

THE NEW STAR

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Photos were taken from Pinterest

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My favorite character is now playing with me

Hi, I am Kira, and I love Halloween. Every year I am trying to do things that will take everyone's breath away. Yes, I like to have some fun. Shortly, I prepared a big plan for Halloween 2022, a scary and funny one. Pennywise is my favorite clone character. So, I planned to go to the forest with my friends at midnight and try to call Pennywise. My friends knew that I'm the Queen of celebrating Halloween, so they agreed to my plan, and we prepared everything for our rite. We bought several red candles, a mirror, salt, and water. Maybe you are interested to know the way of how the rite is going to happen. Recently, I have searched on Google for information on how to frighten your friends. There I saw an article by an unknown author. The author says that we should follow his suggestions to make Halloween fun and scary. As you may comprehend, I found this idea intriguing. My friends and I went to the forest on October 31st at 10 p.m. We were looking for a place to sit and start our rite. Yet it was scary. Finally, we found a really good place. We sat there and started to prepare for the unforgettable Halloween night. There were 7 of us: me, Lara, David, Anton, Carl, John, and Jennifer. Lara was the most fearful among us.



Me: "Are you, ready guys?"
 David: "I hope we will not be heroes of horror, ahaha."
 Jennifer: "Come on guys, let's talk after."
 Me: "Okay, so after 3 seconds we all have to say these words three times: 'Pennywise play with us.'"
 We sat in a circle, candles burned around us, and the water with a mirror stood in the center...
 1.2.3... We said everything, we held a trial as that author said. I noticed that nothing was happening. My friends were waiting for scary things, so I frighten them all with "Buuuuuuu..."
 I was laughing, but my friends were not. They were frightened because of writing on the mirror: "Sure, you're in a game, babies."
 The unknown author died several years ago, and the game was over, but now these guys started the game again.
 Soon, there will be the 3rd episode of the horror film "It".
 Pennywise became stronger.

Muslimkhon Tursunova
TCM 122

Halloween in Kyrgyzstan

According to social and public research, Halloween is one of the most popular holidays in many countries around the world. This holiday implies the day of dark forces and evil. On Halloween, people dress up in costumes of vampires, zombies, sorcerers, witches, and other similar negative characters from horror films and books. People try to choose the scariest and most terrible costume to surprise and scare others during this day. At the same time, the main purpose of the holiday is to visit and give gifts to each other as a sign of attention. This holiday is especially popular in the United States, Canada, Western European countries, Japan, and other countries of the world, due to the diverse representation of Halloween on TV and the Internet. This holiday is celebrated in Kyrgyzstan, but not as actively as in Western countries because the idea contradicts our culture and religion. That is, Kyrgyz culture, according to age-old foundations, customs, and traditions, does not accept the celebration of such a holiday as Halloween. People have certain values and principles for particular things in society due to the conservative mentality and views of the majority in Kyrgyzstan. In Islam, too, it is not allowed to celebrate this holiday for religious reasons.

Our religion forbids Muslims to celebrate Halloween because it has pagan foundations and is perceived as praising the dark forces since this holiday comes from rituals associated with worshiping devils and dead souls. The celebration of Halloween is condemned and prohibited not only in our religion but also in Judaism and Christianity. According to research by anthropologists and historians, this holiday was associated with sacrifice in the pre-Christian era.

In general, only a certain part of society celebrates Halloween in Kyrgyzstan. Besides, many people are not serious about this holiday, because they do not see a positive and pleasant meaning in it. That is, most of the Kyrgyz society does not attach much importance or attention to this celebration and considers it a product of Western culture. I'm not a big fan, and I don't celebrate this holiday for my reasons, but at the same time, I can take pictures or meet people celebrating this day for fun. In my opinion, this holiday is viewed as a celebration for fun, not a magical or demonic event.

Zhanybai Sarybaev
ANTH 120



Two feelings in one scene

October is mainly associated with golden leaves, calming music, and drizzle. It is so romantic and peaceful... It is the time for lovers to go to places that are not green anymore and are getting closer to maturity and death.

Lovers, some as couples, may go to these yellow areas to enjoy the calming nature and sightseeing. But is it really so calming and peaceful? Standing on a bridge built on the river and seeing the water carrying golden leaves may be joyful for lovers but not for trees watching their body parts wandering around. The tree may not enjoy seeing her leaves being lost, some in the water and drowning, and some being stepped on by lovers, cats, or dogs. The tree was supposed to breathe through her leaves, not see them being humiliated. What can she do about it? It is the law of nature to lose when the time comes.

The lovers are still staring at the scene where the lucky leaves are leaving their tree and traveling miles away with the flow of the water. Leaves traveling with water are luckier than those that are just under the feet of the lovers and their dogs or cats and are breaking into parts. Do lovers feel peaceful? Are they there to enjoy nature which is about to die? Or have they come to mourn for their lost ones? Are they the lost ones sharing their sorrow with sad nature? No one exactly knows the answers because none of us can feel the same thing that others do. We may understand each other's feelings but we cannot feel them as they do. In the same way, the tree, the golden leaves, and lovers cannot feel what the others feel. Since none of them are born identically, and with the same nature.



Not all leaves are lost in water to travel or drown. Some are lost in the ground, maybe so near to the tree to be stepped on by animals. Some are gathered together to be covered and mixed with sewages to turn into sewages, which later can be used as organic fertilizers to help others grow. Turning into sewage is such a sad way to die. Sadder than those being drowned or humiliated by animal's feet. How is the tree supposed to breathe now? It is going to die. Certainly not forever, the tree may have more leaves in the spring and can grow much stronger after the cold period of winter. But poor leaves are not supposed to meet their mother again.

The mother tree is expected to support her children's leaves. But can she? Especially at certain times like October. All leaves lost in water, or ground and humiliated under the feet of animals, or turned into sewages to benefit others have one thing in common. They have no supporters; they are all by themselves just like children of war-torn countries lost around the earth.

Zahra Farahmand
ESCS 121

Behind the lovely golden leaves of autumn!

People observe the lovely side of autumn, which is wonderful weather, a romantic atmosphere, a golden environment, the vast blue sky, and the sound of birds that are busy collecting food and a place to live during winter.

The breakfast was ready, and Mark's family was seated at the table prepared to eat. The 7-year-old child named Mark opened the window after just waking up. He overheard sweeping while glancing around. When the boy turned to the sound to see where it was coming from, he noticed an elderly man busy sobbing leaves.

Mark: Morning uncle!

Old man: Morning dear!

Mark: why are you sweeping the beauty of our city? Do not do it, please!

Old man: For your comfort, I'm sweeping the leaves.

Mark: Isn't it hard to collect all of them?

And the old man did not answer.

In a rush, Mark's mother came.

Mark's mom: Mark, what are you doing? Eat your breakfast as soon as possible. You're running late for your class.

Mark left his room but didn't stop thinking. His father drove him to school. On the way to school, he started asking some questions.

Mark: Dad isn't it difficult to sweep all leaves?

Dad: Give me a hunch! Yes, you are concerned about the street sweeper. Though challenging, it is their responsibility, just as it is yours to be a good student.

Mark: Dad! They clean up the trash that people throw out in addition to just sweeping up the leaves, in my opinion.

Dad: Oh my, absolutely, my boy.

In Mark's head was something. He began a new game with his friends during lunch break. He gave them plastic bags and told his friends that the winner would be the one who collected the most rubbish. They began gathering papers and empty bottles. The head of the school noticed. She asked the reason for Mark's behavior. He argued that everyone should experience the suffering street sweepers go through while sweeping streets in the fall. Why only fall, the director questioned. Mark said this is because they already have the hardest time sweeping and gathering leaves, and if people start cleaning their environment and do not throw trash on the street, those hand workers will feel less tired. Mark said, on one hand, their work is tough and a lot, but on the other hand, most of them are old and weak (in a soft voice). I genuinely feel sorry for those who have lost their humanity and make the work of those workers much tougher. The head of the school was astonished by this little boy's actions. She shared this story with everyone and challenged the entire school to start assisting street cleaners by not throwing trash into the environment and raising awareness among others. This little mark made a little difference in his environment through his wisdom.

Hoda Sadat
JMC 122



Contradictory September

For the first week of September, I was excited to come back to AUCA and its spirit. For the past summer, I missed my friends, so I was super happy seeing them every day. Everything was going so smoothly, and what could go wrong?

Well, many things, on September 14th I was disappointed after reading the news that a new conflict occurred on the border of Tajikistan and Kyrgyzstan. But I was sure it wouldn't escalate further and hoped it would be a push for stabilization and sooner demarcation of the borders. After two days, the worst possible scenario to imagine happened. Many people suffered, many people got killed, and hundreds of thousands were evacuated. And it was just devastating knowing I couldn't change that situation much. The civil society of both countries was outraged and was choosing whom to blame and "clarifying" what exactly happened (according to their "truth"). Instead of seeking peace and restoring the damaged infrastructure, instead of support, we've gotten spreading hate.

In critical moments people become vulnerable as they are the subjects of the situation, so they are likely to be influenced by the tension of the things happening and their emotions, which is understandable to me. However, I would think all AUCA students are more empathetic to the situation and wouldn't change their attitude toward their colleagues and friends who have other nationalities. I could feel the tension and toxic atmosphere inside the campus, and I honestly didn't expect it.

I was lucky to have incredible friends and the best department with whom I didn't feel the tension, and I even got support from them. However, we all were suffering. I pointed out that I was lucky because many of my Tajik friends had a cold and toxic atmosphere with their Kyrgyz friends.

I wonder how educated students couldn't differentiate their governments and their actions from their identities. Did we get to the point when nationalism became so rooted in our societies? Yes, it did, but why are we not able to see and get out of it? Aren't we, therefore, studying at Liberal Arts university to have our analytical and critical minds with us? I love my university and enjoy every minute on campus, but I have a lot of questions for the AUCA, which I want to discuss later. On the other hand, critical times show the hidden problems in a deeper layer, like COVID-19 revealed many social issues for us.

Nevertheless, the situation stabilized, and the toxic atmosphere was gone. Soon after mourning, we had a Club Fair on 29th September. Club Fair is an awesome event where we can find our like-minded peers and when we can see a healthy AUCA atmosphere full of kindness, curiosity, and joy. Variety of clubs, from cricket to literature clubs. Every club was different, and it greatly represented the AUCA spirit, some clubs had interesting presentations, and some had good candies (thanks to Newstar and AWAKE sociology club). I started to enjoy my days at AUCA again, and I sincerely hope we will respect and support each other.

Azizjon Homidov
SOC 119



Reciprocity

Radical imposter syndrome, according to BBC news, is when your internal sense of who you are is not matched by the perceptions of the people around you or to put it in fewer words the feeling of being fake. This feeling of not being enough to fit into any ethnic group or nationality and act differently to your true nature in order to get the approval of members of a specific community. This syndrome is usually experienced by multi-ethnic people, as they live embracing different cultures and influences, sometimes conflicting with each other.

I was born to a father with an Arab background, who migrated to Bukhara (what is known today as Uzbekistan), and a mother who is ethnically Uzbek. My grandparents from both sides migrated to Afghanistan due to the Soviet invasion of Bukhara (today Uzbekistan). They established their lives there as an ethnic minority. My parents eventually moved for a few years to Pakistan, where I was born, and finally settled down in Saudi Arabia for 18 years, where I grew up and spent most of my life before coming to Bishkek.

I feel weird expressing my honest feeling that I am one of the people who do not have a concrete ethnicity-based identity as I shape it and act differently depending on the community of people surrounding me. Before you are quick to label me as fake and a hypocrite, you have to understand that the reason I and other multi-ethnic people have the issue of an identity crisis, is the rigid and unclear ethical qualifications in the world.

What makes a person belong to an ethnic group? Is it the place of birth, history, passport, language, culture, or looks? I look Asian, have an afghan passport, and speak Uzbek as my native language and Arabic as my dominant language. I did not learn Persian until I turned 22. I still struggle with the language. If you look at the criteria listed above, I resonate with different ethnicities or cultures in each different factor. So, where is the line that distinguishes between someone who is accepted in the community and someone who is excluded?

According to the background of my speaker, I am categorized as Uzbek to Arabs, Afghani to Uzbeks, and Arab to some people in Afghanistan. It can even change depending on the creativity and critical thinking of the person in front of me. They will make me anyone but not part of 'them'. I feel like water, trying to take the shape of the cup in front of me, not realizing that no matter how much I try, water cannot be the cup itself. Why do we not accept that some people are just born multi-ethnic and you cannot jam them up in one box of criteria? People with diverse backgrounds always suffer from the damage of racism as they will never qualify and fulfill the criteria of a single ethnicity. They will always be treated as 'other' not 'us'.

I don't know when these questions of who you are would diminish because I couldn't find the answer to what makes me who I am. This question has discriminatory roots because it allows the person in front of me to treat me according to the list of stereotypes they have developed about a specific ethnicity or nationality. People are different even in one community so why do I always have to feel I am not enough and I am labeled as 'other'? When will I be able to embrace and exhibit my true self without fearing rejection and exclusion?

Halima Toru
LAS-HR 120

"I was a girl among the thorns, no matter what they axed me, it didn't hurt me, it sprouted."

Years ago, on a cold winter night among the wildfire of a war, a girl was born. Like a nightmare, the war was destroying all dreams. Her mother named her Roya. Roya means dream, so she can make dreams come true in her life. Roya was born into a religious family, in society extremely stern. She was born in a land where having a girl was shame. She was raised in a family in which a girl lives in the shadows. A girl must not laugh, run, or play. All these, just for being a woman. She was raised in a society in which dreaming was a crime.

Nevertheless, Roya's dream was to study, when there was no such right for girls. She painted a colorful world for herself since everything else around her was black and white.

The girl is Roya Haqjo, a 23-year-old from a small village in Afghanistan. She struggled a lot to convince her family that education is a basic human right and that she should have it too. Roya said to herself: "I talked about my right to education everywhere, and people are questioning me on what I will do after that. They think the only job I should have is to become a good wife to my husband. But I'm standing brave and strong to live my dreams. I will not stop dreaming".

Roya studied for 12 years and finally graduated but she fought a lot during her school years. It was never easy for her to take a step forward toward her dreams. Roya always dreamed of becoming an artist. She believed that the only place where she could have limitless dreams in this finite world with a glimpse of freedom was in her paintings. Roya said, "My family was always telling me that I can't do anything with my art, but I did everything with it; I lived my dreams. I flew in the sky. I felt freedom, and I danced on the streets. I laughed, and I became a hero in my paintings and drawings." She chose art to show the pain and dreams of Afghan girls. Roya encourages everyone to choose art.

When you want to show the world what you envision in your mind if you want to express yourself clearly and without words and eliminate stress.

After graduating from school, she worked hard to achieve a scholarship abroad. Roya says, "Afghanistan was not a safe place for my dreams. They tried to destroy my dreams while everyone around me said it's just a dream and it won't happen." She studied English and worked day and night on her application for applying to international universities. After many tests and interviews, Roya achieved what she wanted. She achieved a scholarship to AUW (Asian University for Women). Roya studied for two years of general education at AUW and then she started Business Administration at the University of North Texas (UNT).

Currently, she is in her second year at UNT. Life in the United States is not easy for her because she is alone, but she is happy that she can finally live her dreams. She is working hard to do something for her sisters and other Afghan girls who are fighting for their basic human rights. Roya makes some money by selling her paintings to support a few girls and her family in Afghanistan. Besides being an artist, Roya wants to become a businesswoman. "My goal is to fight for other young girls who can't dream in Afghanistan because they are girls. I want to become a strong woman to create better opportunities for girls to study and to live their dreams," she says.

Roya believes it doesn't matter where you live and how you live, good or bad. You can never forget where you came from and what you've gone through to become who you want to be. Everywhere she goes, she keeps her story with herself. Roya says, "Life without dreams is like birth without wings, so never stop dreaming, and please stop destroying them."

Frogh Marz Shekan
JMC 120

Cruel Fall

For all I remember, I never liked fall.
For its tragical sadness,
For its rain and cold.
It makes you feel empty,
It gets in your soul.
It leaves you descending
In the bottomless hole

I have not truly known,
Why does it feel so?
When date hits November,
Why do I turn cold?

It isn't our body that freezes to death,
It is our hearts that seeking for help,
It is our souls that are looking for shelters
To find something warm in this
autumnal cold.

Throughout the years, I started to
feel,
That Fall isn't really that much of an
evil.
It's tragic and sad, that's an absolute
truth,
But there's deep beauty that's hidden
in it.



September is warm just like
summertime breeze,
Leaves slowly get painted with
colors of sunset.
October is royal and looks like a
kingdom,
That had been all showered with
silver and gold.

November...
Some years ago I would say it is
ugly:
Colorless, naked - no beauty at all
But does it need colors to make one
feel happy?
While waiting excitedly for the first
snow?

You may feel cold from all outside,
But what matters the most is to
keep feeling warm.
It's not autumn's Sun that warms
you all up,
But something much deeper, your
inner light.

Maginur Dzhaparova
SOC 121

The Exodus

I woke up on the 15th of August, 2021, and saw my beloved country in hands of the Taliban, overnight. I spent one month under the Taliban regime in Kabul; to pursue my education, I had to leave my homeland. On the 19th of September, I left Kabul through the dangerous highway of Kabul-Jalalabad with several Taliban checkpoints in our way, crossed the Torkham border by foot, and entered Pakistan. On the 3rd of October, I came to Bishkek, an unknown city to me, a city that carries the secrets of the Soviet Union, as I assume. Upon arriving in Bishkek, I found myself struggling between two characters, the optimistic and the pessimistic one. My pessimistic side always thought about things I lost after the Taliban, and things I could have if the Taliban never existed. The optimistic side echoed in my ears to accept the reality and go with the flow; to go and explore the unknown country, Kyrgyzstan, know different people and learn a new language, Russian. So, here I am, the one who chose to be optimistic.

After ten months of living in Kyrgyzstan, I found pieces of my country here. These old Soviet Union buildings always remind me of Kabul, surprisingly they also have the same name, Mcrorayan. The crumpling sound of stepping on the winter snow of Chong Kemin National Park freshened up my childhood memories of going to my motherland, Kunduz, through the Salang highway.

I could feel the breeze of Pamir at the height of 3040 meters in Karakol. I could sense the famous Afghan hospitality when my host family in Jalalabad offered me to join them during their family lunchtime and have Manti. But just to confirm, this Jalalabad is not blessed with “all the time spring” weather like our Jalalabad. Let’s not forget about the magical patriation of mini-Band-e-Amir upon seeing the turquoise color of Kol Tor Lake and listening to the sound of water touching the shoreline. Thus, with all the chaos I left behind in my homeland, I found peace and a path for my future in a foreign country that was similar to my own but also totally different.

Zainab Hashimi
BA 121

Ghosts Keep Telling Me to Sleep.

Halloween made me think about the scary stories I heard in my childhood. The story "Ghosts Keep Telling Me to Sleep" was told by my mother, and I still remember that winter night with no clanging noises and footsteps. My mom was narrating the story of one of her community members.

The girl's name was Sana. A friend of Sana had brought some sweets and a new video game, and Sana was fooling around with the game. She was chatting with friends, watching animated series, and so on till late at night. She used to live alone in a dark upstairs room. One late night, she suddenly heard strange sounds like "boo!" or "oooooh!" from downstairs. Sana's parents had been somewhere for a night, and she was hyper-focused on the video game. This sound made her realize how late it had gotten. The ghost sounds "boo!" or "oooooh!" continued.

Soon enough, the girl realized that this sound is a lot like her grandpa. Sana's grandpa died of lung cancer a few months ago, and she was living on the same floor where her grandpa used to live. The windows were open. She could imply that it might be a bird sound as she was living on the 2nd floor. Also, the lights are always on, and the glass is very clear. She could easily stick her head out a little to see who was knocking, but no one was there. Following that, she saw her grandpa's face outside the window. She freaked out and started yelling. Unknowingly she went unconscious for an hour. After becoming conscious, she did not hear those ghost sounds or did not see the face of her grandpa outside the window.

Sana's parents next day told her that sleep disorders in humans cause irritability, fatigue, and interference with judgment and vision. A few months later, Sana experienced the same tapping, but it was softer. She simply told herself, "leave me alone and I will sleep when I am done working". She arranged her sleep and it never bothered her again.

Maybe she should not sleep that late after all, haha.

HAPPY HALLOWEEN!

Ahmad Ahmad Zai
SFW 121

Хэллоуин

В универе всё как прежде,
Квизы, мидки, клубы ежже.
Начинается Хэллоуин,
Пугает глазами как мистер
Бин.

Хэллоуин - праздник страш-
ный,
Предводитель всех нена-
стий.
Один тяжёлый его взмах
Вызывает адский страх.

И готовятся ребята...
Костюмы выбирать пора.
Наложили жуткий грим,
Всех вокруг мы устрошим.

Проснемся рано утром,
Чтоб пойти пугать друзей
Этим зверским звуком.

Но сами боимся дедлайнов,
Как неожиданный удар бараба-
нов.

Да ладно, это же классный
вайб!
Листаем карусель, like and
swipe.
Запостим фотки с Хэллоуи-
на,
И дальше мир покорять
бежим!

Асель Джовозова
SFW 120



If you could create a silly law in university, what would it be?



If I could create a silly law in university, I would establish a quirky tradition called Pterodactyl Hunt. During any night in early October, students should wear black and white garbage bags depending on whether they are hunters or pterodactyls. Following that, they will fight monsters and generally ridicule themselves by chasing each other with foam swords.

There are two types of hunt participants: Players and Monsters. The players will be divided into two teams, and each one has to protect their pterodactyl. They will fight each other and be annoyed by roaming monsters.

At the end of the Hunt, prizes will be awarded to the player with the highest number of chits, as well as to the player or players who killed either Pterodactyl. Pterodactyl eggs can be redeemed for prizes at any time during or immediately after the hunt.

Ting Xiao
SFW 121

If I could create a silly law in university, I would initiate the law of screaming before finals. On the last day of classes, all students would gather and scream. Every student is stressed before exams, and this screaming is a response to it. It is a way of showing emotion to the world and making people bear witness and recognize what we are going through.

Milana Abikenova
BA 122



If I could create a silly law in the university, I would enact a law allowing family pets in the pet house of the university. Students will be allowed to house their pets with them. However, there must be some conditions for them. The pet must have been in the family for at least a year and has to be one and a half years of age. The acceptable pets are cats, dogs (under 40 pounds), small birds, hamsters, gerbils, guinea pigs, turtles, and fish.

Elaman Murzakmatov
SFW 121



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