

SUM

STUDENT UNION MAGAZINE



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Sofia Tunebro präst i Svenska kyrkan
Monica Alhbin pastor i Equmeniakyrkan

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Cover by Anna Lau

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EDITORS' FOREWORD

We are happy to welcome you to the lovely pages of the anticipated 113th issue. We proudly present a printed issue of our magazine every semester, and, with a lot of anticipation, the issue of autumn 2024 has finally arrived! If you haven't noticed by now, the theme of this issue is – Anticipation. It is quite a complex theme as with anticipation comes a lot of mixed feelings, which our contributors have portrayed wonderfully. On the one hand, there is excitement, eagerness, and butterflies in your stomach for what's to come, may that be a graduation, exam or wedding. On the other hand, we have anxiety, fear and dread of the unknown. Both of them are two sides of the same coin. This theme has allowed our contributors to explore anticipation in a myriad of ways. The suspense of horror films, the loss of a loved one, the life abroad and so much more are explored within these pages. So, come join the journey of our pages by immersing yourselves in anticipation.

We wish you a happy reading!

Julie Inksmith & Hanna Wallström

SPOTIFY PLAYLIST



ANTICIPATION - SUM #113

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 Anticipation.

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ARTIST'S STATEMENT

Text: Anna Lau IG: anlca

THEME ANTICIPATION

Time is perceived differently by everyone, yet within all of our timelines, anticipation is a universal feeling. From mundane to existential, anticipation is a double-edged sword. We may mourn the past and dread the future, or neglect the past and long for the future. The present moment you live in now used to be something you waited for in the past, and whatever you're waiting for now will be something you have in the future. Today was yesterday's anticipation, and tomorrow will be today's. Hence, anticipation is not about anticipating the future, it's about anticipating the present – like a birthday. So just remember, as Bil Keane once said, "Yesterday's the past, tomorrow's the future, but today is a gift. That's why it's called the present."

WHO I HAVE NOT BECOME

Text: Magdalena Galek IG: madlmgale
Visual: Lorella Maresca, IG: lorellasea, thedailybraindump

I once asked my mother if she recalled what I wanted to be as a child. A writer would be the perfect answer, but the only thing she said was 'I don't remember'. I guess it does not matter, it is in the past. A better question to ask would be who I have become, and not what I did, but what I didn't do to get to where I am.

The first of September was always a chance for me. This time I will read all required literature and get straight A's. I will be the embodiment of the dark academia aesthetic. The teacher will see that I am smart and interesting, and that I am the perfect student.

Okay, that did not work out. Let's try again when the new month starts. This time I made a mood board, wrote a daily schedule, and watched hours worth of productivity content. Anything from '5 best study techniques' through 'how I can easily study 10 hours a day' to 'how to increase your productivity effortlessly'. It was the perfect plan. I had a pact with myself, I was ready, excited even. After all, I did tell myself that 'this time is different'. I will do exactly what I said I would.

Okay, that did not work out either. A break is what I need then. I will reset and start again. Then I found myself waiting for the clock to show another hour, waiting for a new day, a new season to do anything at all. The cycle would repeat over and over again, like on a merry-go-round. I waited impatiently for my turn to get on, to sit on the plastic horse painted gold with its mane moulded to resemble wind-blown hair. And for everything I planned to finally happen to me, not realising I was spinning in circles, scared I would not find a way to get off, to stop it. I was good at that, good at waiting while oscillating between hopeful and hopeless.

Another thing I was excellent at was taking the first step. As proud as I was of getting into the national music school in my late teens, I also created a whole new set of expectations. To make up for not starting to play an instrument at the age of 6, I was to get into an orchestra immediately, and I was to quickly move to the advanced class. I was to do it all while believing I deserved none of it. For three years, after every contrabass class, I would go home through a park following the same path leading along the old town's walls - crying.

I was so scared of failing that I started anticipating it and hoping for it. It was my prophecy after all. I did everything to fail or rather, did nothing at all. Stuck in a loop of 'what ifs', I was trying to control it. If it was my own doing then I beat everyone to it before 'loser' and 'failure' follows after my name. Over and over again, I would prove to myself that I was right and I was exhausted.

So, who did I become? Not who I thought I would be, but not a nobody. Although the worst nightmares seemed more probable than the best of dreams, they did not come true. I wish to say that taking action comes easy now, but that would be a lie. The simple truth is that I am better at taking the second step after the first.

NAVIGATING THE EMOTIONS OF MOVING TO A NEW CITY IN YOUR TWENTIES

Text: Ebba Ewertz IG: ebbaewertz
Visual: Jaro Mettinisson IG: jaromettini

Moving to a new city isn't just a change of scenery, something that we have all heard so many times, cited as a great way to chase your dreams and gain new experiences - often advertised as an altogether positive learning experience. Well, is it though?

Of course, moving to a new city teaches us a lot as individuals and it expands our thinking, giving us a new perspective, and allowing us to grow confident as we can no longer lean on the people we've been used to. We step into a new chapter of our lives where we have to rely on ourselves, become independent, mature and most of all, become adults. When we get to that point we all have thought of for so long, what we call adulthood, we're often in control and completely responsible for ourselves, perhaps for the first time in our lives. Thinking about this can often put us in a situation where we feel overwhelmed, especially when a lot of us are stepping out of the comfort of childhood and into adulthood.

If you type in the words growth and comfort zone into Google, what seems like hundreds of articles all saying things like "Growth can only happen when we step outside of our comfort zone.", pop up. I like to believe that society only wants what's best for us, that they tell us all of this because they want us to see and experience new things, but I think we can sometimes forget what the outside of our comfort zone feels like. That feeling might not always feel too great, it's confusing and emotionally difficult, you're questioning yourself, feeling frustrated, dealing with sadness and loneliness, and feeling anxious, because it isn't as easy as many would lead you to believe. It sounds like this fun growth period that we are all searching for, but it can also feel confusing and dreadful.

So, why is it that when we move to a new city we are confronted with conflicted emotions? Feelings of fear, excitement, and longing for something you've been wanting for so long. It's something we might've been dreading, and then finally, we pack our bags and get into the car, or hop onto the plane and leave.

Moving to a new city can be a very exhilarating experience, but it can also feel lonely and even leave you feeling anxious and homesick. There's no denying that moving to a new city has its effects on us as individuals, at the end of the day it is a very big change and we can never be ready for the emotional rollercoaster we will soon be faced with. We may be excited and eager at first, but soon enough the excitement wears off, and we find ourselves overwhelmed by all the changes. We've built this vision of

what it will be like - an idealised picture for our days. Now we live in this beautiful city, meet new people, and start university. Turns out it's not as perfect as we had hoped. Coming home to an empty apartment trying to fill the empty silence with Duffy and Billy Joel on the speaker, and new seasons of Love is Blind, distractions, nobody's there to ask us how our day went. It is strange and confusing.

When I first thought of moving here I got a slight heart attack. Moving to a place where you don't know anyone, you can't navigate your surroundings, and you don't even know which side of the street you're supposed to walk on because there are bicycles everywhere. At first, you always feel like you're in someone's way until you learn to bike through the city. But even then, an older woman in front of you with a flower helmet, red leggings, and a 'peace and love' t-shirt might still shout at you for riding too close. No, it didn't make it any better. (Not very peace and love of you, Barbara). Sometimes it does feel nice though. The times when it feels like you're in a movie, you're listening to a good song, the sun is golden and you're watching everyone around you live their own lives.

Moving to a new city, the opportunity to reinvent ourselves, start fresh and pave a new future or reality of excitement and community is such a defining experience. It's also a decision that I personally believe is incredibly important and something that we should all experience at least once in our lives. And I think the reason is because there's something so uniquely transformative about making the conscious decision to upend everything in your life that is normal. Knowing, being present and aware that it will be uncomfortable, that it's going to be hard at times but also really understanding that in the long run, it can actually be the choice that we look back on, years from now, and can pinpoint as the decision that changed us.

Now, we have heard an abundance of people saying that moving to that specific city, or just moving abroad was the best decision they ever made. I think we associate this change with some sort of movie moment, that romanticised moment that we have all seen as children when the main character leaves what they know behind in order to fulfil their dreams, which I believe we all deserve.

There might not be a more perfect time than our twenties to take these risks. Our twenties are also a time in our lives when we have the least responsibilities, we only have ourselves to take care of, it can feel like a massive stress factor in the beginning, but in the end, it'll fade, and I believe you will grow into liking it.

It obviously is cliché, but really taking the step and following that desire of yours, gaining new experiences, meeting new people and becoming that independent person you always wanted to be, will be worth it in the end. I believe that in this decade of our lives, this growth is something we should be going through, of course, it'll feel scary and frightening, but as we say "if you don't try it you'll never know what could've been."

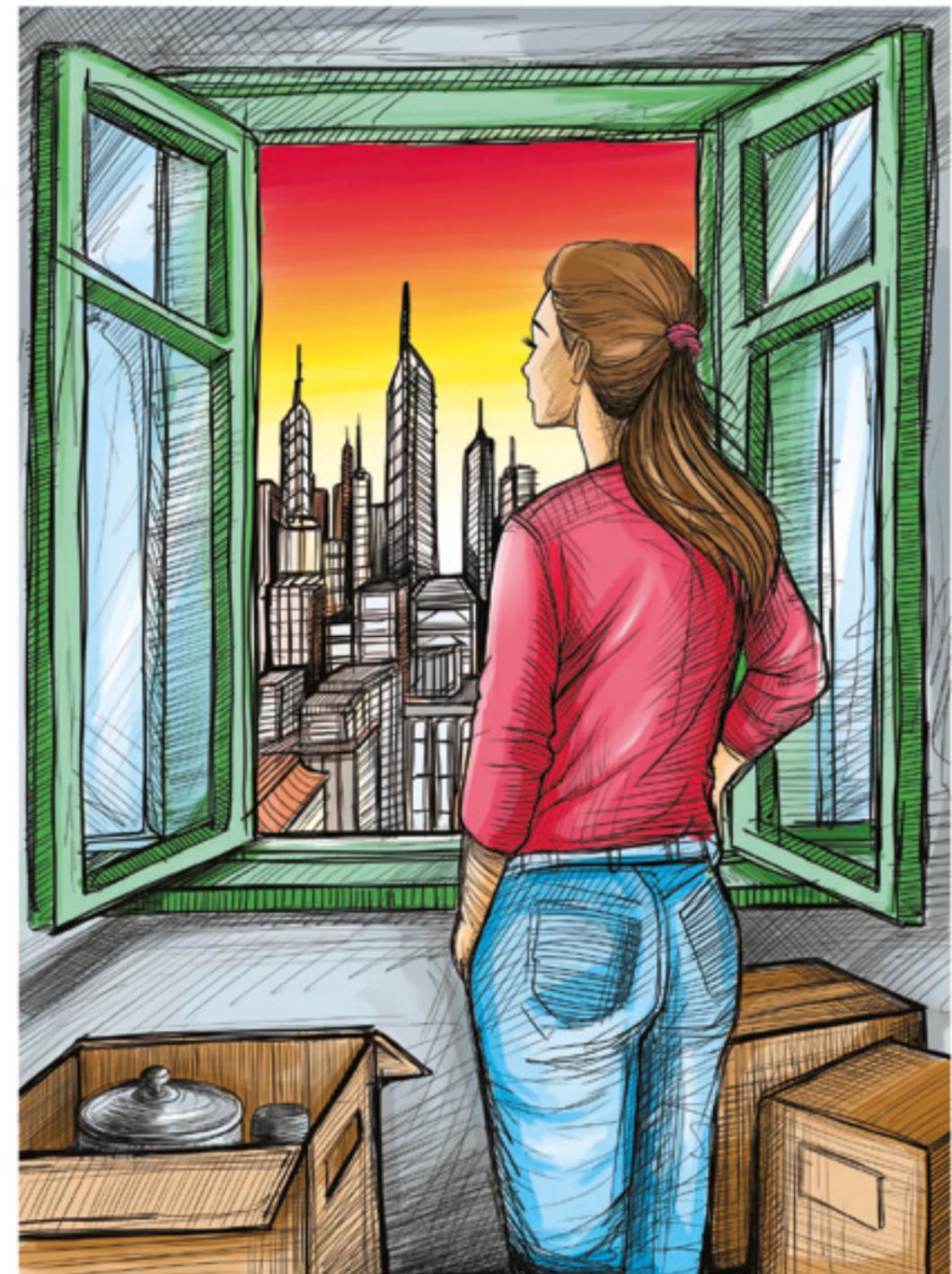
The experience of being in a new place and feeling slightly uncomfortable (for however long that will last), can be an intimidating, anxious moment at first, but it will undoubtedly allow you to, also, get to know yourself better. Building that foundation of independence, self-reliance and of true inner knowledge, is something very sacred. This situation also reflects a key milestone and a period where we have to strike out on our own, push back against the thinking, and against the tradition. And doing that in a place where you might not know anyone, that is far from where you're from, is a great place to form that self-identity.

Moving to a new city, not only forms our identity, and makes us more independent, but it also provides a challenge which helps us build resilience. The resilience we gain by recovering from setbacks, which we are going to encounter in this scenario, struggling to find a good apartment to rent that isn't 1000 euros, meeting new friends and finding your place in that environment. These experiences are frustrating and annoying, but every time we successfully recover from something like this, it will serve as an important lesson. Even the time Barbara yelled at me, I recovered and focused on what truly mattered.

This will be something we can reflect on when times are hard in the future, it provides this thought that everything will work out and that we go through these things to come out on the

other side feeling more accomplished. It reinforces a deep philosophy that society has said time and time again. Life is not meant to be comfortable and convenient at all times. We grow from our discomfort. If we don't give ourselves and our minds a challenge now and then, provide them with new experiences and adapt to a new environment, we will feel defeated. That's not saying that moving to a new city will cure that dissatisfaction, but even just that little spark and tingle in your body from moving and leaving everything behind tells you enough that this is the right decision.

You'll only be in your twenties once and this is your time to make mistakes (hopefully, you won't), take risks and just let yourself be the person who took that step.



Dive?

28.10.2024
Malina

Her courage - a clear wave of power
shatters into tiny pieces of itchy fear,
that keeps me awake, so conscious.

Why can't I just dive in?

I'm looking forward to one
of these precious moments,
as fleeting as sand castles,
When Her strength

of free spirit leads us into the
unknown.

When we are together she makes me feel
complete - like wind that tangles
water's humble nature.

Graceful behavior and pressured politeness
won't understand the excitement
of freedom, power of changes
and the playfulness
of the beloved elements reunion.

I want myself to act more like Her.
without any judgment,
without any doubt.

Allow my faith to dive, get deeper to finally
open dry eyes with no fear.

come face to face
with darkness of
self-disappointment
and loss.

With feeling
that you have no power
to change the past.
Some day I'll become
one of these arctic
cold waves -
breathtaking and
thrilling to get lost.

And eventually
become

brave enough
to truly experience self-harmony.

Aleksandra Kuo-Rydzynska

@QO.EXE



FROM MALMÖ TO MANHATTAN: The U.S. Election Through Swedish Eyes

Text: Engla Björnevik IG: engla.bjornevik
Visual: Anna Sofija Lauberte IG: selochai



A candidate dropout attempted murders and overall chaos. In high anticipation, we wait for the result that will influence politics worldwide in the coming years. As an outsider, it can be hard to get a grasp of all the drama and form an opinion. So as the fictional columnist Carrie Bradshaw might say: “I couldn’t help but wonder” - what do the Swedish students think about the U.S. election?

While the U.S. prepares to vote, the world is watching closely. From debates on healthcare to climate change, this election promises to shape not only America’s future but also global policies. While Americans cast their ballots, students in Sweden, far from the polling booths, are forming their own opinions on the political spectacle. So to find these opinions, I began my search for university students who were eager to take a stance.

On the way up to Orkanen’s fourth floor, I stumbled upon my old friend Ebba, 21, who’s studying in the teaching program here at MAU. After being bribed with some fika, Ebba gladly sat down to further explain her opinions:

“From what I’ve heard, there’s been a lot of drama surrounding this election. In all honesty, I didn’t watch the first debate, and I don’t use social media much, so my main source of information comes from Aktuellt. I’ve gotten the impression that the first debate was hectic, and I’ve heard that Trump doesn’t want to participate in more debates against Harris, which, frankly, I think is childish.”

She continues by revealing that she was more interested in the 2016 election when Trump and Clinton were competing for the American votes.

“I think he’s been immature since the beginning. And when Trump was attacked I think Biden realized that if the Democrats were ever going to win this election, he needed to drop out. He seems too old and confused to run for president again...”

When asked what she’s anticipating about the U.S. election, Ebba brings up the subject of “fake news” and expresses her concern about its spread. From what she’s heard, many Republicans support Trump’s statements without fact-checking them, which she thinks could become even more normalized if he won again.

“I think it’s scary if Trump wins this election, but I also feel like I know too little about the Democrats and the candidates overall to comment on that.”

Ebba ran off to her lecture about diophantine equations and the search for opinionated continued. While heading back to my classroom, I received a text message from Ebba - It was a reminder that we know someone interested in politics at the university. A couple of hours later I had my next interview set and was searching through the library to find the person in question. Axel, 20, just started a course in political science and has previously studied social anthropology and sociology. When I asked Axel what he’d heard about the election, it was clear that this was a subject he knew a lot about:

“The first thing that comes to my mind is the multiple assassination attempts on Trump and the disturbing claims he’s made, like the one about Springfield’s immigrants eating cats and dogs. I’ve heard both good and bad about the Democratic marketing strategy of “brat summer”, and there’s been a strong backlash against Harris, as many

people refer to her as a “war criminal” because of her stance on the Israel-Palestine war. On the other hand, both of the candidates seem to share the same opinion. It’s like voting for an evil person or someone worse than evil.”

Axel tells me about the vice-presidential candidates, noting that Americans seem content with Tim Walz, while JD Vance has faced some negative rumours. He also brought up the third-party presidential candidate, Robert F. Kennedy Jr, who dropped out of the election late August, and commented on his spread of conspiracy theories and other misinformation on X.

“That kind of rhetoric seems to be normalized in the U.S. now. If you look at the 2012 election between Obama and Romney, the politicians debated and spoke to each other in a whole different manner. Since his first election, Trump has started a “playground attitude” which is effective in reaching some of his voters. The formality of the presidential debates has disappeared and is now closer to what we see in the British parliament. Hillary Clinton couldn’t keep up with Trump’s debate tactics and neither could Joe Biden. No one has been able to meet Trump’s level until Harris! She seems more youthful even though she’s not that much younger, and she also jokes around but more respectfully, while Trump goes for the informal and harsh attitude. Trump is like an actor who goes into a role and in comparison, Harris seems more educated.”

The gender perspective and female expectations are something Axel elaborates on during the interview. He states that men can often express “whatever” and people won’t think too much about it, while women actively need to be well-read to be taken seriously.

“If Harris is going to have a chance against Trump she needs to present facts after facts. But honestly, I think that the fact-checkers in the first debate were ineffective, only helping Trump bolster his “underdog” narrative. When the fact-checkers are mainly arguing with Trump, he can use it and say ‘Look - they’re only going after me, I’m the underdog, they don’t want me here so you have to vote for me.’”

Many extremist conservatives are, in Axel’s opinion, so faithful that they won’t care if Trump spreads “fake news”, as they’re still going to vote for him.

“A minority of Trump’s supporters are extremists, but these are the people who stormed the Capitol in January 2021. They spread conspiracy theories and love to victimize themselves even though they aren’t victims, and Trump knows exactly how to reach out to these people with his rhetoric. It’s the “We vs Them” approach where you create a common enemy to blame for all the misfortune, and Trump’s doing it effectively - either by antagonizing the Democrats or the immigrants.”

When Axel is asked about the results he answers that whatever happens, the two presidential candidates will still mainly opt for capital interests. He thinks that the U.S. is going to leave NATO if Trump wins, which some Swedes might fear, but since Sweden’s in good alliances with Scandinavia and the rest of Europe, we shouldn’t be too concerned.

“Look at Ukraine, they weren’t in NATO when the war started and the West still sends them loads of material. So from a security perspective, I don’t think we have anything

to worry about. The U.S. probably won't do anything actively against Sweden either. For them, we're just a country up in the north that they confuse with Switzerland. Of course, examples like Project 2025 and the overall American opinion could determine how we look at things in the rest of the world, but one shouldn't go around worrying about these things in everyday life."

I thanked Axel for the interview and went back to my classroom. To gain a diverse range of perspectives, my mind was set to find students from various faculties at the school. Since I had recently become acquainted with some product design students, I reached out to see if any of them were politically interested. This week, they were having a group project about the history of design and, as they were meeting to further discuss the years between 1976-90, I got to interview Arashk, 37:

"There are both pros and cons to the two presidential candidates. Trump's telling us about people eating pets and all the criminals entering their country, while Kamala speaks more about microeconomics and supporting small business owners. She presents a more academic language than Trump, which is a reflection of her voters."

Arashk gets his information from sites like OMNI and states that misinformation has increased, so it's important to choose credible sources. He encourages people to go beyond social media as he thinks they take things out of context. When I ask for his opinion on the candidates, Arashk compares Trump's successes to Sverigedemokraterna's successes.

"When Sverigedemokraterna entered Riksdagen many people were in shock. The immigrant numbers had increased and the people who were used to Swedish life had to adjust. Today, different cultures are more normalized in Sweden, but so is racism. Everything Trump stands for, much like Sverigedemokraterna, could become normalized and create even bigger gaps in society. When the immigrants arrived in Sweden we needed to change as a society to understand their cultures, just as they needed to assimilate into the Swedish one. But it seems like the Americans can't truly accept their immigrants and that's why they want them out of the country. The Republicans mainly bring up horrible things about them but seem to forget all the beautiful contributions they've made. Trump is either really smart or really stupid, but he successfully reaches out to these people and makes them feel something. Harris is of a different calibre, they would've never accepted her if she expressed herself the same way he does. The impression I get from her is "Let's all sit by the fire and grill marshmallows, kumbaya." Trump as president will on the other hand create an imbalance in how we care for one another. Bigger societal gaps, more conspiracy theories and more hate."

The future of politics can go one of two ways, Arashk suggests: "either we'll see a bunch of "Tik Tok people" taking over, or we'll see a more mature society where people have grown tired of the fake news and Trump's immature rhetoric and politics."

The week was coming to an end and as I was searching for one last interviewee, a classmate of mine was happy to help. Julia, 20, studies a bachelor's in graphic design, and as we were leaving our classroom to head to the central

station, one last interview began:

"I mainly get my information from SR Play or Aftonbladet, but of course also through social media platforms like TikTok. I think what @kamalahq did with "brat summer" was a cool marketing strategy to reach out to the younger generation of voters. The humor of it all was a great way to catch their attention and interest."

Julia also comments on Biden dropping out:

"I think it was good that he dropped, something needed to happen in the Democratic party. I think he realized that they needed someone else if they were going to have a chance of winning this election."

Julia finds the thought of Trump winning the election scary. She tells me about Project 2025 and that considering the state of the world, Trump's individualistic approach can become somewhat problematic. With a leader like him, she questions what can happen with the rights of abortion worldwide, since the world is influenced by the U.S. When changing the subject to Kamala Harris, Julia lightens up.

"I'd love to see Harris win! I think a female president would be good for their country. On the other hand, should we expect more riots if she does? I feel like what happened at the Capitol was the start of something bigger. The extreme Republicans seem to have an undemocratic mindset and always find some way to blame the Democrats when things go bad for them. There's a certain tension around the election, but I'll be celebrating if Kamala wins, and I'll definitely be following the election on November 5th."

Julia went back home and I, as usual, rushed to catch bus number 4. Half an hour later I found myself right back where I started, back in my one-room apartment, still thinking about the question that had occupied my mind all week: What do the Swedish students think about the U.S. election? While some students were more passionate and informed, others preferred to observe. Still, there was one common thread: a shared concern about what a U.S. election means for the rest of the world, even for students here in Sweden.

It became clear that many students leaned toward the Democratic side, perhaps reflecting the deeply rooted socialist values that characterize Swedish society. And maybe the influences of jantelagen, a Scandinavian concept that discourages bragging or standing out from the crowd, leads us to criticize Trump more than others might. But what truly stands out isn't just the preference of one candidate over another, it's the deeper realization that what happens in the U.S. ripples across borders. As we're discussing these global events in classrooms and libraries, the decisions made across the sea will shape policies and debates that influence the rest of the world, including here in Sweden. Whether it's climate change, trade or even cultural shifts, the influence of American politics on the global stage can't be ignored.

In the end, we're all connected. Swedish students may not have a vote in the U.S. election, but they definitely have a voice in the conversation. Much like Carrie Bradshaw and her friends ponder about their Manhattan lives, Swedish students reflect on theirs, anticipating what might happen next not only in the U.S. but for the world.

IN COLLABORATION WITH:



SHORT STORY COMPETITION WINNERS THEME: MONSTER

Visual: Amr Abbas



THE MARCSON MERGER

Text: Elliot Lakefield
Visual: Merle Emrich

In the office bathroom mirror, I saw it for the first time—a shadow rippling the surface. When I blinked, it was gone.

I shook my hands under the dryer, its hum drowning a faint crash. My eyes darted to the door, but the sound vanished beneath the dryer.

The fluorescent lights flickered as I left the bathroom, stepping back into the narrow hallway that led to the cubicles. The cold tiles echoed beneath my shoes.

I met James on the way back. His thinning hairline, thick mustache, and bumpy nose stood out, with blackheads resembling freckles. A scar ran across his eyebrow from a failed trust fall at an after-work party. I was the supposed catcher.

“Hey man, doing good? Bathroom break, huh?” he asked, a tired smile pulling at his lips. He shifted his weight, clearly in need of his own trip.

“Yeah, had one cup too many,” I replied, “You prepared for an all-nighter?” I chuckled.

“Are you ever?” He laughed. “I also had one too many... But more coffee, more productivity, right?” He gave a small laugh before continuing, “Right, by the way, can you get those papers for the Marcson deal on my desk?”

“Sure, I’ll get them to you in thirty.” I paused, my mind wandering back to the mirror. “By the way, James—did anything seem off to you in the bathroom, at any time today?”

“Off? What do you mean?”

I opened my mouth, then closed it again. “No, never mind. It’s nothing.”

He raised an eyebrow but didn’t press. “Nothing off from what I can recall, but hey man, bathroom calls. It’s a bad one.” He brushed past me, heading toward the door.

Half an hour later, I knocked on the metal edge of his cubicle.

“James—uh, hmm.” I paused. Was that his name? Who was he? His face—it was too smooth, too pale. No

blackheads, no hairs, just a scar on his eyebrow. Why couldn’t I remember?

“I’m here with the Marcson deal,” I said.

The man didn’t respond, just stared at his screen, eyes unmoving, fixed on a single point. Then he jolted to life. “How long have you been standing there? Just leave it on the desk and go.”

As I turned to leave, I heard a giggle behind me. I spun on my heel, but the man was already back to staring at his screen, face blurry. I rubbed my temples. Was I that stressed?

Back at my desk, Clara from accounting was talking about some meeting. She sat on my desk, playing with one of my Rubik’s cubes. She was as cute as ever, although I no longer felt that odd feeling in my heart whenever she looked at me. Her yellow sun dress caressed her body and my gaze subconsciously danced its way along her curves. I nodded, my gaze wandering to the window, where the skyline distorted in the afternoon sun.

I blinked. There was a face in the window—mine, or at least it should have been. But it wasn’t. The reflection was hollow, blurry, my features smooth and flat.

I froze, my breath catching in my throat. Clara kept talking. I glanced at her, my heart pounding. She didn’t notice anything wrong. Her eyes were on me, but the reflection—my reflection—was blurry, smudged.

“You okay?” Clara’s worried voice cut through the fog in my mind, and I forced a nod. But her face wasn’t right. Something shifted beneath her skin, a subtle ripple. A wave moving beneath the surface.

I tried to speak, but my voice was a strained whisper. “Your face...”

She frowned. “What about it?”

The reflection twitched, and with a sickening lurch, that feeling from the bathroom crashed back over me again.

The woman angrily left towards the—towards the cafeteria? I think so.

Someone hurried past. Who was it? I looked into the hallway, but it was empty.

A tingling spread across my scalp and down my face. I massaged my temples, feeling the skin tighten. My temples felt smooth. I scratched my nose. Was it smaller?

I left for the coffee machine. It was getting late, and we were nowhere close to done with—hm. I needed another cup.

I bumped into someone at the machine, a woman in a tight yellow sundress. “What department do you work in?” I asked.

They turned, but their face was blank—no eyes, no nose, just smooth skin.

I turned back to the coffee machine which had stopped whirring. The figure grabbed their cup and sat at a table, staring into the distance.

A giggle echoed in the hallway, growing closer. Another person stepped into the cafeteria. Their face was blank, like the other’s. Just a thinning hairline and a scar on its eyebrow. They giggled wildly before sitting down opposite the other figure.

The room was too quiet. I tried to speak, but no words came. I couldn’t. I moved my hand up to feel my lips, but there was nothing. Just smooth skin where they should have

been. I ran my hand across my face—nothing. I needed to see.

I stumbled toward the glass doors, heart pounding. My reflection waited. I hesitated, but couldn’t stop myself. Slowly, I leaned in, breath shallow.

There I was. Or... some version of me.

The face in the glass was blank, just like the others. A pale, empty canvas. No eyes, no mouth, no expression. A faceless figure staring back, hollow and lifeless.

I swallowed, or tried to—my throat tightened. The reflection grinned.

It shouldn’t have been able to grin.

But it did. Slowly, impossibly, the featureless face grinned.

A scream welled up, but I had no mouth to release it. The blank reflection tilted its head, watching me struggle, mocking me with that empty, impossible grin.

And then, in the silence, I heard it. My own voice, inside my head, whispering in a tone I didn’t recognize.

You were never real to begin with.”



CURSED

Text: Erik Östenberg
Visual: Merle Emrich

Alone, I enter—undergrowth brushing my legs and canopies far overhead, allowing only slivers of moonlight to pass through. Despite the eerie feeling in the chill air, I muster enough courage to set upon a crooked path. I get the feeling that the forest closes in on me, the trees judging the intrusion and the fauna quieting down, watching. The silence makes my spine tingle, the feeling slowly spreading, covering every inch of my skin, seeping into my flesh, and slowly clouding my senses. Yet, I continue.

When everyone else lost hope that he was coming home, I had to continue alone. My brother wasn't the kind of boy to simply wander off. I'd practically raised him myself, and as a result, I knew every inch of his equally stubborn and thoughtful mind. Something had brought him into the woods—and something had refused to let him go.

With this in mind, I set one foot in front of the other; armed with a flashlight, and a youthful conviction not to give up. I continue calling his name until my voice grows

hoarse. Hours go by without a response, but despite the silence and the cold, I don't feel lost—it's as if something inside me knows where I'm going.

Reaching the end of the animal-trodden path, I see a weak light flickering between the tree trunks. A light: ominous, terrifying, and inviting—all at the same time. It flickers like a candle in the wind, but as the carrier approaches, it grows bigger and brighter. I stand frozen, my voice catching in my throat.

Soon, I can see her; she looks like an elderly woman carrying a lantern, her face hidden behind a veil. By the way she flows towards me, unhindered through the underbrush, I finally accept it: She's no human. Within the blink of an eye, she towers before me. I see antlers protruding on both sides of her head, her legs are bent backward like those of a goat, and what should have been her fingers are curled around the lantern's handle, resembling spider legs: hairy, stick-thin, and long. Darkness

covers her body like a cloak, but I see tufts of coarse black hair when the lamplight flickers across it.

I don't draw breath; I can't move. My heart pounds in my ears and something in the murky depths of my mind screams to run. I can't tear my eyes away. Then, she speaks, in a voice that resembles the wind sweeping through dry leaves, brittle and cracking.

"You've come far" she whispers, her head tilting to one side. "What is it you seek?"

The spell breaks, and my voice returns "My brother," I croak. "I'm looking for my brother."

She nods, and at that moment, I can see eyes glowing faintly behind the veil, two stripes of yellow light burning through it. "Many come—few find what they seek... but I can help you."

Was that a smile? I hesitate, a few heartbeats—that feel like an eternity—pass by, and finally, desperation pushes the words through my quivering lips. "Please," I say, tears stinging my eyes. "I'll do anything."

Her head slowly tilts the other way, and a long, bony finger reaches up to lift the veil revealing a smile—too wide, with teeth sharp and glistening like those of a predator. When the veil finally reveals her eyes, I see two dark sockets with a fire burning inside them—pits of hell, where two lobes should be. She speaks then, in a new, terminal tone; the eye contact sealing some unholy agreement. "Good."

I manage a nod, my heart sinking, but I can't turn back now.

Finally letting go of the veil, she turns and without realizing it—I follow.

Her lantern casts strange, shifting shadows across the forest floor. We continue, cutting straight through the darkness and vegetation.

Without thinking, I find myself asking "Why do you carry the lantern?" My guide simply pauses, and for a moment, I am certain I have overstepped a line. Then, she speaks, in a softer voice this time, as if a sliver of humanity still remains deep within: "Once, I too was lost—searching for someone precious to me."

In a whisper, I ask "Did you find who you were looking for?"

She laughs, a dry, hollow sound that sends shivers down my spine. "Yes," she says simply. One simple word, which should mean hope—but which lends only despair.

We continue in silence until at last, she stops. "We're here," she whispers, and I see him, curled up between the roots of a great tree. He is pale, his eyes closed. I rush over. "Please wake up, I found you!"

His eyes flutter open, and for a moment, I see recognition and relief. But then his gaze shifts and I see dread within his eyes. "No," he whispers. "She'll take you too."

I turn, but my demonic guide isn't there. All that remains is a faint echo of her voice, and I hear—or rather feel—the words: "Thank you."

As I turn back to the spot where my brother lies, I see a faint light in my periphery and dread takes hold of me. I force myself to glance down and see that I hold the lantern now, its flickering glow reflecting in my eyes. No, not *my* eyes. I see yellow slits in the sooted glass and instinctively,

I attempt to drop the lantern. It simply hangs in the air beside me, clinging to me by a chain of shadow. I feel my fingers elongate, dark hair pushing through my skin, merging with an arm I barely recognize.

Before transforming entirely, I carry my brother to the edge of the woods. I know I can't return home with him. I know it's too late for me as the lantern pulls me back into the dark of the forest, to a den in the damp earth.

The lantern guides me, just as I will guide lost souls through the dark; returning one, while claiming another—until the end of time. It is my curse.



THE MURDERED GENERATION

Text: Stephen K Pettersson
Visual: Amr Abbas

It had only been a look—a smile from the mullet-clad stranger across a dancefloor of shoeless drag queens and sweaty men. It was also all Miguel needed.

He made his way over sticky floors that sent vibrations through his feet while bodies upon bodies surrounded him in a haze of sweat and moving hips. Gloria Gaynor’s voice flooded the nightclub and a wave of jubilation rose from throats wet with liquor. When he finally emerged from the crowd, he saw the stranger’s face painted in ephemeral lights from the disco ball above.

“Hey.”

“My friend said you were staring.”

“Was I? Sorry, I guess.”

Miguel shrugged. “I get it; give me a mirror and I’ll have fun for hours.”

The man chuckled. “You think much of yourself, don’t you?”

“So do you,” Miguel said and gently took the beer from his hand. “That’s why you stared.”

Miguel walked away, teasing the bottle high in the air. He didn’t look back, knowing the man would follow him as he led them into the cellar and the empty darkroom below. He took the man’s hand as they traversed a labyrinth of cork walls, concrete floors, and dim, red lights that concealed everything and nothing—a seedy refuge for the clubgoer’s carnal desires. Miguel knew the place well, so he guided them deeper into the darkness and stopped only once he found his usual spot in the heart of the darkroom. There, cast in a dance of shadows and red lights, Miguel tasted the beer on the stranger’s tongue, bitter from the bottle but sweet off of him, and drank his fill. He felt the stranger’s hand wander down the small of his back, into the back pocket of his Levi’s, pulling him even closer to press his erection against Miguel’s own. Miguel’s eager hands raced up the man’s torso, removing his shirt and revealing a scattering of dark purple markings that he traced gingerly.

“It’s nothing,” the stranger said. “Just bruises.”

The man leaned in again but, as he did, a frog-like croak

echoed through the darkroom.

“Was that you?” Miguel laughed.

He found his answer not with the man, but with the shambling abomination that emerged from the shadows and paralyzed him with fear: It was a sickly, gangly creature that looked human only at a glance. Tremors shook its long limbs as it inched its way over the concrete floor, its pale skin covered in orange, pulsating pustules. As it crouched closer, Miguel could see that it didn’t have a face, only a dark maw with neither teeth nor lips from which the croaking came.

“What the fuck...” Miguel whispered.

The creature snapped to a standing position, dropping the facade of feebleness. It tilted its head back until the two men could see into its mouth and let loose a long, guttural note as a bubble of blood formed. The bubble expanded, growing as the creature’s croaking grew louder, grew until it resembled a crimson balloon, until it reached the ceiling, until it—

Pop.

Hot blood splattered Miguel’s face. As if unfettered from a trance, he sprinted towards the emergency exit while his would-be lover ran back into the main hall with the Bloodbeast in a chase. For a brief moment, guilt compelled him to follow until reason prevailed.

I need to find people, he convinced himself. I need to find help.

He closed the final distance to the exit, rushed up the stairs, and put the full weight of his body onto the door. He barged through and entered the night’s chilling embrace, tackling the alley’s brick wall to stop his momentum. With a quick left turn, he made it onto the main street as screams of death and terror broke out inside The Matador. Tears burned scores into his bloodied face while he ran, not just for himself but for everyone inside. He made a sharp turn and collided with a young woman, knocking her into her friends.

“Watch where you’re—”

“Please, oh thank God, please,” Miguel managed between breaths. “There’s something... there’s something at The Matador. It’s still there, or it’s after me, you—”

“Fuck, is that blood? Oh my God, that’s blood.”

“Yes, but it’s—”

“It’s on me!” The woman cried, wiping herself furiously with her sleeve.

“What? No, no, you don’t understand. We need help!”

One of her friends stepped closer, a look of disgust clear on his face. “You need to move or I’ll crack your skull, faggot.”

Miguel froze. In an instant, the familiar sense of shame and fear replaced whatever relief he may have once felt. He saw the look in the man’s eyes—a look he had known all his life—and obeyed. Slowly, he started moving, forcing his feet forward in fear of what it meant to stop. He left the group behind, the woman’s panic ebbing out until only silence remained. It didn’t last long, however, as the night came alive with a croaking sound that was loud enough to deafen: The Bloodbeast’s hunt had resumed.

He started running, taking turn after turn on dark and empty streets. His legs were numb and only pure willpower

drove him forward in search of help and haven. He saw a police station; its illuminated windows like a lighthouse on the street corner. He crossed the desolate road and sprinted up the granite stairs to the glass door, an empty desk, and a framed portrait of President Reagan inside. When the doors didn’t open, he pressed the buzzer once, twice, three times until an officer’s face appeared.

“Let me in,” Miguel pleaded. “There’s something out here, something... fuck! Just let me in!”

The man watched him. Close by, he heard the creature’s croaking again, getting nearer by the second.

“I know you can hear me!” Miguel screamed, slamming his palms against the doors until they rattled and his hands felt like needles. “We need help! I need help! It’s killing us!”

Still, nothing.

“Please! Help us! We’re dying!”

The look of indifference remained on the officer’s face. He’s not letting me in, Miguel realized with rising nausea. He’s going to let me die, they’re all going to let us die.

He heard his death behind him now, dragging itself across the road. Miguel didn’t look, his eyes remaining instead on his executioner behind the desk. He spat a thick glob of saliva that oozed down the glass, pressed his hands against the doors, and challenged the officer to watch as he died. The croaking got louder, and louder, and louder.

Pop.

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10 Reasons Why Autumn Is Your Lover



Text: Chris Culling IG: chrisilly
Visual: Finnick IG: Finn_ickle

It was a TikTok-ridden September morning when the cold crept in. "Not yet," I told my roommate (my dad) when he asked if I was running late. The blanket was my sacred shelter, but I'd given my hand to the elements—if only to scroll a little to keep my eyes jogging.

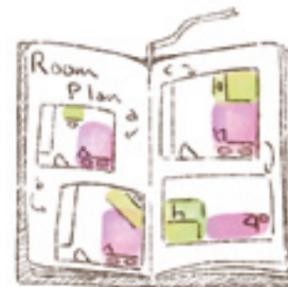
It was only at Lexi's unashamed barking some two hours later that I got dressed—if only to avoid being caught half-naked in the doorway as I pulled on that biting metal handle—to let her out. She decided promptly that she had changed her mind. I towered over her and she threw guilty glances to the side (as she does) and offered her paw and pleading eyes in hopes of my immediate forgiveness.

Then the meds, bags, headphones, and a Spotify-generated playlist extrapolated from "There's a Fool Born Every Minute" by Skeeter Davis. My bike seat was covered in a layer of wet that wiped dry in one swipe. I realised then—dancy and dreamy music in my ears—that all the cold, the wet, the light—it was all just enough to sting and prick for my attention, but it never swept my means of comfort out of reach. It was as if the season gently begged to be a part of the morning routine; peering in mindfully—very demure.

The bike ride summoned a sudden glee. A lone brown leaf spiralled down dead centre in my path, landing with a handful of others, and whispered to me: *it's official*. I tripped twice climbing stairs, and I swore they'd been raised just a millimetre or two; even the train stations were letting me know that things had changed. And when I looked down to my book on the S-train, a tiny crisp brown leaf fell—from atop my hair—between the pages; the shrivelled autumn cherry on top of it all.

The men on the train smiled and asked if they could sit in one of the three vacant seats next to mine before politely

turning to a scrolling of their own. The woman diagonally across from me sat cross-legged chatting britishly across the aisle to two others. There was just enough enthusiasm—or irishness—that had me knowing the only thing missing in the moment was a cup of tea or a pumpkin spice brew.



Still, the looming darkness of the winter months will often begin to feel daunting. Blink-and-you'd-miss-it daylight, the unforgiving cold, and many students' first term of academic stress. On top of it all, many will have moved into a new apartment just to accommodate for the lectures, exams, and torment to come, including myself.

There's no better way to kill the seasonal joy—I've learned—than to eat, sleep, and grind away in a mostly-empty three-by-three bedroom stacked with cardboard boxes and no clue how to fit everything. It became my mission impossible; to make it the cosiest, most magical three-by-three you'd ever seen. Turns out that the impossibility of the mission was a little less possible than the impossibility I had anticipated, and eventually no amount of delirium could save me from total madness.

You know it's bad when you find yourself saying, "The

main problem with this layout is that half the wardrobe is blocked by the bed's headboard," and "No! Actually, the triangular desk here is actually suspended from the ceiling, and I'm going to be sitting right there on the hammock chair above the bed!" It's important to remember that we all have free will and can walk a psychotic path to our own sense of home—I know I have. Whatever is necessary to carry you through the darkest days of the year, go for it!

I expect y'all to go apple picking, mushroom foraging, and even hiking in Dalby or Söderåsen before all the coloured leaves turn wet, mushy, or shrivel up to nothing. Thrift yourselves some new cosy autumn fits after grabbing bagels. Have some final grand adventures in the overgrown Limhamn quarry or road-trip all the way over to Teleborg Castle. Any excuse to imprison your friends in a boombox on wheels, right? If you're desperate for that summer feel to last just a little longer, visit the beautiful botanical garden in Copenhagen; the greenhouse is warm and offers entry at a discount for students, and includes the most enchanting butterfly house at the very end.



Before it flies by, autumn would be incomplete without at least once getting soaked in the unrelenting rainstorms on your own terms.

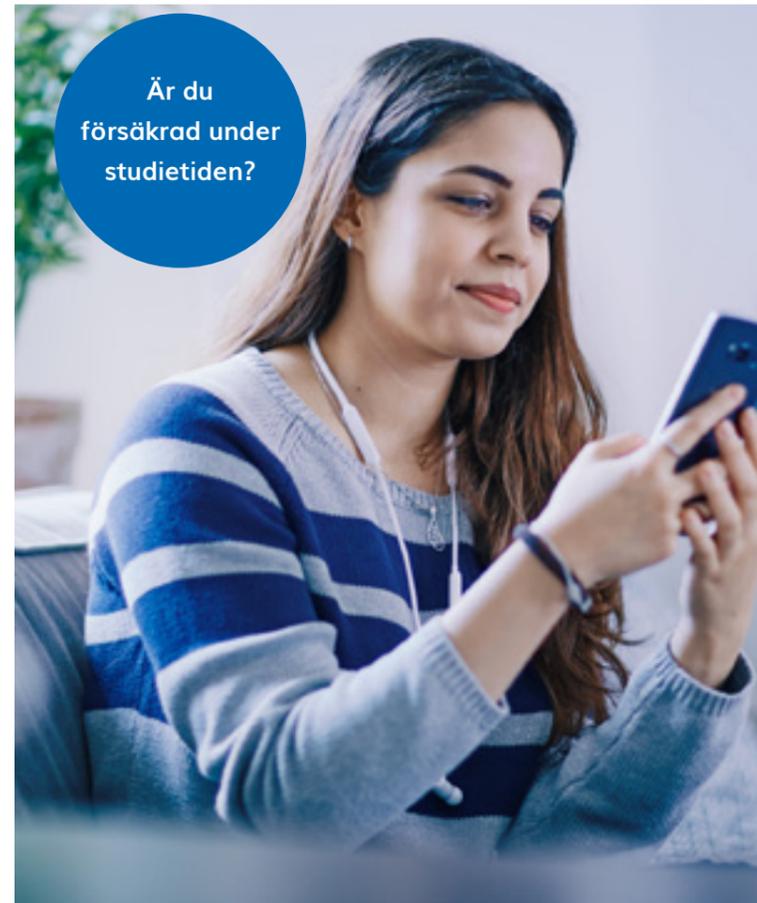
Most important of all, though, is that you have that cosy, warm and dry place to return to after checking each autumn bucket list item off the list. Preferably one with a blanket fort and a little projector of questionable quality to sit and watch Coraline or the serene content of Anna Film Productions on; A fort under which you can enjoy your hot beverage of choice, a slice of pumpkin pie, an apple cider donut, or some roasted chestnuts. Throw a not-so-hazardous amount of candles into the mix too!

If you're into the season's holidays, why not make some decorations yourself with dry clay, or whip out the yarn you've been swearing you'd get to! If you just need to relax, check out the newly released game Tiny Glade; a gorgeous sandbox all about building your dream village, castle, cottage, or grove—the serenity is unmatched.

This is all to say: make sure you give autumn and winter the love they deserve, and make summer jealous before it comes round again. Encourage your friends to join you! Tap into your sense of adventure, engineer a magical place of rest and comfort, and thrive by any mad means necessary.



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TO MEET AGAIN

Text: Dylan Casamatti, email: casamatti.dylan@gmail.com
Visual: Valdemar Gustafsson

Mattis glanced again at the microwave screen. Six, seven, eight hours before he would see his cousins again. The smell of iron and firewood permeated the air: it was Christmas.

He was home alone. His dad worked at the chairlift until late and his mom was looking for Mattis' new jacket down at the village. He played a little FIFA on his TV, looked at his football sticker album and ultimately gave up on boredom's tight grip on his mind.

He then wondered what his cousins were doing. He pictured Harold playing chess with his brother, both absorbed, their blonde heads close together as they sat in the dim light. And he thought of Charlie, lost in some imaginary world with her little sister down at the fountain. He didn't have any siblings to help time pass more quickly.

He finally stood up, restless, and opened the window overlooking the stiff and frosty open fields. The playground of their childhoods stood there, empty, deprived of its former thrill. Mattis had a thought that he couldn't express.

It was the bitterness of time passing by, of a present that once shone and was now slowly fading. An awareness that is often thought of as belonging to old people and poets but that is deeply rooted in children. Except it's not felt as words but as a breeze blowing out from a hole in their hearts.

He narrowed his eyes and re-played his vision. Events and seasons blended together, but the feelings remained with touching exactitude.

Harold was walking in the front, he still had his round glasses but was already the tallest, the most enrapturing. His purple bandana was firmly tied on his head and he held the bow of hazelnut wood and parachute strings, as he was the leader. Harold was pointing to the pine and the balcony, the two extremities where their pulley would have been attached. The cousins saw it as a game, but for Harold, it was a serious task, a pulsing need to materialize dreams that would have made him a brilliant architect so many years later. But for now, he pointed and explained.

Charlie followed him with wide strides, leaving a trail in the snow. She was holding her diary, diligently noting the plan. Her short hair was wet from the snow, her pale skin stung by a coldness that she would chase her whole life, moving to mountains in the furthest north. And Mattis came last, admiring over Charlie's shoulder her tidy cursive. In his mind, letters were elusive birds that swirled across pages without hope for him to catch them. He didn't point or write, he just followed, and his heart was swollen with joy.

The three were walking the wide fields in front of Mattis' house, with the bold purposefulness of children who have a plan. They were one, the summer break and the long Christmas days when they would finally see each other were the peak of their existence. For Mattis, it was still so, and it would have been for countless years to come.

He shook from his vision and decided that it was time to get ready. Every choice, even that of the t-shirt, mattered. He wanted his cousins to recognize him, hoping in that way to be able to recognize them and break that handful of uncomfortable seconds which always preceded the triumphal outbreak of their games. Each year it got a bit longer, but Mattis wouldn't have believed if someone had told him that one day that silence would never be broken again.

He picked out his Barcelona uniform. Charlie was crazy about football. Mattis always made sure to be updated on the formations, the newest stars, the winners and losers. He played football himself, thrice a week, pushing his fragile body from one side of the pitch to the other without ever really touching the ball. He was moved to defence, and eventually the bench.

Charlie was also small, but athletic and healthy. She played any sport with ease, she climbed trees, she jumped down from the woodshed's roof, and she could even whistle like a bird. Harold always looked at her with proud admiration, and this is why she was his assistant. Mattis didn't have a title. Often Charlie and Harold would get serious and plan their missions: the construction of a fort, the crossing of the river, a prank for the adults. Mattis would sit with them, thrilled, feeling like a soldier waiting for his leaders' instructions. Whatever the plan was, he carried it out with the utmost obedience, trying to escape his natural carefulness and keep up with the two reckless cousins, whom nature had gifted with bodies that could defeat every element.

The cousins didn't know that Mattis was born awfully earlier than expected, that his being alive had been seen as a miracle. And he, treated by his parents as a glass ornament, felt pure life pulsing through his veins as he panted some meters behind them.

Mattis tightened his watch on his wrist. The numbers were square and orange and small plastic clownfish were free to swim in the dial full of water. He stared at it for a moment, in bliss. Harold used to have the same one, they had bought it together at the village a long time before. But by the following year, Harold had changed it. On his strong wrist, silver clock hands now chased each other in a numberless dial.

Mattis looked in the mirror. There he was, wearing memories, being an intentional picture from the past that

begged them to remember him, themselves, the three of them. He felt great. It was a good plan he thought, as even in his distracted state he had started to notice his cousin's change.

Each year, Harold grew taller and more thoughtful; he would spend some time at the adults' table instead of just swallowing the food and then running outside. Mattis could not understand why. Charlie had never lost her playful, broad imagination, but she had also become more evasive. Teenagehood was about to run through her, making her blush for a girl in her school, which she wouldn't talk about with her cousins.

Mattis, instead, never changed. Many years later, in adulthood, his two cousins would feel the same knot in their stomach looking at him with a full beard but the same frailness, the same way of walking, the same watch.

But for now, he still had them, and their eyes of children did not see in Mattis anything that clashed with normality.

He heard his mom coming in, and she showed him his new jacket, which was electric blue. Mattis squealed with joy. Then she told him he needed to change, there was no way he could go play outside on Christmas day with shorts and a t-shirt. Mattis panicked, he kicked, he yelled, and he finally had to go and change his clothes. He was overcome with anxiety. He didn't look like himself now. And while he still had his eyes swollen by tears, he heard them.

First came Charlie. She and her little sister had shorts, and after-ski boots, and necklaces made of candy. They had been spending the day on the slopes and their cheeks were burning red. Mattis spied them through the door, holding his breath. Then came Harold with his older brother. Both are tall, elegant and composed. Mattis looked at his cousins and their siblings, standing there in all their glory. The thought crossed him of what his sibling would look like if he had one, and how it would feel to stand next to them.

His mom called him. "He's been looking forward to this for weeks", she explained to the other parents. "He couldn't wait, and now he's being shy", she laughed. "Mattis, come now!"

He stepped out of his room, his face pulsing with embarrassment, and he looked at his cousins. They looked at him.

He counted the seconds.

Six, seven, eight.

THE ALLURE OF FEAR

Text: Stevi Emmanouilidou IG: stevi_eml
Visual: Jaro Mettinisson IG: jaromettini



I am sitting in my friend's living room, our eyes glued to the screen. The only light in the room comes from a dimmed table lamp, the TV, and some purple and blue hues of the autumnal twilight that find their way into the apartment through the window. In a gloriously ironic way, it is Friday, the 13th of September, and we are watching the 1996 slasher horror film *Scream*.

"Oh my God."

"Ouch!"

"She's running up the stairs!"

This is not the first time either of us has watched the film. The number of times we have watched it has been enough for both of us to memorize the dialogue by heart. One could imagine that a film filled with plot twists and suspense would fail to provoke any fear or excitement after the fifth or sixth rewatch. Our joint laughter and joyful shrieks that evening would prove such assumptions false, and so would the many movie theaters that are packed with excited movie-goers ready to immerse themselves in the cinematic worlds of horror classics. Indeed, such a scene is even depicted throughout the *Scream* franchise (famous for its metanarrative and references to other classics of the horror genre), especially the first one, where cinephile Randy and his fellow high-school classmates are watching 'Halloween'. Not an ounce less enthusiastically than the first time they saw it.

If the thrill of the first time is gone, then, what compulsive attachment makes us revisit these films? And why does fear feel so exhilarating sometimes?

What is at work, of course, in horror films (and thrillers, as the name suggests) is suspense. That breathless moment where our hands gradually and involuntarily start clasp the sofa arm. It is certainly then when the movie theater gets notably silent, and it does not happen in an instant; instead, the tension builds up until some form of release is inevitable. The anticipation, however, that something is to come, something that will shock, scare, or surprise us, is at times more exciting than what follows. A jumpscare, after all, is nothing without the unease of the premonition that must precede it.

Undoubtedly, from ancient tales to Gothic literature to today's slashers, people have been attracted to fear, and there is substantial research that sheds light on this phenomenon. There is the adrenaline rush, the elation it leaves you with after the tension is resolved... What particularly intrigues me from my own experience is the feeling of calm. I believe I have been a fan of the horror genre since I was old enough to choose which movies I wanted to watch (but young enough to alarm my mother with these choices, leading to our frequent bickering at the DVD store). What strikes me, looking back is not just how appealing these monster films were to me in childhood and

adolescence, when a horror movie night was the highlight of my weekend. What I remember is that anticipating the monster on the screen served as a refuge from my anxieties: after all, it is not real, it is on the screen and I am protected, I may have no agency, yet I know that it is a story, and all stories must be resolved in the end.

And so I let my racing thoughts and anxieties of the time be released through watching the protagonist fight off the evil, maybe get down a couple of times, and then get back up to finish the story. Because we are drawn to stories because stories can make some sense of the irrationality of reality. And the mechanism of suspense had its hold on me, and I knew that the final scene, whatever it might bring, would always provide us with a definitive end. And that may have been a needed, comforting break from reality, where the end credits do not come after 90 minutes of agony; instead, we bounce from adventure to adventure, from old anxiety to new anxiety, from one concern to another. And if the film is familiar, and the scares are known beforehand and we know that the protagonist survives, that is all the better. But suspense does not have to be lost. Known as 'the paradox of suspense', many researchers and theorists have contributed to answering the question of why viewers continue to be on the edge of their seats with thriller and horror films they are well acquainted with.

Going back to *Scream*, director Wes Craven summarizes his ideas on the allure of fear in an interview: 'I don't think people like to be scared. So that's not why they go to scary movies. They go to scary movies because they already have certain fears, and the movie brings it out in a fun way, because, you know, you're not gonna be hurt. You know probably that the person you most identify with, the hero or heroine, is gonna survive, and probably triumph.' It might be true then, that when the monsters under our beds become the villains on our screens, and in the company of friends we laugh and gasp and sit in agony waiting for the next big 'bam', something is released, and something is purged.

And as Halloween approaches, the atmosphere becomes gloomier. Our mood, even artificially, is drawn to the mysterious, the enticing dark. Oddly enough, in this romanticizing of fear, and the stylization of screams, and anticipation - half-agony half-excitement - it might ultimately be a strange comfort that the fearful ones seek most.



EXPECTED GRIEF

Text: Sarah Biazio IG: sarah_bz2
Visual: Anna Sofija IG: selochai

The following article contains sensitive topics about death and grieving in the family, which some readers may find distressing. Readers' discretion is advised.

Moving abroad to study is usually an exciting experience in which you discover a new country, a new city, a new language, and take part in a completely different culture. It's expected, and this new adventure excites us. However, another side to that coin is saying goodbye to your family. You know you will see them again soon, but it might be months before that becomes a reality. It might be because it's too expensive to travel back home, the distance is too large, or traveling takes too much time.

Something we always know is a possibility, but we are somehow never truly prepared for it, is the death of a loved one, be it family or friends, back home. I experienced it for the first time not so long ago when my grandfather died. After living two years in Denmark and studying for one year in Malmö, it happened. I thought I was ready. I prepared myself, right? But in reality, you are never truly ready for the massive loss of a grandparent.

When I visited my grandparents, born in the 1930s, before I moved to Scandinavia, I always engaged in long conversations with them. I also hugged them so tight in greetings and farewells, like it was for the last time, saying "I love you". I was foolish; it is not something you get used to or can be ready for. I wish there were just one more day or just one more hour that I could have spent with my grandpa. I learned the news about his passing through a phone call. When you move far from home, you hear important news through the phone, not face to face where you could feel the presence of your loved ones. You might be able to get comfort from new connections you've acquired, but not necessarily from those who knew the person who passed away. I found it to be a very lonely feeling not to be able to seek comfort from my family.

Then comes the time to organize for the trip back home: deciding to go back, booking the flight or buying the train tickets, packing. During that whole time, you make yourself busy, not only because you have little time but also because it keeps your mind occupied. For me, it became pretty hectic. I learned my grandpa passed away on a Wednesday, and the funeral was the following Monday. It was never a question for me whether to go or not; I wanted to be there, and I was lucky enough to be surrounded by family who could comfort me there. They would have been okay if I could not have made it, whether for financial reasons, scheduling conflicts, or grieving. Although, there was no obligation for me to attend the funeral because one can celebrate one's loved one in

many different ways and wherever one is. But I wanted to be there.

Another thing to consider was my new life, which I had created while living in Scandinavia. I had managed to build my own little life throughout the years of living abroad, and death brings me back home to an older part of my life, one I have now had to include again. Of course, one can wish to cancel all their plans in order to be fully available before and after the particular day, but it is only easy in theory. Duty may interfere with your wishes.

For me, it was settled: I would arrive on Sunday and leave on Wednesday, two days after the funeral. Until my flight on Sunday evening, I was very busy with work, university, and personal matters. In my head, I knew why I was going back home, but I had not processed it fully. I was still feeling numb from hearing the news.

As soon as I stepped foot on the aircraft at Kastrup Airport, I realized more and more where I was headed. I began to anticipate this journey, from when I would land to the actual funeral ceremony and every encounter with family and relatives. Amidst all this, I was also thinking of my grandpa. My thoughts spiraled to where his body could be at this exact moment while I was on the plane. I thought about my poor grieving grandmother, about her losing her beloved husband. And I started to think about how the ceremony in his honor would go, how my grandma would react, and what she would say about him.

As the plane landed in Switzerland, I started to feel stressed and somehow sick. When I left the Euroairport in Basel by car to meet my family on the French side, I could feel the grief in my whole body. The realization that this was happening hit me full-on. But somehow, mostly thanks to some trivial conversation with my cousin who picked me up in a Peugeot, I managed the car ride without crying.

The Peugeot turned into a street that I knew all too well. I've been there. I spent many summers and holidays on that street. A green house further down that street was the most familiar home of all. In that particular house, I grew up visiting this loving home where I saw two happy people with so much adoration and kindness to share. How would it be to enter this charming green home, expecting to see both my grandparents like always, only to meet one? I was filled with expected apprehension. Expectations I dreaded more and more the closer we got to the house. The driver, my cousin, finally parked and turned off the engine. It was time to face what I had anticipated for five days. I would enter my grandparents' house, but my grandfather would not be here.

Among my family members, I was and am the one living the furthest away, by more than a thousand kilometers, but also the only one outside the country. Because of the distance, I was unable to visit my grandpa when he became ill. I didn't get to say goodbye while he was still alive. It's always a sad realization that you could never get that one final goodbye. But I had the possibility to do it before the funeral.

You see, in the French Christian tradition and possibly in other practices, the body is in a "Funerarium", or funeral home, before the funeral. Here, the dead are prepared for burial or cremation, and the family can visit the deceased to say farewell. I felt guilty about being the last to see him

when I got to the funerarium. I could have been there for him in his final days if I hadn't moved abroad. But then I had to remind myself that thanks to him, my grandpa, and also my grandma, I could have even made my Scandinavian journey a reality. They supported, encouraged, and gave me the confidence to go and live abroad. In a way, I think embracing and not feeling regretful of my choice is a way to celebrate him.

Seeing the body in the morning at the funeral home and later the coffin at the funeral in the afternoon marked the full realization of his death. Seeing him made it all too real. A sort of calm enveloped me, and I could let myself feel all my warring emotions peacefully. I had a lot of expectations of what I would feel, what I would say, and whether I would cry or not. I, of course, felt the anticipated overwhelming feeling of grief, filled with nostalgia and memories of my time with my grandpa. I felt the echo of his absence. I wanted him there, alive, holding me together. But I was also relieved that he felt no more pain. Surprisingly, I also felt all the love people had for him pouring from the other guests. I could also feel strongly connected to myself, my family, and my relatives. In a way, it was a trip to connect with all the people I love as well, which I hadn't expected.

I would not say I was lucky to live in another country, but the fact that I'm living abroad helped with my grief. Because after a week full of heartache and grief, I returned to my apartment that had stood still since I left. There was no evidence of the loss I felt inside me. I was busy with my life again, and the distractions made it possible to distance myself from the loss. Although, I could not help but think of my grandma, alone in that big house, a house full of the memories of my grandfather, unable to escape the thought of his absence.

I, however, was welcomed home with a "How was your holiday?" as if I had spent my days there enjoying the sunny weather and relaxing. It was jarring at first hearing those words. But I thought using the word "holiday" could be something positive instead. The word describes a time outside the routine, outside the "ordinary" time itself. A moment meant for memories, of paying tributes, a way for me to fully dedicate the day to my grandfather. If it were a holiday, then it would be an honor to turn it into a tribute for him, **Henri**.



CREATIVE WRITING

Visual: Julie Inksmith IG: ju.li_5

Introduction

Yet again, we have extended an invitation to Creative Writing students to share their passion for writing with us. In this segment you will find four wonderful pieces. Enjoy!

Artist's Statement

Anticipation comes with a lot of mixed feelings. There can be eagerness, excitement and thrill for what's about to come, however, there can also be dread, fear and anxiety of the unknown. The first thing I thought of regarding "Anticipation", as a bookworm, was telling myself "just one more chapter" at three in the morning, desperately wanting to know what happens next. Does the main character come unscathed from an encounter, do they finally confess their love or do they die? I just need to know NOW, and so, just one more chapter it is.



Explosion

Text: Kevin Winkler

The night sparkled with cheer and joy,
but slowly it fades, new beginnings to
deploy.

Now the hearts pound,
the breath held tight,
feelings arise,
awaiting the light.
Thoughts are swirling,
yet there's no doubt,
the gap is closing,
the hearts beat so loud.

It's happening now,
There's no turning back,
The scent fills the air,
rich flavors unpack.
Fireworks burst and colors ignite,
The moment is here, the sensation
shines bright.

Unexpected

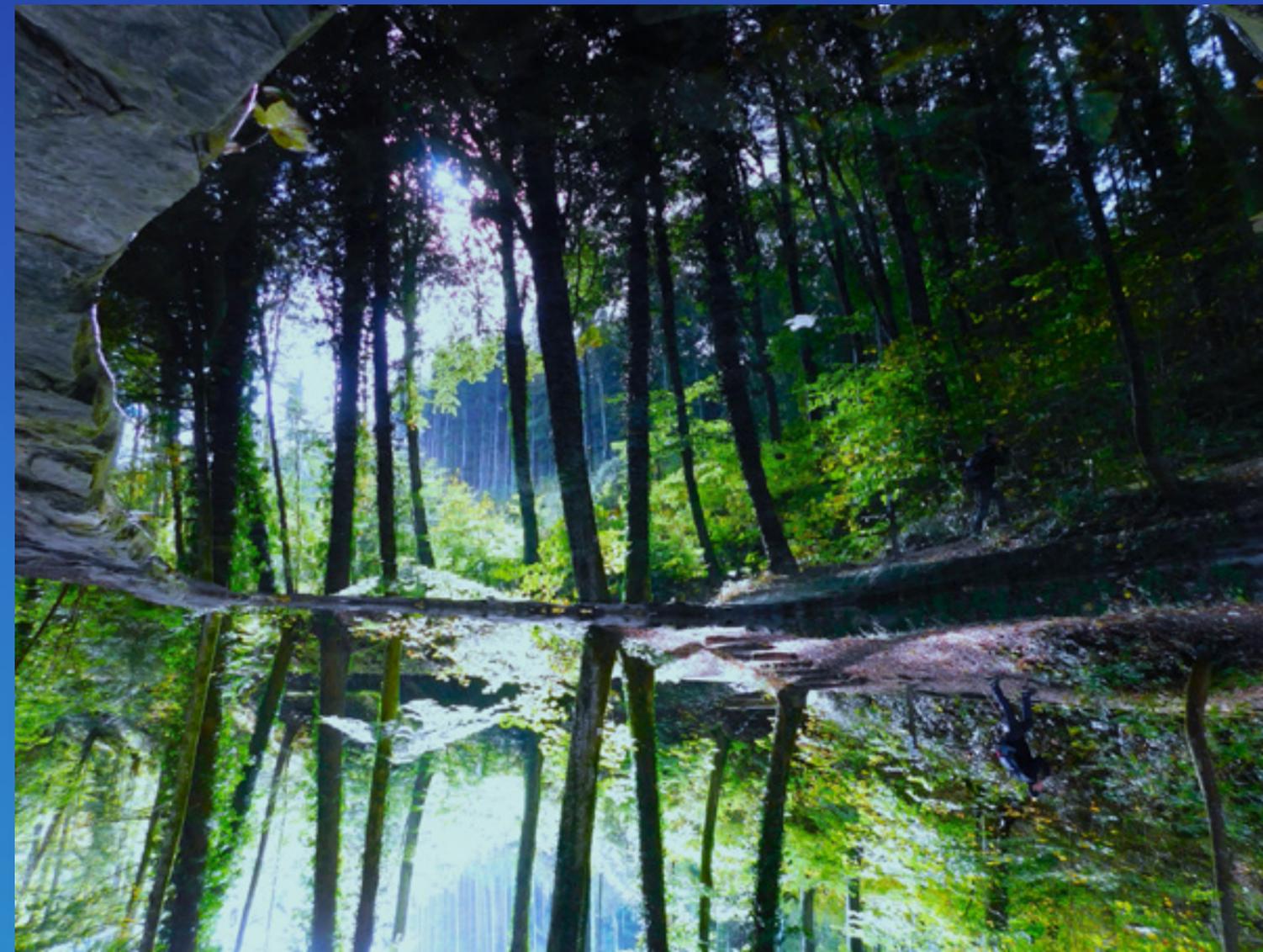
Text & Visual: Nora Naeve

Is it how it's supposed to be?
Was I blind,
But now I see?

Is it how it's supposed to feel?
Was that my dream,
But now it's real?

Can I come closer,
Or take a step back?
A new perspective,
On that suspect?

What,
If I would have known?



Anticipation

Text: Edoardo Corci

It feels incredible thinking about the fact that it is finally happening. The anticipation of the event that I am going to be participating in today. Laying in my bed, with open eyes, I can feel so much electricity, produced by the anticipation, that circulates in my body. The darkness of my room is vibrating with all my nervousness and excitement for today. I let the sunlight come inside my bedroom, and it hit like a million daggers hitting my eyes.

Preparing to go out, I cannot stop thinking about all the times I watched the news, or I talked to classmates and friends about what is happening in the world. Not to think about all the times I spent sitting stiff on my bed, feeling numb at the idea that I am a young adult, who should be ready to live their lives 100%, and instead stay inside a dark room. Their thoughts contemplate the fact of all the atrocities that are happening nowadays, feeling a young corpse sent to the nearest future.

I am finally approaching, and I follow the sea of people, getting pressed to each other in order to enter the building. The event starts, Rachel Reeves has been introduced. The room is bombarded with cheering, applause and flashes from the journalists' cameras. But none is louder than the excitement of my anticipation.

Reeves proceeds with her speech, and I cannot stop thinking of how small and ordinary she looks. They always look so different when you are watching them on tv. Her words mask lies, like most every politician 'promises

of change and improvement. And my frustration builds up, created also by the anticipation of this moment, when I am going to blast out all my discouragements. All the black holes that we create hearing all the hopelessness that all the events we have to witness every day. Scared at the idea that we will have to take the responsibility our leaders should have taken long ago, instead of behaving like children as Greta Thunberg said in 2018.

So, I finally stand up and I take my time to look Rachel in the eye and ask her what about the climate crisis, asking to stop selling arms to Israel and more. She is taking her sight away from mine, and I can see very clearly how uncomfortable she is at my recriminations. I feel an arm trying to put me down, but I have been waiting for this moment for a long time. I wouldn't let them take it from me and I fight back to stand back straight, continuing pleading my case.

And then, it happens, the arm is around my neck, trying to take me away from the scene. I choke a little, my sight gets blurry. I can hear some of the crowd cheering and some booing. Then Reeves, when I am draught away in such a brutal way, cowardly says that this is not a party that represents protest. I suppose the future generation still has to wait for a change.

Waiting at the Tea House

Text: Elliot Lakefield

I met Aoyama Nobuyuki outside the portico of Master Rikiu's tea house. I quickly bowed to him to show my respect. I didn't know that he was invited—then again, I had not been told the names of any of the guests. However, upon seeing my bow, he shook his head.

"Not so deep a bow," he said. "Elsewhere, yes, but not here. Here we are equals." I nodded. He gestured towards the portico. "Come, Takeda, let us wait together."

I followed Lord Aoyama into the portico.

I tied off my swords, placing them on one of the shelves provided for weapons. Lord Aoyama waited until I had finished putting my weapons away before he sat down. I sat down next to him.

"Have you tasted Master Rikiu's tea before?" he asked.

"I have not, but I have heard stories of it. My teacher has spoken highly of it."

"So even he has been here. Master Rikiu is truly one of the most powerful men. Even the strongest of warriors, greatest of leaders, smartest of strategists and richest of merchants, shrink to the size of ants before his tea."

We waited in the portico as more guests arrived. The great artisan Saito Eiji who painted *The Moon Over the Withered Field*; and Monk Genko of the Lotus sect at Spring Mountain.

All guests were now gathered. No more than five people could be in a tea room, such were the rules. "More than the Graces and less than the Muses."

A faint scent of incense danced its way to the portico, inviting us to enter. Exiting the portico through the back, we found the garden path that led to the tea room. Beautiful stone lanterns were strewn about in a sea of white and pink morning glories. While looking like refined poverty, this house alone was surely more expensive than Lord Aoyama's castle. We held our breath.

The doorway to the tea room was only a mere meter tall, forcing us to bend low and almost crawl to enter. First the monk entered, followed by Saito, me, and lastly Lord Aoyama.

The room was small and sparse with decoration. Not a speck of dust could be seen. A single lily sat in a hanging vase, dripping with dew—a stark contrast to the blazing hot summer day outside.

In the middle of the room, albeit not centered, stood a small brazier on which water boiled. We all sat down, breaths abated, voices gone. Silence roared through the house as a bird-like chirping rose from the brazier, beneath the sound of wind and waves that rose from the kettle.

Faint steps resounded from behind the wind and beyond the waves of the kettle, straw sandals sliding ever so faintly over the garden path.

THE HORIZON AND ME

Text: Rikiel Sirviö IG: rikieleone
Visual: Ellen Gemback

I am in my new apartment, staring at the sun through the window setting behind Malmö's skyline and admiring the sky and the sun while dreaming about my future. It is there, but far away. Imagining myself as one of the best in the sphere of global politics, not sure how I will get there, but I'm certain I will. My thoughts drift off to somewhere so distant and unknown... Wait, hold on, I've already felt this moment before, haven't I? This is exactly a direct parallel to a moment when I was just a teenager back in my home town in Finland. I was looking at the sunset and the forestry hills on the horizon, wondering what my life would become. However, I knew it would not happen there. My soul craved an adventure beyond my tiny and safe home. Returning to this day, and all of a sudden, I have accomplished those innocent and pure adolescent years' dreams: living in a foreign country as an independent young adult who is studying their dream field. However, the leap from the teenage me to today's me did not only consist of seeing the future through rose-tinted glasses. Making my dreams come true requires huge steps to be taken, and I tend to take it for granted that I've already made it this far. In between these steps, there has been plenty of overthinking and worrying over the distant future. Throughout my life, I have spent many, and I mean many days controlling the uncontrollable. Just think of all the things I could have done with that time instead...

I may not be living in a galaxy far far away nor close to being a Jedi Knight, but in some ways, I can relate to Luke Skywalker's journey in the original Star Wars films: looking at the horizon, always anticipating something larger than yourself, but also impatience towards future events and forgetting to live in the moment. These elements can be the downsides of anticipation. While I've learned that dreaming can be a tool to achieve my goals, I've also realized that ungratefulness, impatience and overthinking about the future can prevent me from taking action in the present. Can impatience and escapism from present reality become our enemy?

From my point of view, dreaming is always encouraged. You will never be certain where your dreams can lead you. However, impatiently anticipating wonderful things to happen in your life can easily pull you away from the present moment. Sometimes there can

even be a fine line between marvellous daydreaming and stressing over the distant future, at least for me. The what-ifs, when-I-haves and how-can-I-thens have always been my best buddies when it comes to overthinking about the future. In the worst-case scenario, stressing over something that is still far beyond our reach can take away our time from enjoying, learning and experiencing things in the present life. This is what I would call the downside element when it comes to anticipation of the future. It is precisely the present time that we can affect and which affects us.

While my take here is that concrete action is a better idea than focusing all your energy to your thoughts, I have an understanding that this is not always the case for everyone. As human beings, certain variables can prevent us from doing the things we want to do the most. We might not have the time, the place, the resources or privileges for it. However, dreaming and anticipation are always free. Imagination is your only limit. Let's take the example of depression and the aspect of dreaming. Positive feelings towards anticipation of the future can be escapism from the present, and that can be the key to climbing back up from the low point so that someday one can make their dreams come true by action. From my experience, I was jagged in my depression during my high school years, on my way to somewhere in life, but I had no joy in experiencing it. I barely survived the obligatory tasks in life. My social relationships were poor, days were filled with endless TikTok scrolling and lying in bed. I felt the most unfair and insane - why me? Daily, I dreamt about my possible future in university, having my apartment and having the time of my life. That felt comforting to the present situation, and I think there is nothing wrong with that. That was one of the

reasons I survived that situation in life. I just need to trust myself that when I am hitting the lows in life, I will always manage to come back up with the help of anticipation or whatever the tools may be for me. I wish that for every person. Therefore, I think escapism in these kinds of situations cannot automatically become your enemy. On the other hand, blaming yourself for undone actions at the low points in life is not going to help you.

"Iffing" is only going to take you deeper into the pool of self-sabotage. You have more power within you than you think you have. If you were able today to pick up this magazine and read it all the way here, trust me that you are already in an active role in your own life. Then the thought of "But I have not even done this and this, and I should do this and be better at that!" has more space to take over us rather than being grateful and proud of yourself. From here, it is harder to aim for the anticipated dreams. Newsflash: we all are incomplete and on our way to somewhere. The most important part is that you are alive, that is the starting point for everything. If that does not exist then well, you cannot anticipate anything. On top of being alive, if you are reading this, you have the privilege of knowing how to read, even possibly knowing a second language. We tend to take these kinds of elements for granted too often. I'm not saying that everyone has become too ungrateful for life, but I think that we often forget to be thankful for our contemporary tools and privileges. Also, we forget to give ourselves credit for making it this far, even though we are still on our way towards our dreams.

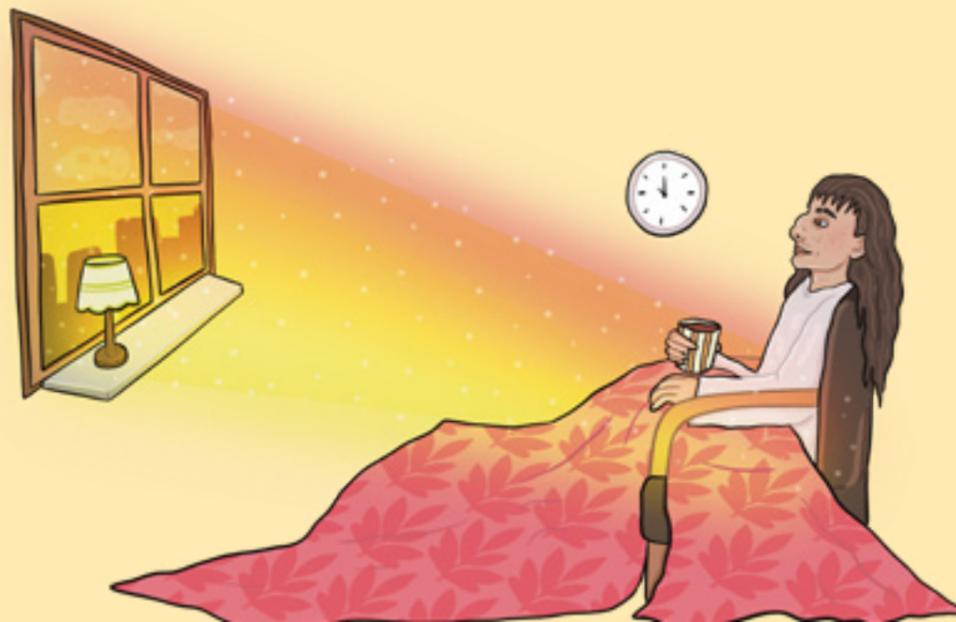
This leads us perfectly to the next obstacle that I have found within anticipation: impatience. Despite my background with depression and just making it day by day, I have had several moments in life where I have more resources and energy to do things that I want, but still being harsh on myself that I am not there yet. I mean by this that I have not yet reached the goals that I have set for myself. Let's go back to Luke: at many points during Luke's journey to become a Jedi Knight, he thinks that something is a waste of time or he is frustrated because he is not good at something immediately. He wants to be a Jedi in the snap of his fingers but does not always comprehend what it will take from him. He wants it all to happen right away. I can relate to this. By my nature, I am a natural stressor of everything. I can get upset if I don't immediately understand something at school, and from this, my thoughts have already made the conclusion that I will never be employed and I will live a miserable life: "There is no point in this if I'm not good at this right here and now!" Of course, these are only my mind's made-up scenarios, not the truth. This useless panicking takes away my possibility of enjoying the journey of improvement.

In the midst of this, I also forget that I am already at a point in my life that I anticipated for a long time. In front of a challenge or any problem you may face, it is easy to go back and look at the horizon and forget the present. I want to be there already, working for the UN for example, be complimented for my work, help people's lives for the better daily and use my full potential in my job. When Luke starts his Jedi training with Yoda in The

Empire Strikes Back, Yoda confronts Luke's impatience and ungratefulness: "All his life he has looked away... to the future, to the horizon. Never his mind on where he was. Hmm? What he was doing..." Even though Yoda also refers to the disciplines of a proper Jedi Knight, this can be applied to human life: do not let impatience and anticipation be on your way when you want to reach for something. If you have the resources in the present to achieve your dreams, then inaction in the present time serves no purpose for achieving those dreams.

While Luke's character is impatient at the beginning of his Jedi journey, he also sees adventure only from an optimistic point of view. On the other hand, Yoda, a 900-year-old who has faced countless challenges, understands that an adventure that you are craving does not always turn out to be a happy ride. I have personally learned that main quests of adventures in life might often include multiple side quests along the way, which is a natural part of the journey and human life. The stakes were high when I went to get a top surgery before moving to Malmö. At first, I thought that having the surgery was only a positive thing: it would make my life better. I quickly realized that I had to tackle many obstacles in the span of half a year. I need to go through this with relatives, make money in order to get it, consider this decision as long as I need to, and at the same time apply for university studies. If something goes wrong in the procedure, my dream of moving to a foreign country to study comes crashing down. However, I saw my present opportunities, took action and took the risk that fortunately bore fruit. I definitely would not be the same today if I had been inactive back then. I went towards what my soul felt to be true. It was nothing but easy, but every day I'm trying to be grateful and proud of myself. Now, I am living my anticipated dreams, but already making room for more.

We all have our own paths towards the future, but the most important thing is the action you make in the present time, but also how you are making it. Learn to swallow the pill that you will always be incomplete. We are just living beings. For me, looking into the horizon has guided me a lot in life and has been there for comfort during the darkest times, but for my future self (ironic, isn't it), I want to find peace between anticipation for the future and living in the present. Otherwise, one day, I'm somewhere thinking that I did not do this and that because I was spending my time clinging to the distant future. I have concluded that only you can determine your actions and your purpose in life. Dreams are there for you to guide you during this life's journey, to be there when there's nothing else left, but they do not exist to distract you from the present. You have made it this far, so please be grateful and kind to yourself. Let your anticipation take you wherever you wish. Your courage follows later on. Next time you are looking into the horizon, I want you to anticipate only the best things to happen to you in life, but don't ever forget the ground beneath you.



SEE YOU SOON

Visual: Bardha Bala IG: baardhab



Kårensidor

KÅRORDFÖRANDE HAR ORDET / THE PRESIDENT HAS THE WORD

Challenges, dreams and hopes

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

As the president of the Student Union Malmö I wish to welcome all students of Malmö University. I am glad to represent you all during the following year and am very happy to see so many of you on the university grounds!

While we are very happy to be back on campus, the Student Union had faced some challenges during last year, like finding a new location for our organisation due to the MAU's plan to build new premises, Amphitrite.

The good news is that the University is expanding and will have more space for the students, staff and other organisations connected to the university.

We are currently negotiating our future funding with Malmö city, as well as, renewing our contract with MAU. So, as you may understand, some of the challenges are still ahead of us and we need to negotiate well in order to secure the future of the student Union.

Although we've secured the office space and reception area, we're still pursuing a new location for the student pub, as we believe it's a crucial part of our students' social life during their university years.

On the bright side, being able to keep the student pub for two more weeks allowed us to have a very successful Inspark. We merely want to express our gratitude to everyone who made it possible for all the new students to have a good time.

We wish you a very successful academic year, and fingers crossed, our paths will cross soon at the new student pub!



Bojana Drljaca

Bojana Drljaca
Kårordförande

ENGAGERA DIG I Kåren!



Engagera dig i Studentkåren för en rolig möjlighet att träffa nya vänner och få värdefulla erfarenheter inför arbetslivet. Välj det som intresserar dig mest, så blir det extra givande.

Som aktiv inom Kåren får du träffa människor med liknande intressen och kan skapa livslånga vänskaper. Hur mycket tid du lägger avgör du själv. Du får även ett intyg på ditt engagemang, vilket kan ge dig ett försprång på arbetsmarknaden.

Kårens verksamhet är indelad i två delar: **studentinflytande** och **representation** för den som vill vara med och fatta viktiga beslut, samt **studiesocialt** för den som vill planera event och aktiviteter.

Skanna QR-koden för att läsa mer om hur du kan engagera dig i Kåren.



Get engaged in the Student Union for a fun opportunity to meet new friends and gain valuable experience for your working life. Choose what interests you most and it will be extra rewarding.

As an active member of the Student Union, you will meet people with similar interests and make lifelong friendships. How much time you spend is up to you. You also get a certificate of your involvement, which can give you a head start in the work market.

The Union's activities are divided into two parts: **student engagement** and **representation** for those who want to be involved in making important decisions, and **study social** for those who want to plan events and activities.

Scan the QR code to read more about how you can get involved in the Union.



Jonah

STUDENTOMBUD LS OCH HS



Har du något tips på hur man, som student, tar sig igenom hösten/vintern?

Dubbelkolla Skånetrafikens reseapp direkt när du vaknar! Försök också att njuta av den här tiden på året, även om mörker och kyla kanske inte är favoriten.

Do you have any tips on how to get through the fall/winter as a student?

Double-check the Skånetrafiken travel app right when you wake up! Also, try to enjoy this time of year, although darkness and cold may not be the favorite.

Konstantina

STUDENTOMBUD TS OCH KS

Har du något tips på hur man, som student, tar sig igenom hösten/vintern?

Som ny student i Sverige kan det vara överraskande hur dystra platserna kan vara. Men försök se regnet och ljusslingorna i hemmen som något vackert. Umgås med vänner för filmkvällar med varma drycker. Särskilt under den ensamma vintern. Be gärna om hjälp från Studenthälsan, där du kan prata med kuratorer gratis – det är okej att känna sig nedstämd under vintern.

Do you have any tips on how to get through the fall/winter as a student?

As a new student in Sweden, it can be surprising how bleak places is, but try to see the beauty, such as the rain and the string lights in homes. Hang out with friends for movie nights with hot drinks, especially during the lonely winter. Ask for help from student health services, where you can talk to counselors for free - it's okay to feel down during winter.



Studentråd

- Påverka din utbildning!

Vi bjuder in till studentråd. En mötesplats där du som student, klassrepresentant och kursrepresentant samlas för att uttrycka åsikter om kvalitén om universitetets utbildningar.

Kommande studentråd:

TS - 26 november i Niagara kl. 12-13
HS - 26 november i HS kl. 12-13
KS - 28 november i Niagara kl. 12-13
LS - 28 november i Orkanen kl. 12-13

Local Student Council

- Influence your education!

We invites you to Local Student Council. A meeting place where you as a student, class representative and course representative come together to express opinions about the quality of the university's programs.

Upcoming Local Student Councils:

TS - November 26 at 12-13
HS - November 26 at 12-13
KS - November 28 at 12-13
LS - november 28 at 12-13



Kontakta Kåren / contact the Union

Presidiet

Bojana Drljaca

Kårordförande/President
Tel: 076 050 95 64
E-post: ordforande@malmostudenter.se

Damilare Latinwo

Vice kårordförande/Vice President
Tel: 070 757 72 62
E-post: vice.ordforande@malmostudenter.se

Studentombud

Konstantina Klonari

Studentombud KS och TS
Tel: 070 757 75 67
E-post KS: ombudks@malmostudenter.se
E-post TS: ombudts@malmostudenter.se

Jonah Merkel

Studentombud LS och HS
Tel: 070 757 75 68
E-post LS: ombudls@malmostudenter.se
E-post HS: ombudhs@malmostudenter.se

Styrelseledamöter med fakultetsansvar

Fakultetsansvarig för Kultur och samhälle

E-post: ledamotks@malmostudenter.se

Fakultetsansvarig för Lärande och samhälle

E-post: ledamotls@malmostudenter.se

Fakultetsansvarig för Teknik och samhälle

E-post: ledamotts@malmostudenter.se

Fakultetsansvarig för Hälsa och samhälle

E-post: ledamoths@malmostudenter.se

Receptionen

Neptunigatan 20

(+46) 40 665 75 65

receptionen@malmostudenter.se

Öppettider / Opening hours

Tisdag - torsdag, kl. 10:00- 16:00

Fredag, kl. 10:00- 13:00

Följ oss på sociala medier!

@studentkaren_malmo

/studentkarenmalmo

Studentkåren Malmö

Studentkåren Malmö

SKANNA QR-KODEN!

FÅ RABATTER OCH FÖRMÅNER OCH STÖTTA ARBETET AV STUDENTER FÖR STUDENTER.

BLI MEDLEM I KÅREN.



THANKS FOR READING!

The Editors-in-Chief would like to express our deep-felt gratitude to each talented writer and visual artist who has contributed to make this issue.



INTERESTED IN JOINING SUM?

We are always looking for new members to help create the next issue. Writers, illustrators, photographers and many more are always needed at SUM.

Send us an email: sum@malmostudenter.se
Or send a DM on Instagram: SUM_Magazine

SUM



**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 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

