

The Chronicles of The Forgotten

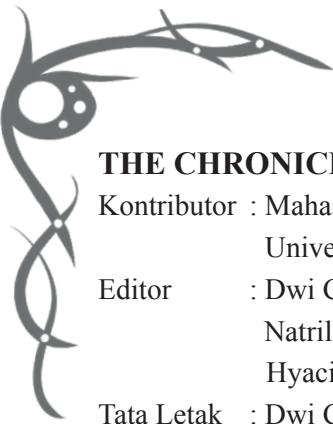




THE CHRONICLES OF THE FORGOTTEN

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THE CHRONICLES OF THE FORGOTTEN

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Cetakan 1

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buku ini tanpa izin tertulis dari penerbit



for those who forget



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Foreword

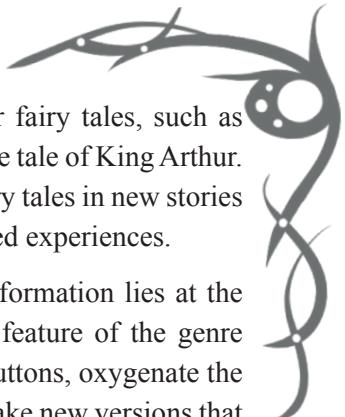
“Stories slipped across frontiers of culture and language as freely as birds in the air as soon as they first began appearing; fairy tales migrate on soft feet, for borders are invisible to them, no matter how ferociously they are policed by cultural purists.”

(Warner, 2014, p. xv)

Fairy tales, widely understood as “a story set at least partially in a world distant in time or space … and featuring magical, transformative characters, faces, and events” (Lindahl, 2018, p. 12), are an important part of our growing up. Whether they be those originating from Indonesia such as Jaka Tarub, Arya Menak, or Telaga Bidadari, or those originating from faraway lands like Cinderella, Snow White, or The Tales of the Thousand and One Nights, these tales have long been used to entertain and impart lessons about life.

Fairy tales are a media through which we make sense of our world, past and present. They help us cope with our problems and anxieties. As Warner (2014) and Rudy (2018) argue, keeping fairy tales relevant is the constant re-telling of the tales, which is inevitably imbued with the specific contexts of the culture and society while maintaining the familiar elements of the stories. This is a reason why it is common to encounter different versions of one fairy tale in different times and places, or similar conventions in different fairy tales.

This anthology started as a part of the Language and Literary Production course taken by students of English Department class of 2017, Universitas Gadjah Mada. However, the short stories, poetry, illustrations, and photographs in this book are more than just that. In these works, readers will find reinterpretations of various



fairy tales. Some offer reworking of popular fairy tales, such as Sleeping Beauty, Beauty and the Beast, and the tale of King Arthur. Some others offer the familiar elements of fairy tales in new stories drawn from history and the students' own lived experiences.

Tatar (2017) astutely argues that “transformation lies at the heart of fairy tales and remains a powerful feature of the genre These stories invite us to hit the refresh buttons, oxygenate the characters, fill in in the gaps of the plot and make new versions that are our own” (p. 178). At the heart of this anthology is this spirit of transformation. The works presented in this anthology are the results of a creative approach to the elements of the genre, in which each contributor reimagines the familiar elements of fairy tales that resonate with them.

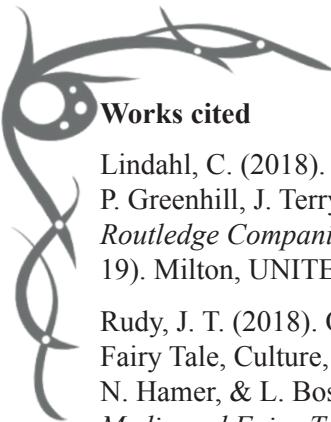
This anthology offers an exciting journey through stories about love, loyalty, and bravery while also deals with heartbreak, loneliness, pain, and death. It is a journey that expresses hope and strength even as it touches on the subjects of doubt and struggle. This anthology, in sum, speaks to the power of stories to enrich and inspire us as we overcome the hurdles in our lives. It is a product of passion and dedication. Through this anthology, we can catch a glimpse of these students' experience and insights of the world around them.

I hope these works give readers joy and remind them of those that give beauty and hope in their lives.

Melbourne, 2020

Ashika P. Paramita, M.A.

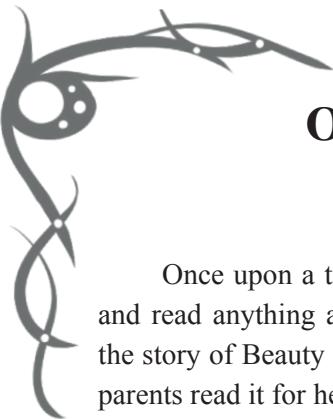




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Once Upon a Tale

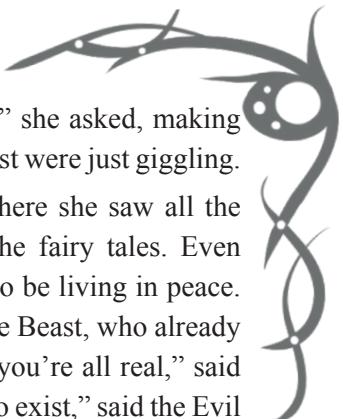
Michelle Rut Edita

Once upon a time, there lived a little girl who liked to hear and read anything about fairy tales and One of her favorite was the story of Beauty and the Beast. No matter how many times her parents read it for her, she would never get bored of it. She always dreamt of being a princess who one day could meet her own prince charming and have her own happy ending.

On a starry night, right before she slept, she whispered, “I wish I could be in a magical land where every fairytale stories exist.” And that was what she got. She went into a magical land through her dream. She was amazed by what she saw in front of her, that she could not believe it. It was so beautiful and nothing like what she had in reality. There were flowers everywhere, with many different kinds of petals?. And there was one flower that caught her attention, a beautiful red rose.

She picked the rose and suddenly a beast showed up and roared. She was frightened. But then she realized it was the Beast, a figure from her favorite fairy tale story. She could not believe what she saw and she froze in surprise and fright. She shook her head and pinched her cheek, just to make sure that she was not dreaming. “Ouch!” she said. Then came out a beautiful lady with a yellow gown and a book in her hand calling out the beast.

“Hi there. I’m Belle and this is my husband, Beast. May I know who you are? Where do you come from? Are you lost?” asked Belle. She could not answer, because she could not explain anything. “Where am I?” she asked. “You’re in the Fairy Tale Land. The land where every fairy tales come to life,” the Beast replied. “Come let us take you to our palace.” So she followed them and everywhere she looked, she could see fairies flying around with



their tiny sparkling wings. “Are they fairies?” she asked, making sure what she saw. But, both Belle and the Beast were just giggling.

They went through a thick cloud and there she saw all the princesses, princes and other figures from the fairy tales. Even the villains were there. And they all seemed to be living in peace. “Welcome, to our Magical Kingdom!” said the Beast, who already transformed into a handsome prince. “You—you’re all real,” said the little girl in disbelief. “Yes, little girl. We do exist,” said the Evil Queen. “But, how come you all live in the same place?” she asked. “What you’ve read about us, they are just stories. Stories created from one’s imagination,” “but if you imagine us in a different way, then everything will be different too. According to everyone’s imagination,” said the twins of Alice in Wonderland.

“Imagination is the only thing that could make us exist,” said a talking teapot. “And belief. We won’t exist without someone’s belief and imagination,” said a girl with a red riding hood. Then the little girl asked what could possibly happen if everyone don’t believe in fairy tales anymore. But she heard the answer that she did not want to hear. “This Fairy Tale Land won’t exist anymore,” tell Belle. “And if this land doesn’t exist, we all will disappear,” she continued. “People are starting to stop believing in fairy tales. And sooner or later, we all will disappear,” said the Beast. And after saying so, one by one, they all disappeared.

The little girl woke up and promised herself that she would keep on believing. And as she grew up she realized that people did not believe in fairy tales anymore. They have forgotten the stories they once believed as a child. But she didn’t forget at all. Because she realized fairy tales are full of magic. And magic is needed whenever someone feels hopeless.





Banished Princess

(Firdausa Rizky Nurhafizhah)



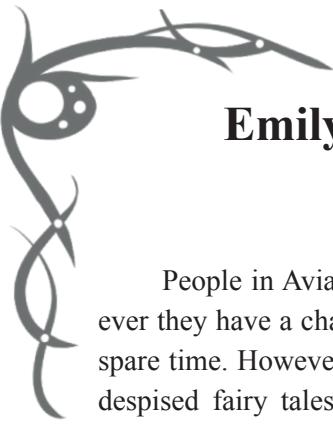
A Castle Tale

Fith

'Dad, can I be a princess someday?'
a little girl asked
'Yes, you can,'
Her eyes blinked
as she was excited with the answer

'Then, will you build me a castle?
Princess is meant to live in a castle!'
Her father smiled,
'You will live in a castle,
you will put on your diamond crown,
and you will sit on your magnificent throne.
But I am not the one
who is responsible for that,'

She frowned
confused with the explanation
'If it is not you, then who?'
'Your prince,'
'My prince?
But you are my prince!'
Her father smirked,
'Someday you will find your prince
who will build you a castle
Because I am not your prince
I am your king,'



Emily and the Fairy Tales

Muzakki Kamal

People in Avia village loved to read fairy tale books, whenever they have a chance, they always carry one to be read in their spare time. However, a sixteen year old girl couldn't stand it. She despised fairy tales. She couldn't stand them. Even her family loved fairy tales and often talked about them.

Emily sat down in the corner of the class. Watching her friends as they were reading books. Fairy Tale books. She didn't care about those books and she thought that they were fooling themselves by believing that fairy tales are real. She was often offered to read a bunch of fairy tale books. However, she refused immediately because she didn't believe in fairy tales and she thought fairy tales stories were all fake. A moment after watching them reading the books, Steve, her friend, approached her. Bringing a fairy tale book

“Come on Emily, read this book! It's awesome”

“No way, they're fake, it's no use to read such ridiculous stories made by men”

“Have you ever read any books?”

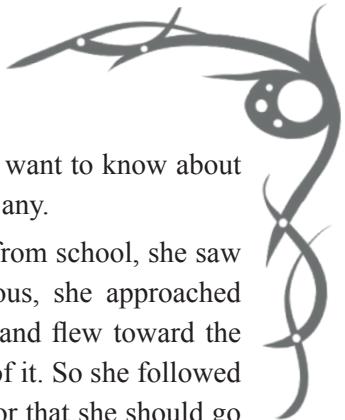
“I have, non fiction, because they're real, and not some kind of stupid stories that give imaginations to people so that they abandon their real life for it

“I guess, you don't believe that there are things that they're actually true if we believe them with our hearts”

“Well, Duh! Stay away from me and bring your stupid fairy tale book now”

Steve walked away from her.

Emily didn't mean to be mean to her friends. But she thought



that fairy tales were overrated and she didn't want to know about any of them. Even though she had never read any.

One day, when she was walking home from school, she saw tiny ball shaped gray light . She was curious, she approached it, wanting to touch it. However, it moved and flew toward the forest. Emily's curiously increased because of it. So she followed the light without caring about where it went or that she should go home.

After some time. The gray light arrived in an abandoned well in the forest, when Emily arrived there, she realized that she was stuck. It was dark. She felt scared. Moreover, the light vanished. She Didn't know what to do. After a while, the grey light reappeared.it approached her. Finally, she was able to touch it. after touching it, it vanished again. She immediately felt sad again. Suddenly, she levitated and flew, she was so scared that she was almost cry. She flew to the inside of the well near her. It was dark before. But when she was descending inside, a dim light appeared.

After a while, she finally reached the bottom of the well. There wasn't any water in it. only sand. But the thing that surprised emily was that there was a black wooden chest in it. the chest looked very old. When she was about to open it, a grim voice echoed

“Open me”

Emily flinched. There was no one there except her.

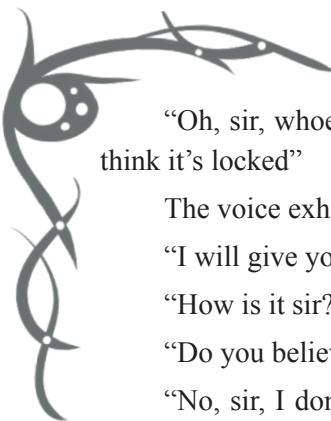
“Who is it?”

“It's me, Skull. I'm inside the chest. I'm trapped here. It's really dark. It hurts so much

The voice screamed in agony. Emily couldn't stand it

Emily looked at the box. Feeling pity for whoever was inside it. she tried to touch it. opening it. but she couldn't.





“Oh, sir, whoever are you, I’m sorry I can’t open the box. I think it’s locked”

The voice exhaled

“I will give you a hint on how to open this box”

“How is it sir?”

“Do you believe in fairy tales?”

“No, sir, I don’t believe in fairy tales, they’re garbage and non sense”

“Good! Now, put your hands on the chest. After that, say ‘I don’t believe in fairy tales’ three times intentionally and seriously. After that, you’ll be able to release me”

“Is that all”

“Yes, that is”

Emily did what the voice ordered her.

Suddenly, the box opened with a loud voice. a skull shadow emerged. An evil laugh echoed loudly. Emily who couldn’t stand the voice covered her ears. The skull shadow suddenly flew out the well.

Emily, felt sad. The skull shadow had left. she just wanted to go out from the well and go home. Now, she thought that she would be stuck inside the well forever.

Suddenly, she heard the open chest talking. The voice was gentle

“Poor, poor little girl”

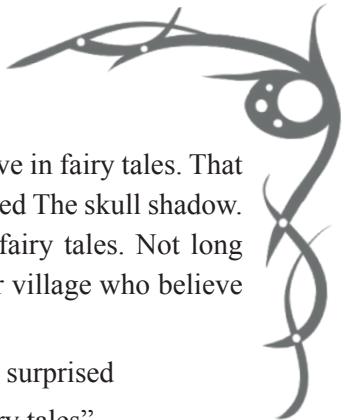
“Wait, how did you? I thought you’ve gone away”

“I’m not the skull shadow, I am the chest”

“How do you talk, no ... I mean... how do I get out of here?”

“Oh my, you should be worrying about the life of your friends and family”





“Why is that?”

“You see. You said that you didn’t believe in fairy tales. That which you have released just know is also called The skull shadow. He is the evil spirit who doesn’t believe in fairy tales. Not long after this, he will kill all of the people in your village who believe in fairy tales”

“What? No way! That’s horrible” Emily surprised

“That’s because you don’t believe in fairy tales”

“No, I mean I don’t believe in such stories but I don’t know that it can cause such thing”

“Do you wish to save your people from The Skull Shadow?”

“Yes, I do”

“You better believe in fairy tales”

Emily thought for a while.

“Well, I’ll try” she didn’t seem sure

“That’s not the answer I was asking for! okay, if you want to save your people, you must bring back The Skull Shadow inside me, the only chest that can trap him forever. You’ll know how to do it later.

Take the necklace inside me”

“Okay”

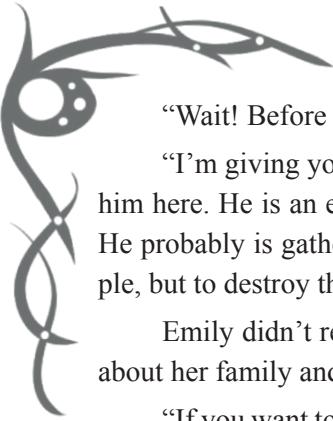
Emily looked inside the chest she found a necklace with three pearls attached in it. she took it immediately and put it on her neck.

“Good. Now, press the central pearl to uncover the trace that The Skull Shadow left”

She did what the chest said. Suddenly, the pearl glowed white, and Emily could see magical smokes above her.

“It leads exactly to where The Ghost gone” the chest said.
“Go defeat him before he kills your people!”





“Wait! Before all of that, how do I get out from the well?”

“I’m giving you a flight to go out of this place. Please, return him here. He is an eternal prisoner of this chest. He is dangerous. He probably is gathering his power, not only to destroy your people, but to destroy the fairy tales generally”

Emily didn’t really care about the fairy tales. She only cared about her family and friends.

“If you want to summon your partners, press the right and left pearls, to turn him into human form, grasp all of the pearls”

The chest shook. Emily levitated

“Wait, what do you mean by partners and grasping all pearls?

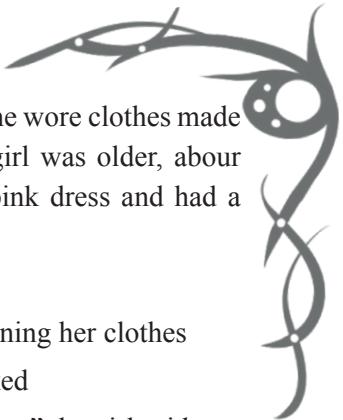
No answer

She immediately flew out from the well.

Emily immediately ran into her village, following the smoke. When she arrived, she was surprised as there were no one but dark creatures that resembled human. When the creatures saw her, they immediately ran toward her. She was so afraid she ran away from them. She didn’t care about the smoke. She wanted to run outside the village, but she knew that she was surrounded by horrible dark creatures. Emily tried to attack them with anything she could find such as rocks, dustbin, sticks, and others. But it seemed that those things didn’t harm them. Suddenly, a huge dark creature, appeared in front of her. She was so scared she backed off, tripped, and fell. The creature grabbed her by the waist. Lifting her.

“Let me go!” she screamed and thrashed, but it was useless.

Suddenly she remembered the partners the chest talked about. She pressed the right and left pearls in her necklace. A light glowed very bright. Emily closed her eyes. She fell from the creature’s grab. When she opened her eyes, the creature disappeared. She saw 2



people, boy, and girl. The boy was levitating, he wore clothes made of leaves, and brought a silver sword. The girl was older, about seventeen or eighteen years old. She wore pink dress and had a very long blonde hair. She held a frying pan.

“Hello” they greeted

“Hello, who are you” Emily got up, cleaning her clothes

“You don’t know about us?” the boy asked

“That’s weird, many people know about us” the girl said

“Umm, I’m sorry guys but you just came out of nowhere when I pressed the pearls in my necklace. how am I suppose to know you?”

“It can’t be!” the boy said with high voice

“I don’t believe it either, but...” the pink dressed girl exhaled, disappointed “let’s just introduce ourselves”

“Okay” said the boy “Hai, My name is Peter Pan”

“My name is Rapunzel” the pink girl followed “and your name is...”

“Oops, I’m sorry my name is Emily, nice to meet you” said Emily quickly.

“Nice too meet you too” Peter Pan and Rapunzel answered together.

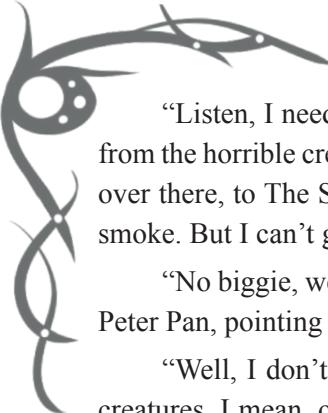
“Hey Rapunzel, I didn’t remember your story had a frying pan” Peter Pan snapped

“Well, thanks to various adaptation of my fairy tales, I can form as the classic one, or the modern one. But of course, people must always study about the classic one.”

“Lucky for you, I have my fairy tale adaptation too, but there’s no different about me” peter pan muttered

“Poor Peter” Rapunzel giggled





“Listen, I need your help, I must save my friends and family from the horrible creatures” Emily said “I need to follow the smoke over there, to The Skull Shadow’s place ” She pointed toward the smoke. But I can’t get out from this village”

“No biggie, we just have to exterminate these creatures” Said Peter Pan, pointing his sword to the dark creatures.

“Well, I don’t think that we have enough time to defeat the creatures, I mean, of course we can defeat them, but it takes a lot of time to literally clean the creatures from this village, meanwhile, the Skull Shadow that had been released by this “nice” girl would’ve gained power to destroy us all.”

“Yes, Rapunzel we-”

“Sorry to interrupt, but couldn’t we just go ahead to where the smoke is heading so that we can defeat The Skull Shadow immediately” Emily said

“That’s my point, Duh!” said Rapunzel, Annoyed. She snapped her fingers, suddenly her hair magically shortened”

Peter Pan snapped his fingers. A sword magically appeared in front of Emily.

“Take the sword, Emily!” Peter Shouted “only fairy tale weapons can defeat these creatures. And just for your information, the pearls you’re wearing are strong if you actually believe in fairy tales”

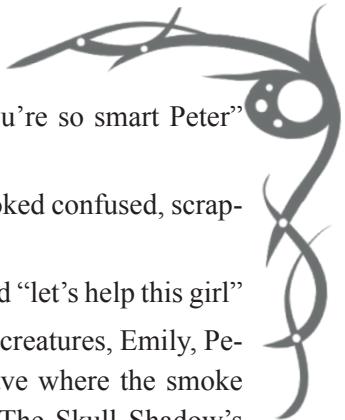
“Yes, thank you” said Emily “And thanks for the information, even though I’m still considering it”

“Whose sword is it Peter?” Rapunzel asked

“It’s Captain Hook’s sword” he answered

“I thought Hook was a villain”

“He *is* a villain, but even Villains in fairy tales inspire the readers right?”



“Yeah, you’re right. I don’t know if you’re so smart Peter” Rapunzel complimented him

“What did I say just now?” Peter Pan looked confused, scraping his head

“I take that back” Rapunzel said, annoyed “let’s help this girl”

After defeating so many dark humanoid creatures, Emily, Peter Pan, and Rapunzel finally arrived in a cave where the smoke ended its trace. They were sure that it was The Skull Shadow’s hideout. They walked inside the cave

“Emily, why don’t you believe in fairy tales?” Rapunzel asked

“Well, I don’t think that those stories make sense, I mean, they’re supposed to be told to children who don’t know about real life. I am an adult now, I don’t believe in such silly things like what do you call it? A boy who never grows up”

Peter Pan looked very angry, like he was ready to strangle her. Rapunzel stopped him

“Have you ever read any fairy tale books?” she asked

“No” Emily answered

“that’s the problem for losers like you who never read fairy tales” Peter Pan said angrily

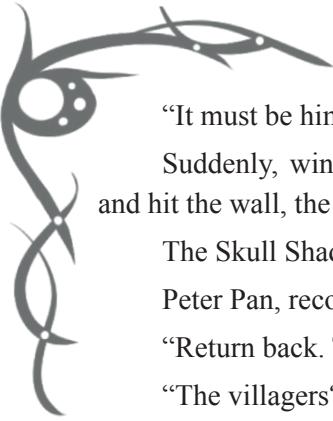
“I think the losers are the readers who believe in fairy tales and obsessed with the characters, I saw some girls around my school wearing fake long hair and pretended to be a princess, walking around like a bunch of idiots”

Rapunzel, face reddened, she was ready to hit Emily with her frying pan. Peter Pan Stopped her. After a while, Rapunzel calmed herself down.

“Well, I want to tell you—“

A grim laugh echoed inside the cave.





“It must be him” Peter said

Suddenly, wind swirled loudly, Peter Pan was blown away and hit the wall, the girls fell.

The Skull Shadow, appeared.

Peter Pan, recovered. The girls got up

“Return back. The villagers!”

“The villagers? here they are”

Grey wisps filled the cave. Emily could see shadows of the villagers in each wisp. Peter Pan and Rapunzel couldn’t.

“What have you done to them?” Emily shouted

“Well, just preparing for an army of dark creatures to erase fairy tale memories so that they won’t be able to enjoy fairy tale anymore” The Skull Shadow answered calmly

“How dare you take my friends and family!”

“You don’t believe in fairy tale either right? I can sense that you want your friends and family to stop believing fairy tales”

“Is that true, Emily?” Peter

Emily nodded slowly.

“Peter, don’t do that! she’s confused” Rapunzel warned with low voice

Peter nodded, he turned back to The Skull shadow.

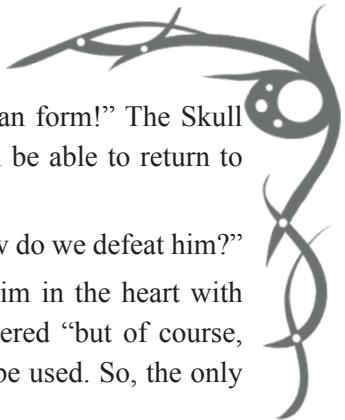
The Skull Shadow laughed. The wisps vanished

“I shall destroy their memories, it also means that they will—“

Emily grasped the pearls in her necklace. Suddenly, they glowed.

“Wait a minute! Is that, NOOO!”

The Skull Shadow Turned into human with skull as the head



“How dare you turning me to my human form!” The Skull Shadow “Well, after killing three of you, I’ll be able to return to my shadow form”

“Peter Pan, Rapunzel!” Emily said “ how do we defeat him?”

“Just like in the past. when we stab him in the heart with fairy tale weapon, it’s over” Rapunzel answered “but of course, I cannot, my hair and my frying pan cannot be used. So, the only chance is one of you must stab him”

“Okay” Peter and Emily answered together.

“Do you think that I can be defeated that easily?” The Skull Shadow thundered

“After all, my name in human form is Skull, not as powerful as my shadow form. But I’m sure it’s enough to kill three of you”

Skull summoned a black sword in her hand

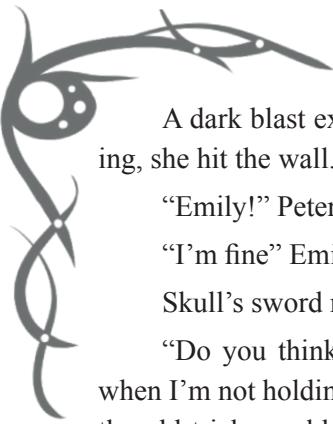
“Let’s get down to business, Skull!” Emily Shouted

Skull pointed his right hand to them. A dark blast shot from his palm. The place where Emily and others were standing exploded. After the explosion died down. There was no one in there. suddenly, Peter came toward him from above, striking his sword toward him. Skull who was aware of that deflected the attack with his sword. Peter was surprised, he jumped back. Skull didn’t allow that, he hurled his sword toward Peter. when it almost reached Peter, The sword flew back to skull, when it was almost returned to skull’s hand, Rapunzel, who came out of nowhere, hit the sword with her frying pan, it flew far aside. She Backed off. “Now!” Shouted Peter and Rapunzel. Emily came out from behind, stabbing Skull’s heart from behind. Skull was startled

“I got you!” Emily whispered

“I don’t think so!”





A dark blast exploded from skull's body. Sending Emily flying, she hit the wall.

“Emily!” Peter Pan and Rapunzel shouted.

“I’m fine” Emily Recovered

Skull’s sword returned back to his grasp.

“Do you think that you can defeat me so easily? You see, when I’m not holding my sword, I’m invincible, did you think that the old trick would get me this time? Stabbing my heart and it’s over? So lame” Skull laughed

“Ugh, we should get another way to defeat him” rapunzel said

“Yeah, we should get him when he’s holding his sword and-“

Suddenly, Peter’s body moved by itself.

“What’s happening to me?”

Peter flew to Skull, Skull pointed his sword toward him. Peter’s body was skewered by the the sword. It was right in the heart.

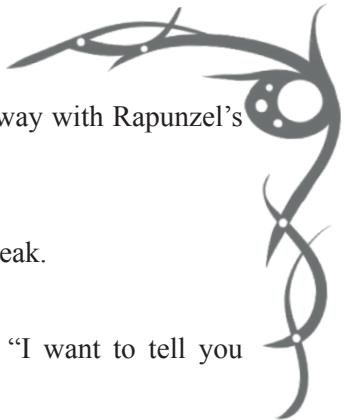
“Ugh, right in the heart” said Skull with mocking voice

“You...” Peter stopped breathing. His body vanished crystal dust

“PETER!” Emily and Rapunzel shouted.

“I won’t forgive you!” said Rapunzel in enraged voice

Rapunzel snapped her fingers, her hair grew longer, and longer. She pointed her hand toward Skull. Her hair creped quickly to Skull , catching his hands, legs, and neck. Skull smiled. Suddenly, Rapunzel’s body moved by itself. It flew toward skull. Rapunzel tried to fight back, but she couldn’t, dark blast exploded from skull’s body. Releasing Rapunzel’s hair from his body. Rapunzel was not stabbed. However, Skull grabbed Rapunzel’s hair, slamming her left and right. Finally, he throw her toward Emily. Emi-



ly, who was still weak, was hit and thrown away with Rapunzel's body. They hit the wall together

"No...Rapunzel" said Emily in Agony"

Rapunzel was dying, her body was so weak.

"Don't leave me Rapunzel!"

"Emily" Rapunzel said in weak voice "I want to tell you something, my last words"

"I will listen, Rapunzel" said Emily

"Do you know why do people believe in fairy tales?"

Emily didn't respond

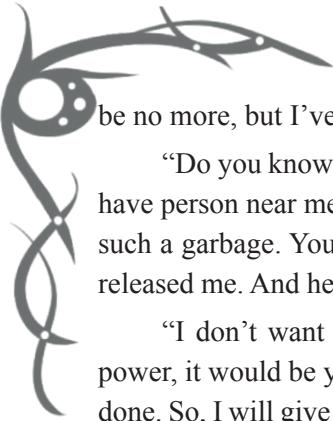
"You better believe it. It's because fairy tales contain material of morality, they teach life lessons, inspirations they give insights to life, the storyline, the characters, the settings have depth that cannot be found in simple stories, like Peter said 'even the villains in fairytales inspire' Even the authors had to experience various events for so many years to create only one book. What makes fairy tales so great is whether they are dead or alive in the book, they will always live in our hearts. They become our favorite, whether they are heroes or villains, because they deliver life lessons to us, and its important for us to know that those lessons can be used to face challenges in our life. We're as the fairy tale characters are also proud that we inspire the readers, we inspire others even though we don't really live with them. Thanks for listening, Just as you know before the fairy tale memories are erased.....forever" Rapunzel stopped breathing.

She turned into crystal dust.

"No...What am I gonna do? I can't defeat him, My friends, my family" Emily cried "Rapunzel"

"Well," said Skull, walking toward her. "Two down, one more to go. After killing you, I'll destroy those pearls, and fairy tale will





be no more, but I've been thinking about giving you an offer."

"Do you know Why I am so invincible? because I have you, I have person near me who doesn't believe in fairy tale. Fairy tale is such a garbage. You know, I'm very thankfull to you because you released me. And here I am, facing you as you're trying to kill me"

"I don't want to admit it but if somebody could match my power, it would be you. Your denial of fairy tale is despicably well done. So, I will give an offer for you, I won't kill you. But you must promise that you'll destroy those pearls. You will have your people back. They're not going to believe in fairytale nonsense. Just as you wish for. But I'll be The Shadow Skull King, and you'll be my queen. What do you say?"

"How about if I say 'Emily turned to skull' I believe in fairy tales."

"What! No! You don't!" Skull thundered

"Yes, I do, I do believe in fairy tales."

"NO!" Skull tried to swing his sword.

"I do believe in fairy tales," Emily repeated.

Before Skull's sword reached Emily's neck, somebody deflected the sword and disarmed it. Skull backed off.

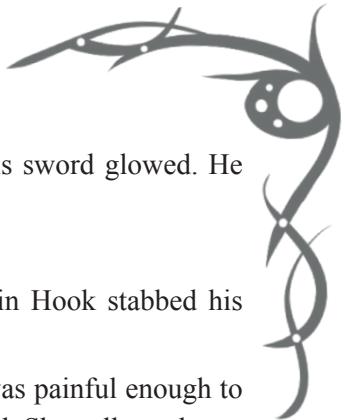
Emily looked up to see the person who just saved her. He has a hook as his palm and the sword that she used is grasped in his hand. He wore pirate dress. She heard his name from Peter's conversation, the name of this person. Yes, she remembered. It's *Captain Hook*.

"Are you good, girl?"

"Yes, captain."

"thank you for believing, I will return him to the chest"

She smiled widely. She couldn't believe it. she grasped her pearls. they glowed. Suddenly Skull's body is paralyzed.



“What! I can’t move!” Skull growled.

Captain Hook charged toward Skull, his sword glowed. He slashed Skull’s body in a single strike.

“Noooooooo!” Skull Shouted.

Skull’s body became gray light. Captain Hook stabbed his sword to the ground and caught the light.

Emily couldn’t stand her condition, it was painful enough to be thrown with Rapunzel. Her body weakened. She collapsed.

Emily returned home. The villagers were all secured no harm was to come to them,. They didn’t even remember what happened to them. But one thing was still the same, their love of fairy tales. After being hospitalized for one week, Emily returned to school. She didn’t get annoyed by her friends who really loved fairy tales. She even joined them in discussion about many tales. She didn’t expect to receive so much information and so many life lessons after getting into fairy tales. She even loved the villains who were supposed to be the bad guys.she said that a fairy tale would not be exciting if there wasn’t any bad guy. When she was reading *The Snow Queen*, Steve came to her

“Hei, Emily. I’m glad you’re now into fairy tales,” Steve stated.

“Well, you know Steve, I think fairy tales are not bad at all, I’m jealous of you because you were into fairy tales earlier than me.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Umm.. how about we discuss about Rapunzel and Peter Pan?

“Rapunzel and Peter Pan? Those are my favorites,” Emily giggled.





Rapunzel
Sukma Restu Purwati



Snow White : The Swapped Characters



By : Lilastika Cattri



Twisted Serendipity

[Luthfia Rozanatunnisa]

Poverty blows property away,
full of debris.

Disaster blows desire away,
distant from being free.

Incipient point
begins with curiosity.
Avarice of coins
brought forth to the whole city

During the shifty, sneaky walk
up to the beanstalk,
imbued, infused by greedy folks.

Jack,
on the maiden day being a lumberjack
has the giant hacked.

Ineffable things bubble up.
Chaos across town
is worsening instead of the bags filling up.
All that remains is himself looking down.





*The Abandoned Well,
The Forgotten World,
And The Will of a Damsel*

By: Overburned(Temporal)

The Abandoned Well, the Forgotten World, and the Will of a Damsel

Overburned (Temporal)



A Dream and a Tale

[Overburned (Temporal)]

*“When the Storyteller’s gone
The Tale’s dying
But the Dream’s refuses to let the curtain fall”*

“And then they came home together,” I paused to look at my son’s eyes, “Finally...” I let my words hang

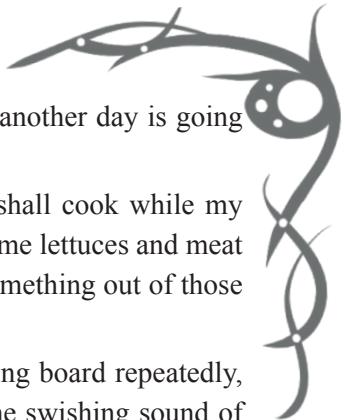
“They all live happily ever after,” the sweetest voice that ever enter my ears continues my sentence.

He put on a smile as we both close our eyes while I put my forehead onto his, “Now go to sleep, it’s late already. Your fever is about to go away soon.”

I take a step to the little wooden table in the corner of the room, and blow the candle that has illuminates the musty attic. Once again I look to the center of the room where there is a small wooden bed with a lousy sheet covering it. My child has been lying on that bed, wrapped by a white blanket that has turned into brownish-yellow.

A high pitch voice calls me as I open the creaky door, “Mom?” my son looks at me with his big and clear brown eyes, “Good night.”

I put on the warmest smile I could make in my face, “Good night, sweetheart. Have a pleasant dream, Quill,” then I part with him and descend through the wooden stairs which I always cleaned every day, yet they are decayed and creating an unpleasant sound every time I take a step.



A day is going to close its curtain, and another day is going to open its own.

My thoughts are busy to think what I shall cook while my feet bring me to the kitchen. There are still some lettuces and meat left in the storage box, so I decide to make something out of those ingredients.

The sound of the knife that hit the cutting board repeatedly, the music that played by the crickets, and the swishing sound of night winds that sneak into the room through the gaps in the walls; creating a symphony that never failed to soothe me down.

The curtain has made bluish by the light from outside. Another 'Glowing River' - coined by my son, is adorning the dark night sky once again. A long-endless shimmering river cuts through the black vast-endless ocean, revealing brighter stars in the middle of it.

Unconsciously, I take a deep sigh and stopped moving my arms. I don't realize that my body feels so tired after all the works that I have done today.

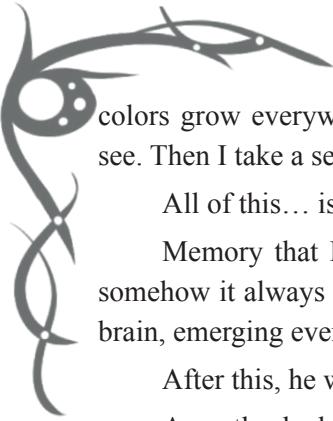
So I thought that it might be better for me to take a rest for now.

The sun shines brightly, creates a beautiful harmony along with the gallant azure sky and the graceful white clouds. Green grasses spread over the landscape, waving elegantly as the wind blows peacefully. The tranquil wind also makes my long brown hair and blue dress waving, following the direction where the wind goes to.

Another nightmare to get through.

I am gazing at the adorable scenery that mocks my current reality while I walk upon the sea of grasses, until I reach a place where I could see the lower ground on which flowers of different





colors grow everywhere, covering the ground as far as eyes can see. Then I take a seat on a rock to enjoy the painful scenery.

All of this... is a memory.

Memory that I tried to shake off from my head. However, somehow it always finds a way to survive and crawls through my brain, emerging every time I take a sleep.

After this, he will appear.

A gentle shadow covers me as I feel a presence of someone standing behind me.

“Good morning, Skelley,” I am the first one to speak, without averting my sight from the alluring flowers.

“Good morning, Aislinn,” the man behind me replies.

Silence comes upon us for a moment as the winds whispering through my ears. Then he speaks again, “How are you doing?”

I know this is just a dream, but can’t hold myself from keeping the conversation flows, “There’s nothing that needs to be worried about.”

“How’s Quill?”

“He is energetic like a deer, as always.”

Once again, silence dominates the atmosphere for a few seconds.

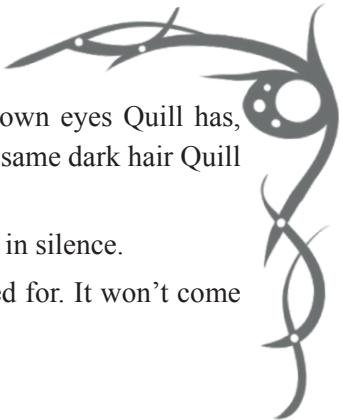
“Is there nothing that you want to ask me?”

I hang my head and smile.

This is silly, why should I ask something that is made by my own mind? Every answer that he gives will come from my own imagination, won’t it?

“When will you come home?” However I can’t resist the urge to tell him the question I always want to ask, “Our boy needs you.”

I turned my head and look toward the tall man that I have not



seen for years. His brown eyes, the same brown eyes Quill has, look back to my cyan eyes. His dark hair- the same dark hair Quill has, waves as the wind blows.

No word spoken, he is just staring at me in silence.

The answer I want, the certainty I waited for. It won't come to me in this dream.

The water outside creates a constantly dripping sounds, wakes me up slowly. Once again, rain has visits this land. I open the tacky curtain to reveal the monochrome world outside. The dull gray sky is pouring endless drops of water, dampening the soil on which grasses and flowers wither.

Ignoring the aging world, I go to the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

Not long after the dishes are ready to be served, the sounds of a pair of tiny feet walking- or hopping appeared from the stairs to the attic.

“Walk slowly when descending the stairs, won’t you?” I said without averting my eyes from the dining table.

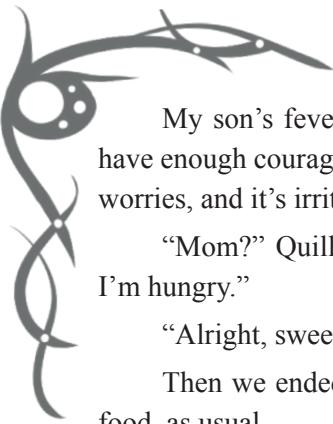
“I’m feeling better, Mom. That’s why I’m jumping around,” said Quill while his body pops out from the door, “What’s the food for today?”

I touch his forehead using the back of my hand while he is investigating the foods served on the table, “I’m better, right Mom?” he asks.

No, you don’t.

“Yes, your fever has slightly fading,” I smile, “Now eat the food so that you could be healthy again.”





My son's fever, it is getting worst in fact. However I don't have enough courage to tell him, nor the intention to show him my worries, and it's irritating.

"Mom?" Quill's word disrupting my pondering, "Let's eat, I'm hungry."

"Alright, sweetheart. Don't forget to wash your hands first."

Then we ended up sitting around the table and savoring the food, as usual.

Doing his habit, my son tells me about his friends he played with. He is in high spirit when he speaks about the brother and sister who like to eat cookies, and then he talks about the girl who used to live in a tower, and then he talks about many more of his friends.

"You sure have many friends, don't you sweetie?"

"Of course I do. That's why I want to get better soon so that I can play with them again."

I'm afraid not.

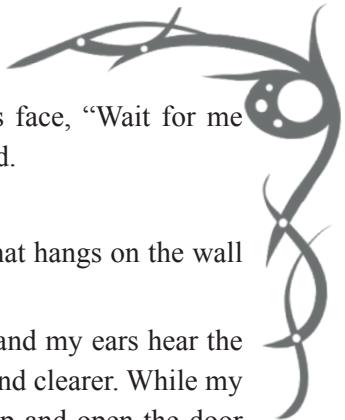
The situation outside has gone wild lately. People start to act weird, and I can't ensure that his friends wouldn't suffer the same behavior. But once again, I can tell him the truth.

"You should get better soon then. And to be able to do that, you sh—" I stop my sentence because someone is knocking the front door.

The knocking at the door is unusual somehow. The sound that we heard from the front room resembles the sound of a woodpecker which has not eaten for years. So weak... almost... lifeless, and I barely managed to hear it.

It is still raining outside, yet there is someone who already knocking our door.

I've got a bad feeling about this.



Quill is looking at me with an anxious face, “Wait for me here, okay?” I whisper to him as I pat his head.

He nods, but I don’t see his expression.

With caution, I take the hunting knife that hangs on the wall near the food storage box.

Slowly I walk towards the front room, and my ears hear the slow-monotonous knocking become clearer and clearer. While my right hand readying the weapon, I take a gulp and open the door with the other hand.

I startled when I see the person who is standing in front of the door.

A little lass soaked in the rain, shivering under her damp ragged clothes, holding something in her tiny hands, “D-do you want... to buy... matches... ma’am,” her weak voice is hoarse as if its been unused for a long time.

She looks so miserable.

“Oh my...” I dropped the knife on the floor and try to reach the girl, “What happened to you? Come in so that we-” a monstrous roar cuts my words.

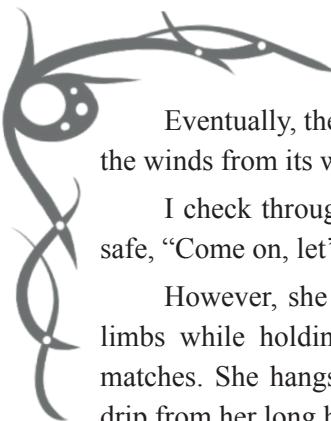
Instinctively, I grab the girl and drag her inside the house.

When I am about to close the door, I see a glimpse of a titanic shadow flies towards this direction. I hold the girl tightly in my arms. Waters dripping from her wet-disheveled brown hair, moisten the wooden floor. Her cold body temperature chills my own.

My heart thumps faster and faster as the hurling sound of enormous flapping wings comes toward us. I can feel a weak grasp in my clothes, the little girl tugs on my dress with her frail hands.

She is shivering, but I don’t know if it is because of fear or cold, since I can’t see her face.





Eventually, the giant lizard creature just flew above us, while the winds from its wings vibrating the roofs and the walls.

I check through the glass window, to ensure the situation is safe, “Come on, let’s come inside,” I said to the girl.

However, she just stands still in her place, not moving any limbs while holding the soaked bag that stores the dampened matches. She hangs her head, looking to the floor as the waters drip from her long hair.

“It’s okay,” I squat in front of her and move the hair that covers her face, “I won’t do anything bad to you, I promise.”

Her gloomy eyes stare right at my eyes with a blank look. Her irises should be bluish like mine, but her condition makes them colored grayish.

“Mom!” Quill’s hollering from the kitchen.

“I’ll be right there!” I replied my son’s call, then I get my attention back to the girl, “Come, let’s change your clothes and have something to eat.” I try to drag her hand, but he won’t move her feet even for a little bit.

“Mom!!” the holler becomes louder.

I look at the little girl who still hangs her head, “Wait here for a moment, okay?” She slightly moves her head, so I think that it might be a nod.

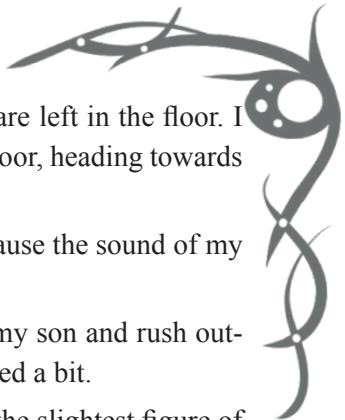
My son is hiding under the table. He rushes towards me and throw himself to my hug as soon as he see me, “What was that, mom?” His voice trembling a little bit, “Is it the usual lizzie? But the roar is different, it’s so scary.”

“Are you scared?” I asked, and then he nods.

“It’s gone,” I said while carrying him and walks toward the front room, “Now I want you to meet your new friend, she-”

I stare blankly when we arrive at the front room. The little





girl is not there anymore, instead 3 matches are left in the floor. I can see wet footsteps of two little feet in the floor, heading towards outside.

“Mom?” I barely hear Quill’s voice because the sound of my own heavy breath.

I took a sheet of a thick cloth to cover my son and rush outside. The rain hasn’t stopped but it has subsided a bit.

In the vast plain fields, I can’t see even the slightest figure of the young girl.

I run while carrying my son, roaming the withering plain field, looking for the helpless girl that came to my house earlier.

“Mom,” a worried voice comes from under the thick cloth.

She was right there. She should not be alone in this world that has gone insane. Only dangers and mad people wait for her in this collapsing world. I can’t let that happen... I won’t let that happen!

“Mom...” the confused boy calls me once more.

I stop running and look at my son while I pant heavily.

Quill looks at his mother with worried eyes. Maybe he is afraid if my personality changed like what happened to other people.

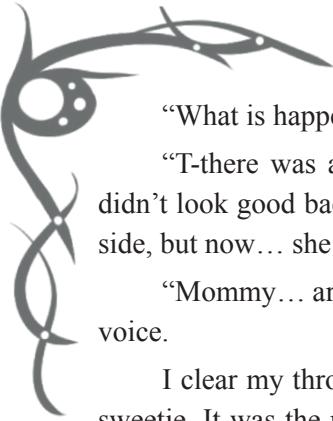
Slowly, I hold my son tighter as he leans his tiny head in my shoulder.

This is useless. I won’t find the girl anywhere.

If only that man had not go to achieve his own ambitions and abandoned us here, maybe we could live a better life. Everything had gone wrong after he left us. Not only Quill’s health that have been decreasing, but at the same time the world became a weirder and wilder place.

And I just lost a poor girl whom I should have helped. This is so... frustrating.





“What is happening, Mom?”

“T-there was a little girl came to our house, her condition didn’t look good back then. I had tried to ask her to just come inside, but now... she...” my throat felt like it is chocked.

“Mommy... are you crying?” Quill asks with a more worried voice.

I clear my throat, look at my son and smile, “Of course not, sweetie. It was the rain,” I said that even though I sniffed, “Now let’s get back home.”

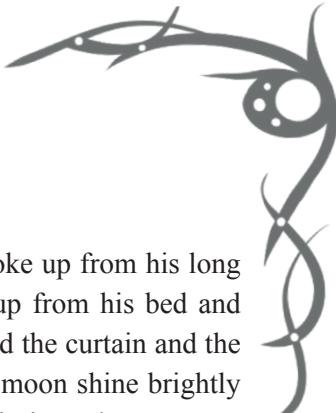
The rain has completely subsided, but the sky is still gray. I walk while carrying Quill who tries to catch a butterfly.

I look at the dull sky.

This is not over yet, I just need to wait a little longer, before my husband gets back here. I will be strong for Quill, I will not let the curtain fall for now.

Not until we really reach the end.





Pointless

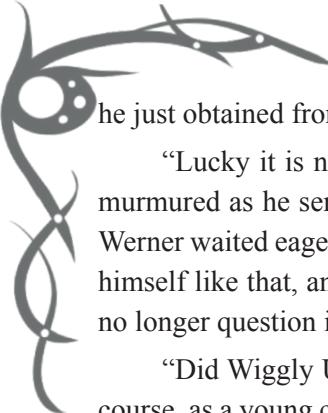
[Unproductive Weeaboo]

It was already evening when Werner woke up from his long nap. The nine year old boy quickly sprang up from his bed and ran to the window across the room and opened the curtain and the window wide. The fact that he could see the moon shine brightly in the distant made him almost jump around in joy. There was no electricity again for tonight, which meant he can stare to the sky without any light pollution except for the occasional searchlight in the distance.

He unpacked his telescope from the closet and set it just few meters behind the window. The moon's position was perfect that night, he didn't have to go to another room, or even his neighbor's flat just to find a good view. Joy and excitement filled the boy's little heart as he looked through the telescope. The unobstructed view of the full moon had somehow satisfied his hunger. At that moment, there was nothing more interesting to Werner than the full view of the celestial body he adored the most.

It wasn't long before Werner realized how hungry he was. His hands kept shaking and he began to feel a little bit dizzy. He then dragged himself to the kitchen, where he found a can of sardines lying inside one of the cabinets. Unfortunately for him, the expiration date was set to July 18th 1948, just a few previously. Apparently, Simon forgot to throw it away again. Werner dare not to open it, fearing the abomination he would encounter inside after it had gone rotten for a couple of weeks.

Werner had been continuing his observation for a few moment before he heard the door opened. It was Simon, carrying a bag full of foods and other supplies. Seeing his grandson awake in hunger, he immediately set to serve dinner with the canned foods



he just obtained from the airfield few kilometers to the north.

“Lucky it is not winter yet, we will freeze to death.” Simon murmured as he served the foods on the dining table, where little Werner waited eagerly. It was not unusual for the old man to talk to himself like that, and Werner had stayed with him long enough to no longer question it as he used to be in the past.

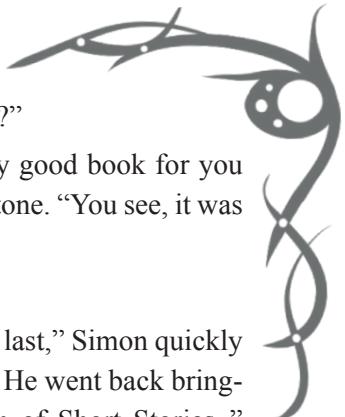
“Did Wiggly Uncle flies by again today?” Asked Werner. Of course, as a young child he had hoped to get an affirmative answer, but he was smart enough to realize that there is no candy or treats in the bag Simon brought back. Either it was Uncle Wiggly Wings’ day off, or Simon was just too lazy or shy to collect the candies from the streets. Surely it would be weird to see a 70 years old man collecting dropped candies hat was meant for children. Sometimes when he felt like no one was looking, Simon would pick up some chocolates that littered the streets and hide them away and ran home, as if he had stolen something precious from someone else.

“No, but I saw something very interesting today.” Answered Simon. “There was this huge aircraft that was about to land at Gatow, when this Yak plane buzzed him. It was just inches from colliding when the Yak pilot finally pulled off and flew away, probably pissed himself too!” Simon chuckled nervously. He knew Werner wouldn’t believe him in that instant.

“Can I go out tomorrow?” After some moment of silence, Werner finally dared to ask.

“Well, can you speak Russian yet? English? A little French, maybe?”

“I can’t,” said Werner in a low tone. He didn’t understand exactly why his own grandfather would lock him in his own house at that time, but he did understand that Simon’s intention was to protect him. Werner had no one else to rely but his aging grandpa anyway.



“Will you read me another book tonight?”

“Why, of course! Actually I have a very good book for you tonight,” the old man speaks with an exciting tone. “You see, it was written by your uncle.”

“Which uncle?”

“The one who died in the war before the last,” Simon quickly finished his dinner and went to the bookshelf. He went back bringing an old book titled “Lukas’s Compilation of Short Stories.”, there is no publication date anywhere in the book, as it was never published. The author wished it to be kept as a family heirloom.

“Isn’t it just another fairy tales about princess and prince? I’m not a kid anymore, you know,” protest Werner when he read the title of the book.

“Oh that’s where you’re wrong. These are not just the same fairy tales I read for you every night. This one is a bit different,” Simon slightly smirked as he went from pages to pages, scanning the writings quickly.

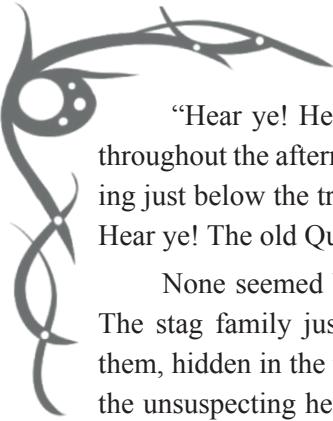
“And one more thing. This book actually was not meant for children, but you’re not a child, right, Werner?” Continued Simon.

“Indeed I’m not, Sir!” Answered Werner excitedly before he got up and collected the dishes.

“Come, let’s go to the main room, I will read you a story,” said Simon as he went to the next room, followed by Werner.

The place was dim lit with only candles to serve as the main source of light. The electricity hadn’t come back yet. The light, however, was enough for Simon to read the book he was holding. The old man was sitting in a thick, large fur sofa with Werner laying on his lap.





“Hear ye! Hear ye!” a distant high-pitched voice resonates throughout the afternoon sky. A little hummingbird can be seen flying just below the treetops, shouting as loud as she can. “Hear ye! Hear ye! The old Queen is dead! The Old Queen is dead!”

None seemed bothered by the bird’s sudden announcement. The stag family just keep grazing as a leopard slowly crept on them, hidden in the tall grasses, looking for any chance to ambush the unsuspecting herd. The Koalas were still firmly hugging their favorite tree trunks. They might have given a little bit more attention to the bird were they not too busy chomping the tree leaves. Flocks of crows were flocking above the forest, circling in formation. Colonies of ants below didn’t give much attention either, as all of them were busy doing their everyday routine; preparing foods and supplies for the next winter.

Yet, despite the little attention she received, the bird kept on flying and hopping from branch to branch. “There sits our new Queen! There sits our new Queen! Her skin is as fair as the snow!” Shouted the bird again, before a bear finally approached her branch.

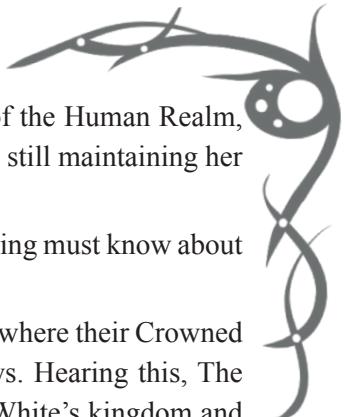
“What is it with all the fuss?” Protested the Bear. His thick brown fur is covered with dirt and dry leaves.

“We have a new queen! She will finally bring prosperity to our land!” Answered the Hummingbird proudly.

“Are you out of your mind? We bow to no other than the Crowned Lion! We have our own king!” The Bear shouted in anger.

“Oh but that’s where you are wrong, Milord! For the new queen will triumph and trample over all other rulers in this realm as she did before!” Answered the Bird, again with her proud tone, almost as if she was challenging the bear below her. She knew that those bears will not be able to touch her from that height.

“Who is this new queen anyway?” Asked the second bear curiously.



“She is no other than the Snow White of the Human Realm, the sole ruler of the land!” Answered the bird, still maintaining her tone.

“What nonsense!” Said the Bear. “The King must know about this!”

And so, the Bear went to the highest hill where their Crowned Lion resides and told the king about the news. Hearing this, The Lion quickly ordered his crows to the Snow White’s kingdom and told the Bear to assemble all the animal representatives. The Bear then travelled across the entire forest for three days to carry out their king’s order. Unfortunately, they only managed to gather a total of six other representatives that are willing to attend the assembly. The deer, panthers, and wolves were too busy waging war against each other, while the rest are either ill, or already swore their allegiance to Snow White.

The assembly was held right after The Lion’s crows returned from their duty. “My King, it seems the news is true, Snow White has taken over the human realm.” The crows reported.

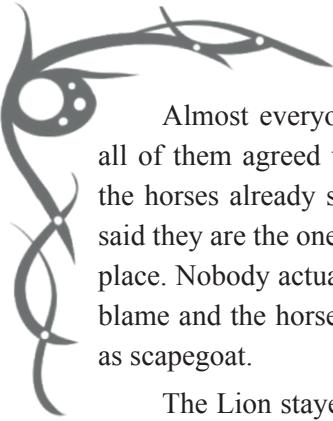
“But how about her father? Their king?” Asked the Lion.

“He died not long ago, your majesty, right after his wife’s execution. And the prince is banished to a far off land. Snow White is now the undisputed ruler of the realm.”

With this information, the silence immediately broke. All of the animal representatives wanted to express their thoughts on the matter.

The birds proposed for a mass migration to another forest, but the Cows wanted to stay until at least the grasses are out. The insects demand war, but the dogs wanted alliance. The reptiles suggested for isolation, while the rodents demanded the king to send his envoys. The Bear tried their best to calm the crowd down and to persuade them to listen to the King. Yet, no one listened.





Almost everyone was debating with each other, but almost all of them agreed to one thing; to blame the horses. Some said the horses already swore their allegiance to Snow White. Others said they are the one that caused Snow White to be mad in the first place. Nobody actually cared of the reason, they need someone to blame and the horses were in the perfect position to take the role as scapegoat.

The Lion stayed silent as his subjects were practically fighting each other. After a while, when the debate kept on escalating up to the point where the animals were threatening each other, the King finally stopped them with his mightiest roar, which caused everyone to tremble in silence.

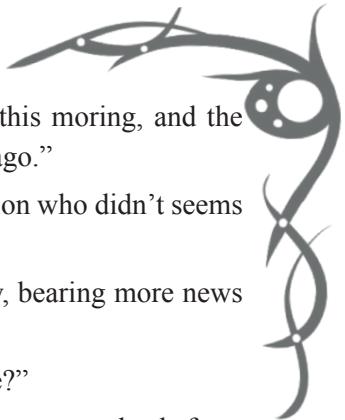
“Silence!” Shouted the Lion. “I know Snow White. Her beauty is indeed unmatched, but that is all of her trade. I know young lass like Snow is not suited to rule her own realm. Let’s just wait and see what will come out of this situation. Should she assemble her army, we will react accordingly,” continued the Lion. “If any of you had something in mind, say it to me directly, one by one.”

“But My King, if we don’t take action now, she might catch us off guard later! We cannot stay idle while Snow White’s realm is getting more and more threatening!” The Insect Representative responded with a protest.

“My King, I suggest we put the horses on trial as fast as possible, before they reveal their true color and turn on us like they did before!” The Cow Representative quickly followed with his suggestion.

“As I said, we will do nothing for now,” The Lion stated his final statement for the day. He left for his room right after he said that.

Few nights after, the Bear once again had an audience with The Lion. “We had some news, Your Majesty.” Said the Bear. “It



seems The Birds had already left the forest this morning, and the Cows defected to Snow White just few days ago.”

“Is there any good news?” Asked The Lion who didn’t seem to be greatly affected by the news.

“The Hummingbird came back just now, bearing more news from the Human realm.”

“Well, what did she announced this time?”

“The New Queen is dead, and the prince came back from exile to retake the throne.”

The next morning, with the help from the new prince, The Lion gathered every animals in both realms and put every soul that are suspected to have cooperated with Snow White on death sentence.

“What kind of story is that?” Asked Werner right after Simon finished reading the first story.

“Well, I told you it is different,” Simon smirked as he slowly closes the book.

“Won’t you read me another story?” Asked Werner.

“Would you like me to?”

“No, I will just watch the moon again tonight, I supposed. The book is boring anyway,” said Werner before he got up from Simon’s lap and walked towards his room.

“What a shame. Just pray the Americans will bring enough food tomorrow,” Grumbled Simon as he put the book back onto the bookshelf.

They both spent the rest of the night doing their own thing.





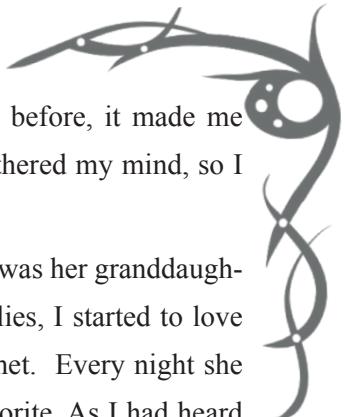
Do You Remember Me?

[Ma'rifatus Sa'adah]

It is my grandma who introduces me to many fairytales. She loves telling stories and I love hearing her stories. Her favorite fairytale is the story of Thumbelina, therefore it has been my bedtime stories every night but I love it. She is the only one who reads me a bedtime story every night. She has done it since I was 7, the first time I came to her home.

I was 7 when I found my parents died in a car accident. I was the only child they had, and could do nothing but cry. I remember that I had cried for a long time till someone took me away and took me in a strange house. Never did I visit this house, my grandma's house. I had never visited here before. Everything here was strange thus I kept crying. Then the owner of this home, an old lady, came to me with a glass of milk, asked me to drink it, and brought me to the room. She didn't talk too much at that time, just asked me to sleep earlier as she had known that I had just cried all day long.

One thing I would never forget at that day is the bedtime story she read for me. It was quiet strange for me. Neither my mother nor father had done that. But this old woman did that for me. Even it was strange, but I enjoyed it. That bedtime story made me forget what happened that day and guided me to a new wonderful world. That bedtime story which I will remember forever is The Story of Thumbelina. Soon after she finished reading the story, she told me that she is my grandmother and asked me to call her grandma.



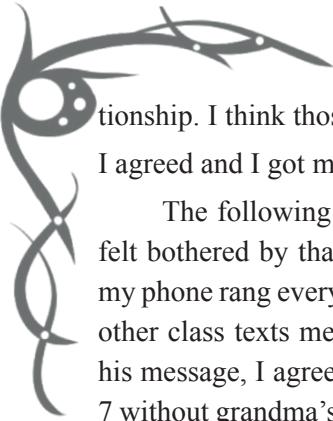
My parents had not mentioned their parents before, it made me confused. But I was too tired to ask what bothered my mind, so I agreed and felt asleep.

After that night, as she treated me like I was her granddaughter, and I started to call her grandma. Time flies, I started to love her as she loved me since the first time we met. Every night she read me a bedtime story, Thumbelina her favorite. As I had heard Thumbelina's story thousands times, I never felt bored. I felt all my sadness was nothing compared with Thumbelina's. So I learned how to strengthen myself as how Thumbelina did.

My entire world was only about Thumbelina and her story. My daily activities were reading some literature books which my grandma used to buy me and reading many variants of Thumbelina's story, from that I learned a new thing each day. Even in my dreams, all I could see in my dreams are those who were in the stories that I read, I loved to see them especially Thumbelina. In my dreams, they could speak, they answered my wonder about them and they also shared their feelings. Those were really awesome dreams. But all that things changed after I celebrated my 17th birthday.

Knowing that all my friends had smartphone, I asked grandma to buy me a smartphone. At first she rejected the idea, me but after making some agreements she bought me one. There were some rules that she asked me to obey, they are; first I had to focus on my studies, second I had to read many literature books every day as well, and third my smartphone should not separate our rela-





tionship. I think those all were small things, I could easily obey it. I agreed and I got my smartphone.

The following day, my friends kept sending me messages, I felt bothered by that because I couldn't focus on my study when my phone rang every time. Actually there was a charming boy from other class texts me and asked me for dinner. Soon as I accepted his message, I agreed to have dinner with him. I left for dinner at 7 without grandma's permission because I knew she might not permit me to go and I thought a dinner wouldn't take a long time so I would be home before she knew what I've been done. But stupid me! I realized that I had to go home when it was 11 p.m. I was distracted. Grandma might be angry at me. Thus I asked my boyfriend to take me home. But surprisingly, he refused to take me home. He said that it was too early to go home. Then I run and looked for a taxi, but there wasn't any. It was 11.30 and I decided to walk. I couldn't bear my tears, I kept crying in the way home.

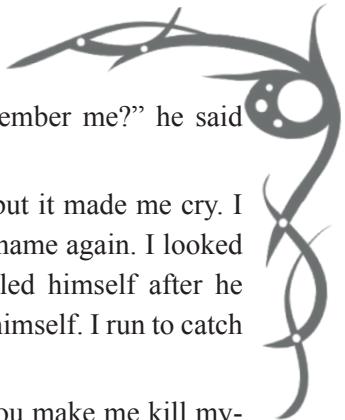
At 12 p.m. I reached home. I looked my grandma sat in living room, her eyes were red. I'd prepared myself for my grandma's disappointment.

"Why are you here? Do you still remember me?" she said without expression, then she went to her bedroom, locked her room.

I cried in living room. I could say nothing even sorry. I didn't know what to do. I thought I had done many mistakes. I was sure I would not be forgiven. Then I went to my bedroom, threw my body on the bed.

After that I heard someone called my name, I woke up and found it was Paul Bunyan, a lumberjack, who had just killed Babe, his ox, with his axe. I screamed when I looked what he had done. I looked at his eye to ask an answered.

"Why did you do this to me, why did you make me kill my best friend?" he screamed to me.



“Have you forgotten me? Do you remember me?” he said angrily.

Even I didn’t understand what he said but it made me cry. I felt down and cried. But someone called my name again. I looked around and found out King Arthur who killed himself after he pulled up a sword. He used that sword to kill himself. I run to catch his body.

“Why did you do this to me, why did you make me kill myself?” he screamed to me.

“Have you forgotten me? Do you remember me?” he said angrily.

He said the same words as Paul, things became more complicated. I was distracted. Nothing I could do but crying. Then I heard my name was called again. Even though I was afraid to come but I saw Thumbelina caught by the frogs. I run to safe her but I was late, the frog had swallowed her. But magically, I could hear her voice.

“Why did you do this to me, why did you make me killed?” she screamed to me.

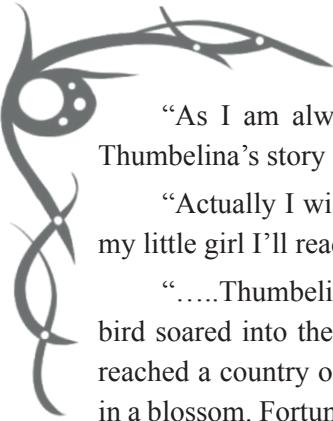
“Have you forgotten me? Do you remember me?” she said angrily.

I was startled from my dreams and realized that those were just dreams. I found grandma beside me, she was worrying me. Soon, I grabbed and hugged her. I asked her apologize for not obey her rules and promised to be better. Then she started crying.

“Look at yourself, you’re 17 but still look like 7. I see you are still the same as the girl who came to this house 10 years ago. You’re my little girl, and will always be my little girl. Don’t be a naughty girls right?” she says.

I nodded.





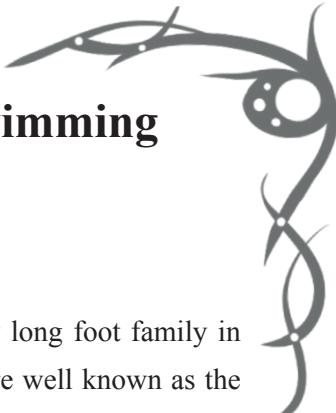
“As I am always your little girl, can you please read me Thumbelina’s story for my bedtime story?” I begged.

“Actually I will refuse because you are 17. But since you’re my little girl I’ll read it for you.” she smiled.

“.....Thumbelina quickly clung to her swallow friend, and the bird soared into the sky. They flew over plains and hills till they reached a country of flower. The swallow gently laid Thumbelina in a blossom. Fortunately, there she met a tiny, white-winged fairy: the King of Flower Fairies. Instantly, he asked her to marry him, Thumbelina eagerly said “yes”, and sprouting tiny white wings, she became the Flower Queen!”

Soon as my grandma finished the story I fell asleep.



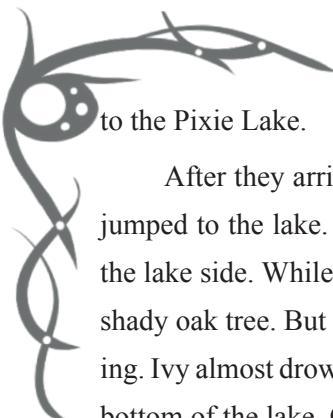


Tommy First Time Swimming in a Lake

[Sylviana Tyas Utami]

Once upon a time, there lived a cheery long foot family in The Dusty Hollow. The long foot family were well known as the best swimmers in The Dusty Hollow. Their long feet were very thin and strong, and their foot-palms were wide, so that they functioned as the paddles when they swam. The long foot family had a 5 years old boy named Tommy. He was a warm hearted boy who had a lot of friends. He was at the 6th grade at the Pine Forest School. However, Tommy was a unique boy because he was afraid to swim at lake. He preferred to swim in his own pond in front of his house. He was afraid to swim at lake because he thought that something would pull him down to the bottom of the lake.

One day, the Mama and Papa long-foot could not pick Tommy up after school, so they asked him to go home by himself. It was the very first time he went home without his parents since the first time he entered school. But he felt happy and free because usually he had to go home after the school was over. He decided to play with his friends before he went home. They played hide and seek at the school yard. After they had finished and tired, they took a rest. It was a hot afternoon. Okky-Big Nose and Ivy Short-hand decided to swim at the Pixie Lake. They also persuaded Tommy to join them. Actually, Tommy was doubtful about joining but he did not know how to refuse his best friends. So he followed them to go



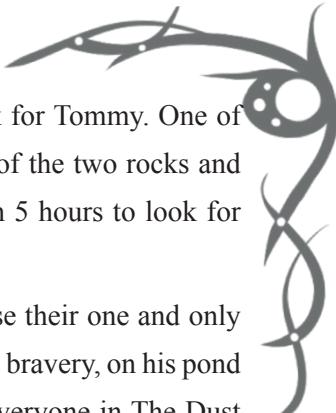
to the Pixie Lake.

After they arrived at the Pixie Lake, Okky and Ivy hurriedly jumped to the lake. Tommy was still in doubt so he just waited at the lake side. While he was waiting for his friend, he sat under the shady oak tree. But suddenly he heard Ivy and Okky were screaming. Ivy almost drowned because something pulled him down to the bottom of the lake. Okky yelled at Tommy again and again, hoped that he has a bravery to swim to the middle of the lake. Tommy did not have another choice. Without thinking, he swam to the middle of the lake to save his bestfriend. Unfortunately, when Tommy reached Ivy, he almost fainted. He had swallowed too much water, his leg bleed. Tommy tried his best to bring Ivy to the edge of the lake. When they almost reach the edge, Okky helped them by carrying a piece of wood so that Ivy would not drown again.

But something under the lake tried to pull Tommy to the middle of the lake again. It bent Tommy's thin and long leg easily. Tommy had no choice because he felt unbearable pain on his leg and realized that his nightmare came to reality. It pulled Tommy to the bottom of the lake and pinned Tommy's other leg between two big rocks. Slowly but sure, Tommy started to out of breath. Lots of water rode into his lungs, made him could not breath anymore.

On the side lake, Okky and Ivy tried to look for help. They called other people to help Tommy, but unfortunately, no one was there. So they split up to look for help. Okky met an ice cream man and asked him to help them. Unfortunately, when they arrived on the lake, there was no sign from Tommy. After that, the corps and





rescue team were deployed to swim and look for Tommy. One of the rescuers tried hardly to make his leg out of the two rocks and brought him to the surface. It took more than 5 hours to look for him but he died.

The long foot family were shock because their one and only child died. In order to commemorate Tommy's bravery, on his pond in front of his house, were built his statue. Everyone in The Dust Hollow respected him because his sacrifice to save his bestfriend.





"Someday you will find your prince
who will build you a castle.

Because . . .

I am not your prince.

I am your KING"



taken from "A Castle Tale"
by Fith

Castle

Falminda

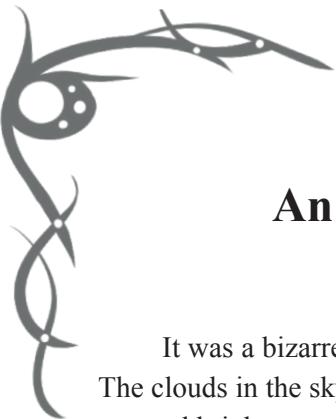


Freedom in My Matches

[A Certain Cute Cat]

As I walk along the crooked pathway
There is no night that would scare me to grave
There is no snow that can freeze me to eternal rest
The folk living as they are full of life
No one holding their backs again, nobody trying to tie their knot anymore
Everyone wants death to come to embrace
Hordes of giants solemnly swinging their axes
Hordes of manticores savagely clawing their preys
Fleshes paint our towns red, blood always satisfied our thirsts
I could never look away, I could never cry my heart out
Something I would never have a sight upon
Becomes my void inside my darken soul
From this point, I understand what it feels like to be truly free
I run as my mind gladly tells me
I am playing with my matches as others scorched their brains out
Now I have friends, they are happy to help me to seek my purpose
In this wretched, unreasonably cruel world
The riot never bothers me anyway
For I am, just a poor little girl who sells matches no one ever buys
Now they are gone burning the town up





An Ode to Innocence

[Natrila Femigasari]

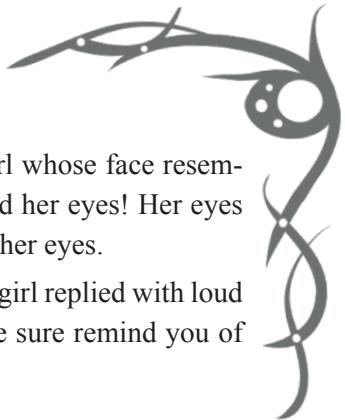
It was a bizarre night for the lucky-eyed, seven-year-old Pat. The clouds in the sky were ivory and yellow, hanging between the unusual bright moon and stars. Pat could not sleep, so she sneaked from her bed—an hour after her mom read her tedious a story about a princess who was saved by a charming prince—and peeked out of the window. She started counting the stars. One, two, three... ah not so many tonight. Her best friend, lemon star, was not to be seen anywhere. “Probably, that’s because I’m sad tonight, don’t you agree lemon star?”

“Yes I do,” said the voice behind her. Pat jerked and turned her head abruptly, almost toppled the glass-bottom jar filled with candies in the mini desk beside the window.

“...who?” her voice, so soft that she could hear her own breathing. She was scared but tried to think clearly. No, there is no such thing as a ghost, Momma always told me that, she thought. Yeah, that’s true, I’m just so sad until I imagined hearing a voice, she continued.

“Pat if you are wondering if I am a ghost or not, no I am not. Come here, I’m under your blanket.” The voice sounded familiar to Pat. It was enthralling, the kind of voice that could hypnotize you and make you forget your whole surrounding for a while. Being a nice and scared kid—scared because the voice acted as if it could read Pat’s mind—she slowly approached her bed. There seemed no one else under the blanket, it was so flat.

Was it an elf?



Or, her imagination running wild?

Pat unveiled the blanket and found a girl whose face resembled her. Except, her hair was more dense and her eyes! Her eyes were full of light, Pat could see lemon star in her eyes.

“Hey, are you lemon star?” in which the girl replied with loud laugh. “No, dear. Lemon is up there. My face sure remind you of someone, right?”

“Y-yeah..lemon?”

“No, dumbass...I’m you! An eighteen year older version of you. Ugh, this is weird, I’m talking to my old self.” Pat surprised that this girl cursed at her. What a disturbance, little Pat sighed. Now, she was really sleepy and wanted to go back to her dreams.

“Wait, what. Is this some sort of Christmas carol story? It’s still April.”

“Well yeah that’s not necessary but..” the girl voice trailed off. She scratched her head. The girl then put her hands on Pat’s shoulder and stared her eyes intensely, as if searching answers from the depth of blueness of Pat’s eyes, her own eyes.

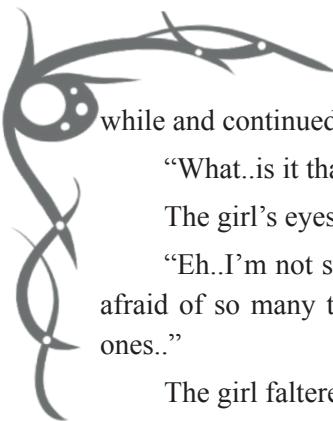
“Listen, here’s the thing. I don’t know why I’m here, the universe surely knows why I was sent here. But I think, something really big would happen in the future and I need you to know that. Shit, I don’t even know the thing that I should tell you. Alternating and violating the law of time takes its toll on me. I’m starting to lose my memories”

“Soooo,” Pat moved the girl’s hands from her shoulder. Her stomach felt queasy. “You are like a kind of fortune-teller who tell me what things I should do and nah.”

“Yeah, you can say like that but I’m not a fortune-teller per se,”

“Umm, okay then, I have a question.” Pat hesitated for a





while and continued.

“What..is it that you are most afraid of?”

The girl’s eyes stopped blinking and her heart fluttered.

“Eh..I’m not sure. The thing is, when you are older, you are afraid of so many things, of people, of the world, of your loved ones..”

The girl faltered for a second and continued

“...of yourself.”

The girl straightened her tangled hair with her fingers, but her hair couldn’t get straighter than before. Instead, the more she combed her hair, the more tangled it was.

“Is death one of them?” the way Pat asked this was way too smooth, too sudden, too uncanny for a kid at her age. It was the moment the girl knew Pat’s vagaries were way too unusual, even for her. Why did she never notice her younger self this detail before?

“Nope. de Botton always told me to believe in pessimism so eventually we will all die, in a different way than the others, of course.”

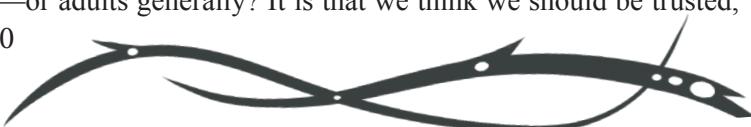
“Aw that’s great, I’m relieved now! Momma often says to me that I should not be afraid of death. Death will come to you, sooner or later, she said.”

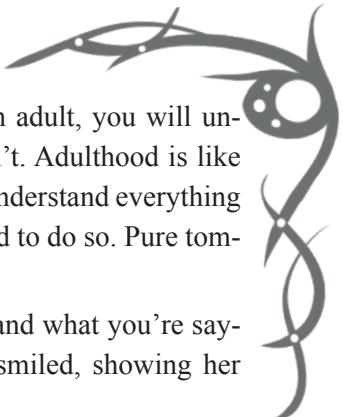
“Oh, really? I don’t really remember Momma said that...”

“Yeah! Last night, as Momma sliced the tuna for our sandwich, she said that I should not be afraid of death. She caressed my head and said ‘don’t die before I do, Eve’”

The girl changed her sitting position. She put her left leg in front of the other one.

“Pat, do you know the thing I hate the most about our Momma—or adults generally? It is that we think we should be trusted,





because we believe that once you become an adult, you will understand everything. The truth is, no you don't. Adulthood is like being given a circus ticket. You feel like you understand everything because you are an adult and you are obligated to do so. Pure tomfoolery."

"Umm.. is that so? I don't fully understand what you're saying but I can grasp a little of it," little Pat smiled, showing her uneven teeth that were still growing.

"How about you, lil pals? What are you afraid of?" the girl patted Pat's head tenderly.

"Lightness and darkness." Pat was fidgeting, fixing her plaited blue striped pajamas.

"How so?"

"I can't see my friend lemon when it's too bright and too dark. Just like this night."

The girl didn't answer back. Her eyes fixed on Pat's shadow that the lamp made behind Pat. She didn't even blink, or breathe.

And then, she slowly disappeared into dust.

The next day, Mr. Perret, the caretaker of Pat's house found Pat dying in the basement, holding her leftover candies under blanket, with purple bruises all over her body.

A paper crumpled in Pat's pajamas was found. Nothing much had been written there, only a name popped up. Evelyn, it said.

Momma did not weep at all.





The Sermon

[A Certain Cute Cat]

I ran away to the deep dark forest

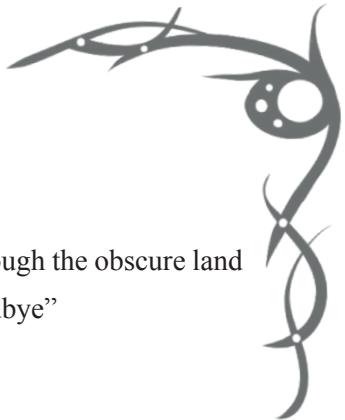
I ran away to the Wise Owl who hasn't slept in his entire life
Never been so nervous in my life
Leave my heart behind and I keep moving on

The Wise Owl greets me as I arrived at his home
“I see you are in a pleasant mood, my girl,” he says
“I no longer feel any emotions Wise Owl,” I answered

Then he looks at my chest, eats what is left in there
He breaks my rib,
Tearing apart my lungs,
Penetrating my body like a caterpillar eating an apple

“Nothing, but an endless loop of circulating fears”
I giggled, “You are cute when the maroon juices covered your beak”

His big black eyes stare at me intensely
He looks down, closes his eyes, his wings are up in the air covering
the blood moon



“You may pass, my dear Alice”

The night opened its curtain
Wolves are singing their song as I walked through the obscure land
The Wise Owl waving his wings to say “goodbye”

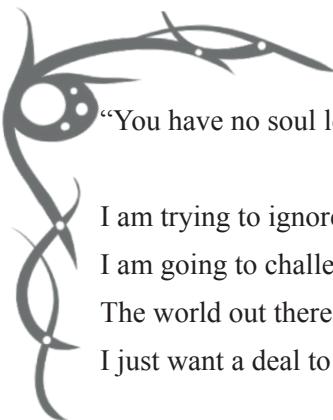
This place gives me such a weird chill
The fog starts to run down from the hill
Here he is an old friend with mischievous grin

“The land without a sun to shine, the land without a moon to dine”
He smirks, “As you wanted, Alice”
“Much better than out there” I replied

We walk together in silence; we understand each other in loneliness
I am looking for another heart in this lightless whereabouts
I must convince The Malevolent One that I am worthy to take it
If only I knew the path

This cat’s disturbing grin keeps me anxious
“Have you lost your sane mind, Alice?”
“Have you lost it?”
“Have you?”
I crooked my neck, “I’d like happily do so”
“But it seems, this head won’t be separated from its body”
The cat laughing hysterically, “You are eternal, my dear Alice”
“You have no wounds; you have no neck to be snapped”





“You have no soul left to suffer”

I am trying to ignore him as much as I can
I am going to challenge The Malevolent One to banter
The world out there is no longer a world worth living
I just want a deal to freshen up my cowardice towards the fate

The cat gives me one last smile before I enter the flaming door

I screamed, cursing the cat to be damned in hell forever
“Life is just a never ending circle of possibilities, my dear Alice,”
he whispered

“And therefore it is pointless”





Sleeping Beauty

[Nabila Nurul Hasyim]

Darkness.

Everything I saw was darkness.

Oh why— Was I blind?

I groaned. No, I knew I wasn't blind, this was just me who closed my eyes. I didn't even know why I couldn't open them. They likely stuck to each other with adhesive slimy glue. And— what was this? The troubles seemed dumped on me at the same time while I was perplexed by the question what was happening with myself. I couldn't feel my arm, my leg, my tongue, maybe my nerves decided to shut themselves down. Great.

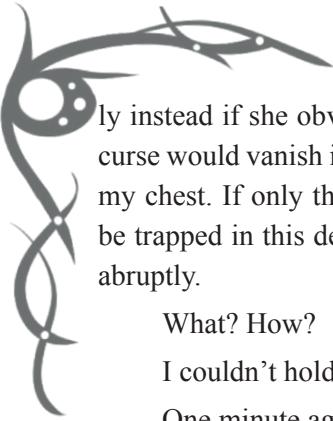
I was in urge to curse when suddenly I remembered everything.

They were spinning inside my head and filling up the empty sacs of memory within my brain cells with maximum speed. A flash of memory passed, startling me. The sensation of shock waves swept over my body and it was strong enough to make my heart beating ten times faster.

Everything made sense now.

I was Aurora, the throne of the most powerful kingdom who fell in a deep sleep because of pricking my finger on a spindle of a spinning wheel. Very ridiculous. How could such a trivial thing make me feckless? But yeah, that was the curse given to me by a cruel witch when I was born. I didn't even have any idea why the witch cursed me in that way. Like... didn't she have any option to curse? While actually she could do more by killing me direct-





ly instead if she obviously didn't like my presence. However, the curse would vanish if a prince came and put a stalk of red rose over my chest. If only there was no prince who came for me, I would be trapped in this deep sleep forever and— my eyes wide opened abruptly.

What? How?

I couldn't hold myself back from cursing.

One minute ago I was trying to grasp my consciousness then something weird happened and made me confused. I distributed my gaze to every inch of this room and my eyes caught a stalk of red rose over my chest.

Did a prince come to save me?

A bunch of happiness was on the way to spill when someone appeared on my right side

“Ah, so you have awoken,” he said and took the red rose out slowly, smiling.

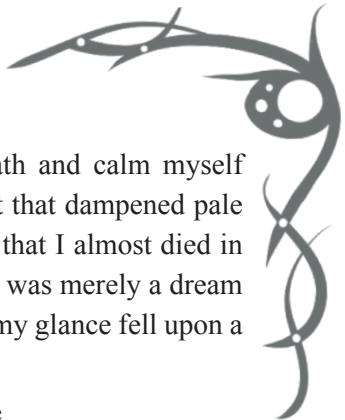
I was about to open my mouth to thank to the prince when he suddenly stabbed my chest with the end of sharp stalk.

Blood spurted from the wound. My chest was very painful so that I couldn't grasp my breath or even asked him what actually he did. Did he try to kill me? I was light-headed from everything happened in the last five minutes. First, I had been sleeping for—I don't know how long it was, then finally a prince came and put a stalk of red rose to save me and kill me at the same time? Oh God! This was too bad to be true.

Slowly, the pain swept over my body and decreased my consciousness. It worsened the situation because I couldn't feel my arm to pull out the stalk of rose that pierced.

“Aaaaaarrghhh!”

I woke up.



Was this just a dream?

I tried to control the of rumbling breath and calm myself down. My head was dizzy followed by sweat that dampened pale red dress I was wearing. It was unbelievable that I almost died in my own dream. But, I was grateful because it was merely a dream although it felt real. Unfortunately, suddenly my glance fell upon a stalk of red rose that was laid over my chest.

And someone appeared on my right side.

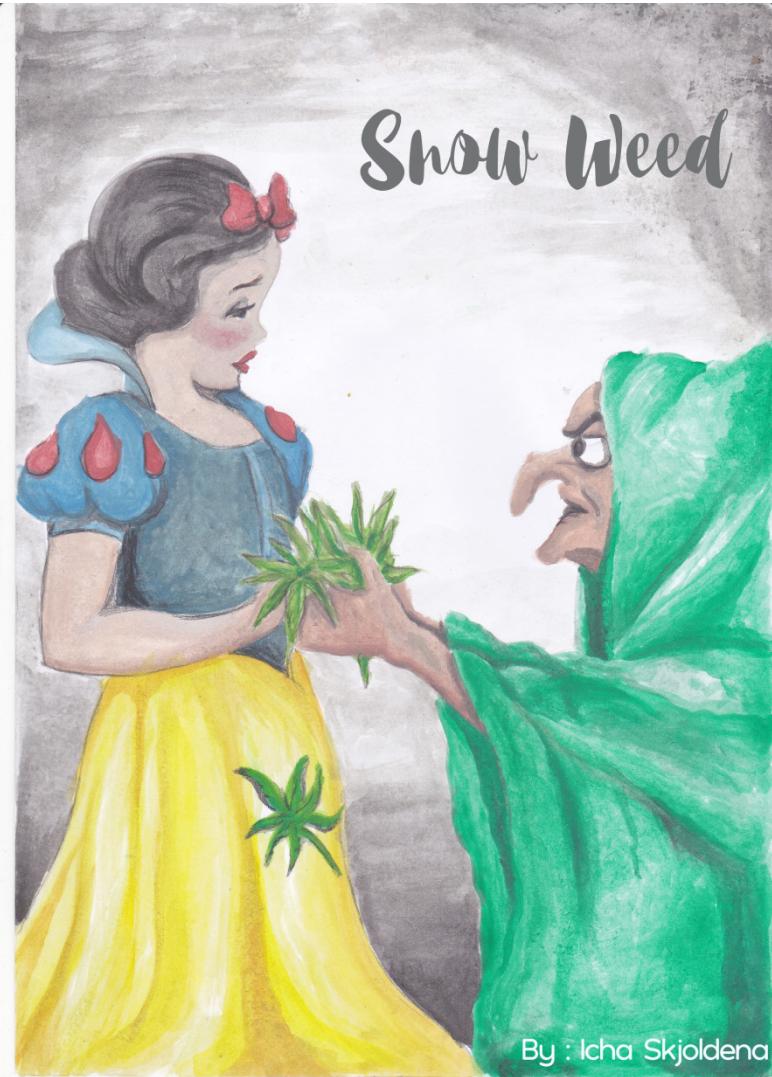
“Ah, so you have awaken,” he said, lending his hand to reach the rose.

What—





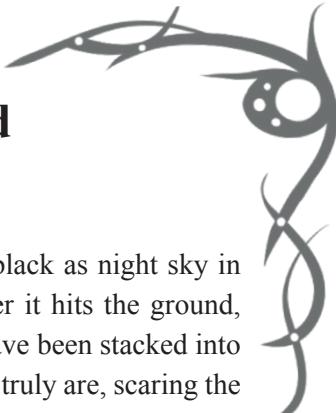
Snow Weed



By : Icha Skjoldena

Snow Weed

Icha Skjoldena



The Two World

[A Certain Cute Cat]

The lugubrious rain never stops—it is black as night sky in an abyss and turned to crimson red whenever it hits the ground, sweeping off the cadaverous bodies, which have been stacked into piles. The nightmare finally reveals what they truly are, scaring the living ones away from this dreadful place.

However, a figure with sorrowful face and pointy nose seems staring right at the clouded sky. He is catching every drops of water with his big wide nasty hands. The black liquid cannot drive the mud off from his fingers. Then, he looks at the lake of decomposing carcasses full of maggots—never had he wished to become a witch who could cast vigorous fire this strong before.

“What are you doing?” A deep voice startled him a little bit.

“No... nothing, I just—“

“Well, get back to work you, scum! Or I’ll burn your lazy arse into crisp!”

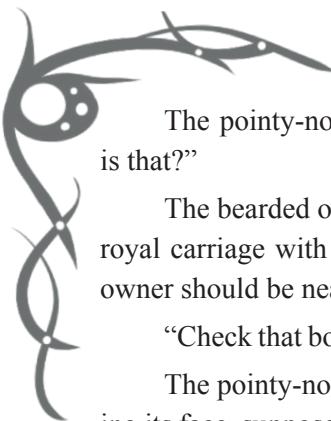
Then, he runs unto the other bearded man, he begins to push the wooden cart the other man is pulling. The cart is so heavy making the two of them grunt loudly—the cart is full with lifeless poor creatures.

“Wait, stop here.”

The other man who was pulling, abandons the cart. He rushes forward, get his hand a pair of muddy glass shoes.

“What is that?”

“Glass shoes, I think I know who the owner of this fine thing was.”



The pointy-nose man catches up the other man, “so, whose is that?”

The bearded one stands up, he noticed there is a wreckage of royal carriage with six dead horses not far from it—suspects the owner should be near from it.

“Check that body.” He points out a body wearing a torn gown.

The pointy-nose man obeyed. He walked to the body, revealing its face, supposed to be a beautiful woman, he suspected. Only, she no longer had a face.

“As I have guessed,” said the bearded one as he rubs his black beard.

“You know this girl?”

“Cinderella.”

“That story where the girl had glass shoes to—”

“Yeah, yeah, whatever, bring the body to the cart.”

“The cart is full.”

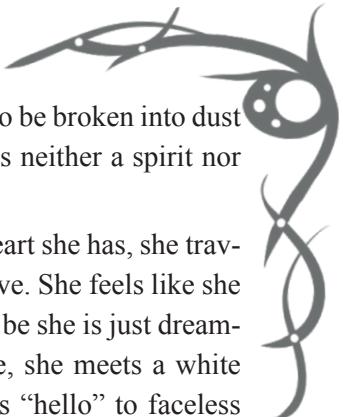
“I said bring the body to the cart, now!”

The long-nose man takes a deep breath. With his big hands and wide back, he easily carried the body to the cart full of wet black corpses. So on, they continue their road, to some place where the rain can never reach them. The bearded one takes a long step as his feet can stretch into ten feet long. Nevertheless, this was still a never-ending journey. Those clouds completely erased away the sun.

.....

A mirror, when in doubt, or in static state, is always what you need. Everything is apocalyptic, nobody is matter, even a king defeated to death by a pitchfork. A day without the sun is a day where fights will not be remembered. A day without a single smile is a day not worth living for. That is why we jump, to a higher place,





fall into the pit. That is why we develop love, to be broken into dust pieces. Hope, it is either a gift or a curse. It is neither a spirit nor avidity. Once you have lost, you always be it.

Alice is nodding her head. With a new heart she has, she traveled to a blank space, seeking a new perspective. She feels like she is flying, or maybe she is swimming, or might be she is just dreaming. As she move her feet along the thin line, she meets a white horse with thorns covering his flesh, she says “hello” to faceless giant, and she avoids the scary scythe snakes.

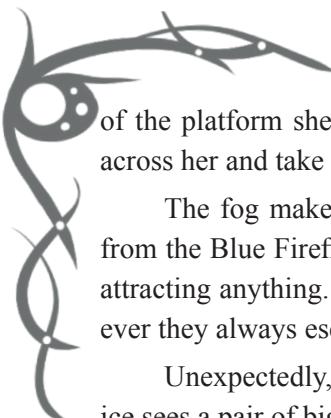
She tosses two dices, twelve is the number she got—she enters the twelfth pathway. There she finds a clear water river and a crystal boat. Before she rides along, she has to pay up the fee to the Whoreson Snowman. She takes out her eyes, gives it to the whoreson snowman. He is smiling, waving goodbye to Alice and asks her to follow the sound of screeching catfish.

Alice just can barely stop giggling. When the boat is already far enough from the snowman, Alice grows out her eyes again. She can see the Screeching Catfish is swimming fast in front of her. Then she picks up the glass paddle and start paddling to catch up the catfish. The catfish leads Alice to a great lake. Curious, Alice looks down to the lake—finds out that an endless darkness is in there. She starts sweating as she imagines what creatures that might be lurking deep down.

Suddenly, a gigantic rusty sword comes out from the lake. It penetrates Alice’s boat and brings her up continuously. It is taking Alice to a new land above—a foggy icy land. She jumps out from the boat to reach in the land, slips up a little but she can keep her balance.

She slides down the hill, making her own way to a mushroom tree. She takes a little bite of the mushroom, molding her body to shrink into ant-sized. She is overwhelmed by the hugeness





of the platform she has to explore now, but a blue firefly comes across her and take her away to its back to fly.

The fog makes it hard to see for Alice, still lucky her light from the Blue Firefly shimmering their way. Their tiny size is not attracting anything. Too many times they meets dragonflies, however they always escaped from their million eyes.

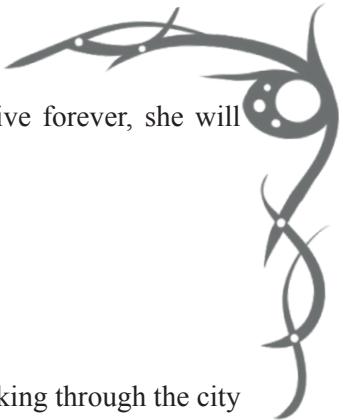
Unexpectedly, there is an eerie roar tearing the sky apart. Alice sees a pair of big wing coming fast to them. Alice tries to command the firefly to land—it is a useless work, as the firefly seems keep flying forward. Alice got no anymore choices, she jumps out from the firefly—free falling. She knows it is the right choice as she sees the creature that has the eerie roar tearing apart the firefly. She knows it was a Royal Griffin.

Some sort of portal appears in the thin air. Alice skydives forward toward the opening—disappears the following second. Alice opens her eyes, she feels like she is floating in the nothingness. It is just empty and weightless. She always wants to feel like this.

Nonetheless, she feels as she is being watched. Almost screams her heart out—she realizes an enormous eye is observing her from the back. The glare is so intimidating—Alice thinks she could die if she still had her old heart. The eye seems like judging Alice thoroughly—it wants to know whether she is worth it or not.

The eye then goes blank white with blood as it tears. As seems the blood has dried out, actual tear comes out from it—illuminating something Alice had never seen before. A world very strange, a nature of monstrosity, an atrocious dimension. Alice finally cries, she pulls out her own heart, slice it pieces by pieces until it is gone. Such a horror, she could not take it. With a shard of glass, she makes a big hole in her own body. Tearing her body apart one by one, just for she knows.





In the end, she still eternal. She will live forever, she will keep on the other's anguish.

She will not die

In a world so peculiar, everybody is walking through the city street. Twenty four hours without smile in their faces, one day full with stressing anger. Their homes are empty, their dining table are in mess with rubbish. The lamps are flickering, there are no candles. The dogs are scared to get out from the lawns.

The adults one are always busying themselves, mostly are nocturnal creatures. They have responsibilities they left, they have imagination they care nothing of it. Their children are sleeping alone, lost in the dark. The book of fairy tales are abandoned, there are no friends or heroes to accompany them to slay the evil. The friends and heroes are alone fighting the vile. Corrupted side has eaten the two worlds.

The two worlds are no longer connected, the two are alone fighting their own dreams. The loneliness drives them insane. They kill each other, they betrayed their significant other, they ravaged their own world. They are alone, that made them savage, struggle in the two full of madness world.





Denouement of Diaphanous Dalliance

Thomas the Cheat Engine



I Used to

[Fifth]

I remember something

I used you tell stories to you
'Do you want to have a girl
like Cinderella or Snow White, maybe?'

I once asked,
anxious about your response
'I already found one,'
said you
I was smiling wide,
blushing as I started to think
that your only one was me

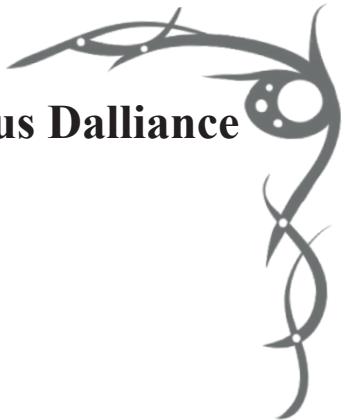
'Who am I to you?'
Again, I asked
'Cinderella? Snow White?'
I urged
'You can be Cinderella,
or Snow White,
or any other princess,'"
you paused
'But I cannot be your prince,'



Chapter 7

The Princess shouted,
"Good Lord, remove
my cursed wings!"





Denouement of Diaphanous Dalliance

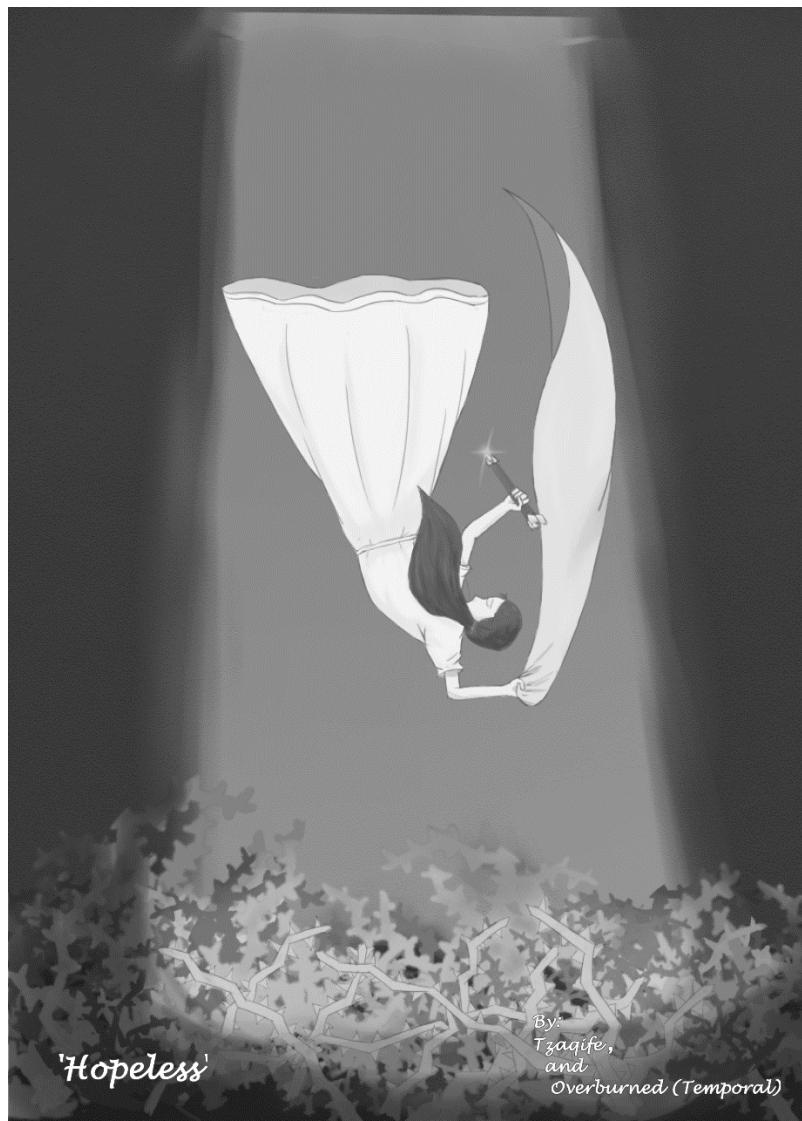
[Luthfia Rozanatunnisa]

Brooding is a bride
chopping her heart, reciting the plight.
She gambols in glamour,
assembles Jaq and Gus to seek the cure,
provides cuisine to devour,
recalls her hours.

Ruminating over the prince's stare and the time's snare
caressing the glass slipper,
guessing what the prince will consider.
Does part of her still sustain its form?
... or shatter and scatter?
Do they restrain as what will come as a storm?
... and even stronger?

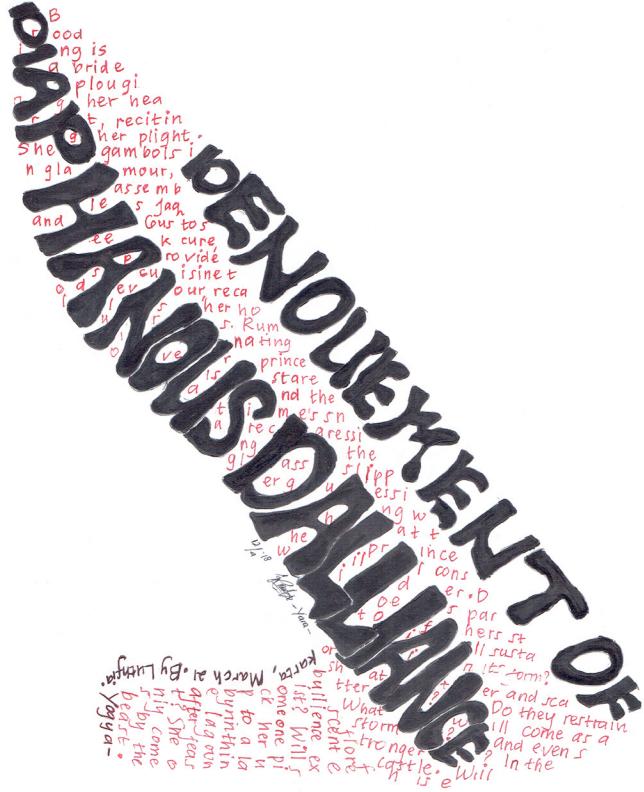
In the castle
Will his efflorescent ebullience still exist?
Will someone pick her up for a labyrinthine after feast?
She only comes by the beast.





Hopless

Tsaqife & Overburned (Temporal)



Denouement of Diaphanous Dalliance

Rofikoh Ayu Ningtias



The Dusk Never Wrong
Dea Levana





The Girl at Dusk

[Fikri Sekar Ajeng]

Darling, have you ever noticed the color of dusk?

It's dark, orange, and blue at the same time

The color itself speaks calmness

Soothing, indeed

I have been friends with dusk lately

I very much admire it

But darling, I'm telling you

Nothing beats my fondness of you

Your lips speak poetry

Your words had swept away my agony

Just like the dusk,

Never had it done anything to me

Yet I always feel safe when it comes

As safe as your arms,

As secure as when your fingers intertwined with mine

Dusk only lasts for a brief time,

And I hope you don't.

If I pray ask



The Girl at Dusk
Fikri Sekar Ajeng





Question in Four Parts

[Natrlila Femigasari]

I.

I don't know why I was enchanted by your persona

I'm beginning to doubt myself

again

I chase you because I know

The next thing that would happen is

Letting you

go

I chase you because I am

Tired of reposing my dreams

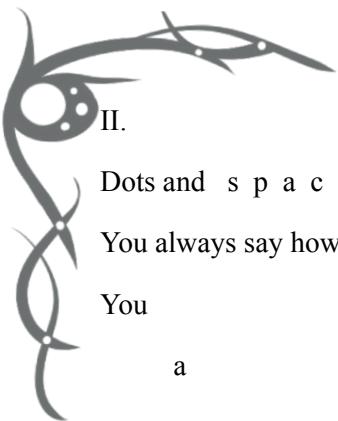
It is f a r too easy for me

To build flashes of images

On how we would stand together against the world

Am I deluded?





II.

Dots and spaces

You always say how jarring they are in my drawing

You

a

n

d

I

We know that things are not as simple

As for how the rain softly drizzles to the earth

As for how the sunlight murmurs you to wake up every morning

As for how the dew refuses to fall down to the land beneath

Is it necessary to fill all these gaps?



III.

I will let you bleed all of the light

Leaving only dust on my trembling fingertips

When that time comes,

“Forgive me body, I’ll honor you in this storm”

“For my happiness is a high fever that will break, I salute you”



I’ve left my nest since I met you

You

standing

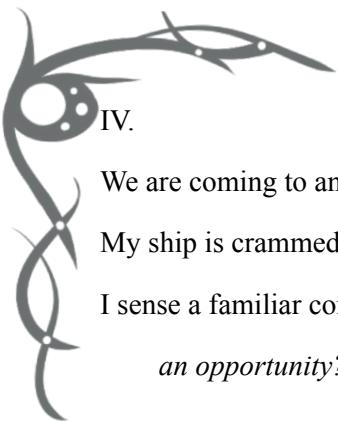
there with all your might

Inviting me to a party in your head

Unravel the wilderness ahead

Will I ever be able to call you home?





IV.

We are coming to an end

My ship is crammed up

I sense a familiar company coming from the shore

an opportunity?



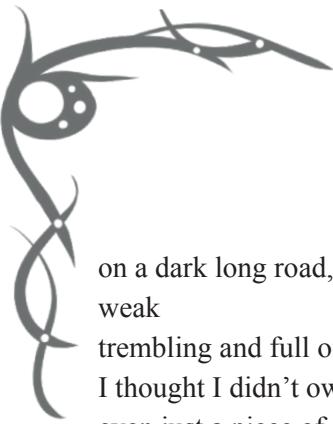


Path to the Unknown

By: Overburned(Temporal)

Path to the Unknown

Overburned (Temporal)



Say My Name

[Dewi Novitasari]

on a dark long road, I stand like piece of petal – wriggling and weak

trembling and full of wonder

I thought I didn't owe you a damn thing
even just a piece of dust in my world

I always proudly show off what I have

oh no... what I had

and mocking what you have

pissed off about the world you live in

thinking that my world was way better than your imagination of heaven

I thought that the magic dust wouldn't be gone

I thought that beautiful river will always be there

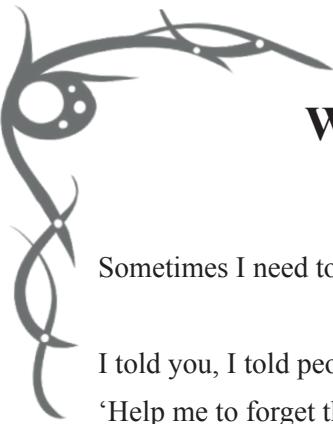
I thought that the castle would never be fall down

I thought that people would never forget... me

but there is always be a plot twist right?

I'm still here
on this road like-hell
no one is with me
no one is searching for me
no one
no one...
so please, you
you who read this
you...
please remember me
please say my name
again.





Where Do I Stay?

[Natasa Adelayanti]

Sometimes I need to be heard,

I told you, I told people, I told everyone

‘Help me to forget the pain’ I said

This tortures me every single day

Too much drawback from never ending sadness

Why are all these feelings so indescribable?

I can go nowhere,

Still stuck

With all imaginaries,

With all dreams I don’t even know

With all dreams I can’t even reach

‘How to get there?’

I said to myself, we’re stuck

In this incapability

With all wretched set me apart

Completed by loneliness

Perfected by fragility

As the walls whisper I’m unable



Louder,

Convincing myself that
I am broken

But,

'We are broken', you said once
I begin to wonder
'Whether we have the same pain'
'We have the same healer'
'Then why am I the only one who's still hurt?'
And finally, I'm still alone

Left behind,

Then I got the answer,
Loneliness
Is the dark place

Where I stay





M₉₂

Barbara Tarandita Pelang





Wondrous Sight

[Hania Aida Fatya]

He is the poetic beauty
The one and only
Never freezes in the winter sea

She is the tragic finesse
The mess through the truth
Ever dive in the summer clouds

Like the crescent forevermore chasing the flare
Colliding within the eclipse
Such a catastrophic scene
Worship by the entity
But they never see
What lies behind the verity

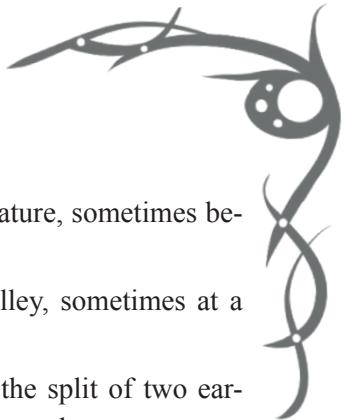




Making a Cup of Tea

[Alya Salsabila Firdausi]

It starts the same,
Always the same for oblivious me
He knocked on my door
Just before I was about to go out
Right on time.
We talked on the front porch
You told stories
You told jokes
You gave compliments
Saying how you picked up the pieces
Saying how you puked after your first kiss
Saying how pretty my hair is
I let you in
I made you some tea to warm you up
I grabbed a blanket to cuddle up
I made the bed to be then stained
The next sunrise,
I woke up with a new sight of hope
Feeding on the faith of love



We took a walk, sometimes being one with nature, sometimes being one with man-made skyscrapers

We ate food, sometimes at a corner of an alley, sometimes at a fancy classy restaurant

We enjoyed music, sometimes just between the split of two earphones, sometimes while dancing between a crowd

We drank beverages, sometimes the ones to keep us hydrated under the heat, sometimes the ones that lead to sinful nights

You drive me home,

Said farewell with a kiss,

Waited till I went in

Before leaving

Next midnight,

I heard a knock,

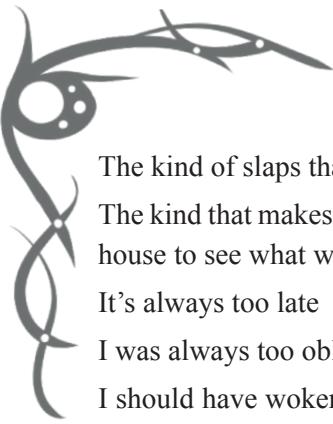
I peeped through to only see signs,

Signs I refuse to look at

Signs I refuse to believe

Signs that slowly turn into a slap





The kind of slaps that sinks me to the core of this universe
The kind that makes me regret not opening the door and leaving the house to see what was happening, just before you knocked.
It's always too late
I was always too oblivious
I should have woken up in the middle of the night to see the signs before he knocked.
I should have opened the door to my best friend too instead of having numerous hang outs without stories, jokes and compliments while sipping a cup of tea.
I should have realized who my best friend was making tea for.
I should have realized why my best friend said her hair were her best feature
Turns out we were making tea for the same person.





Jobs

[Nadia Athali]

[Earth time: Monday, 03.21 PM]

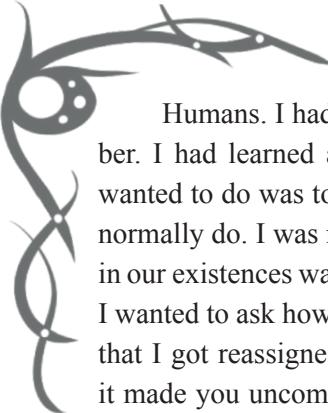
The day I had been waiting for finally came. I was finally assigned back to the human sitting on my right side in a bus stop: a 47 year-old man who was always in a suit. His name was Shelton. It seemed like he had just finished his work and was about to head home. I could not help but stare at him in relief, wondering what boring sin he was going to commit in this second.

His phone dinged not long after. It was a text from the woman he was cheating with. *Ah, still on that apparently.* I smirked, ready to boost up the sinful thoughts that I could hear inside his head. I was leaning into his ear when a kid suddenly crashed his bike into the side of the bus stop. I quickly exclaimed, “Ignore him! Go back to texting her!”

He would normally listen to me. He was quite a sinner—a boring one with sins such as stealing his friend’s lighter and cheating on his wife at most, but still a sinner. This time, however, he hesitated. I could not figure out why until I saw a dim light appearing next to him—one that quickly incarnated into... you.

Ah, it was you. It was really you. I lost focus on what I was doing that Shelton quickly got up to help that little kid after you whispered in his ear. I stayed still, staring at you. I stayed still, having a hard time figuring out why you were there. *They did not reassign you to some other human? All this time, you were still here? Who was my replacement while I was gone?* All these questions started to fill me up.





Humans. I had been with them for as long as I could remember. I had learned a lot from them. Right now, the only thing I wanted to do was to say hi to you—that was what a human would normally do. I was not one, but the only similar thing we both had in our existences was them, so I thought it would be great if I could. I wanted to ask how you were doing. I wanted to ask if it was okay that I got reassigned to the same human you were assigned to, if it made you uncomfortable. I wanted to tell you how good it was to see you again. All these human thoughts and I thought I was turning into one.

“You OK, kid?”

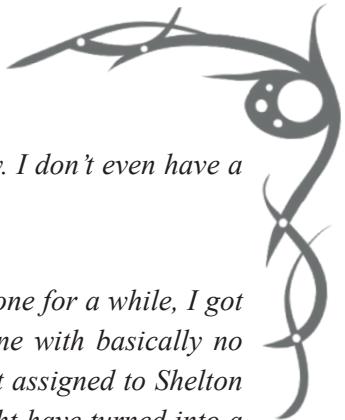
I turned to see my human helping that kid. He put away his bike and helped him to sit on the bus stop bench. They both started talking for a while and you moved closer to my human—our human. This time I could hear you: “Walk him home.”

I could never understand the whole kindness thing no matter how hard I tried. At this point, I just enjoyed watching you spreading it—a very wrong thing to do for my kind. Shelton seemed to agree with you since I did nothing to stop him. For a second, I caught you glancing at me. If I had known how to smile the way humans did, I would have.

Now, we were supposed to follow our human, but we stayed still. I could not stare at you any longer for what humans would call “awkward”. I slowly but surely became more and more sure that I was turning into a human: I kept making scenarios in my head about how our conversations would go in these kind of silent moments. I would probably be the loudest human ever, though. I would definitely pour out my feelings in front of you without any hesitation. I would tell you stories about me and life in hell.

“Hi.”

I chuckled at myself.



"I would introduce myself if I knew how. I don't even have a name. I hope that's okay."

You still had not moved an inch.

"It is so good to see you again. I was gone for a while, I got reassigned to another human—a very old one with basically no sins to commit. Did you notice that? Who got assigned to Shelton while I was gone? I was worried that he might have turned into a good person."

I could see Shelton and the little kid getting farther and farther and you stayed still the way I did. I was slowly convinced that you could hear my imaginary scenario.

"So, how is everything? Are you doing any good with this job? I'm personally glad to be reassigned to Shelton. He's boring, but he's not too old. I enjoy trying to make his life more exciting with sins. How about you? Do I make your job difficult? Heh, I probably do. But, hey, most of the time, I let you have it like I just did. Look at Shelton helping that little kid! I don't see what's so great about that, but you do, so... that's good."

I could see myself being nervous even just in my imagination.

"I want to get to know you."

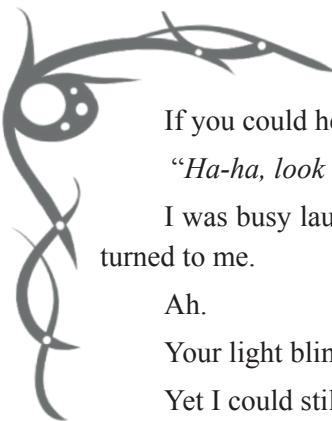
I forced myself to look at you again. I could probably run to Shelton and whisper in his ear to kidnap the kid instead of doing this, but I got stuck in the beauty that is you and I did not know how to free myself.

"Look at me."

You did not.

"I have a feeling that you feel the same way. Heh. It's ridiculous, I know. What even are we anyways? But aren't you excited to feel this? This... whatever this feeling is? Love, perhaps?"





If you could hear me, you would probably laugh so hard.

“Ha-ha, look at us. Imagine us being in love.”

I was busy laughing at myself in silence when you suddenly turned to me.

Ah.

Your light blinded me.

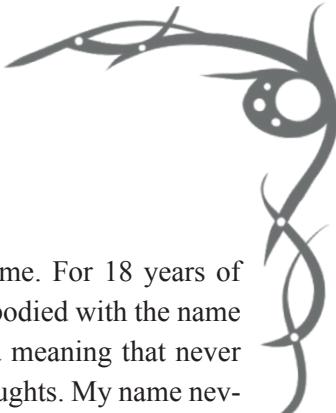
Yet I could still see how beautiful you were.

“Umm, hi...?”

Ah, why did I keep doing this? You could not hear me. There was no way that we could talk. No matter how much I wanted to, we would never be able to. No matter how much I wanted to, we both were just who we were. If I tried to make things work, I would probably get reassigned to another human just like what happened before and I did not want that. I wanted to stay here, even if it meant we were only doing our jobs: me, standing on the left side of Shelton, and you, standing on his right side.

I knew nothing could change that I was a demon and you were an angel.

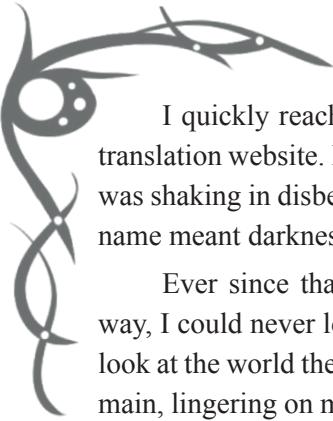




Firefly

[Alya Salsabila Firdausi]

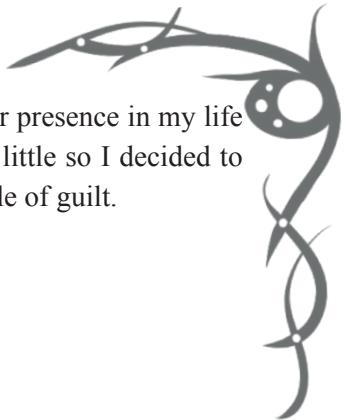
Madi, short for Madilim. That's my name. For 18 years of my life, trapped in this body, I have been embodied with the name Madilim. Yet only a year ago, I discovered a meaning that never stopped running errands on my own pit of thoughts. My name never really mattered to me until late summer last year. It was august, I still remember it vividly. The sun was scorching, making my throat beg for ice cream. My mind suddenly recalled the new ice cream hut that I saw the other day when I was strolling around the park nearby. So I went there and I was served by the most genuine old lady with the biggest heart. She asked for my name as I reached for my cone of strawberry glazed ice cream. "Madi short for Madilim, not Madeline. People always assume I am Madiline, thank god I am not, and thank god my parents didn't give me such a mainstream name." I told her with a chuckle. She replied with such a gentle voice yet so powerful that my mind searched for recorded memories that would answer that, "Ah, Madilim. Do tell me, since you are so thankful of that name, what does it mean pretty girl?" "For 17 years of my life, my parents never told me what Madilim means nor have I ever bothered to check it up myself. Clueless, I left the old lady in a rush, unanswered. I rushed back home to find a note that my parents left, saying that they are going to be in the Philippines for a month. I sighed in annoyance because it means I couldn't possibly get the answer right away. But then, this smart brain of mine remembered that my parents had me when they were living in the Philippines so maybe it was connected, maybe it is a Filipino name, maybe it is a place in the Philippines. So many maybes piled up in my head.



I quickly reached for my laptop and typed in my name in a translation website. I took a step back from my laptop and my body was shaking in disbelief to what was on the screen. My name, my name meant darkness.

Ever since that day I could never look at myself the same way, I could never look at my parents the same way, I could never look at the world the same way, ever again. Too many questions remain, lingering on my mind even today. Ever since that day I lived under a shadow of darkness and ever since that day I never stopped seeking the light. I became so obsessed with the things that light up, things that can shine, basically things that can defeat darkness. Soon enough I became a girl known for her stare blanks and muttered conversation with the moon. I am indeed a moon gazer. Many restless nights I wasted talking to the moon. By now I could probably draw a detailed sketch of the moon phases throughout the year. The moon holds my deepest secrets and feelings. Every sin, every goodness, every excitement, every fear, and every sadness I ever felt and did. It is always there, the sight of it is enough to put me at ease. Until one day, I found a light for my own, or so I thought.

It was a lame Saturday night I spent alone strolling around the city, searching for the moon. The sky was clear but there was no sign of the moon's presence. And when I thought my day couldn't get any worse, a miracle came knocking on my doorstep. "An elephant on the eyelid can't be seen, but an ant on the other side of the sea can." I guess that saying has proved its accuracy to me. I have been crying an ocean, sailing through the storms, for the sake of finding a hand to hold. Little did I know, God has been extremely kind to me and sent my very own angel. This one even has wings too, and it can take me to places beyond my imagination. It takes me to places I never knew existed. Places that taught me how to see life in brighter colours. Places that taught me how to appreciate little things in life. Places that taught me how to accept my flaws



and embrace them. I was so content with your presence in my life that I start to forget about the moon little by little so I decided to make a move in the hope of removing a bubble of guilt.

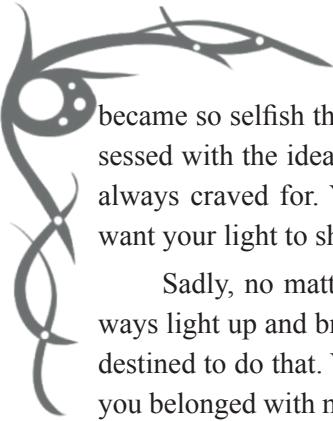
I told the moon about you
And the moon dimmer in relieve
For he can now rest
From lighting up the world

I have my own source of light now. Unlike the moon, you are reachable. You can be present right beside me anytime of the day. You bring out the best in me. You bring out the sunshine inside me, inside darkness. Many restless nights I spent with you. It was usually just me admiring the moon. Now it is you and I, both admiring the moon. A company I have longed for. I saw the world in a different light. I built up so much faith and hope. But as the day goes by, hours turning into days, days turning into weeks, weeks turning into months, an unexpected spark emerged. You were the one who used to be there to listen to all of my stories, all of my excitements, worries, anger, and sadness. But then you shifted. You became the subject of my stories. You became the subject of every feeling that consumed me. And that's when the war began.

You became my most prized possession that I didn't even have to purchase. Your name started to pop up in almost every story I told. Your presence became my magic wand that I can swing around and happiness will be around the corner. You became ever so familiar with my friends too, up to the point where you started to roam around with them by yourself. A rush of jealousy crawled on the back of my spine every so often but I brush it off. I let you be, I let you free, I let you fly. But it seems like a part of me wanted to claim you as mine.

It got up to the point where I would do anything to make you stay. I never planned this but I cannot fight what own emotions. I





became so selfish that I only wanted you for my own. I got so obsessed with the idea of us because you gave me something I have always craved for. Your light drives me to sanity and for that; I want your light to shine for me only.

Sadly, no matter how securely I caged you up, you will always light up and bring light. You light up because you have been destined to do that. You light up against darkness and so I thought you belonged with me. But what I failed to realize is, everyone has their own dark side and therefore you will not only light up for me, right my precious little firefly?



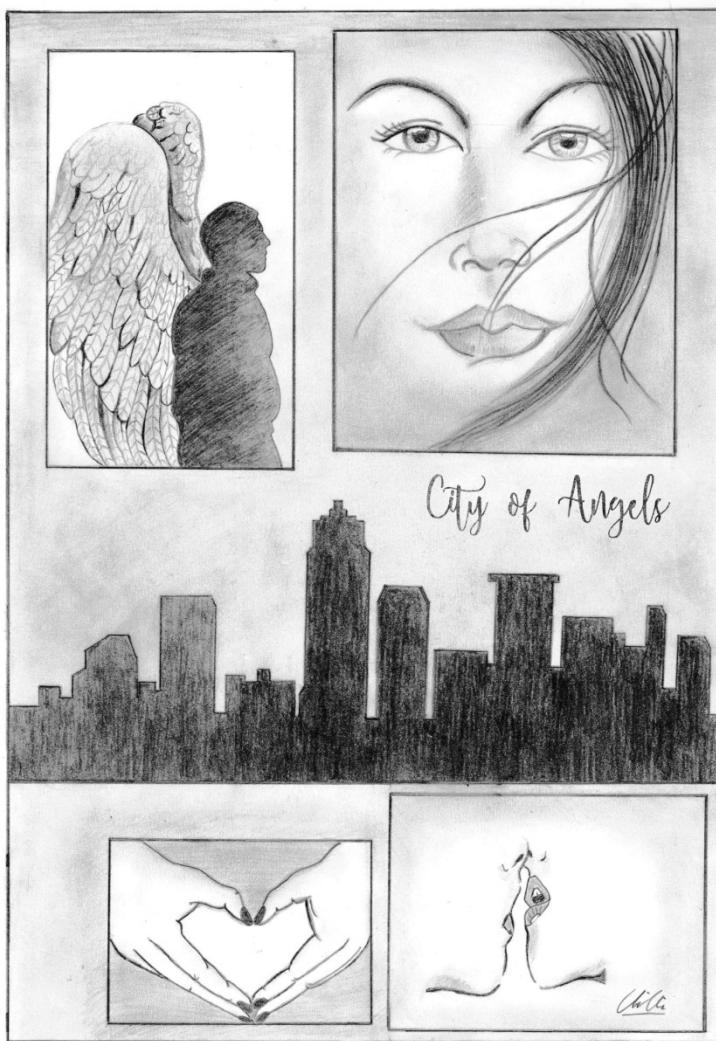


The Sphere of Hope Among The Darkness

[Barbara Tarandita Pelangi Puteri]

About the moonlight rays
I do not know why I have something to say tonight
To talk about the dark and silence
Complaining, restlessly
The cold blows
only me and the moonlight
The moon won't betray the night
The moon won't let the night alone
He is company of the night with his light.
But please
Dear moon, be with me tonight





City of Angels

Vivi Aulia Dian Nova





Seed and Roses

[Alya Salsabila Firdausi]

Part. 1

God gave me a seed
Which bloomed inside my body
And since the seed blossomed into a garden
i finally felt home in my own body.

-The seed was given in the form of you

Part. 2

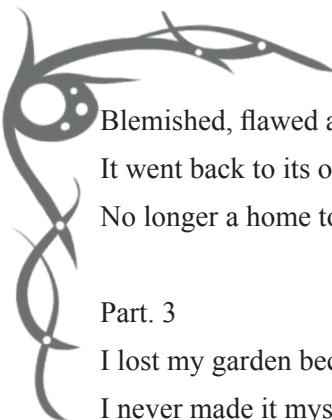
Time passes and you feed me with pretty thoughts, convincing actions, and poured affection that grew roses.

Roses grew and grew
Until the garden was overgrown

People kept taking its flowers
Leaving the thorns behind

Soon after, it's no longer a pretty garden
It's a prickly garden which no one likes
Including the body where the garden grew

The thorns went against
And tore every living cell out of the body



Blemished, flawed and loused up.

It went back to its original state;

No longer a home to cherish

Part. 3

I lost my garden because I never had it

I never made it myself

I had always relied on a gift of seed to make me a pretty garden

I never tried finding a seed within myself to be turned into the garden

This is my call,

If I can't grow flowers

or even find the seed

At least I won't cut down what's already within me

I'll try to water the leftovers instead

I'll try to never prick my own skin, ever again



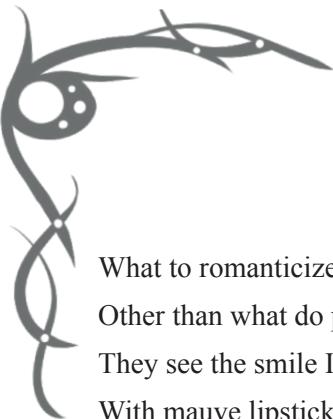
The Wolf and the
Red Riding Hood 1

By: Kirana Norma Chandra

The Wolf and the Red Riding Hood 1

Kirana Norma Chandra





He Loves Me

[E. Natasha]

What to romanticize from our love
Other than what do people get to see?
They see the smile I wear daily
With mauve lipstick covering my lips

But, have they ever seen

The bruise I tried to conceal beneath?
They get jealous about how you always call me
About how you always pick me up every night

But, have they ever thought

Where are you taking me after that?

But, have they ever wondered

Why I get scared when they touch me?
People always call us dreamy
For every photo posted

People always see us as
Clyde and Bonnie
Orpheus and Eurydice



Romeo and Juliet

Mark Anthony and Cleopatra

But,

Clyde did not force Bonnie

To give up her dreams,

Did he?

Orpheus did not tell Eurydice

To surrender her body,

Did he?

Romeo did not threaten

To kill Juliet,

Did he?

Mark Anthony did not slam Cleopatra

To the wall when she said no,

Did he?

Or

Do I get those stories wrong?

Is love supposed to be made of

Bruises, scars, and endless abuse?

If it is really so

Then yes, he loves me





By : Kirana Norma Chandra



The Wolf and the Red Riding Hood 2

The Wolf and the Red Riding Hood 2

Kirana Norma Chandra



and/or

[Felissa Kaje Lobo]

o.

selected metals, chosen woods, and
preferred glass, formed me, created me;
the chaste mirror.

hung up the wall in a room full of gods
and has been centuries,
witnessed themmade decisions
for us, the humankind.

i.

Hathor, named She.

personified the love we all feel.

necklace,

horned headdress, accented with cobra in the front,
someway beautifully threatening.

Sekmuth, named she.

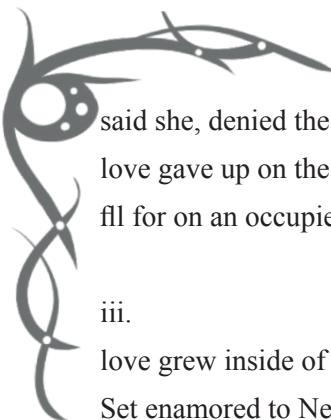
living inside of the love.

too, personified lion, fire and vengeance,
together they could even reign the world.

Set, named he
strong and tough,
bedlam the world he embodied.

“o god, honey. you are prophesied to be mine.”





said she, denied the fact all the world with his wife.
love gave up on the raging of lion; they let themselves
fall for on an occupied heart.

iii.

love grew inside of her heart, but not his;
Set enamored to Nephtys, leaving Hathor
swallowing her bitterness
disappointing her other self.

avengement grew inside of her heart; it
happened again.

Ra was not there to fool her again with
false blood for her to drink.

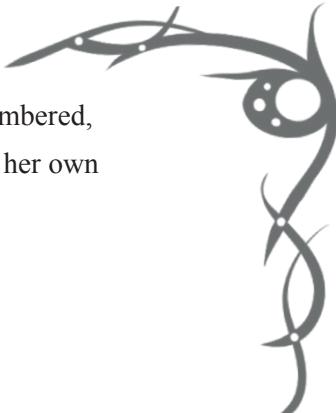
Sekhmet took over the world of herself
and also humankind's.

calamity muffled Egypt as it shrouded
Sekmeh's soul.

iv.

earthquake shaken all the sphere, made me fallen
and separated me into pieces; I clearly see nothing.
I saw Sekmeh, her eyes blacked, with anger
and disappointment and regret and misery.
I saw Haroth, anyhow,
managed her to keep sane, unlike the world has became.



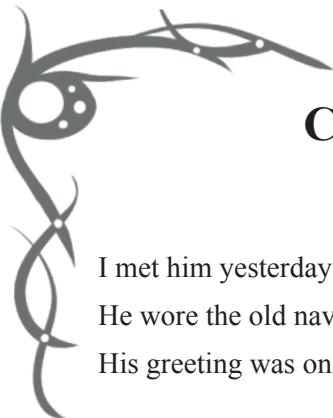


coming after a bit of me, holding her wrist, lumbered,
needed to do what Ra used to do to her, using her own
blood, anyhow.

v.

she saved *it*. except herself.





Congrats, Father!

[Hic Jacet Soet]

I met him yesterday
He wore the old navy sweater
His greeting was only a smile

I met him yesterday
His tanned skin was still my favourite
Made me jealous of the sun kissing him everyday

I met him yesterday
He was so fine and still gorgeous
His six pack caught my attention since the last time we met

I met him yesterday
His hair is still dark
Reminds me of the vanilla all over your head when we were cud-
dling

I met him yesterday
He said he is gonna go through a new part in his life

I met him yesterday
I said congratulations to him though I didn't really mean it

I meet him today



In the church near my house
I'm wearing my favorite skirt he gave to me

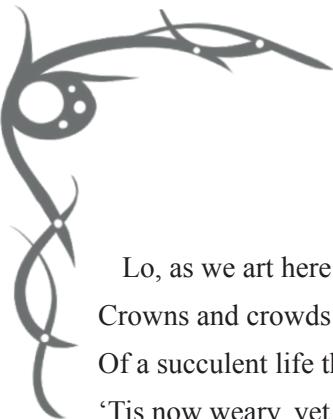
I meet him today
He is in white all the way down
Wearing a cassock, vested with a surplice and stole

I meet him today
Smiling all day long after the congratulations
I bet he does not find the misery in me
I meet him today
Surrounded by the whole congregation
Bringing him bouquets of flowers

I meet him today
I stand in front of him
He is still being my favourite

I meet him today
I take a deep breath and whisper to him
I said, "Congratulations, Father!"





‘Lizabeth

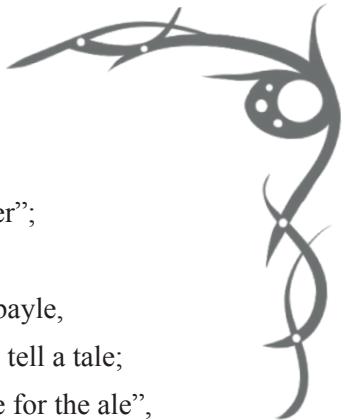
[Thomas the Cheat Engine]

Lo, as we art here in the twilight,
Crowns and crowds alike, curious for the fare
Of a succulent life the future bear;
‘Tis now weary, yet so doth they to care,
Naught no God to pray nor to relieve plight,
Naught could be done to help them sleep tight;
As naught plight for the night, naught helping in the morning,
As the piety art mingled with the undoing,
As the Bloody Mary’s clutches still tight.

“Hearken folk, the Welsh Bloody Mary passed away”,
Death to the recreant wench! ‘Tis finally come today,
Affright’d people with the old pagan faith;
No townsmen ought to witness her wraith,
Let the old oaf be forgotten for her own dismay,
Herenow, Sigismund and I shalt rejoice and cherish;
Yes, a jolly folk, Sigismund, gallivants from a dilapidated wish,
From a conquered land also he didst sway,
He swayed from the Pointy-hatters’ flay.

Celebrations with my kinsfolk art at best,
at the end of day the tavern we took rest,
Me think’n, ‘tis congregation for celebration;
“Hear ye, kinsfolk. I poached this noon a robust venison”,
banters Sigismund, “Let us sojourn at this blessed, fabled place”,
“A place where twenty five pilgrims fest”;

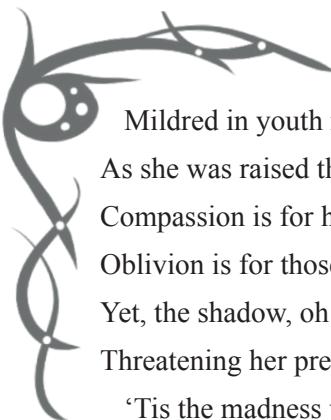




“As for the tradition they left a trace”,
“A kin comes with best tales I shalt pamper”,
“Indulgence for the sciolist the biggest bumper”;
‘Tis nigh the night is caliginous,
Brooding as the kinless Sigismund begins to bayle,
Afore the intention an old weary one ought to tell a tale;
“Whomst I, a lone mortuary worker, tell a tale for the ale”,
repugnant as a man could be, leave Sigismund curious,
Reek A cadaver the figure weareth, as one is nearly one;
“Be it tale or legend, a good one is the one that spun-“
Told Sigismund “The mind and heart, and they take heed from it”,
So beginst the tale as he takes his seat.

“The birth of mildred was accompanied wiith the moon,
And with it befallen a great burden at her shoulder;
As she is sheltered with an Old Welsh families’ Boon;
Families that Rose from families torn asunder.
Royal families hath an heirloom;
An heirloom as beautiful as it is precious.
But, Passed down Mildred’s not with joy but gloom,
The darkest goat with eyes of the debaucherous.
What boon that tastes like curse?
An offspring the heirloom Mildred dictated.
What heirloom that dictates wants so perverse?
The cursed boon Mildred was burdened.
Yes, a withered rose doth ever not worthy.
Yes, ‘tis a tale of the end a dynasty.





Mildred in youth resounded a gentle strength-
As she was raised the fairest a damsel.
Compassion is for her kin and its length;
Oblivion is for those worth the example.
Yet, the shadow, oh bother, the shadow of her family's boon
Threatening her precious virtue as she's starting to gray
‘Tis the madness waiting for the gently strong maiden soon,
Naught could be done to halt the goat, nay.
“Aught I could do” her gentle words in her gentle weep as she
laments.
An offspring for her goat seems as no mere option;
As in her grey she values her life rather than her royal garments.
Nathelss, one cure exists solely for a poison.
As no offsrping for the cursed heirloom.
Means for Mildred the gentlest a maiden no groom.

‘Tis her dusk of days, a female for her goat she doth spy
Unflagged and unimpeded for another goat to carry his calf
Sought from Wales to france she, from the low to the high
Alas, for her own her days remaining art not enough.
Countless owners she hath met, another day another Goat;
As she tried so many, God only knows.
whereas the goat drowns in debaucherous gloat,
in fear the dusk maiden doth shiver and froze.
As debaucherous the boon is, alas, no offspring.
Mildred the dusk maiden, with virtue as a nun,
As the burden drops by the time her hours remaining;



Another one passed away without a son.
Alas, the withered rose has finally lost her chastity,
Means her blood yields to the goat's, ceased to time's eternity.”

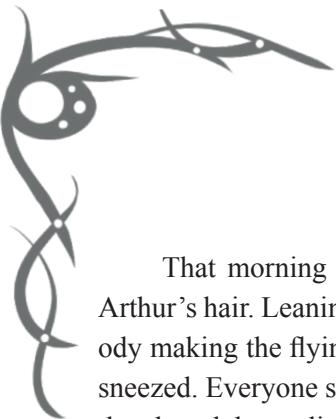




Tales Within Time
Salma Nisrina

By : Fifth





Uncertain Ink

[Akhmad Khaidar Ali]

That morning the sun shone apart, warming the strands of Arthur's hair. Leaning on an Ent tree he whistled, its beautiful melody making the flying pixie land on his hands. Suddenly the grass sneezed. Everyone smelled fragrant scent like rust. From the north they heard the rattling of four taps. It was the centurion whose eyes tightened, blurring fate. Quickly, he dragged Arthur around. The peak of the tower highlighting a man that launched blurriness from its navel. In a distance they testified for vanishing trolls who were trying to hold off the man from blurring the Ents that were arguing with each other. Reflected, Arthur faced back and threw the excalibur. In high tense of strangeness, the pixie fell from Arthur's grip, in the middle of nowhere she found the ink.





Gods of Old

[R. Alexander C. M.]

Oh yee, Gods of Old!
I call thee out of the fold
Your powers many to behold
Verily, (a) truth to be told

Once upon a time before Christ
Man bowed down to the Olden Gods
Magic was common, and myths were true
Heroes were leaders, and druids their aides

Sages told stories, of legendary feats
Where heroes and beasts, met and clashed
Gods were felt, and sometimes seen
Best part of all, all of it is true

Alas, time runs and Christ prevails
The beasts vanish, and so does the magic
No more heroes, and the druids were driven
All in all, the Olden Gods were forgotten

Heed me, Gods of Old!
I have come to you so bold
To return the magic that you hold
And thus making the world unsold



By : Fifth





Unforgettable Luncheon

[Thoha Arsyad]

Two princes of the empire had a meeting. The host, the Magistrate of Clamburg, was secretly a heretic. The guest, however, was known as an intolerant duke while reigning in Slothingen. If it wasn't for the trade agreement between the both of their predecessors, the Magistrate wouldn't have to arrange such meeting. Fortunately for him, the meeting was held personally. It had always been that way in Clamburg, without guards from both parties, only with a table of meals. It could also be considered as a lunch, but the Duke was too proud to receive hospitality from an elected city-administrator.

“Oh, Duke of Slothingen. I hope you will accept our modesty,” the Magistrate welcomed uneasily.

“Magistrate, your state has an unusual way of hosting a meeting. You have no food taster and cupbearer. How can I be sure if these foods *are* foods?”

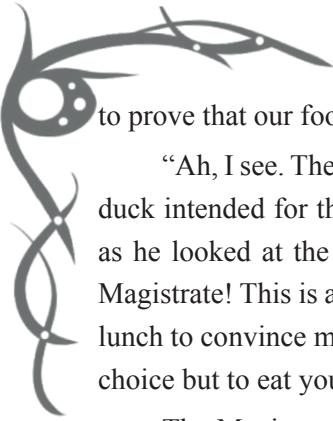
“Uhh, you—we know, the Clamburgers only eat animals and plants.”

“No, no, Magistrate. I was talking about the safety of this food.”

“Oh, uh, that concerns. Ah, worry not, Duke of Slothingen,” the Magistrate stated. He picked a roasted duck and ate it entirely. “You see, there is no poison.”

The Duke looked at the table, finding his plate was empty. “Magistrate, wasn’t that duck supposed to be my lunch?”

“There, uh, egad,” the Magistrate blurted. “I was just trying



to prove that our foods aren't poisoned."

"Ah, I see. Then, let me eat yours." The Duke took the roasted duck intended for the Magistrate. He, however, stopped his move as he looked at the Magistrate's anxious face. He asserted, "No, Magistrate! This is a psychological attack! You deliberately ate my lunch to convince me that the foods are clean! With that, I have no choice but to eat your lunch! Your poisoned lunch!"

The Magistrate turned his face for a few seconds. "Should I prove its cleanliness as well?"

The Duke's face simmered down. "Yes."

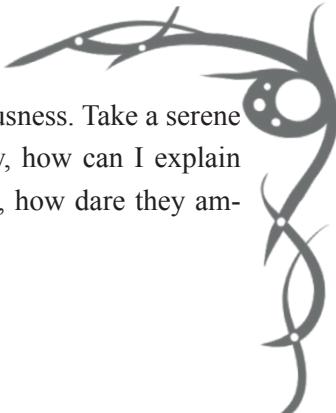
Quickly, the Magistrate took the roasted duck and ate it. Nothing happened, meaning that there was no poison in the food. The Duke smiled as he was happy for the honest lunch. However, it was short lived. The Duke looked at the table again and realized that there was no roasted duck left.

"This is an insult, Magistrate!" the Duke complained. He stood up and reached for his hip in displeasure, but it vanished after a second. "Wait, where is my sword?"

"Uhh, you handed it to one of your guards," the Magistrate answered anxiously. "What are you trying to do with your sword?"

"Nevermind, I was just—you notice, Magistrate, I lost my control," the Duke informed. He sat down back and drank his wine to soothe his head. "I already have my guards outside. I shouldn't behave like that. Well, our lunch is over and I'm getting tired, let's discuss the agreement, right—right away."

The Duke shortly fell to the floor. He fainted because of an exhaustion that came from out of nowhere.



“What guards? Alas, he lost his consciousness. Take a serene inside your mind, Duke of Slothringen. Now, how can I explain this to the Emperor? Oh, those nasty bandits, how dare they ambush the Duke’s convoy!”





By : Fith





The Imperial Diet

[Thoha Arsyad]

The tyrants all have been defeated
In the Garden of the dominion,
In the luxuriant Fire likewise.

The matter afterwards rests with me,
All power be in the claws of mine,
And to me belongs the decision.

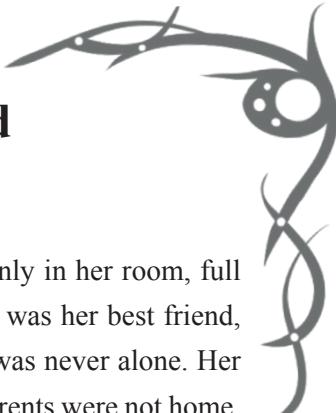
Yet, the final triumph will not come
Unless I, We, master and pet them
In the way which has been done to me.



This is the *way* ↑
THE WORLD ↑
—End—
APOCALYPSE
Not with a bang!
BUT
With a *Whimper*
—T.S. Eliot—
17-4-2010
Rofikoh Ayu Ningtias

Apocalypse

Rofikoh Ayu Ningtias

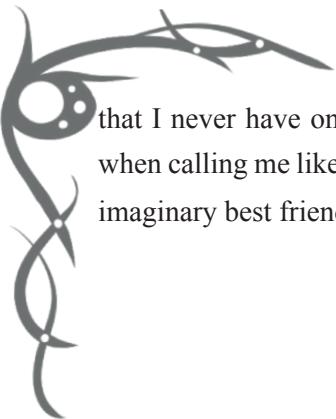


My Best Friend

[Mathilda Claressa]

She was only 3. The only child, lived only in her room, full of dolls and her favourite toys. Her favourite was her best friend, as tall as her and exactly alike. She said she was never alone. Her best friend accompanied her every time her parents were not home. She was only 4. Her best friend started to follow her outside the room. Started to see her parents and her other family. Her parents thought it was a common case to a 4 years old girl, their only girl. Her best friend decided to be more important part of her life. Her best friend started to follow her to school and met her school's friends. She and her best friend had conversation more often since then. Everywhere. School, home, parks. Her best friend followed and spoke to her. She was only 5. Her best friend started to order her to do simple things such as how talk to her parents and how to respond to her school friends' actions. She became rude. Her only best friend was only the one she found in her room when she was 3. Therefore, her parents started to realize something strange to their daughter. Her parents started to forbid her playing with her best friend. What they called an imaginary best friend or who they called an imaginary friend. She refused. She became ruder. She rejected people's opinions. She went everywhere alone but people often saw her talking to someone or something.

She was I. Now, I am 18 years old. As I was closing my room's door last night. Smirks. They said I was insane to have best friend who other people could not see. They said I am a freak to talk to myself. They diagnosed me crazy. They just do not know



that I never have one. I do not know what are they talking about when calling me like that? Which best friend they mentioned? That imaginary best friend or the other me?



Revelation

[Edgy]

Panteon....

The City of Angel, The Garden of Eden

The place I was once called home

The place where I was once searched for revelation

But I didn't find any revelation anymore

So, I left my throne behind.

I heard a sound that I once heard before

I sought the source of the sound

But there was none

Then I came back to Panteon but I found nothing

And then I understood

The sounds came from the down below

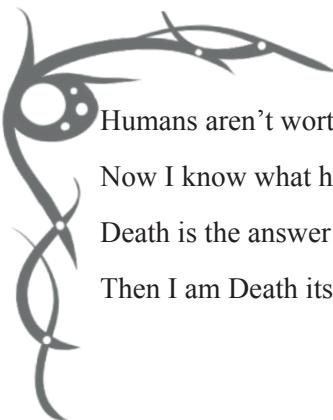
The sounds came from the souls

Human souls...

The mortals who cannot be trusted

The beings who are here for an instant

And then I found a Revelation



Humans aren't worthy to get the truth

Now I know what has to be done

Death is the answer

Then I am Death itself





Sanity

[darkmattr59]

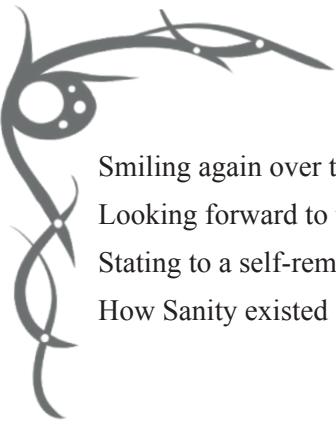
Questioning one mind yet one that does not exist
Plays the important role of physical containment
Stabbed with little words
Feels the pain inside the brain

Emotions flow just as water does
Clogged in a stream on a one-way path
Never to end and so unclear
Just like how it always has been

Affection was not planned
Happiness was never looked for
The sight full view of you make me wonder
Why I was attached to the thorns of a flower

Pride so strong you won't let go
So fragile and so enclosed
And how I still wonder
How such fortress can stand up so tall

Relinquishing the pain is on its way
Hope for the blooms are in the corner
Before you go at least cherish
The moments that were not for fakes



Smiling again over the scenery
Looking forward to the misery
Stating to a self-reminder
How Sanity existed





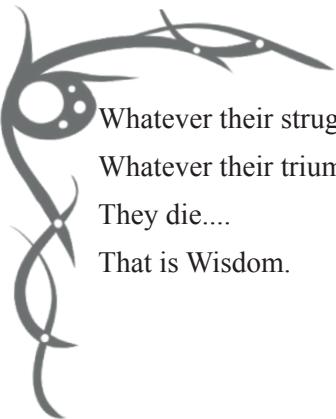
Wisdom

[Edgy]

I heard a sound, and I didn't know what it was.
I sought wisdom in the chalice, but there was none
The sounds called me and I knew them
But where?
I brought myself to Sanctuary
But the sounds didn't call me from that place
I searched the breath of creation
Always following the sound
...And then I understood

Pandemonium, the souls swirl and writhe
I now know the truth of mortals
All Paths Lead to Death
The humans cannot be trusted
They are born of angel and demon
They can stand for good like any angel
Or
They can enact evil worthy of the lowest demon
The power shouldn't rest in the hand of mortals
Then flare and die....

The humans are corrupt
They aren't worthy of the choice between good and evil
All Paths Lead to Death



Whatever their struggles
Whatever their triumphs
They die....
That is Wisdom.



When Human No Longer Exist

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The story hasn't reach its end





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