

Artist: Gulnihal

RAMADAN KAREEM

MARCH BULETIN

RAMADAN



One of the books called "Moby Dick", starts by saying "Call me Ishmael", clearly introducing himself before starting with his story. Like he was greeting the reader itself with kind words. As everyone does this in their daily lives too when meeting someone.

In mine, I'm always greeted with suspicious suspects, dead bodies, and clues. I'm always chasing after a new story with prime suspects and long chases, and lots of convincing lies. It's not a pretty greeting for me, or probably to anyone else.

Today was no different, I've been standing by a pile of sheets in front of me, files of my suspects and victims involved in the Brown's death case. Nimo Brown was a victim of this crime, stabbed right in the heart, the heart I thought I stole since September. I guess someone caught up to him before I could. I loved Nimo, as funny as his name sounds, I loved him deeply. We met in a nearby park when I was under lots of stress, and in the verge of a breakdown. I didn't expect anyone to talk to me that night, I looked like a drug dealer. My curly hair looking like a birds nest, my skin pale from the cold, my clothes disheveled, dark bags under my eyes as if I hadn't slept for days, I hadn't too. It was a dark, husky voice that lifted my moods a little, I was almost glad someone noticed me and bothered enough to ask, but also I was annoyed this person wouldn't mind their own business. "Excuse me ma'am"

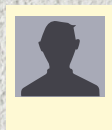
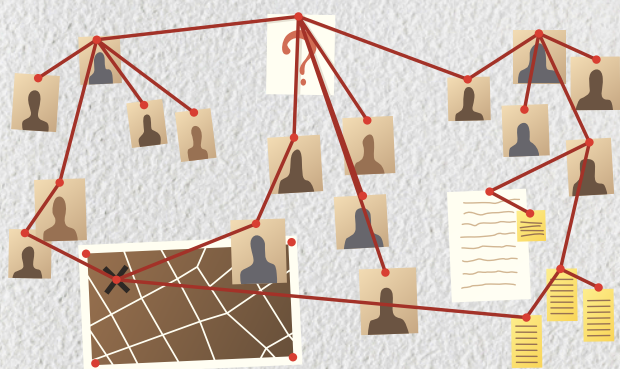
I lifted my head up, finally meeting his gaze. He had a sharp jawline, curious blue eyes and chocolate-colored brown hair. "Go away, I'm not in the mood."

"Way to greet someone" he sat down beside me, not meeting my gaze for a bit. "Bad day?"

DETECTIVES BEST MATE



Artist: fatma



"Bad day."

"Must be tough if you look this bad" he joked, a small attempt at humor. I wanted to laugh, but I didn't feel great enough to try to.

I pushed past the papers on my table, finding Nimo's file. I hesitantly opened it, and there it is. Those same eyes I fell in love with. Those sharp, blue, freckled eyes. It's what I loved most about him. He thought it was weird of me to find his freckled eyes attractive but he never judged, but instead teased me for it. Oh gosh, how I want him back.

Then, I noticed another file. I picked it up and opened it, I was met with [to be named later], and it only formed a frown on my lips. She was as fresh as a daisy, but as sick as a dog, sadistically. [name] was Nimo's twin, but boy was she devilish.

The door suddenly slid open, and Quint stepped in with soft steps, holding a tray with a cup of warm tea and a place in his hands. "I got your order boss!"

"I think we have our suspect." I smiled, taking a bite of the sandwich and savoring the flavor. The tomatoes, lettuce, and white cheese together in a sandwich was the best. I paused with my meal and noticed Quint's expression. He looked nervous. His hands clenched at his side, his eyes avoiding to meet mine, just like how I was when I was anxious. He knows something I do not.

"What's wrong?" "N-Nothing ma'am.."
"Somethings wrong" "No.."

-fatma

Well hello, I am Maya. Did you hear it's almost ramadan. It's a wonderful holiday. Well I am so excited. It's going to be my second year fasting! I feel like when you fast, the food tastes better. I am reading a book about Ramadan right now. Wow, did you know if you drink water or food while fasting and you forget that you are fasting it's a little gift from Allah. Wait, I wrote a poem about ramadan!

Ramadan you make my heart whole ,
The feeling is amazing I feel it in my soul ,
We meet and celebrate in a lovely way,
I wish it was every day,
What a lovely time of year,
The precious memories remain with our
dears ,
Now say bye bye to all the pain,
They no longer remain.

How do you like it? Cause I love it! Some of it might be true for you or maybe all of it. I am pretty sure Ramadan is on feb 28 I think. I will talk to you soon. Happy Ramadan (it's not Ramadan right now but happy early Ramadan from me!) -Oznur



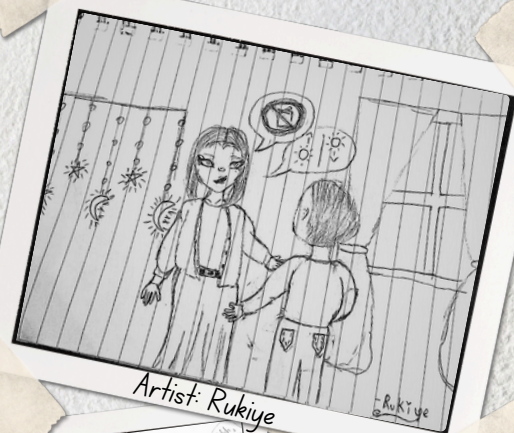
Artist: Oznur

MY BROTHERS

first

RAMADAN

BY: RUKIYE



I was decorating the house for Ramadan with my younger brother Omar when he said, "I absolutely LOVE Ramadan!"

"Why do you like it so much?" I asked him.

"Because we decorate the house with really pretty lights,"

He replied, with a huge smile.

So I said, "You know, Ramadan isn't just about decorating the house. Most people also fast,"

"What does 'fast' mean?" He asked me. Of course I didn't expect him to know what it meant. I mean, he IS only four.

"Fasting is when you don't eat or drink from sunrise till sundown,"

I replied, "Mom and Dad and I are all going to fast," I said.

"What other things do we do during Ramadan?" He asked.

"There is a prayer we do after the isha prayer, called tarawih that we only do during Ramadan, and it's twenty rakat but if you include isha prayer, it's thirty-three rakat," I replied.

"Thirty-three?! That's a lot!" He said.

"Yeah. Thirty three." I said, "We also read the Quran more during Ramadan because we should learn more about Allah, the prophets, and the rules of Islam during this Holy month," I said.

"What else?" He asked.

"We eat iftar together with friends and family, and there is even MORE special stuff we do during Ramadan, but it's getting late, so how 'bout I tell you the *yawn* rest tomorrow?" I said, really sleepy.

"Okay!" He replied, "I can't wait to learn more about Ramadan!"