

Time

Even though her whole life's been scheduled to every zeptosecond, she is chaos. Nobody knows when or where she was born or when she will die, if ever. She is loved and hated. She is cruel, yet merciful. But she's the most precious comrade one can have.

People tend to undervalue her, until they forfeit her. She is a killer. Serial killer. "You get what you give," is quite out of her life mottos. The more you know her now, the less you'll know her then.

She has walked through the abysses full of internal darkness, pointless deaths, and unbelievable events. Events that would have killed everyone but her. After all these occurrences, people still remain incorrigible, full of anew repeating mistakes and she's been constantly racking her brains over the one unspoken "Why?".

She's given so much hope in people but now she is leaving. Leaving the dirty erosion of events in the past. Forgiven, but not forgotten. She is carrying all the memories, good and bad ones, locked in her suitcase. She sees the brightness of the future, she sees it all, she always does.

She is *time*.





Unheard Indian Romance

August 22nd. Sixteen-year-old Bahubali sat at a slowly rotting school desk in a small city somewhere in India. He clasped the math compass in his sweaty palms and gradually carved something on the table that also remembers his dad's school years with tears in his eyes.

Only he is able to say what is the exact meaning of these strange engravings. Adult people could say that his behavior is childish and risible. They can't feel his pain. Broken heart because of rejected love. Something that scares many teenagers in their dreams. Fractious sounds of his crestfallen mind forced him to run away. He needed to be alone.

"Now or never," sounded the mythical voice in his skull. Bahubali grabbed the aged school bag he got from his older brother and ran far away from all the dwellings of this world. After twenty minutes, clouds descended, and light rain started to wet his body and slim undershirt.

He sat in the corn and began to drop in mind. What a nice scenery, a boy with a broken heart and nature that understands this unreal despair.

Jakub Kotajny, 6.C