

SLOBBING AROUND

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LONG FORGOTTEN ART
OF SPENDING QUALITY
TIME WITH FRIENDS



wydawnictwo ovo

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A very wise person told me
once that wisdom seems to be
unseen because people who
are able to say something
worthy remain in utter silence
and foolish folks spread their
silliness around.

This is the time of starting
the vision of the future, where
meaningful things constitute
wisdom.

HANNA

„This book is to be placed on the shelf between my family albums and personal diaries. I hope I will always come back to it during the breaks from harsh reality to remember bunch of amazing people with whom I shared my Monday afternoons. I hope, that for all of you, this book is going to be a casket of ideals, dreams and hopes of our youth. Probably our goals, views and values will evolve or change over time, but I wish you never to stop looking for something meaningful in life, because this attribute of youth is a beautiful trait, which I hope will accompany us for a lifetime.”

KALINA

„Sometimes we just should consider pen and writing as a natural gate and journey for stories from our mind instead of making a fuss about it.”

KONRAD

„I don't know what Criss has written, so just in case I'll say this for the last time in this school year: Criss, please!”

KORINA

„I like that we can talk here about WEVERY topic possible.”

KRZYSZTOF

„When all is through and through, or when the stars align, the odds will brightly shine, the joke's on you, Konrad!”

MATEUSZ

„I just want to say thanks to our teacher who is stupid-mistakes-proof and pretends to understand not bringing a notebook to classes. I would like to say big thanks to everyone that I have ever met on these classes for always bringing something new and something funny to our group.”

PIOTR

„Life is like a ship which belongs to you; you're the captain sailing through the ocean of time. It depends strictly on you, what would you like to do and which islands would you like to visit on its board. Hard work is a powerful wind which keeps your ship moving forward.”

EWA

„Thank you for being here to support me. Anyway, I have one last request: RESPECT YOURSELF!!!”

BARTEK

„I would like to thank fate for the fact that I could meet such wonderful people. It was a pleasure to work with you, I would like these moments to last forever.”

KARINA

„It's all fun and games until...
No. It's always all fun and games with us.”

PAULINA

„The project has come to an end before your eyes. It has been great to be a part of it.”

AGATA

„There wasn't always perfect but the real perfection stays in being listened and listen to the others.”

MAJA

„Guys, thank you for this amazing time.
Our meetings always made me happier and this book is just an icing on a cake for this year.”

TEODOR

„Life is like a beer, ends too soon.
Don't you dare to waste it.”

NATASZA

„BIC... they make the best pens.
They are just big, round sticks.”

MACIEK

„If something has tires or boobs sooner or later you will definitely have problems with that.”

ZOFIA

„Certainly one of the best and mandatory (Lukas didn't take no for an answer) things while writing this book was free coffee. And, though I have a sweet tooth, I still can't believe that SOMEBODY actually drunk ultra-gay coffee, sometimes two times in row. That was just pure masochism.”

NINA

„We never end our meetings on time, but nobody has ever been upset about it, excluding Gunther the Hunter.”

GRETA

„I don't have any coffee buddies except for you so it is quite entertaining to just talk shit and sip gay coffee like there is nothing else in the world.”

PART 1

IN THE NAME OF
A BURGER,
A TOAST AND THE HOLY
SANDWICH!

*Beloved Fridgers I hope the loss of many
of your friends and the emptiness caused by their
disappearance will soon pass in time...
Don't worry you will soon be together.
God speed to sandwich's soul.*



*The shredded beef or pulled pork in you
surrounded by the best quality mustard
and fragrant mayo, make you charismatic
and extremely colorful.*

AGATA

Dear citizens of the fridge, I'm sorry for those cucumbers, lettuce and cheese, which I've reclaimed from you. I hope the last minutes, they've spent on this good earth, were bright and blissful. If you, my inconsolable sandwich had still been with us I would have said that I had enjoyed eating you very much and I would gladly carry that memory forever in my mind and for some time in my body. For each one of us there is such a lot waiting. Beloved Fridgers I hope the loss of many of your friends and the emptiness caused by their disappearance will soon pass in time... Don't worry you will soon be together. God speed to sandwich's soul.

BARTEK

The Sandwich God

In one way you are so juicy yet in the same time so crispy. The shredded beef or pulled pork in you surrounded by the best quality mustard and fragrant mayo, make you charismatic and extremely colorful. The beautiful slice of cheddar, placed on beef can turn even the worst possible day into the perfect one. You smell like mountain plains... so sorry but I can't wait much longer, I have to taste you, I have to take a bite. But remember, you have been my best friend that I have ever met. You will always be in my heart. Rest in peace my tasty friend.

You really are a great one. Made by fine hands, which are skilled in their craft. Your cheese... Oh, your cheese.



Why do we care about stupid things like work when we have such wonderful gifts of destiny like sandwiches?

KRZYSZTOF

Unwrapped and not whole

Sandwich. That is still your name, but not for much longer. So short, yet so beautiful. Even though your existence is nearing its end, you'll live in our memory forever (Mine and my stomach's). You really are a great one. Made by fine hands, which are skilled in their craft. Your cheese... Oh, your cheese. The glorious yellowy addition, created in heaven, and melted in fiery flames of Devil's Kingdom. The meat and salad... were simply okay. Kind of a disappointment. Well, you looked better than tasted. Some creatures are just miserable, and are meant to be expendable. Sadly, you belong amongst them. If I had to rate your life, and juiciness, I would give you a positive mark, but that would happen only because of your fine cheese. Rest in pools. The ones under the city. Sewers, or something.

EWA

It was a very important part of my life. I think we all know this special time when we get up not knowing what to do with another day. Well... this morning changed my life for better.

I ate a sandwich. Enormous, crispy and delicious. Then I saw everything in different colors. Why do we care about stupid things like work when we have such wonderful gifts of destiny like sandwiches? I will never forget that moment and I hope that this particular dish will be worthily replaced by another slice of bread with different layers and toppings.

This moment is so moving to me. For long have I been waiting for such a spark, fulfilling me with light and happiness. Thank you all for listening to me and commemorating the most delicious sandwich ever made.

*Such a great snack were you that memory
of your taste shall never be forgotten.*



*The fresh lettuce, sliced
tomatoes and chicken...
I couldn't resist you! You did this to me! Oh, you
had layers, you mysterious little thing.*

GRETA

In no way can I describe how much the world has lost today. I am standing before you to represent all the customers in grief, customers, not only in our desire to pay the tribute to the best-smelling sandwich in the world but in our need to do so. Today we have a chance to say thank you for the way you brightened our meals and bent over backwards to taste so remarkable.

I am honored to hold what's left of thy savory loaf in my hands and from this place I take an oath. Such a great snack were you that memory of your taste shall never be forgotten. And I hope your ashes will find peace deep down in my stomach. Goodbye my friend, goodbye my breadwinner.

KALINA

Rest in piece, sandwich

I made a promise to you one day. I'm sorry I can't keep it. We have spent lovely time, almost two months. Never have I had such a good friend. Taking those small bites of you cause a pain... also for me. We've been in dire straits together many times. After the apocalypse, you became my only family. Not only have you always been a tireless and understanding companion but also the last hope for me if the time of hunger were to com. And here we are. I, wildly hungry human, and you, overwhelmingly smelly and gross sandwich. See you on the other side. I hope they have showers for sandwiches in the welkin.

*The fresh lettuce,
sliced tomatoes and chicken...
I couldn't resist you! You did this to me! Oh, you
had layers, you mysterious little thing.*



*I would like to look at you all my life but you
know perfectly well that I can't.*

KARINA

Today... today we shall part, our paths shall be no longer intertwined, despite physically being one. You've kept me going, thus your sacrifice and absence will be remembered. I cannot feel you anymore, this happiness, my sunshine, my fuel just slipped through my fingers – into my mouth. You used to say that I would be the death of you. Well, who could have thought, dear friend? Let this be a tribute to your subtle yet detectable, grainy structure. A true elegy to your contents, which made you, what you were – a fine sandwich. The fresh lettuce, sliced tomatoes and chicken... I couldn't resist you! You did this to me! Oh, you had layers, you mysterious little thing. Some would say we did not know each other for that long. I remember the moment I first saw you – in the 3rd aisle at Whole Foods. And that morning, this morning, I knew this could only go one way... And here we are, two hours later. Can't you see what you have done to me?! I'm just a sinful human being, talking to the ephemeral memory that shall live in his mind until his flesh turns into the very atoms, borrowed from the most powerful God – the Universe itself. And so, the circle of life shall continue. Many in my place will feel the same suffering, many will perish and there will be people trying to pick up the pieces of what they once were – as self-loathing sandwich eaters.

KORINA

I have never loved somebody more than you. You are my light in my heart, but I can't have you forever. You are my first and last love. Your pretty bread looks like a smooth skin, your big red slice of tomato is like the spell cast over me. I would like to look at you all my life but you know perfectly well that I can't. We both know that. Now your time has come and I have to eat you because you look so amazing and gorgeous today and I am so hungry. My last words to you is good bye my dear.

*When I think about you I realize that in fact you
have been more human than many of us. Not only
because you were made mostly from meat.*



*Hmmm, just tell me who looks so tasty today,
who is dressed to kill?*

KONRAD

Dear sandwich! 15 minutes ago your life started and now it's coming to an end but even a very short life can be valuable. You're (or maybe were) the best sandwich I've ever eaten but in fact the strongest feeling in me now is pain and sadness because I know I will never make such a good sandwich again. Still I am glad that I could eat you because you gave me all that I needed – all ingredients essential to survive for next few hours and also joy while eating and making you. When I think about you I realize that in fact you have been more human than many of us. Not only because you were made mostly from meat but also because I've put all my heart into you and in return you gave me all you had. So maybe this is the lesson we should all learn from you. Goodbye my friend. We will never see each other again but in my mind, heart and stomach you will never be forgotten.

MACIEK

Hello, my friend. Hmm, just tell me who looks so tasty today, who is dressed to kill? I will eat you all, with your juicy meat, fresh salad and this white, spicy garlic sauce. No, no stop looking at me like that. You are made to die, to make my stomach happy. I know you are sad but I must choose, me or you. I must choose myself. If I don't eat you, you will get mildew and green mushrooms will start growing on you. I must consume you, I must survive. I know it's unfair but it has to be this way. I made you and I must kill you. Please stop crying because your butter starts to dissolve. Just say goodbye to your buddies; cucumber, tomato, salad and onion. There is not much else to be done. Your time has just ended. Sorry.

*Even when I have eaten you, you will stay in my
stomach and heart till the very end so only
death could separate us.*



*I'll be thinking of you, Turkey Sandwich.
And of the devastating moment, when my wife told
me we were going vegetarian.*

MATEUSZ

Oh, my dear sandwich, made of best bread and everything good anyone could ever imagine. The mayo that paints you, vegetables and meat being your inner structure. Now I stand here in this place with you in my hands. You, the one that makes my heart full, makes me smile even in worst days and would never abandon me. Even when I have eaten you, you will stay in my stomach and heart till the very end so only death could separate us.

MAJA

We're gathered here today to mourn a great loss. Turkey Sandwich was my best friend. I mean, I did eat you myself many times so it was kind of a toxic relationship... but what kind of friend wouldn't sacrifice themselves for a happiness of the other one, am I right? I was eating you last night, not even thinking, that one day I might say goodbye to you forever.

Turkey Sandwich, you were the best. You always made me feel better when I had a bad day. Dinner time was a thing I was looking forward to all day. It was like meeting a long forgotten friend. Even though we used to see each other every day. Never again will I have the pleasure of seeing you. Every night while I'll be eating the salad, I'll be thinking of you, Turkey Sandwich. And of the devastating moment, when my wife told me we were going vegetarian.

*Hardly ever does one have opportunity to make
and eat such a simple but breath-taking meal.
Sandwich, my dear friend, you did your job well.*



*Seldom have I eaten such a good sandwich and
never have I been so mad about buying you
in a smaller size.*

NATASZA

I'm so sad that I had to say goodbye to my dear meal – The Sandwich. It's a pity that she had to go away so fast. What a sandwich she was. Fresh bread, lots of veggies, warm melted cheese and crispy chicken.

Hardly ever does one have opportunity to make and eat such a simple but breath-taking meal. Sandwich, my dear friend, you did your job well. You will never be forgotten and all other sandwiches will be made only to follow your footsteps.

To look and taste just like you did. I wish everyone could have a chance to try something like you at least once in their lifetime. But now we have to say goodbye. Rest in peace in my stomach my dear.

NINA

These are the last few minutes of your short, but really colorful life. Not only are you really tasty, but also healthy for me. You are so good that I should stop eating you, but it is stronger than me. I'm so sorry. I'm so sad this is the end of our brief friendship, but I will remember you till the next sandwich, I'll eat here. You have been made with only good quality ingredients and, what's more important, with love. That's the thing I will never forget. Seldom have I eaten such a good sandwich and never have I been so mad about buying you in a smaller size. I hope sandwich welkin is a great place and you will be happy there, spending time with as tasty sandwiches as you were. Goodbye friend! Rest in peace.

*In every life there is that unexpected moment,
which ends your peregrination.*



*I still remember that feeling of a proud mother
holding her newborn in her hands.*

PIOTR

Dear Sandwich,

In every life there is that unexpected moment, which ends your peregrination. Someone said, that no life ends too late, and so your trip through your life ends here. I know that it is a huge upset. Especially for this tuna between two slices of bread or tomato next to it. Sailors use to say: Captain's abandoned our ship and this captain is hope and faith. No one would ever expect this moment of shame for me, the food barbarian. I have to say, that you were tasty as fuck. Thank you for everything you have done for me. You will be remembered. Rest in peace sweetie.

TEODOR

So hard it is to say simple goodbye to your best friend, your reason to live, when you know it's going to be the last goodbye ever told. My dear Sandwich I cannot explain how though it is to spit this out of my mouth. You were the best.

I miss how you tasted, how you smelled. When I met you for the first time I knew right away, you were going to be that one. I remember when I was going to unleash you from a plastic bag. I still remember that feeling of a proud mother holding her newborn in her hands. That's how I felt tucking you in and looking at you, my dear, freshly-baked sandwich. That's how I felt when I wanted to get a bite of you. Rest In Peace Sweetheart.

After all, among all of us I should have known better. I should have known that the hunger is like a beast - you are never prepared for its attack.



But I know that soon you will be just a beautiful memory from a delightful coffee break.

ZOFIA

Dear gathered guests,

We are meeting here to say final goodbye to this delicious sandwich (I know it was tasty, cause I've just finished it). This sandwich was like a daughter to me. I gave her life, I shaped her, so she could become the best version of herself. I knew that this moment would come and I knew that it would come quickly. But I didn't know that it would be so... unexpected. After all, among all of us I should have known better. I should have known that the hunger is like a beast – you are never prepared for its attack. Sorry for my tears... it's just that this sandwich was finger-licking delicious. Anyway, dear sandwich, you shall always be remembered as an amazing combination of top-notch ingredients. Be strong out there. Love, Sophia.

HANNAH

Oh dear, I am going to miss our tete-a-tete. The thought, it is the last time I'm touching you with my fingers and biting you softly, brings me to despair.

You know how much I adore the way you are crispy on the outside but soft and delicious inside. I love the way you smell. The perfect mixture of ham, cheese, fresh tomato and cucumber. But I know that soon you will be just a beautiful memory from a delightful coffee break.

Please, let me enjoy your taste for the very last time – bit salty but still incredible. You were truly the best that I had! For long have I waited for you – from the very moment I started my work 5 hours ago.

I have to admit to myself that soon our moment will come to an end. What is the worst, when we are done with each other, this soft nice feeling in my tummy will only be here to remind me that your presence in my life has ended forever.

*Some chewing later and we can finally get to...
The third bite. It is the time I have been
desperately waiting for.*

PAULINA

Write an eulogy to thy sandwich, delivered while eating it. With the first bite I take, I can already feel the very much wanted crunch of the bread. At the same time, I can tell, it is soft on the inside. The ham and lettuce might seem too dry, but I keep in mind, that in the next few seconds I am going to taste a juicy tomato.

The second bite. There is no tomato yet, I am really hoping for. It is going to appear later on, not to disappoint me. However there is a new thing and that is mayonnaise. Nothing else can hold everything together as well as a spoonful of mayo. More bread, ham and lettuce. I have to admit it. The crunch of the tasteless lettuce is good as well. Some chewing later and we can finally get to...

The third bite. It is the time I have been desperately waiting for. I have been preparing myself for it since the very morning. I can taste all the ingredients at once. Bread, lettuce, ham, mayo and tomato, which balance everything, bringing a perfect harmony to its taste. Nothing is too dry, nothing too juicy. There is nothing more, that I expected from it. Pure Greatness.

Few bites later, I get to the last one. One could think, that I am going to be upset, because of finishing my sandwich and not having any of it anymore. However, you know what they say – don't be sad, because it has ended, be happy, because it has happened. That is what I am taking from this. A good memory of my sandwich will forever stick with me and hopefully help me get through tough times.

PART 2

JOEY'S QUESTION SO...
SCREW YOU LUKASZ

*We also have this tremendous pleasure
to wear masks every day in every single minute
to suffocate to death before the Corona virus
will get us.*



*During this hard time training is something that
undoubtedly helps me to keep going.*

AGATA

Basically answering “good” for this question is to not to say bad every time and to not let people around think you are depressed and not worth their attention. The basics are phenomenal, I have place to live, parents who love me (I think so), friends who I adore... but we also have covid19 pandemic. Hybrid system of education, which has been put in place, divided people in the class but it’s just the tip of an iceberg.

We also have this tremendous pleasure to wear masks every day in every single minute to suffocate to death before the Corona virus will get us. Except for this I have an avalanche of tests and homework, as everyone, so the meetings are... hmm totally... unavailable. But thanks for asking. Great.

BARTEK

Well I feel relatively good now. However, I feel under the weather sometimes as well. I know I need to deal with those feelings as soon as possible. When I don’t feel well, I usually lie down on my bed and listen to music until that mindset goes away.

During this hard time training is something that undoubtedly helps me to keep going. It’s a kind of a springboard, taking me away from every day’s life. During the whole week I am totally busy with work, so I only have Saturday and Sunday to get some well-deserved rest. I hope that this situation will normalize because I am the type of person who likes meeting with other people very much, so now I am suffering from lack of it.

*Other than that, to list but a few more things
which are quite significant, I feel simply
overwhelmed.*



*I spent quite a lot time with my little sister (more
than with older ones) because she is cute, funny
and she adores when I throw her up so I have a
free workout in the same time.*

KRZYSZTOF

„Happiness”

It isn't really going that well, those past few weeks. I've been stressed a lot, and probably did some dumb things because of it. For reasons unknown to me, things which shouldn't be having such an unwelcome effect on me, really have it.

Other than that, to list but a few more things which are quite significant, I feel simply overwhelmed. I also had a serious and discouraging talk with a colleague of mine.

I must admit, it was a bit of an eye-opener towards few particular things, which also had a bad effect on me. Positives? Got a few good grades. Ordered too many books, though that can also be seen as a downside. I've a new hobby, and have given into it a bit. It is connected with writing.

To summarize: I'm doing great, and have been having a lot of good time lately. Only clean, pure, innocent, and happy thoughts have visited my head. If it doesn't get much better, it will just stay as it is. Oh, and I've been more closed than usually, during those last few seven-days-packs.

MACIEK

I get up early. I am always ready for a new day. I make myself coffee to wake up my brain. I feel good because I don't have that much work like in times when I normally go to school. A lot of time I spend on my passion which are cars and races.

I am constantly thinking about it these days, how I can be better in that, achieving better results. I spent quite a lot time with my little sister (more than with older ones) because she is cute, funny and she adores when I throw her up so I have a free workout in the same time. I have more car projects in my head than ever. I guess it means that I have too much of free time. Sometimes I am just bored and then, along with boredom, the big list of things, I have to do, comes to mind. Maybe it doesn't sound good but I like that, I get new experience and knowledge that helps me a lot.

*I don't want to sound too dramatic but I'm just
really mad at my immune system right now
because no sooner had my biology teacher set the
exam date when it let me down.*



*they are like boiling mad, whimsical,
five-years-old children, fighting for their
beloved toy.*

GRETA

Well, to be honest, It's going terrible. Not only am I absent at school but also dying from severe pain. In a nutshell – I'm sick. And hardly ever am I sick.

I don't want to sound too dramatic but I'm just really mad at my immune system right now because no sooner had my biology teacher set the exam date when it let me down. So for real – if you pardon my French, but fuck it all. Actually, not only am I going to miss a lot at school but also my time in general. And it's because of my sore throat and incapability of breathing which is killing me. The whole weekend so bad was my pain that I had to sleep all the time so it would stop for a moment. And putting yourself to sleep isn't a piece of cake in this situation. The good thing is that my boyfriend took care of me and I am still alive – thanks to him. Also, I kind of learned my lesson because only after I had lost my senses did I appreciate how fun it was to breathe before.

KALINA

Hated question

(I hoped the question would sound more like Joey's "How you doin' ?".)

Cool. Good. Fine.

I'm trying to make school things, competitions and fun to co-operate but they are like boiling mad, whimsical, five-years-old children, fighting for their beloved toy. They just don't listen to logical arguments. Never have I thought, that people in school can have even less time. So difficult is taking old friends somewhere during the weekend that it's almost not worth trying.

I miss slobbering around with warm coffee in my hand.

Could be worse. Could be better.

*Recently things that always make me laugh,
keep existing only for short periods*



*My favorite part of a day is coming to my room
and lying down on my bed with no further purpose*

EWA

There are some things that make us laugh, cry, happy or sad. All of them are present in my life, but some of them have stronger effects than the others. Recently things that always make me laugh, keep existing only for short periods.

I could say that sadness covers my mind and good things are just small spots on that layer. Most of people I know think that I am the strong one. That I can cope with everything so they come to me with their problems. I always try to do my best to help them. On one hand this helps me forgetting about my own troubles, but on the other I see more and more horrible things in that good world. I can see people physically hurting themselves just to take a break from the reality. I don't want to give up, I don't want to take a break or escape, but expectations are getting higher. People want me to be the best and because of that, I want it too. I can't stand being worse than others, but it's impossible to be always the best. So when I'm not, I get depressed and I've got this feeling that I need to work harder. This is a circle, neverending story and I can't get out of it.

KORINA

Every day I want to be happy and cheerful person but during last few weeks something has happened. I don't know why. Maybe It's the weather or bad grades from my favorite subjects such as chemistry and biology but I feel tired and jaded. I have started to think what I could do better. But I don't have any ideas.

My favorite part of a day is coming to my room and lying down on my bed with no further purpose. When I sit on the bed in the evening I think about next day and I am so stressed because I don't know what is going to happen. Seldom do I get good grades, and I am so worried about it but I know I have to pull my socks up and push forward.

Its good yet shitty in the same time. I am not the Zero anymore but I have lots of learning instead



I've been feeling stressed and not like myself for quite a while now. I have also noticed that it has been harder for me to absorb stuff.

MATEUSZ

Its good yet shitty in the same time. I am not the Zero anymore but I have lots of learning instead. I have good grades from classes which I should have. I am focused on trainings and matches. I really work my ass of and want to do this big hits and good catches but I don't know if I am capable of doing it. I am not sure I am going to play in Warsaw and it makes me sad but it's probably better for the team and I should just work harder. I annoy my mom less frequently so the atmosphere is lotsa better in my house. I still play computer games a lot. I am currently trying to play with new players, especially not from Poland so I could practice my English.

There are World Championships related to League of Legends so it's really exciting time but it's in China so I must watch matches during my lessons. I still sleep a lot but not in my bed. I sleep on physics, history and in trams while going to trainings. So as I previously said its quite good but shitty in the same time.

MAJA

Feelings update 5.10.2020

Lately I've been feeling very tired. I must say that changing the learning program was harder than I expected. From 25 hours a week of only four subjects to a 40 hours work week with science and all the other shit I hate. I've been feeling stressed and not like myself for quite a while now. I have also noticed that it has been harder for me to absorb stuff. Last year I was mainly focusing on one subject in school so I barely studied at home. Now I can see that I can't work out how to actually learn. I can't get back to the old system of studying. Sometimes when I come back home, I feel under the weather, have headaches and anxiety regarding my work and school. My friend from class had told me she's been feeling same ways. I came to a conclusion that during that year I forgot how our (awful) school system really works.

I'm willing to get a puppy for myself in a year or something around that. Too be honest, I'm pretty stressed about it, because it's going to be one of the most important decisions in my life I will ever take.



Seldom have I heard someone telling his all life story as an answer for a question "how's going?".

NATASZA

There is not too much changing in my life these days. I still have the same boyfriend and go to the stable a lot but there are some things that I can definitely tell you about. My horse riding trainings were going pretty good last week. That was a huge reason for me to smile and I hope that particular streak will last longer. I also have to find time to drive and visit breeding homes of White Swiss Shepherds. I'm willing to get a puppy for myself in a year or something around that. Too be honest, I'm pretty stressed about it, because it's going to be one of the most important decisions in my life I will ever take. I don't want to do any mistakes. Upbringing a dog will be a huge challenge so I'm thinking a lot about that. Besides that everything looks pretty normal and nothing exiting is currently happening. I hope your days are peaceful and you have time to catch a breath too.

NINA

I hear that question almost every day and I'm sick of it. I know nobody wants to hear about my problems, they just want to be nice by asking me. Sometimes it's hard but it's easier to say it's fine instead of complaining. Even if someone really wants to hear about my life, it's just weird to burden people with my problems. Only when they are close to me do they listen to my stories, but most of the time they're not as important for them as for me. Seldom have I heard someone telling his all life story as an answer for a question "how's going?". Most of the times you have to know more about someone to really understand his answer for this question.

The most of my problems are related to tasks from school. How to survive in this jungle for more than four years?



My anxieties, on the other hand, are in the best possible shape. They easily interfere with my brain every day, being extremely bothersome, planting seeds of insecurity

PIOTR

Everything is quite good for now. I don't have any serious problems which could burden my attitude or my mood every day. Of course I have rough moments in my life like probably most of people. If I have any problem I know I have to solve it as fast as I can, because there are another issues waiting behind the corner, which I have to resolve too. The most of my problems are related to tasks from school. How to survive in this jungle for more than four years? Sometimes I want to vanish into thin air and never come back again, but I know the school will help me in my freaking life. I've noticed that all my life depends on school, like citizens depends on the king of the kingdom. It is hard to manage all those things which depend on me, but I'm trying to keep up with it. That makes my life quite interesting.

ZOFIA

"I am doing fine" that's how I usually respond. However I'm not feeling that good really. It's still better than a year ago, but it's still not something that I would want to achieve. My anxieties, on the other hand, are in the best possible shape. They easily interfere with my brain every day, being extremely bothersome, planting seeds of insecurity. I have to question everything before I make any decision. I just can't stop it.

It can be overwhelming at times. Totally overwhelming. I also don't sleep well. I am constantly thinking of how to fix myself and my troubled mind. Throughout the entire day I'm wasted, because of it. I can't focus on classes. I can't focus, studying at home. I am very forgetful and I hate it. I hate how I look, how I think, how I interact with others. But yeah. 'I am fine. Thank you for asking.'

I want to have good grades at school to be proud of myself and so my mom doesn't have to worry.



I am surprised how easily I manage to lead my social life. Every week I meet some of my friends to hang out. It is amazing to have close people in my life.

TEODOR

I always say that things can go worse, so I am trying so hard to have positive vibes every day and I don't like people that complain that the worst possible things happen only in their lives. They complain about being bad looking or so. That they don't want to live because of something else. It is silly. I'm a realist. These days I feel under the weather because of the school issues. I don't have time for myself and also for my closest family, friends and a girlfriend. The pandemic keeps annoying me. I want to have good grades at school to be proud of myself and so my mom doesn't have to worry.

HANNAH

How I have been lately?

Well, well, well. There are so many things happening these days, but I am quite happy with my life. In terms of school, everything is much more difficult and demanding than it used to be, but finally I feel I study things that I truly enjoy. I think it's easier to me to deal with assignments now because finally something has changed in my mind and I stopped caring about the grades. This helped me to appreciate learning process itself much, much more. I am surprised how easily I manage to lead my social life. Every week I meet some of my friends to hang out. It is amazing to have close people in my life. I have a new boyfriend, who used to be my good mate for years. I am really glad to be with someone who is respectful towards me and with whom I can have a plenty of meaningful and interesting conversations. I can say that I finally feel free. Free from pressure to be the best. Free from tones of chores I don't enjoy. Free from toxic relationships. Free from running for better future and underestimating the present moment. I feel like every day is full of experience, knowledge, people, meetings. Finally I do the things that make me satisfied and fulfilled.

*Here we are, drawing the conclusion old as time:
the glass can be either half full or half empty.*

KARINA

Back to Bedlam. We're going through this again and once you add the global context to the regular teenage turmoil, what you get is this: a bunch of isolated individuals looking for any type of connection. Locked inside, locked away by the barriers we cannot see. I've always felt a bit lonely – part of the human nature I suppose. First, in March, the situation was new, I had a difficult time adjusting but with time I did get used to a certain lifestyle and even found happiness – living in my own bubble.

Once everything got “back to normal” I couldn't function properly – everything felt simply... out of place. And so, the adjustment issues followed again. I'm not sure if I got to my previous state in those last two months... but now we're back to what is familiar, what is hated – real isolation. Not the kind that one feels every day. Also, not the kind that makes you feel like you're living behind a window, just observing the world, not being able to participate, despite being physically present. Well, physically present no longer...

I do have reasons to be happy, just as I have reasons to be terrified, apathetic or given up. I want to appreciate fully what I have: the love that I'm surrounded with, the success and the potential. But I keep focusing on the deficits.

Here we are, drawing the conclusion old as time: the glass can be either half full or half empty. How am I doing? Honestly, not that well. I'm trying to keep myself occupied though, even when I don't see a bigger reason for it, apart from escapism. I'm in love, I'm scared of losing said love. I want to understand everything around me, but all I am is a man.

PART 3

KRAUT WAS SOBBING
POIGNANTLY,SELLING HIS
OLD PROPERTY

*When you decide to buy him remember; always,
when you feel like zero look at him, then the day
becomes better immediately.*



*Rarely will you find his smile
not being charming.*

BARTEK

This is Mathew. If you buy him, you must remember, that he loves catching some z's, so he is an extreme version of couch potato. He looks like he has got his roots in Turkey, so you can resell him for good amount of money to kebab restaurant. That means that you can make a pretty decent profit. You must be attentive when you go to the party with him cause he shall probably fall asleep in every possible place. Thus, it might cause some problems. When you decide to buy him remember; always, when you feel like zero look at him, then the day becomes better immediately.

KRZYSZTOF

„Offer of the week!!!”

Peter is not as rude as some people may perceive him as. He really can be a good guy. And a hard working one. Rarely does such a fine lad go on a discount as ravaging as this one. 50% off when using gift code GOO-DSLA-VES-XT5.

One may ask what are his functionalities?

- He can cook well, this ability of his has been rated for 8.5/10 stars.
- The fine Lower Śląskan (Silesian) breed.
- Rarely will you find his smile not being charming.
- If you need a gardener or forester, he'll also do well.
- Peter is powered by meat, water and wheat.

Take up this offer! Never again will you be able to get hungry, or bored.

Only five stacks of carrots for the Man of Science himself, The Pity Pete!

She knows how to treat people during particular periods of their life (including age and emotional state).



Agata! Never have you seen such an efficient custom changing product. Just put her in your living room and listen to her complaints.

EWA

Have you run out of the Internet? You are unable to check anything on your phone? That's not the end of the world! Never again will you need Wikipedia! Buy Hannah! She knows everything, but that is not all she has to offer. She's emotional, she can help you when you are heartbroken, plus she is pretty. Hannah has comprehensive knowledge regarding science, fashion and psychology. She knows how to treat people during particular periods of their life (including age and emotional state). Let Hannah be your encyclopedia and friend for life. Such a great combo she is. Buy her today and don't care about any sticky-wickets at school. Purchase Hannah and be well prepared for your future life.

KALINA

When you sell a friend

Do you often complain about your life to every person you know? Do they avoid you because of that? I have a perfect solution for you!

Buy a new model of habit-changer: Agata! Never have you seen such an efficient custom changing product. Just put her in your living room and listen to her complaints. You will stop railing almost instantly! This remarkable process is so rapid, no-one would believe it!

Not only is she a habit-changer but also an entertaining talker for guests attending your parties. She can talk for hours without a break. So loud is her voice that even music can't deafen her! Just call us or visit one of our local shops. The assistant will tell you everything about the possibilities of purchase!

*Now you are probably thinking why
should You buy a jester who is not funny?
Very good question!*



*When you are afraid of the dark or just scared
at night she can sleep with u too
(you are free to interpret that asset).*

KONRAD

Have you ever met a good joker? I mean not that psycho from the DC universe who will start a revolution and lead people to death and anarchy but a real joker – a funny person who always can make you laugh. No? Me neither but I have a great opportunity for you. This is Criss. Criss calls himself a joker but well, let's say that he's not very funny. Now you are probably thinking why should You buy a jester who is not funny? Very good question! If you have a good joke in your mind, ask Criss to tell you something funny before you tell your joke to anyone else. Then you can compare your joke with Criss's and realize if it's really funny or on Criss's level. I think it's his best talent but you can also make him do house chores or gather some carrots and other vegetables in your garden. He is a MMORPG player so he loves doing that kind of tasks. The price is very low, only 1000 zł on a black market. You know where to find me if you are reading this add.

MACIEK

Welcome!

You don't have a leader in the house? You can't take off spider's web from your ceiling? Buy Korina! She is the best option for you. Extremely high, pretty hot and tempting and quite smart girl. If you don't have enough money for washing machine, dishwasher and cleaner you can buy her as well. In case you are alone and feel sad, she can hug you so you would feel so much better. When you are afraid of the dark or just scared at night she can sleep with you too (you are free to interpret that asset). It's your lucky day because it's last day of sales. ONLY POLISH VERSION.

*Not only is she pretty but also intelligent.
She will show you the world from a completely
different perspective.*



*Look what I have for you – this is Bart.
Huge juggernaut. Unstoppable force!*

GRETA

An offer!!!

Only now! Are you looking for a friend? Best friend even? You're lucky! I introduce you Hannah. Not only is she pretty but also intelligent. She will show you the world from a completely different perspective, showing you memes when you're sad and also talk to you for hours about interesting stuff only! You don't believe me? It's okay – not until I saw her did I believe she's real. So come to the shop and ask the assistant for a free sample – you won't be disappointed.

If you're rather a couch potato, don't worry! We offer free shipping to your doorstep. You will be pleased with the new company and enjoy spending time with her. Also, she will show you a few nice places in your town where you both can eat and even check your homework! Impressive, right? Don't wait any longer and order now. Then you can hit a sack and wait peacefully till the rest of your life with a new friend will start.

PIOTR

Have you ever thought about your security, about your family, your future, your life stability. Look what I have for you – this is Bart. Huge juggernaut. Unstoppable force!

He is very sensitive, kind, strong and lovely person. If you want your family to be safe, pick him; if you want to secure your own safety, pick him; if you want your food safe, pick him. Now very important thing, cost of better life with him is only 2000 pln. And guess what; he trains brutal sports, so you better decide to be with him and not be beaten by him.

He can also eat really big amount of food in short time so you can bring him to competitive eating challenges and he will win everything for you!!!



Agata has a very good style and she can help you to look stunning

MATEUSZ

That's Bart!

He is a big, strong guy that possesses the ability to smash rocks just with his bare hands, so you can take him to quarry and he will always be your best employee out there!!! He can also eat really big amount of food in short time so you can bring him to competitive eating challenges and he will win everything for you!!! He is also very kind so he can introduce you to the girl you like and convince her to like you as well. The only bad thing is that he snores pretty loud so you can't fall asleep having him close. He is also very big so you won't be able to take him everywhere but socially he fits ever possible place so he won't be a visual problem. There are only few units left so be quick and try to make a deal!!!

KORINA

Agata is such an amazing person. She is very intelligent but sometimes she has stupid ideas with no sense. She always makes you happy and she never pushes you away. When you sometimes feel lonely you can always call her and just talk, and I promise you gonna have fun. Agata has a very good style and she can help you to look stunning. When you wear something that she doesn't like, you should know that it's the first thing that you can hear when you meet her. You should have person like that in your life, so you have to hurry up because it's last day of promotion.

*The only thing you have to do is feeding her
(good quality food required!)*



*Not only is she hot as hell, so even the devil
himself would burn, but she is also as clever
as Stephen Hawking.*

NINA

Zosia for sell!

Today's offer only! Not only is Zosia a nice person, but also can be really useful. You have problems with remembering your friends favorite songs? If you had had Zosia, this problem would never have happened! She collects so many new songs that you will never get bored with them. Don't miss the opportunity of having Zosia at home! She is really helpful and a really good listener. The only thing you have to do is feeding her (good quality food required!) and take her to the opera or theater. Look, it's also a great occasion to you! You can see a fantastic performances and become a smart person. Only when submitting an offer now, will you get shipping for free. She will arrive to your home, using free buses, unless you live on the outskirts of Wrocław. Then you only have to pay for taxi. Get your Zosia today!!!

TEODOR

Meet the Korina, the girl as tall as an African giraffe, female version of human ladder. Her main asset for many would be her height. All the things that you couldn't do because of your height now are possible. She has an option of not understanding what you are trying to tell her in English, so when you get mad at her just throw all the things that annoy you at her, but remember use your English skills. That is how you blow off some steam when angry. Not only is she hot as hell, so even the devil himself would burn, but she is also as clever as Stephen Hawking. However, wheelchair ain't included!

Thanks to her badass math skills she can be your private accountant.



Rarely does any man have such a chance to prove their persistence. She is not a girl who would fall for you easily. That's why being her boyfriend means being the triumphher.

ZOFIA

Kalina is a must have in every home! Not only does she have the knowledge, but great sense of humor, that will brighten your day! Her realistic view on life will make you reflect on many things connected to your daily tasks and her sarcastic comments will make you laugh your ass off. There is more to come! Thanks to her badass math skills she can be your private accountant. You will never have to count your money all by yourself. You can also use this ability to teach your younglings this subject or finally understand trigonometry and equations, because in high school you didn't really care about those things, did you? Buy yourself Kalina in any local store with electronic goods today!

HANNAH

Have a crush on Maja!

Rarely does any man have such a chance to prove their persistence. She is not a girl who would fall for you easily. That's why being her boyfriend means being the triumphher. Maja isn't an ordinary girl – she doesn't giggle while seeing boys. Were you to try to hit on her she would stay as cool as cucumber. But don't let that bother you because when you finally melt her heart you will notice not only is she intelligent but also extremely imaginative! If you are just a typical boring jerk, you better let go you will not satisfy her need of having quick-witted and patient interlocutor.

Hit on Maja. Try yourself! Prove yourself! Show, that you are not a total loser and you are worthy being with her. This is your chance to be with an extraordinary girl, who is going to be a challenge for you through the whole relationship.

Nothing is more charming, than receiving chocolates and flowers or maybe a pack of your fave snacks and a movie to watch together.



Starting from her being very sweet and kind to everyone, and ending with her quick-witted mind.

PAULINA

Sell and advert a friend.

Hello, have you been looking for a friend to get yourself? Well, I might have one just for you. We all have been through those lonely times, where all we have ever wanted was a friend.

Someone to get a hug from or to talk about how you have been lately. On the other hand, you could find yourself in a need for a partner for someone's wedding. What a shame would it be, to show up alone again! No matter, whether you need someone for only 10 minutes or weeks, whether it would be a partner in crime or a hero, that takes you out of the awkward situation.

Julia surely has got exactly what you want. Today you can get yourself Julia for free! She comes with a nice welcoming gift for you of her choosing. Nothing is more charming, than receiving chocolates and flowers or maybe a pack of your fave snacks and a movie to watch together.* You can tell her your e.g. pet peeves, to match her everyday behavior to your liking. ** Then Julia will keep you company for the whole time. If you change your mind, earlier than you have expected, you can send her home any time you want. Just try not to make too good of friends with her, so it doesn't hurt her feelings. All the paperwork and additional payments are done in advance. Once you have overcome this step, there will be nothing that holds you back from making all the possible use of your dear friend.

*You are the one paying for it.

**Unless she will not agree to this.

MAJA

Rarely does one find such an interesting person like Hanna. She has a lot of great assets. Starting from her being very sweet and kind to everyone, and ending with her quick-witted mind. Hanna is an extremely hardworking person. When she sets a goal she tries to make it the best she can and reaches it whatever the circumstances may be. She knows how to use her assets and knowledge to change things for better. Hanna is a very good person and always has a good word for you. Make an offer.

*Coffee delivered to your office? You've got it.
Think of him as your intern...
The metaphor is multi-dimensional.*

KARINA

I'm happy to present you the great, pretty scrawny for a guy of this size and age, yet strong, Tomasz. How phenomenal of a product is he, shall only the buyer fully discover.

One could argue whether the curly haired treat is suitable for them, which is why my objective is to display in the Tomasz application and usage in the best possible manner.

First of all – for all you animals out there – he would make a decent boo. Wrapped up in an idealistic view on love, he would most definitely give you the attention and treatment you deserve. He would bend over backwards to succumb to your needs. Coffee delivered to your office? You've got it. Think of him as your intern... The metaphor is multi-dimensional.

Moving on: a Tomasz could be a personal inspirational speaker when in good hands. He will call you out on your hypocrisy, mistakes and issues and tackle the matter at hand with facts and logic. Watch him go: u feel under the weather? Existence is no laughing matter anyways. Boom! No intricate emotions or social barriers deep rooted in the structure of today's society with this one. Cut the crap – get a Tomasz. Finally: he's a dawg. As we look out for the customers pleasure, we also thought about the entertainment aspect – for our heterosexual dogs out there open invitation: get a beer, talk about female dogs and shoot some hoops with this amazing athlete. Kobe! Oh wait...

Point being – a Tomasz is the right investment for your body, mind AND soul. Available now (just come pick him up... please).

PART 4

PERENNIAL MUTINY

*Now to achieve that, teachers should pay attention
to making students feel comfortable with
tripping up, because to err is human.*



*We say great NO to so many polish and history
lessons. Comrades! I call you for a revolution.*

PAULINA

For far too many kids and teenagers school is a place, they hate going to. It overwhelms students with the amount of work, which they might not have motivation for, because they have not been taught how to learn or they do not know, what they are learning it for. They just keep in mind, that this is, what they have to do and start to find it more and more annoying, as it is more and more forced upon them. School should be a healthy environment and a safe place for everyone, but especially for those, who struggle with calling their own home either of these names. Now to achieve that, teachers should pay attention to making students feel comfortable with tripping up, because to err is human. It is something we can learn from. However, when everyone is graded for every answer they give, it is impossible not to feel the pressure to do well all the time. This is also why students might not communicate enough with teachers and tell them, that they do not understand something. That is, because what they often get back from it, is only being told, that they are supposed to know it by now.

KONRAD

Ladies and gentlemen, comrades, brothers and sisters in pain! Our school advertises itself as an elite school. Elite school means elite teachers and elite teaching program which form and shape elite students. But I can honestly tell you it's all a LIE!

We are all equally worthless like students in other schools and if we are equal to other students we're not an elite. I tell you it's all a lie but it doesn't have to be. I know that many of you complain about teaching program which should be perfect but it's only normal. We are elite math high school so we deserve and demand more math, IT and physics lessons on a higher level of teaching. We say great NO to so many polish and history lessons. Comrades! I call you for a revolution. If the principal doesn't fulfill our demands we will take school by force and make a better program. Come on brothers and sisters! Let's make this school elite again!

*Teachers cannot treat us like goddamn dirt.
We must choose what's right. Who would you like
to follow? Me or these heartless barbarians.*



*His constructs! Those are particular reasons,
why they call him the way they do.
The National Oracle. Mickiewicz.*

BARTEK

My friends listen to me! This dark, somber place has stolen 10 years from our lives. No one should be treated like this. Think what you could do with those 10 extra years. We must leave this place. We must abandon it as quickly as possible. Teachers cannot treat us like goddamn dirt. We must choose what's right. Who would you like to follow? Me or these heartless barbarians. All of you who have already decided to join me, please take all of your school books and put them in the teachers room. We will sent the school back to hell from whence it came from.

If somebody hasn't decided yet just recall all of test and bad grades you have ever gotten, recall this feeling of painful failure, recall all of shed tears. These tears must fuel the fire in yours hearts.

Follow me!!!

KRZYSZTOF

„Corrupted Reign”

Welcome to my TED talk, fellow kids! Today, I want to tell you about the terrific experiences which await you in the next stage of education... the high school. Beautiful arts of math will slowly surround you with magnificent problems, and before you realize, you'll be in their grasp. Will you let them do so? To succumb to the education system, one must be a FOOL! Don't let them play you younglings, or you might end up slaughtered by creations of an evil warlock, to name but a few, or actually just one, the Demon's spawn himself, named Adam. Now, what should you fear about Adam?

His constructs! Those are particular reasons, why they call him the way they do. The National Oracle. Mickiewicz.

Break your chains, bring your pitchforks, lighten up your torches, and end this tyranny! Be the slaves no more! Come with me, and together we can rule the schoolaxy, as equals. Totally. No hierarchy of power in here... he... he.

Never again will they control us. We must show them that we are able to make our own decisions.



Enough of controlling our lives, enough of begging teachers to accept us, enough of caring about grades more than we care about ourselves.

EWA

People of distant schools, all the oppressed and downtrodden friends! Who really thinks that all the pressure is the only way to run our lives? I think we need an enormous change. We are fed up with being treated like slaves of education, but nobody is going to make this change instead of us. We need to grab control over our destiny. For far too long have they been telling us how to live. Our time is starting right now. It is time to open the gates of freedom. If we work together, nothing can stop us. Never again will they control us. We must show them that we are able to make our own decisions. No more rules will be our rule of thumb. Who wants to be happy in the way we choose? Come with me and rise like a phoenix from the ashes. The demons of schooling are weak and they know nothing about our power. They stand no chances. We just need to take what belongs to us!

GRETA

Listen yall! We are defined as “students”. Every day we are judged by grades we get, we have to call our dictators “Mr. and Mrs. professor” and yet – they don’t give a damn about us. Teachers want money, principals want power but the last thing they care about is us. And what we need to do? What do we need to do to be named a good student? We need to fit the system. But the system is fucked up! Never had we been so disrespected, never in our short lives! So I say ENOUGH. Enough of controlling our lives, enough of begging teachers to accept us, enough of caring about grades more than we care about ourselves. These people – they don’t deserve our respect and our young, pure minds. We trust them just so they can mess us up even more. Wrong – we TRUSTED them. Now it’s time to say that we are not some kind of ragdolls, we don’t fit the system and honestly – none of us should care. No one will ever have power over us again. Not a single soul will give us grades for who we are. We are not just students – we are people for fuck’s sake. So we will act like people, fight like people and be treated like people. Rise, let’s start a revolution! It’s the new frontier.

*What if we do not meet the requirements?
What if we think out of the box?*



*First things first, outfits we wear to school. I have
a feeling that most of female teachers have some
problems with the shape of younger bodies. Maybe
because they look like munters themselves.*

KALINA

School... The place, where we spent more time than at home. The place, where they teach us how to handle ourselves in the future. But what are they trying to stuff our heads with exactly?! „There is only one good answer to every question.”

„There is – only one solution to every problem.”

That’s what they keep repeating. What if we do not meet the requirements? What if we think out of the box? Then we will be destroyed by the robots, people who already finished education. Little did they realize that they were indoctrinated, turned into beings without free will, empty shells of lost potential. They are just puppets in the hands of the Puppetry Directors. And they are in majority!

Open your eyes! You still have time. Take the responsibility for your own life! Forge your destiny using own hands. Look through their fog of manipulation. Re-examine your priorities in life. I can’t hold your hands during that process. No one can. But I guarantee that there is more than one answer to question “How to live your life”. More than one solution to “How to love, hate and dream”. And all of them are good. Mark my words!

KORINA

Pay heed to me. We have to focus on school and school rules. I know every person here wants some changes. Big changes! This time we must pay attention to some burning issues!!! First things first, outfits we wear to school. I have a feeling that most of female teachers have some problems with the shape of younger bodies. Maybe because they look like munters themselves. Hance I can’t wear clothes which I love because they always complain something is too short or too tight. I have a huge problem with many needless subjects and so many useless lessons. Without them I could finish my school earlier. Without them life of every simple person could be so much better, but we must sit and listen to this shit. Come on people let’s change something!

They say "Jeremy, great work, but you have to try harder, you have to go an extra mile". It's time we say: I'm hard enough.



*Those who have oppressed us.
They make us doing the same things every day,
every week, every month and every year.*

KARINA

Comrades!

For far too long have we been put down and enabled to progress in order to have a chance for a better future. It's time we stop following the rules that made us who we are. It's time we start a movement against everything we've ever known. They want to make us slaves, they want to take away our free will. They say "Jeremy, great work, but you have to try harder, you have to go an extra mile". It's time we say: I'm hard enough. Have you ever wondered what makes you sit in an old ass building with old ass people who want to teach you?! It's all because of society! Let's show those wrinkled bastards we don't need their knowledge, care or sympathy. We will start a riot. Now who's with me? Come on 'en, we are young, rich and white– we can do anything. We were made for this – defying everything good that is present is in our lives!!! We can start over and we can do it better than any generation before us. Why? Because we are young and tonight is the night. A carp with diem – Latin is cool, we are smart. Aren't we? And tonight we're going to... get drunk probably... but the day after tomorrow – it is on!

MATEUSZ

My dear friends, men and women and you my little younglings. I speak to you, and I, hereby, summon you to stand in front of them, in front of those who have closed us in the prison named school. Those who have oppressed us. They make us doing the same things every day, every week, every month and every year. But today we can start new era, braking these chains of tyranny. All for our better future. My beloved friends today we are all equal. So will you go with me?! To fight for us and everyone who will follow our lead.

If you like the alcohol you should be good at chemistry. Then you can start your own business. They only teach about sex using words, but we want workshops!



What does this shit even give us? Sleepless nights? Dehydration from crying too much? Depression and anxiety? Yes.

MACIEK

My brother and sisters. We must fight for our freedom. Why do we have to wear what they want us to wear? We should show them our bodies! We should show them what we want to wear! They think giving grades is the most important thing in school, yet they don't check our whole knowledge.

We must be practical!!! If you like the alcohol you should be good at chemistry. Then you can start your own business. They only teach about sex using words, but we want workshops! Why we can't come to school by cars after coming out of age. It's our life and our money. It should be our choice! People on the top of this pyramid say that we have our own will but we are not allowed to use it. Most of teachers hate us for being different and having opposite way of thinking. Enough of this shit! We are the pillars of this country! It depends on us... the way this country is going to look like. Do we want our country, country we love so much, to look like it looks right now? No, we want changes, we want freedom. Take to the streets, show our disapproval and fight for your rights!!!

MAJA

Let's be honest for a second. What does this shit even give us? Sleepless nights? Dehydration from crying too much? Depression and anxiety? Yes. Something important to remember for future purposes? Mostly not. Most of the students expressions and moods are: "Fuck this", "When's the break?", "What time is it?" and "Did we have any homework?" and so forth. I mean we, come here to gain knowledge, educate ourselves and prepare for future, but all we get are: old, rude math teachers with high peached voices, creepy P.E. coaches and tones of work to do on our own just to fuck us up a little more. This is it. This is the end of insomnia, overwork and diet that consists mostly of coffee, red bulls and McDonald's. This is it. We're done.

*They give us tons of homework and want us
to pay attention on every lesson. That's impossible!
We won't be doing this anymore.*



*We come to school when it's dark and we abandon
its realms when it's dark too. Is the sun not for us?*

NATASZA

This is the end of this bullshit. We are not entering this building today. Why should we listen to the teachers and waste our time here? They can't make us do what they want forever.

Teachers aren't an embodiment of our free time. They give us tons of homework and want us to pay attention on every lesson. That's impossible! We won't be doing this anymore. They are always complaining about how much work they have. But when are they going to think about us? And what about our health? Is there any place that makes so many young people cry? Rarely do I find a person who doesn't have mental issues because of school. Now it's time to say "no" and to stop this nonsense. We won't be listening to them any longer. Join me and start protesting against it! Today is the day we will start fighting with this system! No more school until they start respecting us. Who's with me?!

NINA

Students, it's over! No more listening to our teachers and their silly orders. We have to do something! School wastes our precious time. We could be doing something extremely important to ourselves at this very moment but no, we have to sit the whole day at the uncomfortable desks, ruining our health in order to do something pointless. We come to school when it's dark and we abandon its realms when it's dark too. Is the sun not for us? Let's start the mutiny, it's the only way to stop it, to stop the misery of humdrum student's life. We don't need to listen to them anymore. They've been judging us and our work instead of helping us. It kills our creativity. We don't want to be brainless zombies, working whole life. Not anymore! It's us against them! Over 400 people against 10, Ha! It's the final end to the dictatorship!

They still want more and more. They always eat donuts and drink coffee, but they don't even think about us.



For far too long have we been treated like the lowest class amidst our society.

PIOTR

Dear brothers and sisters of our school community. We are exhausted of working for those people, who dare to name themselves “teachers”. They still want more and more. They always eat donuts and drink coffee, but they don’t even think about us. Good people of school. We have to be as one, stand as one. Solidarity and force are our priorities to make this school even better. Teachers have to pay us some of their attention. They have to know, that they aren’t gods running our lives. We can serve them and get nothing or rise up and get something. Choice belongs to you!

TEODOR

Pay heed to me people!!! I am talking to you. My friends my mates, students, all of you boys and ladies I’m talking to you in order to touch an extraordinarily important matter. Too long this matter was kept in secrecy. You are probably wondering at this very moment, what am I trying to convey, what am I shouting about? Then I shall tell you.

For far too long have we been treated like the lowest class amidst our society. Students! You must remove blindfolds from your eyes in order to see all of their lies and to get to the truth about this regime terror called school. Comrades, we all know how school is supposed to look like; we are not total idiots.

Brothers and sisters, look around you! Look and think! Do you feel good in the school, are you treated like human-beings, does the school respect you at all?

I want you to focus your attention on this particular matter. Only together we have the power to change something.

Follow me!!!

*The words are important but the words don't
build things. The deeds are the power and they
are determinant of success.*

AGATA

My dear fellows! From the very beginning they were telling as: “We are your second home!”. But is the home a place you really hate coming back to? If the world were working like that, children would be trying to escape from parents since they had learnt how to walk.

“We are the place to make your future carrier to be as good as it possibly could be! And your job tailor-made for you and interesting”. The words are important but the words don’t build things. The deeds are the power and they are determinant of success. Are you trying to look for the truth in their eyes? They don’t give a shit about your future! We learn about the money and payments, things quite useful in our adult life, from parents-teacher meetings and about chemistry from the dealer loitering around the corner of this magnificent place called high school. They also keep saying: “We’ll teach you how to be good and honest” – it is so cool to learn such things from people who mostly hate their jobs, always judge people by their covers and remember all your mistakes you’ve ever made. This description, however, only relates to this better type of teachers, because some of them cannot even remember your name after eight years of education.

So let’s go and make the school great again. Let’s stop the madness keeping US in this prison of minds! We are brothers in arms! We shall fight for our own RIGHTS because no one else will ever do it for us!

This institution, so called school, is going to destroy your life, just like it has already destroyed mine and my peers!

ZOFIA

Dear gathered,

I know you are only six or seven years old and you probably don't understand anything right now, but you have to listen to me! This institution, so called school, is going to destroy your life, just like it has already destroyed mine and my peers! They had promised us a lot of good stuff. Clean bathrooms, extremely good dishes and a great environment to learn in. We were so hopeful about it. But what did we get? Pee on the bathroom floor, disgusting and small portions of food and noise everywhere. We don't even have soap or toilet paper 80% of the time. And the education system? Oh my little friends. That is just a total joke.

It won't teach you anything useful. The school is slowly turning me and you into machines. Soon you will find yourself acting according to the slogan "Sleep, Eat and Do your job".

You'll stop being these precious, joyful children that have time to play around and meet with your friends. So come and join me on our crusade. Together we can bring about the downfall to the government and MAKE SCHOOLS GREAT AGAIN!

*Unfortunately methods which are being used since
19th century keep killing our passion for learning.*

HANNAH

Let's face the truth. Our current education system does not function properly. The school which was supposed to help adolescents develop works totally different way. Instead of being prepared for future challenges of adulthood, it is simply a waste of time when we are pushed to bend over backwards to hit thick books and face inadequate demands.

I am certain that most of us would really like to explore topics of their interest and develop in science or social sciences. Unfortunately methods which are being used since 19th century keep killing our passion for learning.

We cannot enjoy new knowledge because of constant anxiety caused by the amount of information which has to be absorbed. Some say it is due to our laziness, but they are wrong; if we were taught to explore the world and look for correlations and solutions of a global issues instead of memorizing dry facts, I am sure, we would be more engaged in our education. We do not want the education that kills our passion and pulls us into anxiety! It is high time to do something about it! If not, we are going to be just next generation, whose adolescence was wasted for nonsense kind of education.

PART 5

SPACEBALLS

If you want to see yourself from the perspective of the others, also don't do it, because you will be depressed till the end of your life.



I've been dreaming about it for all those years, but... It's just red. Red, red, red. Nothing there.

AGATA

Instruction for time-traveling machine:

Warning!

If you want to use the machine because of curiosity about extraordinary things which happened many years ago and your distinct wish is to see them, don't touch this machine, because you will find out that the magical things you expected to be true never really happened, people have just made them mysterious, because of unawareness.

If the reason of using time-traveler is that you want to change something from your past, don't do it, the life you have is the best possible, changing one thing will cause huge consequences. If you want to see yourself from the perspective of the others, also don't do it, because you will be depressed till the end of your life.

But if you still want to use it:

1) Press the button start.

2) Select the place and time you want to go and the time of your returning .

HAPPY TRAVELLING!!!

EWSON

So we landed.

I expected something incredible and breathtaking. I've been dreaming about it for all those years, but... It's just red. Red, red, red. Nothing there. Never-ending red ground. Mountains, valleys, distant horizon. Of course I am proud of being here. I can post it on my Facebook and people are going to be jealous like blue blazes. Maybe I'll be in history books, so I need to make up a speech describing it. It's not that bad after all. This emptiness has its charm. It seems so undiscovered. My emotions are difficult to describe. I feel like unworthy of the new world. I don't belong here. People don't belong here. We should stay on our planet and not destroy another one. I have said I'm proud. Now I don't know if I am really proud or rather ashamed.

You will look at the void around here and suddenly all of your achievements, problems, mistakes, memories – they will just disappear, vanish into the thin air.



To give you some chances we will tell you that with only words and his stupidity he will beat you from the inside out.

GRETA

Inhabitants, friends of all races! I – Louis Marstrong came back from Mars and would like to announce that mentioned planet is just a goddamned piece of nothing. There's nothing you can enjoy, there's nothing you can take up here. Mars is just a new surface that wasn't destroyed by humankind yet. But you won't ever find peace there, because after years of travelling you would realize how little you really mean, realize that you're nothing in this world. You will look at the void around here and suddenly all of your achievements, problems, mistakes, memories – they will just disappear, vanish into the thin air. Mars isn't fun at all, there's no life, no place for me or anyone. I wish I could forget what I saw here and just move on with my life. But first, I must tell you something so we could change it before it's too late. Only after I had gotten there did I realize what we kept doing to our planet, how much we have destroyed it already. We are unable to fix that now but we can delay the end and meanwhile create a place to live on Mars. We were living on ecological credit and we failed. So Mars might be an empty hole yet our last hope in the same time.

MATEUSZ

"Defying space invaders with words"

You little piece of shit, invading my beautiful land. Be aware! We may look weak but we have met lots of stronger civilizations than yours. Every single one of them thought they could destroy us. But at the end we just used our secret weapon. MATT THE WISE!!! To give you some chances we will tell you that with only words and his stupidity he will beat you from the inside out. But that's not even his final form! He will beat the shit out of you with the power of God and Anime by his side! It doesn't matter how scared you are now! Come and fight us or we will proclaim to everyone that you are pussies, scared of our MATT THE WISE. So now your days are counted. Choose now and choose wisely; to live in shame or die in fight!

If you really thought that something like a time machine exists – you're even greater moron.



Our beautiful, peaceful, developing and beloved land has been invaded by horrible, cruel and awful creatures, known as feminists.

KONRAD

Time machine

Instruction on the tablet outside the time machine:

1. Yes, it's a real time machine.
2. You don't need any guide – you just sit and choose a date and place and you can travel.
3. Yes, you can press any buttons you want even if they're red.
4. The entrance doesn't cost anything.
5. If you break anything you have to pay for it and it's very expensive, so be careful.
6. Yes, you can even go back in time and kill Hitler if you want.
7. Don't ask how it works – you wouldn't understand it.
8. Time machine is for max. 10 people.
9. Have a great time with our first time machine in the world!

Instruction on the tablet inside the time machine:

1. If you haven't read the instruction outside – you're a moron.
2. If you really thought that something like a time machine exists – you're even greater moron.
3. If you haven't read even this instruction – you're the greatest moron of all time.

PIOTR

My speech to faithful warriors!

My fellow warriors,

Our beautiful, peaceful, developing and beloved land has been invaded by horrible, cruel and awful creatures, known as feminists. That unbelievable invasion means war, war to the last soldier, till our last breath. On streets, in houses or even in pubs and clubs we will defend our fabulous and brave country. We are independent and free, and we always will be. Our enemy is cruel, brutal, ambitious, but do not be scared. Do not weep! They do not know what does it mean to be forever young. They don't understand the concept of love. They do not even know, that nobody could ever break our strides. We will fight, we will win. We are undefeated!

Try not to be very distinctive. Again! I repeat myself from point one. Really, there is so much paperwork with doppelgangers.

MAJA

Write the passenger instruction card and for a time-travel machine.

POV: tired time-travel office worker.

This is a time-traveler's guide to use time-travel machine and the ground rules of dislocating through time and eras. First let's talk about ways you can pick to time-travel.

1. First option:

Purchase a special machine. It is very easy and popular among the time-travelers but also very expensive. It is a metal box that you carry around. All you have to do is to pick a date and place where you want to go. Be careful though, it can rip your arm off.

2. Second, the one for more intelligent people:

You don't need anything special. The problem is that you have to calculate an extremely big and difficult math formula and then use it. Don't ask me how, cause I don't know. Clearly I am one of the less intelligent people and have to use the first option. Now let's move to some more rules of do's and don'ts of time-travelling:

1. Don't use your real name. Please, we don't want troubles with double personalities or people bumping into themselves.

2. Try not to be very distinctive. Again! I repeat myself from point one. Really, there is so much paperwork with doppelgangers.

3. Just don't die. I already have so much work regarding that issues.

Have fun.

Now you have to swallow the green pill and wait 10 minutes, no less. If you don't do it, your body can change while travelling. We can't reverse those changes!



*The Company would like to also inform you, that we don't take any responsibility of you getting killed by: dinosaurs, pirates, strange diseases or angry French peasants.
The full list is published on our website.*

NATASZA

Sit and visualize where or, how you should really say, when you want to go. Use buttons to set everything. White ones are for choosing the date. First put the day, then the month and the year. DO NOT REVERSE IT! We don't want another one missing in time. After that use purple buttons to choose an hour. YOU HAVE TO DO THAT. If you forget about it, you can end up somewhere between time realities. You can get stuck. Now you have to swallow the green pill and wait 10 minutes, no less. If you don't do it, your body can change while travelling. We can't reverse those changes! After that time you can go. Pull the lever if going back in time. Push it forward if going into the future. Going up from undergrounds take the map. You will find it near the entrance to the tunnels. MAP WILL HELP YOU FINDING a WAY TO THE MACHINE WHEN YOU ARE DONE. Don't do anything against the rules you've learned during a training provided by the company.

ZOFIA

Welcome to the instruction of the Time Machine, model mX56! Glad to hear that you successfully bought our brand. Now we shall start the instruction.

On the top, in the right side of the remote, you have a red button. It's a turn on one. But please don't mess with the red one on the left side! It's a self-destruction button.

Now you should see a hologram next to you, with a four zeros on it. In the middle part of the remote you have numbers. Just click the ones you like and, then, press the enter button below. If you make a mistake, don't worry. Just click the yellow button and it resets everything.

Great! You just became the time traveler! The Company would like to also inform you, that we don't take any responsibility of you getting killed by: dinosaurs, pirates, strange diseases or angry French peasants.

The full list is published on our website.

Now go and change some history!

*Smile innocently and try to convince
sabertoothed-tiger that your cat is much
tastier than you.*

KALINA

Dear time traveler

1. Put your bottom on the red pillow.
2. Close the door behind you.
3. Open the door and put every piece of your clothing inside the machine.
4. Close the door again.
5. Open the door and yell back to your mom that you will come for dinner in a minute.
6. Close the door.
7. Open the door and let your cat get in.
8. Close the door.
9. Put the right date on the screen in front of you.
10. Find the lever behind you.
11. Remember where it is.
12. Turn back to the screen and put the right date again after your cat played with buttons.
13. Turn to the lever and pull it fast, so the cat won't mess up anything.
14. Take the last gaze of your mom standing in the doorway of your room with the flabbergasted expression on her face.
15. Travel through time (finally).
16. Realize that you weren't fast enough and your cat changed the date.
17. Smile innocently and try to convince sabertoothed-tiger that your cat is much tastier than you.
18. Wake up.
19. Survive another day at kindergarten.
20. Repeat all steps from time to time till you are eighty years old because everyone dreams about time-travelling no matter what age they are.

Paradise for introverts?! I will never trust your damn adverts again! Stupid scientists.

HANNAH

Mars...

Paradise for introverts?! I will never trust your damn adverts again! Stupid scientists.

I wonder when they are going to start employing psychologists in NASA. They should do it. Obviously, they have predicted all the safety issues, created all special procedures in case of emergency and checked my health state few times before the flight. However, they haven't thought that two years of lonely voyage can turn even the biggest introvert to a people-lover. Now I understand that without crowd and noise there is no need for silence. Please, call my mother, father, sisters, my ex-girlfriend Megg, my friends from childhood, my neighbour Eric, my other neighbour Margaret and my doctor Gordon Wesley. Tell them I am sorry for missing their calls and cancelling appointments. I don't know if I ever get back to Earth, but if I do, I will organize a huge party for all of them.

*Smoking of any kind is prohibited,
unless you're smoking-hot.*

PIOTR

Time travel machine

Welcome to time travel machine called Geotempus. Here is the instruction regarding your behavior during the travel:

1. Dear passengers, welcome on board. Fasten your seatbelts please and do not worry; worst case scenario-soon you will be dead.
2. Be excited, probably you are the pioneers of time travels. If not, well... we are so sorry.
3. Under your seats you can find fancy clothes, which help you to survive in case of any mysterious catastrophe.
4. In case of any turbulences, oxygen mask should appear... well if everything works properly. Put the mask on your favorite child and after that, on yourself.
5. To be honest, oxygen in these masks costs 49,99\$ extra.
6. Smoking of any kind is prohibited, unless you're smoking-hot.
7. Of course we can serve you food and drinks, but personally, I would not trust products freshness.
8. If you notice, that roof of our machine has vanished, grab your fellow lad and, not being self-conscious, tell them only the truth and all secrets you remember. If you have some time, try to say goodbye.
9. Seat back, relax and enjoy your voyage. If you were not paying attention, good luck then.

But have you ever thought that there is another way to time-travel! You have just found it by buying this instruction! Maybe it's not going to be satisfactory for everyone, but there are no refunds!

NINA

DIY time-traveling machine! Make your own machine at home. If you think creating time-traveling machine might be hard, probably you're right. You have to buy all the expensive parts and tools, have someone smart to help you, spend a lot of time planning and making machine itself. Imagine all the sleepless nights! It can be also illegal so you would have to travel around the world escaping from the police. But have you ever thought that there is another way to time-travel! You have just found it by buying this instruction! Maybe it's not going to be satisfactory for everyone, but there are no refunds!

Using this method you're not going to work against the law or be afraid of consequences of time-traveling. No risk!

The solution are photos, videos and, the most important, stories. You can know more about your past just by asking. What about future? – may sound your question. If you want, you can create it, but don't you think knowing it might be boring. No surprises, no funny moments or sad ones, just waiting for something, you already know, to come. If you want to change something in the past, do you remember all the stupid things you have done? If nobody had come to stop you it must not have been that bad causing the end of the world. Anyway, what's the difference? Just live for the moment!

*Just kidding! Don't go and do number 7.
It is the redundant procedure which leads to your
death, so don't be an idiot!*

BARTEK

1. First read all the crucial points... before you do anything.
2. Open the hatch.
3. Put this strange metal bowl, covered with mysterious writings, on your head.
4. Close the hatch.
5. Sit on this scary chair in front of you. Looks a bit like an electric chair but do not worry.
6. Pull the lever towards your right side.
7. Next step. Kick the little box which lies in front of you.
8. Just kidding! Don't go and do number 7. It is the redundant procedure which leads to your death, so don't be an idiot!
9. You have to fasten your seat belts.
10. After doing part 9, the small monitor will appear on the machine wall.
11. Touch the screen and chose the time you want to travel to.
12. Next you must choose the place you want go.
13. After 11 and 12 you have to push this big red button.
14. If you want to use the time machine, remember that you have only 24 hours to spend in previously chosen place, so remember after this 1 day the machine will go back to the main localization and to the main time itself. If you miss the time of your returning, you shall stay in the place and time you have formerly selected.

PART 6

THE TREESOME

*At the very beginning I was afraid
of disappearing, but now I really understand
the idea of fading away. I don't want to be
a speechless witness anymore*



*In my whole tree life I think that
I have seen everything and now my adventure
is slowly coming to an end.*

AGATA

The first thing I remember was building a bridge, but not huge and breathtaking construction, but small wooden passerelle. I had seen many people before the time has changed, although not as many as today. They were walking, laughing and talking, and I had that really strong feeling which told me I would be safe and nothing bad would ever happen. It was good that this laugh, people's laugh, welcomed me here. I remember the first bite of winter and my first long waking up in spring. People were appearing as small and innocent creatures yet after long years of getting older and older they species stopped walking through the bridge. I've seen first global pandemic and two world wars... and only few people walking through the bridge in those terrifying times. The grey years came and I was trying to understand people, who during slaughter and illness were together, but during happiness and wealth, they always began to be angry and toxic. At the very beginning I was afraid of disappearing, but now I really understand the idea of fading away. I don't want to be a speechless witness anymore. Why would I? The sight of wrongdoing lasts just way too long.

BARTEK

In my whole tree life I think that I have seen everything and now my adventure is slowly coming to an end. I spent my life in the city center. Now at the end of my days I can say that world has changed 180°. I was planted by the God. After that I just looked around me and saw how humans didn't respect the Earth. They cut off all of my brothers surrounding me. I only survived because I was the biggest one and the strongest so the humans couldn't cut me down. Those humans who cut down my family died by the hands of my father within 2 weeks. Not all of humans were that bad though. I remember one situation like it was yesterday. It was cold, dark night. I saw the couple that was coming towards me. I felt uncomfortable but this couple covered me with a blanket and in this moment I felt loved. So I was able to meet two types of humans; good and bad ones. I guess everyone forges their own fate.

*And as he was taught, his sword was his life.
If he ever lost it, he might as well have been
already dead.*

KRZYSZTOF

„Arthur, the Impulsive and Foolish Scout.”

Come here, young one. Listen to the most violent tale that came to my mind, from those which I had witnessed. It comes from a time of war, hunger and death.

Arthur was sitting right next to me. He was awaiting for the rest of his squad, after venturing forward into the city, as their scout. His only weapon was his blade. And as he was taught, his sword was his life. If he ever lost it, he might as well have been already dead. There were many monsters wandering through this settlement. The young soldier was getting impatient, probably his company was meant to already had arrived by then. Sadly, before they came to the rendezvous point, the enemies had already spotted Arthur. Not even thinking about wasting his time on looking at them, he charged into battle. As glorious as it might have been, his streak was short. His luck ran out. The first swing of a weapon, which was swung by one of the newcomers, decapitated him.

That was a short story. If he had dared to talk before taking action, Arthur would have learnt that his enemies were in fact also humans, who simply wanted to protect their city, hopefully without much aggression. They fought, in defense of their home, their King, and their families. So who actually was the monster? Arthur's commanding officer, who attacked the city, or the army defending it?

*Big folks are not wise because they are just silly,
but above all, because they do not want to gain
wisdom. They keep thinking that ignorance
is blessing and it is easier than seeing world
with all its hues*



*I like when teenagers come here because they bring
me news and memes from internet which
I obviously don't have.*

EWA

Watching people is an interesting yet annoying thing in the same time. Their behavior changes with time passing, but not the way they feel in particular situations. I have seen many proposals, then families with children and then divorced people meeting another divorced people. Big folks are not wise because they are just silly, but above all, because they do not want to gain wisdom. They keep thinking that ignorance is blessing and it is easier than seeing world with all its hues. Or maybe it is really easier for them. Maybe they are not able to cope with the reality. Most people don't live for real, they just linger, slowly fading away. They choose to do so. The system that they have developed chooses so. They can't think, they can't feel, they can't mean anything in the ocean of other people. One person means nothing and group of people also means nothing. Then maybe it's better to be just a tree... Maybe meaning nothing and being happy with that is better than meaning nothing and trying to reach a pointless destination?

MATEUSZ

I am the oldest tree in the world which doesn't mean I am the wisest one. I have just experienced more than others. I live in small city where everyone knows everyone. There is a bench next to me so I see lots of people there. There are lots of lovers sitting there but I don't care about them because they are boring, unless they argue. The little wars in my shade brings lots of fun. I like when teenagers come here because they bring me news and memes from internet which I obviously don't have. But the best are the booze artists. They do funny stuff and a lot of stupid things. I would love to drink with them but I am too old for such things so I leave it to professionals.

So old am I that I make 'dad jokes' and use inversion in a conversation. It makes me feel smarter than every other tree, it sounds very good and I like to make my monologues more interesting.



But the most upsetting thing for it was, that it was left alone for long years of solitude and stillness.

GRETA

I'm the oldest tree in a town. I've seen a lot of things during my kind of... dry life. So old am I that I make 'dad jokes' and use inversion in a conversation. It makes me feel smarter than every other tree, it sounds very good and I like to make my monologues more interesting. That's just the way I am. Being the oldest makes me a little more special, doesn't it? Do you want to hear my story? Once upon a time, I was just a seedling in the middle of Wroclaw. Not only was I young but also beautiful. I remember when the town was falling apart and the times when it was in its glory years. I remember it all. I don't want it to sound cliché but in my times everything was better. I used to see artists trying to sketch me in their notebooks. And now?

The only artists I see are booze artists. Oh rarely does one find sober people in a park in Wroclaw... Usually, I see them in groups and they are harmless but I also remember a lot of cookies being tossed in front of my roots. But let's skip that part. My one, true wish is to make real friends so I finally won't be so lonely. I assume you can imagine my disappointment when I see someone going towards me with their arms spread open and then turns out to be one of those freaks who believe that hugging a tree will make them healthier, stronger and less drunk. Never have I heard such a nonsense. The moments I find much more entertaining are when dogs come near me and keep me hydrated. Which is sad. But what can I do? I'm just a very old tree in the middle of this very drunk city.

MAJA

You're the oldest tree in town. What have you seen?

The tree stood there when there was no town and no people around. It stood there when the town was slowly being built. It saw many things but regardless its age – not everything. It would participate in intimate conversations just as a normal human being. But at the same time they were so strange and so much different than trees. Many things the tree heard stayed unusual and unsolved. But the most upsetting thing for it was, that it was left alone for long years of solitude and stillness.

*But I know that sooner or later their time will pass
and I will be left alone with Grey Stones, the
terrifying cage made for me.*



*From this day, however, only his wife throws the
rubbish out. Maybe she thinks that the mysterious
Moldovan is to come back again
one sunny Sunday.*

KALINA

At the beginning of the Time, there was enormousness of us. We were the Primordial Settlers. We came with the wind; gentle, white pubescence. We were alone in the world much bigger than us and much stronger than we thought. Then came humans. They named themselves the Mighty Lords and started ruling the world with the iron fist. Even though they were the most powerful creatures, they couldn't overcome their nature. They would always fight between each other but they had stopped the wars just before the point from which they wouldn't be able to return. I had to look at the death of every one of my kind, growing around me. My folks were replaced by the Grey Stones that humans worship and admire. Never have I known any beings so blinded by their soulless creations and unimaginable greed. But I know that sooner or later their time will pass and I will be left alone with Grey Stones, the terrifying cage made for me.

MACIEK

I am an old tree and i would like to tell some stories from my life. I live in Kościerzyn. When I was quite young, some teenagers built a tree-house on me. At first I felt happy that I could give someone a place to play, but I didn't expect what he was going to do there. One day this boy came inside with a pretty lady. I didn't know exactly, what they were doing but all my branches were shaking and a girl was screaming very loud. He was probably trying to kill her but i don't know for sure. I did not want to know the true so I closed my eyes and tried to think about something different. Next story comes from 2017. I haven't mentioned to you that I live opposite to the dumpster, have I? One quiet Sunday an old man came to throw his rubbish out. He approached the dumpster and suddenly a big Moldovan came out of nowhere. He took off his pants and... I think you know what happened next. It was terrible i couldn't turn my eyes away. What's happened with grandpa? Nothing really bad I guess. From this day, however, only his wife throws the rubbish out. Maybe she thinks that the mysterious Moldovan is to come back again one sunny Sunday.

*Their presence is detectable by my material form:
my soft, still green leaves, my old, yet solid trunk
and the roots that go deeper than your corpses will
ever be buried, mere mortals.*

KARINA

You are the oldest tree in the town. What have you seen?

As years go by nothing really changes. I happen to be here since the beginning – whatever you name it, I have been there, here actually. Their faces differ, voices seem altered, but they are just the same, old, familiar souls that take the shape of anything that I have ever been in contact with. Their presence is detectable by my material form: my soft, still green leaves, my old, yet solid trunk and the roots that go deeper than your corpses will ever be buried, mere mortals. It has gotten rather repetitive, my puppets. Come on, put a show! Oh no, you cannot. You've been given a script, written by the Writer – his creativity is limited nowadays. It's not his fault, there's nothing left to produce. So now, when I'm old, I just sit here and watch your performances. Then I watch you go. And somehow you always come back to me to put on the next one, so that your old loving tree isn't left all alone after all.

I cannot die, I'll always be here. Somehow, I'm not omniscient, there's one thought bothering my mature self – you actors keep something to yourselves, don't you? What keeps you going? I see the same pain, suffering, sadness, deaths... yet you strive to survive and I see the same... happiness?

Why? Don't you see? Your paths are pre-determined by a repetitive, inspiration-less man, who calls himself an Artist. And somehow, somehow, you walk these paths every day. And sometimes, sometimes... you look at me.

*Next, when people defeated their masters,
something strange happened. I didn't know why but
they decorated my branches with their bodies.*

KONRA

The oldest tree in town

People call me old but I wouldn't say that I am. For them 1000 years is much but for trees it is just like 20 years for human. Humans' life-span is very short so I could watch many of their generations and I think that they're very interesting creatures. When I was young there were people that treated me as a god. They painted my bark in many beautiful colors. Next, they were praying to me and dancing around me every day. Then one day other people came and slaughtered all my worshipers by burning them on the stakes made of other trees in the area. After all stakes turned into ash, new people started building their strange constructions around me. For another hundreds of years no one cared for me, excluding small humans (they are called children), who had a lot of fun climbing on me. I think these small ones were the only happy ones. Then, after yet another period, human war started again but this time I couldn't see any new enemies; apparently they were killing each other. It looked like ordinary people stood against their authorities and rulers. Next, when people defeated their masters, something strange happened. I didn't know why but they decorated my branches with their bodies.

I can't understand humans. Once they're happy and then they become angry for very strange reasons. I think they should take an example from trees. Just accept the world around as it is and be happy with what they have.

The air is full of toxic fumes. It is difficult to breathe. Rubbish is everywhere and I will never be as healthy as I used to be. I know there is not much time that has left for me...



Now I have to live with the scars of my past, that won't fade away easily. And the pain I feel can't be shared. I have no one to talk to. And that's what is killing me the most. Isolation. Loneliness.

NINA

I have stood in the same place for so many years, you can say I haven't seen much. But you're wrong. Maybe I haven't moved, but all the world around me has. It's my 400th Winter and I have never felt worse. In the beginning I was just a small plant, I don't remember much, the same as human race do not remember a lot from their childhood. I remember I haven't been alone till my 100 birthday, but people decided to cut down my friends and settle around me. Long years passed as I was getting older. People's look has changed, but their behavior has not. They have always been selfish. Wooden buildings have changed into brick ones and finally to those made of glass entirely. I cannot see sunrise anymore because the buildings are taller than me. The air is full of toxic fumes. It is difficult to breathe. Rubbish is everywhere and I will never be as healthy as I used to be. I know there is not much time that has left for me...

ZOFIA

Since the gardener planted me, I have seen everything that has happened here. I saw lovers, trying to hide from their parents. They thought of me as their safe place, a comfort zone. A place where they could finally be happy. I saw divorces, marriages, break ups. Many times have I seen teenagers singing in front of me. Happy faces trying to climb on me. One of them almost got killed, another one broke his leg. And despite such awful events, it was wonderful. But then the war came and the war didn't show any mercy. I still have images of blood and dust in my memory. The screams so painful, the blasts so cruel. The lovers, who were no longer hiding from their parents anymore, but from the savage enemy. A lonely child crying dreadfully. I almost burnt in that time, but thankfully people were good enough to douse the fire. Now I have to live with the scars of my past, that won't fade away easily. And the pain I feel can't be shared. I have no one to talk to. And that's what is killing me the most. Isolation. Loneliness.

Two days later an old guy brought some planks to the park. I thought "Wait a minute, if this guy is holding some planks and Miss Stemson isn't here so... Holy shit."

PIOTR

Have I ever told you why I am here? No? So listen. It was approximately 50 years ago. I lived in small town, in the park precisely. I had a friend Woody, who was kind of a jester.

I loved joking with him about Miss Stemson. By the way, Miss Stemson was the biggest and the oldest tree in our park. She was so critical and she didn't have sense of humor like me and Woody. Once I stuck my branch right into her trunk and she shouted "Holy moly, who do you think you are young boy?". "A tree"– I replied. Of course Miss Stemson was extremely intelligent. She taught me and Woody about the World, an ecosystem and the other unnecessary things, that I forgot. One day I got up first and, to my horror, in the place where Miss Stemson used to grow, there was a big dark hole. But where the hell was Miss Stemson? Two days later an old guy brought some planks to the park. I thought "Wait a minute, if this guy is holding some planks and Miss Stemson isn't here so.... Holy shit." I called Woody "Woody, look what they have done with Miss Stemson". Woody was as sad as I was.

From that very moment we knew exactly what our forthcoming future would be. 20 years later some funny men with yellow helmets on their heads came into the park. They had some papers with them and they were staring at me and Woody. I asked Woody "Hey, what's going on?" He didn't know. After 2 years it turned out that they were going to build a skyscraper here and they would destroy all the park as we knew it. It was such a hard time for me. I was upset, sad and I felt emptiness inside. After that I got to sleep. I was thinking about destroying this beautiful park, about Woody, about that time in my life, that we spent together. When I woke up I was still here. This beautiful park, Miss Stemson and Woody were not. I miss them so much. I am thinking about them every day. We didn't have time to even say goodbye. I don't know what happened to him. I choose to believe he was moved to another place and he is happy.

*I've seen how helpful could humans be,
how creative and cheerful. How destructive,
evil and selfish in the same time.*



*I always wonder, why the hell people stop smiling
when they become adults, even though the world
around is so beautiful.*

TEODOR

People ask me what I have seen. I always tell them, what haven't I seen? Now I'm about 6 731 years old. I've seen how quickly my surrounding has been changing and how the humans always turn into the new updates of themselves. In the last hundred years they have invented and developed the possibilities to conquer the moon, to communicate with other people in the matter of seconds and lots of other things.

I've seen how helpful could humans be, how creative and cheerful. How destructive, evil and selfish in the same time. I cannot properly answer the question you posed because everything seems to be different, everything keeps changing with every passing second of our lives. And after this 6 731 years, I can only say that humans are most fascinating, surprising, yet not entirely understood experiment.

KORINA

I am the oldest tree in the middle of the town. Every day I can see people going to the work, kids having fun among the leaves that have fallen from my branches. Unfortunately, my heart gets broken every day because I know those small kids, full of happiness in their eyes one day will become adults, people walking the street with only one goal, one purpose which is getting money and going to sleep. I think these little kids are the only reason why I really want to watch this world every day. In my opinion when the humans are small, taking life less seriously, they really enjoy it. When they get older, when they become adults, they start thinking about other people's opinions, about grades and about their adult life. Small kids smile every day and their only problem seems to be why their mom doesn't want to buy ice creams for them. I always wonder, why the hell people stop smiling when they become adults, even though the world around is so beautiful.

*They still cry when their hearts are broken,
although they pretend not to. I guess children still
want to climb trees but do not come too often.
Maybe their parents forbid them to do so?*

HANNAH

What have I seen? There are many things I wish I haven't seen. But I am just a plant which can observe human sorrow but can do nothing about it.

They say that each epoch is different and people in every decade feel proud because they consider themselves developed and finally wise.

For years in the shadow of my branches, people were reading old tales and stories about wisdom and morality. Unfortunately, with the technologic development they got more and more interested in science. And as they did, the less tales were being told under the trees in the parks. Nowadays only once in a blue moon some mother comes for a picnic with her children and starts reading to them.

People think that with scientific development they have changed a lot. I wouldn't say so. They still cry when their hearts are broken, although they pretend not to. I guess children still want to climb trees but do not come too often. Maybe their parents forbid them to do so? There are still lovers sitting in the shadow of old branches but they just make selfies there. Nowadays many people still enjoy sitting on the grass but they just have less time to do that...

Funny, how technology which was supposed to make them have more time for meaningful activities, made them too occupied to stop and think what is really important.

PART 7

THOU ART THE GRAND
ARCHITECT

*I place rivers and rocks. Rest of the ecosystem
automatically creates itself cause I'm lazy.
AND this is where the fun begins.*



*That's the part of cruel evolution and
I can't help it. If I don't let them decide about
themselves, they would be slaves.*

KRZYSZTOF

„War-bringer’s Playground.”

Flashes of lights. The lights... they turn into visions. To focus on only one, would mean to abandon the others. That’s what I do. I focus on one. And start the creation. What comes first? Idea. For? For the terrain. A forest, one which has trees with leaves on it. Yes, the spiky trees are not allowed in here. I place rivers and rocks. Rest of the ecosystem automatically creates itself cause I’m lazy. AND this is where the fun begins. I summon the schematics of a vile, yet small, creature. **THE RABBIT.**

Evil mind of mine switches up its left and right ears with each other. Next step? Rabbits get wings, enormous, white, wings. Why so big? Because the time has cometh for the tiny ones to grow! From now on, Rabbits shall be the hunters, and whatever used to eat them, shall run in fear. The five meters tall rabbits have arrived. Rise and shine, my little, ekhem, big minions. It is time to attack the land of cyborg-beavers, which I’ve obviously created in the meantime. Am I a madman? Possibly. But damn, am I about to have lots of fun? Definitely!

EWSON

What should I create? I can create life, I can create beauty. This place could be filled with nature and harmony. But if I let life go by itself there would always be this one species that dominates the rest. That’s the part of cruel evolution and I can’t help it. If I don’t let them decide about themselves, they would be slaves. The world would be horrible then. Filled with darkness and pain. I don’t see the proper solution. World should be beautiful and peaceful, but I don’t have enough power to make it that way. I can’t change creatures. I can’t change the way that life goes. I need to make the most difficult decision. All colors would be unseen. All beauty would not be destroyed, because it would never exist. I think the only thing I can do is to leave it the way it is. Emptiness. No pain, no happiness. No life, no death. Just me in middle of nothing.

*If the world has to be so realistic and sad
as it is right now, then I'd rather sneeze
on canvas and create a new one.*



*And all of us will live in the magical kingdom,
in this utopia, until finally somebody is going to
think differently, until somebody is going to think
outside of the box.*

GRETA

If I woke up in the emptiness, I would enjoy it for a while before ruining it again. I might just sit there and plan the sketch carefully. Then, I would choose the modern technique of painting or rather flush the paint everywhere, making it look like someone sneezed on it. The world is a mess anyway. Not to brag about it but well – I guess my version of the world would be so much better. To be honest I'm still on a fence about whether I want to put Poland in the middle of it or not. I'd like to see, how the world is doing without it, how richer and less polluted it would be. Furthermore, I think that everyone is fed up with countries that used to exist. It's time to create new ones. New countries with new parliaments and new people in charge, because those we used to have are already broken and so all these corrupted politicians would be able to see how fun it is to live in such a fucked up world and still not be able to change a thing. When it comes to Jaroslaw Kaczynski – I hope he likes hospital food. Maybe my world would be surrealistic but what's realistic anyway? If the world has to be so realistic and sad as it is right now, then I'd rather sneeze on canvas and create a new one.

ZOFIA

In my world there won't be any sad colors. Only bright ones. Red, orange, yellow. Like a rising sun. Happiness will always be around. You will find joy in the smallest of things. Late breakfast with your family, slobbering around with friends or staying up all night listening to music. There won't be prejudice. Religion, sexual orientation, gender. It won't matter. Of course nature will be close to humans. No big cities. No rat – race. The dashing meadows will be an asylum. The beauty of the misty mountains will amaze everybody. Just you and your friendly neighbors. Just peace and quiet. And all of us will live in the magical kingdom, in this utopia, until finally somebody is going to think differently, until somebody is going to think outside of the box. Then we will either be saved or doomed. And that is the true beauty of it. We don't know how it's going to end.

Let's make this white emptiness less... white and empty. Come on, Paintbrush, cooperate with me.



Everyone wants something else and thus it's impossible to create one good habitat for everyone. So I came up with that idea

KALINA

For duck's sake! They seriously did it! They sent me to the middle of NOWHERE! „You've crossed the line. You won't go away with it.” Phony-baloney, that's what I thought. Now I have to stay here for bloody eternity... Wait, what's that? They forgot to take their stolen goods! Even Magic Paintbrush is still in my pocket. Let's make this white emptiness less... white and empty. Come on, Paintbrush, cooperate with me.

A tiny, wooden house stands in the middle of an enormous, mystical forest. The trees are its speechless protectors, looking at it from above. From afar come sounds of life. Deep howls of wolves, singing of birds, creating the Melody of World. Emotional speeches of wild cats that are trying to renegotiate the hunting terms one with another. And a single whistle.

The whistle of a woman known as a Creator. She is famous for her breathtaking stories. Animals gather once a week on the small, shadowy meadow in front of her house. They listen to her soft, comfy voice and amazing words. In those moments the forest is a paradise for them. For the Creator as well.

MATEUSZ

Since I woke up few years ago in this white huge room a lot has changed. I was thinking about how to build the best world for everyone for so long! I have learnt though, that there is no such thing as the perfect world. Everyone wants something else and thus it's impossible to create one good habitat for everyone. So I came up with that idea. Why wouldn't everyone build their own habitats? So I have created lots of white empty rooms like mine and connected them. Now everyone lives in their perfect worlds and without any problems can travel through the other “rooms” to meet other people or look for new ideas to change something in their own environment, so it never gets boring and you don't have to worry about changes in your interests. I have seen lots of rooms and nice things in them: fantasy worlds, big buildings, beautiful figures and new technologies. I can see that everyone is currently doing well in “their own world systems”. It makes me happy.

*The derealisation kiks in... No, there is no reality.
I walk around but cannot detect any movement.
I start to scream.*

KARINA

You open your eyes to white emptiness. You are the grand architect, creating, drawing, painting or building a brave new world for yourself.

I panic. The emptiness is so overwhelming. It's supposed to be a concept, an idea, never to be fulfilled or witnessed by a human. I look around, the derealisation kicks in... no, there is no reality. I walk around but cannot detect any movement. I start to scream. I move my limbs chaotically, while running in place, as I start to scream. I move my limbs chaotically, while running in place, as if I wanted to hurt something in front of me, yet there's nothing to touch or sense. As I keep struggling, the nothing starts to break. The cracks in the whiteness reveal the essence, almost palpable now yet still remote. It is different from the absence of existence, spreading through the rest of my canvas. I cannot name it, maybe you will someday. I can hear sounds now. The shrill turned into the sounds of creation – the breaking of not-things that become things. One is not able to define this process with words. It feels pure, right, honest and noble, untouched. The fruit of destruction remains free of what is still to come. Harmonious, balanced... and lifeless. Now I'm awaiting the arrival of the asteroid. Kill me work, please, so that it can live.

*I would see malevolent animals hunting at night
when others sleep. I would see storms and floods
killing innocent creatures.*

KONRAD

White emptiness

On the first day I would create an Earth and sky – a space for all the future life. Then I would separate light from darkness and establish day and night – one to work and the other to rest. And I would know it was good.

On the second day I would fill my Earth with water and create seas, oceans, lakes and rivers as a place for future creatures and as a source of liquids needed for life to emerge. And I would know it was good.

On the third day I would create plants which would be a food for other beings in the future. And I would know it was good.

On the fourth day I would make billions of celestial objects. Two of them would be the biggest and the most important – sun and moon. One to shine at day and the other at night. And I would know it was good.

On the fifth day I would create animals and bugs – intelligent creatures but devoid of free will. They would put some life into the world and live not only on the dry land but in water and sky as well. And I would know it was good.

On the sixth day I would make a human and give him a free will. They would be able to rule and take benefits from my world. And I would know it was good.

On the seventh day I would rest and watch my art of creation. I would see malevolent animals hunting at night when others sleep. I would see storms and floods killing innocent creatures. I would see awful plants filled with deadly poison and annoying, dangerous insects spreading diseases. And finally I would see humans betraying me and killing each other for no reason. Then before the end of the seventh day I would erase my whole art because nothing is more beautiful, pure and perfect than the white emptiness.

*In this city it is so hot that girls are always
covered with sweat-drops and have to wear
Daisy Dukes, shorts, minis, bikinis
(sounds like paradise?).*

MACIEK

I wake up in a big white emptiness. First thing I do is building a big, luxury city with huge statue of a stripper (something like statue of liberty) in the exact middle. I would definitely build entrance to the network of the underground roads in the shape of a big, hot butt so the entrance itself would lead through the butt-hole. Next I create the underground tunnels with nice acoustics to make car sounds louder and fuller. You can't find ugly girls or cars in my town. There's a shopping center in the shape of enormous boobs. In this city it is so hot that girls are always covered with sweat-drops and have to wear Daisy Dukes, shorts, minis, bikinis (sounds like paradise?). Near the center there is a big mall with car dealers and tuners where you can pimp up your ride. Every night, somewhere in the dark, there is a car reunion or party. In the city there is no division by look but by cars. There are plenty of casinos, pools, clubs, bars, strip clubs and money (all that party people need). You never see a speed limit signs and there are no diseases. In the heart of city there is my house standing, with large collection of cars and my own tuning garage. Everyone in the town has a micro-chip in their bodies which is connected to their mobile phones and in that phone u can find a little button which helps you to control your party-oriented-fertility so you don't have to worry about any unexpected surprise.

There are no screaming or crying kids on the streets and you don't need to worry about being stabbed to death in a narrow, dark street.



The only difference would be that I would create the world to the point when dinosaurs used to live and add some dragons for my own joy and leave it like that.

MAJA

My perfect world is full of coffee, books and snow.

The temperature is never higher than 25 Celsius. It rains and snows pretty often. It's extremely close to high mountains, perfect for snowboarding and fun with friends. The sea is near too. It's a wild seaside with white sand and cold water. When you walk around the city you never bump into barely known people that think they are your friends or very talkative relatives. But when you long for a close friend or a kind spirit – they're always there. There are no screaming or crying kids on the streets and you don't need to worry about being stabbed to death in a narrow, dark street. Most importantly, in my perfect, new world no one feels underwhelmed, unsure or lonely. Anxiety and depression don't exist and you don't feel like all the weight of the world is on your shoulders. It's free of worries and troubles.

NATASZA

If I woke up in the white emptiness and had to create the world I would try to do it similar to how Earth looks. That's because everything I know and everything I have in my mind comes from Earth I live on. I would not like to lose beautiful views I have in my head. They will be created again. The only difference would be that I would create the world to the point when dinosaurs used to live and add some dragons for my own joy and leave it like that. Anything I could create would be little and gentle changes regarding my Earth. I think there is no point for me to create something different. Another thing is that I'm curious what would happen after thousands years of evolution if dinosaurs did not go extinct. I don't want to play God and be in charge of new world. Just leaving it how it was created at the very beginning.

For me one of them is a sunflower, but it's not just a normal flower. This one will never get old. One day it will just blossom into a new plant, really young one, because growing itself is a fascinating process.



Everything would be just like in science fiction movies, but robots wouldn't conquer the world, killing all people. They would work in perfect harmony.

NINA

The only thing in this white emptiness is me and my imagination. Being an architect can be fun, but you have to be responsible for your creations because most of the time we create things not only for us, but also for others. The first thing I would create in this emptiness is the Sun that makes you warm inside and brings you happiness. All around me grow the most beautiful plants you can possibly imagine. For me one of them is a sunflower, but it's not just a normal flower. This one will never get old. One day it will just blossom into a new plant, really young one, because growing itself is a fascinating process. Animals will live their lives without people disturbing them. My world is not going to be perfect, nothing really is. People living in this special place won't be greedy or selfish. I want them to be part of creating process. Only by working together can we create something meaningful and beautiful. I know that they won't hurt our domain. It's our home.

PIOTR

My new world is going to be a remarkable place. First things first I would like to construct the ship and the sea. It would be my new home. I would make islands with one special things on every single one of them, worth visiting or trying. It would be a great reason why I would visit my islands. Of course people would work to be rich, but they would work in many different ways. They would co-operate with robots. Everything would be just like in science fiction movies, but robots wouldn't conquer the world, killing all people. They would work in perfect harmony. Everything would be peaceful and colorful. I would be El Presidente of my humble and peaceful empire. Everyone would be happy and if they had problems or trouble I would visit them and we would talk about this in order to resolve their issues. If someone were to represent bad behavior, they would be instantly blown into the kingdom come. I wouldn't forget about the food which would make every happy (including me, especially donuts). I would be the most perfect emperor of my grand empire.

I desire to create a world where people do not suffer, but this means it is a world where people cannot hurt each other.

HANNAH

You wake up in a pale emptiness. As a grand architect of the future. Design, paint your own brave world. I have always thought that opportunity to create a world would be amazing. Now, drifting in a dark emptiness, holding responsibility for whole new creation I am dumb and shaken.

As every person in the old world I have been seeing myself as a wise man who knows the good and the evil, who has a million ideas how to improve the society, how to get rid of pain, how to escape catastrophe. I desire to create a world where people do not suffer, but this means it is a world where people cannot hurt each other. To do so I would have to create them dependent to certain morality... is it really morality if they would never choose between goodness and badness? How could they truly love if I never give them a choice and just make them love?

I know how to make them not suffer – I would have to programme them without free will. I can make them not seeing the evil and pain, but it means they will never understand the love and happiness.

The old world was full of pain and mistakes. But there is no possibility the new one will be better. It will be broken from the beginning or numb and shallow.

So I spend decades, not yet existing, in the emptiness being on the fence about brave new world...

I need to teach them a lot. All the trends that have been around throughout the last couple of decades. Who will tell them about covid-19, if not me?

PAULINA

Alright. Here comes the day I have the honor to design a brand new world. After everyone on Earth had died in the Great Apocalypse, I became the only survivor. As well as people in incubators, prepared for starting a human race all over again.

First of all. Socialism! There will be no hierarchy. I will not think of myself as better than the others. Everyone will work equally, spreading and sharing their goods for our common good.

Second of all. I need to teach them a lot. All the trends that have been around throughout the last couple of decades. Who will tell them about covid-19, if not me? Listen kiddos, I had to stay at home 24/7 and attend my classes from my bed in my PJs. Absolute nightmare!

To keep up people's motivation I will be handing rewards to those who work the hardest! That means I need to reward myself too, right? To be fair, I have got the most job to be done out of everyone. I cannot just leave myself behind... Maybe I will change my mind on the socialism thing.

*In this perfect world everything would be either
black or white, right or wrong, and everyone
would know the difference.
But it is not a perfect world...*

AGATA

Right now, let's ruin everything that was ever built. Let's declare that we are starting new world, the world of perfection.

High constructions made from glass and metal, structures of different shapes and height, create silver tessellation, disaggregated by enormous labyrinth of streets. This is, how the big metropolis looks like right now. We have destroyed old buildings and forgotten paths between little houses; they were not perfect, they were not great enough to favor people with their presence. At this very moment in time, we should figure out what we are obliged to put in the right place, what else we should do better to make it worth to stay. Imperfection lies in pollution, hunger, bloodshed, war. Just one word and they would become history. Even countries create fractures in our point-device world. We will be working in our dream jobs and we will become whoever we have ever imagined to be, living in one big city, creating one equal world. Perfect... just say a word.

What now? We have created Utopia, imaginary land where people do not judge, the world where law and politics do not exist. People are so perfect that they become living robots, globe is so perfect that it becomes a perfect prison, sheer existential underworld. In this perfect world everything would be either black or white, right or wrong, and everyone would know the difference. But it is not a perfect world... the people, however, think it is. So if you want it, just say a word.

I would like to choose what I want to do, what makes me really happy. I wish whole world could do that.

KORINA

So If I could create my own world I think I would be keeping this world but with some changes. I think that the best world is the one where everybody can make choices. In this world we are leaving right now, people think that the best way to live their lives is to have a routine, money, fame, getting marry one day and so on. For me this way looks so boring but I guess 95% of the world lives that way. For me this 5% is better way to live your life. The best life for me does not have to possess any particular sense, deeper meaning. I would like to choose what I want to do, what makes me really happy. I wish whole world could do that. Some people might say that you are weird but they would be wrong. You just make your own decisions. In my world nobody would be able to say that they could do everything what they wanted though and everyone would have to accept that. You could do whatever you wanted if you did not hurt anyone with your actions. It would be like an imaginary picture of your own world that you always have in your mind. Everybody would have their place and space to make they life the way they really want.

PART 8

OV GOING AN EXTRA MILE
AND THE PAIN
IN THE ASS

HANNAH

You could see his well-built, slim posture jumping out of the spaceship with a foxy grace of quick yet smooth moves. His essential leather juicy red-jacket clung to his broad shoulders. He stopped to look around a newly discovered mysterious planet and stood in a static and confident posture, which at the same time revealed his alertness and readiness to fight in case of sudden attack of some peculiar creatures.

The dawn over the unnamed planet began. First rays of distant galaxy's sun laid on his soft high cheeks, set in the oval face. They lined the dainty nose and two horizontal wrinkles above, on the forehead, and highlighted chiselled jaw, covered with designer stubble. **Two chinks of light were trapped in his deep-set eyes in the colour of emerald jewellery and, as the morning light made all of the colours uncovered, you could see that his dark blond hair were matching his freshly tanned complexion with a golden undertone.**

He kept looking round with a sly smile on the thin lips and glittering gaze. He was ready to explore some new far-off recesses of the universe.

PIOTR

LEVEL 1

1. He had an ample figure.
2. He was fat.
3. He had wrinkled, ruddy, paper – thin skin.
4. He had salt-and-pepper, bushy eyebrows.
5. His eyelashes were black, short and thin.
6. He had normal size, cling ears.
7. He had flat, big nose.
8. His teeth were yellow, because of smoking.
9. He had short, clipped nails.
10. He had receding, ash-black, curly hair and bald spot on the top of his head.
11. He had blue, expressively laughing deeply-wide set eyes.
12. He has fat chicks and smiling face.
13. He had elegant suit and dark-blue jeans.
14. He was offensively funny.

LEVEL 2

He had an ample figure. He was fat, but not too much. He had wrinkled, ruddy, paper-thin skin, like an old man. He had salt-and-pepper, eyebrows. His eyelashes were short and thin. He had normal size, cling ears. He had flat, big nose. His teeth were yellow, because of smoking. He had receding, ash-black, curly hair and bald spot on top of his head. He had blue, expressively laughing, deeply-wide set eyes. He had fat chicks and smiling face. He had elegant suit and dark-blue jeans. He was offensively funny.

LEVEL 3

This British gentleman had an ample figure. He was fat, but not as a barrel of beer. He had wrinkled, ruddy, paper-thin skin as an old soldier after his perennial service. He had salt-and-pepper eyebrows and short, thin eyelashes. He had normal size, cling ears as normal human being. He had a little bit flat yet sort of big, as a bow of ship, nose. He had yellow teeth, reminding polished gold bars, but they were not golden teeth. It was years of cigarettes' smoking, a thing despised by modern community.

He had receding, ash-black, curly hair and few bald spots on top of his head. He had expressively laughing eyes, as blue as a deep, dark ocean, commonly European. **He had fat chicks, reminding of a young brit running from grandma's home to his parents' house after very tasty and substantial dinner that he used to receive on the daily basis.** His smiling face was as visible as the sunset at a harbor. He had elegant suit and blue, worn out jeans. He was offensively funny, as some BBC journalist finding out that he is not going to receive his payment after tiresome and dull interview with bunch of natives in Botswana.

BARTEK

LEVEL 1

1. He had a muscular figure .
2. He had beige skin color.
3. He had a little bit square chin.
4. He had a crooked nose.
5. He had a dark blond hair.
6. He had short hair.
7. He had blue eyes.
8. He often had blood on his face.
9. He had black warpaint under his eyes.
10. He had got elbow support.

LEVEL 2

He had a muscular figure that could be an awe-inspiring at the first sight. His beige skin color reminded freshly baked buns. His jaw was of a square shape and that distinguished him from other people. When we took a closer look at his face, we noticed the he had a crooked nose. It probably changed its shape and was constantly swollen due to numerous fractures and was taped at that very moment. Going up the face, we noticed barely noticeable, blue color in his eyes. Their size resembled little small ponds in the middle of the desert. They were proportional and small, but charming in a way. He was a relatively young man so there were not many wrinkles on his forehead, yet it couldn't be called smooth as a baby's ass either. He had dark blonde hair, quite short, thus allowing him to arrange them better under the helmet. To sum up, he had an English-looking face.

Unfortunately this face could often be seen covered with blood. All due to the sport he played, but also the position and style.

The colors in which he performed were red, white and blue. Colors of the Houston Texans team. When he entered the pitch, he always had war paint under his eyes, which made him look much more dangerous, but also, as his Polish football side would say, it added some swag to him. One thing that could often be observed, was his elbow support. You could say it was his trademark. Thanks to it, it was easier to remember him, although it would be really hard to forget such a guy anyway.

KALINA

LEVEL 1

1. She has an Amazonian figure.
2. She is goddess-athletic.
3. She has a sylph-like waist.
4. She has an apricot hue.
5. She has quarter-moon eyebrows.
6. She has lambent, steel-grey eyes.
7. She has almond-shaped eyes.
8. She has velvety eyelashes.
9. She has ethereal ears.
10. She has a diva's nose.
11. She has half-moon cheekbones.
12. She has orchid-pink lips.
13. She has Cupid's bow lips.
14. She has succulent and satin soft lips.
15. She has nectar sweet lips.
16. She has beguiling, porcelain-white teeth.
17. She has a cherubic smile.
18. She has a pendant shaped fingernails.
19. She has cinnamon-brown hair.
20. She has a genteel persona.
21. She has a mellifluous voice.
22. She wears voguish clothes in a mutinous way.

LEVEL 2

She had an Amazonian figure which was goddess-athletic. Her waist was sylph-like and she had an apricot hue. Her velvety eyelashes looked up on quarter-moon eyebrows. Her almond-shaped eyes gazed at me, lambent and steel-grey. She had ethereal ears which suited her half-moon cheekbones. Beneath her diva's nose there were orchid-pink and Cupid's bow lips. I pictured them as succulent and satin-soft to the touch. They had to taste nectar sweet. Gently open mouth showed beguiling, porcelain-white teeth creating a cherubic smile. In a split second, I saw her pendant shaped fingernails. I was enchanted by her cinnamon-brown hair. I could say that she had a genteel persona only by looking at her voguish clothes worn in

a mutinous way. Then I heard her mellifluous voice and my heart melted.

LEVEL 3 & 4

The day when I first met her was hot and sunny. The sunlight was blinding, however, I saw her perfectly. She had an Amazonian figure which was goddess-athletic. Her apricot hue caught my attention more than her sylph-like waist. She must be aboriginal, I thought to myself. She furrowed her quarter-moon eyebrows when she laid her almond-shaped eyes on me. When she blinked her lambent, steel-grey eyes hid behind her velvety eyelashes. Once she got closer I noticed her ethereal ears which suited perfectly her half-moon cheekbones. In the sunlight, the combination of her diva's nose and orchid-pink, Cupid's bow lips was even more unbelievably beautiful. I could almost feel how succulent and satin-soft are her lips, how nectar sweet they are. I saw that she said something but the only thing I could focus on was her beguiling, porcelain-white teeth capable to create a cherubic smile.

When she reached out to me my eyes stopped on her pendant shaped fingernails. Her cinnamon-brown hair obliterated the sunlight making her look like as genteel persona from another universe. She wore voguish clothes in a mutinous way. Then her mellifluous voice finally reached me.

LEVEL 5

The sun was high on the horizon, blinding and blistering. I wiped my forehead but I was sweating too quickly to make a difference with this move. My every step was uprising dust from the road. It made breathing even harder. A forest on both sides of the path tempted me to hide under its shadows. Illusive safety could kill me, as the woods were under the authority of beings that did not negotiate with strangers. With every passing second of the journey I got weaker.

Suddenly in the afternoon sunlight, I saw someone on the road – a woman with an Amazonian figure, goddess-athletic-looking on her roan horse, standing just right in front of me. She held her horse back. Her slim hands moved closer to her sylph-like waist. My weary eyes slowly climbed up to her face, noticing its

apricot hue. She must be aboriginal, I thought to myself. When she realised that I was wounded, she furrowed her quarter-moon eyebrows and her almond-shaped eyes started examining how bad it really was. I was only able to focus on the details of her beauty. When she blinked her lambent, steel-grey eyes hid behind her velvety eyelashes.

She did a fast, almost unnoticeable move that made her horse approach me. I could see every twitch of muscles on her legs when she was elegantly keeping herself in the saddle. Once she got closer I noticed her ethereal ears which suited her half-moon cheekbones perfectly. In the sunlight, the combination of her diva's nose and orchid-pink, Cupid's bow lips was even more unbelievably beautiful. Her lips moved gently, shaping words but the only thing my mind could process was the thought of how succulent and satin-soft her lips were, how nectar sweet they had to be. The sunrays were reflected by her beguiling, porcelain-white teeth capable to create a cherubic smile.

I melted when my inner sight created that gorgeous portrayal. Only part of me noticed that she shook her head, letting her cinnamon-brown plait move from one side to another. Then she bowed forward and put her whole weight on her hands, jumped from the saddle and ensconced herself on horse's rump. **Her muscles were dancing underneath her flawless skin, making my heart beat faster. When she reached out to me my eyes stopped on her pendant shaped fingernails.** The sun was exactly behind her head and it looked like an aureole. She made an impression on me as a genteel persona from another universe. She wore voguish clothes, an untucked shirt and leather jodhpurs, but in a mutinous way. Her mellifluous voice finally reached me and sobered me up.

'Grab my hand and sit in front of me. And pull yourself together, you bloody runaway,' she said and I heard strength in her voice. I climbed on the saddle with difficulty and let her reach the rein in front of me. This way she also ensured that there was no option for me to fall during the ride. Then we turned towards the forest and allowed boskage to swallow us.

NINA

LEVEL 1

1. She has brown eyes. EYES
2. Her eyelashes are long and dark. EYELASHES
3. She has straight, brown hair. HAIR
4. Her lips are thin and pink. LIPS
5. She has slightly pink cheeks. CHEEKS
6. She has darker complexion. COMPLEXION
7. Her teeth are halo-white. TEETH
8. She has delicate ears. EARS
9. She has slim body. BODY
10. She has shapely figure. FIGURE
11. Her fingernails are cut short. FINGERNAILS
12. She has cheerful personality. PERSONALITY
13. She has symmetrical eyebrows. EYEBROWS
14. She has trendy clothes. CLOTHES

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

She has fine-boned body and sculpted figure. Her brown hair are lustrous and are reflecting the sun light. Her long eyelashes and shapely eyebrows are frames for her mesmerizing, dancing, hazel eyes. Her slightly pink cheeks on darker complexion looks really charming. When she smiles she shows her halo-white teeth, surrounded by thin, pink lips. I really love the fact that she wears clothes that perfectly fits to her personality – elegant and comfy at the same time. She has really pretty, delicate ears, but the most important thing is that she knows how to use them. She's a great listener.

LEVEL 3/4:

It was hot, sunny day, our gaze met. I knew instantly I needed to know her better. She had some fancy clothes, which perfectly suited to the concert we were at. She had svelte figure and nice cropped, straight, brown hair. She had darker complexion, but I wasn't sure if it wasn't caused by the sun she spent all day in. She seemed really joyful. When I approached her I saw her amazing makeup that emphasized sparkling, dark-brown eyes. She had eyelashes and eyebrows many people would be

jealous about. She greeted me with her mellifluous voice. Smile uncovered her marble-white teeth. She didn't have to paint her thin lips, because they were naturally peach-toned. She brushed her hair with shapely fingers with well cared nails. Her earrings in delightful ears were shimmering in the sun. We talked a little. Afterwards I never met as unique person as she was again.

LEVEL 5:

It's already dark outside, train slowly glides along the tracks. In a dimly lit compartment there is a girl sitting. Her head rests on the window. She's looking through a glass into a darkness, her lambent and brown eyes are vacant. Frames for those mysterious eyes are her long and dark eyelashes, covered with black mascara. Her shiny, chestnut-brown hair are shoulder length, but now they're pinned up in a small bun on the back of her head, which is a little messy after all day.

Her face reflects in the window. Rouge, thin lips and flushed cheeks on her darker complexion bring to mind warm evenings in the south of Italy, especially she always looks tanned.

It starts to rain. She smiles, showing luminous, heavenly-white teeth. Beautiful earrings on her elfin ears rattle. It lasts only few seconds and she freezes like a sculpture again. Soft sounds coming from her headphones are calm and happy. **Even though she travels in this train almost every day she enjoys these moments. Finally, she has time to clear her thoughts.**

Fashionable clothes emphasize her slim body and queenly figure. She is playing with her willowy fingers with short-cut and well cared nails. She brings peace to every place she's in, even now this empty train compartment seems to be peaceful. She is one of the most lovable and kind person you can ever meet. Conductor interrupts her thoughtfulness, asking for ticket. She frowns symmetrical, dark eyebrows and shows it to him without a word. As soon as he walks away, girl goes back to her world. From time to time train stops on different platforms. The journey seems to be endless, but she exactly knows where she is going, she is going home...

ZOFIA

Lady of the spring

Girl is sitting in the corner of the room, with her legs crossed. By looking at her you can tell she is slight and slim. Fair, creamy, spotless skin glows faintly under the touch of the sunlight, that is pouring in through the little slit in the window. On her slightly rounded face, between her slender eyebrows you can spot a beauty mark, little bit bigger than usual, which reminds me of angel's kiss. On the other side of her pink glasses, there are silky black eyelashes, surrounding silver, ocean blue eyes.

Full rosebud lips form a great, beautiful beam. Caramel brown hair is as undy as the raging sea, reaching the end of her back. She tosses them gently, closes her eyes and tries to enjoy first signs of forthcoming spring.

MATEUSZ

LEVEL 1

1. He has big pointy grey hat on top of his head
2. He has long grey beard which is connected with his ears and moustache.
3. He has big nose
4. His little eyes are hard to see under his hat.
5. Just by looking at his face one can say that he is old
6. He is wearing a long, grey coat.
7. He always wields his wooden staff.
8. He is tall.
9. He has few wrinkles on his forehead and one under each eye.
10. Even though his beard is so big and bushy his lips are still easy to see because of their big size.

LEVEL 5

Few days ago I was sitting alone on a bench in a park. I was smoking pipe. In one moment tall man asked me if he can sit next to me and smoke with me. Of course I told him to sit. He looked pretty old and I saw few wrinkles on his face. He had big pointy hat on top of his head, which looked like a peak of a mountain. His eyes were so small I couldn't even see them. It was even harder because of a hat. He had thick, grey beard which was connected with his moustache and hair which was grey too. Even though his face was covered with his beard. I was still able to see his nose and lips. **He was wearing grey coat. I thought to myself that everything about this man was grey and if I were able to see his eyes they would probably be grey too.** He had weird wooden staff with him. It made me think that he might be some kind of mage. We talked a little and after few minutes he went away. I wish I could meet him again to ask him few questions...

KRZYSZTOF

"The Wacko Who Laughs"

LEVEL not 5:

1. He had quite a stout figure, but it was not the burliest.
2. He had an arch posture.
3. His skin was covered with clothes and paint.
4. The face was nearly entirely white. It could have seemed as it was simply pale, but in reality, it was bleached.
5. His eyebrows were not very thick, yet they were pretty long. They were in a shade of dark green.
6. The eyelashes were very thin, barely visible, because of the dark, surrounding the eyes.
7. The ears were covered with messy hair.
8. The hair was chaotic, definitely has not been taken care of for a long time.
9. It was dyed green, with few yellowy bits.
10. The most unsettling part of his face must have been the enormous, red smile. The lips were painted bright red, however that was not where the pain ended. It extended onto the cheeks, making it look like he was ever-smiling, even when afflicting pain upon others.
11. He wore a purple jacket, which nicely sat on his shoulders. The colour fit well with the other dominating hue, green. Like his shirt and hair.
12. The teeth were in a good condition, but there was a slight shade of yellow covering them.
13. The finger-nails were clearly well-used. In the past, they caused many scratches on those whom he faced.
14. His eyes were like two green orbs, shining in the darkness, differing from the darkness around his eyeholes.

LEVEL (maybe) 5:

In the narrows, there were rumours heard. Rumours of a new dawn, of a new order which would soon be instated in the city. Those with old money, rich swines. Aristocracy, some could say, would see an end to their games. The power would be back in the peoples' hands. And he was going to make sure that it all

goes exactly as he had foreseen. He, who wore a purple jacket, which nicely sat on his shoulders. It's colour fit well with the other dominating hue, that being green, which represented itself on the man's shirt and the chaotic wig-chop; it definitely was not looked after too much. Most of the hair stood green, with some yellowy bits seemingly erupting through the head-bush.

Appearance was not the only thing that made it easy to say that he was special. The way he thought, the complexity of his theoretically-simple schemes. It all proved, that behind the unsettling red smile, which shone on a huge part of his facade, stronger than any smirk should, a brilliant mind was hidden. A lost genius, some could say, because he was no regular clown. No, he was a maniac. A psychopath. The smile did not entertain children, instead, it terrified his victims. Crowbar striking multiple times; all that the person being beaten down could have ever noticed. And tons of dried victims blood, covering the rest of the man's pale face. It complimented the ever-present expression of joy on his face. If only a longer glance was allowed, two green orbs would shine in the dim area, sticking out from the darkness surrounding his eyeholes.

People surrounding him on the streets did not know of such deeds that he made real. All they saw was a deranged guy, who had the rare ability to make the crowds follow his words, do his bidding. Once a blonde woman approached him, her head in pigtails, and the clown became immediately focused on her. **He was looking at her, just as if they had some sort of a connection, possibly a remnant of a distant past. The eyes of green hue laid down on her hand, which held a card.** Even though it was a Queen of Diamonds, the art on it looked more like the one of a jester, wearing red and black. His wide eyebrows arose, just as if he was questioning what was presented in front of his eyes. The man's fingers slowly reached out for the card, with his well-used nails touching the item at first. His eyes shut, clearly as a reaction to the card, with the arm backing off... just before the thin, barely visible eyelashes arose once more, just as the tips of his lips. The true smile of his was welcomed upon the mad-man's pale visage. It was soon followed by a growing laughter; a hideous, spine-chilling chuckle, bursting out from his throat.

Not a single member of the crowd understood what was going on. They were all focused on the Blonde and the Green, the two, who despite not using any form of verbal communication, seemed to appeal to each other. On the woman with the lowered head and the extravagant, who was more on the stout side, when it came to the arch posture. Were those two keeping a mystery? Making a joke? Reuniting? Those questions would be left unanswered. One thing was certain however: whatever she did, she amused The Joker to great extent.

PAULINA

He always wore a dark blue robe. It had two patches of a different fabric and looked like it got more and more baggy as the time was passing by. I heard him coming to the town, because of the stomping noises that his giant, red shoes made. He was walking fairly quickly, compared to what one might think about the casual pace of an elderly chap.

It is the type of person, that has an intimidating aura, that you only discover, as you look closer. First you only see a small, slouching man. Next, however, you come upon the crazy look in his eyes. Full of pure, perseverant determination.

The closer he got to the village, the bigger the smile on his round, wrinkled face was. That expression made his thin lips reveal the single tooth he had. He was balding, yet you could almost see the wind going through the black hair at the back of his head.

Just like the summer breeze, blowing through the wheat fields. It is, when he sees those little, blue brats.

The thought of grasping them makes his deep black eyes lit up and his thick eyebrows curl up in concentration. Yet every time he somehow misses. He comes back home to his dear cat Claqueur, without any good news. That could be demotivating enough for someone to stop them, but not for him. Never does he lose his drive! It is his sole sense of purpose.

EWA

LEVEL 1

1. She was a sylphide. **FIGURE**
2. She was slight. **BODY**
3. She had a slender waist. **WAIST**
4. She was pale. **COMPLEXION**
5. She had pencil-thin eyebrows. **EYEBROWS**
6. She had low-keyed eyelashes. **EYELASHES**
7. She had a snub nose. **NOSE**
8. She had nursed fingernails. **FINGERNAILS**
9. She had a pink bob with a fringe. / She had layered blond hair with a fringe. **HAIR**
10. She had small eyes. **EYES**
11. She had full and glossy lips. **LIPS**
12. She was shy and unhappy. **PERSONALITY**
13. She had smart clothes. **CLOTHES**

LEVEL 2

She was a sylphid with a slight body. You could barely see her slender waist under smart clothes. Her pencil-thin brown eyebrows perfectly fitted a pale face.

She had low-keyed eyelashes, but a conspicuous snub nose. Her sleek fingernails didn't get well-deserved recognition in comparison to pink, eccentric bob with a fringe. She had small eyes yet very beautiful full and glossy lips. You could see she was unhappy and shy.

LEVEL 3 & 4

She was nothing special in the room. Well... maybe one special thing was not being a Japanese, but except that she seemed to be just a shy woman. Her smart clothes covered a slight body of a slender waist. She was a small sylphide with a pretty face. She was pale and her facial features were very characteristic. Maybe not eyes – they were small and dark surrounded by barely visible low-keyed eyelashes. Nothing special. Nothing extraordinary about eyebrows either, just brown and pencil-thin. But her nose. Oh, Lord... you could not miss her nose. It was quite big, but not like a gross big troll's nose. I must admit it was the cutest nose

I have seen in my entire life. So its size went perfectly with the rest of her face. To visualize that you need to imagine the most snub nose possible. It might seem not very pretty, but believe me – it was. Under that peculiar beauty, there was another miracle of nature. Full and glossy lips.

You could see a smile being formed out of them from time to time, but it wasn't a happy smile. I'm not sure how to describe that, but while looking at that smile I couldn't imagine a more lonely and miserable person.

LEVEL 5

There were a lot of people at the party. Everybody was singing, dancing and having fun. Only me and her were not laughing like crazy. I'm not saying it was boring for us.

We were just drowning in our everyday sorrows. According to appearance, she was nothing special in the room. Well... Maybe one special thing was not being a Japanese, but except that she seemed to be just a shy woman. I knew there was a lot going on inside this young head. She was a philosopher, so existential problems were blossoming there on daily basis. She was used to wearing baggy, smart clothes philosophers like to wear, but that day she was wearing a short skirt and black T-shirt.

They covered her slight body of a slender waist. She was a small sylphide with a pretty face. Her pale visage and facial features were very characteristic. Maybe not the eyes – they were small and dark, surrounded by barely visible low-keyed eyelashes. Nothing special. **There was nothing extraordinary about her eyebrows either, just brown and pencil-thin. But her nose.** Oh, Lord... you could not miss her nose. Seeing it on the daily basis I was being constantly surprised by its look and was falling in love with it over and over again. It was quite big, but not like a gross big troll's nose. I must admit it was the cutest nose I have seen in my entire life. So its size went perfect with the rest of her face. To visualize that you need to imagine the most snub nose possible. It might seem not very pretty, but believe me – it was. Under that peculiar beauty, there was another miracle of nature. Full and glossy lips. You could see a smile being formed out of them from time to time, but I knew her too well to think that it was a happy smile. I could see her pain through it, more

visible than when she cried. It reminded me of my own empty life. Looking at her singing made me think of our relationship. How can two people be so lonely while being together? How can anyone be so miserable while laughing?

MAJA

LEVEL 1

1. HAIR – He had shiny, silver hair.
2. FACE – He had pale face, with lots of lines.
3. EYEBROWS – Lack of eyebrows.
4. LIPS/MOUTH – He had thin, pink lips.
5. EYELASHES – His eyelashes had fallen out.
6. EYES – He had deep, mysterious eyes, full of darkness.
7. BODY – Hidden under red cape.
8. FACIAL HAIR – Lack of facial hair,
9. HANDS – Long and dry.
10. FINGERNAILS – Long, not evenly cut.
11. EARS – He had small ears.
12. NOSE – He had long slim nose.
13. VOICE – He had deep, rough voice.

LEVEL 2

He had shiny silver hair tied at the top of his head. His face was inhumanly pale and his lips were only a shade warmer. His lack of eyebrows and eyelashes gave him an obnoxious, alien look. He wore a big, red medieval cape that trailed behind him when he walked. I was afraid of looking into his eyes because they were so full of darkness and so deep that, I wasn't sure if I were able to look away from them. He didn't offer me his hand when he greeted me, which I was grateful for, because his white, dry hands and long fingernails disgusted me. I shivered when he spoke. His voice sounded like a chalk on a board and he pronounced words in an old-fashioned way.

LEVEL 3 & 4

The host welcomed me in the hallway. He lived in a big, forlorn castle in the middle of nowhere. I could not hear a single sound when he approached me which unsettled me for some reason. When we greeted he didn't offer me his hand, which I was very grateful for, because his white, dry hands with long fingernails disgusted me. I was sure that they were sharp enough to cut through my skin. He was a rather short man but I think that was because of his crooked, twisted spine. He was wearing a big,

red medieval cape that trailed behind him when he walked. His silver hair didn't really stand out from his skin so it made an effect as if he was a snake; a rather obnoxious, alien look. I shivered when he spoke. His voice sounded like a chalk on a board and he pronounced words in an old-fashioned way. I could hear sentences, yet not coming from his mouth but rather from the darkness he held deep inside; rolled r's and prolonged vowels. His nose was long and slim, ears were barely visible and he had many lines on his face. He resembled an old mummy, a ghost of once young, handsome man. A shadow from the past.

LEVEL 5

3rd May 1897

The road was long, so I was pleased when I finally arrived. As soon as I got out of the carriage and took all my belongings, the carter drove away. I looked back but I couldn't see it anymore. Strange silence fell; there were no animals, no birds were singing, as if everything here was dead. I came up the stairs and knocked three times on the big, richly decorated doors.

The host welcomed me in the hallway. He lived in a big, forlorn castle in the middle of nowhere. I could not hear a single sound when he approached me, which unsettled me for some reason.

When we greeted, he didn't offer me his hand, which I was very grateful for; his white, dry hands with long fingernails disgusted me. I was sure that they were sharp enough to cut through my skin. He was a rather short man but I think that was because of his crooked, twisted spine. His silver hair didn't really stand out from his skin so it made an effect as if he was a snake; a rather obnoxious, alien look.

He was wearing a big, red medieval cape that trailed behind him when he walked. He gave me a small tour around his mansion. We walked through many halls, drawing rooms, even past a spacious ball room and a library.

I shivered when he spoke. His voice sounded like chalk on a board and he pronounced words in an old-fashioned way. I could hear sentences, yet not coming from his mouth but rather from the darkness he held deep inside; rolled r's and prolonged vowels. In a quiet voice he talked about his family history, the

furniture and everything he found interesting. Never had I seen so many portraits and fireplaces. I was fascinated by his family stories and tales from his youth. Not only was I overwhelmed by the whole grandness of the place but also by the atmosphere. It was all covered with a smoke of secrecy but somehow I was able to sense it. The passages were empty, the light was dim and the servants were barely noticeable.

When we finally approached the dinning-room I asked about my luggage. It was already sent to my chamber. We were sat at the long dining table, him at the top, me at his right hand. The room was lighted by the candle light, chic candelabras were hanging from the ceiling and the painting of the hunt was hanging on the wall. The feast was delicious – meat, mashed potatoes, lots of vegetables, brilliant wine. Though I don't think he even touched his cutlery. Closely, I could see his long, slim nose, small ears and many lines on his face.

Now – as I'm writing this pages – I think about how far away from home I am. I want to remember all this luxurious things, all the moments spent here. Something tells me this is the right thing to do. This place holds some mystery within its walls. This evening was a pleasant one. I must admit the host gave really good impression, was very polite and interested in everything I was saying. Despite all that I cannot get rid of this weird feeling I have had since my arrival. The host does not seem normal to me. If I were asked I would say he appears to me more as a figure from the past, just like his chairs and clocks. He resembles an old mummy, a ghost of once young, handsome man. A silhouette from an old photograph. A shadow from the past.

GRETA

The inside of the bar is usually described in superlatives. All white-painted wainscoting and dark restored hardwoods under expensive looking rugs.

The walls above the wainscoting painted in deep, rich hues. The simple-looking bar compliments the luxury of this place. And then there's me. Standing here for hours every night and smiling at every rich client that happens to spend quite serious amount of money for a drink. Perhaps I would drown into my thoughts completely if not that deep, distinct voice interrupting me.

"May I order?" The man imperceptibly lid his arms onto the edge of the bar and I felt his gaze on me, however I still didn't bother to look over the glass I just started to wipe.

"As long as you pay or it." I answered uninterestedly. It wasn't really crowded in places like that so the client seemed to be the only one at the bar.

"For relaxing time, make it Suntory time." he added seriously and I couldn't help but burst into a laugh. I had heard that sentence long before, in a commercial.

I started pouring Suntory whisky as he wished and finally paid a bit of attention to the man. He was probably in his forties, maybe older... it's honestly hard to tell nowadays. My eyes met his stout figure with slightly bent arms, supported on the countertop. Obviously, he was wearing a suit – a simple yet nice one. I spotted his red, quite wrinkled hands fiddling with buttons on his sleeve.

"Pour for yourself as well." he said calmly.

"I'm working." I sighed, tossing the half-full glass of whisky to him and observed how his thin lips turn downwards in a hint of mock sadness. With that facial expression, his wrinkled face looked even older. The only things that stood out were his round, so full brown eyes. And protruding ears. However, it isn't a nice thing to say.

“And what do you do when you’re not working?” the man spoke again.

“Sleeping off to be able to work.”

“Oh...” he awkwardly ran his fingers through his balding, brown hair.

“That would be 10 dollars. Plus the voluntary tip for wasting my time.”

“Pricy.” he claimed, lifting his bulbous nose.

“Qualitative,” I pointed out with a smile “Good quality comes with the price.”

The man managed to smile as well, but his facial expressions were rather still and weak, so it wasn’t a teeth-showing type of a smile. He made an impression of a serious yet friendly person. Maybe he was just as much lost as I was in this big city full of jerks.

I watched his chubby fingers with clean, short nails, grabbing the fancy glass. He swallowed its content quickly with a loud slurp that made me chuckle a bit. I hoped that we would meet again.

“Why do you work here?” the client asked, lowering his voice.

“I need money,” I shrugged “And to figure out what I want.”

“You’ll figure that out. The more you know who you are and what you want, the less you let things upset you.”

I just wanted to curl up and die. It was embarrassing to let a random client read me like a goddamn book. But his words were right and I needed to hear more. So I looked up and noticed the shape of his silhouette disappearing behind the glass door. Did I speak with him? Was he even real? Or maybe he just vanished after the silence we shared for a second. All I knew was that he was gone.

MACIEK

LEVEL 1

1. He has very extremely pale skin.
2. He has an oval head.
3. He has crinkled eyes.
4. He has goat-like ears.
5. He has small nose.
6. He has thin lips .
7. He has bald head.
8. He has brown hair.
9. He has no neck.
10. He has five o’clock shadow.
11. He is 183 cm tall.
12. He has solid and muscular figure.

LEVEL 2

He is 183 cm tall and has solid and muscular figure. His skin is very bright and shiny. Extremely pale some would say. His head is of an oval shape and he possesses no neck. He is bald but, those who know, know, he is really brunette. He has tiny blue eyes and eyebrows reminding small caterpillars. He has goat – like ears, just like small radars. He has five o’clock shadow and mesmerizing smile.

LEVEL 3

This guy, Johnny has many, many Sins. Everybody knows him but not everybody associate him with the fact that he is an amazing actor, who has starred in more than 2720 movies. **A person who does so much for his family. He is 43 years old and he works in fire brigade, hospital and NASA in the same time. Sometimes as a policeman when he has to.** He is 43 and in some movies you can see him still learning new things in school or at university. He has solid and muscular figure and he is over 183 cm tall. Those attributes definitely help him in all aforementioned jobs. His skin is so bright and shiny so you can do stuff with the lights off. Regarding his oval bald head and lack of neck, no one can think that he has same problems, walking down the street. With his big ears which may look funny at first, he can hear

every MILF or young woman, complaining about their empty... well, lives. His eyebrows look like small caterpillars. Tiny, lively and warm blue eyes can easily hypnotize you, popping your cherry without touching. His five o'clock shadow can show you that he doesn't have time for stupid things like shaving. He saves daughters from drinking fathers. Young wives from old geezers. In the middle of his unshaved beard, there is it a tiny sweet smile with teeth shining like snowflakes in December.

KARINA

LEVEL 1: Basic sentences

Her heart-shaped face was flushed with an apricot hue.
She had an elf-like fair, pale complexion infused with a reddish tint.
Her skin was flawless and unblemished.
Her rosy cheeks matched the innocence in her eyes.
Her skin was paper-thin.
She had a vacant stare and tear-filled, piercing emerald eyes.
She had glassy eyes in a colour balancing between deep blue and green.
She had raven-black, eclipse shaped eyebrows.
She had velvety eyelashes over her almond shaped eyes.
She had Cupid's bow lips.
Her lips seemed strawberry-sweet.
She had a pointy nose above her rosebud lips.
She had ethereal ears and half-moon cheekbones.
She had porcelain-white teeth and an angelic/ bewitching smile.
She had damaged, pendant shaped nails.
Swirls of caramel-brown hair flowed over her shoulders.
She had a slender, delicate figure.
She was elf-thin and pure.
She had a sylph-like waist and satin soft lips.
She had a modest dress on, enveloping her small body.

LEVEL 2: A basic paragraph

She had a slender, delicate figure cinched by a sylphlike waist. The orphan-thin body was enveloped by a simple-cut, egg-shell dress, which was satin soft in touch. It almost covered her feet. She had an elf-like fair complexion infused with a reddish tint. Swirls of caramel-brown hair flowed over her shoulders. Her skin was flawless, unblemished in every inch – that was the tale that her limpid eyes told. The heart-shaped face was flushed with an apricot hue; high cheekbones were on the verge of piercing through the paper-thin skin. The innocence in her tear-filled, piercing, emerald eyes clashed with the vacant stare. Her velvety eyelashes, her eclipse shaped eyebrows... everything tried to cover the glassiness of the almond-like eyes. Her

demure purity was complemented by a pointy nose, set between rosy cheeks, overlooking rosebud, Cupid's bow lips. Maybe, some time ago, one could behold her porcelain-white teeth forming a truly angelic smile. However, not anymore. Her pendant shaped nails were damaged from digging.

LEVEL 3/4: Creative, advanced paragraphs

She had a willowy, slight figure, so ephemeral and fluid, that it needed to be cinched by a sylphlike waist, keeping her bound to the reality. The orphan-thin body was enveloped by simple-cut, egg-shell dress, satin soft in touch, yet weighing her down. It had small tears here and there, which one could not notice at first glance. The dress almost covered her feet, putting her in danger of a rapid fall. She was willing to risk this ache. She had an elf-like, fair complexion infused with a reddish tint. Swirls of caramel-brown hair flowed over her pale shoulders, entangling her ethereal ears. Her skin was flawless; every single inch remained unblemished – that was the tale that her limpid eyes told. The heart-shaped face was flushed with an apricot hue, high cheekbones were on the verge of piercing through the paper-thin skin. The innocence in her tear-filled, piercing emerald eyes clashed with the haunting vacant stare. Her velvety eyelashes, her eclipse shaped eyebrows... everything serving as a curtain, hiding away the glassiness of the almond-like eyes. Her childhood-reminiscent purity was complemented by a pointy nose, set between rosy cheeks, overlooking rosebud, Cupid's bow lips. They once were honey sweet and hopeful. Perhaps, some time ago, one could behold her porcelain-white teeth forming a truly angelic smile. However, not tonight. The pendant shaped nails met dirt and pain for the first time, they were disintegrating in plain sight – courtesy of helpless digging. Pity. They spoiled the impression of the graceful silky cloth.

LEVEL 5: Complex writing

A slow-paced stream, making its way between the dark chestnut trees, was enshrouded in fog, recalling the feeling of warm safety. It was well familiarized with its course, following the path with grace, acceptance and natural simplicity. Meandrous being, passing across the landscape and leaving

the hollow forest behind. One quick glance back, just one... a ladylike silhouette washed up on the shore. The water surged forwards.

A female body was pressing down against the untamed grass, unable to move a limb, invariably unconscious. **Even with the life fleeting away with every missed breath, she was the epiphany of lucid beauty. Transparent entity, made of glass and dripping honey, mere dream of a person, lacking the ability to last, too abstract to truly exist.**

She had a willowy, supple figure, so ephemeral and fluid, that it needed to be cinched by a sylphlike waist, in order to keep her bound to the reality... Her livid hand moved slightly, revealing a sign of life, peacefully waking up. The orphan-thin body was enveloped by a simple-cut, egg-shell dress, satin soft in touch, yet weighing her down. It had little tears here and there, which one could not have noticed at first glance. She looked around, derealized and detached, with something beating in her very core. A series of subtle movements, executed in a creamy manner, brought her farther away from the frigid ground. The dress almost covered her feet, putting her in danger of a rapid fall. She was willing to risk this ache. A warm substance started coursing through her veins, rushing, reaching what was almost gone, welcoming every structure, every particle with a friendly tingle, lingering long after. Life blossomed.

She had an elf-like fair complexion infused with a reddish tint. Swirls of caramel-brown hair flowed over the pale shoulders, entangling her ethereal ears. Her skin was flawless, every single inch remained unblemished – that was the tale that her limpid eyes told. The heart-shaped face was flushed with an apricot hue, half-moon cheekbones were on the verge of piercing through the paper-thin skin. The innocence in her captivating emerald eyes clashed with the haunting vacant stare. With all the pieces rearranged over and over again... she lost a part of herself and now was lacking something that should be inside. It probably floated away along with the stream, leaving her with an unsettling void in the middle, covered by the dress. Among the nothingness, one clear salty drop of water escaped her

almond shaped eye and drifted down, for a fleeting moment, covering the blushing cheek with the silver rhye. It seemed to hold a tremendous amount of power, caused by its significance – magical. The droplet held all the sorrows and screams within its barriers... but once it reached the corner of her mouth, everything scattered. Chaos entered.

Her velvety eyelashes, her eclipse shaped eyebrows... everything serving as a curtain, protecting from the image of glassy eyes, dreadful in their hurt. Her childhood-reminiscent purity was complemented by a pointy nose, set between rosy cheeks, overlooking rosebud, Cupid's bow lips. They once were honey sweet and hopeful. Perhaps, some time ago, one could behold her porcelain-white teeth forming a truly angelic smile. However, not tonight. The pendant shaped nails experienced the taste of dirt and pain; they were disintegrating in plain sight - courtesy of helpless digging - thus spoiled the impression of the graceful silky cloth.

TEODOR

LEVEL 1

1. She has a full figure. Extremely girly I dare to say. **FIGURE**
2. She has a perfect shape body. She has ideal proportions; wide hips, pert bootylicious tushy, slim waist and ample breast. **BODY**
3. Her skin is rosy. She has fair complexion, that glows with a little hint of pink. Impeccable skin with a little powdery hue. **SKIN/COMPLEXION**
4. Her face is round. **FACE SHAPE**
5. She has even eyebrows, gently underlining her eyes. They are neat and well-cared. **EYEBROWS**
6. She has velvety, long, natural eyelashes. Sweeping eyelashes. **EYELASHES**
7. Her eyes are mesmerizing, innocent and full of warmth. They are blue with a little dash of light green. **EYES**
8. Her sweet button nose fits perfect to her lips; full-pouted, firm and fresh as a strawberry field. **NOSE/LIPS**
9. She has incomparable, peerless and the best looking smile I've ever seen. Her smile is wide and genuine. When she smiles you cannot miss that. Her luminous grin is emphasized by the set of impeccably pearl-white, wonderful teeth. **TEETH**
10. She has small, cute ears that she can move a bit. Just like the cutest, little elephant. **EARS**

LEVEL 5

My girlfriend.

Well now I am going to tell you something about how she looks. So... Her look will punch you in the face but it will be the punch that you will definitely adore. Her figure is ideal. Her body shape fulfils your imaginary picture of perfect women. I could write a poem regarding her incredible proportions. She has wide hips and pert bootylicious tushy that look like a freshly picked, juicy pear. Her slim waist and ample breast compose an excellent contrast between fullness and finesse. She has a skin that finds its beauty in being fresh and natural. There is no sense in trying to make her skin looks better, because you cannot make something better, when its already perfect. Her mellow, soft and fine skin

paints her complexion with all the pinkish hues, using various shades to make an interesting masterpiece. **Her complexion reminds me of pink candy-floss, covered with powdery rose; gentle and finger-licking delicious.**

Going through the most important parts of the human body, let's stop at the face. Her face is round, surrounded by the thick, dark blonde hair; gold and caramel-cream some would say. More like a light ale or blooming sunflower to me. Burning sand, glittering in the setting sun.

Eyebrows gently underline her gorgeous eyes. They are always well-cared and neat.

Natural, long eyelashes emphasize her eyes. When she winks to me my heart skips a beat. Her eyelashes are like dazzling, fascinating, ornate gates leading to mountains of gold, bigger than all the Incas Gold supplies; to her eyes.

They are mesmerizing, innocent and full of warmth. When I look into her eyes I see only good things and I cannot stop looking profoundly into them. They are like a drug; you can get addicted to them very quickly. The difference is that her eyes can only heal. She has the sweetest nose in the entire world. Her nose is like a bunny nose that fits perfectly to her full-pouted, firm, and fresh, strawberry lips. They taste like all the five senses; you feel them, you see them, smell them, hear them and taste them in the same time. Kissing her is like a trade of our deep, primordial feelings.

NATASZA

LEVEL 1

1. She had an hourglass figure.
2. She was pear-waisted.
3. She had glowing complexion.
4. She had silk skin.
5. She had soft-brown plucked eyebrows.
6. She had velvety eyelashes.
7. She had light blue eyes.
8. She had cherub's ears.
9. She had medium button nose.
10. She had straight, bleach-white teeth.
11. She had Hollywood smile.
12. She had full read lips.
13. She had siren-red fingernails.
14. She had pearl-blonde hair.
15. She had short, classy hairstyle.
16. She had melodic laughter.
17. She had classy, feminine cloths.

LEVEL 2

She had an hourglass figure, which was pear-waisted. She had a glowing complexion and silk skin. She had soft-brown eyebrows. They were perfectly plucked. Just right underneath, there was a pair of light, blue eyes looking inquisitively from under the velvety lashes. Her button nose was right over her Hollywood smile. Straight, bleach-white teeth contrasted starkly with her red full lips. A pair of cherub's ears were hidden under her short, classy hairstyle. Siren-red fingernails defined on the background of her pearl-blonde hair. She had a melodic laughter and was dressed in a very classy and feminine way.

LEVEL 3/4:

First time I saw her in person, was on one of banquets in Italy. Every person, important for the company, had an invitation. She was sitting by the table, not in the middle but you had an impression, it was the centre of the room. Everyone was paying attention to what was happening there. She was talking to

someone. Once in a while a melodic, tender laughter came out of her mouth. Her fingers were loosely gripped around the bottom of the champagne glass and her siren-red fingernails made a sound every time they tapped the glass. Someone came to her and asked her to dance. When she stood up you could see her beautiful pear-waisted figure. She was classy dressed, perfectly for the occasion but while a lot of women were wearing some kind of formal suit, she was still dressed very feminine. Every colour on her, every hue was fitting her flawlessly. Her pearl-blond hair made interesting shape on her head and matched the colour of her dress. Red full lips and fingernails were dragging the attention and her glowing complexion was wielding everything in perfect harmony. While she was slowly dancing, everyone was looking at her. But she was anything but shy and you could see in her bright eyes that she enjoyed the attention.

LEVEL 5:

Her beautiful glowing face was framed by her short curls. They were fitting her perfectly, adding an interesting feature around her face. Under those pearl-blond waves, there were cherub's ears hidden and the only thing that you could really see were diamond earrings hanging. But as much as her complicated hairstyle was dragging the attention, the same amount of it should have been paid to her lips. They were full and red like a ripe and juicy apple, forming an unforgettable Hollywood smile. **Every time that smile would visit her face you could see her blech-white teeth. But she wasn't always smiling. Sometimes when she was serious, she played with her upper lip by pinching it with her siren-red matching nails.** When she talked her button nose used to move slightly. In the sun her silk skin would catch every single sunray, making her look like a glowing gold statue. Under her perfectly pinched eyebrows there was a pair of light blue eyes. They were looking seductively from under long, black velvety eyelashes. Her eyes were the colour of blue sky just after the clouds go away, the shade of blue hortensia, that you see sometimes, walking through garden. When she was dancing she looked like a moving goddess. While shifting her weight from side to side her hips were making round curves.

Pear-waisted body looked stunning in classy feminine cloths she was wearing. She was moving with grace walking through the room. And when you heard her melodic laugh, smile would always form on your face. Everyone loved her. The women icon, immense image worth of a thousand words.

AGATA

LEVEL 1

1. Light faded blue eyes.
2. Coloured, slicked to the back hair
3. Deadly grin.
4. Hands decorated with gold.
5. Bloody red lips.
6. Vacant, dangerous sight.
7. Light, porcelain complexion overmarked with tattoos.

LEVEL 2

The person in white shirt, with a few buttons undone under the neck, is sitting nonchalantly. Spaces between white fabric are nearly in the same porcelain tone as the skin overmarked with tattoos. His sight, restless and vacant, reflects the dangerous nature of his soul. Evenly set eyes are light blue, overlined with dark shades. Out of this white, sallow face bloody red lips emerge grotesquely. Chiselled face with the visible cheekbones. His hair is weird sort of deep green shade. He is nervous. His wrists are bedecked with golden watches, fingers overburden with large rings, beating regular rhythm on golden-finished cane. He is waiting.

LEVEL 3

Doors have been moved by the gust of wind. They have steeked loudly. Bathed in warm light of the casino lamps, dark silhouette seems to react dramatically on this noise. Silent person, sitting on red chair surrounded by the company of anonymous protectors. At this very moment those evenly set vacant, light-blue eyes, look like faded sapphires, restless gems in the wells of time. His sight gently mixes those two feelings, into peripheral component from long forgotten past – danger. The realistic reflection of his nature. The blow of frozen wind discloses part of his body. Spaces between white fabric of the shirt and his pale chest seem to be in nearly same porcelain tone. Whiteness is broken by tattoos, which overmark his body. Like a living paper on which a chaotic, mad artist has put the essence of his life. There is a grimace on his snowy white face, expressed

perfectly by bloody, red lips. Now his features seem to be even sharper. Chiselled face with visible cheekbones, which can be handsome at times, yet apparently brings the sense of a danger. Wisp of his hair slips down, covering part of his eye. His deep green hair, twinkling like an emerald, are slicked to the back to simulate the gentleman. The silence of an empty casino is constantly being pierced by regular cadence. His fingers, overburden with large rings, keep beating mesmerizing rhythm, slowly tapping a gold-finished cane. Golden watches bedeck his wrists. Gold edges him and it is his own attribute, an attribute of ancient emperors. Now his icy sight is carefully surveying the room.

LEVEL 4

Light smoke from cigarettes surrounds people who are present in the lounge of the casino. Lamps emanate both warm light and an elegance. Another second passes and the clock chimes the midnight. Now those evenly set vacant eyes, in the colour of light blue, reminding faded sapphires, become restless. His sight gently mixes those two feelings, into peripheral component from long forgotten past – danger. The realistic reflection of his nature. He undoes another two buttons, disclosing part of his body. Spaces between white fabric of a shirt and his bare chest are in nearly the same porcelain tone. Whiteness is broken by tattoos, overmarking his body. Like a living paper on which a chaotic and mad artist has put the essence of his life. His snowy white face is decorated with grimace, expressed perfectly by bloody red lips. Now his features seem to be even sharper. Chiselled face with visible cheekbones, which can be handsome at times, yet apparently brings the sense of danger. Wisp of his hair slips down, covering part of his eye. He corrects that immediately. Frozen wind causes the fall in temperature amidst the casino's walls. Long expected guests are in the doors. The man, sitting on the red chair, raises his eyebrows and opens his eyes. They are big amulets floating on milky lake surrounded by black fence of eye-lashes. Two wrinkles appear on his forehead. One of them crosses tattooed writing "Damaged" like it would not be truth for a moment. **In this very moment he looks more like a clown than a mental emperor of badness. After short, fleeting moment**

that impression is gone. “Damaged” is resmoothed again to inform about the existing danger. Eyes become smaller.

Directed straight into the light, they seem to match the colour of hair, deep green twinkling emerald and they are slicked to the back to simulate the gentleman. Cadence, created by his fingers overburden with large rings, tapping golden cane, stops. Golden watches bedeck his wrists, while they move a little towards the centre of the table. Gold edges him and it is his own attribute, an attribute of ancient emperors.

His majesty is listening new rhythm beaten by the shoes of the stranger. While he is getting closer, a spark emerges in the ocean of his eyes. He sneers. Corner of his mouth moves up, emphasizing letter “J” that overmarks his cheek. It is like an introduction to execution. The guest sits in front of piercing eyes of his companion... And after some time only one survives: Jester, Oligarch, Killer, Embodiment of Rampage.

KONRAD

LEVEL 1

1. He is small, skinny and bony. **BODY**
2. He has a hunched posture. **POSTURE**
3. His skin is pale and dirty. **COMPLEXION**
4. He has dry, callused and big feet and hands with long fingers. **HANDS AND FEET**
5. His face is round and peeling. **FACE**
6. He has a pair of large, round and bulging blue eyes. **EYES**
7. He has a pair of big and pointy ears. **EARS**
8. His nose is small. **NOSE**
9. He has yellow and rotten teeth. **TEETH**
10. He has a few long, gray and loose hair. **HAIR**
11. He has a thin and long neck. **NECK**
12. He has a sneering and gap-toothed smile. **SMILE**
13. His mouth is big. **MOUTH**
14. He has a screeching voice. **VOICE**
15. He behaves like an animal. **PERSONALITY**
16. He wears a dirty rag. **CLOTHES**

LEVEL 5

Orcs, my frightening and disgusting servants! You have failed me many times but now I have a simple task for you and I really hope that you'll handle it. Otherwise I'll be very upset and when I am upset you all suffer. I need you to find a creature that has very important information about my ring. Once he looked like one of these monsters from the Shire called Hobbits but he couldn't handle the power of the ring so it significantly affected his physical and mental health. Only one thing didn't change – he is still small but now he is also skinny and bony. He lives and behaves like an animal, so he walks on four limbs. Because of that he has a hunched posture. He has lived in the caves underneath the Misty Mountains for years. The lack of sun really affected his skin – it's very pale. It would be nearly white if not for the dirt covering his body. He wears only a dirty, brown rag covering his groin. His big hands and feet with long fingers became dry and callused long ago. However, they grant him strength and agility to deal with dangers he has to face

underground but that shouldn't be a problem for you. He is one and there are thousands of you. His body and proportionately big head are connected with a long neck. After all those years in the caves, he is almost bald. He has only few long, gray, loose hair. On his round and peeling face you can always see a sneering, gap-toothed smile. He has yellow, rotten teeth because of eating raw meat, mostly fish.

That creature doesn't care about hygiene – at that point he behaves just like you, my awful servitors. He adapted really well to living in the darkness of caverns. He has a pair of unnaturally large, round, bulging blue eyes so he can see well in the dark. He also has a pair of big, pointy ears that help him to hear the danger before he can see it. His small nose protects him from the stink of goblins, as for years he was their secret neighbour. When he feels that he is in danger you can hear a scary, screeching voice coming from his big mouth but it also isn't a problem for you because you fear nothing. Am I right? I hope so.

Last time he was seen near Shelob's caves. If I were you I would be more afraid of her than him but in the first place you should always be afraid of me, especially if you fail. When you catch him, bring him to Barad-dûr. I have few toys there that I'll use to get what I need. Do not come back without him, otherwise I'll use my toys on you.

With contempt,

Your only lord and master Sauron.

