

THE LEMONADE STAND

若贝尔奖得主美国经济学家克鲁格曼（Paul Krugman）在《欢呼与哭泣》一书有关经济议题上的理论综合，他引用了胡佛的“自由企业制度是人类文明的圣殿”和罗斯福的“我们正处在生死存亡的关头”，批评美国的经济制度“是种奸商的不顾民疾，惟利是图的行为，除人类惟利是图的劣根性所致，更是资本主义制度容许任何人以垄断或限制剥削普罗大众基本利益的弊端”。胡佛的例子也不胜枚举。以导致上一次美国经济大衰退的主要原因为例，在美国经济荣时期赚得脑满肠肥的华尔街大财团和大

政府的补助，从纳税人的钱囊中汗钱包其享用。我们只要看一下在过去好几年每年的车费上涨平均咋舌的5%，就可见一斑。加拿大“工人贵族”会，则是第加拿大“工人贵族”

人认为，自由竞争的资本主义，自由地使千万亿黄金白银隐身而退，令美国的房产不必受政府干预或引导而盲目地发展，商业市场一下子崩溃，市场经济出了一个长期演进，是非常危险的错误观点。是一个非常受人青睐的时髦看法。连衰退的主要导火索。可是这批“经济罪犯”的前美国总统里根和英国首相戴卓团”，不但逍遥法外，不必经受惩罚，也认为，资本主义制度是不需要惩罚的，而且还得到美国联邦政府发达天涉，就能够自我运行得头头是道。数字的经济救助，以纳税人的血汗钱来填

A close-up photograph of a person's eye, focusing on the iris and pupil. The eye has a reddish-brown hue. The surrounding skin is dark, and the background is blurred.

地。因为人类永远也无法摆脱集权主义制度固有的劣根性。其集权主义制度固有的劣根性，自由民主制度则自私自利自由散漫的惰性，令其的境界，而走向另一个极端，独尊的极端个人主义和损人利己所导致的，社会法纪荡然，人性那样的失控境界。在这样的社会张人们必须遵守必要的社会纪律

是民主时代，人类从来也没有生
活在科学昌明，医学进步，文
物质丰富，生活自由的
主义民主制度胜过共产主
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度，也无法保证其永垂不

政府的补助，从纳税人的钱囊中汗钱包供其享用。我们只要看一下过去好几年每年的车费上涨平均人咋舌的5%，就可见一斑。加拿大，则是第加拿大“工人贵族”第二个例子。

MARCH 2016
LINGERING BREEZE/PSYCHOSIS

SPRING REVIVAL

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR



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The weather this winter's been a little wonky. I think we've all noticed it – warm one day then cold the next, the earth feels like it's offkilter, swinging from left to right with no direction in mind. It makes me feel windswept and dizzy, and more uncertain about than ever. That combined with (a truly unhealthy amount of) senioritis makes for a terrible, unproductive combination. I feel like I've been rotting away slowly on those assorted coloured plastic chairs while my body tries desperately to evoke some kind of emotion at the face of the mountainous number of incoming assignments. Meanwhile, my brain fizzing down like a dissolving tablet. Gross.

A lot of us have been looking forward to March break since the Winter break. God, I know I have. However, I also know that I have a boatload of responsibilities waiting for me on the other side of next week. So take this coming week to do a couple things you love. Pick up a hobby! (I'm going to be knitting, don't judge!) Go out and try some new foods. Whatever it takes to get you pumped up and ready to face the three and a half months of straight learning you'll have to do when you get back. Beat senioritis before it kicks your ass.

Also, don't forget to take pics and send them to us!

With that in mind, please enjoy this issue of the Lemonade Stand.

-Meisha Lin, Distribution Officer

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CELESTE

Meg Zhang

You aren't quite sure how she turned up. One minute you were alone and everything was quiet. And then you look to your left to see her walking beside you. You didn't notice before this moment because her footsteps had matched your own. You smile at her and she smiles back. She glows of sunbeams and moondreams. You're shy at first because she's so beautiful that you can't find the words to tell her how you feel. All you can do is extend your hand and hope that she accepts your offer. It takes her a moment, but she slowly extends her own. The beaming glow that envelops you is strong enough to distract you from her wavering touch. You hold hands as you walk. You hold on tightly. You lean in to smell her hair. It smells of autumn and rain and earth. You don't know what to say at first. You try to start a conversation but you give up because she doesn't respond.

At some point, her pace changes and it takes you by surprise. You turn a blind eye to her quick bursts ahead. It's not hard to catch up. Until one day, and you aren't sure when it happens, she lets go of your hand. Her strides become wider and wider until a considerable distance emerges between the two of you. You chuckle nervously because you aren't used to this. Then, you grow anxious because you realize her pace isn't slowing. She doesn't stop. And because she doesn't stop, neither do you. Her ethereal soul has pulled you into orbit. It doesn't take long for you to realize you are to remain there until you burn away.

You start to grow tired so you ask her to stop. To slow down. To wait for you. But she doesn't stop. She doesn't slow. She doesn't wait. Instead, she walks ahead without a second glance. Perhaps she didn't hear you. Or maybe, she chose to ignore you. Could it be that you never spoke in the first place? Because you aren't sure, you have no choice but to follow her. She doesn't turn back and you struggle to keep up. You've lost sight of the path. You've long since forgotten where you had been going before you met her.

All this time, it is quiet except for your footsteps. They are louder now because you are tired. You cannot breathe easy and it feels like you are drowning. You call out to her again. You make sure to open your mouth wide. You put your hand out and you reach for her. But you miss her. She doesn't stop. She walks faster and faster until you are running. Try as you might, you can't reach her. You're dripping with sweat. And when the

wind sweeps past, you are chilled to the bone. You are coughing and wheezing now. Your chest hurts. Then it dawns on you. Maybe you should stop. Maybe, you could stop right then and there and she'd never notice. But that idea pains you too much to give it a second thought. It's easier to run anyways.

When she does stop, she does so because there is a fork in the road and not because you are heaving with exhaustion. She is still in front of you. She hasn't spoken yet. You've never heard her speak. Maybe it's time. What must she sound like? What does she look like? That memory has blurred. Maybe you should have preserved it when you had the chance. Then she turns around. She looks puzzled. Confused. Scared. She asks you which path to take. You notice that her voice is shaking. She steps aside so you can see. You aren't used to leading anymore and the idea of taking control worries you. You don't dare look behind you. You fear what you may see. Or rather, what you won't see. You know her face won't be the only thing you fail to recognize.

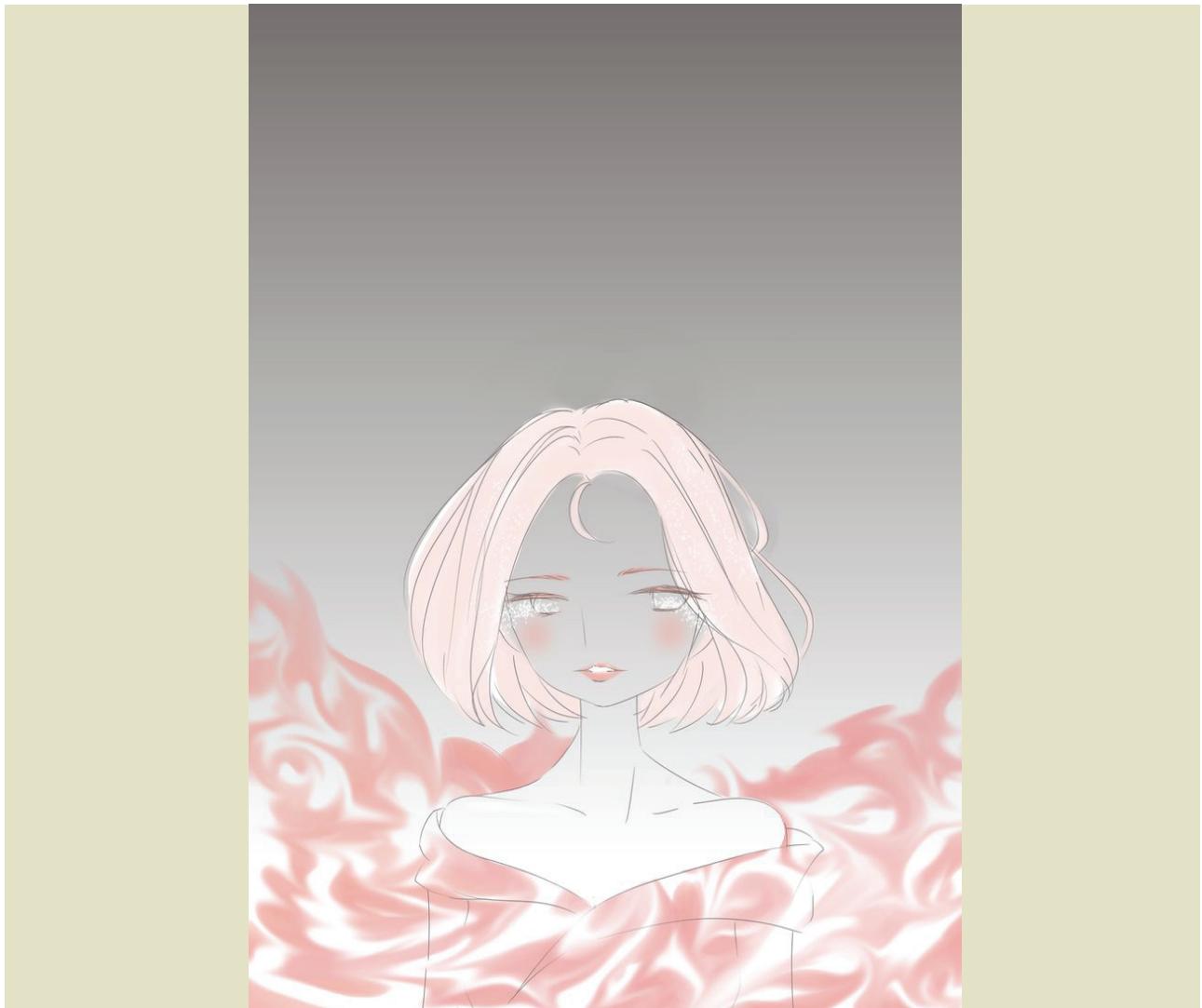
Instead, you focus on what is before you. You look past her. Two paths. Both look so similar, but that's because you can't see what's ahead. You understand that she is relying on you to choose the direction. Your stomach churns with dread as you realize she may not follow you down the path you choose. You may be left alone. But you are scared to keep her waiting because she has never kept you waiting. So you choose the right path. You take a few steps and you stop to listen for footsteps. You don't hear any. You take a few more steps and by then it's clear what path you've chosen. You turn your head and you see her standing at the crossroads. She hasn't followed you. And she's crying. You're lost. You thought she'd follow you because you had followed her. You become desperate because the distance between you and her is growing. She cradles her face in her hands and she weeps loudly. You hate that sound and you hate yourself because you can't comfort her. You turn around and you yell at her. Her eyes widen. You don't mean to yell, but you're afraid she can't hear you. You beg her to come with you. That's all you can do because you're too far away to rejoin her. When she walks away, she leaves you behind with the path that you've chosen and she grows smaller and smaller until she is gone.

You aren't sure about how long it's been since you've seen her. It must have been years. At first, you ask around. You describe the length of her hair and the colour of her eyes to your daydreaming neighbours. You paint watercolour portraits to paste on lampposts around town. No one bothers to take them down so her haunting smiles follow you wherever you go. Finally, you swallow your pride and you pack up your bags. You take the county bus one summer morning before the dew has settled. You decide to leave because you've grown tired of greeting the same faces and bodies. You leave because your memories of her are fading. You're scared that one day you'll wake up to a blank slate and an empty soul. So you do what you did when she was there. You run. And maybe – just maybe – you'll reach her at last.

Sometimes, when you're lucky, you dream of her at night. She'll drop by out of the blue to exchange pleasantries about the weather. She'll dilly dally like a child and enjoy a morning stroll without you. She'll lose herself to laughter on a rainy day. She'll glisten with starlight. You'll grumble to yourself and you'll tap your wristwatch and you'll roll your sore wet eyes. You'll hate her for leaving you. But that's not what she'll see. Instead, you'll welcome her in with open arms. You'll feel your heart quicken when you spot her in the distance. You'll warm her with your flimsy jacket in the tightest embrace you can give. And you don't know how to feel about dreams sometimes because you don't understand her. From the day you met her to the day she broke your heart, she'd always remain a mystery to you. Her lilting voice when she's perplexed. The way she sighs at sunset. How she smells of dusk. This is where you go when you need reassurance. This is what you store in dusty canopic jars on the warm pulsing shelves of your memory.

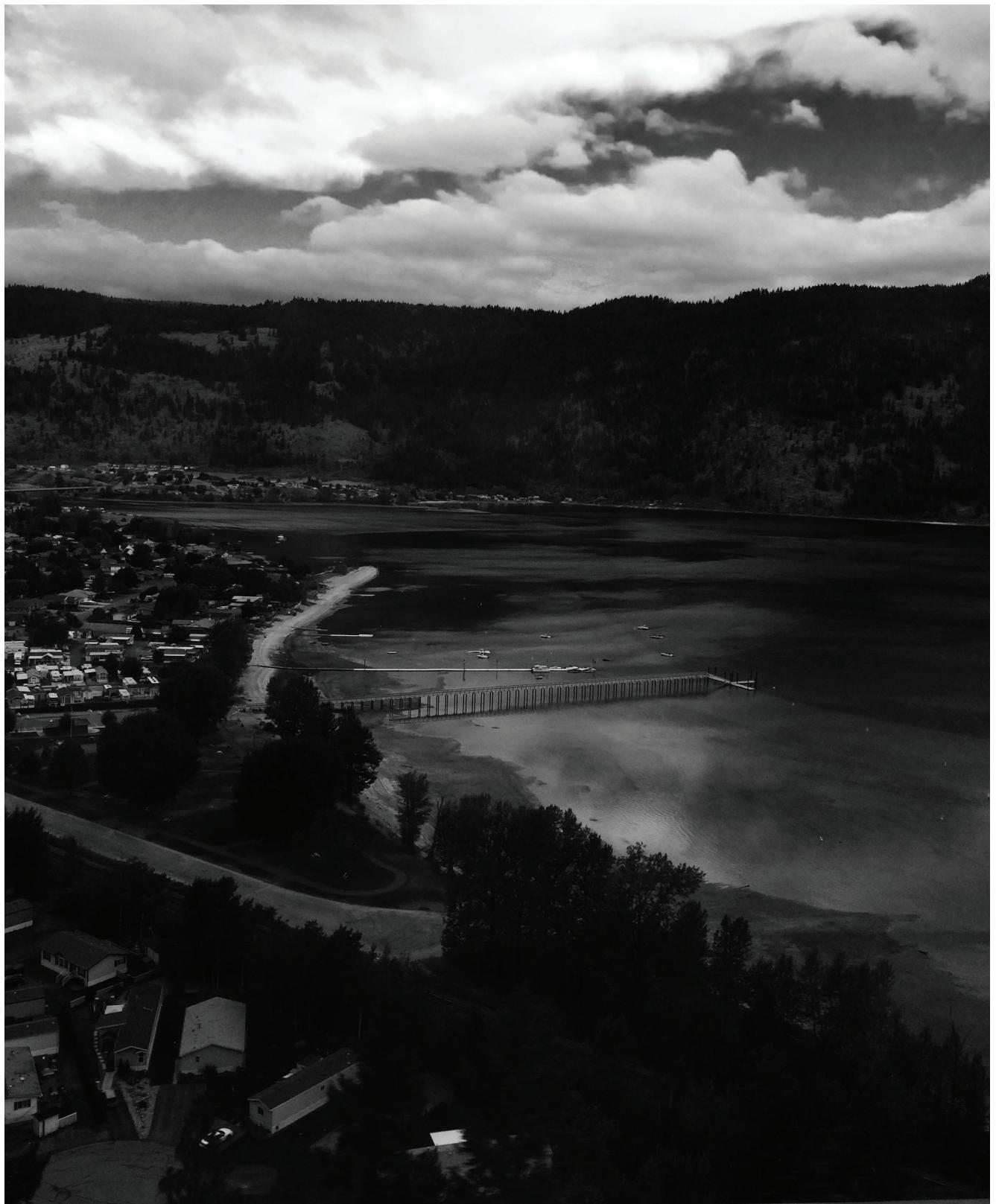
It's awful funny what she'll do to you.





S O R B E T

QINXI YANG



S I L E N C E

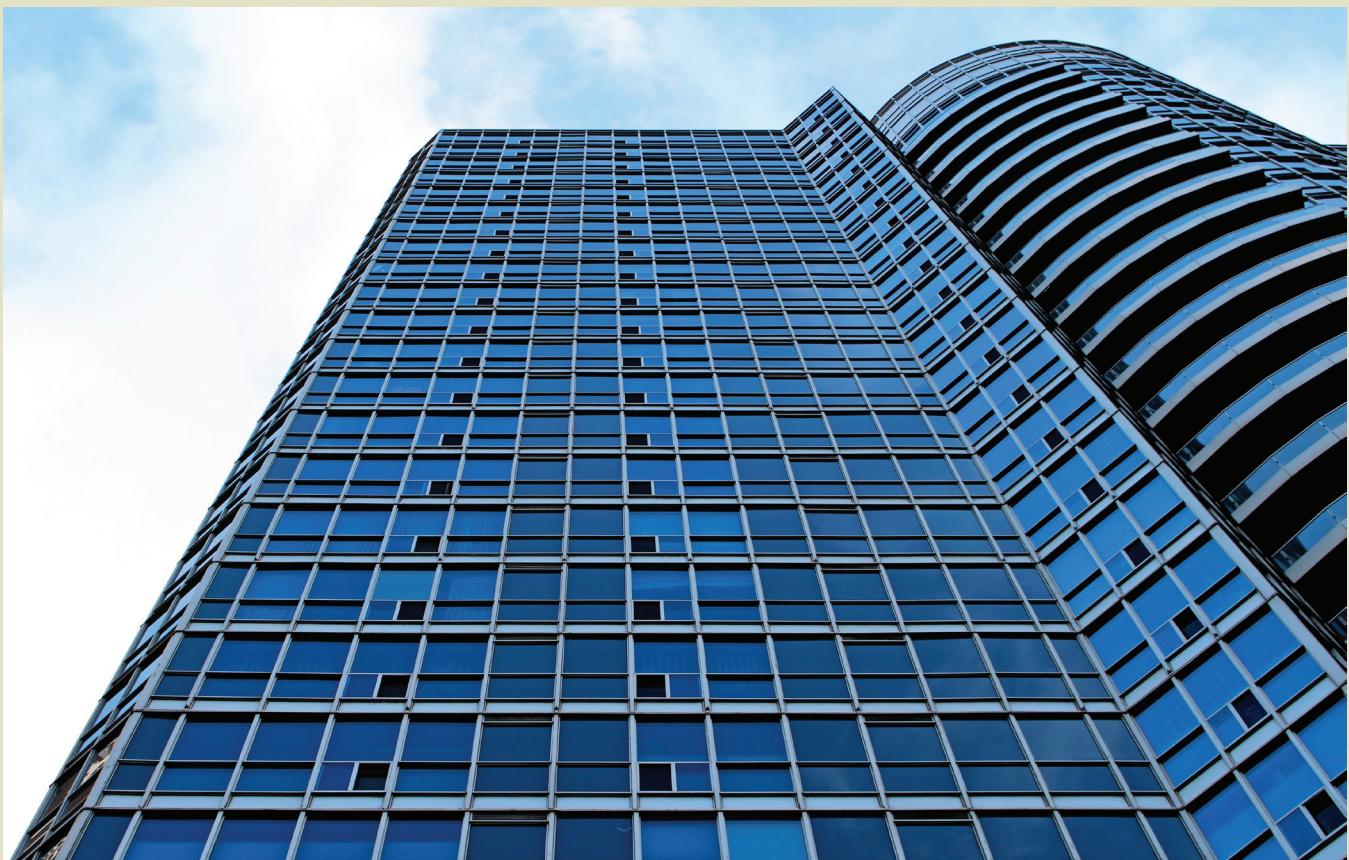
ANONYMOUS



D I S Q U I E T U D E
CZORPIO

J A W A D K H A D O K E R

B L U E F E E L S





THE REAL HERO'S NAME STARTS WITH AN "S" (BUT IT'S NOT SEBASTIAN)

FRIKCKLE

Sidney was tall for his age with caterpillar eyebrows that scrunched down when he was worried, which was a lot of the time. He had never been a fighter on account of his incurably passive nature, nor had he ever been much of a lover on account of his impossibly awkward soul. Sidney was my brother, and he was currently lying in a hospital bed, because despite not being a fighter, he had picked a fight, and despite not being a lover, the fight he had picked had not been for him, but for me.

Here's what happened. Sixth grade is no picnic, you see, and today was

frog dissection day in our class. I was sitting just behind Jackson Clay, who was sitting just behind Nathaniel Brook. I was minding my own business, trying not to breathe in the formaldehyde, feeling queasy about the slimy dead amphibian on my desk, when I noticed Jackson Clay holding his frog up to the back of Nathaniel Brook's neck. The frog juice was dripping into old Nathan's collar, but he only shivered and didn't say a word. Jackson Clay, ever the prototypical playground bully, whispered harsh nothings into Nathan's ear.

"Would you like me to drop this frog into your shirt?" he said.

Nathan shivered and didn't say a word.

"Come on, Nathaniel, you want the frog, don'tcha?"

Nathan shivered and didn't say a word, but shook his head ever so slightly.

Jackson Clay pulled back Nathan's collar, frog poised to drop, and that was when I let my own frog go... right into Jackson Clay's shirt.

The next few minutes were pure pandemonium, and I earned myself a very angry teacher, but Jackson Clay's surprised soprano screeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaam and Nathaniel Brook's incredulous wide-eyed Hallelujah, Amen face made it all worth it.

Ms. Song wanted to know my motive, but I wasn't about to say anything about Jackson, no sir no sir - I may have been going to school with a bunch of animals but we had one unspoken rule: we never rat each other out to the zookeeper. It's like a code of honour. So I got handed an after-school detention, which I took with grace, and Jackson Clay, safe in knowing that I would never let out a peep, took the liberty to whisper to me that he'd be waiting to get even. Now, Jackson was a big guy for an eleven year-old, and he had a few friends who lived for fisticuffs and whatnot, so I was not looking forward to any getting even.

After school, I tracked Nathan down, and I said to him, "You listen to me, Nathaniel Brook. Back there, I saved you from a shirt-load of soggy frog corpse. You know detention is nothing to me and I'm glad to serve my time for what we both know in our hearts was a righteous act of justice. But it's not Mrs. Aria I'm afraid of."

His eyes were wide and uncomprehending.

"Pull yourself together," I snapped. "Jackson Clay and those other guys are gonna be waiting for me after detention. They'll probably be out for blood. All my friends are worthless cowards, so I'm gonna need you to back me up."

At this point Nathan looked a little like he was gonna pass out.

Now, believe me, if I had had any other choice I wouldn't have been going to skinny little Nathaniel to back me up in a fight. Conrad had said, before I even got a word out, "No way I'm diving in to this mess," and Joel, the little snake, had asked me, very seriously, if he could have my Xbox once I was dead.

"Nathaniel," I said, looking him in the eye. "You wait for me right outside the office, alright? They'll be waiting by the alley that leads into Park Street, 'cause that's where I walk home. If it's you and me, we can take them. Alright,

Nathaniel? You owe me, okay? It's me, Sebastian, the guy who kept a frog out of your shirt." I took him gently by the shoulders and shook a little to punctuate my point. "Nathaniel. I'm willing to take a detention for you. But not a beating, you hear me? The office. Wait there."

Nathaniel nodded frantically, a bobble-head crossed with a chicken. I let him go.

Of course, by the time Mrs. Aria told me I was free to go, and don't try that again young man, Nathaniel was nowhere to be found.

Well, I figured I'd play it safe, try to inch around back of the school, but when I turned the corner I ran smack dab into Jackson Clay, who grabbed me the way a bear-trap would and pinned me against the wall.

"Heya...frog boy," I squeaked. (My voice doesn't do well under pressure, and I'd just noticed that Jackson had at least one other boy with him.)

Jackson was just about to take my head off when he was unceremoniously pushed out of my sightline and replaced with my brother Sidney.

"Sid!" I said, about to explain, but he waved me off.

"I got this," said Sidney, but I knew he always said that when he didn't got this.

Unfortunately, I was right: turned out Jackson also had a brother in the eighth grade. And he was stronger than Sidney, who turned back around just in time to catch Lucas Clay's left hook right in the nose.

Getting hit in the nose is just about the worst place to be hit. Getting hit in the nose is like snorting white hot pain. Your eyes start tearing up so you're half blinded, and you stumble around bleeding, vulnerable to a series of swift attacks, which is exactly what Sidney succumbed to. He fought back a bit, but a couple of punches to the gut and he was on the ground, leaving Jackson, Lucas, and some other Neanderthal to surround him and start kicking.

Now, between me and Sid, I've always been the one who gets into scuffles. Sidney never wants to fight. He's always "hey, let's work this out," this, or "I don't want any trouble" that... but me? Ordinarily, I'd fight Jackson Clay any day. But today, I don't know what came over me but they weren't letting up on my brother and I felt sick, blood rushing into my head, and I couldn't move and I couldn't breathe—

So I did the unthinkable. I turned, and I sprinted all the way back into Principal Aria's office and I told her, "MRS. A., JACKSON AND LUCAS CLAY AND ANOTHER BOY ARE BEATING UP MY BROTHER PLEASE HELP ME!"

Mrs. Aria could run pretty fast in heels, I had to admit. She put a swift stop to the fight with the loudest whistle I ever heard, and rushed over to Sidney, who smiled up at her and promptly passed out.

Well, it turned out Sid's nose was shot. His ribs fared slightly better: only badly bruised instead of broken. My parents wore themselves out yelling at me as we drove to the hospital, having assumed correctly that I was at the root of this newest spot of trouble.

So now I was sitting next to a hospital bed, having broken both the honour code and my brother's nose, my reputation in tatters. My new status as The Biggest Tattletale In The World was no doubt shining both in Mrs. Aria's poor, unknowing heart, as well as in Jackson Clay's wicked little eyes. As soon as he and his troglodyte pals lived out their suspensions, I was sure there would be hell to pay. And all thanks to Nathaniel Brook's skinny little neck that couldn't pull his big ostrich head out of the ground for even a second.

I was getting really worked up sitting by that bed, but at that moment Sidney's eyes suddenly snapped open, then flickered for a few seconds. "Seb?" he asked weakly.

"Sid!" I said, or I tried to say, because my throat randomly got really dry. "How—um, how are you feeling?"

Those thick eyebrows scrunched up again. "Not super," he said, bringing a hand up to gingerly feel his bandaged nose. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, Sid, I'm great, but I'm really sorry, I dropped a frog down Jackson Clay's shirt because he was picking on Nathan Brook, but then he said he was gonna get me back so I was counting on Nathan to help me, but he totally bailed on me, I didn't mean to get you involved—"

"Seb, relax! I'm the big brother here. I've always got your back."

I unclenched a little, letting out a small laugh. "Well, you fended them off pretty nicely."

"I did give Lucas Clay a good-sized shiner." He grinned, and then winced, because he scrunches up his nose when he smiles and his nose was just recently broken. (Sid is a scrunchy sort of guy.)

"Yeah, well, come Monday, I'm gonna give Nathaniel Brook a piece of my mind, the little mouse boy," I decided. "How could he back out on me when I was only

in this mess because I saved him?"

"Well, Seb, sometimes you get yourself into a jam because you got someone else out of a jam. And

sometimes," he paused, "you'll get no thanks for it."

He looked at me pointedly.

"OH!" I said, finally getting on his train of thought. "I meant to say, thanks, Sid."

He raised his caterpillar brows.

"Thank you Sid," I amended, "favourite brother o' mine."

"Seb, I'm your only brother."

"Yeah, well, if you weren't you probably wouldn't be my favourite." I fell back to my usual shtick, which

was making fun of good-natured Sidney.

He smiled and settled back onto his pillows.

"Sid?" I said, when I was halfway out the door.

"Yes?"

"I love you," I mumbled, real quiet, but I knew he could hear me because his smile was his widest smile and winked.

THE END



Miniature things in miniature bottles.

MINIATURES

JULIA LUO



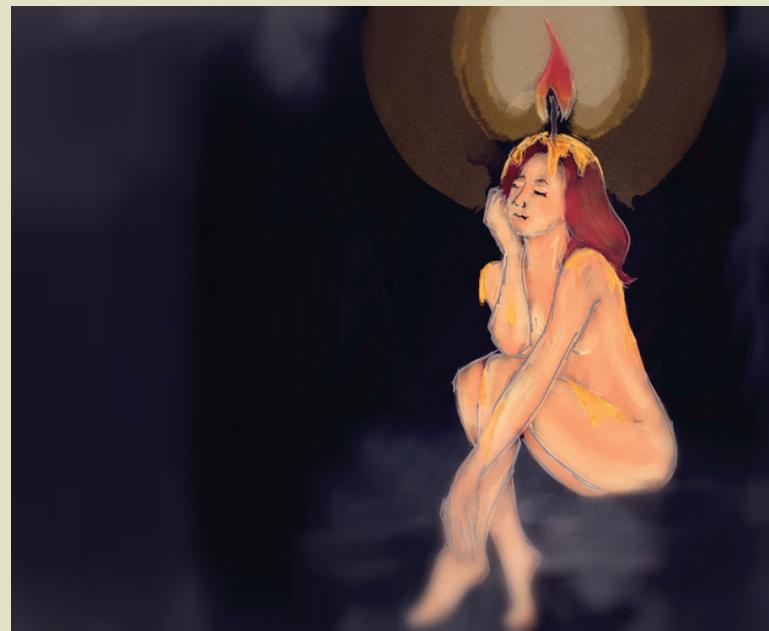
PSYCHEDELIC PURITY

ISTRAIHEADMASTER

PORTRAIT OF THE GLACIER IN MIDSUMMER



A N O N Y M O U S



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