



We all have those faded memories that still remain cherished. This month's edition brings to you assorted items from the past, letting you take a reminiscing trip down memory lane.

Rease enjoy.

AKPAN Janelle

# The End Of A Beginning

We tossed and toiled
We worked and sweat
It was never a choice we made
or could make, really
But a rule we had to obey
or at least they made us think that
That toiling was our sole responsibility
We look different after all
So why should we be different

We dug the grounds and implanted roots
OUR ROOTS
Not so we could bury them because we were
ashamed
But so it could sprout up and blossom into various
cultures and traditions
The trees of our history created shades for us

We fought for our freedom All for nothing, some might say "We were better under their rule"

Guiding and watching over us

I believe it's just been a rocky start Yes, a rocky sixty-three years But we can get back on track We know we can

-ECHIBE, Kambili



My Father

You never said I'm leaving, You never said goodbye, You were gone before I knew it, And only God knew why, A million times I needed you, Amillion times I cried. If Love alone could have saved you, You never would have died. In Life I love you dearly, In Death I love you still, In my heart you hold a place, That no one could ever fill. It broke my heart to lose you, But you didn't go alone, For part of me went with you, The day God took you home.

-ANIAGBOSO, Sophia



What did Andrew do
He didn't deserve such a fate
Yet the murderer believed his end had been reached

Who knew losing a friend would strike this deep Andrew I miss you a thousand a lot Such a shame you had to leave

He was my ride or die who never let me down Even if I acted stupidly, you were always there for me

Kind, sweet, loving, trustworthy, gentle
I can't believe this is truly real
Last night, it dawned that I wouldn't see you again
Lost in thought I started to cry
Even though your soul will forever be with me
Dear friend, if thee was anything I could do to get you back

#### Iwould

-SHAIBU, Enyojo

Past the Wall

Everything's look down
Nothing's going right
Why is there no hope
Even when there's light
There's a helping hand
There to save
But look back and it's gone
Go past that wall
Break it down and don't
build it up
Move forward, Move on

-ONYIA, Chizitelu



Nature

Big trees
Honey bees
They are nature's gifts
Blue skies
The sun rise
Things I cannot miss

When the sun comes out to play and the moon is pushed away When the flowers start to bloom and their fragrance fills the room When trees start to dance it puts us in their trance When the birds start to fly and fill up the sky

Their image creates art that our eyes do not wish to part

-PETERS, Imabasi

Changing

We're changing
For the better or the worse.
We're discovering
Finding curse after curse.
We're learning
Gaining knowledge that could destroy.

We're growing
Making dangerous things our
toys.

toys.
We're moving
Inching towards a bottomless pit.
We're persevering
We just don't know when to quit.
We're flying
But we're too close to the sun.
We're dying
And soon we'll all be gone.

-OFOEGBU, Chimamanda





#### \*A/N: Certain aspects of the original story, Macbeth by Williams Shakespeare, have been changed

She had never really been mentally sound, that girl.

When her husband, Macbeth, murdered his best friend in cold blood, she had celebrated, because it meant that he was as crazy as her. The Witches' prophecy was easy to believe. Why wouldn't it be? She had always been destined for Queendom, she told herself. It was only a matter of time. So when the King's message came, telling them that he would be staying the night at their castle, it was as if Fate had come knocking at their door.

At least, that was what she thought at first.

Now, seeing the King's bloody corpse, his mouth twisted in an ugly grimace, she quickly realized that hearing about a murder and seeing one were two very different things.

She swayed and her husband steadied her with one hand, the other still clutching the dagger he had used to slit the King's throat.

He looked at her with so much concern that she almost forgot that he was a murderer. Almost.

"Are you okay, love? Isn't this what you wanted?"

Briefly, she considered his question. The murder had been her idea, yes, but seeing this...thing that used to be a human...

"Y-yes dear. I'm fine. Seeing corpses are just...unsettling."

Macbeth looked at the corpse as if it was its fault for being dead.

"Even in death, you still cause problems."

He set the dagger on the table and pulled her to his chest, so that the corpse was out of view. She tried to ignore the smell of drying blood.

"Of course, I understand love", he whispered softly. "Get some rest. I shall take care of it." She nodded and walked out of the room.

It was only after she eft that he realized that the dagger was gone.



A Look Into The Past

#### by MBAMA, Stephanie

Ayoung lady ran out, crying, of the space she was in. That meant it was my turn. My turn to look into my past and see my biggest mistake. To see why I'm a street urchin with the dirtiest uniform. I don't wanna do it but everyone has to. You don't have a choice now, in 2046.

We all have our days to die or look into the past. The very happy past. But that would leave you i sadness, knowing the world of today. It would make you wish you died back in 2016.

Here we are, in uglier times. No fun, no games, no rights, nothing. Every single thing is controlled. These times make me wish I died in 2030, when everything started to go wrong.

And that's the year I was taken back to. 25-06-30, the day I was meant to die. I would have fallen off a cliff if not for my father.

Not dying was my biggest mistake.

Wrath of the Sun

#### by AKPAN, Janelle

Gossip on Olympus is never ending. Anybody can attest to that. When you have an eternity to spend on trivial matters, a few thoughts and opinions are exchanged among friends. The antics of the newer deities, the rages of the elders, the trail of broken hearts and endless beauties. The Olympians themselves were no exception. In Aphrodite's circle, love tales were exchanged. A promiscuous wife. The scandalous lover. On occasion, the foolish mortal.

Apollo, taking a random stroll around the gardens, chose to indulge himself in a little chst with the goddesss of beauty. When he entered her room (if one should call it that), she looked up from the nymphs surrrounding her and gave a devious smile.

• "Ah, Phoebus, we were just talking about Leto."

His smile froze. Leto had always been a sensitive topic for the twins. She had suffered too much at the hands of the gods- a simple Titaness abused by both Zeus and Hera.

"What about my mother?"

"Oh nothing", she drew out her sentence. "Just there's this queen of Thebes, sayds she's more beautiful than Let, blah, blah. The usual. Though I can't rela-Oh!"

She stopped as she looked at Apollo's face as he stormed off. His anger twisted his pretty boy features into something much more primal, much more monstrous.

"Well, that's ugly", Aphrodite giggles.

"γάμα, Αφροδίτη"

He appears at a cliff overlooking the palace of Thebes. His trusted bow in his hand, a quiver of eight arrows on his back. A cream chiton matched the floating thin golden crown atop his head.

Phoebus Apollo looked down on Thebes in rage.

"Don't burn me. That would be rather unpleasant."

He glanced left to see his sister, patron of the moon, in her flowing silver peplos and her bow, a similar quiver with eight arrows as well.

"Arty! Long time no see." His smile looked more menacing than he usual charming.

"Don't mess up", she replied curtly.

He scoffed. "As if."

Phoebe Artemis took the first shot. The first kill to the elder. In the eternity of the millisecond between drawing the bow nd shooting, Apollo would remember that he is also known as the protector of the young. They both are.

But alas, a mother's tears for a mother's sorrow. Twelve children's life for the twin's birth.

'I killed Python at four days old', he told himself as he drew his own bow. "Is it then mortals?" A swift shot followed and he felt the death of the little princess at his hands.

Total casualties: Twelve of the fourteen children of Niobe, queen of Thebes.

Niobe's wail rang thought the country but that wasn't what bothered the twins. He can't vouch for Artemis but the souls of the children would forever haunt their 'protector'. It would leave him permanently unhinged, a bipolarity of a god. And maybe his sister wasn't better off in her forever simmering anger.

In later records, he would fall in love with madness. He would be the downfall of the Prince of the Greeks. He would flay a satyr for being his equal and give donkey ears to the king who judged the contest. He would force his prophecies on those with no need of them, leaving the unfortunate people as pariahs as society.

The sun has not been so kind, the villagers will tell you.

Indeed, Apollo was only a bit kinder than his predecessor, Helios the Titan.

Forgotten Favourites by ATANDA, Mofaramade

A love left in the past

Something that caught your attention with a passing glance,

Only to be forgotten as the days go by

...Forgotten favourites...

Were they really important to begin with? Important secrets blown with the wind as they pass through the grapevine, affection and toys and things we win tossed later into the depths of our subconscious, almost as if never there to begin with.

Or are they things that shape and make us, much more than mere impulsive whims but things that make the rise and fall of civilizations, building blocks of the human soul from within, things long gone that built the groundwork for the barest forms of emotional expression, the memories pleasures the joys of childish things we cherished, cast away into the swirling vortex of lost time, once loved alas forgotten.

All our memories, our reasons for living, the love we feel for the things we had buried in the past by us and a world that feels embarrassed. Could they be favourites, so easily forgotten meaningless squabbles for monetary joys to be discovered as soon as they're won?

Could they be forgotten with the memories of things we cherished with their imprints left on our minds, our lives?

Forgotten favourites. Because as long as we love we forget. Flames of passion and joints of regret annihilated in the bottomless depths because eventually, we forget.

Because we forget what was once part of us but then of course we are yet to understand the as we love to forget

## a classic for those who remember...

The note was undated, and without either signature or address.

"There will call upon you to-night, at a quarter to eight o'clock," it said, "a gentleman who desires to consult you upon a matter of the very deepest moment. Your recent services to one of the royal houses of Europe have shown that you are one who may safely be trusted with matters which are of an importance which can hardly be exaggerated. This account of you we have from all quarters received. Be in your chamber then at that hour, and do not take it amiss if your visitor wear a mask." "This is indeed a mystery," I remarked. "What do you imagine that it means?" "I have no data yet. It is a capital mistake to theorize before one has data. Insensibly one begins to twist facts to suit theories, instead of theories to suit facts. But the note itself. What do you deduce from it?"

I carefully examined the writing, and the paper upon which it was written.

"The man who wrote it was presumably well to do," I remarked, endeavouring to imitate my companion's processes. "Such paper could not be bought under half a crown a packet. It is peculiarly strong and stiff."

"Peculiar—that is the very word," said Holmes.
"It is not an English paper at all. Hold it up to the light."

I did so, and saw a large "E" with a small "g," a "P," and a large "G" with a small "t" woven into the texture of the paper.

"What do you make of that?" asked Holmes.

"The name of the maker, no doubt; or his monogram, rather."

"Not at all. The 'G' with the small 't' stands for 'Gesellschaft,' which is the German for 'Company.' It is a customary contraction like our 'Co.' 'P,' of course, stands for 'Papier.' Now for the 'Eg.' Let us glance at our Continental Gazetteer." He took down a heavy brown volume from his shelves. "Eglow, Eglonitz—here we are, Egria. It is in a German speaking country—in Bohemia, not far from Carlsbad. 'Remarkable as being the scene of the death of Wallenstein, and for its numerous glass-factories and paper-mills.' Ha, ha, my boy, what do you

make of that?" His eyes sparkled, and he sent up a great blue triumphant cloud from his cigarette. "The paper was made in Bohemia," I said.

"Precisely. And the man who wrote the note is a German. Do you note the peculiar construction of the sentence—'This account of you we have from all quarters received.' A Frenchman or Russian could not have written that. It is the German who is so

uncourteous to his verbs. It only remains, therefore, to discover what is wanted by this German who

writes upon Bohemian paper and prefers wearing a mask to showing his face. And here he comes, if

I am not mistaken, to resolve all our doubts."

As he spoke there was the sharp sound of horses' hoofs and grating wheels against the curb, followed by a sharp pull at the bell. Holmes whistled.

"A pair, by the sound," said he. "Yes," he continued, glancing out of the window. "A nice little

brougham and a pair of beauties. A hundred and fifty guineas apiece. There's money in this case, Watson, if there is nothing else."

"I think that I had better go, Holmes."

"Not a bit, Doctor. Stay where you are. I am lost without my Boswell. And this promises to be interesting. It would be a pity to miss it."

"But your client—"

"Never mind him. I may want your help, and so may he. Here he comes. Sit down in that armchair, Doctor, and give us your best attention."

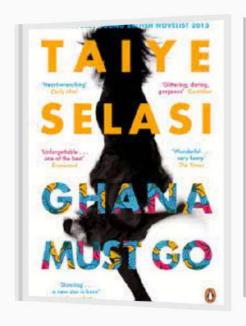
A slow and heavy step, which had been heard upon the stairs and in the passage, paused immediately outside the door. Then there was a loud and authoritative tap.

"Come in!" said Holmes.

## Reviews & Recommendations

#### Dear readers.

In accordance with our theme for this month, we bring to you a trip down the history of a family, a country and a war of the world.

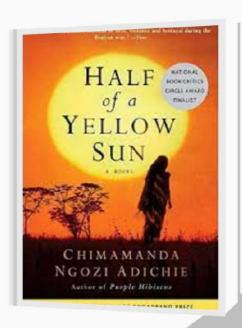


#### Ghana Must Go by Taiye Selasi

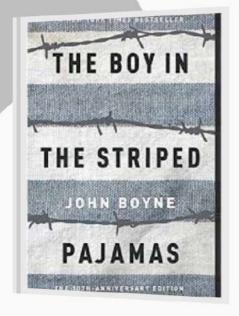
The story of a family through the shame of their father. From Nigeria, to Ghana, to the Unite States and across cultures, each must fine their way to go.

#### Half of a Yellow Sun by Chimamanda Adichie

A close up on the effects of war, on individuals as a country tears itself apart. We've heard the stories over and over but feel free to go back in the past.





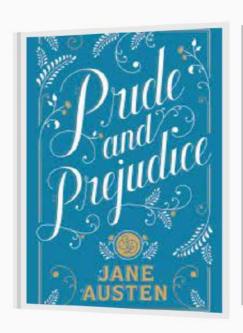


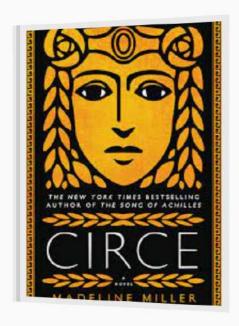
#### The Boy in Striped Pajamas by John Boyne

Germany 1942: Bruno's family moves to a new house, where he he meets another boy whose life and circumstances are very different to his own. Their meeting results in a friendship that has devastating consequences. The Boy in the Striped Pajamas tells the story of Bruno, a young German boy growing up during World War II.

#### **Pride and Prejudice by Jane Austen**

Pride and Prejudice follows the turbulent relationship between Elizabeth Bennet, the daughter of a country gentleman, and Fitzwilliam Darcy, a rich aristocratic landowner. They must overcome the titular sins of pride and prejudice in order to fall in love and marry.

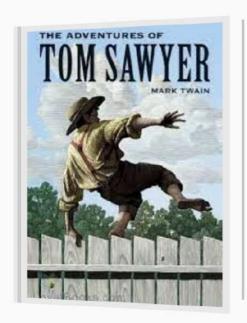




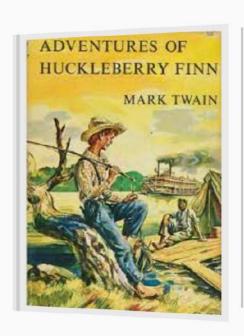
#### **Circe by Madeline Miller**

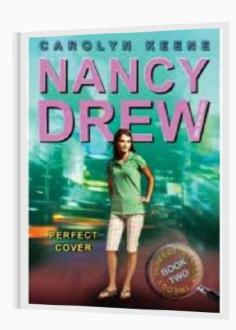
As punishment for admitting her witchcraft, Circe is banished by Zeus to eternal exile on the island of Aiaia. She uses the beginning of her exile to study and hone her witchcraft, tending gardens and experimenting with draughts. Over the centuries she spends on Aiaia, Circe interacts with many mythic figures.

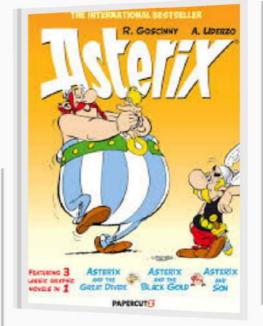
### And then there were these guys....













# shakespeare characters

C Q X R 7 S E S R K Z Y C E 0 D Ε E Т K Q S Ε 0 D G 0 S Т E 0 0 Z E U G R G В Χ 0 Q Z X Т E T Q Z D C D T D 0 C 0 Q X D R H C K S C E D E Q D Q C G D Z Ε H G X B Y G Z K D R G Z В D S G C

hermia demetrius decius celia cassandra caius gertrude gaoler general gallus malcolm macbeth rinaldo richard ll regan bandit executioner berri egeon egeus balthasar adrian abbess lady bona anne

# **Greek Mythology**

R	E	В	Α	D	Α	R	U	L	0	0	М	Α	С
Z	Н	E	R	Α	Н	U	Р	U	Ε	T	N	Α	K
Ε	Р	R	U	Α	Α	Α	S	Ε	Т	Н	I	E	R
U	D	S	Н	0	Т	Т	0	U	R	Н	M	Р	0
S	M	Ε	Α	Α	Н	0	S	K	T	S	Α	Т	N
D	E	R	Р	K	E	N	I	0	D	S	E	S	0
0	D	Α	0	0	N	I	M	S	Н	U	E	U	S
S	U	Α	L	T	Α	M	E	Α	Y	R	Ι	R	S
Н	S	Т	L	Н	Т	R	T	Т	I	Ε	M	Т	Z
0	Α	P	0	Ε	Р	Е	R	Υ	Α	В	R	R	R
T	Α	Α	S	S	T	В	Α	R	U	R	Α	Н	U
Ε	E	R	Α	E	S	Α	Ε	R	0	Ε	Р	N	S
M	S	I	Р	U	I	Α	E	Н	R	C	Ε	R	0
Α	E	S	S	S	E	Т	I	D	0	R	Н	P	Α

**ATHENA ARTEMIS KRONOS** ZEUS **CERBERUS PERSEUS** RHEA MINOTAUR **APOLLO ARES HERA** APHRODITE SATYR **THESEUS MEDUSA PARIS** 





Thank you to all Literary & Debate club members who helped in this, to the staff of the club for being very supportive for this idea. and oto the authority who approved of this idea.

To the rest of the LJC community, I hope you enjoyed this. We look forward to producing more issues, with input from you too.

