

# *In The Works #3*

Fall 2011

A Literary Journal of the Creative Writing Classes at the  
International Community School of Addis Ababa,  
Ethiopia

© 2011

## Editor's Comment

This issue of *In the Works*, the third, showcases some of the work of the ICS Creative Writing class of Fall 2011. In addition to the usual assortment of poems and short stories and a skit, this issue includes a group prose poem based on the late American poet and art critic Joe Brainard's *I Remember*, a book Paul Auster characterized as “one of the few totally original books” he had ever read. It's interesting to see how the smallest of memories build on one another and free association creates its own narratives.

As always, I think you'll enjoy this issue.

For the nonce,  
Bob Lucky

## An Unpaginated Sequence in Lieu of a Table of Contents

### **I Remember**

1. Jasmyn Roecks
2. Simon Jahn
3. Sophi Mitchell
4. Ingrid Andersson
5. Shili Munyama
6. Vighen Behesnilian
7. Alex Dione
8. Lotte Driessen
9. Bethel Buzuayehu
10. Rawan Al-Majed

**Death** by Vighen Behesnilian

**Oblivious** by Ingrid Andersson

**I Shall Not Live in Vain** by Jasmyn Roecks

**The Realization** by Sophi Mitchell

**How Could You?** by Lotte Driessen

**I Am the Water** by Bethel Buzuayehu

**Rapture** by Rawan Al-Majed

**Life Will Soon End** by Alex Dione

**Till Then** by Simon Jahn

**Little Red Riding Hood and the Three Pigs** by Shili Munyama

## *I Remember*

### 1. Jasmyn Roecks

I remember the light brown sand and the dark blue water.

I remember the rush of wind.

I remember the bumpy train ride in the heat.

I remember meeting an important man from the U.S.A.

I remember laughing and joking in the basement.

I remember meowing and purring.

I remember my heart pounding and butterflies in my stomach.

I remember a sense of calm and burning.

I remember feeling sadness and loss as I drove away.

I remember extreme excitement and anticipation.

I remember running and running, with a stabbing sensation.

I remember the comfort of friends on our last day together.

I remember my nausea as the car bumped over the unpaved road.

I remember the sounds of elephants as they walked past our vehicle.

I remember the pain as I went crashing to the floor, face first.

I remember how my dad would tell me stories before bed.

I remember when I used to confuse reality with TV drama.

I remember my first day of work.

I remember the open country air and the rural landscape.

I remember my heart pounding to the beat of the music.

## 2. Simon Jahn

I remember when my family first moved to this big house.

I remember when I started Grade 1, everyone holding tight to their parent's hand.

I remember playing tag until the guards called out my name.

I remember that this went on from Grade 2 to Grade 4.

I remember they set a curfew at 5:00 p.m. and my friends and I all had to stay in the library.

I remember, even then, we never ran out of things to do.

I remember the next day I was living in another house, going to another school.

I remember how it was to go to the same school my sibling does; only this time we were taller.

I remember the rock climbing gym, where walls have their own name.

I remember the fright and excitement climbing up those walls, as if every moment could be my last, but then the ropes were held by my brother with all his strength.

I remember my sister introducing me to her friends, and then buying me ice cream or a Belgian waffle.

I remember I also treated my coaches and friends to some Piatos and Cola. Junk food and soft drinks and watching TV, that's how we spent our time after training.

I remember we moved again, the next thing I knew, I was swimming in the dark and everyone was still there.

I remember the outside, especially when it was night and when my friend and I got tired moving from place to place, we would go to his house for some midnight snack.

I remember I was never home.

I remember I was staring at the clouds and after landing it was as if I forgot everything or was it that everything around me had changed.

### 3. Sophi Mitchell

I remember being four.

I remember my Dede's eyes.

I remember his smile.

I remember his hugs.

I remember when he left and never came back.

I remember asking my mom where he went.

I remember her telling me he was floating through the sky.

I remember talking to the sky.

I remember asking her why he left.

I remember her telling me he was watching over us.

I remember remembering him every time I see *raki*.

I remember asking if Dede would ever come back.

I remember that was the first question that even my dad couldn't answer.

I remember tears.

I remember that was the answer to my questions.

#### 4. Ingrid Andersson

I remember pretending to be a giraffe when I was little.

I remember being caught by the cops when my friend and I were climbing on top of the bus shelter to get a flip flop.

I remember jumping from rock to rock on the playground.

I remember jumping into the lake at 2am.

I remember being stung by a jellyfish.

I remember ice skating for the first time.

I remember when my cat's tail got chopped off.

I remember when my brother drew a spider on the wall to scare me.

I remember when I rode my bike for the first time.

I remember when my brother came home with his tooth knocked out.

I remember when my brothers graduated.

I remember when Marcella packed me on her bike through town to eat breakfast at 5am.

I remember going to the McDonalds drive-through on a bike.

I remember when I lost my Barney doll.

I remember when I used to put my cat in a stroller and push her around the house.

I remember going to my first ice hockey match.

I remember eating breakfast at 4 in the afternoon.

I remember when Zack drank too much Tabasco sauce.

I remember Pokémon trading cards.

I remember thinking of 12-year-olds as grown ups.

## 5. Shili Munyama

I remember when I got my first dog, Mia.

I remember meeting my grandmother.

I remember when my grandfather died.

I remember the first scary movie I was actually afraid of, *Scream*.

I remember being freaked out when I walked into the sitting room and saw my older brothers watching a torture scene from *Scarface*.

I remember when I almost crushed my finger in a gate. It hurt a lot.

I remember being heartbroken. I still remember it like it was yesterday.

I remember having my first girlfriend.

I remember my first kiss; strangely it was outside a church, next to a graveyard.

I remember my friends throwing me the most insane goodbye and happy birthday party.

I remember being a coward when I had the chance to “go out” with one of the hottest girls in school.

I remember going to one of the roughest schools ever, and yet at the same time, everyday it felt good if there was no the drama.

I remember the first time my 'friends' wanted to make me smoke.

I remember finding out that I had to come to Ethiopia.

I remember the night before we left for the airport, my 22-year old brother told me to keep my eyes open, because of the influences in Ethiopia.

I remember the great amount of shaking on the plane to Addis Ababa.

I remember my sister.

I remember my dad.

## 6. Vighen Behesnilian

I remember playing Nintendo 64.

I remember getting electrocuted trying to unplug the Nintendo 64.

I remember breaking my arm while having a pillow fight.

I remember learning how to ride a bike.

I remember my blue and black bike.

I remember being in the pool with my brother's R/C boat.

I remember being in Langanon on my parents' boat.

I remember going on a fishing trip on my parents' boat.

I remember my brother pulling out a fish and slapping my dad's friend with it.

I remember catching my first fish.

I remember my first day of school.

I remember my first grade teacher.

I remember trying out for the soccer team for the first time.

I remember scoring my first hat trick. It was against my current school.

I remember losing in the finals and in the semifinals the following year.

I remember finally winning the championship.

I remember dousing my coach with water after winning the championship .

I remember my first day in this school.

I remember the long voyage to the Bale Mountains.

I remember the frigid cold at night under the stars.

## 7. Alex Dione

I remember getting a Batman costume with the left eye closed.

I remember getting injured in my left eye and almost going blind.

I remember giving money to a blind man.

I remember people stealing money from a blind man.

I remember watching *Boondocks* in which a man fought a blind man.

I remember going to the cinema.

I remember someone sitting in my seat.

I remember moving my friend's chair in class so he would fall.

I remember my friend moving my chair and I fell on the floor and broke my left thumb.

I remember playing soccer with Yohannes. He fell on my hand and broke my right thumb.

I remember my friend shooting the soccer ball at my left hand and breaking my left thumb.

I remember Mustafa breaking his finger while playing soccer.

I remember breaking a record in Pacman.

I remember breaking the triple jump record in track and field.

I remember I got third place for high jump because I had to go run a 100 m sprint and the high jump official wouldn't let me jump the height I was at before.

I remember going to Egypt.

I remember riding a camel to the pyramids.

I remember the sun was burning hot.

I remember I was at the Sheraton swimming.

I remember buying a new house with a swimming pool on the roof.

I remember almost getting pushed off the roof by Sean.

## 8. Lotte Driessen

I remember how freezing cold my hands would feel when biking home after school.

I remember the town and its warmth.

I remember the dream I had. My mom was biking, and I was on the back. A black car came along, and my mom screamed and hit the car. We fell into the water. The octopus seemed to like me.

I remember being scared of the woman from James Bond, because my daddy told me she was 'black'. Not realizing that he meant skin color, I was scared to death as we drove home in the dark.

I remember feeling like the Queen of the World as a boy kissed me and we could see all of Paris.

I remember his embrace. He held me like no one else ever could.

I remember watching ballet movies about Red Riding Hood on the cold stone floor at my grandparents' house.

I remember Grandma's lasagna.

I remember all the cards I had above my bed saying "Get better soon!"

I remember an IV connected to my chest.

I remember always wanting to have a wedding like a princess.

I remember the sleepless nights I had because of *Sleeping Beauty*. The evil witch freaked me out like crazy when she would come out of the fireplace.

I remember how I suddenly figured out people liked how I could sing.

I remember Carrot Top, and now I realize he really should get a life.

I remember having an obsession for red hearts since I was born.

## 9. Bethel Buzuayehu

I remember waking up the day of my first golden year.  
I remember the first time I swam in the deep end despite my endless fear.  
I remember being told Santa Claus was just a dream.  
I remember throwing melodramatic scenes.  
I remember losing my two front teeth.  
I remember laughing so hard I could hardly breathe.  
I remember my first trim.  
I remember my swing set made of pure and solid tin.  
I remember *Little Mermaid* being my favorite animated film.  
I remember coming home with wood chips in my hair.  
I remember playing truth or dare.  
I remember my 2<sup>nd</sup> grade class pet.  
I remember losing my first bet.  
I remember playing dress-up with my sisters.  
I remember inside jokes you shouldn't remember.  
I remember my favorite color being electric pink.  
I remember washing my puppy in the sink.  
I remember reading about fairy tales.  
I remember someone bursting my bubble and telling me love is sappy and unreal.  
I remember not saying a proper goodbye to my best friend and feeling a heap of regret.  
But most of all... I remember not being able to forget.

## 10. Rawan Al-Majed

I remember when I first fell in love, the butterflies and the adrenaline rush.

I remember the late nights sitting there and over-thinking things.

I remember assuming what could've happened and should've happened.

I remember asking myself, "What am I gonna do now?" I remember how it felt like the inside of a rose. It also felt like the thorns on the stem.

I remember continuously asking myself, "Why is it everything I love the most is so far from me?"

I remember my best friend telling me that the first love felt the sweetest but it sure does cut the deepest.

I remember being so naive, being lost in his eyes and never really having a chance. I remember telling myself that it was my mistake and that I didn't know how to be in love. I remember him fighting to have the upper hand. I remember having so many dreams about him and me, happy endings, but now I know.

I remember seeing the old me in the rear view mirror disappearing and fading away.

I remember telling myself that a memory made will soon fade away.

## *Death*

Vighen Behesnilian

He came to greet me  
I shook his hand as he shook mine  
Cold and blistered was the feeling  
We talked  
And we had an argument  
I disagreed with him  
He insisted and said that it didn't matter what I thought  
I ignored him and kept on living my life  
Now I'm here  
Talking to you  
In a weird place  
And I can't recall what happened

# *Oblivious*

Ingrid Andersson

I was suddenly awoken by a loud knock on the door. A man in white walked into my room. He told me that it was time to eat breakfast. I slowly got out of bed and got dressed. He told me his name was Harry. He walked me to the dining area and placed me at a table in the corner of the room. I looked down at my tray of food. It was simple. A small bowl of oat meal, an apple that had been sliced into thin pieces and a glass of water. I saw Harry walking towards me, he had another small tray in his hand.

“Here you go Ms. Augustson, take this one before you start eating and then another after you are finished,” he said as he pointed to the pills that had been nicely presented on a small plastic square plate.

“Mrs. Augustson,” I corrected him as I reached for one of the pills and swallowed it with the water that had been given. It did strike me as a bit odd they should give me any sort of pills when I'm not sick, but I don't want to cause any fuss so I just do as I'm told. Whilst eating my tasteless portion of food, I stared out of the window across from me. It was a beautiful day, the leaves had started to blossom on the trees and things were getting much greener. Maybe today they would allow me to go out for some fresh air. They'll probably allow it, but I wished that it would be for more than just an hour a day. I miss being able to walk around on my own in the woods for hours on end, just thinking. I suppose that would be impossible due to the circumstances.

Harry walked up to my table again. He was a very striking young man. Very tall, sleek and proportioned looks. A kind man, his eyes deep and dark, this shows he has seen a lot in his life. Most likely unpleasant things.

“Ms. Augustson, would you like to go out to the garden?”

“Mrs. Augustson,” I corrected him again. It bothered me that they didn't understand

that I am a married woman. I'm not sure what is so hard to grasp. I'm thirty three and have been married since I was twenty five and yet they still don't make the change.

“Yes, that sounds lovely. It feels like I haven't been out for years.”

I got out of my seat and walked with Harry to the garden in the back. I saw several others outside too. I suppose that they had already eaten breakfast before me. I looked behind me and noticed three other nurses behind me. I walked up to a table where some people were sitting. Their eyes followed me closely as I walked slowly towards them. Harold, I've known him for some time now, he's a very peculiar man. Never says much, but he is a good friend. I sat down next to him.

“How are you today?” I asked, but he said nothing. He just stared at me with cold eyes and a pained look. He wouldn't look at me, he had turned his head.

“Harold, is everything alright?” I grabbed a hold of his arm and pulled up his sleeve. It was covered in bruises. I gasped as I looked up and noticed the side of his face that he was trying to hide from me. He had obviously been hit very badly.

“My goodness, what happened?” I asked in shock. Harold looked at me.

“Don't hurt me please.” He said between sobs.

“Don't be silly. Why on earth would I do such a thing? Now tell me who did this to you.”

He said nothing. Just looked at me scared and hurt. His nurse pushed me aside and walked him back inside. I tried following him, but the nurses stopped me. Harry looked at me and told me not to worry about Harold and that I should probably leave him alone for a while.

“I'd like to go back inside please,” I said as the three nurses and Harry walked me back to my room. I sat down on my cold bed and looked out the small window. I began to daydream about my husband, Richard. He is by far the sweetest man I know. I haven't seen him all day. I wonder when he'll be back from work.

I was jolted out of my daydreaming by a knock on the door. I stared at the door for some time before I decided to get up and open it. It was Harry again.

“Hello Ms. Augustson,” he said politely. This time I decided not to correct him.

“It's time for your session with Mr. Morgan.” I gave him a puzzled look, but decided to follow him.

“Is it necessary for me to follow you everywhere?” I asked. He looked at me and chuckled.

“That's sort of how things work around here.”

“What do you mean?”

“Since I am your caretaker I need to make sure I know where you are at all times.”

What on earth was he talking about? A caretaker? Since when do I need someone to care of me? There is nothing wrong with me, is there? He left me in a room and told me that Mr. Morgan would be in shortly. I looked around the room. It was painted in soft, warm colors that created a very comfortable and relaxing atmosphere. Mr. Morgan walked into the room. He was wearing a well-fitted brown suit. He had no hair apart from his very well groomed beard. He sat down at his desk and looked at me with a smile.

“Hello, Ms. Augustson. How are you today?”

“I'm doing alright I suppose. It's very nice to meet you, Mr. Morgan.”

He gave a deep sigh and wrote down some notes on his pad.

“This is not the first time we have met,” he revealed.

“What are you talking about? I've never seen you before in my life.”

“I have been your psychiatrist for eight years, Ms. Augustson.”

“I'm sorry , I don't know you and it's Mrs. Augustson.”

“It's incredible that you seem to forget what you did.”

“I'm not sure I understand,” I said.

“You are no longer Mrs. Augustson. At least not after what happened.”

“Are you talking about my husband?”

Mr. Morgan said nothing. He let a sympathetic expression overtake his face.

“You have a rare condition. You were taken to this institution because this is where some of the most dangerous patients are taken. You are a very violent woman, Ms. Augustson, and have trouble realizing that. Yesterday you hurt Mr. Nelson severely, as you probably noticed.

“I did that to Harold?” I asked in shock.

“Indeed you did. Everyday we try to tell you've done and what you are doing. But it never seems to help because when you wake up it's as if nothing has happened. Your mind regresses and blocks out these memories. Ms. Augustson, we want to help you , but only you can make the change and acknowledge what you have done. We can't give up on you. We need to try our best to make you understand what you did. No matter how many times it takes. We believe that you *will* get better.”

Things all started to fall in place. The pills, the restricted hours, the nurses.

“I need to hear you say it, Ms. Augustson. I need to know you have understood.”

“So when do I get to go home?” I asked.

“I'm afraid that you are far too dangerous for us to let you go back home at the moment. You are the most violent patient we have, Ms. Augustson.”

At that moment Harry walked into the room.

“Have you told her?” He asked. Mr. Morgan nodded.

“If you don't mind. I'd like to go to bed now. This has been a lot of information to take in.”

“As long as you have understood I am happy to let you go back to your room.”

I walked slowly down the corridor with Harry and two other nurses behind me.

“Goodnight Ms. Augustson.” He said as he closed the door. I heard the door being locked and his footsteps moving further away. I lay on the bed and stared coldly at the white

wall. Why would it ever enter my mind to do such an awful thing? My poor Richard. How could I have done that to him? As I rested my head I felt my warm tears soaking into my pillow. My sobbing subdued and my breathing got slower. I finally felt myself dropping into a peaceful sleep, somewhere where all of my past could be forgotten.

I sat up in bed as I heard the birds chirping from outside my window. I heard the door being unlocked and then followed by a knock. A strange man walked into my room.

“Hello, Ms. Augustson. How are you today?”

“It's Mrs. Augustson. And do I know you?”

“Yes, my name is Harry,” he said.

“I'm sorry. I'm afraid I don't know who you are.”

He looked at me and sighed.

“Follow me, Ms. Augustson. It's time for breakfast.”

“Mrs. Augustson,” I corrected him.

# *I Shall Not Live in Vain*

Jasmyn Roecks

I shall not live in vain  
While other people are in pain  
Or if they have nothing to gain

I shall not live in vain  
When other people go insane  
Or their minds begin to drain

I shall not live in vain  
While the dead are boarded on a train  
Or quickly ushered off a plane

I shall not live in vain  
When snooty people just complain  
Or force us to hear their political campaign

I shall not live in vain  
While animals are trapped in chains  
Or staring through a window pane

I shall not live in vain  
As others stand in the rain  
Cold and wet and all alone

I shall not live a life unknown

## *The Realization*

Sophi Mitchell

I get it ok,  
I get it,  
you're happy,  
I can see it  
in your smile,  
all thirty-two teeth  
showing, the white  
blinding my dark soul,  
the shine in your eyes  
like a laser through my heart,  
I tried to make you happy,  
I get it ok,  
I get it

## *How Could You?*

Lotte Driessen

The last thing I heard was a moan and then my internet died. I started up the connection again quickly, and with luck. I called with Skype again, but no answer. I called again, and again. No answer. I texted him. No answer. I texted him again. No answer. I called him five times and there was still no sign of life. I knew he was drunk, so I quickly grabbed my coat and ran out the door.

“Micky!” I screamed through the window as I knocked hard on it. I couldn't see him. I walk to the back of the house and luckily the door was open, so I could just walk in.

“Micky?” I said out loud, and walked to his bedroom. He was laying on the floor next to some puke. Straight away I felt like throwing up, and ran out the room. I got a wet towel and walked back. I whipped his mouth with it and tried to wake him up. I softly slapped him in the face.

“Wake up,” I whispered softly. “Wake up, wake up, wake up. Wake up!” I yelled at him. Tears sprung up in my eyes. I tried to get him to sit up, but he didn't make a noise. I grabbed my phone quickly and called 911.

Micky had been to a party, and since I was still online when he got home he asked to Skype with me. The party had been fun. There had been plenty of alcohol and also this girl, Hayley. He didn't know that I was there too; otherwise, it would've been awkward.

You see, Micky and me had a thing. It happened at a party on a boat hosted by my friend, Lilly. Me and Micky went to the party together.

“You guys look great together!” She exclaimed while stuffing her face with a cupcake, looking at our matching clothes. Her date came to stand next to her and he smiled at me, giving me 'the look'. You know, when a guy is out to get you, and knows he will, in the dark,

while dancing. That look that makes you feel like you want to hide.

Micky saw my fear, and straight away put his arm around me, pretending to be my boyfriend. Lilly and her date backed off and went dancing, and Micky looked at me. He knew I wanted to leave. I took his hand and pulled him off the boat to start walking home.

I wanted to take the right turn so Micky could walk me home, but he pulled me to a bench. We sat down, I pulled my legs up and sat against him. He put his arm around me and looked deep into my eyes.

We kissed and to me it felt like he was the one. But the day after, he acted like nothing happened. I played along with him, but he saw how hurt I was, and I could see how bad he felt about it. I never did get an explanation why.

Hayley was one of the 'Barbies' at school. She was perfect, except for the fact that she was evil, but everyone wanted to be her and adored her. She had long legs, was a model for some magazine and always had the best boyfriends. She had had her eyes set on Micky for only a week now, and having been overwhelmed with alcohol, Micky was easy to get.

I arrived at the party and when Hayley saw me she straight away set her eyes on the prey: Micky. He hesitated at first, but was too drunk to realize what was going on. I watched from a distance, and then they kissed. Disappointed, I cycled home quickly, and that's when I talked to him.

“How could you?” I sighed softly, as I was sitting in the waiting room. I thought of our kiss, and of Hayley. Doctors walked by, until finally a doctor walked out the emergency room. I stood up and asked him if Micky was okay.

“We just pumped his stomach, he had alcohol poisoning. He is still in critical state, and the next twelve hours will be crucial for him,” he replied. I put my hands in front of my face and caught my breath a little. Then I looked up at the doctor.

“I need to see him,” I said, looking with begging puppy eyes at the doctor. He looked at his chart a little, and then at his watch.

“Go home and sleep. We're still busy with him and we won't be done until early in the morning.” I sighed and nodded. I grabbed my coat and tried to get a glimpse of him but I couldn't.

I tossed and turned in bed. I couldn't fall asleep because I kept on thinking of Micky. Even though we were not a couple, he was always there for me, and he was the only one who ever really listened, and really understood. I grabbed my covers and pulled them all the way over my head. I closed my eyes and relaxed, trying not to think of anything other than happiness.

But then I started to think of how I could have made him happy, and vice versa. And how I would be much better for him than Hayley, even though she was very pretty, and had the perfect body. She could give him beautiful babies, and lots of fame and money, while I just wished for that, she already had it.

I looked at the clock and it was eight in the morning. I got dressed and checked myself in the mirror while brushing my hair. I didn't see anything I liked, and felt like I was kidding myself with Micky, because Hayley was beautiful. I sighed and left the house.

Arriving at the hospital, I noticed how busy it had become. I walked to the back of the line. Seven people... I counted down, each time someone was done, and to me it felt like a year. Six people... Suddenly a woman in a wheelchair rolled next to some of the people in the line. She pulled their sleeves and smiled. Three people left with her, towards the cafeteria. Three people... Oh, no, wait! Two people... I checked my phone to see if anyone called, and there was a message from Hayley.

“Just wait! I've already got your man, your life is going to be over soon!” I looked at it, shocked, and quickly put my phone away, as I was the next person in line.

“I'm looking for Micky Grandfurt. He came into the emergency room last night?” The woman typed something in and directed me upstairs. I thanked her and quickly walked there, almost running, because I really wanted to see him.

I walked in the door and straight away he smiled. I moved towards Micky quickly, not even taking one second to think and kissed him full on the mouth. He kissed back and surprisingly even pulled me close.

He looked at me with big eyes and started gasping for air.

“No!” I said and ran out the room to scream for a doctor. I was kept outside the room for hours. When the doctor finally came out, he shook his head in sorrow.

“Where is he?” I said, and started walking towards the room. The doctor held me back and looked at me.

“I'm sorry. We couldn't save him,” he said in a calm voice.

# *I Am the Water*

Bethel Buzuayehu

I am the water let me crash against the shore

let me feel the breeze

let me run run across the sand

I am the water always will be and always have

I am the water let me watch the charging beasts stampede towards me

I am the water simply let me be

I am the water trickling through the Earth's veins

I am the water allow me to wash away the pain

I am the water big and strong

I am the water wishing upon a wishing star

# *Rapture*

song lyrics by Rawan Al-Majed

There's way more people that want it than people that have it  
I'd hate to think I tricked 'em  
& I'm always their regret  
& I always make it harder on whoever's coming next

Once upon a time I let it out  
I say 'I don't wanna die all alone', but now ya gone  
and all I got left are stinkin' memories that linger in my mind  
I love them homies to death  
I'm sippin' on some Jack Daniels and gettin all liquored up  
while trynna make it all last in peace  
cause life goes on

my back hurts, my neck hurts, and I'm smoking heavy.  
You sit next to me, and you lecture me 'cause those are deadly...

I ain't worried baby, but my eyes blurred  
I'm sayin' goodbye at the festivities  
though memories do actually fade  
But I got your name tated on my arm  
so we both ball till my dyin' days

my back hurts, my neck hurts, and I'm smoking heavy.  
You sit next to me, and you lecture me 'cause those are deadly..

I was born with a big smile on my face,  
Guess I'll die with a bigger one  
'Cause when you walked into my door  
Hardly any minutes after, we burned bright, we devoted.

my back hurts, my neck hurts, and I'm smoking heavy.  
You sit next to me, and you lecture me 'cause those are deadly...

# *Life Will Soon End*

a rap by Alex Dione

No matter what they said, no matter what you are  
life will soon end we don't know what will happen next, life is unexpected , unsuspected it  
shall be, till the end of time it will always stay in our mind.

Keep your hopes up, never ever let it down  
with out a single pound stuck forever in this town, full of the sadness and nothingness, hoping  
that god bless, and trying to get away but there's nothing left,

there's nothing we can do, there's nothing we can't try,  
all the sounds of our cries, coming down is our tears and all we got is fear but waiting for a  
new year so everything we thinking of takes off in the air.

And here your heart is broken like a token split in two,  
hoping to get through, but there is nothing you can do, looking up at the time, but it'll never  
stop ticking like you haven't stopped thinking about when this s\*\*t will end.

It'll always stay up never ever coming down and it'll always stay proud till the end of my time,  
the angels watch our backs from the sky saying keep your hopes up. All you did now was just  
a test to prepare you for the quest.

*Till Then*

Simon Jahn

What an ugly flower  
Well not quite  
A bit of time  
Before you ran the mower

Like an empty house  
No walls, nor doors  
Paint splattered  
You will surely see the mouse

A mere dot  
Abstract to the frame  
See what's not  
May there be more than a lot

Until the very end  
The truth remains unrevealed

# *Little Red Riding Hood and the Three Pigs*

Shili Munyama

*Little Red Riding Hood is told by her mother to do a round in the forest delivering cookies and cakes to all the residents of the forest, and then to her grandmother. Little Red delivers the goods to everyone except the Big Bad Wolf because she forgot. Now the wolf wants revenge.*

Little Red: (Walking to the youngest of the three little pigs house and singing to herself) La di da.

Little Pig: (Licking his Lips) Hello, Little Red. May I please have a cookie and a slice of chocolate cake?

Little Red: Why certainly, here you go. (Handing him the cookie and slice of cake)

(Little Red skipping and hopping hears a squeal from Little Pig's house but keeps walking. Little Red gets to the Middle Pig's house and notices he has hair all over his arms and legs and is not so fat anymore.)

Little Red: (Scanning up and down his body) Why, Middle Pig, what long legs you have?

Big Bad Wolf: (Nervously fiddling with his hands, speaking in a high pitched voice) Yes, I have been, um, working out. May I please have a cookie?

(Little Red had always liked Middle Pig more than Little Pig, so she gives the wolf a cookie, thinking it's Middle Pig. Little Red walks on to the Big Pig's house and knocks on the door. Big Bad Wolf runs to the back of Big Pig's house and "takes care" of him.)

Big Bad Wolf: (Opening the door, speaking in a very deep voice) Hello, Little Red.

Little Red: (Scanning up and down his body) Now, Big Pig, I could have sworn you had absolutely no hair at all on your arms.

Big Bad Wolf: Yes, well I have been taking growth hormones to protect myself! Yes, that's it!

Little Red: (Knowing that Big Pig could take care of himself because he had a black belt in karate and tai kwan do) Um... I... have to go.

Big Bad Wolf: Give me cookies, please (getting annoyed). Please.

Little Red: (Slowly backing away) I don't want any trouble.

Big Bad Wolf: If you give me those cookies there won't be any trouble.

(Big Bad Wolf drags Little Red into the house.)

Little Red: (Tied up in a chair) You don't know what you're doing. The FBI will be on you if I'm not back soon!

Big Bad Wolf: FBI?

Little Red: Yes, the Forest Bureau of Investigation! They know I was sent.

(Loud bang, flash and smoke. Door blows open. Agent Cutwood bursts in.)

Agent Cutwood: Freeze, dirtbag! You're under arrest for the murders of the three pigs!

Big Bad Wolf: Wait!

(Agent Cutwood unties Little Red.)

Little Red: (to Big Bad Wolf) Don't lie! I know that you killed the pigs just to eat my food!

Agent Cutwood: Yeah!

Big Bad Wolf: No! No! You don't understand! I just tied them up! Really. Go look in the basement. They are all downstairs right now. All I wanted was the cakes and cookies because Little Red didn't come to my hut and give me my cookies!

(Awkward silence.)

Little Red: Wow, this is really awkward.

Agent Cutwood: Yeah. Okay then, you're free to go.

(Little Red and Agent Cutwood head for the basement.)

Big Bad Wolf: Oh, one more thing (Big Bad Wolf shouts down the hallway).

Agent Cutwood: (Agitated) What?

Big Bad Wolf: (Disappearing through the woods) There is a reason why they call me the Big Bad Wolf.

(Little Red and Agent Cutwood find the basement empty except for three strips of bacon. When they walk up to the living room, they find the basket of cookies and cakes gone.)

The End

