



2025 – 2026

Step Into Greatness

Table of Contents

Preface	3
Collection By Grade 7	4
Collection By Grade 8	12
Honorable Mention	25

Preface

Dear Students,

I hope you had a wonderful year, as I did spending it with you. I know our country was going through a lot, but we managed to overcome everything that was thrown at us. Not only did we finish the school year together, but your words and creations were no small feat; they were your first step into greatness.

I know we did not always have fun. I remember raising my voice too many times, and even greeting you with a frown a bit more than I would like to admit. However, I also remember the jokes, the roasts, the laughter, the debates, and all the trials and errors we went through together.

Some of you met me for the first time this year, while others already knew me. I hope I left a good impression on each one of you. As I look back on this year, I personally would not change anything. Every one of you was amazing, and you should be proud of what you have achieved this year.

Thank you all, and have a school-free summer!!!

Maikel Hajjar

Collection By Grade 7

Fire Inside
By Clarita Habib

Anger is a fire
Inside my chest,
It sparks when
Things feel unfair.
My words come out
Sharp, too fast
Burning through the air.

Soon Turns Into Forever

By Elita Tater

I wake up with many plans.
They stay in my head.
My body feels heavy.
The bed feels safe.
Time keeps moving.
I keep waiting
I say I will start soon.
Soon turns into forever.

I Fought With my Mother

By George Najem

I fought with my mother
And she wouldn't listen.
Words clashed like thunder
But our love hid in the silence
I stormed away heart heavy
Regret trailing my steps
Yet in the quiet after
I felt her worry follow me.

Just a Normal Day in School

By Jiselle Amirkhan

I wake up late,
alarm didn't ring,
grab the wrong notebook
classic me thing.

I swear I studied,
at least a bit,
brain goes empty
the moment I sit.

Life's kinda weird
not deep, not fake,
just me doing my best
and still needing a break.

My Little World

By Celine Badaoui

I have a little world inside my mind,
Full of dreams hopeful and kind.
Sometimes I laugh, sometimes I cry,
Sometimes I just watch time go by,
I learn from mistakes, I try again.
I fall, I stand, I rise then.
Even when days are I hard to face,
I keep on going at my own pace.
This is my world, simple and true.
Growing each day with something new.

My Motherland

By Karina Taleb

My country is Russia strong, rich, and wide,
Built from power, pain, and pride.
Its nature stands fierce and tall,
Silent forests that never fall.

Hitler and Napoleon lost and cried,
If somebody will retry also will loose and cry.
That's my country that always blessed,
And that's the sign to never fight.

Moscow rises, cold, and true,
Soldiers stand brave, loyal, and true.
White for hope, blue for the sky, red for the blood we lost in time.
Biggest country in the world,
Forever proud of my home.

Russia is home, strong and dear,
Loved in my heart, forever near.

Get Out

By Clarita Habib

Get out of my life
I was never enough for you
Just like how you kept adding sugar
To your tea and said it was still bitter
Once you got out of my life
I finally became the light sweet tea.

I'll think about it

By Chaymaa Assaf

I read your poem, it's very long,
All scarves and corn and fires strong.
You say "love you" many times,
But I don't want your rhymes.

Your cabin in the woods is nice,
But I don't want that life.
Your hugs and stew, your careful care,
I'm sorry, I will not be there.

Keep your poem, your words, your fire,
I like my own path, my own desire.

Bored

By Alex Ghantous

I wake up early in the morning,
Mad for coming to school.
All day I am bored,
Because I can't understand a word.
Math and Physics really hurt.
I can't wait to be home, I eat lunch
And PUBG launch, make me happy again.

Restart Again
By Chaymaa Assaf

Always leaning against the same blue wall
not because I am warming myself in the sun
but because its light gives me an excuse
to watch you without being obvious.

I ask you to explain it again
not because I wasn't here
but because it makes you pay attention to me.

You pretend not to notice
never calling my name;
I felt like you forgot it.

Maybe this could work in another life
not within four years.

Perhaps you ever watered my flowers
before you lied,
even though you're not the strong military man
I always dreamed of when I was a kid.

Illegal always tempting
But who gon' end the sentence
we're not meant to blend in
no halal, no haram, no magic binds us
just you, your animals
and the tiny farm your dad owns that you can't afford
and somehow, I still end up in a place I don't belong
just to watch you.

The Night Light

By Elias Achi

The night light
is where darkness
is set for light.
People sleep as
their night slowly
passes in big darkness.
They get nightmares
but do not sleep.
All night they
wake up and
everything turns
normal colours.
The night light
hits the air
and silver appears
behind houses.
They have to
be safe.

No Reason to Turn Back

By Hussein Bazzi

I don't like you, that's just true,
nothing special about you.

No hard feelings, nothing to say,
I just slowly walked away.

I hear your voice, I turn away,
nothing you say makes me stay.

The Noob and The Pro

By Hussain Al Rajab

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I might be a noob in English
But at least in Arabic I am a pro

Is it life or a game?

By Gio Boutros

life is like a game
takes nine months to sign up
takes 2 to 3 years to unlock voice chat
takes 2 years to unlock walking
takes 3 years to unlock running
takes 12 years to unlock a new stage
takes 18 years to finish tutorial
if u die u cant respawn
when u die depending on act in the game
u can get a peaceful eternity or a painful eternity
random parents
random gender
random death
random date
random country
everything is random after u sign up
random avatar
random name
its roleplay but on hardcore
there's grieving
there're traps
and also, there is war
there were 2 massive admin abuses in the 19 hundreth
u can be against ur sexuality or change ur sexuality
there are jobs, schools, and mercy to help u level up
life is a game but it's all randomized!

Collection By Grade 8

Love on The Road

By Mohamad Taleb

There's a special kind of love I feel when I'm driving,
a warm, calm feeling that keeps me surviving,
soft and steady, like someone holding me tight,
helping me feel better in the quiet of the night.

And inside that feeling is my BMW's light,
waiting on the street like it knows me just right,
its engine calling my name in a gentle way,
like a close love whispering when the world fades away.

Driving gives me a beat, a rhythm to follow,
a path that helps me breathe when my thoughts feel hollow,
and my BMW turns that beat into something real,
its horsepower, its roar, the thrill I feel at the wheel.

The exhaust hums softly, the tires sing on the street,
every sound, every turn makes my heart skip a beat,
I'm not just driving—I'm alive in every way,
my BMW and I, together, every single day.

The Colorful Parrot

By Youssef Dib

The blue feathers break my soul,
looking at the sky from the outdoor.

The yellow on its nose makes my goosebumps stand,
in a big cage where it eats and stands.

The red flowing on its body copying a flow of blood,
in nature holding on its favorite wood.

The green beneath its eyes makes me feel in a big forest,
thinking that birds are foreigners.

As I speak, he copies like a twin brother,
it makes me feel like I'm its father.

Feeding it food and giving it water.

it sings loudly higher than a speaker,
following his sound like a famous speaker.

In a science class no one understands,
but I focus on his sound while he stands on his favorite branch.

Ashes

By Karim Badaan

From a world of ridicule I have come,
As the countless days went by
Into a hopeless love I had become,
Shattering expectations on my way.

Some threw insults, as did the many
When their plans had gone awry,
To humiliate a lover's love,
Is as inconsequential as a fly.

From the old – old ashes I have risen,
To a world of beauty and love,
An old lover has shriveled and taken,
While another flutters in like a dove.

Now, again I ask the same question,
About the love I had for you,
Was there ever a glimmer of hope behind it,
Or was it a dream that could never come true?

Oh, my dear friend of past love,
Who will soon see what she lost,
As I look at you with pity from above,
Waiting for you to realize the cost.

Math

By Jason Papas

What is math?
How to math?
I'm not so sure.
Harder and harder it gets...
As my brain slowly loses power.
Please sir, you are killing my brain cells.
When will this congruent nightmare end?
It's starting to make me hate triangles.
And why do they use y and x?
It makes no sense.
One plus one equals three,
makes me wanna bang my head on a tree.

Christmas Spirits

By Marie-Reine Tannous

When Christmas is here
We all begin to cheer
Sitting together to open gifts.
So Christmas is joy that makes our spirits lift
Happiness is waking up with hope.
believing you can learn and cope
it's helping others feeling proud.
While singing to them out loud

Alive

By Jihad Zaiter

Something moves inside me,
a spark that won't stay still.
Energy hums in my chest,
pulling me toward the next moment.

Excitement dances in my steps,
confidence sits in my spine.
Curiosity opens doors
I didn't know were mine.

Even in stillness, there's strength-a quiet power
that knows its own name.

Whatever this feeling is, it lifts, not weighs.
It reminds me, I am present, and fully alive.

Love's Pain

By Marie - Reine Tannous

Love you say?
Haha what a joke
When you love you lose hope.
It's like hanging yourself with many ropes.
You live in pain and try to cope.
While he is laughing with his folks.

A Moment of Realization

By Jack Saoud

Felt a storm inside my chest,
My words came out too sharp, too fast.
I didn't mean to cause the pain,
But silence showed it didn't pass.
Their eyes grew quiet, voices low,
That's when I saw what I had done.
My feelings mattered, yes, it's true,
But theirs did too—I'd hurt someone.
I learned that honesty needs care,
Not every truth should come out rough.
To share your heart with gentle words
Is brave, is kind, and is enough.

Nein, Nein, NEIN
By Jason Papas

I asked for fries, they said "Nein"
I asked for the time, they said "Nein"
I tried to dance, they said "Nein"
Even my jokes? Big "Nein"

I knocked on door, "Hau ab!"
I sang a song, "Buhhhhhhhh!"
I asked the sky, "Can I shine?"
Thunder replied, "Nein"

At this point I just resigned
Made a sandwich, feeling fine
Then I dropped it-on the line
Life just whispered, "Nein"

Love, Quietly

By Samia Bazzal

I thought love would be loud,
but it's soft instead.
It stays when words run out,
when I stop trying to impress,
when I am only myself.
Love hurts sometimes,
not because it's cruel,
but because it means something.
It doesn't promise forever.
Just this moment —
and the choice to stay.

Ramadan

By Mira Badawi

Moon above the fast begins
Quiet hearts and fewer sins
No food or drink throughout the day
We stop, to focus think and pray

The sun goes down the dates are sweet
Friends and family start to eat
A month of love and peaceful light
That ends each day in holy night.

Chess

By Charbel Karam

Chess is like a battlefield.
With pieces ranging from kings to queens.
Trying to defend their plot.
Pawns are usually the way to start.
Because they build a fortress.
Made out of something considered worthless.
Like a piece of strategic art.
Knights are usually to follow.
To fill in the spots that are hollow.
Bishops are the next fighters.
Acting like silent snipers.
Queens bring destruction to the battlefield.
Using the immense power they yield.
Rooks are the guards of the king.
And are always ready for castling.
Kings are always crying.
Because their pieces keep dying.
The opposing team will try to bait.
To get the golden checkmate.

Hope

By Suha Abu Nemr

When the sky is blue, Birds all fly
They spread their wings across the sky
When the sky is black, they hide away
waiting for the light of the day

They rest in silence, soft and still,
By quiet nests and shadowed hill,
Till dawn returns and golden hue,
And paints the world in few anew.

Then songs awaken leaf and tree,
A gentle hymn of being free,
For night may come and fears may stay,
But hope is born with every day.

Random Dream

By Youssef Dib

I've got a message from a random number
my own brother.
I got a computer that cost me money,
I sold it and gained more honey.
I sold the honey jars,
and bought my dream cars.
and then my mother woke me up from my dream,
Remembering I don't have a brother that has OMT.

A Language That Found Me

By Samia Bazzal

They told me English is just words,
letters stitched into sentences,
rules pretending to make sense.

But no one warned me
that a language could feel like a place.

At first, it wasn't mine.

It sat in textbooks,
stiff and distant,
like a guest who never quite smiles.

I memorized it...
definitions, verbs, tenses
as if meaning could be trapped
between margins.

But then something strange happened.

It slipped out of the classroom.

It followed me home.

It echoed in songs I didn't fully
understand,

in movies where I felt something
before I could explain it.

And suddenly,

English wasn't asking me to be perfect.

It was asking me to be heard.

I started writing pieces of myself
in a language that wasn't born with me,
yet somehow,
it recognized me.

There are thoughts I can only say in English,
feelings that exist better there,
like they've been waiting
for the right set of sounds.

It's not my first language.

But it became
my second heartbeat.

Between Impulse and Intention

By Mohammad Taleb

In a quiet town where mornings began with the call to prayer and evenings settled into long silences, lived a young man named Adam. He was known for his discipline—careful with his words, measured in his actions, and consistent in his routines. Yet beneath that composed exterior, he carried thoughts he rarely spoke about.

One afternoon, while walking home through a crowded street, Adam noticed how easily attention could be drawn and held. A passing glance here, a lingering thought there—fleeting, yet persistent. He realized how quickly the mind could wander, and how subtle impulses could grow when left unchecked.

That evening, he sat alone and reflected. He compared two paths within himself: one that followed immediate feeling, and another that required restraint. The first promised ease and excitement, but faded just as quickly as it appeared. The second demanded patience and self-control, but carried a deeper sense of stability and clarity.

Over time, Adam began to treat his thoughts with the same discipline he applied to his actions. He didn't try to suppress them forcefully; instead, he acknowledged them, then redirected his focus. He invested his energy into study, meaningful conversations, and goals that aligned with his values. When the idea of companionship arose, he didn't dismiss it—but he approached it with intention, understanding that lasting bonds are built on responsibility, not impulse.

Years passed, and Adam remained unchanged in his principles, though stronger in his self-awareness. He came to understand a simple truth: not every desire is meant to be acted upon immediately, and not every feeling defines direction. What matters most is the ability to choose—deliberately, consistently, and with awareness of the consequences that follow.

In that quiet understanding, he found a kind of balance that neither intensity nor restraint alone could offer.

Fire That Fades, Roots That Remain

By Mohammad Taleb

A quiet fight inside my mind,
where fast desires pull and bind;
they shine so bright, they feel so right,
then disappear without a fight.

A look, a thought, a sudden flame,
that calls me softly by my name;
it gives me much for just a while,
then leaves me empty all the while.

But deeper there's a calmer voice,
not loud or rushed, but still a choice;
it takes its time, it asks me wait,
it builds things strong instead of fate.

One burns fast, then fades away,
the other grows with each new day;
and in between, my heart must choose
what kind of path it wants to use.

Loving Heart

By Jeremiah Lucio

Love is a whisper in the night
A flame that glows with gentle light.
It heals the wounds we cannot see,
A bond as deep as any scar.
In every heartbeat, you and me

Honorable Mention

Graduation Speech

By Maya-Lee Mawli

Good evening, everyone.

Tonight, I stand before you with a smile on my face and a heavy heart, as I graduate from this beloved school, my Providence School.

First, my journey here would not have been possible without the continuous support I received from administration, the heads of department, the monitors and all my teachers. On behalf of grade 9 I want to thank each and every one of you for all your dedication and hard work.

Second, the years I spent here aren't just dates on a calendar; here friendships were made, memories were formed and most importantly, lessons were learnt. I will forever cherish my time here, because for me this school has become my second home.

Finally, as I look forward to my next journey, I will always carry what this school has taught me, to be strong, to never give up and to be ready for the future.

Thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

Why All Alone?

By Elissa Hanna

Why did I leave you all alone?
You took me out of my comfort zone
You left me stranded with no home
You broke me all apart
I trusted, I loved, I dreamed so bright
but it didn't even cross your mind
Your heart was closed,
Your eyes were shut,
Your mind was judging,
Your ears were numb,
I stopped complaining all along my time lone
Kind of humbled, Kind of broke
You failed to keep me in your life
But me leaving was the biggest surprise
You fought for me in my past life
But now I am all alone.

Ode to an Era

By M. P.

The language of love,
The language of the fine,
The fancy high rollers,
With foie gras, caviar, and wine.

In a world devoid of love,
Where the rich are in decline,
Lowlives with simple plates,
Craving burgers, hot dogs, and Coke.

Such a beautiful language,
Outdated and devoured in time.
Let them eat cake
While they seal their fate.

A Bed of Roses or A Bed of Nail

By Karim Badaan

Unfortunately, the story was too long for this year's booklet but if you are interested, please check on our wrbsite: pathtoskill.com