



البرنامج التأسيسي  
Foundation Program  
QATAR UNIVERSITY جامعة قطر



Foundation Program  
**Student Magazine**  
2016 - 2017

# Foreword



In our profession, making sure our students feel supported is necessary. The FP newsletter is a shining example of this commitment, which is reflected through the work that has been submitted during the previous academic year. The main goal for having a students' newsletter is to provide students with a platform to express themselves. The Newsletter includes students' contributions. Part of the students' entries are related to the different topics and themes that were part of the Fun Learning Zone and the FLAME events. The Fun Learning Zone, along with other initiatives, came to fruition thanks to the support and guidance provided by the Foundation Program. The Fun Learning Zone's goal is to mainly aim at developing students' English and Math skills and to enhance their civic engagement and university experience. Each semester, the Fun Learning Zone organizes events that target students at the Foundation Program. To promote student leadership, the fun learning zone works closely with FP FLAME Club, by organizing events during which students take initiatives in planning and organizing.

In addition, the FLAME club students' contributions will be displayed in the FP Newsletter. All the submissions showcased in the Newsletter are a reflection of our students' talents, leadership skills, civic engagement, and commitment. I hope you will enjoy the result of our hard work that could not have been completed without the great help and support of our initiative leaders, coworkers, and obviously our students.

**Happy Reading!**

**Enjoy!**

**Noureddine Cherif**  
**Leader of Fun Learning Zone**

# Every Scar Tells a Story

by Ghadeer Marhoon

“There’s something beautiful about all scars, whatever their nature. A scar means the hurt is over, and the wound is closed and healed. A scar opens the door of optimism”.

In the journey of life, we are always vulnerable to tripping, falling down, getting injured and bleeding due to the obstacles that are everywhere in our path. We might feel the pain for an hour, a week, or even for a whole year, but at last all things have to recover with the passing of the time, and all that we have left is a scar of the memory. It could either be marked in our bodies or stuck in our minds. However, it was left for us to remind us and certify that we went through the hardest times but we were strong and we gained the upper hand. Specifically, there are some wounds that we had during our childhood that we feel that they are impossible to forget. These kind of scars hold both fabulous and painful memories and were the first in lifetime’s worth of lessons that teach passion and struggle. Two girls were asked to tell a childhood story that has a scar, whatever its nature. Here are their stories!

The first story that is worth telling teaches a friendship lesson. “I got that scar when I was sitting with my best friend on the stairs having our breakfast in the break at school when I was around 7 years old,” said Sara a 17 year old girl. “We were chatting and joking. We were really having a great time laughing and doing stupid things when unintentionally my friend hit my back. Everything happened so fast that I suddenly found myself falling down from the stairs on my chin. A teacher came immediately to help me stand up and she was shocked when she found my chin profusely bleeding. I still remember the girls’ faces staring at me and my best friend in the back looking at me with sad eyes, although I was hardly screaming. I left school for two days and when I was back, I decided not to talk to her anymore despite her depressed gaze all the time. Some days later, I started feeling lonely. I truly missed her. Nothing can describe our feelings when we returned to be friends. It just like life returned. I learned that a friend should not be left for silly incidents that we usually face; we always have to forgive our friends because they are the other part of us. We should save them like a treasure. From that moment, the scar on my chin has been called the scar of friendship”.

Fatima told about another kind of scar. A scar that nobody can see except her. She still can see it obviously in her heart . Here is the story of Fatima’s scar. “As a competitive child, I had a dream that I will fight to get the first place among the excellent students in my school. I tried my best in order to achieve that ambition and many thanks to my family who kept encouraging me and reminding me that no success comes without hard work. After a lot of effort, the harvest was there. But the surprise was that I got the lowest grade in the music class where we only sing and clap, so I came fourth instead of first. I remember how my family and teachers were arguing with the musical teacher to change that grade because there was no reason to grade me in that way. Unfortunately, she kept refusing without giving any justification.

The toughest scene was when the top three were honoured first, got a great clap and a nice present while I was at the back with the rest. As a child, I was really depressed that I did not reach my goal and I even lost my enthusiasm for competition for the rest of my childhood’s period. I was hurt but this scar now is the motivation that always encourages me to achieve that unfulfilled dream.”

We all are prone to face difficulties, but we are different in how we utilize them to motivate ourselves, so we could complete our path with endless hope. Our childhood is the period of having valuable lessons. When we fail, we may experience pain, but when we grow up, we understand what a great lesson it was to learn from childhood.

“From every wound there’s a scar, and every scar tells a story. A story that says: I was deeply wounded, but I survive”.

Honestly, what story springs to your mind?

# Quizlet poets

As part of the Quizlet Poet competition held in Spring 2016, students submitted poems using vocabulary words from their courses. Below are the entries:

I love to see your smile  
It lets all my sadness disappear  
Recognized from a mile  
It dries every tear  
The ambition to see it once in a while  
Of missing it, I fear  
Teach the son of the Nile  
How to get closer and near  
Reaching perfection doing the wile  
To incredibly smile and beam  
Charming everyone in style  
Bringing to all of them the cheer.

**Abdulrahman Mohamed**

OPEN YOUR EYES  
TO THE RISKS AROUND YOU,  
OPEN YOUR MIND  
TO THE AMAZING LIFE,  
OPEN YOUR HEART  
TO THE PERSON WHO REACHES  
TO YOU  
AND ALWAYS ACCEPT YOURSELF,  
LIVE YOUR LIFE LIKE A FAMOUS  
PERSON.

**HAJAR SAEED ALQAHTANI**

Take away troubles, as I bear none  
Lack of respect and responsibility  
make villains win  
Modern life has brought agony  
I would live in restlessness until  
justice is done  
Fear and disappointment can't let me  
down  
Unqualified leaders will never be long  
in town

**Alanoud Ahmad Alsheeb**

It's Summer  
Go away , go away its summer  
Be active and shake your shoulder  
Swim , jump and ride your bike quickly  
Row your boat down the stream  
but ... slowly  
Play with your friend , child and the rest  
Try to find new challenges and pass the test  
Achieve your ambition by loving , helping  
and sharing  
In brief be a lovely person and never  
be boring

**Hajar Hassan Jamal**

In our world, we have many  
spectators  
So we should be competitors

All our life is adventure  
But we can make it a natural

If you are a person who likes to be  
famous  
You should be a person who is  
ambitious

One of my goals when I was younger  
Is always how to be a good leader

My goal is to be a doctor  
But reality makes us a competitor

Ekram Abdel hakim Yarboua

There was a young girl named Noor  
Who likes to swim in the pool  
She gets angry slowly  
And forgives quickly  
So she is famous in school

**By:**  
**Noor Al Muftah**  
**Hind Al Khater**  
**Noof Al Emadi**

To inquire about competitions and events, contact [funlzone@qu.edu.qa](mailto:funlzone@qu.edu.qa)



# Stories from the Cultural Awareness Team

## Fisijra

by Alhanouf Al-Kuthairi

Once upon a time, there was a fisherman who lived a quiet life in a small house by the sea. Indeed, he loved the sea so much that he went fishing from sunrise to sunset. He had a wife and only one daughter, her name was Hamda.

One day, her mother passed away and suddenly Hamda became isolated because her father was gone fishing all day, every day. As she mourned the tragic loss of her dear mother, month after month passed by and Hamda became very thin. Feeling extremely lonely, bored and depressed, Hamda thought to herself: “Why don’t I encourage my father to remarry? Maybe I could have a mother and a sister or brother who would understand me and end my suffering.” That night after her father returned home with a plentiful catch of fish, Hamda went to her father and said: “Hey, Dad, have you thought about getting married again? If you do, perhaps the new wife would love me, take care of me, and help me in house duties. I am terribly alone, and I am going crazy from boredom.” With a dash of shock and a sparkle in his eye reflecting his sadness, he replied: «I’m afraid a new wife will not love you as much as you think she will, and what’s worse, she may not treat you well. Blind to her father’s wisdom, Hamda quickly snapped back with glee: “Then I will choose your wife!” After his long mourning period ended, her father married and 10 months later Hamda had a new sister in-law, named Sarah. Sadly, as Sarah grew up, her stepmother treated Hamda badly. In fact, the stepmother often did not feed her and dressed her in old, ragged clothes to make her look plain. On top of that, she forced her do all the house duties while her daughter Sarah enjoyed extravagant clothes and an easy life.

One day, the fisherman returned home with his daily catch of fish. As part of her daily routine, Hamda took the fish and began to clean them in front of the sea. Among them, there was a big golden fish that stood out from the others. Suddenly, the fish spoke: “Set me free and I’ll remove your sadness.” Hamda was amazed by the voice, and looked around to find where it was coming from. Then, to her great surprise, she saw the mouth of the golden fish open. Shockingly, it repeated the request. In a low and earnest voice, Hamda pleaded: «My stepmother will be upset, so I’m afraid that I can’t just let you go.» At that very moment, the golden fish turned it’s head. In a similarly hushed voice, it tried to reassure Hamda: «Don’t worry about your stepmother. I’ll take care of you when she becomes upset.» Feeling confident and hopeful by the magical voice of the golden fish, Hamda returned it to the sea. The moment his head and tail touched the water, the golden fish sprang up and said to Hamda: “If you want anything, simply shout ‘Fisijra’ near the sea, and I will be with you straightway.” When Hamda went back home, her stepmother grabbed her by the neck and yelled: “You scammer! Did you eat the golden fish? Did you? Did you? Did you? It had the most meat out of all of them.” Then she pushed Hamda across the floor into an unpainted concrete wall. When she recovered from the shock, in a low and nervous voice, Hamda lied: “It wasn’t my fault. That fish slipped away into the sea while I was cleaning the others. I did not eat it. Please don’t hurt me. I didn’t eat it!» In her continued fit of anger, the stepmother screamed: “You fool! Get out of my house or I’ll beat you and tie you to the kitchen table with nothing to eat. In fact, now that I think about it: I’m not going to give you lunch or dinner today.

Go away before I change my mind and regret my kindness to your insults and lies!” Hamda was, again, disheartened and scared. Crying loudly she ran to the sea: «Fisijra! Fisijra! I am hungry, do you have any food?» As the vibration of her voice splashed across the crashing waves, in the blink of an eye, Fisijra appeared with an amazing banquet and Hamda enjoyed the tasty dinner by the sea while chatting with Fisijra. It was usual for the stepmother to punish Hamda by hitting her nothing to eat, and now Hamda felt enormously lucky to have Fisijra’s friendship and support.

One day, the Sheikh’s son decided to get married, and he asked his mother to choose a suitable bride. His mother held a party in the Al-Mirqab neighbourhood. Among the party attendees were the fisherman’s wife and daughter, Sarah. Before going to the party, the stepmother screamed at Hamda, telling her that she would not take Hamda with them because she was motherless. Then she continued: “Clean the house and stable by the time we return from the party, or I’ll punish you like never before!” After Hamda finished cleaning, she forced her weary body to the sea and began crying. As her teardrops fell and the waves washed them out to sea, Fisijra suddenly appeared without Hamda calling for her: “My dear child, why are you crying?” Fisijra queried. When Hamda finished telling the story, Fisijra took on a stern look and with a splash of his tail dressed Hamda up in a very pretty way, giving her golden shoes and an elegant dress garnished with coral beads. Then, with another splash of his tale, Hamda suddenly appeared at the party. Attendees were shocked by her beauty and asked about her clothes and golden shoes. On her way home from the party, Hamda’s golden shoe got stuck in the mud. As she tried to take it out, she unwittingly made struggling noises that caught the attention of a group of men standing nearby, and the Sheikh was among them. As soon as Hamda saw these men starting to move toward her, Hamda quickly ran away with fear, leaving her shoe in the mud. Even though the Sheikh only briefly caught sight of Hamda, he quickly shouted to his guards, “Find this girl!” All through that night the guards tried to find Hamda but couldn’t. Then the Sheikh told his mother that he would not marry any other woman but the owner of the lost shoe. When Hamda returned home, she told her stepmother what had happened. With one sharp, spiteful breath, the stepmother and cackled: «Hehehe...Then who cleaned the house and stable?» Later, the Sheikh’s mother went to each and every house around the village looking for the stunning beauty who wore the golden shoe. As the Sheikh’s mother made her way to the fisherman’s house, the stepmother heard news of her approach and hid Hamda in the stable. After entering the house, the Sheikh’s mother put the golden shoe onto the fat foot of the Hamda’s stepsister, Sarah, who shouted: “Ouch! Take it off. It’s too tight!” The Sheikh’s mother grieved: “This is the last house in the village. I don’t understand why the golden shoe doesn’t fit any of the girls. How could I have failed my son?” With deep regret and sadness, the Sheikh’s mother slowly left the humble fisherman’s house. Pausing for a moment at the gate, she was startled to hear a rooster, apparently begging for her attention: “Kokoko! Hamda is in the stable. Kokoko!” She shook her head in complete shock at hearing a rooster speak. Then, glancing back at the stepmother with a knowing look, the Sheikh’s mother headed directly to the stable and tried the shoe on Hamda. The Sheikh’s mother smiled and looked with kindness at Hamda’s gentle demeanor. Hamda’s head was bent to face the ground for some time, not knowing how to explain the situation. When Hamda eventually raised her head from the golden shoe and her eyes met those of the Sheikh’s mother, her future mother-in-law gleamed: “Well of course it fits perfectly.” After some time together with the Sheikh’s mother, Hamda eventually married the Sheikh and lived happily ever after.

# Stories from the Cultural Awareness Team

## Tenderness is True Wealth

by Nada Al Rayash

Once there was an elderly man who lived in a small, dilapidated old house with his only son. The son was very sick and the treatment for his illness was very expensive.

One glorious morning as the earth was basking in golden sunshine, the poor man started his daily task of collecting empty water bottles, which he would clean and fill with cool fresh water. He would then walk around the streets in hope of selling some of them to get the money needed to treat his sick son.

Under the hot rays of the sun, as the old man dragged his aching tired feet, gloomily watching the parents playing with their children, he thought sadly of his sick son lying on a broken bed and eating scraps of food discarded on the ground. The man then started moaning, envisioning his sick son getting worse and worse and made a promise to himself that he would save his son, even if it would cost him his own life.

As the man was out selling his water bottles, a little girl was running heedlessly around in the streets without caring about what might happen to her. Suddenly the old man saw a truck heading down the road, speeding towards the child. Without hesitation, the man threw down the bag containing his bottles and the day's much needed earnings for his son's treatment. He ran to the child to save her from being hit by the truck. He quickly pushed the girl to the other side of the road where there were no cars or trucks. The poor man fell to the ground as the truck hit him, causing an injury to his right leg. He then started stumbling towards the crying shaken little girl, scooped her into his arms and tried to comfort her as if she were his son.

The old man smiled at the little girl, hiding the sorrow in his heart. He then remembered his bag, the water, and the money needed for his son's treatment. He clutched the girl and started limping anxiously as fast as he could towards his bag, his heart pounding as if his heartbeats were also racing against time. The poor man reached the other side only to realize that his bag had been stolen; it had disappeared without a trace. He started crying out and weeping bitterly, flailing himself and tearing at his hair as he remembered his sick son.

All his sorrow was consumed in wails and tears as the girl looked on in astonishment. He had risked his son's health to save a life of a girl he had no responsibility for. Claspings the girl's hand, the man kept his head down out of fear that others would see his weakness.

Just then the girl's parents came running towards them; they embraced their daughter tearfully with loud cries. He watched them with a sad smile. The girls' parents asked the old man to explain what had happened; he told them how the girl had been playing in the path of the truck so he had run across the road to rescue her. The girl's mother started to cry.

The father embraced the old man, thanking him and saying: "You have saved my daughter's life, and this is a big favor; in order to repay you I will treat your leg for free". The old man was very happy to learn that the little girl's father was a successful and well-known surgeon so he replied: "If you really want to thank me, and then please treat my ill son, you will be saving two lives and I will never forget your great kindness."

The doctor gladly accepted and started treatment sessions for the old man's sick son; these continued until he had recovered completely. The son grew up. He attended school, went on to become a successful and well-educated man, and he recompensed his father for all the hardship he had gone through for his sake. Together they left all their sorrows behind and lived a happy life.

These stories were written by FP students and edited by FPDE teachers. The team is now recruiting illustrators for a book that has 20 stories. All stories were written by FP students and now we want FP students to illustrate them. If you can draw high quality illustrations this semester, please join the Cultural Awareness Team by sending your complete name, QU ID number, and QU email address to Mondher ([mchaabane@qu.edu.qa](mailto:mchaabane@qu.edu.qa)), Randy ([rbriones@qu.edu.qa](mailto:rbriones@qu.edu.qa)) or Charles ([cfullerton@qu.edu.qa](mailto:cfullerton@qu.edu.qa)).

**We hope to publish our book of Qatari stories in 2018 with FP stories and illustrations!**



# Senior Home

By Jawaher Al-Asmar

Students from the **Flame Club** went on a trip to Qatar Foundation for Elderly People Care ‘Ihsan’ on April ,11 2016. At the beginning, it was hard to get the approval to visit the elderly home, but we succeeded to get the approval after one month. All the team members were excited about the trip and started to plan for it.

On the day of the trip, Miss Sara Champion and Miss Hayat Samad came with us, and they were responsible for our safety. It was an interesting trip because we took with us some gifts for the elderly men and women who live there.

They were so happy when we gave them these gifts; their smiles expressed a lot of happiness. We took a tour of the building where we saw a clinic, sports area to exercise and strengthen muscles and a small shop that belongs to one of the elderly women there. We bought some sweets from the shops.

While we talked with the elderly people about their feelings and thoughts, it was not easy for us to listen without crying because their pain and their tears tell the tale of loss and longing for sons. Some stories are still in our mind such as one woman asked us to get another gift for a man.

At first we were surprised, and then she said: «I need it for my son to give it for him when he visits me.» Their pain does not have any description, and for that we try our best to help them to ease their lives with very hopeful words. In the end, we learned important things, such as we should help others to forget their pain and try to share moments with them.

If you are interested in joining the FLAME Club, kindly email [funlzone@qu.edu.qa](mailto:funlzone@qu.edu.qa)

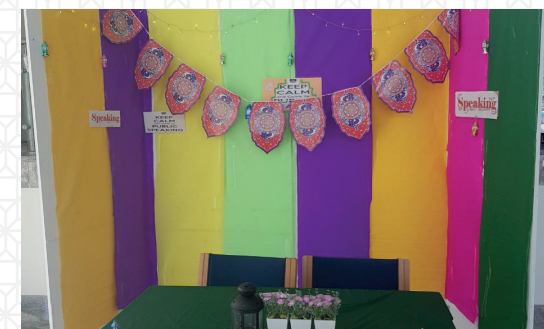


# Your Path to a Healthier Ramadan

The Flame Club held a “Your Path to a healthier Ramadan” event on 10 May 2017 at the Qatar University’s female food court. This amazing event aimed to give awareness to students about food habits in Ramadan. It also enriched Math and English skills. Also, Diet Delight center, a nutrition specialist, participated in this event and delivered a lecture to students about the bad food habits during Ramadan. The students benefited and participated in competitions at the event:

- 1 Speaking Competition: The students talked about the food habits in Ramadan in English. The students developed their English skills.
- 2 Write a Note Competition : The students participated in writing notes in English and it helped them with their writing skills.
- 3 Sugar Cubes Competition : This competition required students to use Math skills to calculate how much sugar was in their food. Students were surprised about how much sugar they eat.
- 4 Measure Calories Competition : The students measured the calories in food and compared the amount of calories in different foods, which enhanced Math skills.
- 5 Kahoot Competition : The students took part in asking questions about the topic that the food specialist dealt with, for example, food nutrition and bad eating habits.

At the end of the event some students won prizes. The first winner won a voucher from Diet Delight center for one month’s food during Ramadan. The second and third students won water bottles from Reebok.



## Place of learning and fun

Where to find and have learning mixed with fun? This is one of the biggest questions in the mind of each student in Qatar University. If I was asked this question, I will immediately say “look for THE FUN LEARNING ZONE!” It is the place where you can enjoy learning with tons of fun while competing with other friends at the same time. I’m always trying my best to never miss any of their competitions. I joined them in different four competitions with different awesome topics. The first one was amazing, and it was about creating a video about our first year in Qatar University. I was so excited to share my adventures in my first foundation course with all my friends. The second one was about taking a picture inside QU and writing a paragraph about. In addition, I joined them in a third competition with a title of “woman of the Arab world”. Since I’m interested in Art, I decided to write about her Excellency Sheikha al-Mayassa. Sometimes the best comes at the end, and that what happened when I saw the last topic from the Fun Learning Zone. It was about what we cannot reach by force, but it can only be achieved by understanding and love, which is “Peace”. I was really over the moon while competing and wining for three times with them. No words can describe how thankful I am today, when I’m writing and sharing my story with The Fun Learning Zone! Thanks for the great competitions, the great topics. Thanks for returning me to my pen, in each time I’m busy with studying and far away.

**Heba Alrefai.**







## PEACE

### WHAT IS IT AND WHEN TO HAVE IT?

When we will have peace?  
When There is no cry  
When all tears dry  
When all hands are ally  
When we look and see no sly  
when no people die  
Or even an insect or a butterfly  
When the war is only a lie  
Which we can end it or simplify  
When all people believe the sky  
Where they see only doves fly  
When the peace call them and they all comply  
Without any delay! Without a single no or deny!  
Only.. only when this happens then you can see people celebrating  
Peace which they finally verify.  
????  
Now what is peace?  
Peace is life, if I want to identify.  
Peace is the whole beauty. So, no need to prettify.  
This is my answer and no need to justify.  
However, ask people in war, And all of them will certify.

Written by: Heba Alrefai



“Humanity is but a single Brotherhood So make  
peace with your brethren.”  
The Quran 49:10

## Let's Pray for Peace

The world is a crime scene  
And people are the fatalities,  
Where hope cannot be seen  
And there are no possibilities,

Everyone is trying to acclimate to this ordeal  
But no one around can handle but feel,  
Trapped, collapsed, and lost  
More than you imagine!

Why can't we stop the war?  
Why can't we live in peace?  
Why should every child live in ordeal?

Let's imagine our life united,  
Let's ignore racism,  
Let's break the barrier of hate,  
and break free of this prison,

Still, it is a world that no one can live in,  
So let's pray for peace,  
Let's make this world a better place  
And practise what we preach

Amna Aldhaibar  
Wadeema Nashira  
Moza Alnaimi  
Khadija Taleb  
Aisha Muthana  
Meaad Alkarbi

There Is  
No Path  
To Peace  
Peace Is  
The Path  
-Mahatma  
Gandhi

## WORLD OF PEACE

I dream of a world of peace,  
Where people can live a life of ease,  
Where people can live a life of ease,  
World where there is no difference between rich and poor,  
Life being pleasant for living ever more.  
I dream of a world of happiness,  
Where there is no sight of selfishness,  
Where each and every one can get their needs,  
And have belief in their deeds.  
I dream of a world of kindness,  
Where people can know that a value of love is priceless,  
Where people could realize that of earth we are all children,  
And to have a kind heart is better for all men,  
I dream of world of loving mates,  
Where people can realize all are great,  
Where people can know that in this earth,  
With a kind heart people must give birth.  
I dream of a world of peace,  
Where people can live a life of ease.

Done by: Mohammad Sharique Iqbal

## Bend Your Brain Pages



### Riddles ?

1. You always find me in the past. I can be created in the present, but the future can never taint me. What am I?
2. What disappears the moment you say its name?

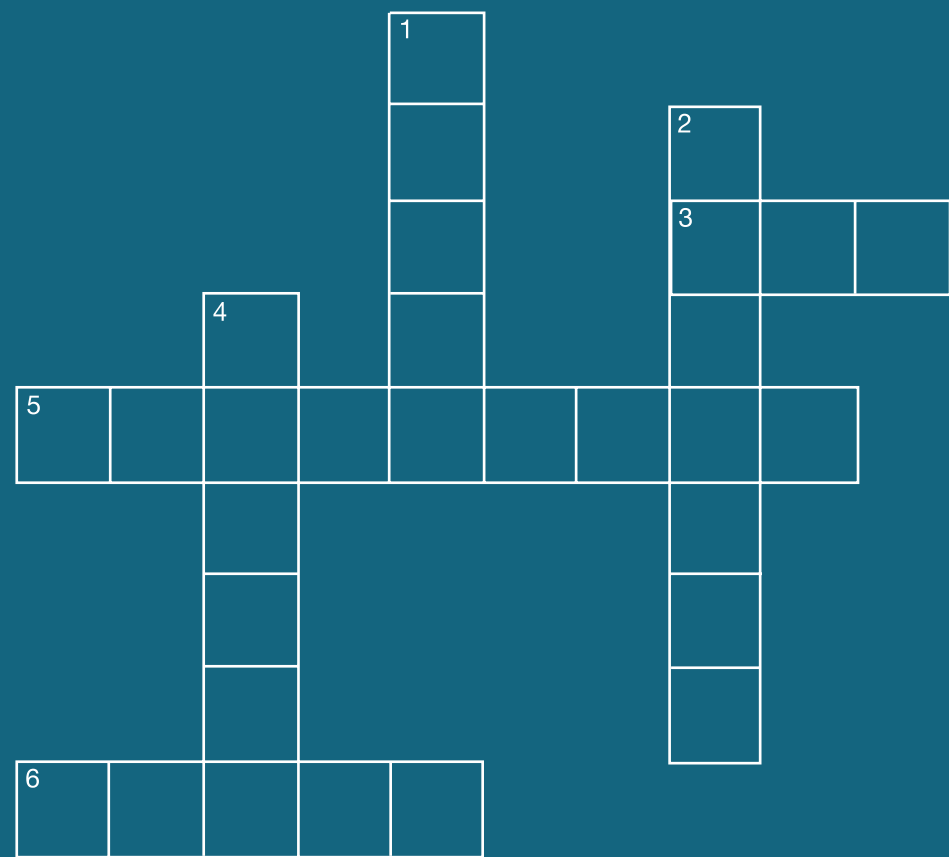
### Brain Juice

If  $k = x+3$  and  $k_2 - 3k = 28$ , find  $x$   
 ~~$x-4$~~

For the correct answer, email Mrs. Dima Sharanek at [dsharanek@qu.edu.qa](mailto:dsharanek@qu.edu.qa)

1. History
2. Silence

Embedded 110



Across

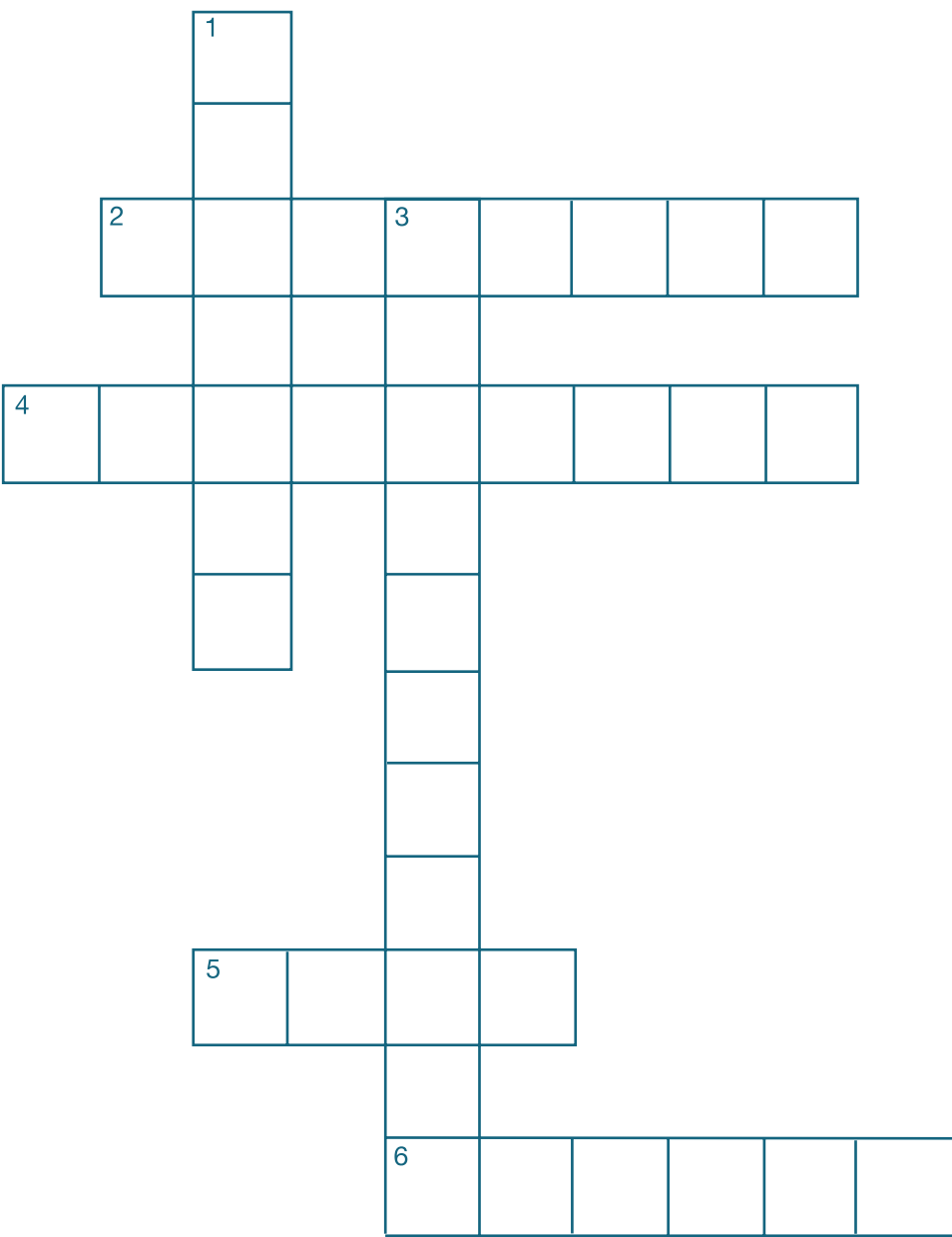
- 3. The opposite of «new»
- 5. The opposite of «ugly»
- 6. Someone who is not clean is \_\_\_\_\_

Down

- 1. The opposite of «noisy»
- 2. Liked by many people
- 4. Someone who works on a ship or boat

Embedded 110 – old – beautiful – dirty – quiet – popular – sailor

Embedded 111



Across


- 2. A strong will to achieve something
- 4. A person who watches a sports event
- 5. The opposite of «succeed»
- 6. Clothing worn on hands

Down

- 1. In a race, people\_\_\_\_\_ against each other
- 3. Something that catches attention is \_\_\_\_\_

Embedded 111 – ambition – spectator – fail – gloves – compete – interesting



Abstract geometric shapes in shades of blue and brown on the left side of the page, including a large blue triangle and a brown parallelogram.

“If you have an article about any topic that interests you and / or a success story, please send your contributions to **[funlzone@qu.edu.qa](mailto:funlzone@qu.edu.qa)**”



