Table of Contents

Prose ......................................................................................................................... 3
  Discovering the Awesomeness That is Leah ................................................. 4
  Bagrovyy Ruka .............................................................................................. 5
  A Very Hetalian Weekend ........................................................................... 16
  Wolf Song ....................................................................................................... 20

Poetry .................................................................................................................. 22
  Life ..................................................................................................................... 23
  Hetalia ............................................................................................................. 24
  Ransom Note Poem ....................................................................................... 26

Reflection .......................................................................................................... 27
“It takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but just as much to stand up to our friends.” – Dumbledore (Harry Potter, by J.K. Rowling)
Discovering the Awesomeness That Is Leah

When I hear the name Leah, not only do I think of Princess Leia from Star Wars, but I think of possibly one of the coolest friends I know. From her now green hair, which originally was red, to her awesome outfits, and her great personality, she’s a cool person to hang around, and the two of us have quite a bit in common. In example, the two of us don’t really enjoy rap music, and one of our favourite bands is The Cure. Although, her favourite song by them is “Friday”, mine is “Homesick”. The three bands she wants to see are The Cure, obviously, NoFX, and Siouxsie and the Banshees. She has been to Warp Tour and saw Mayday Parade play, and I do have to admit, I am quite jealous of her. Other than music, her interests consist of drawing, writing, animals, and doing crazy stage tricks. When I asked her if she could go anywhere in the world, she replied that she would like to “visit the Azores in Portugal because half my family lives there and I want to see the city”, very similar to what I want to do as I want to visit San Giocomo d’Acri, Calabria in Italy where my dad’s family came from. Furthermore, when I asked her what her favourite movie quote was, she told me “So do all people who live to see such times, but that is not for us to decide” from Lord of the Rings. Another movie the two of us thoroughly. Moving on, if she could have any superpower, it would be shape-shifting, and I can’t blame her! It’d be cool to change into a wolf, or a dragon, or even Godzilla! Lastly, I asked her if she was more of a morning or night person, to which shich she replied, “night person because more cool stuff happens at night”, which I completely agree with. I mean, you should see my Twitter Timeline at 03:00 in the morning, it’s hysterical! Overall, Leah is definitely a cool girl you should hang out with!
23 February 2014

Багровый Рука

([The] Crimson Hand)

It was a cold morning, the sky was white as snow slowly floated down to the ground; breath could be seen in the stinging cold air. It was easy to get lost in the snowy lands of Russia if you did not know your way back. The young Russ-Soviet sniper specialist, Dragomir, was laying in the snow, looking down the scope of his SVD Dragunov sniper rifle. His white ghilli suit masked his existence from the enemies down at the grey base decorated in the German army’s flags which symbolised death and cruelty which he was observing. His mission was simple today, just to patrol and survey the enemy base and notify his officers of anything suspicious, such the Germans readying for an attack. As he viewed the German base, he noted there were two men standing outside chatting away, their MP40’s loosely slung around their shoulders. The usual guards who kept watch above the base. On the outside, another officer was patrolling from the ground, a German shepherd trotted along beside him. Being that the men were the typical watch guards, and seeing as nothing suspicious was happening, he used the Morse device in his jacket pocket to let the communications officer in the radio room know of his findings and that there is a chance they could attack before the enemy does so.

Once he received the signal to return, he slowly pushed himself up to a crouching position before then slinging the rifle on his back and taking out his Makarov pistol, trudging through the thick snow back to base. Upon his arrival, the two guards armed with PPSh-43’s standing at the gate asked for his name and ID, to which he responded in RSL (Russian Sign Language), [Меня зовут Драгомир Макарович Харков, Спецналпострелот двадцать седьмой запасной батальон.] My name is Dragomir Makarovich Harkov, Specialist Sniper from
[the] Twenty-Seventh Reserves Battalion, and handed his ID. After checking it over, the guard handed it back to the young Russ-Soviet and allowed him back in.

Passing by other Russian soldiers, he knew he was an outcast compared to the rest. On average, the men were in their thirties and forties, while he was only sixteen. Not only that, he was the only active soldier with a robotic arm, and furthermore, he was mute. It had been four years since the incident, the tragic day he lost his voice, and his father about a month before. He was sitting by his piano. He was practicing for a while, but soon found himself staring quietly at his father’s violin, which was set in the corner of the room, a solemn look on his face. It was only him and his older sister, along with the housekeeper living in his house. He had never gotten to know his mother, and now that his father had been killed in action during the war, not only was he heartbroken about his father’s death, he also wanted revenge. Being that he was raised by his father, he had grown a strong connection to him. The boy loved him, as did the father. Lieutenant Colonel Makarov Kharkov, was his name. He was a very honourable and loyal officer, and he took his work very seriously. At home, he was a completely different man. Humorous, full of energy and laughter. He loved to play with his kids, sometimes playing with his violin while Dragomir and Dina danced. Sometimes Dragomir would even play his piano with his father. Now that the Germans had killed him, Dragomir was devastated. Clenching his fists, he announced loudly, “YA SOBIRAYUS’ POYTI V ARMIYU!” I’M GOING TO JOIN THE ARMY! A crash was heard in the kitchen.

“Ty…chto?!” You…what? Was the housekeeper Olga’s response. Olga was much like a step-mother to the two siblings, looking after them while Makarov was away, as neither had met their mother, and Makarov never liked to bring it up. Dina, the elder sister ran over to him and gripped his shoulders tight, making him look up at her.
“Ty s uma soshli?!” *Are you crazy?!*

“Ne seychas…no kogda ya dostatochno star…” *Not now…but when I’m old enough…* he replied, staring coldly at the ground. What he didn’t know, was that he’d be joining sooner than he thought, but not exactly the way he had thought.

A month later, he was frantically running back home, his hazel eyes wide with fear, his breathing quick and shallow. He had just seen his sister stand up to some German troops occupying their hometown when they tried to beat him up. She had hit one in the back of the head with a rock, killing one of the three. Catching the other two’s attention, they dropped twelve-year-old Dragomir, and drew their guns. Dina attempted to throw a punch at one of them, yelling at Dragomir to run, but he was too paralysed in fear for him to even move a muscle. Unfortunately, they had overpowered Dina and shot her, right in front of the boy’s eyes.

“Halt! Komm zurück, junge!” *Halt! Come back, boy!* One of the officers called out. Picking up a rock, the boy threw it at the closest officer. As he wasn’t paying attention, he managed to trip, rolling down a steep hill. His life flashed before his eyes, the pain numbed as his mind went haywire. Then, everything went black. The officers, figuring he was probably dead, stood at the edge of the hill a moment, looking down at the boy’s mangled, bloodied body laying at the foot of the hill before walking off. When he finally woke, he was in a refugee’s hospital. It was dank, run-down, and filled with pained moans. With a start, he jolted up, but hissed in pain. Looking down, he noted that he was covered in many bloody bandages, tubes running into his arms. He thought to call out, but was surprised when nothing but a pained sound came out of his mouth. He tried again. The same sound. This caused him to panic, and therefore, tears ran down his cheek. How was he going to join the army if he could not respond to his commanding officers
now? His panicked thoughts were interrupted when a tall man with a dirtied lab coat and rounded spectacles entered his room. “Privyet. Ya vizhu ty prosnulis’.” Hello. I see you have woken up.

He then tried to talk once more. No luck. Realising this, the doctor stepped towards Dragomir. “Ty ne mozhete govorit’?” You cannot speak…? to which the boy shook his head.

“Znayete li ty yazyk zhestov?” Do you know sign language? Again, he shook his head. “Togda, ya nauchu vas.” Then, I will teach you. Sitting down in the chair at Dragomir’s bedside, the doctor cleared his throat. “Menya zovut Yegor, a ty?” My name is Yegor, and you? To respond, the boy attempted to mouth his name. ‘Dragomir…’

“Drag…o…mir…?” Yegor asked, wanting to confirm this was his name. The twelve-year old nodded. “Ty znayete chto slu…chilos’?” You know what happened? Dragomir shook his head. Startled, hearing a door slam open and the screaming of a man in agony, caused the boy to jolt up in his bed as he began to panic. The doctor glanced towards the door and mumbled under his breath, “Chert Nemtsy…” Damn Germans… then turned back to Dragomir. “Ne volnuetes’, Dragomir, ty v bezopasnosti zdes’.” Do not worry, Dragomir, You are safe here. He stated in the attempt to calm him down as he gently patted his shoulder.

As the months went by and Dragomir’s wounds healed, Yegor had been able to teach him most of the Russian Sign Language. It was a bit of a struggle as it wasn’t exactly a widely-used language, but he managed to nearly learn the entire language. Unfortunately, he had to be released, despite his protests. He had grown a strong connection to Yegor and many of the other patients. They all enjoyed his accompany, as did he enjoy theirs. Originally, he was a little afraid, the shock of what had previously happened to get him in the hospital causing him to hide around in his room most the time. But, on an occasion, Yegor would try to break him out of his shell by introducing others who currently lived within the hospital, and it worked. Within no
time, as Dragomir got acquainted with the other men, women, and children, he began to walk around a bit and spend more time with them, that was, of course, when his legs healed enough for him to do so.

“Mne ochen’ zhal’, no ya dolzhen ostat’sya zdes’, i ya ne khochu, chtoby ty zabolel…”

I’m sorry, but I have to stay here, and I do not want you to get sick... Said Yegor, turning around to face the boy.

[Pozhaluysta? Mogu li ya ostat’sya? Ya mogu pomoch’! U...menya nyet sem’i bol’she...]

Please? Can I stay? I can help! I...have no family anymore... he protested again, using the sign language to communicate.

“Ty…chtot…?” You...what...?

[...Da.] ...Yes. At that point, there were tears in his eyes. [Moy papa…umer v obsluzhivanii... Ya nikogda ne poznakomilsya s moyey mater’yu… i...i nemetskiye ofitsery…ubili moyu sestru kogda ona pytalas’ zashchitit’ menya...] My dad...died in service... I never met my mother... and...and German officers...killed my sister when she was trying to protect me... He then looked up with pleading eyes. [Pozhaluysta! Eto moy yedinstvennyy domoy!] Please! This is my only home!

Yegor, dumbstruck, looked down upon the boy. After a moment, he kneeled down, placing a hand on his shoulder and making Dragomir look at him. “Mne ochen’ zhal’, chto dolzhno byt’ ochen’ tragichno diya takoy molodoy mal’chik kak ty…” I’m sorry, that must have been very tragic for such a young boy like you... The forty-year-old doctor thought it over a moment. Finally, Yegor decided to become his “father” and personal doctor, seeing that it would be best, knowing it was hard for Dragomir to trust much of anyone else, and furthermore, it
would have been hard for Dragomir to survive without having someone who could interpret and translate RSL. Not only that, but he could also finish teaching the mute boy the last of the Russian Sign Language. Yegor had really grown fond of the boy, anyways over the time he had stayed in the hospital.

Two years had passed by and Dragomir was now 14. Yegor granted him more independence to go out on his own, under the condition that he brought the knife Yegor previously gave him to make sure he could protect himself. As he walked down the seemingly vacant street, he was unaware he was being watched. Unbeknownst to him, he had been followed by two men lurking around the alleys for a few months since he had been allowed out on his own. No matter, he just calmly headed down to the local coffee shop for his morning coffee and a bagel. Luckily, today’s employee was the more patient one, the one Dragomir liked. Last week, he had to deal with probably the most impatient employee he had to have ever met. This man would hassle Dragomir when he attempted to use RSL to communicate and shout at him to speak. This irritated him to the point where if he knew said employee was working that day, he wouldn’t come within a mile of the shop, knowing that said employee must not know sign language. But luckily, the other employee, a beautiful young lady by the name of Yekaterina, was running the counter today. After having gotten his usual breakfast, a bagel and a cup of coffee, Dragomir sat at a window seat and quietly began to eat. A few of the men in his town that he talked to knew sign language, but as some did not, those who knew it would translate for the others so that they would understand. So, as per usual, some of the others sitting around started up a conversation with him that went something like “Privyet, kak dela?” Hey, how’s it going? [Dobroe, a ty?] Good, and you?
“Khorosho. I Yegor?” Great. And Yegor?

[On v poryadke.] He’s fine. Which was later ended with a few “Do svidaniya”’s and waving goodbye’s as he walked out the door. Adjusting and buttoning his coat back up, Dragomir headed down the road to an alleyway, a shortcut he knew that would take him back home. A van had begun to follow him. Ignoring it, he headed down the alleyway. It became so eerily quiet that all Dragomir could hear was the click-clack of his black boots on the cobblestone walkway. He became more alert, but what he wasn’t prepared for were two men in long trench coats to grab him, placing a cloth over his nose and mouth, causing him to pass out and cease his struggling. The men then dragged the now limp teen back into the back of the van, which then drove off with him inside.

When he woke up, his vision was blurred, and he felt dizzy. He could just make out the shape of two men in long white coats standing near a corner. Their white coats suggesting they were doctors. Wrong. They were scientists. Soviet scientists, to be exact. He looked to his right side. Where was his arm? Why was there just a lump there? Why was there blood on that side? He couldn’t think clearly. His mind raced, his heart rate sky-rocketed. One of the scientists looked over something metallic. What was that they were holding? As they brought it over, it became clearer what it was. It was a prosthetic arm. One which had a crude look, it seemed like a machine of death. As the scientist came over with the metal arm, the other injected a needle to put Dragomir back to sleep. Once they were sure he was asleep, they went to work on attaching the arm and connecting the nerves to it so that it could move the way he wanted it to.

A few hours passed before they were done and he began to wake, his vision again fuzzy, but it soon came into focus. He looked right again. There it was. The death arm. Out of slight curiosity, despite being horrified, he began to move it around. Whatever those scientists did, it
worked. It didn’t feel quite right, having a metal arm instead of one made of flesh and bone and the metal plate keeping it connected to his shoulder was cold. It didn’t hurt as much as he thought, but for the time it took for his shoulder to heal around the metal, along with the daily usage of cleansing liquids used around the arm and flesh to make sure it would not become infected, it still was a bit painful moving it around. He wasn’t at all happy with it, despite it being a possible advantage for when he joined the Red Army. Yes, indeed, he still had his mind wrapped around the idea of joining. Unbeknownst to him, that’s what the scientists had in mind as well. He was to be tested. Tested for what, you might ask? Well, he was to be tested to see if he would be a more efficient soldier, or well, to be more specific, a sniper assassin. As they say, the younger the student, the faster they will learn. Plus, won’t his muteness become a major advantage for him to (hopefully) not have his cover blown? He couldn’t scream in pain, nor could he laugh. If anything, a very faint noise could be emitted from his mouth, but that was it. He was, as the scientists say, the perfect soldier. He would soon be brought out to be trained, once he got fully adjusted to the arm, and learn to control himself around the two scientists. He didn’t exactly mind his higher-ranking officers, but he was very displeased with the scientists at the base. He wasn’t the only one, though, he was the only mute boy, and, he was probably the only successful experiment. Ten of the unfortunate boys died in the process. Five had failed and were left with stumps for arms, hands, and legs. Although, one boy made it out. Both his legs were amputated and replaced with metal ones, just as crude-looking as Dragomir’s arm. Although, the other boy was still having trouble adjusting. This disgusted Dragomir, but despite that, he would still fight in this army and hope he would be sent to a different base, in the hopes none of this would be there as well.
That was two years ago. And, the base he was under was a much more humane one, to say the least. As he always did after a mission or task, he reported to his commanding officer, Ivan. The door was open, but Dragomir still knocked to notify the officer he was reporting in.


[Nichego podozritel’nogo do sikh por. My mozhem atakovat’ kogda budete gotovy, ser.]
Nothing suspicious so far. We are ready to attack when you are, sir.

“Khorosho... My atakuyem zavtra. Son. Vam ponadobitsya vse svoi sily zavtra.” Good... We attack tomorrow. Sleep. You will need all your strength tomorrow... With that, the commander dismissed him and went back to his paperwork. Dragomir then exited the office and headed to his tent to set his rifle down before heading for the mess hall for his lunch. Seeing as his regiment was there, he brought his tray over to sit with them and converse for a while. About ten minutes in, the commander walks in. All the men stand at attention, abandoning their food for a moment until the commander says an “at ease” as he walks up to the podium in the back of the mess hall. After clearing his throat, he began his speech to inform the men of tomorrow’s mission and to assign different regiments to different tasks such as a left or right flank, or who will be the first to infiltrate the base. Dragomir and his group were to take to a higher ground and neutralise any targets that could compromise the mission, the 67th Shock Army were to take left flank, 45th to the right, 23rd were to take the base head-on. The German defences surrounding the perimeter were to be dealt with by the 3rd Shock Army and their T-34 tanks. The Russians were tired of the Germans occupying their home. One by one, they’d drive them out of their home,
starting with Stalingrad, then they would head to the heart of Germany to end this war. Once the speech ended, the men began to cheer and shout “URA!”.

For the rest of the day, Dragomir and his regiment, along with a couple others who share the same task they will perform tomorrow, prepared for the attack for tomorrow. Checking their weapons, grabbing enough magazines, and of course the rest of their gear such as med kits, grenades, and flasks. Dragomir on the other hand packed a canteen of water. Unlike the other men who were generally in their thirties, Dragomir was not yet used to the strong taste of vodka. He wasn’t much of a drinker anyways. Once they finished preparing, they got into their bunks and talked for a while until it was late, and then they went to sleep.

Morning came as the night passed and dark turned to light, telling the Russian men to wake. Leaders rounded up their teams as they got their gear on, loaded up their guns: Dragunov’s, Mosin-Nagant’s, Makarov’s, PPSh-41’s, Tokarev TT-33’s, then their helmets and ushankas bearing the red star and the hammer and sickle inside were placed upon their heads. A few men chattered away about what they would do once this war was put to an end, others talked about the mission. The snipers were more serious than those who would be fighting the enemy head-on, as they had the highest responsibility of doing their best to keep from too many casualties from occurring. Sub-machine gunners tried to act all tough saying things like “I’ll take a dozen German troops any day using just my fists!” or “Those Germans cannot handle the wrath of the Soviet Union!” Once the men were ready, they lined up in their teams at the gate. Dragomir’s was the first to go. They would pick off most of their targets from above and give support to the rest who would infiltrate the base from each side. The snipers were the luckiest. They did not have to watch other men die, enemy or friendly, in front of their eyes. Though, Dragomir had already witnessed such a horrible scene as that. The other men knew what they
would be seeing, but they had their minds wrapped on victory and ending the war. It is true, however, there were some who were softer than others. They often were targeted by their own troops and pushed to fight harder. Even so, they were confident that they would win. What they didn’t know was that the Germans were prepared themselves. They were prepared for quite a while. Up the MG-42’s went onto the barriers atop the base, tripods deployed so the machine guns may be used like turrets, snipers climbed up to their posts. Panzerschrecks would be crouched up on the higher areas of the base to take out any tanks in the perimeter. Would this cause a problem in their attack? Not at all. Dragomir and his team quickly went to work on eliminating the targets, picking them off like sitting ducks in a pond during hunting season. An explosion is heard, the breach has started. All Dragomir and his team can do is neutralise any Germans in sight as the other teams worked inside the base. They felt no mercy towards the Germans after the failed Operation Barbarossa had occurred when the Germans had invaded Russia. They would no longer take prisoners, unless they truly felt an enemy troop could give valuable information.

It didn’t take too long until finally, they captured the enemy base. The original flag is lowered, and the new one, the crimson red flag of the USSR is raised. Dragomir’s team headed down to meet the remaining men to cheer in victory, a large grin on their faces. It was another successful mission not only for Dragomir, who had a streak of successful missions, but for his entire regiment, and base itself.
23 February 2014

A Very Hetalian Weekend

Over the weekends, I usually like to invite my friends over for a cosplay sleepover. Typically, my friend Caro, who is my “Prussia” (we’re both huge fans of the anime called Hetalia and nickname each other after countries in the anime), comes over. It had been a while since I’ve seen them. As it was around 20:00 when we got back to my house after picking her up and going out to dinner at Atwood Grille, we decided to just chill inside and LARP (Live Action Role-Play) and show each other the cool stuff we recently got. She brought over her Supernatural book and showed it to me, making me become quite jealous as I am a huge SuperWhoLock (a fan who likes Supernatural, Doctor Who, and Sherlock). After flipping through the pages, I showed her my new Dragunov airsoft sniper rifle, as well as my new language apps (Russian, Ukrainian, Belarusian, Latvian, Romanian, Bulgarian, Klingon and many more). All night, up to about 23:00, you could just hear laughter, Slavic and German accents, snickering, and us both freaking out over our OTP’s (One True Pairings, basically a pairing you ship most, or multiple ones you cannot decide which you like more), and other fandoms we are in. I still do not know how late she was up ‘til, but I certainly passed out at 23:00 after FINALLY being able to breathe. I blame the dehumidifiers in my house for this as my nose was so stuffed up, I had to use my bottle of Afrin, as embarrassing as it is, to help my breathe. As per usual, I was cuddling my giant bunny stuffed animal who I had given the name of “Harry”. I still deny being cute, even though EVERYONE I know tells me I am, which I always respond with “Я не милый!” which is Russian for “I’m not cute!”, as I am known as the Russian Queen in Twitter. Moving on, Saturday morning at around 08:00, I woke up. With a tired smile, I greet my awesome friend (pun intended) with “Доброе утро”, only to be responded with “Guten morgen”. For about 15
minutes, we stayed in bed either spacing out, or playing our games. Caro’s game involved fighting the Russian Mafia, and I played Minecraft Pocket Edition, complaining half the time that I couldn’t find my home base. After that, as my parents offered to take us out to Meldgie’s for breakfast, Caro and I put on our cosplays. She decided to be Demon!Prussia, and I went as Male!Belarus. Clearing my throat, I then made a stoic expression, much like Nikolai’s (Nikolai is Male!Belarus’ human name). Caro had on her light turquoise pants, black hoodie, black demon tail on, and her tiny horns attached to her white wig. I had my black jeans, Goonies tee, and OD green trench coat, with a platinum blonde wig on with my fuzzy ushanka-like hat on. With that, we hopped into my father’s truck and drove off to the breakfast place. There, I was very happy to see a kielbasa and cheese omelette. “Oh. My. God. YES!” I cheered quite happily. “I can have my Polish omelette again!” My parents and Caro then chuckled. “What?” I asked, giggling a tad with a big grin on my face. “They’re delicious!”

Once breakfast was over and we returned home, Caro and I plopped ourselves onto my bed and, for about 10 minutes, we just sat around until my father offered to take us to Uncle Sam’s Army And Navy Surplus as I had wanted to look into some patches, a name tag, and dog tags for yet another cosplay. Since I couldn’t find a lieutenant patch or pin, and the man who does the dog tags wasn’t in, I bought an arctic camo boonie hat, OD green sniper veil (as you can see I have an obsession with snipers and sniper gear), and a Rhode Island shield patch while Caro bought a specialist pin (underneath it would hang things like “Machine Gunner” or “Sniper” to say what you have mastered). After that, my father picked us up and dropped us off at the Narragansett Flag shop so that we could get flag poles for our flags (Caro has Russia, Prussia, and Canada, and I have Russia, Prussia, Ukraine, Belarus, Liechtenstein, America, and England) and a mini Rhode Island flag so that we could bring them to future anime conventions,
and then we walked home. At around 13:00, we went to the roller rink, obviously still in cosplay. Boy did I have a sugar rush there. I almost looked drunk or high after having so much junk food! I was making jokes that made absolutely no sense, I was nearly falling over in my seat and I was laughing loudly. Caro seemed to find it quite hilarious too.

The rest of the day, we stuck inside playing Call of Duty: Black Ops on zombie mode. I kept getting jealous as she always ended up with Nikolai, who is my favourite character, yet I always ended up with “Tank” Dempsey. We played maybe five times before I called it quits, meaning I was falling asleep at that point. We then got out of our cosplays and into our pj’s and hit the hay.

Now, it was Sunday morning. We were dreading having to be separated at the end of the day, but that didn’t kill our fun. We got back into our cosplays, grabbed our flags, and headed for the Christafaro Park to go run around. As we were walking, a lady slowed down by us. “What the hell--?” I ask as I look to my left side. Said lady took a picture of us before driving off, leaving us utterly confused. We decide to just forget about it and keep walking to the park. Once there, we took out our flags and ran towards the pirate ship. As I was first to make it up to the deck, I shout out, with a Slavic accent, “I CLAIM THIS SHIP IN THE NAME OF RESPUBLIKA BELARUS’!” though when Caro got up, “Nein, I, the awesome Prussia claim this ship!” is what was said. We went back and forth, trying to stay in character for a while before laughing a bit. Deciding to give Male!Belarus a rest, I change my flag for Liechtenstein’s so that I may be Male!Liechtenstein. For a while, we continued to run around and have fun for a few more hours, then we headed for Cumberland Farm’s for a snack and some coffee, and then went home. Since it was getting late, we tried to make the best of the time LARPing (Live Action Role-Play) some more, but it only made the time pass faster and my mum told us it was
time we had to go. With an “aww…..”, we got up and headed to mum’s SUV with Caro’s belongings to drop her off. At the meeting place halfway between our houses, we couldn’t say goodbye and kept hugging each other for about ten to fifteen minutes. Finally, we let go of each other and parted ways. I now cannot wait to see my Prussia again. I hope to make a video of her as either Nigaito or Kaito Shion (both are Vocaloids, Japanese singing robots basically) with me as VY2 YŪMA (another Vocaloid) having a sugar rush, as the said pink-haired Vocaloid has a candy addiction. Until then, we keep in touch via text and Twitter, usually Role-Playing on our many accounts with each other.
As the wind blew specks of white into the air around Nordmarka forests, a pack of grey wolves dashed through the powdered lands. A few yards away was a deer in hot pursuit. The old ocelot watched the hunt from afar, his tail swaying side to side as he sat high in a pine tree. Shaking his head, he let out a chuckle, finding the scene laid out in front of him quite amusing. He knew that the deer wouldn’t stand a chance to that pack. “Huh! God-speed...” the ocelot murmured as the hoofed creature was chased into the denser area of the forest.

Eliot, despite being the runt, led the pack. Swift and clever, was he, as he and the pack zig-zagged through the green-white trees. As they nearly had the prey cornered, the Alpha let out a howl to draw his comrades in.

The years were more successful then, after Haldor the Fierce had passed away. Before Eliot, the prestige title of Alpha belonged to the old wolf. Though, it did not last for quite a long time for he had been killed by hunters. “Damn ulver. Alltid stjele vår vilt fra oss...” Damn wolves. Always stealing our venison from us... They would always say before. The pack always knew the dangers of humans, but Haldor had been too caught up in his pride and glory that it ended up getting him killed. A shot through the heart.

Eliot had watched this happen and, by force, he took the title before an heir had the chance to lay a paw on it. With his intelligence, he knew he could make a good leader. There would be fewer deaths, more food, and fewer mistakes. He wasn’t very fierce, and he knew that, but, with a few comrades, he would work up to becoming what Haldor was. Day after day after day, he and his mini pack would run exercises, and within time, the entire pack was stunned.

“Men du er bare en runt!” But you are only a runt! The original heir would always complain.
“Med pakken tro, er det liten forskjell jeg har med Haldor.” With the pack's faith, there is little difference I have with Haldor. The runt stated quite plainly as if it were the most obvious thing in the world, “Du, på den annen side, synes å ikke ha noen tålmodighet i verden. Du er ingenting mer enn en valp, en feilaktig arving av en gang tapre leder.” You, on the other hand, seem to not have any patience in the world. You are nothing more than a pup, a flawed heir of a once valiant leader. This last statement stunned Bjørn and left his jaw agape. With a smug smirk, the Alpha runt walked away.

That was just a year ago. Bjørn had run off to find another pack to harass and try his paws at claiming the throne, and the scene returns to the cornered deer. With lightning speed, Eliot pounced upon the deer, which made a failed attempt at fleeing once more. Sinking his teeth into the flesh of its neck, he ended its life within seconds. About half of the pack stayed behind to feast as the rest went on in search of more deer.

Eliot led far ahead of them, a fire in his eyes. He seems to be alone, with the pack now far behind him. He didn’t mind. The hunter’s drive filled his very body. But he is not always alone. When the long winter nights come on and the wolves follow their meat into the lower valleys, he may be seen running at the head of the pack through the pale moonlight or glimmering borealis, leaping gigantic above his fellows, his great throat a-bellow as he sings a song of the younger world, which is the song of the pack.

- Call of the Wild, by Jack London
"All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream." – Edgar Allen Poe
Naïve. Innocent. Young.
The life of a child.

Schoolwork. Get good grades.
Knowledge. Stress.
The view of life from an adolescent.

Life as a college student.

House. Support the family. Taxes.
The constant thoughts of an adult.

As years go by,
We gain knowledge.
As we gain knowledge,
Happiness does its best to evade us.

Life is short-lived.
Make the best out of living.
Hetalia.

What do I think when I hear Hetalia?

World Peace. Happiness.

Yes, sometimes sadness. And, last but not least,

a family-like fandom.

Why do I like it so much?

It doesn’t show the world as a scary place,

but more like a world full of peace and happiness.

It shows diversity.

Its fandom treats you as family

and can be very welcoming.

I’ll be honest,

they’ve saved me countless times

from doing lots of stupid things,

which I’ve returned without hesitation.

They fight for what’s right.

Each character can teach us a life lesson, too.

Germany.

Smile, the world isn’t ending. …Just yet.
America.

Help others and they may help you.

Switzerland.

Stay neutral, and if you have a pet,
get another so it won’t be lonely.

Sealand.

Don’t give up a goal.
Just because they say you can’t do it,
doesn’t mean you won’t be able to.

Italy.

Speak up and others will help you.
(Don’t be upsetti, have some spaghetti!)

I don’t care what anyone says,
the Hetalia fandom is my family,
and my drive to keep on going,
to strive for my goals,

to be HAPPY.
25 March 2014

Home problems

daughter

Traumatized

for years says

She wants to

vanish forever
I chose this class because I greatly enjoy writing and wished to improve upon both vocabulary and my writing style. I felt like I was not descriptive enough in my writing, and overused some words. In the end, I feel like I have improved in more than what I was hoping to improve upon. I will say, although writing to deadlines was a bit of a struggle for me, I did enjoy the class a lot. It gave me a reason to write again, as I have not been writing much lately. Although I did not finish all the pieces I was required to write, I did meet my personal goal of improving my writing style.

My favourite piece to write has to be the short story, although my story was not short, to say in the least. “Bagrovyy Ruka” was originally supposed to be a backstory for a character I created for online use. I planned for it to be short, simple, and to the point, but while writing it, I got caught up in the story and added more to it than I thought I would. I did a lot of research to make it as accurate as I could, being the kind of nerd I am when it comes to military facts. Overall, it was an enjoyable piece to write. In contrast to “Bagrovyy Ruka”, my least favourite piece to write would have to be the play. I did not finish it because I found it difficult, like the picture story, to write to a theme, or short introduction, already set for me. I believe that if we were able to write from our own ideas, I would have had a better chance of finishing the play and the story and be satisfied with the finished product.

Throughout the class, I feel I have developed a theme, even if it wasn’t really shown, for horror. Whilst writing the play, I actually started writing a horror story, which although it is far from finished, I am quite pleased with how it is coming out. The class also helped me to understand that with professional writing, I would have to meet deadlines, which can be very stressful. I do not think that I would be a very decent professional writer, or be able to meet the necessary deadlines for such a career, so I think I will stick to writing stories and fanfiction in
my free time. As a writer, I am always planning my next story, fanfiction, or script for a possible play or event at an anime convention. As for the class, and myself, I wish I could have met my deadlines and finished both my play and picture story to share with the class. I also wish we could have had the choice to write the play based on our own ideas, as I had the perfect idea for the play before we were told to find a short introduction to write to. Overall though, I did really enjoy the class to the fullest and I would take it again, if I had not already filled up my electives for next year.