

Volume One



## MKS JEWELLERY VOLUME 1

A jewel is only truly irreplaceable and timeless when it has valued meaning and sentiment behind it. MKS Jewellery is crafted with a message, be it a 'thank you' or an 'I love you', and even wishes or markers of occasions. In time, these sentiments come to build stories.

MKS Jewellery is about self-expression, each piece is a tool to do just that. To tell your own story, to share passions, thoughts, memories and experiences. Inspired by her deeply entrenched heritage and creativity, every detail incorporates artisanal craftsmanship, personal story telling and the connection with our community. "We all love a good story and what better way to tell our own story than with the jewellery we wear. Each piece is a special message, a chapter to a larger story of who we are. May the writings in this book inspire you to tell your own story."

> – Sheikha Mariam bint Khalifa bin Saif Al Nahyan

A special thank you to the contributors of this creation Illustrated by Charlotte Hudders Arabic calligraphy by Hussam Ahmed

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We are works of art; We are walky mosarcs. We are bots and pricces Of mistakes, errors, regrets, and doubts All assembling into one another. Shamoa H

I am not only me. I am bits and pieces of people who have walked in and out of my life. A slight part of me clays to a small part of them. A fragment of their personality links itself with mine. 1 am the people that have loved and lost the people who have stayed and left. This is me myny to hold only all the notable though around me, by connecting them to mysely. Shamsa H

'In the In- Detweens' You have always lived in my in betweens, for you have been both the peace and unrest of my heart, the chaos and offliness of my mond. Shamoa bonk flasher Al Makbour



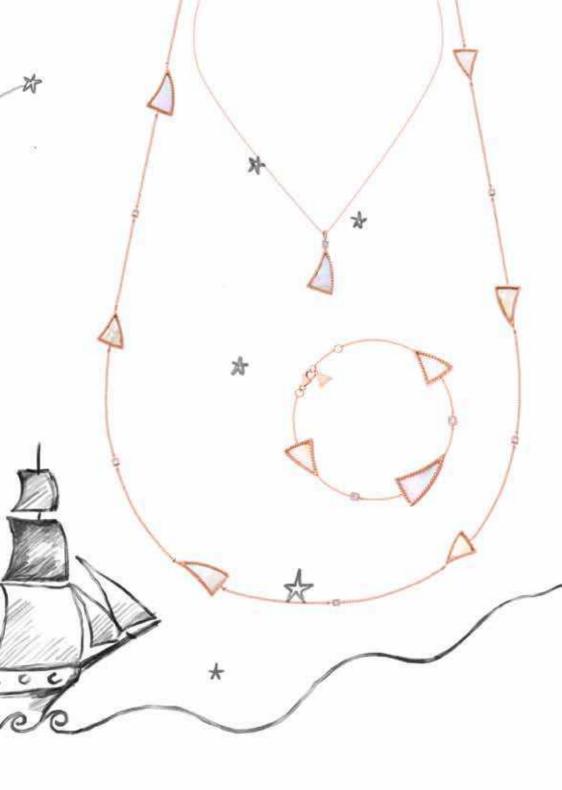


eclipse, the darkness that unites with the light. Shamoa bint flasher Al Makkoum

Young Women You, young women, are the sea in motion the poetry of waves the sally scent and The voyage that knows its return, Inagene the otrength of history rocks constantly effortfully because you are made to, Never calm your tides, young women, for you are made to rage against rocks and carry the wind, You are mardle to lick shores unapologitically \_\_\_\_\_ and steals all its stells, You are made to destroy sandcastles and provide peace to restless hearts, You are made to carry sailors ino chose to sail your sea, You are made to um battles aganst ingorous storms, 0 So go with your gut and discover your pearls never calm your tides and refuse refuse to hide. Shamsa bout Hasher Al Maktour



The Ship of My Heart' He was the captan but the shop was not his, He was given the lead \* that only ponts back to the shore, He fought his way back going against the breeze, He knew, he felt, he believed it was the right direction, Despite the shibborn weather that he is unable to serve he reached his homeband and found homeself in front of he, The one whom the ship belongs to, And he let dawn his anchor with all its chains, Because the moment he saw her he knew he warted to reman. Shamsa bont Hasher Al Maktour

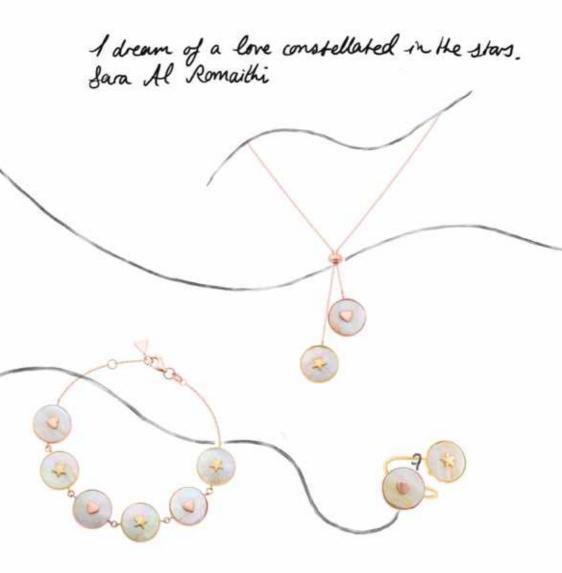


Dilema of a thirty - something Searching for one's life purpose doesn't come easy; You get caught up with life and you're just continuously busy, Especially in a developing world where you givet wont to be wealth Suddenly you come to realise and think if what you've doing is actually healthy. When you shop dony what you got used to dony, You become paranoid and start feely that you're sinking. Oh, I wish I knew what I'm supposed to become from the very begniny; But then, these are the exact dilemmas that make life more fur and worth living. Sheila Tobras





Stars that outshove the lustre of ogsters and shells. A treasure in the heart of the sea, a secret that the ocean knew so well. fara Al Romaithi



You are logt embodied, A cocoon of ardow and love. Your heat is a dreamcatche, Guardry all that you dream of. Sara Al Romaithi

'Little Gool'

Once upon a time There was a little good WM a omitry face and sad brown eyes She carried a heart made of glass A mind ever so bright She shined like a dramond carried the sunstine in every place the stepped foot into Lived a dreamy life On the shores of surguerse oceans to calm at surface to muddled in the depths life happened The little good is now a woman bring on a man's world Shaped by the days Rough on the edges Carryong herself ever so tall Her heart is now into pieces And her light has dimmed The omile never faded though A strong figure Greaking every law of attraction Like a tale surreal She is found in every man's dream Marura AK



It was 1989 and I was a beenager and was not to 'laze about the house' all varation, she said.

So off I went to Al Horn Fort, the latest volunteer for the Emirates Natural History Society. I was probably the youngest two at the time hence the job of scaling ancrent laddes to climb up into the towers fell to me.

Why you may ask? I was to catalogue the contents of the towers. To take a pencil and some recipe cards and write down everything I found. I came to understand I was on a historical treasure hunt.

Although the ladders were tricky to climb, I wasn't alone in the towers of Al Hasn Fort. They were filled with animals, taxidermized after some hunting hip; houbara trustado, sand gozelles and plenty of still living progeons, shrikes, and the occassional bee-eater whose green feathers were too bright to blend in...



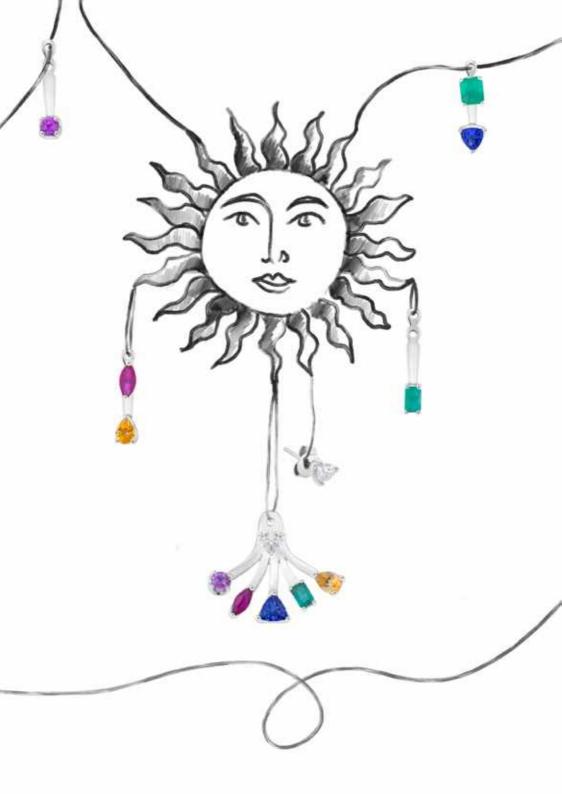
After I completed the animals tower, I took my peneil and my respe cards and discovered that the next tower was the proper tower. The treasures in it were old nets, ropes and plenty of large, torud, mainly broken, glass builds. Were they helmuts? I magned people dring on these and wondered what they were for. Mr Bish Brown laughed at me when I came down with a small wooden object lookry puzzled. He promptly dipped It on my nose and sent me back up the laddes. A pearl diver's nose dip, he said it was.

Now, 30 years later, far Al Horn has been restored and re-opened to the public. If I close my eyes I can stal see that little gozelle staring at me from the corner amongst all the other treasures. Whatever became of my recipe cards I wonder? Who was the one who pually removed all those treasures? Bid they call it junk? Or will I find it in the exhibition? What small prece

of this ancient fort's horrory now ties with me? Kelly Eide



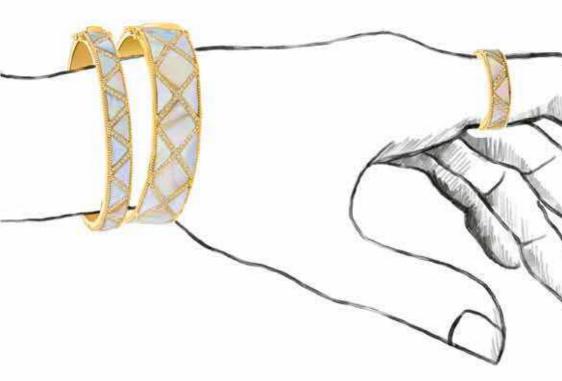
The trumph of light reflects life. There is always light at the end of a hirrel, no hatter how dark or long it may seen. After dark comes light, hope in the Men life is bom. As this tapeatry is painted, let us be painters who colour the detail in the preture, filling it with joy, peace, love and positivity. The oun creeps slowly over the horizon, spreadry its rays over the world. Darkness flees as light breaks through. The foreboding sea turns into a miron of shimmering light. The sky transforms itself into a kalerdoscope of vibrart colours; deep vaye, rich red, a tryge of purple and all of a sudden the leading actor takes centre stage. A perfect circle, bursts forth, heralding a new day, with all it's wonders and opportunities, bringing a new beginning! A. Althabbahi











The fait of hope sings you the sweetest hullaby A starlet reveries, the gaze of the ocean and all the other mysteries between flold the phontom of this dream, look into the dark After this ocean is the notion where the sea man sees and the mermand greets This longry will scatter, in the light of the topas our. Mariam Al Zaabi



Var Ne 2 100-0 0 Ø Let's take a ride through prik clouds And glitters sparkly the stars In places where dreams are brue And fairytales begin with yon. Marza Alameri

Dreams that feel more of a reality, are dreams you don't want to wake up from. Marza Alameri

Within every encharting sportle And with a sky full of stars No star sportles like hers Mouza Alameri







حمدة العضي





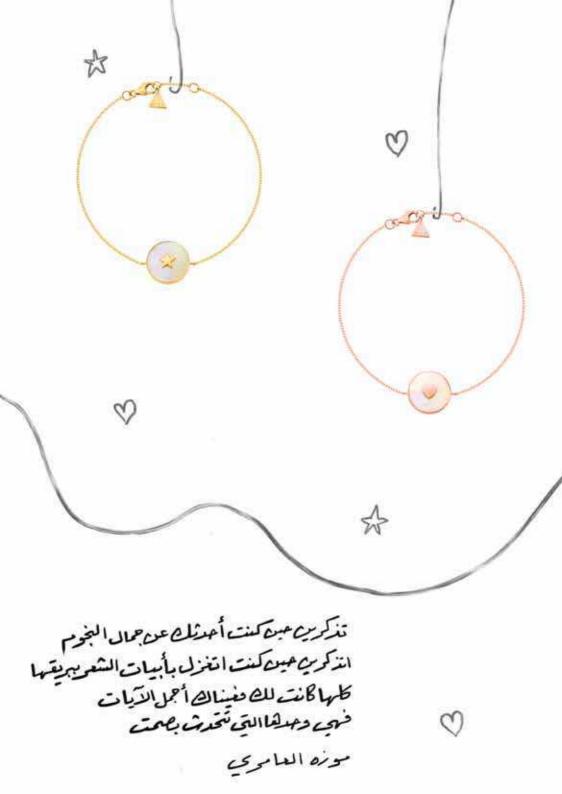




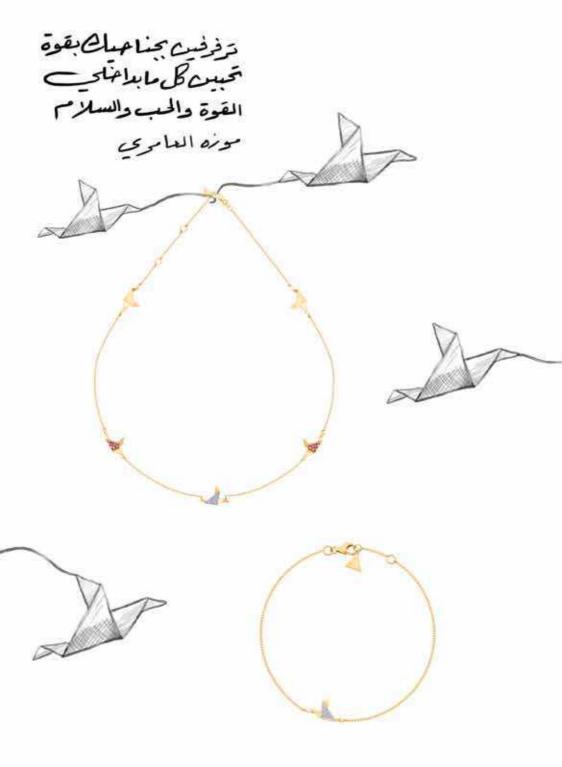


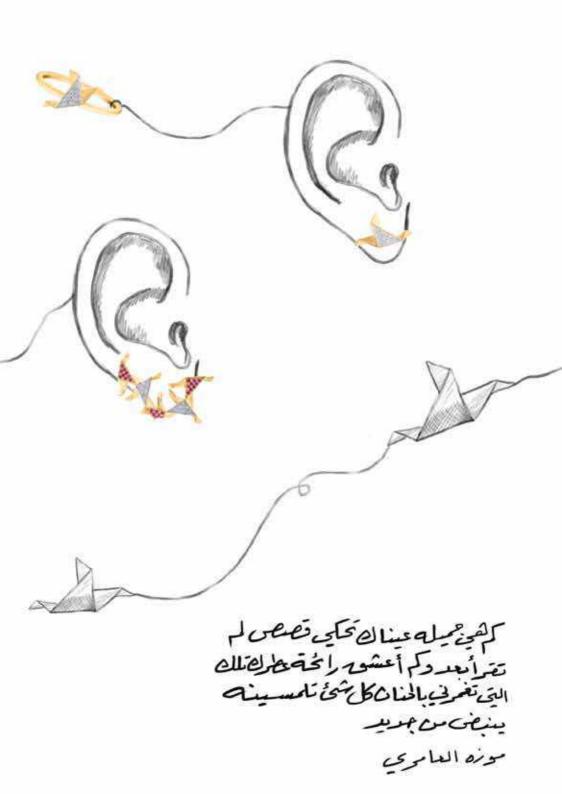
الوردتيلون بعدة معاني وأجمل معاني الحب خذها بوده الوردالاحم يعني المك عشاي وإبي عطيتك كل قلبى دوده والوردالأصغر يابعدمن قرابي لوياك غيري فالحبه تصعد فيك الوفا والطيب فيك الخنابي م الورد الابيض يالفلا تستمده ومنا لبنفسيح خذت سحرالعيابي القبت قلبي لين ما بيحت مده ميت في حبك وادعي الله عساين في قوبك فوادي يلاقيه معده لودارت الدينا وطول زماني غيرك حوام انه مكانك يسده جيدك وأنا عاشق دمن وعاين حامل بقابي يالغلا الف ودده يا أجمل بشمين جزيوم علي الساين الوصل با به بين الانتساده

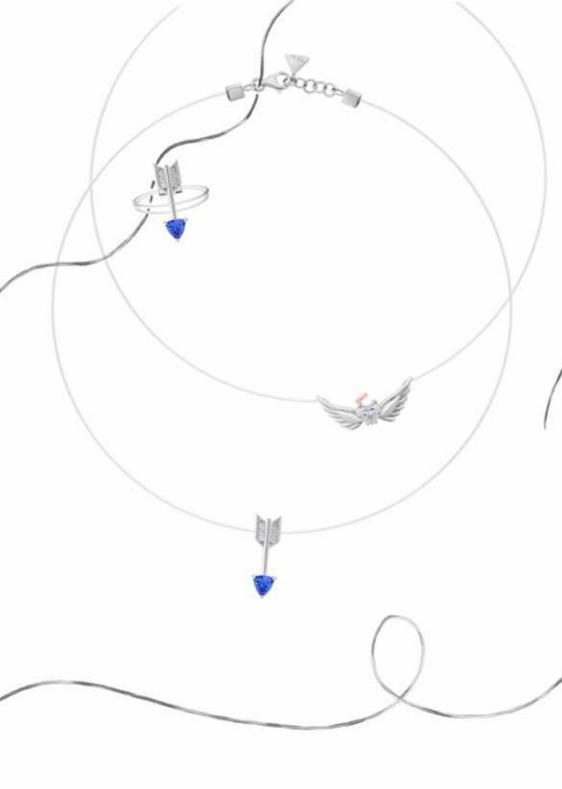












ياسيدي لي عادة ما التزم بالقوانين الاقانون جبك ممنوع علي عصبيانه

يافعرعيون عن شوفة زينك مساكين وياحظرعيون بشوفة حلاك طردابنه

ليا اشتقت لك صديت يسارويمين ومقت لك من بحورالشعراعزب قيفائه

يا بحة مبوتي بحة راعيالهين يوم دكمض البهين يوم حطرانسيف نصب عيشه وصارنيدانه

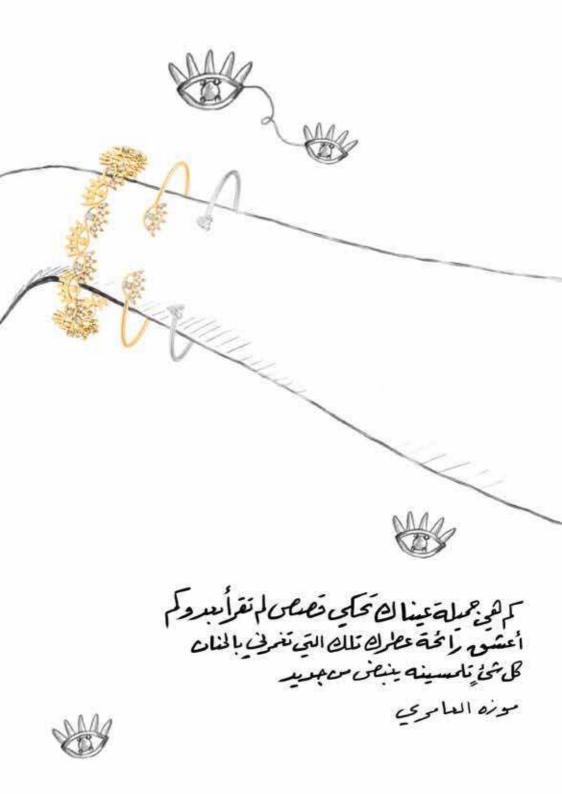
> يوك قلبي دعيوني لك ياسيدي ملبس ياسيري ياراحة القلب ياكل خلانه

لك منى تحية عسكمرفي كم اليا دين دلك عضيءا خوس سنيب ماشاف أخوانه

عبدإللدحميدين شامعه السبوبيري













اردي مسامع في الصباح تحتريك يادوا القلب باشغانه مثالعلات أسست امس لحالى أحلم فيك طبغك وه جنيه يكثرنط الزيارات اجب راسك يعلنى فلاه ويرمك شاع بفوى من بن شاياك ياجمال الصبح مابين شفيتيك والوانه دماديه مون طلة محياك دميلك جار قل ولازاد مغرم فيك ولايادبي منالبشم جد سواك حتى سكونه وتغامسله فى بدرك اغلى من متاحف مصمروالسلوفاك في مساجى وفي مساي دوم اطريك وإذاغمضت عيوبي تخيلت عشالك لايتشرف فسيوم خصمك ومعاديك فيض غلاك اغليك زودعن لحسرباك لوتبرد فهذا الجوب لوعي ادفيك اناذاك كلى لجل ما تكورسماك ما تبابي في القصيداب اسميك

عبدإللدجميدين شامعه السبوبيري



صا دقت من عقبك عرب غير ولقيت لي في الماس خلان واعتضت من عقبك عوض خير وارتحت م الشعو الأمحان ع الارض امشي دكني أطير وأنزد بصوبي والألحان دمشروع قلبي ياء تطوير من فضل دبي عالي الشان الريم

> لوأنا بجيداريومي وماخل عن الاربام ابك أنت تقوى عزومي وتحلإلي الايام وتجلي عين همومي شوفتك في الأجلام يامسجى ومشمومي يازعفران النشام لوميسوس حلومي وما يا بي في المنام دب الدهرياميومي وتفضى ليلي قيام الميم



«نحن جميعاً شغوفون بالقصة المشوقة. وهل هناك وسيلة أفضل لسرد قصتنا من الجوهرات التي نرتديها. فكل قطعة تبوح بمضمون رسالة ذات معنى خاص. وقمل عنوان فصل جديد في رواية عميقة المعاني. آمل أن تلهمكم هذه السطور رواية قصصكم»

- الشيخة مرم بنت خليفة بن سيف آل نهيان

شكر خاص لك كل من ساهم في هذا الكتاب رسومات شارلوت هدرز خط حسام أحمد

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مجوهرات «إم كيه إس». الجلد الأول

تكتسب الجواهر قيمتها من تفردها وصمودها عبر كل الأزمان بما خمله من مشاعر ومعان خالدة. وتم تصنيع كل قطعة من مجوهرات «إم كيه إس» لتحمل رسالة، سواءً كلمة شكر، أو رسالة حب، أو تقديم التهانى والتبريكات بالمناسبات والأعياد. وتأتى هذه المشاعر في نهاية المطاف لتروى حكايات. وتساعد مجوهرات «إم كيه إس» في التعبير عما يدور في الوجدان من مشاعر. فكل قطعة تتحول إلى أداة تستخدمها للكشف عن مكنوناتك، ولتروي حكايتك، وتبوح بعشقك، وتنقل أفكارك، وتستعيد ذكرياتك، وتسرد جماربك. وتأتى الجوهرات مستوحاة من إرث عريق تضرب جذوره في أعماق التاريخ، مع التطلع إلى مستقبل خلاق. فكل قطعة تعكس اسلوبا حرفياً إنسانياً، سواءً المهارة الحرفية والإتقان، أو سرد الحكاية الشخصية وصياغتها، أو الارتباط الإنساني مع الجتمع، والبيئة.



الجلدالأول