

# MISPLACED INTENTIONS



REVISE  
REWORK  
REIMAGINE

# **MISSION STATEMENT // ABOUT // MANIFESTO // CONCEPT**

Our goal is to speak for the unspoken, to write for the unwritten, to give those without a voice, a place to stand. Everyone deserves a second chance. Instead of evaluation, try illumination (of the mind), for every lost work, it will be resurrected. This is our aim. What do we believe in? Who said we needed to believe? All we really need is a chance, mis+placed. Anyone who with+stands against our protest, is not a lost cause, they simply need to be re=illuminated.

**[ OR ]**

We're trying to promote work that required a deal of effort to make but was eventually only marked and filed away.

**REVISE**

**REWORK**

**REIMAGINE**

## **FORE-WORDS**

Forewords are words that come before other words, in order to "act" as an introduction, although these particular words suffer from stage fright. When we publish our ideas, we make them public and deem them readable, which always involves a mixed bag: pride, trepidation, confidence, hatred, and confusion.

The bound pages that you now hold in your hand have been rescued from almost certain destruction. They are the sheets that no one wanted, the ones that were cast off as unnecessary, redundant, or simply used up. But now they have been given a rebirth with the help of new words and images, carefully chosen and arranged in a particular order by a misplaced collective, with the hopes that others will read them following the rules (left to right, top to bottom) and experience moments of enjoyment and--*gasp*--insight. Some received grades, while others were made for the simple act of creation, which Kurt Vonnegut describes as being "so satisfying."

We hope that the inherent value and satisfaction comes from sharing these ideas with others, and we hope that this act is not an isolated incident, but an inception that encourages others to take part. After all, it's only your soul we are writing about, and maybe the following pages can provide some of the nourishment it needs to thrive.

## **A VERY BRIEF NOTE ON VERACITY**

The following ideas are fictional, except when they're not (or when there's some truth to them). Where do we draw the line between fiction and reality? And how can we go about deciding where to put the aforementioned line? And is it genuinely necessary? Is it even a definite line, or could it be better thought of as a gray area? So many questions to answer, yet there are no specific solutions which spring to mind. They're as vague as whatever it is that fills the gap between imagination and actuality. Well, that's where you as a reader comes in. You can decide what to believe, what not to believe, and what to or what not to even think about. Some of the pieces you are about to encounter appear to be fiction, some pose as nonfiction, but you'll likely find similar amounts of various types of truth in each and every one. So keep your eyes (and mind) wide open for a touch of sincerity, or a hint of veracity on every page. It's probably just waiting to be found.

## **YOUR EYES**

When I look into your eyes,  
Every breath becomes a thousand sighs,  
My heart begins to skip a beat,  
As I fill with joy from head to feet.  
As tides of emotion begins to rise,  
My world filled with clear blue skies,  
My sodden clouds of cold and grey  
Turn to gold, then wisp away.  
As I gaze I am shown,  
A universe I had never known.  
When I get lost in your eyes,  
I get lost in a perfect paradise.

—**Kris Dorr**

The poem "Presents from my Aunts in Pakistan" is written by Moniza Alvi. The main issue of the poem is that there is a girl torn between two cultures and she does not know where she belongs. The girl is half English and half Pakistani, and when her Pakistani aunts send her gifts to England she does not know how to handle the situation, as the clothes and culture in both countries are extremely diverse. The speaker says, "My salwar kameez didn't impress the schoolfriend..." This gives evidence that she has not left yet school and therefore doesn't have enough wisdom to understand that not everything must be in black and white. Also, even though her school friends do not like her gifts, the speaker says, "often I admired the mirror-work." It was part of who she was and it was fascinating for her. She is a grey, a mixture of both black and white, not belonging in either category. She does not know where she belongs; she is grasping to find her true identity.

Firstly, the structure of the poem is very disconnected and broken. This shows how she feels inside, perhaps torn apart. It also has broken stanzas that are small and short. The poet uses descriptive words such as "peacock-blue" "candy striped bangles" and "apple-green." The poet is using such descriptive language to show the vibrant culture of the Pakistanis and how much of a contrast it is to the English culture. In the fifth stanza the persona says "The presents were radiant in my wardrobe, My aunts requested cardigans from Marks and Spencers." The poet is comparing these two types of clothes to show the large contrast and how people always want what they cannot have. These Pakistani ladies want British clothes and the British people want the Pakistani clothes. As well as clothes there is also the jewelry, as the persona says in the poem "my mother cherished her jewelry- Indian gold, dangling, filigree" The poet chooses these words to demonstrate how delicate and beautiful this jewellery from another country is"

Secondly, in this poem, literary terms are used such as in "and I was aflame, I couldn't rise up out of this fire" the persona does not technically mean that she was on fire, it is not to be taken literally. It is a hyperbole, which is a device used to exaggerate things to try to give a strong impression. Another literary device used in the poem are similes, "glistening like an orange split open." Similes are used to compare to things that are not alike. The language in the poem comes across as educated, so it shows that even though the girl is confused about where she belongs she was brought up in a good enough home.

In the last three stanzas the persona is talking about when she was living in Pakistan. "Prickly heat had me screaming on the way" The heat was not actually prickling her but it is an exaggeration to show how hot it actually was. This is called a hyperbole. In addition, the speaker says " Or there were beggars, sweeper-girls and I was there- of no fixed nationality." Of no fixed nationality is another way of simply saying she does not know where she is from. She is trying to explore her identity because she does not know which side of the family she belongs in. She also decides in the end that there is nothing she can do about it and that she should probably just accept it, "staring through fretwork at the Shalimar Gardens." She is on the outside, looking in to the inside, wanting to fit in.

—Beth Uddenberg

## **HSINCHU, TAIWAN**

the face of his leather  
my latest houdini  
a black blade catches no light  
blue screen waiting for him  
to not know his lines,  
sweating kerosene  
beatbox on a milkcrate  
straining noodles from a pushcart  
miracle on wheels  
the teeth of love biting  
down on the city of wind

— **LMc**



--Walker **H**oward

## **HVEM ER JEG ?**

Jeg er ingen. "Hvem er jeg?" Det er et trist spørsmål jeg er møtt med hver morgen jeg våkner opp. Jeg ser meg selv inn i speilet når jeg våkner, lurer på hvorfor jeg ikke er noen. Er det slik gud har skapt meg? Er det på grunn av enkelte avgjørelser jeg har tatt? Jeg er ingen. Jeg går i gatene uten at noen legger merke til meg. Jeg er akkurat som et spøkelse bare att jeg faktisk lever, tror jeg! Sokrates, en glup mann, sa " Kjenn deg selv," men jeg klarer det bare ikke. Det er bare fysisk sett umulig for meg. Jeg føler sorg, men jeg kan ikke gråte. Det må være noe galt da. Det er vel ikke normalt å ikke kunne gråte. Så hva er galt med meg?

Dag inn og dag ut går jeg rundt med de samme tankene i hodet. Hvem er jeg? Er dette et filosofisk spørsmål? Kanskje, men jeg er jo ingen filosof. Da hadde jeg vært noen. Jeg vet ikke engang navnet mitt, eller hvor jeg bor. Har jeg familie? Har jeg barn? Alt dette fins det svar på der ute, jeg må bare finne det først.

Jeg gikk ut en dag for å lete etter svarene, jeg var bevisst på at i dag var dagen. Jeg gikk rundt i gatene slik jeg alltid pleier å gjøre, uten at noen legger noe som helst merke til meg. Jeg satt meg ned på benken slik jeg alltid gjør. Jeg så opp i retning av himmelen, og satt der og så lenge, i håpet om å finne svar. Plutselig kom der en liten jente bort, hun spurte meg " hva er det du driver med". Jeg var helt ordløs, kunne denne jenten virkelig se meg, tenkte jeg. Jeg prøvde å si noe, men ordene ville bare ikke ut. Det var akkurat som noen hadde tatt fra meg stemmen. Jeg satt der å prøvde å presse ut ord. Så kom der et lite "hei" ut i fra munnen på meg. Den lille jenten stod rett foran meg og snakket videre. For første gang i livet hadde jeg en ordentlig samtale med en person. Vi satt der begge to helt til solen gikk ned, vi pratet om alt og det var så godt å kunne få svar på forskjellige ting. Da solen endelig gikk ned dro vi begge hjem. Vi hadde avtalt at vi skulle møtes på samme sted og tid neste morgen.

Da jeg kom hjem var jeg så lykkelig, aldri før hadde noen kunnet se meg. Jeg var endelig noen. Jeg la meg tidlig den kvelden i håp at at morgen dagen ville komme. Aldri hadde jeg gledet meg så mye til å våkne opp neste dag. Tiden gikk sent, jeg klarte ikke å sove. Jeg hadde så mange spørsmål jeg måtte stille henne. Det endte opp med at jeg satt oppe hele natten. Jeg fikk sove litt før soloppgang.

Jeg voknet opp for første gang og sa "jeg er noen". Jeg så meg selv flere ganger den morningen i speilet og sa "du er noen". Tiden kom, og jeg var klar til å møte den vesle lille jenten igjen. Jeg gikk ut mot benken der vi hadde avtalt å møtes, i mens jeg tenkte på at jeg kanskje var litt tidlig ute. Da jeg kom bort hadde hun ikke kommet, da visste jeg at jeg var tidlig ute. Jeg satt meg ned på benken og begynte å tenke igjen, hva jeg skulle spør henne om? Kanskje hun visste alle svarene på spørsmålene jeg har grublet over.

Tiden gikk og hun hadde enda ikke kommet, jeg begynte å snakke med meg selv slik jeg alltid har gjorde. Kvelden kom og hun hadde ikke møtt opp. Jeg gikk hjem over i sorg, uten noen tårer i det hele tatt. Kanskje jeg sa feil dag til henne?

Neste morgen våknet jeg spent opp, jeg ventet litt før jeg gikk bort til samme benk. På avstand så jeg en liten jente som lignet. Hun satt på enden av benken og svingte med beinet frem og tilbake. Jeg gikk bort, og når jeg nærmet meg ropte jeg ut " lille jente". Hun hørte meg visst ikke. Jeg kom bort til benken der hun satt, men hun kunne ikke høre meg. Jeg lurte på hvorfor ikke, det virket som om hun ikke kunne se meg engang. Tanken kom tilbake og jeg begynte å snakke med meg selv igjen. Hvorfor kunne hun ikke høre meg? Hvorfor kunne hun ikke se meg? Jeg satt oppe hele natten igjen, jeg innså at kanskje det var en drøm eller en tanke. Hvorfor kunne hun verken se eller høre meg.

Jeg våknet opp akkurat slik jeg alltid har, men denne gangen når jeg så inn i speilet, samlet jeg opp kreftene i kroppen og knuste speilet i tusen små biter. Noe rart kjedde, det gjorde vondt, jeg blødde. Det var ikke noe som hadde kjent før. Jeg smilte, og et tusen lille speilene smilte tilbake.

Once upon a time:  
~~there was a lovely princess~~  
~~there was a great wall...~~  
~~the war had been going on for many an age~~  
~~there was this monkey who could... talk?~~  
~~they really wanted to solve this one problem~~  
~~the royal jewels went missing~~  
~~THEY ALL DIED!~~

...

They all drank Lemonade  
The End

## **PSYCHOLOGICAL GIVEAWAY**

If I wrote a poem  
that made no sense  
you'd find the meaning  
behind the words  
in between the lines

—**Jessica Hatcher**

## THE IMAGINARIUM

*Editor's Note:* All of the events are based on memories of a five year old. Some may be fictionalized to allow a better flow of the story, but the general synopsis is true. I say memories of a five year old, because some memories are exaggerations of what really happened. And by exaggerations, I mean utter fiction.

I remember a blue sky.

It happened in 1998. I was only 5 years old at the time when my grandfather died. It was a weak heart that inevitably took him. He had not been well for the past year. After suffering from a heart attack, my mother said was never the same. It led to the build-up of him becoming confined to a wheelchair.

The memory is all so vague to me. I remember a blue sky. I remember the gulls flying low over the boat I was on. I remember my grandfather being happy. His smile was stretched across his face, as if it was going to pop off him and brighten up the day. According to my mother, the illness had begun to grow on his nerves. We were able to convince my grandmother to let him out of the house and the scorching heat of the San Bernardino sun. The dragon of the sky opened its mouth and burned the towns of the sky, making the California horizon a bare smog. The morning horizon was burning, the townsmen fleeing and most likely to return, once the dragon went back to its hibernation. My mom and I took my grandpa John up to San Francisco for the day; we left early in the morning. We arrived at the bay around three in the afternoon. We would see a small vessel that would maneuver its way around the bay for an hour or so, explaining the landmarks inside, or you would walk out onto the deck and just admire the beauty of the scenery. We had wheeled him onto the boat that would take us around the bay. A lone thought, floating and whispering in a barren sea of blue. A blue of release and happiness. A blinking light erupts the dark sky, only to lighten up the darkness of night, the darkness of death, for only a moment. But a moment is all we really need, isn't it?

He was asleep in his wheelchair at the time, almost stone cold, as if he had given up. His breathing was rasped, and he would cough violently, it would make my mom cringe every time she heard it. My mom rolled him to the edge of the deck, then she leaned against the railing and woke him up. She did so softly, and he slowly opened his eyes. He did not seem shocked to notice he was not in the car anymore, it was almost as if he knew he was not there anymore. He looked around; the rays bounding off the blue water and the white deck. His heart seemed so lifted from its fragile body. The wind blew softly against his face; he grinned.

After admiring the view for a while, he struggled to pick me up, and then started to tell me about how he loved growing up in New Orleans, about his childhood, how much of a change thing were for his family living in the Philippines. He would run through the streets during Mardi Gras, and running from the ten foot high soft shell crabs. Him playing hacky sack with the neighborhood bullies and him rising to the ranks as the "king of the castle" in the local playground. It's amazing that a child's mind can formulate when he doesn't know what his grandfather is talking about. I vaguely remember his moments, but the most prominent locked in my mind.

He then looked right at me, "Jordan," he said.

"Yes, Grandpa John," I replied.

"I don't want you to ever forget who you are," he said firmly. I don't think I will ever forget those words he spoke.

There lies a photo of this – a picture that locks this memory in time forever. The image has begun to fade. The sunlight that breaches through the window in the morning has bleached the colors. But it's still visible to see that he is cheery. The sun reflecting off of his dark skin, his hair rose up in a boxed crew cut; and that red plaid blanket that rested on his lap; the image was almost perfect. No matter if it was faded or not.

After he passed, the light on the boat stopped blinking. The images that had materialized of him as a child had vanished. The boat drifted in a lonely world, waiting for something, anything to change. A new skipper, maybe? A second chance? Whatever it's fate, we may never know, but the dragon is on the horizon, ready to scorch the sky, for the dawn of a new era. The only thing which remains is a memory.

I haven't forgotten who I am, Grandpa John.  
I remember a blue sky.

—Jordan Oram

\_nomom is a slowly emerging artist, who move around a variety of different styles in a search for sounds to call their own. Drawing influences equally from trip hop legend Tricky, Crystal Castles' frantic performances as well as the lyricism of Laura Marling and the looping beats of Son of Dave the duo are currently working on songs for their, as yet untitled, debut album. Of their first released track 'I don't want to go upstairs' the duo commented on their blog:

A scratchy track I made a while ago, named in answer to the faint background voices trapped in the mike. I am always surprised by the poor quality of the recording, in my head it's much smoother, the fuzzyness is gone and everything has a more pronounced, articulate quality. On the other hand I hope this lends it a lo-fi charm.

All songs thus far released can be heard on the aforementioned blogspot page

<http://www.platanoinc.blogspot.com/>

That's platanoinc @ blogspot (dot) com

—**Platano Inc.**

## **THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVOURITE THINGS**

I like purple

I like cooking

    I like sitting at a café

        I like melting white and dark chocolate together

        I like talking

I like laughing

I like plates

    I like daydreaming

    I like reading

        I like writing notes

            I like old photographs

            I like biking

    I like freshly paved roads

    I like it when cold air makes your face tingle

I like autumn

I like secrets

    I like dancing

        I like music

            I like croissants

                I like being alone

                    I like being with other people

                        I like dresses

                    I like smiles

                I like flowers

            I like acoustic guitars

        I like making lists

As the intense game narrowed down, and the chaotic noise of the fanatic fans roared louder, the game was separated by merely two points. Each team filled with a roster of beasts, superstars, giants, and champions. The hardwood warriors battling each other for the victory. Exhaustion, sweat, tension, and passion filling the atmosphere, penetrating my thoughts. I was overwhelmed by the talent I was surrounded by. Each play made by the two teams got more and more exciting, more and more astonishing. However, one man stood out on the floor more than anyone, one man who led the way for his team, the opposing team...the enemies. Nevertheless this man was my hero; he was the Hercules of the game, the Achilles, the Zeus: he was the air and gravity defying Michael Jordan...His Royal Airness.

I had been to NBA games before, and had seen all the stars, including Michael Jordan; however I had never seen the rivalry game of the two teams which dominated the 90s. The home team, my team, the Houston Rockets, versus the virtually unbeatable Chicago Bulls. Walking into the arena I remembered seeing the colossal building fall over me. As I entered the familiar setting, it seemed different, the overwhelming excitement I had turned it all to a dream world. Something I been waiting for, ever since my dad and brother told me that the mighty Chicago Bulls were roaming towards Houston, what a battle it would be. The arena belonged to Hakeem Olajuwon, Clyde "the glide" Drexler, and Sir Charles Barkley. Every game I went to I enjoyed so much, beyond belief, however this game I knew I would never forget.

The battle began, I remember Hakeem jumping against Toni Kukoc, the tip was won by Hakeem, and however the ball was tipped by Scottie Pippen and straight into the hands of Jordan, and at that moment I knew there was to be a dunk. Michael took off towards his prize and Clyde Drexler challenged him, quickly Michael jolted passed the his defender, and took off, defying gravity in true sense, and slamming the ball down with one hand...with authority, a good amount jumped up, considering it was the enemy who dunked it. One of those being a 5 year old boy, who idealizes him. My dad looked at me and smiled, but said:

"Chris, were going for the Rockets"

"I know dad, but he's so cool"

I knew that I was going for two teams, because as well as loving the Rockets; I loved Michael Jordan and Scottie Pippen. The Bulls were a team of class, they knew what they were doing, and what they did was frightening, because of how terrific they were at doing it. The game was close the entire time, Jordan scoring an unbelievable 43 points by the end. However, Hakeem Olajuwon as well had a triumphant 37 points and 17 rebound night, also adding 4 blocks into his stats, two of them being on the impossible-to-block Michael Jordan, one of the blocks was so spectacular and remarkable, that there is a still a jaw dropping picture of Hakeem reaching his eagle like wingspan out rejecting Jordan's shot. There was two minutes left, and the Rockets were ahead by 2, quickly the ball was given to Jordan, who launches the incredible tri-fecta with Sir Charles' outstretched arm defending his basket...and scores! The Bulls were up by one, Phil Jackson stood with class, knowing his team would prevail. However, fate had other plans, with 36 seconds left, Matt Maloney dashes a pass to Hakeem, who lays it in for two, giving the home team a one point advantage. With desperation Michael Jordan shoots a 30 ft jumper which doesn't fall, and Barkley collects his 10<sup>th</sup> rebound, he darts a pass to Clyde Drexler, who launches a three with 4.5 seconds left, and the ball, flying through the air, defeats Phil Jackson and the Championship Bulls, and lands at the bottom of the net, the arena erupted like a volcano, and I thought one word, "Swish".

At the end of the game, the Rockets fans all scattered out of the arena filled with excitement and joy, ready to celebrate. A five year old boy bursts out of the doors, jumping on all the benches and over bushes...His family behind him, laughing and all enjoying the victory. Ready to celebrate at the family restaurant, Fuddrucker's...I remember feasting on a huge "cheese-oozing" burger, replying each play in my mind like a highlight reel, I knew that night, I wasn't going to sleep.

-Chris Laugier

The names, little more than hollow engravings,  
Eternally entombed within this cold, relentless stone.  
Distantly grateful, but with a hint of remorse,  
Since you feel guilt, along with the customary sadness,  
As your gaze falls upon these words, those empty names,  
John, Michael, Frank, Jim...  
Their meaning is lost in this endless tumult of linear words.  
They fought for you, your family, your friends,  
They fought for you while their own waited,  
Waited with hope of once again seeing the ones  
To whom these names belonged.  
You can see it now,  
The mother, the sister, the grandmother.  
Sitting, waiting.  
Hour after hour, day after day.  
The clock ticking away the relentless seconds of separation.  
Until finally-  
John.  
The telephone rings.  
Michael.  
Perhaps the doorbell gives a soft ding.  
Frank.  
And then it's over.  
Jim.  
The haunted marble beneath your fingers a barrier,  
Preventing you from bridging this hollow gap,  
Stopping you from holding on to the fragile connection,  
To this lost silence.  
You did not know the ones to whom these names belonged.  
They are lost in the past,  
Forgotten by the earth,  
Existing only in memories,  
And in these names engraved upon the stone.

**-EM**

**A NEVER ENDING CYCLE OF MONOTONY  
AND OTHER STORIES OF ENTHUSIASM**

The sun bathes us in glorious rays,  
Yet even she tires after long days,  
Sinks down, tints the sky blood red,  
Now we know the day's soon dead.  
Silhouette of a lone dear roaming the park,  
As the sun gives way to the dark.

Then the pale –faced moon climbs in the sky,  
Ghostly clouds pass, she wonders why.  
She smiles at me throughout the night,  
And shines on me with silver light.  
To Earth she casts illuminating beams,  
As I sleep below, head full of dreams,  
Until I'm woken by the sun,  
For another day of school. What fun.

I'm surrounded. Gmail. Skype. Blogs. iTunes. RSS. HTML. WWW. Even though I am holding firm in my Facebook Boycott, and even if I assume that Twitter is some sort of elaborate joke, at times I find myself deep in the trenches, fighting in the electronic information age. One haphazard click and I am somewhere else, far away from the pale blank stare of this impersonal screen.

Stimulants? Rewards? Shall I oil the machine? Charlie Kaufman's coffee and a muffin would help me think. Or maybe a Buddhist's green tea. Kerouac's regimen seems a bit drastic.

And still the blinking cursor mocks me, but not for long. Words begin to form their ranks—left to right, top to bottom. Red squiggles begin to reveal themselves as well, deeming certain words unworthy, and suggesting that I am not the strong speller, nor accurate typer, that I once was. Maybe my vocabulary has just expanded to such a degree that it is impossible for my computer to keep up, I reassure myself. But that theory does little to account for "cursur."

Alright cursor, get a move on. I'm going to get you down the page if it kills me (with a little aid by some clever paragraph separations). Letter by letter, word by word, line by line, brick by brick, bird by bird. How many times have I looked at this emptiness, this lack of anything, worrying that I too have a blank mind, only to then make something out of nothing?

A miracle. Not a water to wine miracle; a bit smaller than that. But something miraculous nonetheless. Not a letter, and not a number. Not a solid B. Not wordy, but strong ideas. Not an A- for content, but C+ for style. Not an 86—you have some interesting ideas, however your essay lacks an overall point.

I'm finished with grades, and far beyond evaluations. But sometimes it makes me stop and wonder: What are we perpetuating, and what (or who) are we afraid of? The assessment or the assessor? The feedback or the evaluation? The process or the product?

File

Save As

I'm surrounded.doc

Save

Breathe

Smile

Now, what was that Fitzgerald quote?

All good writing is swimming under water and holding your breath.

Or something like that. Maybe a clever title? Perhaps, but for now it belongs at the bottom of my page, signifying that work is done.

**-B.P. Quale**

As soon as I woke up on July 6, 2006, I knew it was going to be long day. The previous night I went to bed at 4 a.m. after helping my mom with packing the last few things. The next morning I woke up at eight, rushing to get ready and at 9:30 am comes my uncle with his shiny new car who drives us to the airport. We say bye to him and head for the check-in desk. There we find a very annoying Italian woman that tells us we have extra luggage. We go through the hassle of paying for extra luggage and finally head for the gate.

We got on the plane and get to our seats in business class. At that point, I turn around to look at the economic class section without noticing a difference. Sure, the seats might be a little more comfortable and there was a nice Dutch steward but is that it? There was one little problem there, the steward did not speak Italian so we ended up speaking Spanish with each other! Can you imagine it, a Dutch steward and an Italian teenager speaking Spanish while flying over France? The flight was quite entertaining and I was able to practice my Spanish. We land in Amsterdam, with no clue of where to go and how to get there. Surprisingly, we get to the gate and as we are boarding the plane, all we hear around us are people speaking Norwegian and naturally, we have no clue of what they are saying. As one may expect, for a family that lived in Italy for almost 13 straight years it is not a very comfortable situation. The second flight is to Stavanger (where I will live for the next three years and counting); this flight is terrible, we are flying on the city hopper chain operated by KLM. Again, there is no difference between economic and business class on this flight and the flight attendant gives us a terrible sandwich to top that. The only thing that kept me alive was the thought of a new adventure.

After the plane has landed and we got our luggage, we met my dad outside the airport with a warm sunshine welcoming us. My first thought was "Norway isn't bad at all!" As the days went on I started to get used to this new life, loads of sunshine, which I later learned was quite unusual and a bunch of new friend who study at ISS. The summer was beautiful, it felt as if it could not get better, Italy had just won the World Cup over France, our hated rivals, and I was enjoying the sunshine with my new friends. Unfortunately, holidays ended and it was time for a new school year.

**-ADF**

## **SPRING**

Licht's changin', nae mair glowerin' skies,  
Blackies' early singin', nae mair silent nichts,  
Floors aw blooming, nae mair country bare  
Spring

Smells o' happiness, smells o' sweet  
Smells o' young, risin' frae sleep,  
Smells o' sunshine, sounds o' lambs a-bleatin',  
Spring

Fields o' emerald green, seas o' az-ure blue,  
Banks o' daffies dancin',  
Sic a beautiful sicht,  
Spring

**—NMC**

As the war Veteran approaches the memorial,  
He sees himself with his comrades that never made it home.  
All standing there in the memorial with their uniforms on,  
In a world, where friendship is strongest despite the horrors war.  
As the veteran stands looking at the wall hold one hand to the wall,  
He is reminded of the Deaths and Horrors of the war,  
But he is also filled with the memories of friendship, that couldn't be broken.  
He looks at a world where good things were hard to find,  
Though the strongest of them all he found.

-**Alexander Bengtsson**



## **ANN-MICHELLE**

When she walked through the door  
Everything brightened up  
For eight months  
I did not see her face  
And it was a disgrace  
As soon as I saw her I jumped into her arms as if it was  
the first time in my life I was happy, all problems seemed to be gone  
for that one second,  
Where I got to see  
Ann-Michelle again.  
I spent many days  
My long, boring days  
Waiting for her to come back  
And when the day of her  
Departure came  
It was like I had  
Never  
Been  
Alive.

**-Sara Cornaggia**



Chaos, Screaming and  
Commotion;  
Pain and Confusion scarce  
heard among the lost  
shriek of the innocent.  
In the dirt below Woman  
and Beast,  
in the shadow  
of  
the  
light.

Lightbulb  
Flickering in the dark--  
Lighting up the entire room  
The candle flame falters within  
Illuminating the horses face  
bringing to life.  
Darkness is uncertainty.

Escape, escape  
Destruction awakes,  
the sword strikes its last victim  
the color drains and  
fear leaps as high as the  
flames of the fire.

The hands are  
fear  
reaching for the  
light  
a poor tortured  
soul  
with deformed  
hands  
screaming in  
confusion with the  
light his only  
chance of survival.

The severed arms seeps fear,  
The screaming pain from  
faces of the innocent,  
A tangled mess of rotting human bodies,  
A puzzle that cannot be solved.

