

Beder Youth



Magazine

Issue 7



Inspired by the YCEES Creative Writing Contest, this edition uplifts the fearless creativity of young minds and their commitment to turning ideas into art.



Special Issue

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In honor of the YCEES Creative Writing Contest, this issue celebrates the power of youth voices and the courage to express, imagine, and create. The contest served as a platform for students to explore their inner worlds, confront questions that matter, and turn thought into art. Each piece included in this special edition stands as a testament to the transformative force of storytelling—where language becomes a tool for reflection, connection, and change.

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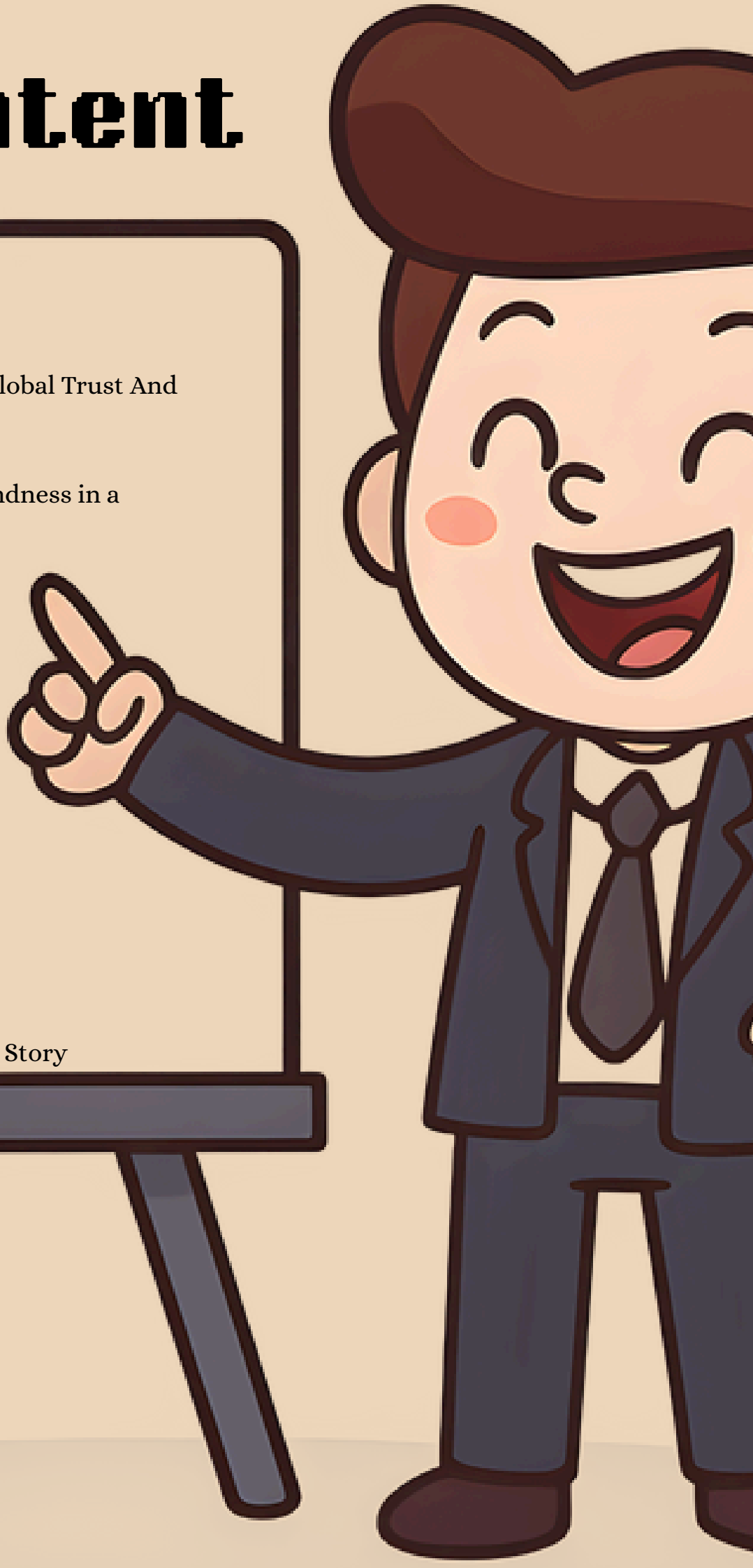
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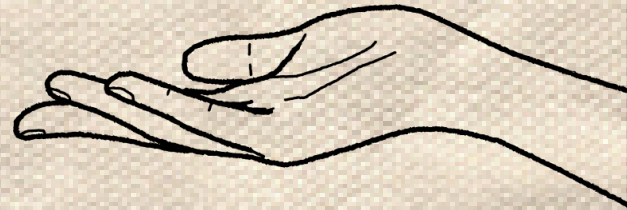
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Some Good in the World

Each of us was created for a purpose. I believe that we are not here by accident but rather through a certain divine intention. As a student in my first-year master's program in English Education, I firmly feel that my function is to guide others, especially young people, to find meaning in their own lives. In a world, which seems to move too fast and to lose its deeper values, I would like to be able to help people stop, think, and find their way through education. For me, teaching is not something separate from service; it is a way to plant a seed from truth and wisdom that one day might mature into something greater.

Aryslanbek Aryspayev
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I came into the world when the internet had not been created yet. I have witnessed that, despite all its excellence, the digital world has sown seeds of confusion and disconnection, while in some cases it has led to an undermining of morals. In the mad rush for information and entertainment, some important questions tend to be buried: Who are we? Why are we here? What do we truly value? Real education, genuine schooling, can lead us to answers to these questions. This I believe is why I have chosen teaching: not just to prepare students for tests or jobs but to aid them in becoming conscious, thoughtful, and caring ones.

In my own life, I try to improve myself every day. I read, reflect, and try to gain perspective on the world. I feel that in order to teach others, I must first be someone who is learning. Development is an ongoing process, and I try to embrace this journey with a great deal of modesty. I practice my communication skills; I improve my knowledge of language and life, and try to stay aware of the critical issues affecting our communities and our world around us—I mean things like social isolation, misinformation, environment degradation, and increasing apathy in human-to-human interactions. I am not somebody who claims to have all the solutions, but I want to be a part of the solution.

In my day-to-day life, I try to do good quietly and consistently. I lend my ear to the voices that need to be heard. I help my friends who find the classes difficult to understand. I respect my teachers and appreciate every opportunity for learning from them. I am all about supporting and caring for my family, simply because these little acts of kindness almost serve as plaster for strong relationships. I plan to become involved in my community with language-learning projects, especially for young learners or those who may not have easy access to quality education.

As I grow into my future position, I want to inspire my students to master English and to use language as a tool to understand the world. Language is powerful; it gives shape to our thoughts, to the feelings by which we express ourselves, and to their experiences. Using words, we can convey the truth, interrogate uncomfortable questions, and bridge gaps between people of different backgrounds. Such usefulness of language must be emphasized now when technology often tends to divide more than connect.

Therefore, I visualize helping build a class of thinkers and dreamers who will not take easy answers but will fearlessly chase the truth with open minds. I want to create curricula and educational programs that foster critical thought, ethical reflection, and social conscience. I believe that education must cater to the mind and to the spirit. It should help people see the world not only as it is, but also in terms of potential, great potential.

A single individual like me indeed has a limited reach. Nevertheless, I believe that even one honest teacher, one person who truly wants to make a difference, can really make a change. When we touch and inspire even one life, our flow reaches so far beyond what we witness. Maybe the world will never be right, but if we all do something good, stand for truth, serve others in our own ways, and learn and teach with love, then we give it hope.

So yes, I believe that there is a little bit better world because I exist. Not that I am special or powerful, but because I am trying. I walk intentionally on this path, led by faith and the belief that our life means something. I want to be that light for others during a time when so many are searching for direction in the dark. Through education, through giving, and through constant self-growth, I hope to leave a legacy of hope, clarity, and purpose

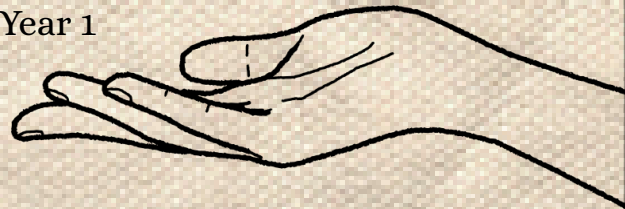


A Quiet Contribution

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Year 1



Human interaction and the role of our species' place in the world's scheme has always fascinated me. Though I'm not studying psychology or philosophy, I often catch myself asking the question: Why do we do what we do? What drives us behind the scenes? What traces do we leave behind, either doing so intentionally or inadvertently?

At some point or another, I believe everyone feels the desire to make a difference, to leave a visible mark. But before we can think about changing the world, we have to begin first with ourselves and that, is probably the toughest part. Coming to know yourself, your values, your hot buttons, your tendencies—is nowhere close to being a simple task. But as soon as you begin to figure yourself out, the bigger picture slowly becomes clearer.

There's this phrase I return to over and over: "You don't have to do big things to make a big difference". For a long time, I believed that it took big actions—starting a movement, inventing something, changing laws—to possibly improve the world. But over time, I've come to believe that quiet, consistent actions carry their own kind of power.

I belong to many overlapping "worlds": as a college student, now transitioning to a life in a new country as an Erasmus+ participant; as a member of a small, close-knit community in my home country; and as a member of an even broader global generation struggling to make sense of an uncertain future.

And speaking of my current international experience, I wanted to add that—thanks to it, I've come to understand even more deeply how culture shapes not only behavior, but our own very idea of what is "good". Being surrounded by people from vastly different backgrounds, I've realized that values I took for granted can mean something entirely different to someone else. Respect, kindness, generosity—these are not fixed traits, but flexible ones, interpreted through cultural context. This hasn't made me feel uncertain; it's made me more curious and open. I've started listening more, judging less. And I've come to see that making a difference sometimes begins not with action, but with understanding.

We all live in shared places—our families, communities, schools, cities. But rarely do we pause to consider: what does our presence actually mean in these spaces? Do we just blend in passively, or do we leave something behind—an idea, value, an impact?

The phrase "do some good in the world" is one that we hear a lot. It's easy to dismiss it as simply cliché, but its core idea is still so powerful. Doing good doesn't require a spotlight. It doesn't require a perfect plan or viral moment. It requires intention, an active choice to be thoughtful in how we interact with others and how we carry ourselves.

I believe that the world doesn't need more noise or performance. It needs people who live with quiet integrity. For me, that means even small things: showing up prepared, respecting others' time, helping when it's not expected, asking thoughtful questions, and staying curious. These aren't dramatic actions, but they set a tone—and that tone shapes the environment we live in.

Everyone influences their surroundings, whether they realize it or not. Our attitudes are contagious. Our values, visible or invisible, ripple outward. When we take responsibility for our presence, when we think carefully about how we show up—we contribute to culture. And that culture, in turn, shapes how others behave. I don't pretend to have all the answers. But I try to carry the right questions. Am I adding more than I'm taking? Am I helping someone feel seen or heard? Am I raising the standard, or just going along with whatever's easiest? These questions guide me in each of my roles—as a student, a friend, a family member, a stranger passing someone on the street etc.

So, is the world a better place because I'm in it? Not in any dramatic or world-shifting way. But I'd like to think that, quietly, yes. Through small, intentional choices. Through honest self-reflection. Through everyday moments that leave behind something better than what was there before.

And for now, that's enough.

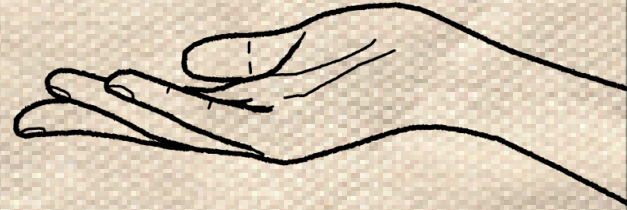


BRIDGEFORGOOD: BUILDING GLOBAL TRUST AND SOCIAL SOLIDARITY

In the contemporary era, the growing digital connectivity has led to the emergence of serious challenges, such as social isolation and the erosion of trust. While technological advancements facilitate easy access to information, they simultaneously weaken interpersonal trust and dissolve social bonds. Negative phenomena such as theft, defamation, bullying, and violence further exacerbate the atmosphere of mistrust, diminishing the desire for social solidarity and cooperation. As a result, feelings of loneliness and alienation have become more prevalent in society.

Zehra Göğebakan

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To solve these problems, a digital platform called BridgeForGood has been proposed. This platform aims to build social unity by helping people trust each other, giving users a safe space to talk and assisting them in creating social responsibility projects. Additionally, it empowers individuals to meet their social responsibilities through collaborative projects where they can offer mutual support. On a global scale, people from diverse cultures can interact safely and deepen their social connections. It is a comprehensive platform that seeks to facilitate a world that is safer, more supportive, and better connected.

The platform allows individuals to articulate their needs and request help, while also offering opportunities for volunteering and assisting others. Users are encouraged to participate in social responsibility through various initiatives, including charitable projects, awareness campaigns, and involvement in support groups. Additionally, purpose-driven groups, such as animal shelters and educational support for children in orphanages, motivate people to participate in projects with specific, targeted goals.

BridgeForGood fosters trust among its users by offering trust-building content and establishing a community based on solidarity. The platform incorporates security mechanisms such as authentication as well as feedback systems, ensuring that users feel safe both when offering and when receiving help. Also, the platform tries to connect cultures and economies among diverse people since it increases perception, compassion, and acceptance. These interactions give users a better comprehension of life experiences, thereby helping to fight social discrimination.

Moreover, BridgeForGood represents a significant opportunity for personal development. In addition to aiding others, users can acquire new skills by participating in social projects, volunteering, and engaging with other users. These experiences will have a positive impact on both their personal and professional lives, encouraging lifelong learning. As users gain experience in various fields, they will become more informed and active both on an individual and societal level.

An additional feature of BridgeForGood is its ability to fund community projects and research. Users can propose project ideas aimed at benefiting the world and raise funds to support them. The platform adopts a principle of transparency when collecting financial donations, allowing users to monitor how funds are spent and ensuring that projects are implemented correctly. Such clarity reduces all misuse risks. Also, it can improve trust within the local community. The platform increases its effectiveness and also its credibility by ensuring the funds are used in an appropriate way.

For better user protection, advanced cybersecurity measures will be implemented by BridgeForGood. Harmful content, abuse, and negative behavior will be prevented on the platform. Users who engage in inappropriate conduct will be swiftly blocked, and all interactions and posts will adhere to the platform's standards. Furthermore, the platform's security and privacy protocols will protect users' personal information, so they will ensure a safe environment for interaction online. These measures ensure safe contributions and participation within social solidarity projects.

The goal for BridgeForGood is to promote social solidarity, equality, and social justice. Creative incentives and projects with community-driven initiatives maintain platform activity, while regular organization also ensures user engagement. These activities encourage individuals to fulfill their social responsibilities, and spur the platform's vital growth. Furthermore, events and projects will engage users with local issues, resulting in a broader social impact.

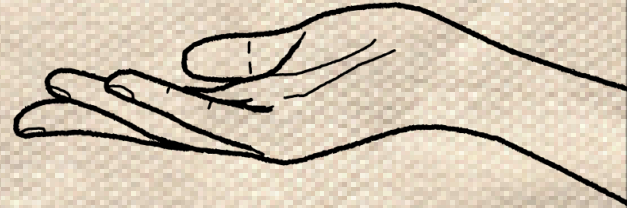
For the platform to achieve its global objectives, it must provide multilingual support and adapt to various cultural and social contexts. BridgeForGood must take into account not only linguistic diversity but also the specific needs of local communities, working in collaboration with them. In this approach, different communities can find a common ground, and this will transform the platform into a space for solidarity. By embracing cultural diversity, BridgeForGood can extend its reach and connect with individuals from different parts of the world. This approach aims to create a worldwide network of solidarity, fostering connections among people from diverse cultural backgrounds.

In summary, BridgeForGood goes beyond being merely a digital platform. It has the potential to transform into a global movement centered on trust and solidarity, striving for a more inclusive, compassionate, and supportive society. By promoting global understanding, cooperation, and social responsibility, the platform strengthens social bonds and contributes to the development of resilient communities worldwide. This vision highlights the strength of social solidarity, which empowers individuals and communities to enhance their interconnectedness and resilience. BridgeForGood aims to make a substantial global difference by bringing together various cultures and communities. Through the promotion of empathy and understanding, it encourages collaborative approaches to address societal issues. By linking not just individuals but also entire communities, nations, and cultures, it presents a distinctive opportunity to cultivate a more equitable, supportive, and tolerant global society. This initiative is a vital move toward fostering a more resilient and just world in the future.

Some Good in the World

We are all connected, sharing this planet and influencing one another through our actions. The meaningful phrase go out and do some good in the world, inspires a desire to make a positive impact beyond ourselves. Although it can be seen as a simple idea, its significance is immense. This call to action encourages us to reflect on how our presence can bring improvement. While the task of doing good may seem overwhelming, it begins with small steps right where we are. We live in many different “worlds” at the same time. There is the world of our family, the world of our school, the world of our local community, and even the larger world of our country and the entire planet. Everyone can make a difference in these various “worlds” we are part of.

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One of the first “worlds” we experience is our family. This environment is where we first learn about love, kindness, responsibility and how to treat others. A loving and supportive family contributes to a more harmonious society. Therefore, we should prioritize showing kindness, patience, and understanding towards our relatives. For example, we can help with chores, set the table for dinner, assist younger siblings with their homework, cheer someone up during difficult moments, or simply listen to their thoughts and feelings without interruption or judgment. Strong families build a solid foundation for a good life, and each member plays a role in that strength. It is important because it can create a stronger and happier home environment. By investing in our family, we learn important lessons that carry into every other part of our lives.

Beyond family, school is another significant “world” where anyone can interact with classmates, teachers, and staff. School is not just a place to learn subjects. It is also where we build relationships and contribute to a positive community. For example, everyone can contribute by trying to offer support to classmates who are struggling with their studies or personal issues, invite them to join a group if they are sitting alone, and make sure everyone’s voice is heard and valued. Additionally, respecting teachers and recognizing their efforts, helps create a positive atmosphere at school. Moreover, kindness is a powerful force. It does not cost anything, but it can change everything. A kind word, a helping hand and a smile are simple things that can make a big difference in someone’s day. The importance of these acts helps people feel accepted and supported, making school a more welcoming place for everyone.

The local community represents another “world” where we have the opportunity to create positive change. This is the area where we live with our neighbors, local businesses, and public spaces. There are numerous ways to contribute to the good in a community. Simple actions like being polite, offering help to an elderly neighbor, volunteering at a community event can have such a significant impact. Helping others and being good citizens is important since it strengthens the bonds within a community. Small actions, like picking up a piece of trash, can contribute to a larger effort to improve our neighborhood. The importance of these actions helps to keep our community safe so that it can benefit everyone. It is all about being a responsible and active member of the place where we live.

Lastly, as we think about our country and the world as a whole, the problems may seem much larger and difficult to resolve. Such as poverty, inequality, and climate change. It can feel overwhelming. However, even on this bigger scale, our individual actions still matter. Each of us has the power to influence change. For instance, we can stay informed of what is happening in the world, listen to different perspectives, and be respectful of people with beliefs or backgrounds different from our own. Contributing good to the wider world is essential because we are all connected. By taking small actions, we contribute to a more just and sustainable world for future generations. This helps us to become more informed and empathetic global citizens. While we might not be able to solve big global problems on our own, gaining awareness is the first step. By being open-minded and respectful, we contribute to a more understanding and peaceful world.

In conclusion, doing good in the world is not always about grand gestures or heroic acts. Often, it is rooted in the simple, everyday decisions we make and the manner in which we engage with those around us. By striving to be a supportive presence within our families, schools, community, and by being conscious of how our actions affect the broader society, we can definitely create change. We should never underestimate our power as individuals. Every act of kindness, every effort to help, every attempt to understand, no matter how small, contributes to changes in the world. Making the world a better place is a journey, not a destination. We must keep trying our best, learning from our mistakes, and holding on to the belief that we can make a difference. This journey of making the world a better place starts with us, right where we are, and when we all do our part, those small acts can add up to something truly wonderful: a brighter future for everyone.

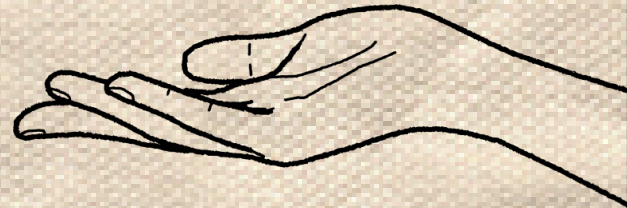


The Subtle Strength of Kindness in a Complicated World

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In a world that is increasingly defined by conflict, fragmentation, and competition for individual success, the question of how to “do good” has become more urgent. Although public life rewards dramatic gestures of achievement and explicit acts of service, true contributions to society are also made at the human level. Small gestures of kindness-are too frequently ignored in arguments about social change-play a critical role in the formation of the environments where people live, work, and develop. This is an essay asserting that kindness, exercised on a regular basis in the routine interactions within school, family, and community contexts, can help create a more humane and ethically sound society.

The phrase “go out and do some good in the world” is usually interpreted as an invitation to engage in substantial philanthropic or political effort. But such a limited understanding threatens to overlook the value of what might be termed “ordinary ethics”-the ordinary behavior that finds expression in sympathy, tolerance, and respect for others. At school, for instance, kindness is showing help to a needy fellow student, noticing usually neglected peers, or respectful treatment of individuals. These small actions pave the way for a larger learning environment, inclusive and inviting, where students are valued and noticed. Educational psychology studies verify that peer support and emotional safety significantly enhance student well-being and learning engagement (Wentzel, 2009). Small interpersonal choices are thus not only morally valuable but also socially valuable.

Kindness in family life is both a stabilizing force and a form of emotional labor that keeps relationships intact. In contrast to public life, family dynamics tend to display the full range of human emotion and are therefore most vulnerable to tension and miscommunication. Displaying patience, giving recognition for efforts made daily, and choosing respectful speech over reaction speech can help ease tension and improve overall harmony within the family. This behavior may go unnoticed, but it is a conscious choice to contribute to one ‘s immediate environment in a positive way. As sociologist Hochschild (1983) already pointed out, emotional labor in close relationships is necessary to maintain social bonds, even though it might not be noticed or valued.

Ethic living in the broader society presents a different show: silent but deliberate acts: courtesy to strangers, respect for shared space, and honesty and fairness in everyday transactions. These acts foster a culture of trust, with trust breeding stronger in the social fabric. In contrast to grand gestures, these acts are often performed with no expectation of reward or acclaim. But they are powerful in the aggregate. Philosopher Emmanuel Levinas emphasized that moral duty begins with face-to-face encounter-the recognition of the other as worthy of care (Levinas, 1969). By this argument, even minor acts of kindness to others acknowledge a shared moral responsibility.

In the virtual space, where anonymity can undercut responsibility, kindness matters more. The move toward polarization and hostility online detracts from constructive dialogue and respect. Choosing respectful language, refraining from incendiary comments, and engaging with others in good faith can help create a more respectful online space. Though these efforts may seem small in the broad digital world, they contribute to a shared ethical climate and represent a gesture of resistance against the dehumanizing power of digital anonymity.

All the above instances vindicate the view that kindness, though being frequently informal and intangible, makes a real difference to everyday life 's social and moral state. They help build a more empathetic learning community, strengthen family ties, foster communal trust, and sustain respectful public discourse. Such actions may lack the visibility or scale of conventional activism but are nonetheless essential to the operation of a healthy society. They are an expression of ethical coherence-an ordinary practice of showing respect to others.

In short, the question of whether the world is a better place for having one around does not necessarily need to be answered in terms of macro-change. Rather, it can be answered through an honest evaluation of one 's everyday interactions. By opting to be kind-to listen, to help, to respond with compassion rather than indifference-people quietly affirm the value of human connection. By so doing, they are contributing to a sort of good which is not big and boisterous, but insistent, and deeply needed. Therefore, no matter how small one 's deeds may be, they are far from irrelevant. They are actually the building blocks upon which bigger societal good is built.



SHORT STORIES

My gloomy flower!

I kissed your forehead. It wasn't cold, it was frozen. It felt like I am kissing a stone that was left in the fridge all night. Your skin was frozen and it felt like it was just the skull. I knew for a reason that your soul wasn't in that body anymore, it was just a frozen body that stayed there in freezing coffin not to smell for more than a day. This was my last kiss for you, this was the last time I saw you, I softly touched your hair and I never saw your greenish eyes anymore. There were many people around me, everyone crying, screaming for their lost. Not many of these people were crying for you there, not many of them thought what you suffered to end like this, not many were crying because you had many other years to live. They were crying for themselves, for how their life was going to continue without you. I was crying my soul out for both reasons, maybe I am selfish but life without you seemed a war. It was a war between my brain and my heart; they were fighting and convincing each other. My brain told me to get used with this and my heart told me that life would never be the same without you.

I will never understand what made me turn my head back the last time I saw you at the hospital and wave at you again, as if I knew it was the last time I will see you with your eyes open. I never knew I was this stronger until you tested me, I either would pass this exam, or pass away with you. The other day I came running at the hospital thinking that you were just a little bit worse than the other days but I found your eyes closed. It looked like you were sleeping peacefully and watching a good dream but there were screaming coming from outside, screaming that would wake everyone up, but not you. After I kissed you, they lifted and put you in a car to the graveyards, my brain didn't process I won't see you anymore until we were in the graveyards. I never knew how deep a grave was, until I saw yours, I was terrified to let you go there. No flower needs to be put that deep, no flower needs so much soil. It wasn't just you being buried but it also was a big part of my heart, of my happiness and of our memories together. I will never be completely happy without you because you were a part of my happiness. None of my achievements aren't complete without you being here.

I never want to go to your house anymore; you were the only thing making it a home. The flowers in your garden never bloomed after that day, the sun never shined there anymore. The walls are empty; it looks like if I call you, my voice will be turned back again many times. The warm lights of this house will never be on anymore, the good smell of your cookings will never run on the rooms, your smile won't warm any day of winter now. The walls look like they are painted with your struggles to live. Your image appears in every corner of this house, my memories with you here kill every cell of my brain and stabs every piece of my heart. I never got to hear your voice anymore, for more than a year you appeared on my dreams twice, it was still fresh, now I am forgetting your melodic voice. That voice that would always give me compliments, call me, advise me and love me. This house will never be a home anymore.

I will never forget how much fun we had on your birthday. How we spent the whole day together at the beach. I was always bored at the beach but you didn't let me to reach that faze. We talked all day like two best friends, you told me many stories that day which I will never forget, you taught me things for my whole life. We went home late that night and everyone was waiting for us to celebrate your birthday, I took a video of that moment, you were laughing a lot and every time I miss you I open it, just to remember you smiling. This year I begged God like a homeless for a shelter to see you on my dreams for my birthday, but I didn't. That night I drowned my pillow with tears, I needed you on my birthday more than anyone in this world, there was no meaning left for that day. I still beg to see you on my dreams; maybe I will miss you less, maybe...

As if I would give my soul and yours would be on my body, as if I could be such a good person as you, as If you would live in my place! You were my flower, your name was a flower, you would love and take care of flowers, how can I see them the same now? Every flower is gloomy now that you aren't, you were the one to give life to everything. I don't know how to write when it comes to you, my words become a mess and it looks like I go back and further with the sentences and, and, and ,and I don't know what I am messing up in this. I have to admit that life without you is a war, my heart was right. I have many thing that I want to tell you, many news that I know you would be very happy for me, but you are not here anymore and here is where I lose my war, death won.

Dedicated to a very special person that doesn't live in this world anymore but it will always live in my heart.



An Unexpected Awakening

In the quiet corners of her mind, Hazel often dwelled on questions that refused to be answered. From the moment she learned to ask “why”, she became a seeker—searching for answers, truths, and the meaning behind everything. Her mind was a curious forest, thick with branches reaching for answers. She often wondered: Why are we here? What is the purpose behind all things? Even her name, Hazel, was a whisper in her mind’s labyrinth, a puzzle she dared not ignore. Her parents often shrugged when she asked about it, saying it had no particular meaning—just a nature-inspired name. But Hazel believed otherwise. She felt deep inside that everything in this world had a reason, a meaning hidden beneath the surface. Deep down, she sensed there was a version of her waiting to be discovered, a part of herself she hadn’t yet met.

But, as years passed, the meaning of her own life seemed to fade into the shadows of doubt, much like her purpose in life. She felt lost, unmotivated, as if she were searching for herself in a fog that grew thicker with each passing day. Her life seemed empty, a series of days blending into one another without meaning. Her friends seemed to move forward, chasing dreams and goals, while Hazel felt stuck in a silent, unchanging place. Her spirit remained alive, but it was like a flickering candle in a dark room—fragile and easily snuffed out.

She couldn’t bring herself to set new goals. Her curiosity, once her greatest strength, now felt like a burden. The questions about her purpose and her identity seemed to mock her. No matter how much she slept, exhaustion clung to her like a shadow. Life felt heavy and unfair, filled with injustice that she despised but felt powerless to change. She longed to escape, to find somewhere she could breathe, somewhere she could be free from the weight of her own questions. But she didn’t know where to go—her life felt too tangled. She always saw the world as a puzzle with missing pieces waiting to be solved.

One day, tired of feeling stuck, Hazel wandered into her school library’s oldest section—an aisle she rarely visited. Not to read, nor to learn, but simply just to find silence. She was far from reading. For her books seemed boring, full of stories she couldn’t relate to.

She settled into a corner, her head resting on her arms with eyes closed, hoping to escape her restless thoughts in the middle of many forgotten books, waiting for someone to listen.

As she was about to leave, something caught her eye. A small, dusty book sat quietly in the shadows. Its cover was plain but intriguing—simply titled *The Hazel tree*. She had never read a book with her name in the title before. It felt like a whisper that seemed almost to call out to her, as if it had been waiting for her to find it. Without much thought, she pulled it from the shelf and sat at a corner table. She opened the book hesitantly, flipping the pages slowly (not knowing that she will find herself immersed in words that will bring light to her life).

When she opened the first page she read a description of the hidden meaning of a Hazel tree. “The nuts of the hazel tree were believed to hold secrets—secrets to understanding life, the universe, and oneself. This tree is known for its ability to see into the future and reveal stories hidden in shadows”. She didn’t really understand what that meant but her curiosity burned brighter than any star. She spent hours lost in the anonymous book, the lines unfolding before her like a whispered confession. It wasn’t a history book, or a philosophy text, or anything she recognized. This book was filled with stories, notes, reflections, experiences and messages of other people about the world, life, and understanding. As Hazel flipped through pages, the first thing that caught her eye was a gentle, soothing handwritten note:

“My friend, for your peace of mind, do not try to understand everything. Let things fall apart a little, and let life reveal its cards on its own. This world is too complicated. Don’t forget it is your first time living in it, so don’t be too harsh on yourself. Don’t let anxiety consume you. Take things slowly. Everything will make sense in a beautiful way very soon”.

Hazel paused. The words settled in her like gentle rain, washing away some of her worries. It was as if someone was telling her that maybe, just maybe, she doesn’t need to have all the answers right now. Then she read: “Maybe, life was meant to unravel slowly—like the layers of a hazel shell, revealing the treasures inside only when it was ready. There is no need to rush and force answers. Sometimes clarity come from patience”. This message was like a gentle drop of water nourishing a thirsty plant. Hazel closed her eyes for a moment and took a deep breath. For the first time in a long while, she felt a quiet peace.

All the words of the book felt like a balm, soothing the ache of her restless heart. As a warm hand on her shoulder, offering comfort in a way no one else had before. She realized that her quest for meaning didn’t have to be a search for grand answers all at once. Sometimes, the smallest steps—like opening a book, like letting go of control—could lead to unexpected discoveries.

For the first time, she began to see reading differently. She looked around the library, now feeling more connected to the books and the stories they held. With each page, she bloomed a little more—like a flower waking up after a long, cold winter. The more she read, the more she felt her own quiet strength awakening. It was like a quest for meaning discovered healing. Each story seemed to whisper, “You’re not alone in your questions”.

She carefully placed the anonymous book back on the shelf, a silent promise to return. As she walked out of the library, the evening air crisp and cool on her face, she carried with her a renewed sense of purpose. The library, once a place she’d avoided, became a treasure of secrets waiting to be uncovered. Books became her allies, each one a piece of the puzzle she was slowly assembling. They serve as windows into the human soul and keys to unlock the mysteries of the world and oneself.

Now she understood why the book is titled The Hazel tree.

The hazel tree, with its wisdom whispering leaves, reminds us that knowledge often lies hidden in the simplest of things. Life’s meaning isn’t something to be grasped all at once, but discovered in each moment, each leaf, each whisper of the wind. Like the branches of a tree, people have different stories but they are all part of an interconnected world.

From that day on, Hazel’s perspective shifted. She realized that meaning wasn’t something to find outside herself—it was something she could cultivate from within, piece by piece, like the wisdom of the hazel tree.

Finally, she realized the true meaning of her name. Now she will always see it as a reminder that even in her darkness, there was a seed of something precious waiting to grow. And her heart, finally, began to feel a gentle warmth and hope, blossoming quietly like a hazel tree in the spring.

“Splintered Ties Evoke Vicious Anger, But Sweet Tears Express Vulnerable Admiration”

To my sister...

To any reader: Not a letter, as it seems, but a testimony. My version of the story is not necessarily yours. Mine is about being tied between the envious side and the empathetic, sincere self. Yours... just wait for the proper time. Do not deceive yourself into thinking that you are right when you raise your voice, or vice-versa.

“The truth stands in the borderline of being relative and absolute!”

“Get ready! Two voices are coming to talk to you. One of them is Malicia, some call her Envy. The other, Narcissus, is bringing the odour of daffodils to keep herself on track. Nobody knows what prophecies or secrets they are going to speak to you. Both of them whisper truths, but none of them can be completely reliable. One may sit on your right side. And lie to you. Or tell you the truth. A painful truth. Or a beautiful lie. Or nothing complex at all, just straightforward! Would you rather listen to the wrathful, chaotic cries of Malicia, or the soothing words of Narcissus? I can sense their footsteps approaching...what if there is just one of them, and the other is just an echo getting lost in the horizon? A silhouette, loyal to its master, humiliated? Let yourself give the final consent on who’s going to stay with you!”

- We live in the same room, but we turn our backs on each other so that none of us can tell who’s crying. Our eyes don’t meet; if they did, yours would be screaming “pain, rage, exhaustion...” and mine would be willing to get out of my cavities, because you cannot bear your own tears, let alone wiping mine. And we let silence build its wall; oh, look! I got the door side! I can get out if I want... but you? Where are you going? The only choice left is to look the world from the window. Still, you sit on the chair, pretend to open a book and take the pen, until you give up and start throwing something somewhere or punching the table once with your fist. I flinch behind your back, from the bed, every time you do it, no matter how low the sound is. Because I can imagine what would happen if I told you how I feel. You’re scary, you don’t even want to know what I’m going through, you don’t have time for my stupid concerns, or it would take just one word from you to hurt me. And you’re not ashamed of it!

- When you hurt me, I’m ashamed of myself. Ashamed that I am the one who frustrated you. Ashamed that I cannot make you happy for once in your life! I dare not raise my eyes to look right in your face. I can look at my closet but not yours. Because you leave a trace in everything that belongs to you, be that the silhouette on the wall, your reflection on the wet floor, the smell of your clothes, or memories stuck in every corner of our shelter. I feel like I might damage the chair you always sit in and do not get up ‘till you finish what you assigned yourself to accomplish. I can’t look at your bed because it’s so perfectly arranged, so soft that I don’t want to ruin it with my harshness, my always weary body cannot take a short nap somewhere you deserve to. If you could be able to see in yourself what I can see in you!

- I am exhausted already, don’t you see it?

- I am tired, but I can see your exhaustion.

- I am mad at you most of the time, because all you want to see are only the reasons that piss you off!

- I am mad at you sometimes, but I can see your frustration.
- So where did your values go? Did they sink into your selfishness? Did you forget that you laid your entire being in God's hands the moment you were saved? So hard to believe that this is the figure I look up the most.
- I do believe in our Saviour Jesus Christ, but you are always the one to prove it first. You always find time to read the Bible, no matter how tiring the day was. While I... at times I don't even push myself into grabbing it. And I feel guilty as hell for being conscious about all the days spent without prayers, without willing to read and understand the Word of God. How come you can't see how much good is into you? Well, it has kicked me one too many times, that much you have to know.
- I don't understand how you lay down to sleep as if everything you tell me didn't hit you to the feels. And I, I am the one who doesn't have other choice but talking to the walls in the middle of the night, look up at the darkness on my ceiling, in the air, feel it breaking into my body to kill what's left of hope if there is such thing; while yours reflects that bit of light that comes from the outside, and I'm pretty sure that angels are watching over you!
- Nights feel like hell to me, but I can sense your vigilance, I know what keeps you awake. I know that behind those closed eyelids you are fighting so hard not to break down, or maybe when you keep your eyes open the light does not erase the burden from your shoulders. I know God is guarding you, but I also know there are demons who are willing to destroy you silently, nightmares messing around with your brain, past traumas popping up out of the blue, whispering in your ears: "Here we are! If nothing else concerns you, it's no big deal for us to accompany you through this very, very long night. Make sure you have enough tissues and blankets, because what we are about to bring into light will shock you to the core! Remember what happened some years ago? You could have made it stop before it screwed up." Come and tell me that I'm wrong about all this!
- I mean, what about me? Would you take that much pain? If my heart was in your hands and you had to fix it, how were you gonna do it? Where would you start from? Taking revenge on anyone who plagued it, caused it to age prematurely? Taking revenge on... yourself?
- My heart is scarred, but yours is even more burnt, heavy, stabbed too many times, in the same place, by the same hand that for years and years twists the knife even more passionately... I hear it pumping loudly on your chest as if it screams for help and comfort. I can tell how much it is suffocating you, but I don't know how to help you get through it. Because, I would fail and you would be the one to heal my scars instead, while yours are still open. How can you do it? Knowing that I stand among those who left a mark in you! It would be an honour to me if I had the chance to taste a bit of slap-in-the-face kind of truths.
- If...If you knew how I feel every time! I tell you to eat, and you say you don't want to. Why so? Because you're the older one and I have to always listen to what you say? Quit treating me like a kid when I can take the lead role and handle it very well on my own! Keep in mind that one day you will shake hands with me!
- I disobey you once. You don't say anything. It haunts me for the rest of my life... But when you talk, I want to get rid of myself right away because I can't be at least a single percent of who you are.

- Maybe you would let me finish the next meal unless your glances got me in a chokehold. I can do it, too, but they silence me before I give it a try.
- When I enjoy the meal so peacefully, you're praying for those in need.
- Don't turn your back and dive into your books and the computer! As you can see, there are two beds in this room. Two voices echoing in the walls. Am I a ghost to you? Because, honestly, the only time you talk to me is when you want to shut my mouth. And I just started speaking. I could ease that burden which keeps me tied up to my bed... But now, I'm okay with it. I don't have to convince you when I'm lost in my own maze.
- When I let the day slip through my hands and lay my head to rest, you seize the opportunities and make gold out of them.
- Like everyone else, even you think that my journey is easy, that I can make it to the end. Oh, so why didn't you choose this path if it is bearable? You like to suffer, as it seems, and every day you have a new complaint. Well look at me. I don't come to you and argue as if it is your fault that the day went bad. I, too, have my own lows for which you didn't know they existed. Who would want to waste time hearing me yapping about absurdities!
- I get good grades because God sent me somewhere I could do it, you succeed because God knows your worth: He keeps count of your hard work, endless tears, sleepless nights, constant pressure, need for money, people who expect from you, those who are willing to destroy your life! And those to whom your existence is so important you don't even know about it.
- I can't have a good rest, I cannot wake up unless the alarm rings in my ears. But you can't know it. You don't hear me cry in the middle of the night because I don't allow myself to drown in all the reasons I'm not okay. And you wouldn't want to know how the body copes with all the suppressed and swallowed tears for months and months. It's terrific! Do you understand?
- I put the alarm and wake up because of it, you put the alarm and your responsibilities do the job instead: they take minutes, maybe hours off of your sleep so that they can finally rest in peace. Tell me, how do you wake up? When do you sleep?
- Be my sister for once! It's like you threw me in an open road and left me all alone! What am I supposed to do now? Without any directions. Right, I forgot! I do not ask for help because someday you will remind me of it... Why does God always disappear when I need His guidance the most? Am I being cruel? Am I being selfish? Once I care about my well-being, the world turns against me! You go away from me!
- You grew up so fast I didn't have time enough to see you as my sister. It wasn't your job to open the big door of my life. It is not your responsibility to become a parent to our parents either, let alone me. You know that every time a new life is born and a soul is saved from the paths of sin, angels sing and praise God and celebrate, right? Well, you don't have any idea about the person God has made out of you. The truth is, you shake the ground underneath and the heavens above because of the endless times you have made the devil fall in his own trap.
- Maybe the problem it's not you, it's actually me! It's always me the one to be blamed, right? I mean, it's not your fault that I feel sick most of the time, or that I do not put enough effort to ease the burden I feel. I can't be like you, I can't change in the way God wants me to be. I fail every time the key to progress is close. If that's what everybody wants to hear, here it is! If the worst example to be taken into account is me, I quit in an instant!

- I don't want to hear from you anymore that you cause problems everywhere you step on! You don't have to cling to others' expectations, just look how far you have gone. With your own feet, nobody to rely on, but always giving a hand to those in need. I know you could walk barefoot just to pave my way. How the older siblings could give up on their happiness to stand by their younger counterparts! I still remember that one day when you got out of the dorm, it was almost raining, your hair was still wet, most probably you felt angry for plenty of reasons which I understand... and you came to me as soon as I called you. I can't bring back what was lost a long time ago. But God knows how much I admire you for who you are. When I get lost, He sends you to find me. And me... unable to reward you, to this day, just say "Thank you!"

"So...I guess it's going to be really tough to decide which one is right. How do you feel today? How are you going to feel another day? You choose to hear Malicia's voice? Then you are angry at me. If Narcissus is speaking to you right now, then you have finally understood your worth. Time goes on, and you will relate to one more than the other. What you considered to be true, will convince you otherwise, then you will still think that not everything is acceptable but there are some truths no one can deny, and then something happens... You turn to the starting point, over and over again. After all, I want to say to you that I wish you could have told me more often how sorry you feel when your mouth speaks before the mind does, but I want to thank you for making me feel sorry after proving myself wrong. God brought us into each other's lives for a reason. Even when it's hard, I know he is teaching us how to walk together despite the walls we build sometimes."

Despite all the fights we've had, all the misunderstandings, and all the things left unsaid – through the pain and the silence – you're my sister. And maybe we don't say it enough, but I love you!



The Hero, The Fall.

The wind howled as [Hero] climbed to the top of the hill, encased in silhouette against a gray, pounding sky. In the valley below, the earth trembled at the feet of an advancing army -armor flashing like shattered glass, flags torn from storm wreaths of yore. Thunder boomed, not in the heavens, but within the marrow of his bones.

Once, it had been a dream. A grand vision of standing tall before the final stand. Now his knees ached not from the climb, but from the weight of all he had sparked.

The battlefield was stretching to claim him in, not as a hero, but as the ember who had ignited the flame.

Closing his eyes, he allowed memory to envelop him like a tide.

He still recalled the warmth of the village hearth, his mother's fingers tracing letters in soot on stone, his father's strong hand guiding him through swordplay beneath the ancient cedar tree. A family of gentleness and strength, showing him how to read the world and to fight only when no other option remained.

He had left them with stars in his eyes, convinced he could put it right. And in a way, he had.

It began with a poor decision, one taken out of desperation and pride. In the search for swift justice for the ashes of his house, he went to questionable allies -men who spoke of liberty but sought domination.

His choice wasn't cruelty, but need. However, the thread of cause unraveled just the same.

What followed was not revolution, but destruction.

Cities fell. Kingdoms were overthrown. His standard, once proudly held aloft as a symbol of hope, now flew over fields red with blood -most of it innocent.

Even his father, who had survived that first raid, died defending villagers from a warband carrying [Hero]'s insignia. Along the way, his message had been twisted. Or maybe it was naïve from the start.

And his best friend -

They had left together. Dreamers. Rebels. Believers in something greater. But as he called for swords, his friend pursued peace. Secret meetings with ambassadors and pleas for restraint became suspicion. Dissent was equated with treason.

Doubt became betrayal.

Their meeting blazed beneath a sky torn by fire. Shouted facts became honed pain. Honor was undone.

When soldiers marched his friend away in chains, [Hero] said nothing. Silence is greater than censure.

Later, when rumors asserted his friend to be lost, he lied to himself it was relief.

His heart knew better.

The soldiers below moved, shadows rolling over the valley. Somewhere on that plain, [Best friend] waited.

Not as a friend, but as judgment.

Shudders traveled through the earth and through him. The wind sliced through his cloak. A messenger came, gasping, demanding orders.

What orders could make this right?

He swung from the hillside and headed for the long-deserted temple ruins. Stone and centuries had gutted it, but within the rusty hulk a skeleton weathered there lay [War prisoner]. The curse clung still to the throat of the old man; an ill-favor discarded by the villain.

Still living. Still waiting.

As [Hero] stepped near, the eyes of the old man shifted.

"You seem corpse-like and not a king," came there the rasp.

"Then I've become what I made," he replied. "This war ends today."

"And who will end it?"

Emerging from the valley, [Hero] spoke in a low voice. "Whoever's still human enough to try."

From darkness, [War prisoner] spoke. Not prose -poetry. Bound by the curse, he could speak truths only in rhyme.

"A boy of lowly birth, first swaddled in scraps in a town lost to time, yet something within him stirred -born not of dust, but of climb. And as with all who are marked for tale, the boy bore beauty, and the boy bore strength. His mother gave him the world in words; his father showed him war at arm's length.

Then the day arrived, as all such days do, when the boy looked up and knew - his fire, once quiet, now like a king's funeral pyre for any small life to subdue. His kin saw the truth, they gathered their things, left behind the lanes they once knew. But as fate would have it, as stories demand, tragedy struck, upon his land.

Yet do not weep, nor fear his fall - for heroes are carved by the pain of fall. He grew, he fought, through loss and flame, again, again, again.

But every beacon breeds its shade, each legend draws its foe. The brighter he blazed, the darker the world below.

And now I ask you, hero not yet crowned - what if your shadow outshines your glow? What if the knight who wins her hand is another's tale of woe? And what if wrong and what if right are just the names we give to the one who wins the final fight?"

A whisper, barely audible - "I am no hero."

The prisoner's gaze softened.

"And yet your story is not finished."

He walked toward it -toward the end, toward [Best friend], toward the truth.

The rain poured down in veils, scouring the blood from the stones. The shattered body of his enemy lay still at his feet. His chest moved up and down. The weight of years pressed upon him -years of conflict, of banishment, of constant fire.

This was not the victory he had fantasized as a boy.

He remembered that boy today -mud on his boots, wind in his hair, wonder in his eyes. The streets of his village had been harsh and lacking, but it had been filled with warmth. He had watched his mother teach the alphabet to the children of the neighbor next door; her gentle voice always patient. He had felt the weight of his father's hands clamped around his own above a wooden practice sword, teaching him where to strike, and more importantly, when not to.

He had been kind. Brave. He had tried to change the world.

Out of the gloom of the ruined temple, [War prisoner] again spoke, his voice a faint strand of prophecy. Another voice was heard.

[Hero] turned around. He knew the voice. Beyond years, beyond silence -yes, he did remember.

[Best friend] emerged out of the mist, sword raised, eyes hollow. The reunion was no surprise.

They had fought together, bled together, dreamed together. And now they stood in conflict -one reminder of a past that the other could not repair. "You don't have to do this," said [Hero].

"But I do," came the answer. "Because you're no longer the flame. You've become the pyre."


Their swords met in the rain, not as weapons, but as truths. Every strike told a story, every parry a confession. This was not a duel. It was an elegy.

When it ended, [Hero] fell. Eyes open. Rain on his face.

[Best friend] dropped the sword, trembling.

The poem returned, a ghost on [War prisoner]'s tongue:

"The hero was dead. But his story -his story was eternal."



And then, darker still:

“Yet the fire he carried, bright and bold, was sparked from ashes that he sold. He claimed the war was born of grief, but buried beneath was a darker belief.”

“He lit the match, he spilled the oil, He cracked the peace with hidden toil. And when they begged him not to burn, He smiled -and did not turn.”

The silence afterward was not peaceful. It was heavy.

And somewhere far beyond that battlefield, in a small town once forgotten, a child closed a tattered book. Its last page trembled.

On it was a single name. Grey.

And beneath it, a poem.

The child stared into the twilight beyond their window, heart heavy.

They had read of a hero.

But the final poem left a question, not a lesson.

The fire had passed from flesh to word.

But the smoke still lingered.

A new story was beginning.

And this time, perhaps, the next hero would burn cleaner -or not at all.

Poems



You don't need much to start a spark,
Just one small light against the dark.
A single flame, a quiet glow,
Can guide a heart that doesn't know.

In a quiet corner of the world I stand,
No cape, no crown, just open hand.
Not famous, rich, or bold in might,
But still I try to bring some light.

I'm not a name the world will know,
But if one heart feels less alone,
If one child finds some peace tonight
Then I've planted a star to light their night.

I've walked by streets where no one speaks,
Where children shake from cold for weeks.
Their hands were cold, their coats were torn,
Their eyes too tired for those so young.

So I gave what little I could spare,
A scarf, a coat, a sign I care.
A simple gift, a drop in the sea,
But it's a ripple that sets them free.

A meal left on a neighbor's shelf,
A check-in when you're tired yourself.
A coat passed down, a shared warm cup—
The world is kinder when we show up.

You don't need wealth or perfect plans
To offer help with open hands.
Just see the ones who feel alone,
And let them know they still have home.

For kindness isn't loud or proud,
It doesn't need to draw a crowd.
It's in the quiet ways we give,
The little things that help hearts live.

It's sharing bread, or holding hands,
It's hearing what one soul withstands.
It's showing up when times are tough,
And saying, "You are loved enough."

A soft hello, a smile that stays,
Can bring back light to someone's days.
We may not heal the world at once,
But we can lift someone just once.

A home with food, and shelves of books,
With open arms, not judging looks.
A coat to wear, a place to rest,
Where every child is seen and blessed.

A table set with love, not gold,
A fire lit to chase the cold.
Shoes that fit, a gentle bed,
A roof to keep dreams safe instead.

So let your heart break wide, then grow,
And plant the seeds that kindness sows.
You may not see the tree stand tall,
But still, your hands can start it all.

A gentle word, a listening ear,
Can calm a heart that lives in fear.
We may not fix the world in part,
But we can mend one broken heart.

And when you think your light is small,
Remember, stars still guide us all.
A single spark, a quiet flame,
Can warm the world—it's why we came.

And hope is not a star too high,
It's here, beneath our daily sky.
It's every time we choose to care,
To lift someone, to simply be there.

It's when we choose to sit and stay,
Beside someone who feels afraid.
To hold their hand and not let go,
And stay with them when they feel low.

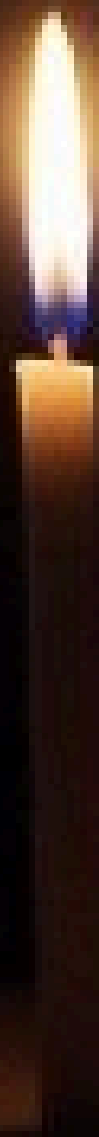
So if you ask what good you've done,
Don't count the stars or chase the sun.
If one soul feels they're not alone,
That's more than words have ever shown.

I dream beyond the now I live,
Of building more than I can give.
A place where warmth will always stay,
Where no child hears "you can't," or "pay."

And maybe you can do it too,
With one kind act, sincere and true.
The world won't heal in just one day,
But love can light a better way.

I Hold a Light

Melisa Meta



Through the sounds of guns and hoover,
And the daunting melodies that chant the hills,
Reflect the screams and cries of the innocent,
Whose lives are being raged by religious spills.

When suddenly I feel a hand creasing my hair,
My son's shaking hand, I could not stare,
A quiet question on his father's state,
A victim of "jihad", initiated by hate.

The land of Kashmir,
In valleys deep, where silence sighs,
And men erupt with guns on their sides,
To punish the innocent, for being Hindu,
But still it thrives, with heart so pure.

When suddenly I hear a scream, a cry, a howl,
While bullets carved the stiff air,
It was him, lying bloodily in the earthen bed,
My heart was pounding, I could not stare.

The bawls: "I am Muslim", "I am Hindu",
Hung like mist upon the breeze.
But no prayer can tame the bullet's will,
As the one behind is raged with thrill.

The land of Kashmir,
Witness to war, to peace unplanned,
A brave land, where politics take a stand,
Oh, but let not God take such blame.
No justice takes your hand,
To lit the world in flame.

When suddenly the wind became heavy,
Footsteps approaching, a scarce cry,
I glance at my son, with eyes that meet the harm,
We await our end, holding on the silent drum.

They appear, with shadows long and voices bland,
Through the terror, my gape stays outside,
Beneath their gaze, the earth is stained,
With Hindus or Muslims, or names untold,
The blood is still red, not gold.

God gives no blade to hurt the sinless
Nor the fire that fear has made
True virtue is not in the blood you spill,
But the hearts you fill.

The land of Kashmir,
The land of pain, yet hearts endure...

"The land of Kashmir"

Sara Pashollari

Department of Education and English Language
3rd Year – Bachelor

The poem is inspired by the Pahalgam attacks that happened on 22 April 2025 in Kashmir, the border between India and Pakistan. It is narrated by a woman trying to hide with her little boy while her husband is singled out with other men at a gunpoint. It is a reminder that religion is not a reason for manslaughter, but manhood and politics are.

A Smile in the Dark

Şeyma Nur Karakoyun

Department of English Language and Literature

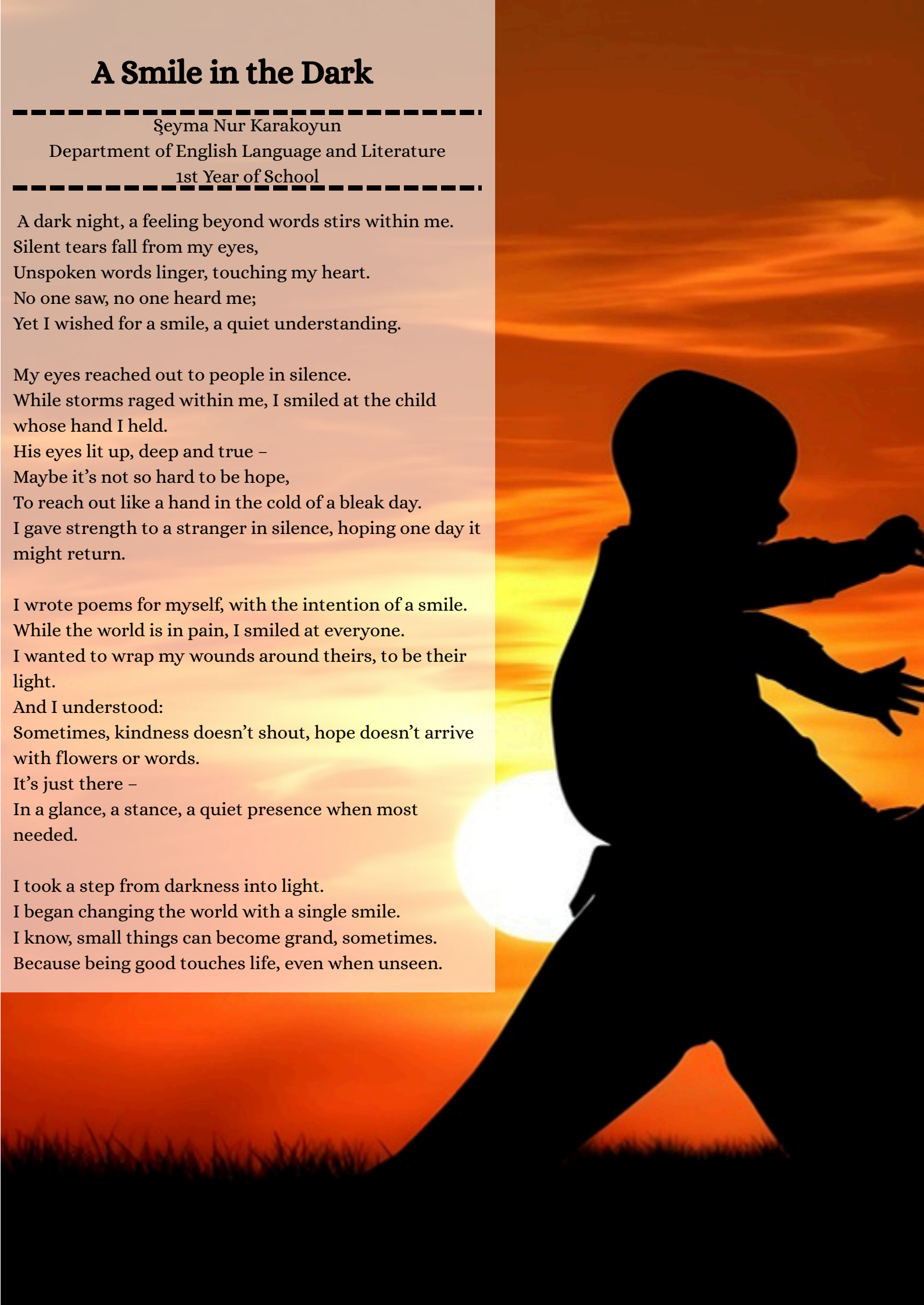
1st Year of School

A dark night, a feeling beyond words stirs within me.
Silent tears fall from my eyes,
Unspoken words linger, touching my heart.
No one saw, no one heard me;
Yet I wished for a smile, a quiet understanding.

My eyes reached out to people in silence.
While storms raged within me, I smiled at the child
whose hand I held.
His eyes lit up, deep and true –
Maybe it's not so hard to be hope,
To reach out like a hand in the cold of a bleak day.
I gave strength to a stranger in silence, hoping one day it
might return.

I wrote poems for myself, with the intention of a smile.
While the world is in pain, I smiled at everyone.
I wanted to wrap my wounds around theirs, to be their
light.
And I understood:
Sometimes, kindness doesn't shout, hope doesn't arrive
with flowers or words.
It's just there –
In a glance, a stance, a quiet presence when most
needed.

I took a step from darkness into light.
I began changing the world with a single smile.
I know, small things can become grand, sometimes.
Because being good touches life, even when unseen.



The world begins each day anew—
A blank page, waiting for what I'll do.
No grand applause, no golden light,
Just small decisions to do what's right.
In the silence of morning, before voices begin,
There's a choice to be made: to reach out, to let in.
I am not a hero, no titles to boast,
But I carry quiet hope, where it's needed most.
At home, doing good—like staying near,
Listening deeply, making sure the good is clear.
It's setting the table, though no one asks,
It's showing up daily to unspoken tasks.
In classrooms, where futures slowly unfold,
I've learned that compassion is stronger than gold.
Helping a peer who's struggling through,
Lifting their voice until they break through.
Some good in the world is silence held tight—
Not rushing to speak, but letting in light.
Not winning debates or proving who's right,
But bridging the gaps, fixing what might.
In the community, it's sweeping the street,
It's sharing a meal,
It's choosing to meet
People like me, with stories untold—
To find shared language, both tender and bold.
I've stood with the broken, I've knelt with the poor,
I've opened my heart, and widened the door.
I've learned that justice lives
In the smallest, most human demand,
And begins where we stand.
A picture worth a thousand times
Is not in pixels or filtered lines.
It's the face of a neighbor whose fear turns to
grace,
When someone feels seen,
In a once-lonely place.
And beyond this street, this town, this land,
There's a world still aching for someone to stand
To say: "I will try, I will care, I will be,
A little more human, a little more free."
So it's not always loud,
the good in the world,
doesn't wear medals or call a crowd.
It's found in the effort to see and to stay
When others turn cold or walk away.

Some Good in the World

Grasiela Myrteza

Department of Education and English Language

1st year

I would like to say that I was inspired not
only by the title but also by certain words
and phrases,
what I can mention are: blank page/a clean
slate ; a picture worth a thousand times

Like they do when there are wars and genocide.

I may not rewrite the story of time,
But I can leave stanzas, one rhyme at a time.

I may not be known by the world at large,
But I carry within me a humble charge.

So here is my blank canvas—

I paint with my vow.

I vow to paint in kindness, starting now.

I vow to serve with courage

And to speak with grace,

To build, not burn, every space I face.

Here's my blank life, no longer so bare,

Each line filled with a promise,

Each word filled with a prayer.

Am I making the world a better place?

I hope so—with love, with work, with grace.

The Crossroad
A Bedtime Story
There once was a God,
born as a man—
Betrayed by the heavens,
he raised his hand
against the skies,
against the throne,
To bring them down...
to stand alone.
And in his fire,
his wrath, his cry—
He climbed so high,
he touched the sky...
And claimed, at last,
divinity.
There once was a God,
the strongest one—
Betrayed as well,
he was undone.
Cast down to Earth,
to flesh and bone,
No crown, no strength,
no throne, alone.
He bore the weight
of stars and scars,
And walked the dust,
and missed the stars—
But still, he moved,
with silent grace,
A god disguised
in human face.
Meanwhile, the man
who rose to God
Chose the loneliest path to trod—
No friends, no rest,
no hand to hold,
Just burning will,
unyielding, cold.
A tale of might,
of rise and fall,
Of destinies
that dared to call.
A taste of hope,
a taste of pain—
A climb, a fall,
then rise again.
They met a friend,
a voice, a guide—

Erjon Kazhani

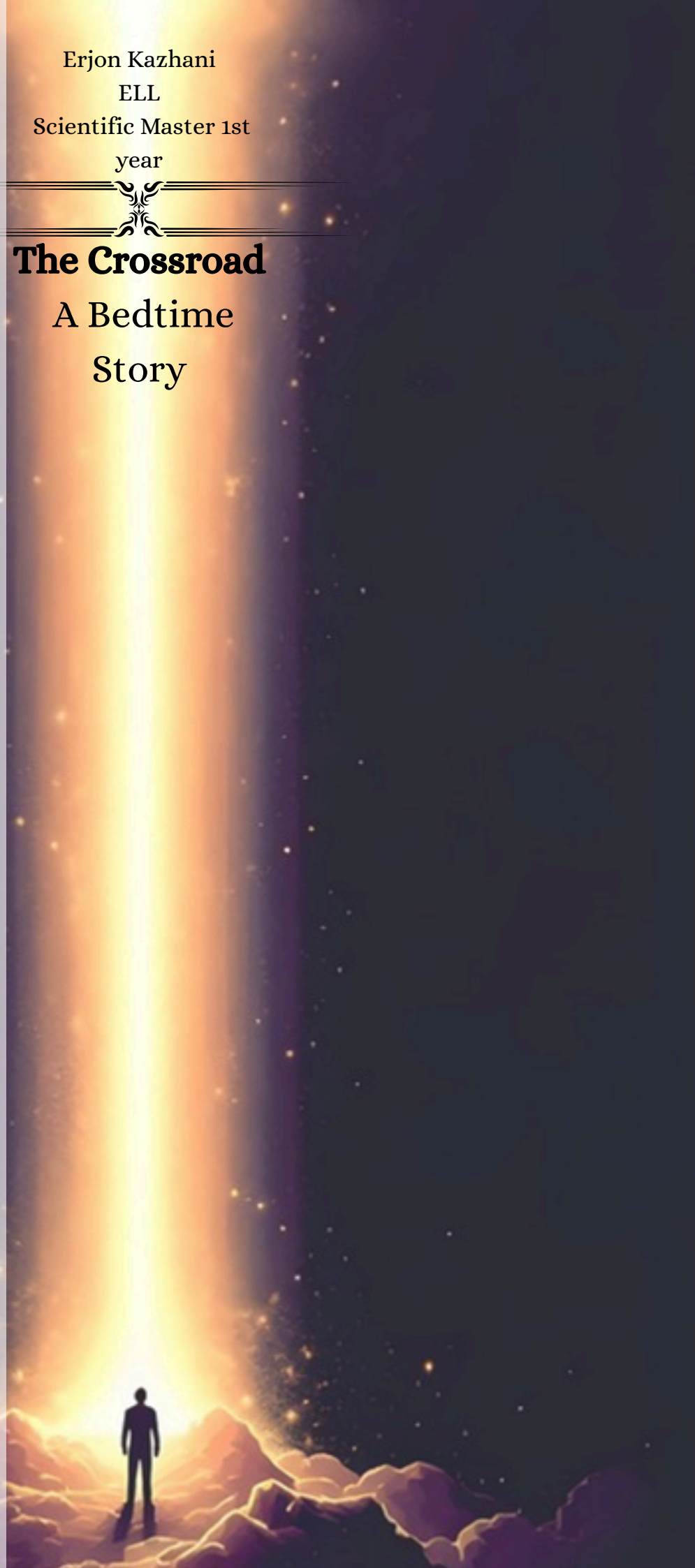
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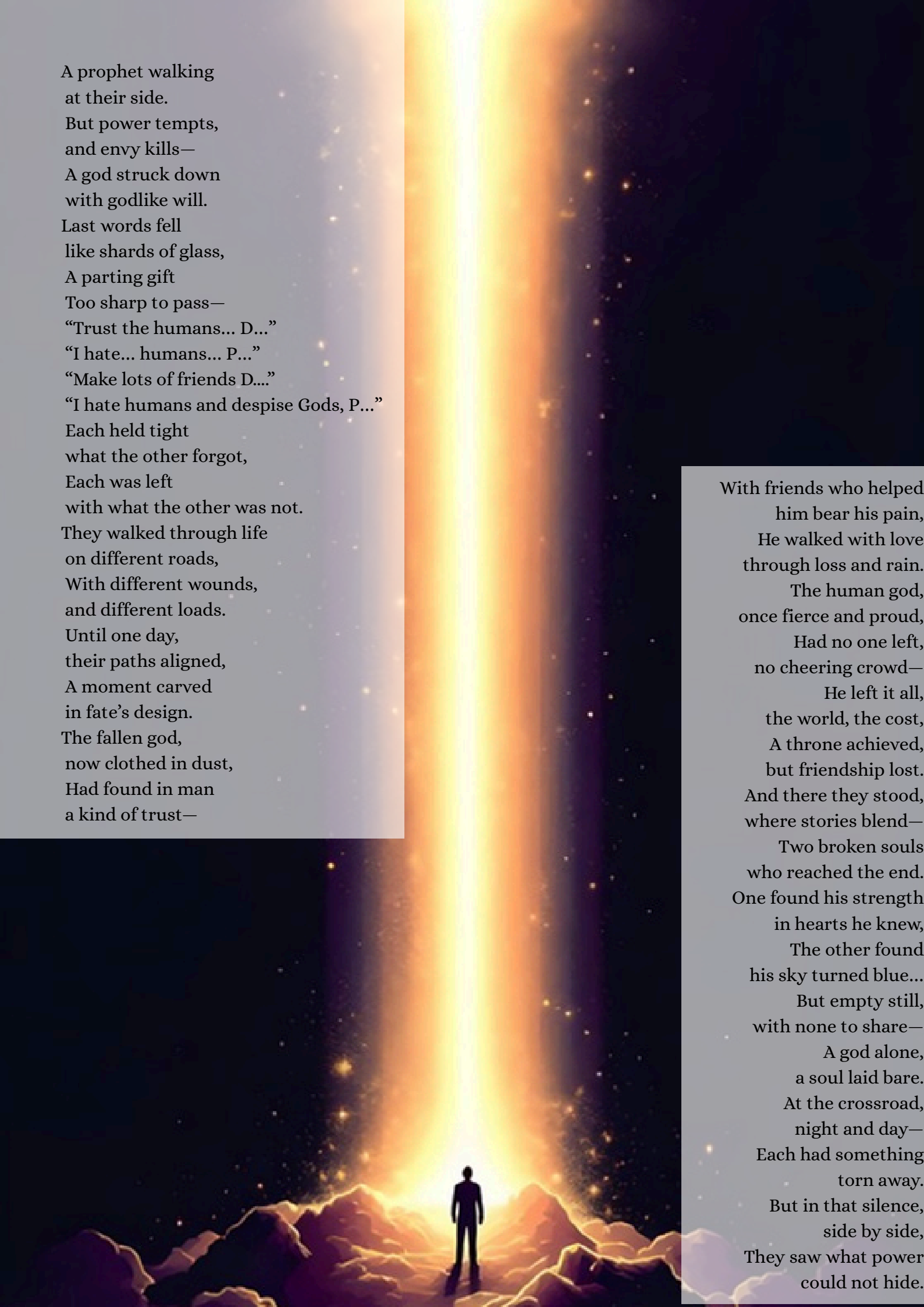
Scientific Master 1st
year



The Crossroad

A Bedtime Story





A prophet walking
at their side.
But power tempts,
and envy kills—
A god struck down
with godlike will.
Last words fell
like shards of glass,
A parting gift
Too sharp to pass—
“Trust the humans... D...”
“I hate... humans... P...”
“Make lots of friends D...”
“I hate humans and despise Gods, P...”
Each held tight
what the other forgot,
Each was left
with what the other was not.
They walked through life
on different roads,
With different wounds,
and different loads.
Until one day,
their paths aligned,
A moment carved
in fate’s design.
The fallen god,
now clothed in dust,
Had found in man
a kind of trust—

With friends who helped
him bear his pain,
He walked with love
through loss and rain.
The human god,
once fierce and proud,
Had no one left,
no cheering crowd—
He left it all,
the world, the cost,
A throne achieved,
but friendship lost.
And there they stood,
where stories blend—
Two broken souls
who reached the end.
One found his strength
in hearts he knew,
The other found
his sky turned blue...
But empty still,
with none to share—
A god alone,
a soul laid bare.
At the crossroad,
night and day—
Each had something
torn away.
But in that silence,
side by side,
They saw what power
could not hide.

DON'T FORGET TO READ

PREVIOUS ISSUES

Issue 1 : Purely

Issue 2 : Empowering Diversity

Issue 3 : New Beginnings

Issue 4: From Here To There

Issue 5: Independence

Issue 6: Down of Change



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