



Scribe
September 2022
Regret
Moments of Healing

東京都千代田区 3-1 小

タイムマシン故障か 事件のカギに

この話から、黒いふくめん男の男の背後には巨大秘密組織がある。



狼人はデス・ワルスを襲われる

小学館ビデオ
藤子不二雄映画全集
1のび太の恐竜

完全ノーカット 94分 予告編つき Hi-Fi VHS ベータ (約¥10,000 発売元:小学館)
※お近くのビデオショップでお求めにならない場合は、電話でお申し込み下さい。

も人気バツグンのタイムマシンに故障が発生した。ドラえもんたちは、白紀に時間旅行中この事故に付けたらどうか、その安全がつかわれている。

タイムマシン故障の原因
定員「2名のところへ、五人もりこみ、定員オーバーだった」とあるが、直接の原因は、間接行中の超空間で、恐竜の1助をつねらう、なぞの黒いふくめん男に、レーザース銃でうたれたことにある。局では見ている。

黒いふくめん男の正体はまだ不明だが、のび太君の話によれば、「ドコでもア」に

知ってる、知らない？ドラえもんのアレコレ

Q どうしてドラえもんには耳がないの？
A ひる寝している間に、なんと本気でかじられちゃったんだ。シロフタだよ。

Q ドラえもんが好きなものは？
A 皮とあんこのパスタがエネルギーにぴったりのんだ。

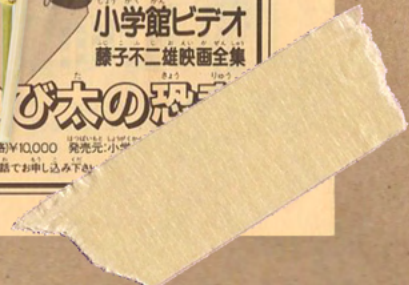
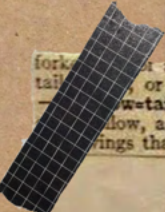
Q ドラえもんの仕事は何？
A いそがしいのび太のガーディアン、家庭教師、あそび相手。

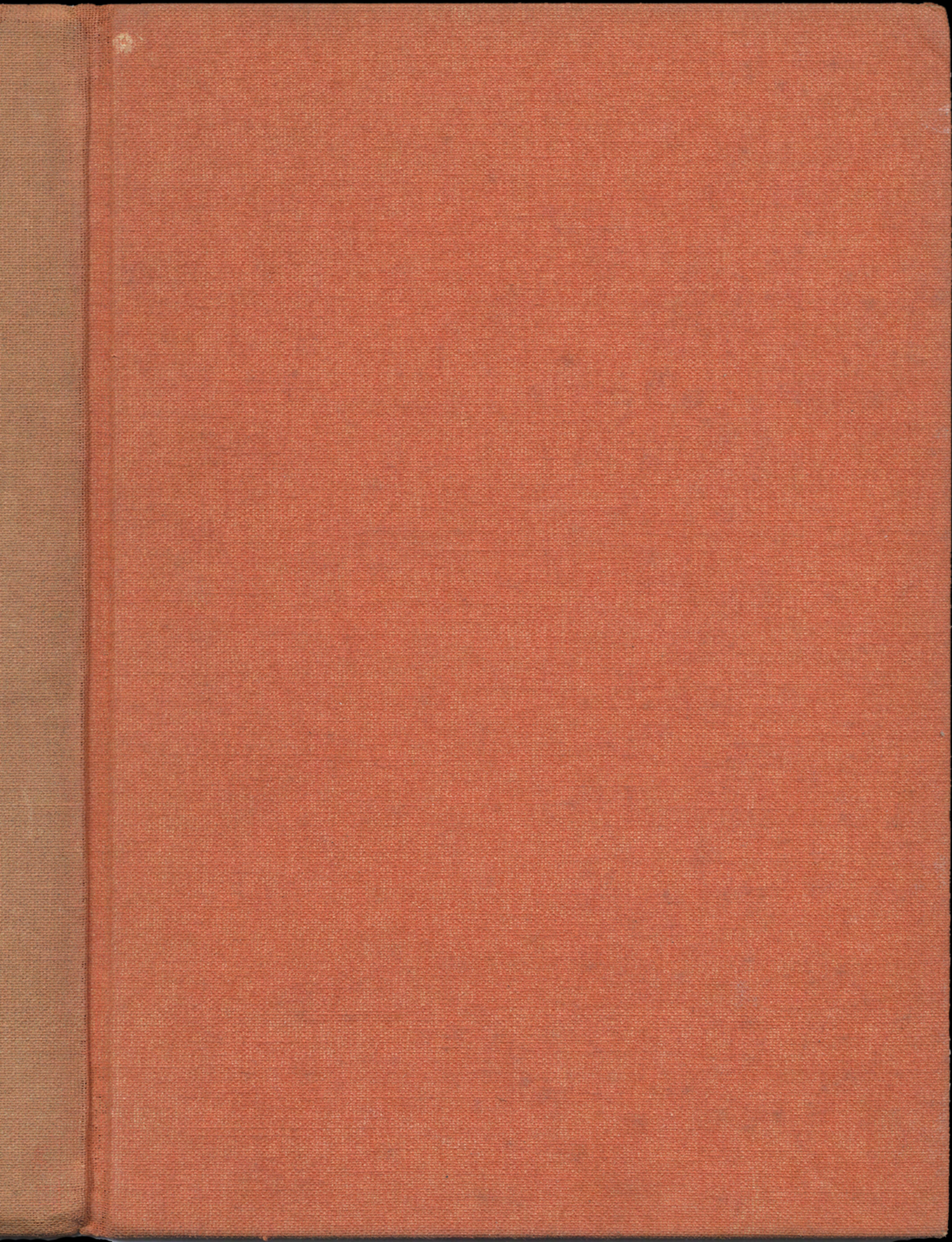
Q 秘密道具はいつあるの？
A そうだなあ、千種類くらいかな。役に立たないものもいっぱいあるんだ。

Q 服は何を着ているの？
A 表はぼく、なにも着ないんだ。ハズカシイ。

Q トイレには行くの？
A 食べたものは全部エネルギーになっちゃうから、トイレには行かないんだ。

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Dear Reader,

re·gret \ri-'gret\

1: sorrow aroused by circumstances beyond one's control or power to repair

2: an expression of distressing emotion (such as sorrow)

Are we really human if we haven't held regrets? Why do we learn to associate certain decisions or events in our life with regret? What earns them this label?

Perhaps you regret breaking ties with a past lover.

Or perhaps you regret sleeping throughout your entire summer vacation.

But are these truly regrets? Or rather, are they opportunities to reassess our lives? To think about, dwell, or ruminate on who we are, how we relate to the world, and why we may have failed.

Is it possible that these are moments of healing?

Perhaps breaking ties with that past lover finally gave you the needed space you were too afraid to ask for.

Perhaps sleeping all throughout summer was a well-needed respite from a long and difficult semester.

Regrets and moment of healing are what one may call two sides of the same coin. The pieces we bring to you in this issue seek to bridge the gap between these inextricably linked concepts with the artistic poignancy of our talented members.

Sincerely,
Rida Ahmed
Chief Editor

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That orange morning ray reflected upon the books
Gleaming with truth in every little nook
Whispers a sweet song of eternal glory
To all of those who seek her story

I look upon her with quiet admiration
And take her in with every ounce of desperation
To be engulfed in her warmth
To set out what she brings forth

In her, I am healed of all my sorrows
I worry not about the things of tomorrow
She allows me to look upon the day
And tells me that there is always another way

I need only look up and I'll find her waves upon my roof
Bending and flowing in golden hue
Or look down on my arm, a new yellow
Beckoning me to play when I have turned mellow

Should I find myself in need of silent encouragement
I need only step outside for life's nourishment
In her rays, I'll sing this life's story
Healed by all that she has done for me

...ed line
...ut, she goes
...re deeper into editing,
...he story in the way I do as
...in television and film,
...places where moments
...needed."
...e not have ambitions to
...n literary fiction? "None.
...t possibly. And the more I
...read *American Pastoral*
...th for the first time), the
...posed to all these great
...riters, and I couldn't begin
...w writers do what they
...an extraordinary lonely
...know how they sit down
...can't imagine what it is
...ook and a good book."
...Parker has set her
...like to think that
...s offers more
...hange the way
...really

UPON THE BOOKS

BY MARINA SHENOUDA





THE FIND

Daniel Wronski

When the sun shone upon the forest the next morning, Sheriff Davis was bending down, peering at the pair of mutilated and bloody bodies down on the bed of grass in front of him. Two men were standing behind him. One was leaning against a tree while holding a long rifle in one hand and a half-eaten sandwich in the other. The other stood over the sheriff's shoulder and wore a green backpack.

"Grisly, huh?" the sheriff commented, looking back at the man leaning against the tree.

"I thought the bear was killed ten years ago."

The sheriff raised an eyebrow and said, "No, Georgie. I mean the other way it's spelled. Grisly."

Cocking his head, Georgie took another bite of his sandwich. Once he came to the realization, he murmured, "Oh."

The other man stepped forward. "Sheriff, I want to find that beast more than any man, but these bodies are already showing bone, like the grizzly."

When he finished looking over the bodies, the sheriff stood up and put his hands on his belt before turning around and saying, "I couldn't fathom how much of an animal lover you are. It's like that grizzly was your son."

"All animals that walk these woods are kin to us," replied the man. He took a final look at the bodies. "Whatever did this is no kin of mine."

Georgie chuckled and stepped forward, his sandwich already gone. "The animals in these here woods are sport to me. Law is law and game is game, Tanner."

It was then that the sheriff stood upright and spoke louder than he had and began to instruct the men. "That's it. A hunter and an animal fanatic will never help their causes if they don't work together to stop the murderous killer out there!"

"It's not a man doing this sheriff," said Tanner. "It is an alpha."

"An alpha what? Wolf, bear, buck?"

Georgie laughed at that last one. "No, sheriff. It's his ultimate fantasy to see nature's crazy

crazy twists.”

Sheriff Davis shook his head as he looked past the others, through a clearing. “And here’s our snake-slaying friend.”

Georgie and Tanner turned their heads and saw a trio of tribal people through the clearing. They wore knee-high skirts made of yellow and red feathers and blue cloth shirts with no sleeves and red and yellow feathers attached to the shirts’ surfaces as well. The leader of the three had a distinct necklace made of beads and scaly ornaments. Once he was closer, it was clear to everyone that the necklaces were snake heads, their black eyes staring deep into the woods.

“Shy man! Other fellas!” called the sheriff. “How goes the morning?”

The tribal people were silent as they approached the sheriff and the men who flanked him. Once they were close enough, the leader stopped, and the others did the same. “It is Shaman Adaym, Sheriff Davis,” said the leader in a thick accent. “I do not play games with your name, especially in moments like this.”

“Okay,” said the sheriff. He straightened up and asked, “Do you know why I called you here, Shaman?”

“Yes. You failed to realize the threat the gods have faced us with, and now you come for help.”

Laughing loudly, the sheriff replied, “Shaman, I want you to inspect the body.” He lowered his voice and grew somewhat humbled. “I want you to see if they were maimed like your... family members.”

The shaman nodded in reply and strode over to the bodies, his tribal men staying in place. When he rounded the sheriff and beheld the entirety of the two bodies, he put a hand over his forehead. “Ahh.” He began moaning and sobbing.

Tanner, visibly upset by the shaman’s display, stepped over to him and offered, “What’s wrong, shaman?”

“Just like my wife and daughter,” he mumbled. Standing now and looking past Tanner and at the sheriff, he said, “It is the same, sheriff.” He looked down at the legs of the bodies. They were bare boned, each one almost a perfect skeleton, save for the torn clothing and remaining pieces of flesh and blood. “The snake bite would have been right there,” he said, pointing to an area on the bodies.

“A snake bite?” asked the sheriff. He began to speak playfully. “I thought you cut the heads off and strewn them on your neck over there.”

The shaman whipped himself around quickly. “Look,” he said, pointing at his neck. “There are four. The heads regenerate.”

Tanner stepped forward. “Do you think we can search the bodies for venom?”

The sheriff looked over at Georgie, and the two smirked at each other. “Yes,” said the sheriff. “We did it with the victim’s last time, and a substance that was connected to a common paralytic agent was found. So, you know, we have a pretty scientific monster out there.” He chuckled lightly. “I’m only here to establish an M-O, fellas, not dabble in your theories.”

The shaman knit his brows. "Our tribe managed to cut two heads when my daughter was killed. When it came back to kill my wife, I personally sliced off an entire snake head as it fled with my wife's body in the main head's jaws."

The sheriff grew solemn but still spoke with a small fire in his voice. "If it was that easy, why didn't you go for its actual head then?"

The shaman was visibly upset now. "Sheriff, a moment, please."

Sheriff Davis looked over at Tanner. "Tan, can you and Georgie bag the bodies and drop them at the station? You know I parked it just down the path. I'll take the patrol car."

Tanner nodded, but Georgie groaned as they stepped over to the bodies. "He didn't invite us up here for our expertise," he quietly muttered to Tanner.

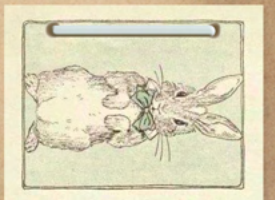
Tanner shushed him as they watched the sheriff disappear through the woods with the shaman.



And at this point I'm tired of moving so much
Of loving and leaving
A piece of my heart
In all of these places so that
I no longer feel whole
No matter where I am
No matter what part of the world
Because a piece of my heart is always somewhere else too.

I can't stop anymore because it's already done.
Stopping won't bring me the places I've gone.
And now every end is never just this one.
It's the one before and the one before that and
the one before that.

I get to learn and change in every new place
But I come back to people who expect me to still act the same
And every goodbye is a little heartbreak,
Yet most family and friends don't see I need tape



I haven't traveled enough to lose a sense of who I am
But I have traveled enough to not know where to fit in.
Not knowing where to call home.
I've stopped even asking the question
Because I have no clue where to begin to look for an answer.

But "where is home?"
Is less important to know
Then "when will love be?"



The first end was the hardest
because I really believed
each goodbye meant forever

That the people I felt love for,
I would see maybe never

The second time
I didn't cry as much,
For I tried very hard not to open my heart.

The third end,
I cried even less
I just didn't engage so I'd have less to miss.

But then I traveled again and again
and for longer periods of time,
Soon my heart got tired of hiding,
It welcomed new love and allowed me to shine.

I learned not to build walls,
To just let myself cry
not only for the past
but in the present when saying goodbye

It was the 17th time I said goodbye
that I accepted
this is my life.

It isn't just something out of the ordinary,
it isn't a blue butterfly, or a four leaf clover,
But an orange butterfly, a three leafed clover.

It's happened before and it'll happen again.
If I leave what I love, it's not the end of love.

Every end is the start
of a new beginning

Janet Akselrud



Six years in the past, my deceased boyfriend gave me a gift before he passed away. He had skin cancer and only lived for 7 months and 16 days after he was diagnosed. I can still recall how the white and bare hospital room seemed to scream at me. The small counter on the side was filled with paper cards with all the same message— get well soon. Although they were from his relatives, co-workers, and close friends that I was once familiar with, they never visited his hospital room throughout those 7 months. I left the gifts on the windowsill and counter, while I told him what happened throughout my day every time I visited him. His faint smile still creases his pale and cadaverous face when he sees me. However, he became uncooperative during our conversations, and was very bothered by my non-stop ombarding questions about his health and the moments he cherished. Something wasn't right during that time, so I decided to see him before I head to work on a Saturday morning. Once I arrived at his room, he laid a crimson envelope on his chest with his hands gently holding it. He turned his head around and spoke in a very soft tone along with attempting to reach his hand out. I quickly reached over to him while dropping all my bags on the floor. I knelt down and gently held his frail hands.

"I am happy that you have come a long way to get here with so many gifts."

"It's really nothing. I just want you to be happy at the last moments of your life." He immediately interrupted with the sweet talk and handed me the envelope.

"Doctors said that I won't be alive much longer."

"Wait... are you really going to...?" Tears started to roll down my face and I knew about this too.

"I don't want to have more money drawn out of your pocket just for me. I just want to die peacefully, and that is my final wish."

"I-I understand." I broke down and no longer wanted to argue with him during his painful moments.

"This envelope has everything I wanted to tell you before I will be off. We'll see each other in the next universe, okay?" At this point, I can only nod and gently hug him.

After a few moments, I tried to speak up and say that we will, but it was already too late.

The nurses dragged me out of the room as I tried to fight back. I didn't even say my farewells...

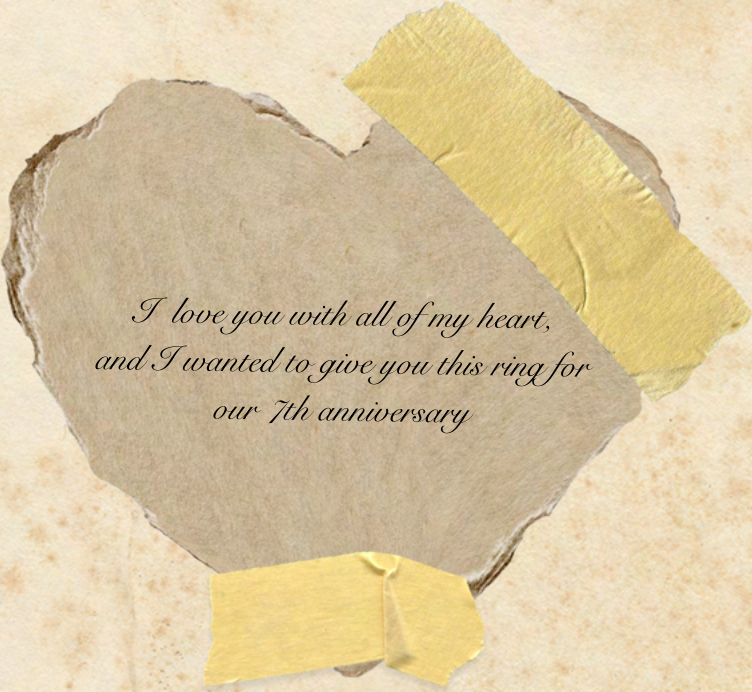
All the memories I had with him were playing repeatedly in my head, and all I wanted to say I was sorry.

After some time, I finally had the courage to open the envelope. There was a paper heart with the words, "I love you with all of my heart, and I wanted to give you this ring for our 7th anniversary." It dawned on me in that moment that I didn't deserve this ring and I didn't deserve him either because...

I cheated on you when you needed me the most, my love.



A Paper Heart
by Amanda Feng



*I love you with all of my heart,
and I wanted to give you this ring for
our 7th anniversary*

