

Welcome to Learn for Life January 2022 Newsletter 01

Welcome to the first edition of the newsletter created by and for
Learn for Life students



Learn for Life

Enterprise

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LEARN for LIFE *Messenger*

Editorial

Hello and welcome to the first Learn for Life newsletter.

This newsletter has been created for the students of Learn for Life to have somewhere to share a part of themselves, their talents, their interests, and their culture. As you read these articles and look at the images, I hope you can connect with the writers, photographers and their work, and I thank them all greatly for taking part.

If anyone reading would like to become a part of this project in future months, please send your work to info@learnforlifeenterprise.com. All work is valuable in the goal of making Learn for Life students more connected and by providing a platform for your voices.



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CREATIVE WRITING

Brightness of Sheffield on Christmas nights

By Hassen Rizvi Abdul Haleem

Christmas is very special all over the world and especially in European countries. Sheffield is one of the older cities in England which has heritage stories, legacies and has absorbed multinational cultures and nations. Anybody who is living in Sheffield is always proud to say that they are from Sheffield, a city which respects other nations' feelings and pains regardless of religion and race.



Multinational people are living in Sheffield as citizens, asylum seekers, refugees, students and guests. Whilst it respects other nations and religion's dignity, Sheffield always gives priority for Christmas and its soul-bonding of nations. The council is very concerned with decorating the entire area, arranging street shops and many more fun entertainment events for all age groups to make all of them happy and united. Although Christmas is a special day for Christian people, especially Sheffield people celebrate regardless of any religion, race and ethnicity.

During Christmas students and adults also enjoy their holidays with family, friends and relatives. Most of the families visit Sheffield city centre during the day and night time to enjoy the beauty and brightness of Sheffield city. The city is full of lights and decorations, lamp posts are decorated with rainbow coloured lights. Special delicious food smells are persuading and urging people to enter the street food shops and children are enjoying fun and adventure activities.

A Light through the Darkness

By Aaqil Imthiyaz

As winter approaches, the brilliant light that once lit the bright blue skies seems to vanish. Leaves turn brown and fall off the trees leaving them bare and barren, while the weather becomes cold and gloomy. Great big clouds loom over the sky as if they were engulfing all the happiness that the summer had brought us. Yet, as dark, and woeful as the air around us seems, a silver lining appears in the cracks of those great big clouds...a light through the darkness.

Christmas, a time of joy and celebrations in a time where everything seems so bleak. A time where people of all ages and nationalities, irrespective of their backgrounds and ideologies, can come together, and celebrate a moment of peace.



As you walk through the city, you notice that the once quiet streets of Sheffield are now filled with the hustle and bustle of people. Colourful lights line the roads as if the stars from the sky have come down and taken a new home on streets of the steel city. The sound of children singing and the smell of warm doughnuts flood the city.

How can winter, a time where everything around us seems so miserable, so bleak, give rise to something so joyous? It is a light through the darkness, the power of human nature and unity combined. Christmas to me is a metaphor, a metaphor that people from all over the globe can live together in peace and harmony even in our darkest hours. We just need to let that light shine through!

Such a Lovely Scene in Sheffield at Christmas

By Kwai Ping Jesse Leung



I arrived in Sheffield from Hong Kong in July 2021, this is the first Christmas I will stay in the UK.

Sheffield is the town where I live in the UK. When Christmas is coming, Sheffield town centre is full of decorations to celebrate the Christmas season. Sheffield Cathedral has a light show, taking us on an uplifting journey, telling the Nativity story through spectacular

light and music, projected onto the historical stone walls. On the street of the town centre, there is a Christmas Market, Alpine Bar, a traditional German sausage grill, pizza, chimney cake and many other food and drinks experience, many handful of cabins for full shopping as well. There is an iconic Big Wheel for us to view the Sheffield City, and a wonderful Carousel for children to play.

I remember in 2020 Christmas time, Covid-19 had been spreading throughout the World, everywhere was locked down, we could not go out, just stayed and worked from home to view online Christmas events through the TV. We haven't any joy and worried about how to prevent the Covid-19.

Christmas 2021, I must have a joyful and exciting time in Sheffield, UK.

Christmas During Uncertain Times

By Elsa Araujo

December is the month of Christmas which means that in December everyone looks happier. People sing Christmas songs and there are lights everywhere around the city! It's also a month before the start of the New Year so people usually reflect on what they learnt in the past 12 months.

Christmas in Sheffield is very similar to how we celebrate in Lisbon, the city where I was born. People reunite with their families, exchange gifts, eat and drink traditional food and make their own Christmas tree. However, the main differences are that on Christmas Eve we have the tradition of eating cod fish whereas in the UK the tradition is to eat turkey and there is no snow.



Unfortunately, in the last 2 years we had to deal with a pandemic. This pandemic brought to the world a lot of restrictions, such as social distancing, wearing a mask, not being able to go to family gatherings, and most of the events were cancelled. This meant that Christmas was different and not as happy as it used to be.

In conclusion, even though we all have to follow a lot of restrictions from the government, it shouldn't take away the joy of celebrating Christmas with the ones you love the most. It is my new year's wish that the covid pandemic will be gone next year and that our lives can be as they were before.

The New Year

By Negin Bari

The New Year celebration is a common custom in almost all countries in the world including the United Kingdom. In Birmingham, where I live now, people spend their money on buying presents and new clothes for their children and themselves during December. Furthermore, rich people plan for short trips to other cities, even other famous and beautiful countries, where some people like to travel with family. However, some love to celebrate with friends and classmates.



In Afghanistan, where I was born and raised, people try to stay home during December. We used to cook tasty and hot traditional foods such as Dalda, Shorwa and Shola and hot drinks like Chawa. Afghan people celebrate their New Year at the end of March, which will be the first day of Hamal named Nawrooz. We visit relatives, cook special foods, prepare special drinks and visit some historical places and gardens.

Moreover, as life is full of tension and stress, we need to take care of our health and wellbeing too. Thus giving ourselves a break to reduce these stresses and enjoy life would be worthwhile.

To sum up, such celebrations of the New Year or Christmas are a wonderful opportunity to spend our time and money with our loved ones.

Christmas in Iraq

By Ahmed Azeez



I am from the city of Kirkuk in Iraq, which is inhabited by a mixed population of Arabs, Turkmen, and several Christian sects.

When we were children, our neighbours were Christians and the church was near us, and they were decorating the alley in which we lived. The 25th and 26th December were very special to us as children because those two days we get chocolates were beautiful days. I wished we would continue to be there, but the wars separated us from our loved ones there.

Whenever the Christmas holidays come, I remember childhood friends and wish them a happy life, but my loved ones now also suffer during the celebration away from their homeland, because of the pandemic and the death and anxiety it causes in people's hearts. I wish a happy Christmas without illness or panic for everyone.

A Big Traditional Day

By Khuram Shahzad

I don't know how to start because I am excited to share my feelings about this day. It's a new thing for me when I was in the UK.

In December 2019 we were in the Bradford hotel. The time before this month was very quiet and everybody was doing their routine work so I felt things changing slightly. Lights like small bulbs came on the main roads and some trees so I feel it may be a function or an event coming in the next few days. I don't know what will happen in the future, I'm just assuming.



Everything was going opposite to my thinking, every day I got more surprised because more decorated the roads, buildings, and shopping malls with different colours. I saw in the middle of December lots of people came in the road for shopping, some shops like road shops or we called it festival or event shops in the tents. Normally we have seen these kinds of shops in town festivals back in our city. These kinds of shops sell traditional food and things that we can't buy or eat in our regular life.

After seeing all these preparations I am so excited because my wife and daughter are both very happy. Every day we go to the place that was arranged by the Town hall in the front of town hall. I am still searching at that time about this wonderful day but I don't know.



We are still in the hotel so near the end of month I have seen a tree with some lights. It was situated in the corner of the hotel lawn. A lot of children coming from different countries were playing around that shining green tree.

Then I try to remember I have seen this tree before in some English movies and it should be CHRISTMAS TREE. So after a few days that day came in so me and my family really enjoyed this big day, it's Christmas day.

Every year it comes 25 of December, but next year when we were shifted to Sheffield, it was cancelled due to covid.

I write down my conclusion about this big day is that we are from different countries, but as humans we all have emotions and feelings, so we enjoy and celebrate this big day together.

Kabul

By Morwarded Barai

I was born in Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, an Islamic country that has 5000 years of history by different names like Aryana, Khorasan and Afghanistan. Afghanistan has a colourful flag including Black, Red and Green. My country has beautiful mountains, digestible air, kind people and different kinds of culture. The most popular culture is celebrating the new year. People wear new clothes and go with their family to historical places and they very much enjoy these days. Afghan culture is very collectivistic and people generally put their family's interests before their own. This means that family responsibilities tend to hold a greater importance than personal needs. Loyalty to one's family also generally supersedes any obligations to one's tribe or ethnicity.



Three Legs And Half

By Fahima Boudehane

An enormous chair put at the front of the United Nations with three legs and half. It reminds us that the world still needs to make more effort to make nations live with the quality of essential proper life for humanity. In addition to this, the height of the chair to the sky inspires us of the human need for freedom because they are still in this world, where freedom does not exist yet... The broken leg tells us much about the brutal wars in the world with their remaining effects...



Virtual Reality for Aliens

By Mohamed Ali Sharafeldin



When I was young, I remember my cousin giving me a T-shirt with Star Wars on it. I've always wanted to see that movie, and years later I watched it and understood why it's called Star Wars, a war between different planets and galaxies trying to possess and control each other.

At these moments in this single world of wonders, we lead somehow a similar life, the same way of giving birth after nine months, eating vegetables and meat, drinking water and breathing oxygen, practically one planet has all the requirements and conditions for all the species to live in, but we are facing a different reality, which is that every country looks like a different planet.

To make it so, we started to create an invisible line between countries and we called it "the border". Astonishingly this invisible line has a great impact, not only to dismantle the planet into separate planets but also to create new languages, new types of food, new traditions, and sometimes even new religions and worshipping by different Gods, or sometimes none at all.

Imagine that, there are some planets that have natural separators between them like sea, river or mountain. But of course we humans like to complicate things, so we started to think how we can draw these lines on those natural separators, because we are not satisfied by the real borders. So arbitrarily we went to the top of the mountains and into the sea to draw a line on the running water even if it is exposed to natural factors like: evaporation, freezing while it's flowing freely between the planets. Of course as we love to separate everything, we succeeded exceptionally well. Those planets will have huge differences in their lifestyle, bigger than the sea itself. So, if you ever dare to cross that invisible line for any reason, you may find yourself a stranger. NO, SORRY, you will become an alien. YES you will breathe oxygen but not the same atmosphere anymore. Their shapes look different, their streets, their walk, talk, the way that they are greeting each other, all things are different.

One day there was a reckless man in the corner of the street watching me from afar until I approached him, he asked me: "@&#+*\" . Later on I knew that it meant "Where are you from?" Obviously, I was an alien.

Then I started using sign language to communicate with people until I learned some words. The first sentence I memorized was the answer to that reckless man's question, where are you from?

My Answer was:

I'm an alien from another planet called Sudan, and Sudan is one of the asteroids of the Earth group which is located in the East North of Africa zone above the Equator line.

You know what ?!!!The Equator is an invisible line too, dividing our universe into two parts but I don't know where this line starts, or where is the beginning of it! Because some people say our universe is flat and most of them say it's in a spherical shape but for me I don't know who is right and I don't care.

However I'm sure about two things, the first one; the Equator line is real because the magnetic field strength at the equator is almost = 0.305×10^{-4} T and you can test it. The strangest thing is sometimes this real border can divide some planets without affecting their life such as language or traditional..etc ,and the second thing is my planet Sudan is flat! I can guarantee that. I have been there from north to south and east to west. Ok let's skip this Byzantine controversy, flat, circle or triangle no one is really interested. By the way, Byzantium is located on another planet nowadays called Turkey. I guess they have invented such arguments and spread it out to the universe after they conquered most of the nearest planets to them.

It's really crucial that I talk about the journey between the planets because it has many hurdles to overcome as any space trip, straggling from the body of rocket to the engine then the launching process with all the possibilities it could happen, like if we choose the wrong space base to launch with bad timing, especially if we meet the Protectors of the Galaxy before launching. Then we can lose our spacecraft forever but, if we meet them after, we'll be under their protection until we reach our destination.

After all the suffering I have been through, the burden of the journey, the stress of thinking and the pressure drops in space, now that we have reached safely, I have two different feelings. They compete and overlap with each other. The first one is the feeling of success when you step forwards, so at the beginning this feeling will rise to the peak and it will create such a feeling of reassurance and ease and even it can be a feeling of belonging to this new virgin planet. It's strange isn't it? The second feeling comes along after a couple of days . What's next? And it says that you have enjoyed the first days and that's enough. Let's move, move to the endless destinations to find a place that has a similar landscape, people and the same atmosphere, and I answered that feeling by a question: do you mean Home?

Then after that war of inquiry ends, it can be two or three days pass by, waiting to let that feeling demolish from its peak and rest in peace with his pair.



My Story

By Nilufer Osmanoglu



It took us a long time to get on the blackberry road. If we were alone it might have been easier to risk it, to jump on the road, but we had our children, carried the responsibility of their fragile fate. Passing the border was not easy nor safe and with the constant somber news of families fading into the river, of little babies lost to the cruel waters, parents and kids alike left alone and empty-it became much harder to make the decision to leave our country.

About a year ago we had intended to go abroad together but had changed our minds, after which both my husband and I were apprehended. He was imprisoned while I was released under supervision due to our children.

We had decided to wait until we both got acquittals but a second charge opened up and we realized better that this was a road with no positive end in sight. That was when we decided to leave permanently.

That summer, we met with all our family members and bid them goodbye, explained our plans and took their blessings. Though they didn't wish to part with us, they agreed that the cost of our freedom if we were to stay was too much to ignore. Along with their blessings and well wishes we returned to Ankara with the intention to leave in a week.

However, the bad news didn't stop. A day before our planned journey we received the news of the Akcabay family. Except the father, the whole family had drowned in the river in their attempts to flee to a hopeful, free life. The father was an old student of my husband and he knew of the family. The situation destroyed us.

Though my husband tried to hide the news from us, I became suspicious and eventually saw their deaths on social media. The comments of the people were even more painful than the news. Vicious and utterly heartless comments, claims of "their bodies spoiled the river", regarding innocent people, pure kids and women who did no wrong in their lives showed us the vileness, the deceit of some people.

After this disaster that struck someone we knew, we couldn't bear to leave in this state of mind. We had to postpone our journey. On a night of our tense wait, I had a dream where I was on a bus, in a foreign country. As the bus went on the road, I saw bushes of blackberries on the side road and the bus stopped in front of them. I got down, collected blackberries and got back on the bus. When I woke up, I interpreted this dream to mean that this time, we would go on our journey. I love blackberries a lot so I believed this journey would lead us to somewhere good and pleasant. Upon long talks with my husband we decided that nothing good would come out of staying in this country and we would have to live our destiny, deciding to go on this journey.

It was a very distressing and stressful time. We wrote our wills before leaving our house and gave them to my sister, asking that our children would get to stay together and get education if something were to happen to us.

Since my husband was still being looked for by the police at that time, we couldn't travel by ourselves in case our car was stopped in a search. We packed up a few bags in the evening for my brother in law to send us later. Packing was hard for us all, asking the kids what they wanted the most and leaving all the rest behind.

Other than the bags we could only have a small backpack with us. A small dog plushie for my younger son, a bunny one for my daughter and a handgrip he had just bought for my elder son were the only additions to the few clothes we had in the backpacks. It was difficult for them, and us, to leave all our memories, even if only in the form of objects, behind with no idea of the future that lay ahead of us.

The kids left in my brother-in-law's car first, to see if there were any police checks on the road, and I waited with my husband for a friend to pick us up after them. We looked around at our home one last time before locking up, at all our pieces in that place, in our place, and left with whatever of our whole life could be packed into bags.

We were supposed to leave on the same night but the journey was delayed, as it so happens with these kinds of journeys in case of a security risk on the other side, so we had to wait another day. It was an uneasy and disquieting time frame where we both wanted to turn back and give up even now on this last prolonged chance. My husband and I waited on each other for a word, an excuse to give up on the trip.

Realizing we had to wait the whole day and feeling trapped inside, we decided to go out and visit my favourite place in Istanbul: Yusha Hill. While looking around I came across a singular blackberry branch with only a couple blackberries hanging on it. I gave one to my husband and had the other myself. I love blackberries a lot so I looked around for others but there were no blackberry bushes around other than the one branch I had seen. Then I remembered my dream and thought to myself "I guess this is a sign that we should still go on this road".

We turned back and the next day we left for the border once more. Again, in two cars, we reached the border city and stopped at a cafe, met up with the family we would leave with, trying to appear like we were just travellers to not attract attention despite our nervousness. Then we received a message delaying the time again for a few hours and went to an old building, abandoned, and waited in the garden. I suddenly felt a calmness reach me during that last delay, and lost all my fears and worries. We sat and ate a few snacks we had with us, then when the car came to pick us, we all got in a single car, both of our families, stacked tightly. We reached the border and a child pointed us through a small path slightly blocked by shrubbery after we were quickly ushered out of the car. At that point I was still calm and tranquil, away from all my previous worries and sadness, so much so that the person we were going with asked me later on how I was so serene and composed at such a distressing time. I don't know the answer myself even now.

Passing through the shrubbery, we just had to walk down that path and through the border. With just our backpacks on it was a simple path, and we took it with hopeful steps. As we walked we saw blackberries again and at that point blackberries meant so much to me, they were like checkpoints, signposts of my journey. Beginning in my dream and leading me until I cross the border, a guide for each step. And I felt a peace deep inside me when I saw that blackberry, stopped and ate from that bush even as we were passing the border.

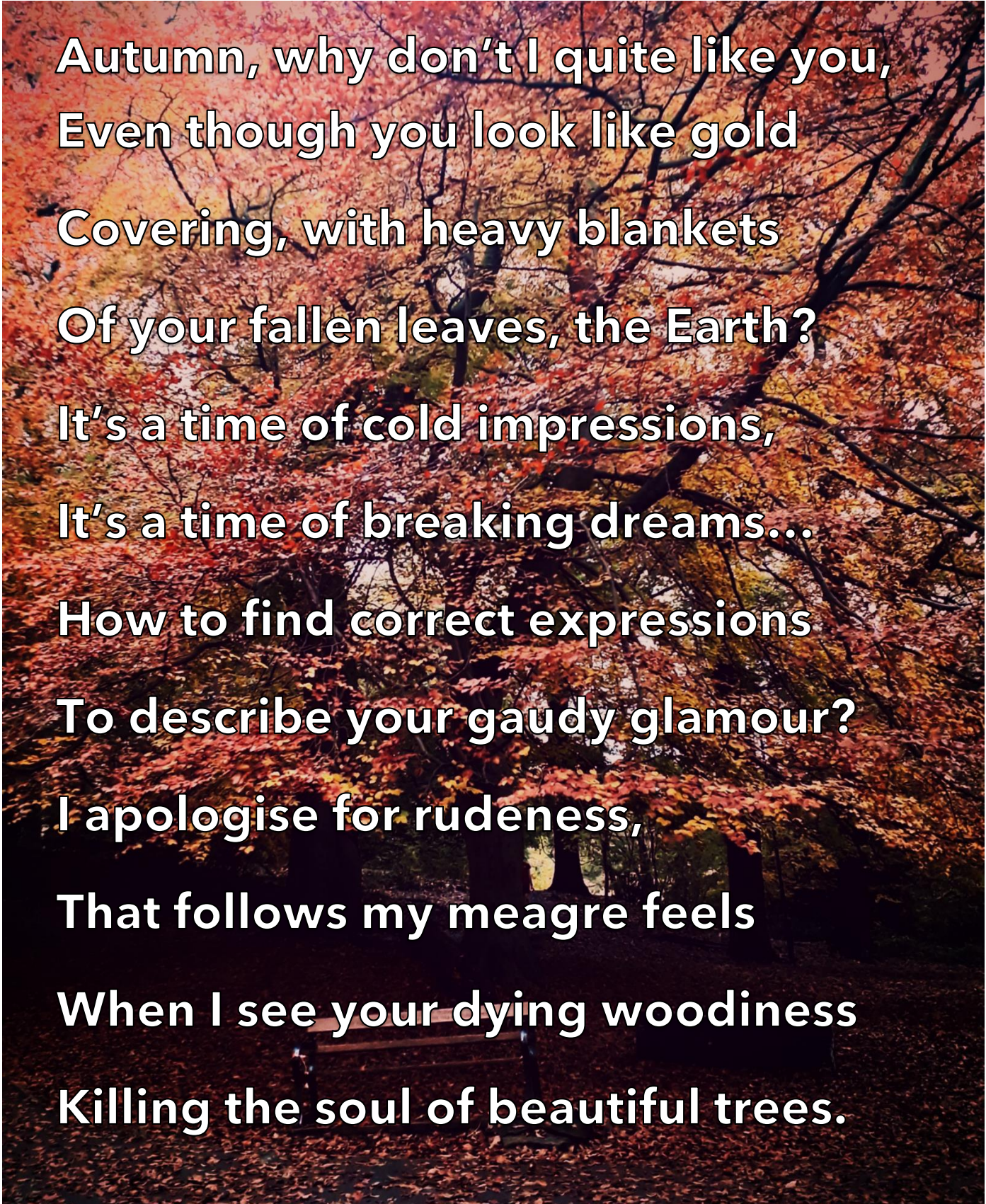
After we passed the border and found a tree shade to rest a little, we reached the police post and surrendered. That was the end of our journey. That was the beginning of our journey. After a long time in Greece when my husband arrived in the UK before me with our kids, what he first told me was "There are blackberries everywhere in this city." And I have always loved blackberries since I was a child, but now it meant even more to me and made me happier in the road that I took than ever.



Illustration by Belinay Osmanoglu,
Nilufer's daughter

Autumn Poem

By Aida Ovsepián



**Autumn, why don't I quite like you,
Even though you look like gold
Covering, with heavy blankets
Of your fallen leaves, the Earth?
It's a time of cold impressions,
It's a time of breaking dreams...
How to find correct expressions
To describe your gaudy glamour?
I apologise for rudeness,
That follows my meagre feels
When I see your dying woodiness
Killing the soul of beautiful trees.**

RECIPES

Noah's Pudding

An Ashure Turkish dessert porridge of fruit, dried fruit, grains, and nuts.

This recipe was shared by Nilufer Osmanoglu

Noah's Pudding is a traditional Muslim dish which also goes by the name of Ashurah. Families make this dish and share it with friends and neighbours to celebrate Noah and the end of the Great Flood on the day of Ashurah. Tradition recalls that when the water had begun to recede the family gathered up the remaining food that the animals had not eaten on Noah's Ark. This explains why the ingredients of this recipe are not those that you would typically expect to find together. The variations in flavours, textures and sizes create an exciting dish that can be seen as a metaphor for the communities that come together to learn at Learn for Life.

Ingredients

- 1 cup of pearl barley
- 1/3 cup of chickpeas
- 1/3 cup of dry white beans
- 2 tablespoons of rice
- 12 1/2 cups of water
- 5 pieces of dried figs
- 10 pieces of dried apricots
- 1/2 cup of seedless raisins
- 1 small orange
- 1 2/3 cups of sugar
- 2 tablespoons of rose water
- 2/3 cups of whole walnuts
- 1/2 small pomegranate



HOW TO PREPARE:

- Wash the wheat, chickpeas and dried beans then leave them to soak separately overnight
- Soak the beans and chickpeas separately in 1 cup of water each
- Soak the pearl barley in 2 cups of water.
- Add 3 cups of water to the pearl barley
- Add 2 cups of water to the chickpeas and beans and place them on the hob.
- Cook the wheat until the grains break up and the starch is released.
- Cook the rice following directions on the packet.
- Wash the dried fruit and soak for 2 hours in 1/2 cup of water.
- Mix the cooked ingredients and dried fruit in a pan and cook for 15 minutes
- Peel the orange and cut the rind (including the white inner part) into small strips of 3-4cm long and 1cm wide.
- Separate the orange segments into 4-5 pieces.
- Add them to the mixture and cook for 5 minutes.
- Add the sugar and cook for a further 1-2 minutes and then remove from the hob.
- Add the rose water and stir.
- Pour the mixture into pudding bowls and add walnuts and pomegranate seeds to garnish.
- Best served cold.

Traditional Armenian “Ghapama”

This recipe was shared by Aida Ovsepien

Armenians believe they grow the most delicious fruits because they taste of the sun. You can experience the flavours of the sun, by trying out this special “Ghapama” recipe which is a traditional Armenian dish.

“Ghapama” can be eaten as a main meal or as a dessert. There is also a “Ghapama song” celebrating its delicious smell. The dish is made by stuffing and baking a pumpkin!

INGREDIENTS

1 medium-sized pumpkin
1 cup rice
4 tbsp. melted butter
Raisins, dried plums and apricots
Nuts (almonds and walnuts)
3/4 tbsp. ground cinnamon
2 tbsp. honey (or sugar)
Pinch of salt, or to taste
1/4 cup hot water

How to Prepare:

- Cut off the top of the pumpkin and scoop out and discard the insides
- Bring 2 cups of water to the boil in a pan.
- Add the rice and a pinch of salt
- Reduce to a low heat and allow to cook for 10-15 minutes (the rice will continue to cook in the oven so do not fully cook!)
- Drain any excess water
- Cook the chopped dried fruits, nuts and raisins in melted butter, honey (or sugar) and cinnamon for 10 minutes.
- Add the half-cooked rice to the mixture
- Stuff the pumpkin with the mixture (don't overfill as the rice will expand)
- Add ¼ cup of hot water
- Cover the pumpkin with the top you removed earlier
- Bake it at 165°C for 1 ½ to 2 hours.
- You will know it's ready when the pumpkin is soft
- Now it's time to serve and enjoy eating your sun



COMAC Bike Project

Learn for Life makes referrals to COMAC for students



COMAC Bike Project provides free working bikes to asylum seekers, so that they have a way of travelling around Sheffield. They also help them to keep the bikes on the road and in good condition by repairing them when needed.

How it works

COMAC is run entirely by volunteers. The project collects and stores donated bikes. They also maintain a stock of used bike parts such as brakes, gears, wheels and tyres as well as some new parts, such as brake blocks and cables. They can then use these to fix donated bikes.



When someone is referred to COMAC, they get to choose their new bike from the ones that have been refurbished.

Once a person has a bike, they are welcome to return in the future for help with any maintenance or repair needs. People are encouraged to work alongside COMAC volunteers who are fixing the bikes to gain experience.

Everyone is provided with a free lock, lights, high-vis jacket and are offered a helmet too.



If you are an asylum seeker at Learn for Life and would like a bike, please contact:

hayley@learnforlifeenterprise.com

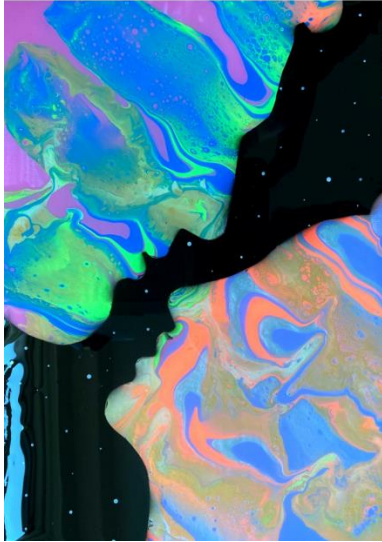
Come along and help

COMAC try to help as many asylum seekers as they can. However, they need volunteers to support them so they can provide more bikes. If you would like to volunteer, then you can visit their [volunteering section](#) and sign up. Your mechanical skills will rapidly increase as a result and you will be helping more people to receive bikes,

Some of the Learn for Life students are already volunteering at COMAC, which helps them to also practice their language skills.



Acrylic Pouring as a fascinating pandemic hobby



Acrylic Pouring is a relatively new creative hobby that is gaining many followers across the globe for the following reasons:

- ***Suitable for beginners:** No previous artistic skills are needed to embrace the acrylic flow technique.
- ***Few items needed:** You only need a few supplies to get started.
- ***Good for busy people:** A painting can be completed in 30 minutes.
- ***It's fun:** It is lots of fun to mix different colours of acrylics to create a beautiful piece of art.

Edvard, a student at Learn for Life, shares his experience of acrylic pouring:

Edvard started acrylic pouring at the beginning of the pandemic. He did this in order to somehow brighten up the grey everyday life in Sheffield, during the lockdown restrictions, and the long wait for a decision on his refugee case. "This helped me to relieve tension, relax by creating extraordinary abstractions and enjoying the beautiful result every time", says Edvard. On his Instagram page ART_FANTASY.PRO with more than 15 thousand followers, he shows in detail on video the whole process of creating such paintings. You can watch them and surely you will want to try it once!

Visit Edvard's page:

https://instagram.com/art_fantasy.pro



Trips during the pandemic

My visit to Leeds

By Anwar Ibrahim

My friend and I had an excellent journey from Sheffield to Leeds on 22nd July last year. We had spent a great time with each other in Leeds. From our visit to Leeds, we still have a few lovely photos. We ate some delicious sandwiches as well as some ice cream while sitting on the bank of the River Aire. I decided to share this photo because it means a great deal to me. On this particular day, the weather was beautiful. It was sunny and hot. You can see in the photo that I am smiling and that speaks volumes, I think.



Sheffield and the Peak District in December

By Belén Martínez



LEARN for LIFE Messenger

Photos from some of our trips in 2021



CREDITS

Thank you to the following people for their contributions:



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