

# SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE



#112

DUSK AND DAWN

Med oss kan du  
prata om vad som helst.  
Du är välkommen oavsett  
vad eller om du tror,  
vem du älskar  
eller identifierar  
dig som.

# Någon att prata med?

Universitetskyrkan finns till för dig. Vi vet att studietiden kan vara en kamp av många skäl. Många gånger behöver vi någon att anförtro oss åt och att tala med.

Vi i universitetskyrkan har många års erfarenhet av samtal med människor i olika skeden av livet. Vi har absolut tystnadsplikt och för inga journalanteckningar. Tveka inte att höra av dig till oss!

**Sofia Tunebro** präst i Svenska kyrkan  
**Monica Albin** pastor i Equmeniakyrkan

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# SUM magazine

## Issue #112

### Dusk & Dawn

### Spring 2024



Cover by Finnick Wächtler

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# EDITORS' FOREWORD

Welcome to the pages of our 112th print issue, where we are delighted to present to you a theme that captivates the imagination and invites exploration – Dusk and Dawn. We have carefully selected this theme not only for its aesthetic appeal but also for its metaphorical allure, which gives it the ability to evoke a wide array of interpretations. These transitional phases between night and day, symbolising the cyclical nature of existence, have long served as rich sources of inspiration in literature and art. Serving as powerful metaphors for beginnings, endings, and the constant ebb and flow of life, dusk and dawn offer a profound canvas for exploration. We believe in the significance of these liminal moments, which is why we wanted to give our contributors the chance to delve into such a rich fountain of interpretations. From the written word to the visual arts, we invite you to witness the diverse narratives and creative expressions that have blossomed from the theme of Dusk and Dawn. As you immerse yourself in our pages, may you discover the magic that lies in the spaces between night and day, where stories unfold and possibilities emerge!

Happy reading!

A. Elmi & Hanna Wallström

## SPOTIFY PLAYLIST



DUSK AND DAWN SUM #112

Scan the QR code and listen to the Spotify playlist put together by our contributors for the full experience. Sit, relax and take your time exploring Dusk and Dawn.

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# ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Text: Finnick Wächtler

## THEME DUSK AND DAWN

I am a person who enjoys times of change. Dusk and dawn, spring and fall, these moments where we acknowledge a shift from the past to the future feel magical to me. It might seem scary to some, these moments of change, but to me they're freeing. Making a change consciously means we can celebrate both what we leave behind and what we gain. It becomes like a moment of mindfulness and meditation. This feeling of calm and peace towards change is what I wanted to show in my cover design – a person reacting to the dawn of a new day, celebrating the beauty of the in-between moments.



# The Time In Between

Text and visual: Nora Naeve

When light fades away,  
And shadows are crying,  
When colours are shading,  
And the day is dying,  
When the sky turns dark,  
And light's an extinct spark,

Then a new night is coming.  
The time between Dusk and Dawn.  
Where evil is humming,  
And horror is drawn.

When the horizon is rising,  
And everything is resizing,  
When the world awakes,  
And the darkness breaks,  
When fears fade away,  
And the sky turns motley,

Then a new day is coming.  
The time between Dawn and Dusk.  
Where the colours are stunning,  
And the colours gift trust.

sing child, said the Moon  
the skies will watch with awe  
for through your eyes  
with love that ties  
you must shed our broken law

run child, said the Sun  
adulthood's on your heel  
leave all behind  
what's in your mind  
at sunrise it's not real

remember child, said Mother Earth  
those before you bleed me dry  
but in my scars  
small hearts like stars  
reaching for the sky

Text & Visual : Samuel Ian McCarthy IG: samuelianmccarthy





# DAYBREAK

Text: Stephen K Petterson IG: RealWriterSKP  
Visual: Lia Popaz IG: lippo.ai

Under the cover of darkness, a trail of refugees crosses a barren wasteland. Wounded, grieving, desperate for shelter, their huddled forms keep pace with a woman on a stygian mare. She looks east, to the approaching horsewoman on the horizon, and tugs at her inky-black shawl.

“I’m surprised you’re still here, Sister Dusk,” Dawn says as she reels her alabaster stallion next to Dusk’s mare and into the caravan’s fold. “You should be home by now.”

“Not to worry, bright sister,” Dusk sighs, tugging again at the shawl. “I’ll be home before long.”

Dawn looks puzzled as she straightens her white, wide-brimmed hat. “No, sister, you’ll be home now. Your night is over, and I need to bring in the day.”

“Do you see all of these people behind me?” Dusk says with a sweeping gesture. “Hunted like beasts they are, by an evil that wishes to see the people of their blood gone from this world, and your light will reveal them to the bloodhounds. Only in my darkness can they survive.”

Dawn glances over her shoulder and a wave of pity washes over her steely face. It doesn’t take long, however, before the same stoic expression returns.

“Be that as it may, the world holds more than just these unfortunates. Think of the rattlesnake, starving for my warmth, or the hibiscus flower, eager—”

“They can wait,” Dusk interrupts. “For a few hours, for however long this takes, they can wait.”

“Sister!” Dawn exclaims. “The order of the world does not stop and change at your whims.”

“They’ll die, Dawn. All of them.”

“Then they’ll die, like so many others.”

Dawn reaches for her hat, preparing to raise it to the sky and summon the morning but doesn’t get much further than that before Dusk grabs her arm.

“And where’s the justice in that?” Dusk says with desperation in her throat.

“They’ll find justice in my revealing light, when the world can see what has befallen them.”

“Revealed to whom?” Dusk cries. “Who can offer justice, when the judges are the unjust? Who can uphold honor, when there is no shame? No, Sister Dawn, these people will only find death in your morning.”

As if to prove her point, a loud rumble fills the nightly silence. In the distance, metal birds soar and dive back and forth over the desert, searching for those that managed to escape, for any sign of life that they could snuff out. Panicked screams arise amongst the gathered, each scrambling to hide behind the nearest rock or outcrop as the winged terrors fly ever closer.

“Layla!” Dusk calls out to a one-armed woman in the caravan. The woman is swift to follow procedure, giving a simple nod in response before putting an ivory whistle to her mouth and blowing it twice. By Layla’s command, her people come out of hiding one by one and gather before the

two sisters on horseback.

Dusk removes her shawl from her neck and raises it to the wind. Caught by the storm formed from the great birds’ wings, the shawl stretches and spreads its black threads, forming a veil of impenetrable darkness over those assembled. Not a second later, one of the Skyterrors focuses its blazing gaze upon where the caravan had been, ready to strike. This time, it finds nothing.

Under Dusk’s shadowy veil, the refugees hold each other close and offer hushed prayers — as much to themselves as to their god. Terrified, they listen to the thunderous roar of the Skyterror as it fades in and out in its search for those hidden by Dusk’s shawl.

“Very well sister. Bring your dawn,” Dusk says as the Skyterror passes by for the third time.

“What?”

“It was so important to you, after all.”

Dawn looks stunned. “Sister, I... this isn’t...”

“Let the sun tear through my veil. I ask only that you watch the outcome, that you witness the genocide as it happens. It’s only fair that you see your share, as I have.”

Dawn looks out over those gathered, at their desperate faces caked in blood and ash, and tightens her hold on the bejeweled reins. The muscles around her face relax, and she looks down in defeat.

“You know I can’t, sister. Not now.”

Dusk and Dawn sit in silence for a while, listening as the Skyterrors’ presence slowly abates. Once the night falls silent again, Dusk removes her veil over the caravan with a sweeping motion and wraps the shawl around her neck. Relief begins to take the place of worry and fear, and, as if it had never happened — or because it had happened — the caravan comes to life with song and dance. Handfuls of bread, salt, and water pass from family to family, no one taking more than the other. Once the foodstuff reaches the sisters, only Dusk accepts.

“It’s considered impolite in their culture to deny a gift,” Dusk says, nudging her sister with an elbow. Saying nothing, Dawn reluctantly accepts the offering and takes small bites in silence. When she finally speaks, it is with the softness of their mother.

“Who makes this time any different?” Dawn asks.

“What?”

“I know you, dear sister. Who is she?”

Dusk hesitates at first. Then, she points to the one-armed woman named Layla. “Her.”

Dawn finds the woman in the crowd, a toddler in her lap that she bounces gently to the rhythm of the drums. The child squeals and giggles with excitement, clapping two chubby arms together as Layla brings him in for a hug. She puts the residual limb of her right arm against the toddler’s

own stump of a leg and makes a surprised face, all as if to say 'Would you look at that, we're the same!'

As Dawn watches, a frown forms on her brow. "But... she's so boring?"

"Oh, you should see her, sister. How gracefully she dances in moonlit fields at night, how patiently she counts the stars in the sky, how softly and serenely she prays before bed."

"She doesn't pray to you, dear sister."

"And yet, it feels like she does. It feels like religion when she touches me, and when she calls my name... it's an act of worship. Not to me, but to us."

"And you would hold off the day for her?"

"For all of them. For any of them."

Dawn looks at the starry sky and sighs. "You're not

asking for permission, are you?"

"You know me, remember?" Dusk answers with a rare smile.

"Dark sister, how can I deny you this?" Dawn says and strokes Dusk's cheek with her ever-warm hand, "Call upon me when they're ready, and we'll let my light shine on their future."

"Thank you, Dawn."

"Always," she says and rises from the ground. She treads over to her ever-patient stallion who whinnies at having a rider again. "Don't keep me waiting."

Dusk gives another smile as she calls after her sister. "I'll take off my shawl, you'll raise your hat, and we'll watch the daybreak together."



# Knifer

Text: Lara Asmus

Visual: Sinead Connaughton IG: sinead\_connaughton249

[Trigger Warning: Abusive Relationship]

He was trying to get rid of that feeling, that feeling of a snake crawling under his skin. Was it regret? The feeling of burnt oil dripping over the sensitive inner parts of his wrist leaving a smudge. The smell of burnt chocolate mixed with the tangy sensation of burnt gravy in his nose. Wilde dieren horen in het wild. But who was the wild animal? Was it him? Or was it his boyfriend? He could hear the oozing regret dripping off the grimy walls. He wondered when the apartment would be filled with enough liquid for him to drown in it. The rays of sun that were hitting his sensitive eyes were stinging aggressively. He had not drunk; he had not drunk anything in years. Still, every sunrise felt like he had just risen from the dead. He drank a lot back when his outer layer of skin still consisted of anger. It was when he was the one giving the punches rather than receiving them. He did not miss those times. After all, he could never punch hard enough to leave the confines of his small mind. He also never punched hard enough to keep others out of his mind. He had not been successful with his mother but also not with his previous loves or friends. They were still crowding the corners of his brain, taunting and flaunting.

He believed that the house had had a soul. Before he moved in there. The former occupants had possessed something that he didn't have. Their mornings had been filled with joy. Their rising sun produced hope rather than more desperation. If he could just figure out why he felt this way. Why were his sunsets drenched in regret? After all, he had not done anything that he regretted. Maybe he could make it work. The sludge of regret could retire to the farthest part of his brain where it usually died. Shut out by lightness and laughter. Somehow his own presence was dirtying the clean spirit of the house. He had tried lifting his arms to hold the sludgy liquid back. But it was too strong. After all, it was human against house. The house had already won as it closed itself around him tighter and tighter. Recently he had not been able to open any windows anymore. He didn't know whether that was because of the broken hinges or because the oppressing presence intended to lock him in here forever. It might have also been because his arms lacked the strength to open the window. After all, he hadn't been to the gym for the past 75 days.

75 days ago, he met his boyfriend, the love of his life. It wasn't his first rushed move-in, trusting and hopeful as he was to leave this earthly plane on the wings of love. But had it also been 75 days since he last left the house? He couldn't say. His friends had long given up contacting him; his little sister's last attempt to reach out was on his birthday a month ago. He had wanted to celebrate with

chocolate fondue. Somehow the fondue had ended up on the wall, whereas he had ended up on the floor. The brown stain was staring at him. The evening had started out so well. He had made sure to buy exactly the brand of chocolate his boyfriend preferred. But as soon as the sun started setting, his boyfriend's mood had shifted and his shadow had grown large and oppressive. He wondered if he would still taste the chocolate if he tried licking the stains.

Would the taste strangle him from within?

He hunched up his shoulders, as he pulled his legs close to himself. His feet were dirty; he couldn't say when he last showered. The sofa had become part of him. The sudden sound of a door opening jerked him upright. "Honey, I am home. Did you miss me?" His boyfriend didn't like to see him in his true animal form, he despised weakness. He whimpered, he did not know if it was out of excitement or fear and tried to pull himself together. His boyfriend was towering over him, stretching out his hand: "Your gaze is less innocent now." Excited and hungry for human touch, he tipped his head towards the hand that was holding the figural knife.



**'his boyfriend's mood had shifted and his shadow had grown large and oppressive.'**

# A NEW PLANET

Text: Kajsja Gingborn  
Visual: Jessika Gingborn

## Incident report

Spacecraft: Erudite

Name: Lorelei Chary

Position: Assistant Biologist of Extraterrestrial Species

Mission: First Contact Planet: Rogue-093-376

Date: Day 246, ISC Standard 102

Video file attached.

Our mission was to land on planet Rogue-093-376 and establish physical contact with the inhabitants in accordance with the Intergalactic Society of Commerce's (ISC for short) code of conduct. The goal was to set foot on Rogue-093-376 without disturbing the natural order; hence, we were equipped with minimal tactical assistance and were completely and utterly unprepared for the dangers ahead.

There had been scout probes on-site years ago to assess the planet's ecosystem. They recorded little sentient life and a plethora of new foreign species. My job was to assist our head biologist, Dr Yoki, with categorising the different species of animals and plant life.

During our 4-year-long voyage, we researched the pre-existing documentation about the planet, and we were confident in our understanding of the jungle climate on Rogue-093-376. Dr Yoki and I enthusiastically discussed some of the similarities between the species on Rogue-093-376 and our home planet. One species, in particular, awoke Dr Yoki's interest: a primate she explained was some sort of hybrid of a chimpanzee and a hog-nosed bat. Lacking an official name, Dr Yoki designated the creature as a "Sonic Monkey."

As we set foot on Rogue-093-376, we were met with an extraordinary scene of new planetary life. The environment was unlike any of the other planets we've explored so far. While our team set up camp, both Dr Yoki and I started collecting samples of plants and soil. The jungle was rich with greenery and had giant trees with clusters of fruit hanging from them.

In the midst of our preparation for a field mission to head to the closest water source, we were surprised by a herd of sonic monkeys landing in the trees above us. Dr Yoki was ecstatic about this opportunity to study the monkeys up close.

Based on previous reports, we had come to understand that sonic monkeys were a peaceful species that lived in herds of 10-15 and enjoyed a herbivorous diet. They were mammals that carried their young clutched to their bellies. They didn't have any fur but were covered in an exoskeleton of a kind, a hard exterior that was glinting in the sunbeams.

An escort called Dr Yoki back as she approached the creatures, which she ignored in her usual fashion. Notepad in hand, I went after Dr Yoki to document the encounter. It seemed there were two bigger Alpha males in the herd, about seven females, and three younglings.

When Dr Yoki approached one of the females, she dropped her backpack on the ground and inched closer. I collected my camera to capture the moment and jumped out of my skin when one of the males, a gigantic Alpha, let out a horrible screech that froze the blood in my veins. Dr Yoki stood frozen and turned visibly paler by the second. While I was recording, the Alpha dived from the treetops and landed in front of Dr Yoki. Why did we trust the search probes on their report that the creatures were peaceful?! Time seemed to move slower, and all sound seemed to ebb away. Towering a meter above Dr Yoki the Alpha looked down on her for what felt like a minute and in an instance ripped her torso from her legs.

The next minutes crept by. Then someone grabbed me and pulled me along. We were running — everyone was running. People shouted in terror, and gunshots sounded all around. I ran faster and faster, until my legs tangled together and I fell.

Dr Yoki's body was retrieved later that evening, together with three other casualties. We returned to Erudite by shuttle to recuperate, and gather our resources for a future mission down to Rogue-093-376.

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Personal Log  
Spacecraft: Erudite  
Name: Lorelei Chary  
Position: Head Biologist of Extraterrestrial Species  
Date: Day 265, ISC Standard 102

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A few weeks have passed since the horrific incident that left us without our head biologist, Dr Yoki. I have since taken up the responsibilities of her role for the remainder of our mission. The show must go on, as they used to say. With no one else qualified or as up-to-date with the material as myself, there were no other options. The pressure of this mission has become unbearable. To live up to Dr Yoki's reputation and to fill her shoes is impossible. But the other assistants and scientists now look to me for directions on how to lead this mission.

Our main objective was and will always be to find a new planet that can support what is left of the civilians on Earth. Rogue-093-376 was supposed to be the answer to all of our problems. In the wake of the horrible incident that shocked most of us to our core, we have begun to establish a base on the outskirts of the jungle. The hope to find our new home still lives on in the crew. I hear them talking about their fantasies and dreams of this new life we've been promised by ISC. That is how most of us were recruited for this mission: the promise of a new beginning for ourselves and our families was a motivational bargaining chip.

We've set up simple barracks and a communal dining area for everyone, and a provisional lab that can handle most of the molecular analysis needed for determining the probability of long-term life on this planet. But the bigger research is being sent up to the main ship; I am in charge of those trips. Once a week, I travel from our base up to Erudite to leave a report of our work and samples for our colleagues.

What takes up most of my time down on Rogue-093-376 is the continued research on the Sonic Monkeys that Dr Yoki loved. It is kind of ironic that the creature she loved turned out to be her demise. But I refuse to let this beautiful creature be defined by that incident. There is a new nickname circling the crew. "Murder Monkey" is what people call them now. Dr Yoki would be furious about the disrespect shown towards her beloved Sonic Monkeys. She would have understood what happened, what led to her death. It is sad, really, that it was her excitement and quick approach that led to the Alpha's aggression. It was merely protecting its herd from an unknown threat. I've tried to establish trust between our species, and it is a slow process. A few of the monkeys were also hurt during the incident, and they continue to act

cautiously around our crew. Always keeping to the outskirts of our camp, never approaching. But we hear them in the night, their eerie calls, and their eyes catching in the lights as they draw closer.

I miss my mentor, but I do not want her legacy to turn sour because of this one incident. Her life's work was the research of the life on Rogue-093-376, and I want that to be acknowledged in every possible way. The pressure to get this right eats away at me – there is so much at stake here. It is important work to find a new habitable planet that can support and coexist with our civilisation. Earth was irrefutably destroyed by the selfish actions of our leaders, and it can soon no longer support what is left of humankind. All the animals and greenery have already died, and all that is left is a grey shell of what was once a beautiful and thriving planet. Earth is dead. Our remaining civilisation lives underground, and by the time we left Earth, the smog that filled the atmosphere was so dense no sunlight came through. This is our new beginning; when our research shows beyond a doubt that this planet is it, the evacuation of Earth will start. Rogue-093-376 is our new dawn, our beginning, our second chance.



# IS IT LOVE OR IS ANXIETY?

Text: Lara Asmus

Visual: Sinead Connaughton

IG: sinead\_connaughton249

## Scene 1: a living room

Two girls are sitting in a dimly lit room, one is cross legged on the sofa, the other one below on the floor staring at the ceiling. The smell of freshly baked lemon bread is wafting through the air. They are watching an Egyptian soap opera without English subtitles. A woman with luminous hair and colourful lipstick glides across the screen in a room that is generously decked out with golden decor. A man with dark sunglasses follows her with long strides. He opens his mouth to call for the woman in Arabic. Every few minutes the two girls in front of the screen pause the show and the girl with dark hair speaks in an animated voice, translates what happened on screen, her hands wildly gesticulating. The other girl's eyes are shiny, slightly dilated and glued to the speaker's lips. She is kneading her hands behind her back, sometimes her lips open as if to ask a question. Her head is achy and the corners of her mouth are tense from keeping up her hesitant half smile. The show is interrupted for a holiday ad about Cairo. The dark-haired girl pauses to stare at the ceiling: "We should go to bed." The other girl stays in the living room and relaxes, her shoulders sag and all tension leaves her body. She jumps up, grabs a lighter and goes to perch by the windowsill. The sun has just started rising. They had been sitting together for hours. She lights her blunt, hoping her thoughts will finally stop circling like vultures. She takes a deep breath, hugs herself and listens to her furiously beating heart. Clouds wrap around her head.








### Scene 2: a bar

It is quiz night. People of various shapes and ages are spread out in comfortable half circles. A man is standing behind a mic reading out questions from a piece of paper. The pub is silent except for the groups of people whispering in conspiratorial tones, interrupted by incredulous exclamations. Half empty pens are scribbling over papers. A girl from one group goes over to another group in tiny, deliberate steps. The group of friends is staring at the stranger. She is holding a napkin out to a guy in a dark green sweater: "Do you want my phone number?" A short exchange of words followed by many pairs of eyes. The gaze of the guy is amused but detached and he negligently squishes the napkin into the back pocket of his pants. The stranger returns to her table to the welcome of her friends. A girl with hazel eyes watches her retreat while yawning. She is furiously rubbing her wrist with her thumb. A while later the girl with hazel eyes announces her departure from the bar. When she gets up, she slightly sways and stutters her goodbyes. Her friend is hugging her. The next one in line is the guy in green; he takes her hand and puts the napkin in her hand: "Can you chuck this for me?" He hugs her tightly and his hand lingers on her back for slightly too long. The hazel-eyed girl stiffens and stops breathing. His perfume meanders into her nose and she wants to put her head down on his neck. She has to leave, that is what she needs to do; she frees herself from his hug and rushes out. The guy with the green shirt is looking after her, the setting sun encircles her head like a halo.

The background of the page is a photograph of a sunset or dusk sky. The sky transitions from a pale blue at the top to a warm orange and yellow in the middle, and then to a dark, almost black, blue at the bottom. In the lower-left foreground, there is a dark silhouette of a tree or bush. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

# Between dusk and

Text: Ella Fokin @ fokinella  
Visual: Hilda Kronberg @ hildakronberg

There is only a brief moment between dusk and dawn  
when no one's awake  
to observe the transition from darkness to light  
it happens when you blink your eyes  
a spatial glitch  
that goes unnoticed

I met you during the solitary second  
when it's not clear  
where the night ends and the day begins  
your hand reached mine and then we were  
just two strangers going in the same direction  
but at different points in time

Our state of being was like the constant chase between dusk  
and dawn  
one always running after the other  
never fully being able to meet  
either I was too early or you were too late  
*but there will always be tomorrow and a day after that*

# dawn

We were like night and day  
you preferred dusk  
the dimming lights and vast night skies  
and keeping your eyes shut  
I enjoyed dawn  
rotating towards the sun  
seeing things brighter and clearer

Maybe we two could coexist  
if my day and your night could take place  
simultaneously  
because living in different time zones  
we always kept longing for each other  
like the sun misses the moon  
up to the point  
when it was time to say farewell

*Find me somewhere between dusk and dawn*  
no further details were discussed  
about the place and time  
but I waited  
throughout all the different hues in the sky  
until I saw a glimpse of the new dawn  
so clear and bright

# THE EBB

&

# FLOW OF LIFE

Text & Visual: Julie Inksmith

No one can escape the ebb and flow of life.  
Every second of every hour, of every day we all have a voice in our head that doubts everything we do, from the smallest of decisions to the bigger decisions we make.  
This dark voice in our head feels like a shadow that is slowly consuming us until no hope is left, and you have lost the ability to even just take a breath. In this shadowy, breathless, anxiety-filled state one does not easily see the light at the end of the tunnel.  
The hope gone.  
The spark gone.  
Only an empty and aching void in our chest.  
But then, one random day it all turns upside down.  
The spark ignites.

The hope becomes more hopeful than ever before.  
During those highs it feels like we'll never let that voice win again, but that time will sadly come.  
When that time comes, with no hope in us, we can remember to look up at the sky.  
When the sun sets remember that you have gotten through the day.  
You survived.  
And when the sun rises you have a new day ahead of you.  
No matter what happens in your day or what stage of the ebb and flow of life that you are in, the sun will set, and a new day will begin again, where you get to start over.

♥ lärarförsäkringar

Unik försäkring  
för lärarstudenter:  
Studentförsäkring  
Leva

## Inga andra studenter har något liknande

Studentförsäkring Leva hjälper dig om du råkar ut för både små och stora olyckor. Råkar du till exempel ut för ett olycksfall eller en sjukdom som gör att du inte kan studera på ett tag, och du förlorar ditt studiemedel, får du ersättning från försäkringen.

Besök vår webb eller kontakta oss så hjälper vi dig.



# The Light, the Dark, and Everything In Between

Text: Stevi Emmanouilidou  
Visual: Finnick Wächtler

It was not until I moved to Scandinavia that I understood that the arrival of autumn, apart from the comforting image of brown leaves on rain-soaked pavements, introduces a confrontation with darkness. Days get gradually shorter, dusks are expected sooner and sooner every day, moods get trickier to regulate. Combined, daylight and darkness have become the most trusting compass which makes, cancels, or refashions my daily plans. Still, the most illuminating reflections on this binary of light/dark do not usually take place in my calendars and to-do lists; my relationship with dusks and dawns is innermost, ever-present, and, like every affair, at times tumultuous.

From childhood to adolescence, the answer to whether I am a night or a morning person was unwavering: I love dawn. I adore the sight of the first light creeping in through the windows, the freshness and quiet of the moments of stillness before the world wakes up - feeling as if I am the first one to learn some morning secret shared between me and the purple-blue clouds. As a child, my Saturdays began long before my parents were up, with a ritual as sacred and necessary for my young psyche as drinking coffee in adulthood. I would run to the living room, open the blinds, stare out at the vastness of the bright blue sky and the sun tentatively rising in the horizon. Cross-legged on the floor, with my cartoons playing on the TV at a low volume, I felt a strange calmness wash over me, usually absent from the everyday clutter that filled my mind, even as an eight-year-old. Unbeknownst to me, there I was, a little girl essentially having a meditation session with an ease which, ironically, eludes me today.

But the importance I attached to early mornings for my clarity and joy were always interrelated with the confusion and unease that nights signified for me. I loved mornings because they meant bidding the night farewell. Even today, my evenings are charged, and how could they not be? By the time evening is here, my mind is full of the day's events and thoughts; the darkness is to me characterized by the persisting feeling of disorientation. Nights have been a reliable Pandora's box: open it, and from its depths will emerge the suppressed anxieties and irritations which stayed quiet and unobtrusive in the daylight. My difficulties, the rough chapters of my coming-of-age, became one and the same with the haziness of the twilight

hour and subsequently the full darkness.

I started writing when I was fifteen. My first (clumsy) poem was created one July dawn in my phone's notes app as easily as running water. This was not incidental but rather a natural manifestation of my general easiness with mornings. The light is fresh, cool, promising; for every woe the dusk imposed, the dawn brought a new beginning, and the clarity and strength to turn last night's dark into words that would give it meaning - or at least make it bearable. To this day, I sit and breathe in the crispy air of the misty winter mornings, listening to Sharon Van Etten's 'Every Time The Sun Comes Up', and pull out my pen and notebook. And wait. And feel. And if I am lucky, I write with the ease the crack of dawn grants me.

Some nights, however, are important. There are nights I knew were significant in some way. I came to this realization over time, especially when thinking of the cheery, youthful nights which started becoming more frequent as I got older and went to university and went out with friends and acquaintances, rolling into the unknown of the evening, excited, our faces flushed. These were memorable, beautiful, and important. But when I look back at my evenings, the one that stands out is solitary: I am in my dim-lit room, and I am confused, maybe heartbroken, lost, uncertain. I cannot sleep. I happen to be reading a collection of Emily Dickinson's poems and my eye catches the word 'hope'. "'Hope' is the thing with feathers." This poem reminds me of that Paramore song, 'Last Hope'. I put my headphones on and let myself feel everything: the anger, the tears, and most importantly, the hope. 'It's just a spark, but it's enough to keep me going. And when it's dark out, no one's around, it keeps glowing.' I let myself sing along. It's still dark outside. Yet for the first time, the darkness is telling me something.

There is something important to be understood from our dusks and dawns, both metaphorically and literally. The succession of nights and mornings is the same as seasons coming and going; try to elongate the night, the eventual coming of light is the only thing you can be sure of. Try to beat winter's stay; you'll find out, you have to earn your spring with patience. I have come to think of my life as seasons and days. At times I am down, and at times I soar through the sky with the same ease of that July morning when I wrote my first poem. I try to savor the things in between. Sometimes I fail, and all I can do is lie awake in bed and curse the darkness. And that is all I have to do, perhaps - I find comfort in the thought that my morning will be here soon. And the hazy veil will be lifted.

I depend on the light for my inspiration, for comfort, for restoration. I carry with me the child that relied on mornings to feel safe, to feel as if there is a way out of everything dark, even the literal. I still struggle with my nights. Yet, I've come to embrace them for what they are: a phase of each day, a season in my year. Discerning how I feel about my mornings and my nights, the light and the dark, was for me a vehicle through which I got to know myself and talk of myself. And now, when I listen to Florence Welch singing 'And I was in the darkness - so darkness I became,' I sing along, knowing that there's wisdom in knowing your dawns, your dusks, and everything in between.



# HOW TO MAKE FRIENDS AS A YOUNG ADULT (DON'T TRY THIS AT HOME)

Text & Visual: Lia Popaz IG: lippo.ai

Here you are, at the dusk of the latest chapter of your life, where you just got into a new school, found a new workplace, or even moved to a new city or country. What else is there to this challenge?

Once you're done with the first adrenaline rush and bureaucratic arrangements, the realisation of you being in a completely new place comes and just sits there, waiting for you to do something about it. And as they say, 'if it rhymes, it must be true'.

Breathe in, you're here, yet you have no clue  
How to make the new place feel less than new.  
Learn how to mingle, blend, and adapt,  
There's loads to be felt, to be seen and unwrapped.

The first thing that you need to do is to let things happen: if you get invited to a party by a stranger, go! If you want to initiate something, go ahead; maybe ask for help and try to be kind in all those scenarios to all the actors, yourself included.

And once confirmed, that one invite  
Some conversations might ignite,  
Then you get an acquaintance,  
And here starts the maintenance.

Once you've planted a friendship seed - follow up, cherish it, and ensure it's getting enough attention. Not all friendships are low maintenance, especially at the start.

Speaking of friendships, you will lose some as you make new friends elsewhere. It's not inevitable, but it might happen. Since you're changing, your interests may change, and so will your surroundings and the people in it, and it's ok. Those who truly want you in their life will try their best to keep you in it, and so will you, with those who you want around you.

But how's dear old Ann? You used to keep in touch,  
But now that you've moved, you don't talk that much,  
You promised you would call; then she wouldn't take the phone,  
Each of you decided that it's something to postpone.

You can try to maintain the thread, but it can only survive if both parties want it. There is no tutorial on how to keep friends in this situation. Sometimes you just drift apart. You have different hobbies, interests, social circles,





plans, and plants. In the meantime, when you need a friend, wherever you are you can always find one, but you cannot do so from your couch, so get out of your house! You won't find friends at home! Unless it's a friend found online who doesn't lie about their photo, gender, and age ;)

Got an interest, a passion, a hobby?  
Find like-minded people, and invite them for coffee.  
In a park, in a library, on a bus or train,  
Help the lost ones, share the local know-how brain.  
Be available, listen, read the room,  
And then witness a smile starting to bloom.

But, seriously, every walk and every shopping experience has the potential to produce a silly joke, a nice conversation, advice, or kindness. It's like an easter egg: after finding it, you may feel that you have found something special, especially when the days are gloomy, but then you have a light shining through the day's greyness from within.

But honestly, if you are a dog person, for instance, or even if you own a dog, you are so much more approachable already, and it applies the other way around as well, but always ask if you can pet someone's puppy. Always!

But in general, listen to your interests and be guided by them toward someone who would gladly go to a workshop or a class for cooking, gardening, or just out for fika with you.

If you want friends who party - go to a club,  
If you're keen on football and beer - go to a pub.  
Join a book club for reading, a gardening class for plants,  
You will surely find someone there if you give them a chance.

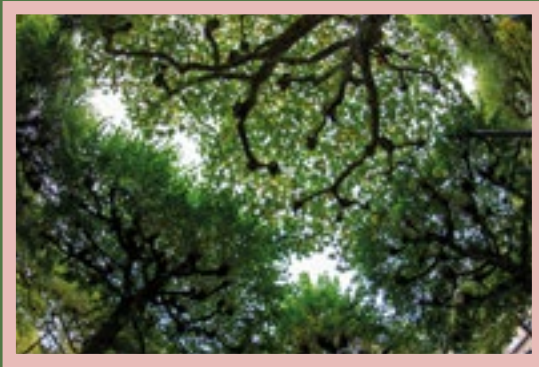
It's about sharing experiences and being yourself, it's when you feel comfortable being goofy and silly that you can vent about something, or talk about a future project without fear of judgment, and that comes with time and with the right people.

It's almost like with dating, but not quite,  
You still have to feel happy, cosy, right,  
It can be forever, for a summer, for a decade,  
Be ready to welcome them and do not be afraid.

There is not much more that one can recommend,  
For them, and her, and him, you are a future friend,  
Depending on various things, friends aren't easy to find,  
But just be yourself and, just in case, always be kind.



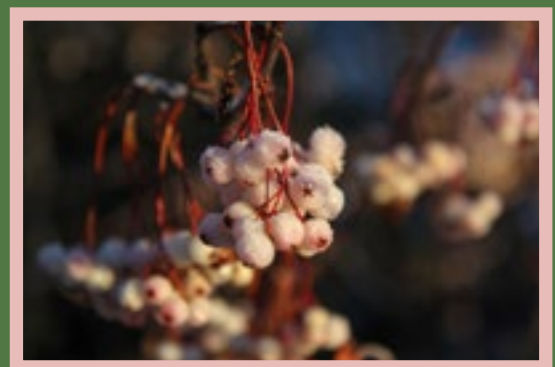
# The Importance of Gardens

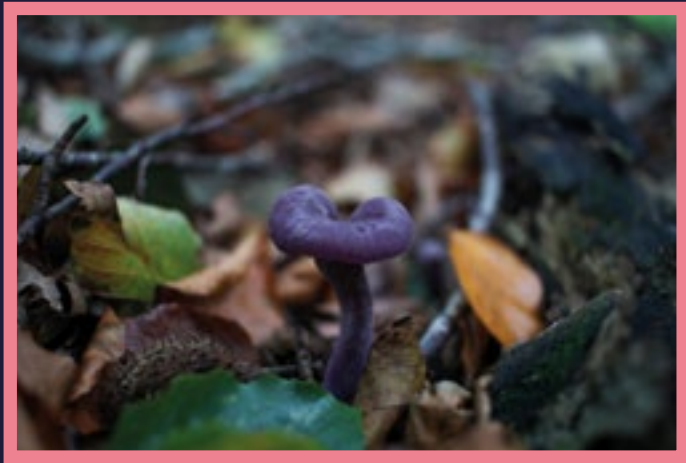


Cities with a view of only concrete do not allow for the biodiversity that we need. We should remember the importance of letting trees, plants, insects, and animals coexist with us. And bring the colours back.



It cannot be stressed how important botanical gardens are for the preservation of biodiversity. However, if you have the opportunity to grow your own flowers, you will be doing insects and maybe also birds a favour, and, in the long run, all of us will benefit.





# DUSK TO DAWN: A Pictorial Journey

Step into the mesmerising world where day meets night in *Dusk to Dawn: A Pictorial Journey*. This section of the magazine invites you to witness the captivating beauty of the moments just before sunrise and after sunset. Through the lens of talented photographers, explore the tranquil landscapes and the subtle play of light that transforms ordinary scenes into extraordinary spectacles. Join us in savouring the quiet elegance of dawn and dusk, where simplicity meets splendour, and every photograph unveils a timeless tale of transitions.















# CREATIVE WRITING

Once again, we have invited creative writing students to extend our readers' journey through our pages. Enjoy!

# MID

After a whole day of eating, drinking, and dancing around the pole, I was ready for bed but Eve had a different and, I must admit, intriguing idea. "Let's go into the woods," she said and took my hand to tug me along across the meadow towards the tree line. The light was enough to see where we were going and the woody, mossy scents were gentle and inviting. I was getting excited. Maybe we could find a nice, soft spot under a tree. Eve suddenly stopped and stared out in front of her.

"There," she pointed towards the middle of a clearing. "Can you see what I'm seeing? I hear someone playing too. There is a strange light coming through those gates. How wonderful. Can you see them dancing?"

I looked. I squinted. I opened my eyes wide. I glanced sideways. But nothing. "No. I'm afraid I can't see anything but a swirl of mist, moving over the grass at times."

"But you must! Come on, try."

I tried again and shook my head. "No."

"This is madness! You mustn't think I'm crazy. I really do see them and now one of them is beckoning. She's coming closer. Look!"

I still only saw the luminous midsummer mist, shimmering over the green grass. White and airy, like a little cloud come down to rest on the ground, making the fir trees on the other side of the glade seem a little blurry. But no shapes inside the mist like Eve insisted.

"I'm sorry, sweetie, but . . ." As I turned toward her, Eve had started taking her clothes off, stripping right there in the glade, in the cool midsummer night. "What are you doing? Stop! You're scaring me, Eve." In my mind the old myths chimed over and over again. The myths telling about this night when dusk and dawn mingled and the veil between worlds became thin. Could it actually be possible? But these were just fairy tales, right?

The last piece of clothing, her bra, joined the white dress, her panties and her Converse trainers on the ground. She didn't look at me but stared straight ahead at the mist, smiling, her head to one side as if listening. Then she walked forward, and the mist slowly swallowed her up. I tried to catch her, but her arm was slick and I lost my grip. I roared her name over and over to no avail. The mist dispersed and the night was silent.

After searching the whole night, desperate and desolate, I had to admit she really was gone and that this wasn't one of her hoaxes. I reported her missing and searched for days with the police, locals, and Missing People, our voices echoing in the empty woods. Nothing. We found nothing, except that little heap of clothes outside a ring of gently flattened grass.

The police questioned me over and over, but I couldn't tell them more than what I'd seen. I don't know what they believed but as there was no evidence of any crime, I was released. I returned the next midsummer, and the next for years, searching for the girl I loved. Once I believed I heard her whisper my name. But I never saw a trace of her or the mysterious mist again.

Text: Lena Knutsson

Visual: Anna Sofija Lauberte IG: selochai



# SUMMER NIGHT





# THE END OF THE WORLD

Text: Thea Bergendahl  
Visual: Finnick Wächtler

This is how the world ends. With a scent of salt and seaweed reaching out from the ocean, pulsating as if mimicking the waves' motion. With the water still dark, seeming more endless than ever, anything going under the surface could be lost forever. Even the sun is captured in that bottomless black, deep below, only disturbed by the mist from the clouds, flowing above, silent and slow. When the sun finally lifts its body from the depth with great might, the gray turns blue and dark turns light. The leaves that are still left turn to greet the sun, and the worms come out of the mud. The woman living below the sun pulls her curtains aside, and hears the rain, thud thud thud.

This is how the world ends. With a day without expectations or concerns. The woman will brew a cup of tea and her toast will burn. She will eat it anyway, not bothering to make another. It will taste like bread nonetheless, so why bother? After that, she'll flip through the newspaper with haste, not stopping until the very last page. That's the routine now, the same every day. She used to do the crossword with her mother, before she went away. Now she does it alone, but can't figure out the words. She will throw it aside after only doing a third. She will wish that her mother would call. Actually, what she will really

wish for is going back to being small.

This is how the world ends. The woman is aware. She is the one who's decided how, when and where. When the world ends, there is not going to be a single wail or moan. No fire nor smoke, no last goodbyes spoken over the phone. The last day is one like any other. One with crosswords in the newspaper without help from a mother. One where the earth rotates, without anyone having a say. One where the aged heart pumps weakly and the hair turns gray. One where time passes, with dullness and bore. One where the woman goes to sleep, and sleeps forever more.

This is how the world ends. With a dusk she doesn't get to meet. Lilac and cadmium turning the skies vivid and sweet. Then a dreamless night, that seems without end. Then days, and days, and days that she doesn't get to spend. Newspapers that don't get brought in, waiting outside the door. A scent of seaweed and salt, pulsating from the shore. A body of flesh and bone, but no one to feel empty, lost or alone. She doesn't cry when she's lowered into the ground and the last words are told. The dirt is not warm, nor is it cold. She doesn't feel heavy and she doesn't feel light. All that is left is a void beyond sense and sight.

# IT'S NOT A DREAM IF IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE ONE

Text: Zoja Savić

Visual: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG: samuelianmccarthy

About a dozen envelopes were crammed in a letter box. Digging my hands around them, I tried to wiggle them out, but they were of the sharp kind. The envelopes were delivering paper cut after paper cut, and the letter box was filling with the blood of my palms. When there was enough blood inside to pay the rent, I dragged the envelopes to the kitchen table and started tearing them open with the little strength left in my fingers. I carefully pulled out the first paper to discover exactly what I was afraid of - Excel tables. There were no letters, just numbers, commas, dots, and illuminated symbols for "Check engine light" and "Low fuel light."

I was having flashbacks of this the whole week. So, when Friday came, I decided to go and find some familiar faces at a club and get this off my chest.

"That sounds like a dream to me," was how one of the familiar faces reacted to my story.

"I just told you I don't dream. Dreams are something entirely different. You know, I always forget to ask you for your name."

"It's Fairy godmother. Nice to see you again. Yours?"

"Ella. I think I'll just call you Mr Dealer since you don't give presents, you sell. So Mr Dealer, could I ask what you dream about?"

"Same as you, I don't dream. After I finish working here, I make my way home around dawn. That's the strange hour when fit people are jogging around, and businessmen are running to catch their business flights. When buses are occupied by the equally tired first shift workers and third shift workers. I don't envy any of them to be honest. They remind me to be grateful for the job I

have. I have seen everything you could possibly imagine by the time I get home, so there's really no need for me to dream. Enough about me. Are you looking to have some fun tonight?"

"For sure. I haven't been here in a while, it's not a bad club at all."

"Yeah, it's a cool place. I should introduce you to some of my friends."

"It's about time. Who do you have with you?"

"Tonight, there's Mickey Mouse, Cinderella, and Hercules. It's one bill for each pill."

"What happens if I take Cinderella, am I going to meet a prince?"

"If you hang out with Cinderella, I guarantee you won't be thinking about Excel sheets. As far as a prince is concerned, I can't promise you'll find one since half of the guys are also looking for Prince Charming, and the other half is looking for Minnie Mouse."

"I'll try it. Killing spreadsheets and catching some better dreams is what I came for."

"In that case, make sure you get home before dawn."

"I will see what I can do."

"I am serious. Do you want to meet the people already living the day you are trying to escape? You came to dream, but if you start living tomorrow at dawn, you might just get trapped in an unfortunate dream."

"Am I not in one already? You heard what kind of nightmares I am having. You can help me get rid of them for now. But on Monday, it will be the mailman I am seeing, not you."

# DUSK



# DAWN

Text: Magnus Larsson  
Visual: Hanna Wallström IG: lowallstrom

Anselme drove home carefully in the dusk, parked the car in the garage and walked bent over the short stone-paved passage to the stairs. The garden glowed green in the moonlight. The air was cool and it still smelled faintly of apples. He couldn't imagine living anywhere else.

In the hall he took off his grey coat and shoes and went straight to the bedroom. His wife was lying in bed with the lamp on the bedside table lit. A book lay open on her stomach. The cartoon cover showed a voluptuous woman lifeless on the floor. Next to her a man was bent over. In his hand he held a gun. A thin smoke could be seen at the mouth.

When Anselme took off his grey cardigan and white shirt, his wife laughed. A cold and irritating tingle ran over his bare back. His hairy belly puffed out more than he wanted. During the day he tried to pull it in, but now he was at home. He turned, looked at her and was about to say something about her waist when he saw her turn the page.

"Good evening," he said, resenting the annoyed tone.

"Good evening, Anselme."

He took off the grey trousers and hung them on the same wooden chair as the cardigan and shirt. On the seat was a tie with a diagonal pattern in red and blue. He looked at it and took a deep breath. The bathroom was the warmest room in the house. Both wanted it that way. They each had a tube of toothpaste, not because they disagreed on which way to squeeze it, but because he thought peppermint was too strong. His tube had Asterix and Obelix on either side. On business trips, he packed one of his wife's toothpastes. He quickly washed himself and brushed his teeth. Finally he combed his hair. Isadore thought it was unnecessary to straighten one's hair before going to bed but he thought it made it less dry.

In the bedroom he lay heavily on his side of the bed and turned to the door to avoid getting the light from her bedside table lamp in his eyes.

"How was work?" she asked.

Her voice was as usual soft but unusually deep for a woman's. His colleagues sometimes made mistakes when they called and she did not interrupt them. This was probably why she was more informed about some of his cases than he was.

"As usual. I had to take over a case from a younger colleague. A month without progress."

"Is it a murder?"

"I'm not allowed to say that. You know I am obliged to follow professional secrecy."

"Yes, but the newspapers don't. I guess that the victim's a middle-aged rather wealthy man. Isn't that right?"

He lay on his back and watched the white paperboard that hid a fine wooden ceiling. The wife wanted a bright bedroom.

"I'm sworn to secrecy."

"Have you questioned the relatives?"

He sighed.

"As usual, all the closest people have been interrogated."

"By whom? You?"

"It's my first day on the case."

She took a little black book from the drawer in the bedside table and wrote something in pencil.

"Why don't you use a ballpoint pen?"

"Maybe I want to correct a fault," she replied, laughing.

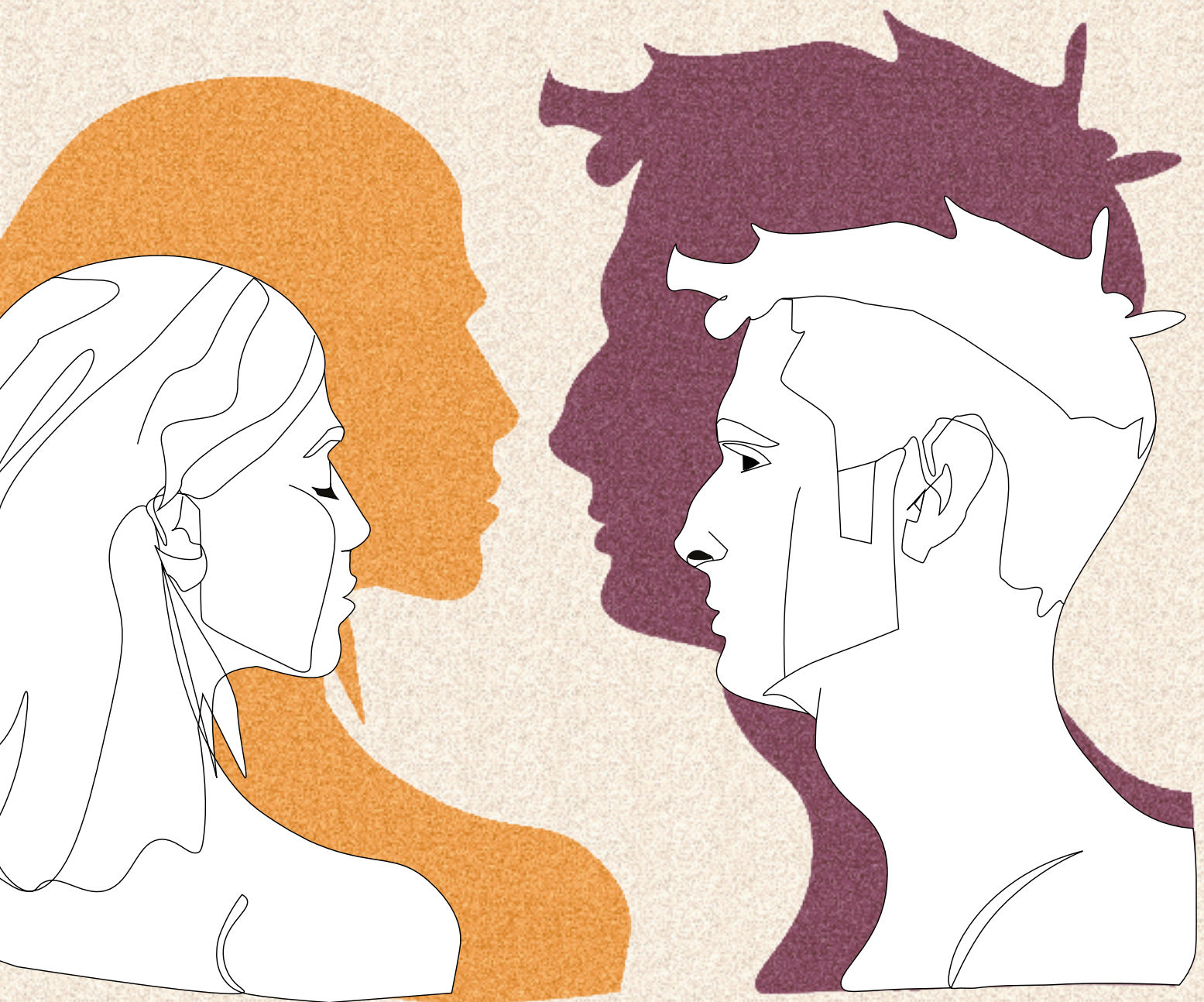
She rolled over to him and kissed him.

"Goodnight, darling."

"Goodnight, Isadore."

They slept until dawn.





**MOT HIMMEL, M**



# MOT JORD

Text: Linnea Backvall  
Visual: Anna Sofija Lauberte IG:selochai



Plötsligt stod den bara där. Hirko hukade under ett fläderträd som spred sin berusande doft över ängen. Han kunde knappt tro att det var sant. Där stod en livs levande tranhäst och betade i den djupt lila skymningen. Fjädrarna låg skimrande vita och gråa över den kraftfulla kroppen. De fyra benen var smala, långa, försedda med hovar vars glans syntes genom gräset. Halsen, liksom benen lång och smal, var böjd mot backen och för tillfället skymd bakom en grästuva. Dess långa stjärtfjädrar piskade förstrött när en nattfjäril kom för nära. Hirko drog efter andan när tranhästen höjde sitt huvud och avslöjade en vass profil; en näbb lika silverglänsande som hovarna, ett blodrött öga som betraktade honom vaksamt. Vingarna, som legat stilla över den långa ryggen, ryckte till så att Hirko kunde ana deras längd. Han hade hört att en tranhästs vingspann kunde vara uppemot fem meter. Efter ett ögonblicks tvekan verkade djuret bestämma sig för att Hirko inte utgjorde något hot, utan tog några lätta steg framåt och fortsatte beta frodigt gräs.

Hirko pustade ut. Han försökte febrilt minnas allt han lärt sig om tranhästar, men de lärda hade fler teorier än svar. De levde i flock, bodde på avlägsna platser, migrerade i mystiska mönster, levde länge, men ingen visste hur länge. I stället var det legenderna man fick vända sig till. Som legenden om Langu'anu, den unge mannen från Kotja som bestämde sig för att bli den förste människan att rida en tranhäst. Han vandrade högt uppe bland molnhöljda berg, över vidsträckta stäpper, genom de mörkaste skogar, och till slut fann han en flock tranhästar på en äng – kanske inte helt olik denna – och började förhandla med den ståtligaste hingsten, för i legenden kunde de tala. Tranhästen, Vashni, gick med på att låta den unge mannen rida honom, på ett villkor: så länge han befann sig i luften fick han inte åtrå någonting nere på jorden, endast himlen och aftonstjärnan.

Langu'anu hoppade upp på Vashnis rygg, och de lyfte. Utsikten var slående, himlavalvet bredde ut sig som ett purpurfärgat sammetstäck över honom och aftonstjärnan glittrade som en diamant. Men det dröjde inte länge förrän Langu'anus blick sökte sig ner mot marken, där byar och åkrar rusade fram. På ett vallmofält såg han en ung man, en enkel dräng, som var så vacker att han genast glömde bort sitt löfte. Han ropade till mannen och deras blickar möttes. I samma ögonblick kastade Vashni av Langu'anu från sin rygg, och han störtade ner mot marken och begravdes bland vallmon.

En rysning gick genom Hirko medan han betraktade djurets lugna betande. Nyligen hade han själv mött någons blick på samma sätt som Langu'anu mött drängens. Ett enda, flyktigt ögonblick som avgjorde allt – som ingav känslan av att falla från hög höjd.

Som om den läst Hirkos tankar kom det väldiga djuret plötsligt travande rakt mot honom. Han försökte värja sig men i sista sekund spred tranhästen sina långa vingar, och i ett enda dånande vingslag var den försvunnen. Kvar blev Hirko, undrande.

**I Will Fear No Evil**

**I Will Fear No Evil**

**I Will Fear No Evil**

**I Will Fear No Evil**



“Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff comfort me.”

Psalm 23:4

The fog of war surrounds us all. Scratching its way up our legs, slithering through our hair, burrowing into our skin. One could barely see the man before him, much less the sorry promises of men further ahead. Oh, I would give everything to see anything but those before me, to turn around from our misery, to let them remain promises. All around rises spears of hope, swaying with fading passion as the last step becomes the next, pulling us towards a distant, compact death. There are those carrying spears of steel, others golden symbols of light. The same symbol that adorns our chests shines atop arms of glistening metal and rotting wood.

Once in a while, the dark sky-bound quilt parts its heavy sheets and unleashes rays of divine sun onto our symbol, shining gold into even the most lost of eyes. In those moments, it is no longer our feet that pull us forward, but our will that march us towards the holy land. We become more than conquerors, more than soldiers, more than men. Our Lord summons us, no matter the weight of our armour, the blood on our blades. We shall march through the enemy. The symbol reminds us of our grand purpose, but it's a faint reminder, too soon interrupted by the much greater reminder of death. I look all around and see nothing but dented buckets on damaged heads. Buckets

dressed in fool's gold hide eyes that shine, not of pure gold, but of the blackest hate. Their eyes seek the weight of blood, they seek death – they lust to kill in the name of God.

My path is different from that of their brazen symbol. This blade will no longer swing by my hand; in its place a quill will send the true message far and wide. I believe the soul yearns for distant lands made sacred, not by the tainted wills of self-proclaimed holy men, but by the true faith. In front of these lands lie an empty sea of trampled mud, a fog of war seeping from the wet memories of an army. It crawls towards past companions, licking my ankles in a silent goodbye. With it comes the smell of both living and dead, reduced to the metallic. I walk. As my footprints oppose their brothers a weight is lifted. Armour sinks into dark terrain. A helmet of steel crashes into slippery mud. Before me lies the valley of the shadow of death. The fake prophets' rod and staff bring me no comfort for I am no longer their sheep. I will fear no evil. Beyond the hills a dark quilt is lifting, and with me walk those who pray for my arrival.

Text: Hugo Miesenberger IG: hugo\_miesenberger  
Visual: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG: samuelianmccarthy

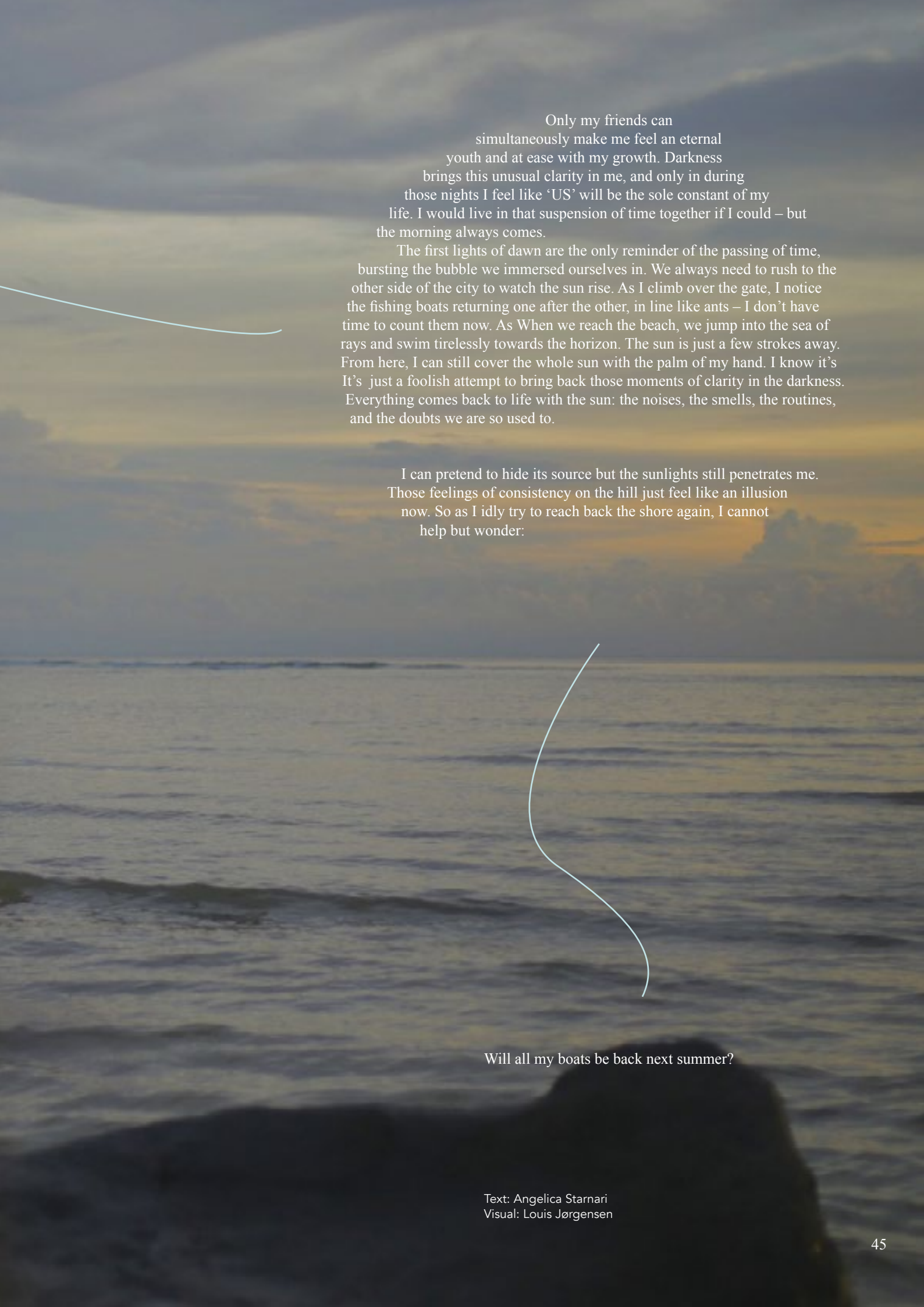
**September 2013-Ongoing**

They say my city is the only one in Italy where you can see both the sun setting and rising on the sea. So at every the end of every summer, since we first met, my friends and I go for a night walk at night. We meet on the highest hill facing the harbor, just before sunset, when the guardian of the park closes its doors. Being 'locked' in there, I it's our taste of freedom. We sit in a line behind a rock, and just wait - to be sure we are alone. There is a tacit understanding that nobody should talk until twilight turns into dusk.

As the orange rays on the sea turn blue, I count the fishing boats leaving the harbor: O one, two, three, four...seven. They are always seven,; and yet it's a certainty that I never take for granted. Ironically, as the years go by, I expect more and more that this pattern would change,-but it never does, and it's a reassuring feeling.

"Time strengthens, it doesn't tear." I repeat this phrase like a mantra, and only when in complete darkness it feels rings so true only when I'm in complete darkness. I think of our friendship: every year we bring our new selves back to our small town, and with it, the pieces of the world we experienced and cherished. How can we come back so different and yet our feelings are unchanged in the presence of each other? How can the winters apart strengthen the essence of our friendship? It feels as if a red thread unites us in across the distance, with its knots untying when we meet again.

# The City of Two Suns



Only my friends can  
simultaneously make me feel an eternal  
youth and at ease with my growth. Darkness  
brings this unusual clarity in me, and only in during  
those nights I feel like 'US' will be the sole constant of my  
life. I would live in that suspension of time together if I could – but  
the morning always comes.

The first lights of dawn are the only reminder of the passing of time,  
bursting the bubble we immersed ourselves in. We always need to rush to the  
other side of the city to watch the sun rise. As I climb over the gate, I notice  
the fishing boats returning one after the other, in line like ants – I don't have  
time to count them now. As When we reach the beach, we jump into the sea of  
rays and swim tirelessly towards the horizon. The sun is just a few strokes away.  
From here, I can still cover the whole sun with the palm of my hand. I know it's  
It's just a foolish attempt to bring back those moments of clarity in the darkness.  
Everything comes back to life with the sun: the noises, the smells, the routines,  
and the doubts we are so used to.

I can pretend to hide its source but the sunlights still penetrates me.  
Those feelings of consistency on the hill just feel like an illusion  
now. So as I idly try to reach back the shore again, I cannot  
help but wonder:

Will all my boats be back next summer?

Text: Angelica Starnari  
Visual: Louis Jørgensen

# THE GOOD THINGS

Text: Ella Soutkari

Visual: Anna Sofija Lauberte IG: selochai

I wish someone would try to understand me, but they are all too boring. It's completely their fault I feel lonely. If only they could read my mind, they would know what to do. They would call me and ask me questions. If only they knew more about me than I do myself, life would be easier to live. If only people weren't so selfish and so self-absorbed; they get lost in their own heads and forget about mine. They should know by now that I never mean what I say, and I never know what I mean. How hard can it be to just accept that some people are mean but still want love as if they were kind and deserving?

Maybe they aren't boring and the real problem is that I just can't sleep anymore. It is past 2 am and I should turn around now, pick up my shoes, and go home. It's only a mile or two. But the fog surrounds me and it empties my head of every coherent thought. The fog came one morning and it never left. It makes it hard to breathe, but it also absorbs all my worries until they are nothing but dampness in the air.

I'm slowly becoming one of those poets who writes about a life she doesn't know how to live. Who sits at home at night and is consumed by memories no one else shares. They weigh heavy on my shoulders as I lay in the bathtub, surrounded by water slowly getting colder and colder. I wish happiness was cheap.

Maybe I don't even miss you, maybe I miss summer. The feeling of being light, of almost not existing in the air. Sleep was never a priority in the summer. You weren't alone at night when the curtains were drawn. Your hands rested in the palms of another, in the wings of someone promising you everything they had. Maybe I miss dawn; these days all we get is fog.

There are no reasons left for me to still be awake.





# LIFE HAS TO OFFER



# DUSK AND DAWN

Text : Edoardo Corci  
Visual: Samuel Ian McCarthy IG: samuelianmccarthy

How beautiful it is to watch the dusk, with its warm colours that make almost everyone dream.

Isn't it exciting to think that everyone in different parts of the world, in different ways, can find themselves facing the same colours that fill my eyes right now?

And to think that right now even the people who are suffering in Gaza find themselves facing a dusk of another kind.

Will they get some relief, while the bombs are raging over their heads and every day is a new threat to them and their loved ones?

It is absurd to think that we live on the same planet and that we can witness the same spectacle of the sun setting and leaving us in darkness.

Yet, from the images we see on our phones, they seem to live constantly in darkness. In a darkness that swallows them one by one.

Where did our humanity go? Did it get lost in the darkness of the night, or did it just turn around and abandon us?

I wonder when we will be able to see a light-filled room in the black background of this immense night. The dazzling light of dawn.

I can't wait for that to happen. And as the sun comes up, I hope to hear a child say,

smiling, "How beautiful is this silence, without the bombs. If only it could always be so".



I'll Mark My  
Own Damn  
Wall

I went left, and landed out of field. I fell, and I kept falling, until I came back around. It's been going on for longer than I've been able to make a sound. You wouldn't be able to hear me, but you should. It's a miracle I took the leap in the first place.

I was slingshot through space and time, and when I turned back to see who'd done it. Who? I saw nothing. No one. Like I'd never been there at all. When you read this, think of the ghosts that sat where you lay. Half of you chuckle (and I love making up statistics). If there's ever been a perfect crime, it's a perpetual boomerang that spins with you on it.

Right about now, I'm thinking "what's this about?" and "a character sure would be nice." Maybe we can learn to appreciate coherence in its absence. Wait, that sounds preachy. Most people skip a story they don't like—as they should; nobody should be wasting their time. You know, come to think of it, "Mark on the Wall" was something about nothing, except for that damn mark on the wall, keeping the story in suspense. Do I have any marks on my wall? None that I can tell. Why must I be neater than he?

Is it bad that I write for a certain kind of person? I hope your eyes rest on these words under the same candlelight, the same fluorescent noise, that I spent writing them. Nevertheless, I must convince you that I am not me who is writing, but this is in fact a character who is not me and I am not writing. I could do this by writing about my setting—my environment. I could tell you all about it. I could say that I am in a castle, a house, or anywhere really. Then you'd truly believe that I am, in fact, fictitious! I don't exist and I don't think—I am not, and I can prove it! I can prove it by writing this text right here that you are reading. Isn't that proof enough? Why must you demand more of me?

For once, I would like for things to stand still. I speak, and I scream. I am screaming, though you wouldn't know. I shrug, I have shrugged. If only you were here to see it. I am frustrated, annoyed, I am pulling at my hair. I'm ripping off all my clothes and hurling my notebooks across the room. One could very well say that I am throwing a mighty tantrum. Yeah. Yes. I am. But it's quiet across the ley line. You can't hear a thing, and you can't see a thing. I'm banging on your screen, I'm banging on whatever it is you're reading this from. Fine, fine, fine. I'll calm down. Now will you let me out? Please! Before the lights go out.

Dimming light, the sun descends,  
Its warmth recedes, its brilliance ends.  
Colours fade, the world turns grey,  
Shadows lengthen, they start to sway.

Muted cries pierce the air  
Filling the world with despair  
Cold shadows scream in the fading sun,  
As darkness descends, shadows of serenity are gone.

Feelings of dread and fear  
Are running through my head.

The shadows whisper in my ear,  
“Why are you here, what happens when you’re dead?”

The shadows stop screaming,  
Yet I feel their cold stare.  
Or am I dreaming -  
A bittersweet nightmare?

Mellow sounds fill the air,  
A melody repelling all despair,  
Warm shadows sing in the morning sun,  
As light emerges, shadows of turmoil are gone.



# Shadows

Text: Kevin Winkler  
Visual: Georgina Lask



# after Dusk

# Lune

I hate him.

Hard not to, as he casts spears of gold across my fading sky.

He is beautiful, in rise and fall.

Leaving such splendor behind that everything I do afterward is but a shadow, a pale imitation of glory departed.

I hate him.

He burns, writhes, and shouts. His flames wake the world below, bringing joy to the little

ones who cower in the dark. My light is not enough. Nor will it ever be. I turn away, for a

time, my face waning, yet I cannot help but look again.

I hate him.

He is old, older than I, yet far less scarred. I am worn and weary, beaten down in my servitude. My skin is marred, my light a wan thing, soft and meandering. He sits undaunted, at the center of it all.

I hate him.

The waters surge, following my voice. And yet without him, they would be but rock and dust, void of life. As I am, bound to my course. As we all are, caught in the radiance of his very being. What else is there?

I hate him.

The songs oft name us equals, sharing the heavens and all beneath it, but I know that for a lie.

The sky was his long before I came and will still be long after I am gone. It hurts, to know how little you matter amongst it all.

I hate him.



Text : Sean Collins IG: neascollins66  
Visual: Jessika Gingborn



Yet, soon, I will slip my path, for a moment so that we might meet. I will drown him out and quench his flames in a shadow of my making. Just for a moment. A nothing, so fleeting the little ones may hardly notice in the quickness of their own lives.

I will notice.

He will notice.

For a moment, as we couple in the same darkening sky, he will notice.

And I will not hate him.

# Two Swans

Remember when we met,  
It was quarter to eight,  
On a bench by the lake,  
When only our hearts were at stake.  
It was the dawn of a new age,  
Two swans pressed against each other.  
That was before you turned another page,  
Even summer rays couldn't help me recover.

A sense of relief that one more day is almost over,  
And yet a calm before the storm within,  
It's what I feel as the sun gets lower,  
It's when I think of what has been.  
A reflection of you stares at me from the deep blue,  
I look up and still think of you.  
A kaleidoscope of colours covers the sky,  
It's during dusk that I remember our dawn was not a  
lie.

So, with a smile I storm through the night,  
Awaiting the start of a new day,  
When once again I will see your face,  
Swimming through deep waters with grace.

Text: Marija Ilić IG1: marijailikj IG2: rhiannonhalliwell  
Visual: Samuel Ian McCarthy @samuelianmccarthy



# To get through heartbreak

Text: Astrid Berg

Visual: Hilda Kronberg, IG: hildakronberg



It's the beginning of a new year, which makes me reflect on the one that's gone by, and if I am honest, 2023 wasn't my best year. For most of the year, the apartment my roomie and I lived in was being renovated. We needed to change the pipes, and since our home is the size of a fancy shoebox, we needed to move out. So we moved from place to place and ended up in one shared room for weeks, because that was what we could afford. Only to finally move back and go through periods without either water or heating. This was also the time I started my first full-time job and everything that comes with it. The responsibilities, the hamster wheel, the questioning of who I was becoming. Taking a safe job behind an empty desk and staring at Excel all day, you can see that I had some thinking to do. And in the middle of all this, the person I loved called to tell me that he had left me for someone else.

But 2023 came to an end, and even though it nearly broke me, I can look back at it with somewhat of a warm heart. Because in the middle of it all, with the risk of sounding cheesy, there was still so much love. I look back and I remember the moments when my friends sat out on park benches with me in the cold spring air, drinking wine and screaming out our anger. The phone calls from my friends and family, saying that they wouldn't hang up until they were sure that I was okay. Moments standing under

neon lights and having them hold me until I stopped crying, moments they took me out on walks, to bars or festivals to distract me and other moments when we were unable to do anything but laugh about our bad luck.

And with time, I could think of him without falling apart, with time I picked up the pieces and started to do the things I wanted to do. I started running (like everyone else my age going through some sort of life crisis) to prove to myself that I could, I started writing again, started creating again. Slowly started to see the life I wanted to live, started to see that I could live a life that would be better without him.

So if you are going through the night of heartbreak, and during winter at that, just know that it will be better, that you will become yourself again. But until then, please, promise me that you will surround yourself with people that make you feel loved, that you will try to see the ones that stayed instead of the one that left. Because they are the ones that will help you go from dusk to dawn.

And if you still need someone else to talk to, there is help to get, and you can always start here: <https://student.mau.se/stod/studenthalsan/>.

# "Klart du ska **sommarjobba** inom hälsa, vård och omsorg!"

**Är du vårdutbildad? Läser till  
ett vårdyrke eller socionom?**

**Eller är du "bara" extra bra  
på att ta hand om människor?**



Malmö stad **söker** vikarierande:

- ▶ Vårdbiträden, undersköterskor och avancerade undersköterskor
- ▶ Arbetsterapeuter och fysioterapeuter
- ▶ Biståndshandläggare
- ▶ Timanställda sjuksköterskor
- ▶ Hemtjänstkoordinatorer
- ▶ Kockar och köksbiträden



Du får ett utvecklande jobb, värdefulla yrkeserfarenheter och chans till fast arbete!

*Du behöver ha fyllt 18 år för att kunna jobba hos oss.  
Har läst fyra eller fem terminer på din utbildning kan du söka våra legitimerade vårdyrken och till biståndshandläggare.*

**Sök** våra  
viktigaste jobb:  
**malmo.se/  
jobbivård  
omsorg**

**Hälsa, vård & omsorg**  
– när varje dag är viktigast!



# Kårens sidor



## The Union's pages

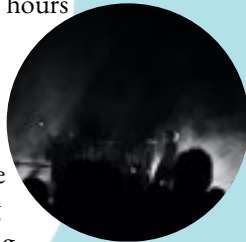
Presidiumkrönika | Presidium Chronicle

### The President informs

#### Greetings to all Malmö University students from the president of the Student Union Malmö as well as the whole Union board and staff!

It is a pleasure to come back after a short winter break and see so many students on university grounds again as well as in our premises. We are already open and ready for our members to pick up the coffee and cookies from Tuesday to Friday. For those of you who need to sit and have a break or study in peace you are welcome to hang out in Kølís or in our study rooms. We held our first student breakfast on 23rd of January and our associations already held two soup lunches since 24th of January. You can keep yourself updated on our events and open hours on our social media platforms.

Our Music Pub events last term were quite a success, with many students enjoying the different musical styles and having a good time with their friends. We at the Union are aiming for something similar, and we're trying to bring in many great bands for Malmö University students to enjoy and discover. Keep an eye out for our updates regarding this and see you at the Music Pub this semester on February 23th.



#### New challenges ahead

While we are happy to be back on campus, the Student Union will be facing significant changes and challenges that will occur in the period of the next few years. One of these changes is in our organizational structure where we have, with the help of the previous board and the council, decided that we have to reorganize and reform our board and work team. Due to our previous experience and lack of student engagement we saw it necessary to find a solution that is more open to every student. This will hopefully help us get more students engaged in our organization and have more student influence in the university.



The challenge with this new structure of the Student Union is that we will have to assess it after a certain period of time and see how successful it is and implement further changes if needed. The biggest change in board structure will be that it will consist of two presidiums that will be full time remunerated, and these are the students who need to take a break from their studies. Other four people will be students representing the respective faculty, who will go to certain meetings and will be remunerated for that but

won't have to take a study break. This will hopefully catch the interest of more students who are not interested in taking a study break but still want to be engaged and influence their education. Another change is that our ombuds will be full time employed instead of students on a study break.

The other challenge we are currently facing is that we will, regrettably, have to vacate our building until the end of this summer. This is due to the decision of the university to build a new building, Amphitrite, together with other stakeholders, in the place of the current one. This is a good thing and it means that the University is expanding and will have more space for the students and staff as well as other organizations connected to the University.



After the building is done we will, according to the university, have space there for our organization. This is a temporary thing but it is not simple and will last for a couple of years which will obviously impact our organization, our future workflow, as well as our social events and activities that will be subject to changes and adjustments. I am currently in the process of finding a suitable location that will replace our current premises and help us continue with our work. As soon as we have more information regarding that you will be notified about it in good time. Although the changes can sometimes be overwhelming and difficult, this does not mean that we won't be able to give our best and make this work for everyone, especially our students.

The good news is that, due to our moving out, we will organize a huge party at the Student Pub. It will be open for everyone both students and university staff so keep your eyes open so you don't miss the date and time and follow us on social media. This party will help us say nice goodbye to the old things and make space and opportunity for the new better things!

We have a huge hope and positive attitude that everything will work out for the best for all of us!

*Bijana Drfjaca*

**Ordförande Studentkåren Malmö**  
President of the Student Union Malmö



# Kårens kalender VT24

## Union's calendar Spring 2024

### FEBRUARI/FEBRUARY

- 13** Kaffe med Kåren | Orkanen | 10:00- 14:00
- 14** Kaffe med Kåren | Niagara | 10:00- 14:00
- 15** Kaffe med Kåren | HS | 10:00- 14:00
- 20** Studentfrukost | Kølsvinet | 09:00- 11:00
- 23** Musikpuben | Studentpuben | 19- 01
- 28** Fullmäktigemöte | Kårhuset vån. 4 | 16:00- 19:00

### MARS/MARCH

- 11 - 24** Rösta i Kårvalet!
- 12** Kaffe med Kåren | Niagara | 10:00- 14:00
- 13** Kaffe med Kåren | Orkanen | 10:00- 14:00
- 14** Kaffe med Kåren | HS | 10:00- 14:00
- 19** Studentfrukost | Kølsvinet | 09:00- 11:00
- 26** Påskäggsjakt
- 27** Fullmäktigemöte | Kårhuset vån. 4 | 16:00- 19:00

### APRIL

- 2** Studenternas dag
- 16** Kaffe med Kåren | Niagara | 10:00- 14:00
- 17** Kaffe med Kåren | Orkanen | 10:00- 14:00
- 18** Kaffe med Kåren | HS | 10:00- 14:00
- 22-26** Joint Event-week
- 23** Studentfrukost | Kølsvinet | 09:00- 11:00
- 24** Fullmäktigemöte | Kårhuset vån. 4 | 16:00- 19:00
- 30** Valborg

### MAJ/MAY

- 8** Konst. Fullmäktigemöte | Kårhuset vån. 4 | 16:00- 19:00
- 11** Eurovision Song Contest | Malmö Arena
- 18** Utsparken/Hej då-FEST
- 22** Prel. konst. Fullmäktigemöte | Kårhuset vån. 4 | 16:00- 19:00
- 31** Receptionen stänger / the reception is closing

Sopplunch/Soup lunch | Kølsvinet | 12:00- 13:00

#### VARJE ONSDAG PÅ KÅREN

EVERY WEDNESDAY AT THE UNION

#### STUDENTRÅD

**Vecka 9** | 26 feb. - 1 mars | kl. 12- 13  
(se våra kanaler för mer specifikt datum)

**Vecka 17** | 22 - 26 april | kl. 12- 13  
(se våra kanaler för mer specifikt datum)

#### KVALITETSDIALOG PÅ MAU

##### MAJ/MAY

- 13** Teknik och samhälle | 13:00- 16:00
- 20** Kultur och samhälle | 13:00- 16:00
- 27** Lärande och samhälle | 13:00- 16:00
- 28** Hälsa och samhälle | 13:00- 16:00

Vi reserverar för eventuella ändringar. Se våra sociala medier och Facebookevenemang för detaljerad information.

We reserve the right to make any changes. See our social media and Facebook events for detailed information.

# Engagera dig i Studentkåren

Att engagera sig i Studentkåren är inte bara roligt och ett utmärkt sätt att träffa nya vänner på, det ger dig också värdefulla erfarenheter inför ditt kommande arbetsliv. Det finns en mängd olika saker att engagera sig i inom Kåren, välj det som passar ditt intresse bäst så kommer du också få det som roligast.

Som aktiv inom Kåren får du möjlighet att lära känna intressanta personer med liknande intressen och chansen är stor att du träffar vänner för livet. Hur mycket tid du lägger på ditt engagemang väljer du själv. Kårengagemang ger dig även värdefulla erfarenheter till ditt arbetsliv och du får alltid ett intyg på att du varit aktiv inom Kåren. Intyget ger dig förhoppningsvis ett försprång när du är klar med din utbildning och börjar söka jobb, då många arbetsgivare ser det som ett stort plus att ha engagerat sig vid sidan om studierna.

För att göra det lite enklare för dig har vi delat in Kårens verksamhet i två olika delar som du kan engagera dig i. Är du intresserad av att ta viktiga beslut både inom universitetet och Kåren så är **studentinflytande och representation** något för dig. Vill du hellre bli grym på att planera event och aktiviteter, då är **studentliv** något för dig.



# Get engaged in the Student Union

Getting engaged in the Student Union is not only fun and a great way to meet new friends, it also gives you valuable experience for your future working life. There are a variety of things to get engaged in within the Union, choose the one that best suits your interest and you will have the most fun.

Being active in the Union gives you the opportunity to get to know interesting people with similar interests and the chance to meet friends for life. How much time you spend on your engagement is up to you. Engagement in the Union also gives you valuable experience for your working life and you will always receive a certificate that you have been active in the Union. The certificate will hopefully give you a head start when you finish your studies and start looking for a job, as many employers see it as a big plus to have been engaged alongside your studies.

To make it a little easier for you, we have divided the Union's activities into two different parts that you can get engaged in. If you are interested in making important decisions both within the University and the Union, **student involvement and representation** is for you. If you'd rather be awesome at planning events and activities, then **social student life** is for you.



# Vad händer på Kåren? / What's going on at the Union?

15 SEK



## Sopplunch - varje onsdag

För dig som är medlem i Studentkåren Malmö serverar vi vegetarisk eller vegansk soppa i Kølsvinet mellan 12- 13. Inklusive bröd och kaffe.

## Soup lunch - every Wednesday

For you who are a member in the Student Union Malmö, we serve a vegetarian or vegan soup in Kølsvinet between 12- 13. Including bread and coffee.

20 SEK



## Välkommen till Kårens studentfrukost

En tisdag i månaden får du som medlem i Studentkåren Malmö en utsökt frukostbuffé mellan 09- 11. Tänk dig framdukat bröd med pålägg, yoghurt, müsli, ägg och nygruggt kaffe eller te. Och du. Här finns också nygräddade våfflor med smarriga tillbehör.

## Welcome to the Union's student breakfast

One Tuesday a month, you as a member in the Student Union Malmö, get a delicious breakfast buffee between 09- 11. Here you will find bread with toppings, yoghurt, muesli, eggs and freshly brewed coffee or tea. And hey. You will also find freshly made waffles with delicious toppings.

### Datum för studentfrukost:

23 januari, 20 februari, 19 mars och 23 april.

Gör din  
röst hörd!



FOTO: Malin Palm

## Kaffe med Kåren

Varje månad kommer vi ut till din fakultet. Här får du träffa ditt studentombud och våra föreningar och sektioner. Vi har alltid ett tema som vi fokuserar på, där du kan berätta för oss vad du tycker behöver förbättras på universitetet. Självklart bjuder vi på kaffe och något gott!

## Coffee with the Union

Every month we come to your faculty. Here you can meet your student ombud and our associations and sections. We always have a topic that we focus on where you can tell us what you think needs to be improved at the university. We always offers coffee and something tasty!

### Datum för Kaffe med Kåren:

13 februari, Orkanen, 10- 14	16 april, Niagara, 10- 14
14 februari, Niagara, 10- 14	17 april, Orkanen, 10- 14
15 februari, HS, 10- 14	18 april, HS, 10- 14

12 mars, Niagara, 10- 14  
13 mars, Orkanen, 10- 14  
14 mars, HS, 10- 14

## Musikpuben

### Upplev lokal livemusik!

I vår kommer vi än en gång tillsammans med Festmesteriet och Medborgarskolan Malmö bjuda vi in till en härlig pubkväll där lokala band och artister underhåller oss med livemusik. Upptäck ny musik i en miljö där maten och drycken är billig och fritt inträde hela kvällen!

## The Music Pub

### Experience local live music!

This spring, together with Festmesteriet and Medborgarskolan Malmö, we will have an awesome pub night. Local bands and artists to entertain us with live music. Discover new music in an environment where the food and drinks are cheap and free entrance all evening!

23  
FEB

FRITT INTRÄDE!  
FREE ENTRANCE!



23 februari  
19:00- 01:00



Studentpuben

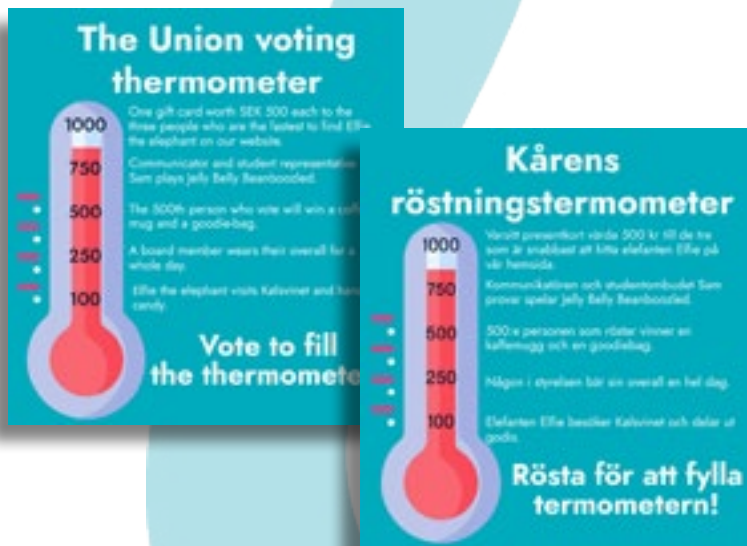




# Rösta i Kårvalet - vinn en iPad! Vote in the Union election - win an iPad!

Mellan den 11 till 24 mars kan du rösta i Kårvalet. Ju fler som röstar desto roligare blir det. Se vår röstningstermometer vad som kommer att hända när du lägger din röst i Kårvalet. Priser kommer lottas ut och dessutom har du chansen att vinna en sprillans ny iPad. En personlig röstlänk kommer skickas ut till din mejl.

Between 11 to 24 of March, you can vote in the Student Union elections. The more people who vote, the more fun it will be. Check our voting thermometer to see what will happen when you place your vote in the Student Union elections. Prizes will be drawn and you will also have the chance to win a brand new iPad. A personalized voting link will be sent to your email.



Följ oss på Instagram, Facebook, LinkedIn och Canvas för att ta del av våra fartfyllda vardag! Här kan du se vilka evenemang och tävlingar som är aktuella för er studenter.

Follow us on Instagram, Facebook, LinkedIn and Canvas to take part in our fast-paced everyday life! Here you can see which events and competitions are happening right now.

## BLI MEDLEM!

SCANNA QR KODEN



## Kontakt/contact - Kåren finns för att hjälpa dig

### Presidiet

Kårordförande/President

Tel: 076- 050 95 64

E-post: ordforande@malmostudenter.se

Vice kårordförande/Vice-President

Tel: 070- 757 72 62

E-post: vice.ordforande@malmostudenter.se

### Studentombud

Teknik och samhälle - TS

Tel: 070- 757 75 69

E-post: ombudts@malmostudenter.se

Kultur och samhälle - KS

Tel: 070- 757 75 67

E-post: ombudks@malmostudenter.se

Lärande och samhälle - LS

Tel: 070- 757 75 68

E-post: ombudls@malmostudenter.se

Hälsa och samhälle - HS

Tel: 070- 757 75 63

E-post: ombudhs@malmostudenter.se

### Reception

Kårhuset, Bassängkajen 8

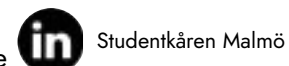
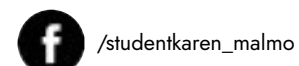
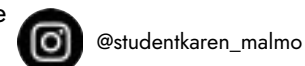
Telefon/Phone: 040 - 665 75 65

Öppettider / Opening hours:

tis - tors kl. 10- 16, fre 10- 13

Mail: receptionen@malmostudenter.se

### FÖLJ OSS I SOCIALA MEDIER:



**Kåren**  
Studentkåren Malmö



**The editors would like to express our deep-felt gratitude to each talented writer and visual artist who has contributed to this issue.**



**Kåren +  
Swedbank  
= Sant**

# Vi fortsätter stödja Kåren!

Vi är stolta över vårt mångåriga samarbete med Studentkåren på Malmö Universitet.

Vi dyker upp regelbundet exempelvis på Kaffe med Kåren, Sopplunch med våfflor och Introduktionsdagar.

Passa på att prata med oss om dina tankar kring ekonomi. Vi har massor av tips på hur du får pengarna att räcka längre och hur du tänker smart inför framtiden!

**Swedbank**

