. There is something motivating in much of what I do and I have experienced in my jobs. The people - students and coworkers - all show me new and different ways to

the see the world. Each of these unique views can be motivating and change your perspective, I suppose. I worked with a family with an infant who had Down syndrome. They saw him as a bracha, as a Kohain, and a person before his disability. I don't think they ever mentioned disability. I always try to remember that each of my students is a person first with goals, dreams, and

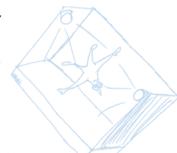
“...and that is part of why I am always striving to do well and move upwards.”

outlooks. I try to focus my teaching and support on the person's strengths, not needs. I try to remember that each of us brings something to the world, and our talents, even when expressed differently, can

make big changes in thought or understanding. At minimum each of us has the chance to make an impact on the world at large.

Have you received any criticism in your approach to your work? How did you push past it and keep going?

Not everyone agrees with your approach or model. Often others see things from different angles and sometimes you are correct and sometimes they are. I think you have to trust yourself, your training/experience, and gut instinct. You have to learn to work with others by taking criticism and using it to make changes and improve.



Did you have a role model when trying to make your career work?

Honestly, I don't have a specific role model. I do try to emulate those around me who have positive habits. I take from others in my field or closely related ones and try to follow their model if I can.

Do you have any advice for girls with talents/visions trying to find a way to achieve them?

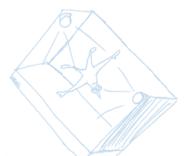
Believe in yourself. Focus. Sometimes it takes small steps to make giant changes. Never give up on yourself. Don't be afraid to ask for help or use other people as resources.

Who do YOU think Ayelet
Mag should interview?

Let us know at

ayeletmag.weebly.com/

[contact.html](http://ayeletmag.weebly.com/contact.html)



~Shira

Happiness
CAN BE
FOUND
even in
THE DARKEST
OF TIMES
IF ONLY
one remembers
to turn on
the light

~J. K. ROWLING



SONGSPOT

E
What have I become
C# A
When all I feel is numb to the numbers
That's all they are to me now
E C#
I can't read the news anymore
A
It's all the same to me
It's all monotony
When did I grow so cynical?
E
Nothing helps me
C#
Nothing helps me
Wave of helplessness
E C#
Has washed me away and I can't get back
E
And I am lost without you
B
I need to be with you
A
How can I help ease your pain?
F#m
Just tell me what to do
E
And I am here without you
B
I'm standing in the cold
A
How can I help ease your pain?
City of gold
G#m C#m
And I can't stand to see the world
G#m Bb
Close its eyes to the truth
G#m C#m
Oh, and I can't stand to see myself
G#m
Standing still
G#m C#m
Some days, just wanna put It all behind



cont next page



G#m
And come to you
And comfort you

F
And I am lost without you

C
I need to be with you

Bb
How can I help ease your pain?

Gm
Just tell me what to do

F
And I am here without you

C
I'm standing in the cold

Bb
How can I help ease your pain?
City of gold

F
And I am lost without you

C
I need to be with you

Bb
How can I help ease your pain?

Gm
Just tell me what to do

F
And I am here without you

C
I'm standing in the cold

Bb
How can I help ease your pain?
City of gold

City of Gold; Words and music by Blue Fringe

Arranged by Batsheva Miriam Altose; performed
by Batsheva Miriam Altose and Sara Kayla Singer

(These are the chords Batsheva Miriam used in her harmonies; of course the entire song has chords. You can find them in a different key at jewishguitarchords.com/BlueFringe_CityOfGold.txt)

Hey, guys! Tell us what you think in the comments on our website; if you have a song you want us to cover for **Songspot**, email us and let us know!

<https://ayeletmag.weebly.com/contact.html>

~Batsheva Miriam and Sara Kayla



BUTTERFLY

It flutters barely out of reach
Of my extended fingertips
There are many ways to grasp, but each
Time I try, away it slips

It leaves behind a glittering trail
That fades before I walk its path
Then I am in the dark again
No way forward, no way back

With it, all my sorrow's gone
With it, I'm once more alive
Without it, I am weighted down
Without, I don't desire to try

It flutters barely out of reach
But it's there, I know, I know
Flying, leading my grasping hand
This butterfly, this thing called hope



HOPE

Hope can be strong
A light in the dark
Shines in your world
Sudden and stark

Hope can be fleeting
Disappearing right away
It can be scary
When it's gone the next day

Hope can be empowering
And make you feel good
If you hold onto it
Just as you should

Hope can be dangerous
If said hope is wrong
It can make you feel powerful
When the illusion is long

But all things considered
Hope is truly nice
It helps you to cope
And to put up a fight

Even if it's false
Please don't despair
Lest hope disappear
Into thin air

So fight out your battles
With hope in your heart
And know that Hashem
Wont leave you in the dark

~Zahava

FALL OF JERUSALEM

When protection leaned on became too weak
Cracks and lines showing through its wall
When the unbreakable became breakable
foreshadowing Jerusalem's fall

And uncertain whispers spread like wildfire
And fear ran rampant like a plague
And gold became dust tossed on the ground
A nation stuck in a rotting cage

When civil war broke the people
People who saw, yet somehow blind
And the spears and the fire and aching tears
left them little time

And far away, the wind still blew
flowers still bloomed, the sun still shone
But in Jerusalem, they were suffocating
In that city of ash and gold



~Sara Kayla

P POINT **J** JARTZ

Recap: Laylee Brahma and Kyla go on an amazing meal and get into an accident.

1

Laylee!

Wake up!

Ummm... Do you think she's alive?

Laylee!

Beep Beep Beep!

How's she doing?

3

12:01 pm

How do you FEEL TODAY?

where am I? What happened?

4

Laylee, you were in a very serious car accident. You and your friends are very lucky you were only hurt. We are keeping you overnight for scans but you should be fine.

5

Laber that night...

6

Are those Footsteps?

7

and that and

9

The Next Morning...

...I'm telling you, they look like they belong in one of them kids or like other kids...

10

dois know Laylee... Are you sure you're feeling okay?

11

That's about mean...

OMG! They're right there!

