

The Futuraskolan Literary Prize



2018

Innehåll

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Colours of Autumn – The Different Phases of Life

AKSHAINIE SHARAN

Colours of Autumn – The Different Phases of Life

In this story, the narrator, Rohan, goes for a walk with his beloved wife and tells her about his memories with his family.

*“The colours of autumn red, yellow, green and brown
Reminds me of all of the beautiful playgrounds
When the leaves of autumn fall down and trail behind
People on the bus stop just taut to go inside”*

Said Rohan, while he and his wife Mina strolled along in The Regent’s Park. He was telling his wife about his memories with his family. There is a bus stop just outside the park. Rohan and his father used to take the bus from home just to come to this peaceful park. In the autumn there was a lot of people on the bus stop and usually, the bus came late so the people started feeling a bit cold. Now that his father is no longer there, he comes with his wife after work because they think it is a nice place to come to after a long and tiring day. Rohan has a lot of memories with his family and he likes to talk with Mina about those wonderful days.

Papa used to care for our family a lot and used to bring us a lot of gifts. He used to motivate both sister Rhea and I to follow our dreams. Whatever I am today is because of his teachings and learnings. There used to be a playground near our house, me, my father and Rhea used to go there every day after school.

Dad wrote a poem one time and sang it to me and my sister while he was dropping us off at school. It was in mid-autumn in October. Whenever I sing it now, it reminds me of my father and times when we went to the playground with Rhea.

*“Aa chal ke tujhe, main le ke chaluun
Ik aise gagan ke tale
Jahan gam bhii na ho, aansoo bhi na ho
Bas pyaar hii pyaar pale”*

Which means

*“Let me take you under the sky,
to a place where there are no sorrows, no tears
where only love nourishes and flourishes!”*

In Easter break, we would go skiing in the Alpine mountains in Switzerland. We would go on the sitting lifts and try all of the slopes. We would go skiing in the morning and then have lunch in the afternoon. After lunch, we would go hiking and explore around the mountains. At night we would have dinner and play card games in the cottage.

I still remember the time when Rhea and I pranked ma and papa on April fool’s day. We prank called our parents pretending to be firemen and said that there was a fire in the house, they started panicking and as they reached to grab their shoes we put a toy snake

near the shoes so they freaked out. They slowly picked up their shoes so that they wouldn't scare the snake and tried to put them on but we put a paper ball in their shoes so when they put it on, they thought that the snake had laid eggs in their shoes so they left their shoes behind and just ran out. When they opened the door and stepped out water fell on them and they were soaking wet. We got in so much trouble but we couldn't stop laughing.

On some of the weekends in the summer we would call our friends to do a grill party. We would grill sausages and chicken and we would play games. Sometimes we would go on holidays with our friends to sunny places. We would swim at beaches, lakes and swimming pools near the hotels when we were at a holiday. Usually, there used to be a pool party for my sister's birthday.

Every Halloween papa would take us to go trick or treat all around our neighbourhood. We would also go to our friend's neighbourhoods and we would get a lot of candies every year by the time we got home ma would say " you got so many candies? " and I would say " ma, this only the half of what we got, the other half we already ate."

On Diwali, dad wouldn't give us any presents, he would give us some money instead because he didn't know what we would like to get because our interests changed a lot over time and we could not stick to one thing. If we were going to write down a list of all the things we wanted, then it would be a very long one and a lot of those things would change from time to time. Our father couldn't bring us so many things at once. He used to say you should spend your money wisely on the things you want the most. We used to visit our relatives in India and there used to be a lot of delicacies all around. We burst firecrackers and have a gala time with our cousins. Over years, visiting India became less frequent as papa's illness.

I miss Rhea as she doesn't live with me anymore, she lives in India with Ma and her family.

We the Free Birds in the Zoo

ELLA NILLSON

We the Free Birds in the Zoo

As long as you have no value
nor dominance you'll be granted with rights,
You get to be free.

Free like a bird,
but society is placing us in cages,
enclosures. Making us feel like home.

Make it fetching so that we don't grasp reality.
We are caged animals. In Zoos.

Society is grabbing our rights
and tossing them behind their backs because,
We aren't deserving.

We have our individual,
unique wings, Clipped! Snapped! Broken!
Crippled, so that we can't leave the walls, we call home.

They tell the tough to flee 'towards the walls' they say
'it will make you stronger' they say.

You can't get stronger if you snap your neck.

Snapping the necks of the strong
and controlling our numbers of the small.
We are all strong in numbers.

Foolish and strong.

Syria

DUONG THUY NGUYEN

Syria

Syria, a beloved country,
you ask what people know?
Right, they tell you “war”.
It breaks my heart for sure,
as Syria was beautiful...

Civil War, crisis, conflicts, crazy protests,
not enough for the worst.

One day, they became involved.
Black clothes, white shoes, Toyota trucks.
Where were they from? No one knew!
They rushed in like phantoms and the fear
came along with them.

Conquering lands and gaining oil.
Killing and destroying.
Syria lost homes, Syria moaned, Syrian died, Syrian cried.
ISIS were messing around. Syrian had to survive somehow.
They escaped for better life
Jordan, Lebanon, Iraq and Turkey
Anywhere that they find safety.

Deadly Deception

AIMEE WARK

Deadly Deception

In a small cafe sat a girl around the age of possibly sixteen. She had long golden locks of hair that were tied in a messy bun. The bun was held intact by a green velvet ribbon. Her face was pale and slim, her nose narrow, her cheekbones sharp, yet hollow. Her eyes were of an ice blue, almost appearing white in the lighting of the dim cafe. At first sight, Ava looked almost hideous. But, after closer examination, her mixed features sculpted her into a quite beautiful girl. One might wonder what such a young girl might be doing alone in such a grungy old cafe, most likely out way past her bedtime. She was alone in the shop, apart from an elderly couple, who were smoking something that did not seem quite legal. Oh, and one mustn't forget about the larger man in the smaller reclining chair by the stone fireplace. His dark skin made a nice contrast to his blue eyes, but the bleached hair he carried so proudly atop his scalp ruined the aesthetic of colours. He was listening to music, but on way too loud of a volume. So loud, in fact, that the sound leaked from the buds, all the way to Ava. Yes, back to Ava . . . what was the cause of her presence? Well, to put it simply, Ava had been sloppy in her history work in class and had to catch up. Everywhere else she went, somebody was being obnoxious and disturbing her deep 500-page reading. Ava had thought she had finally found the most peaceful place in town, when she had first arrived at eight PM at this cute cafe. Now, however, at ten PM, it was proven just how wrong Ava had been. It proved how silly even the most sensible of girls could become when being catfished in person. Ava was sitting leaned forward in her seat, her elbows rested on the table, ghastly close to knocking over her now cold cup of tea. She was reading intently, for now the history book had become intriguing. The entry was telling a tale of the day a young princess fell in love with a handsome and rich man. When Ava was at the most suspenseful part of her book, she felt a sudden tap on her shoulder. The tap was gentle, but the hand quickly retreated. Ava was startled, twitching a little in surprise before she could look up at whoever had interrupted her reading. Ava's eyes widened to saucers when she saw who had tapped on her shoulder. It was a young man, barely a few years older than her. He was gorgeous, incredibly handsome. His face was almost white, his cheeks flushed with a soft rosy colour, along with his nose. He was wearing a scarf and a large grey jacket, like he had just arrived from the snowy and cold outdoors. Ava's eyes could not resist travelling from the man's face to his lips, so luscious and pink, to his strong built neck, to his broad chest, to his broad waist, to his flashing belt. Ava made sure not to look below that belt, for now her face was already feeling warm. He looked just like she had imagined the rich man would in the tale in her history book. Her eyes travelled back to the man's lips, her own slightly parted, having lost their courage to move to form speech.

"Hello," said the man in a deep and very masculine voice, sounding slightly amused by the young lady's reaction to seeing him. Ava looked to the man's eyes, at last, to see something she would never forget. She saw the eyes of a dead person. The eyes her grandma had had before the doctor's had asked her to leave the room, so they could handle the body. Ava's heart felt like it dropped to her feet, but the horror left her as soon as that soothing voice spoke again. "May I sit, my dear?" "Ye-Yes," stammered out Ava, her cheeks still flushed pink, most fear washed away. The man sat down gracefully across from her, taking his scarf off and folding it neatly on the table. Ava stared at him, but specifically those eyes. They just weren't possible, they couldn't exist on a living person. "What's wrong with your eyes?" she asked him, instead of asking who he was or what he wanted. Foolish girl. "I'm sorry?" the man who still remained nameless asked the young girl, his thick dark eyebrows furrowing into something that definitely looked like disapproval. "You're. . ." Ava said, but trailed off

when she saw the man taking off his jacket. His chest was even broader under the jacket, and Ava was even more distracted now. Had she not been so distracted, she would have been asking sensible questions, such as, 'who are you?' or, 'what do you want from me?' or even better, 'are you here to hurt me?' "Eyes," Ava finished her sentence shakily, her eyes never leaving the chest of the man. "What about them?" the man snickered. Ava gazed to the man's eyes, a cold shiver running down her spine when she saw them again. They looked white, the pupils not really focusing on Ava, but beyond her. Dead, was the only best way to describe such a peculiarity? Ava started speaking, but just as she did, the man leaned forward. On his elbows, like the girl had been when he had first stepped in. His dead eyes were trying to study the book she had been reading. Ava, in a flourish, grabbed the book and snapped it shut, for she had remembered the foolish tale it contained. Such a thing she did not want this man to know that she was reading. The man did not, however, seem to really react to Ava's sudden flash of movement. Instead, his attention was on her cold tea. A fingertip was dipped into it, then quickly retreated again, like it had done when tapping Ava's shoulder. The dead eyes sought the young girl's, the pink lips cracking into a warm and welcoming smile. "It's cold," he said. "Wait here and I'll fetch you a new one." Ava just smiled, nodding swiftly. However, before she had the time to thank the man, he was off to get her drink. She stole herself a glance at the man's slim figure from behind before looking down at her own white blouse. It had buttons that fastened all the way up to her neck, and it had beautiful patterns along it. With fumbling hands and those luscious pink lips in mind, the young girl fumbled to unbutton her shirt to show off her pale collarbone. She wanted to feel pretty when the nameless man returned. Only seconds after Ava's pimping, the man was back. He set the steaming cup of tea down next to her - the one Ava would never get to drink - but he remained standing. Peculiar, but Ava did not question such a thing. "Let's climb on the table," said the dead-eyed man randomly, his gaze fixed on the table he was in front of. He hadn't even cast a glance at the girl's newly unbuttoned blouse. That made Ava's heart sting a little, which was another distracting factor from rational thinking. Out of nowhere, the man Ava was watching so intently put his hands on the table. After a few heaves and tests of weight, the man was upon it. He then rose, standing up high. He looked around, an eerie smile on his face, an eerie smile that travelled back to Ava, who was still sitting. "Up we go," he said impatiently. "What?" Ava spluttered, looking around frantically through the cafe, waiting for someone to shout at the man to step down. But when Ava looked around, she saw that nobody seemed to have noticed the man's sudden endeavour. The two elders were still smoking, looking more distant than before, and the man with bleached hair was still listening to his loud music. "Here," the man on the table said, bending down and offering the young girl below himself a slim hand. The girl, mesmerized by the beauty of the hand, took it without even second thought. Along with a frightful yell from Ava, the man yanked her up by the arm and placed her down on the table on her feet. Her back was to the wall, the man in front of her and obscuring the view of the other people. Ava's shoulder socket ached from the sudden yank, but she was soon distracted from the pain. The man in front of her was doing something bizarre. He was reaching behind his head, fiddling with something. It looked like he was unravelling something. Then, something so shocking and sudden that Ava was stunned into silence happened. The man's face fell off. Quite literally, for the face was not a face. The face was a mask. A mask of a beautiful man, but underneath, it was everything but beautiful. An oily face, those same dead eyes, yellow and rotting teeth, a long shaggy salt-and-pepper beard. The wrinkles in his face made him look very aged, maybe around the age of fifty. The pores around his nose were clogged, dark sockets under his eyes. Ava let out one of the most blood curdling screams one could

imagine. It was like the entire cafe shook when the screech was emitted from her thin lips, but soon it was muffled into a low whine. The man that used to be beautiful had clamped his hand down over her mouth, his nails yellow and smelling of a body odour similar to onion or cheese. Ava's eyes immediately started watering when exposed to such a smell. Then, the man spoke, his voice the same. "Let's see how you can handle being in the dark webs. . ."

With that, Ava was shoved against the wall with such force that she lost her balance and stumbled over the tablecloth. However, when the girl thought she would hit the wall, she fell through it. Her plump bottom hit a soggy floor with a loud thud and a small hitch for breath from Ava. It was dark, so dark that Ava's eyes took a few seconds to adjust. When sight was regained, the girl stood to examine her surroundings. She turned slowly. The only thing she could determine was that she was surrounded by thick black walls on either side of her, the space cramped and the air smelling of earthy mould. It was difficult to breathe because of the smell, Ava discovered soon, for her unbuttoned blouse was rising and dropping faster and faster each second she was present in that surrounding. Everything was completely silent in the small space, the only sounds coming from Ava's breathing which was growing more rapid than ever. Starting to feel a little freaked out, Ava leaned towards the wall to her right and pressed her palm to it, the room so dark she could barely see her pale and bony hand in front of her. The wall felt cold and sticky with an unidentifiable substance - it could be anything. Ava shuddered at the thought, taking a quick step away from the wall, only to hit her back on the opposing wall behind her. Her blouse was immediately engulfed in the stickiness of it. She squealed in disgust, spinning around. On the wall in front of her, there was a mirror. A blurry mirror. But, instead of her own reflection, the girl saw the man she had been speaking to before. On the other side, there he was, standing on that same table. He had put his mask back on, so now he was beautiful again. He had noticed Ava looking at him and cracked a smile. "You didn't finish your book," he stated, holding up the history book Ava had been reading when he first arrived. "I don't want to spoil the ending for you, but I will anyways. The rich man had not been rich at all. His bags of gold had actually been bags of coal. He had locked the princess in a cave in the middle of the kingdom's forest, saying that she had gotten lost in the woods, and the kingdom believed him. He, became the new king. She, was destined to rot in the mouldy cave."

A Man

SARA BRATT

A Man

A man, a lonely man
Living in a city, everything else but lonely
People filling up the streets
People not realizing that they live in reality

But that lonely man becomes lonely, because he knows what reality is
He sees what other people do not see
He lives in colour
He knows what other people refuse to know
He lives the life no one is willing to live

It does not matter how many people you are surrounded by
If they are not willing to listen to or understand you
You will not be a part of them

He wishes to escape, but where to?
How could one escape from reality
You can not

One ladder with seven steps, seven chances to change
A ladder, leading to a place where you could be loved
But if one step breaks, you lose your chance

Once the sky was blue, but a fire is sweeping over the city
A fire of darkness
A fire where no light penetrates
It creeps in during the night, leaving nothing but death
But a man with strength of reality, could stand a chance against it

Literary Prize Entry Piece

JULIUS GORME

Literary Prize Entry Piece

My name is Nicola Ruiz, born in 1980 and located in Rio de Janeiro, I always had a dream to become a politician, it was in my blood. Both of my parents had worked in the political environment, they have been campaigning day in and day out to become the candidate for the Brazilian social democratic party for every election and to win the election. My father won the election in 2000, and throughout the years, some other social democratic party candidates had won. Because of the campaigning, I rarely experienced family time, my parents would sometimes arrive home late or I would rather be staying at my grandparents. This led to challenges in school, I always need assistance during my younger ages. As I experienced puberty, I “grew” away from my parents, took my own responsibility for life.

My mother would always say to me “politics are today, you are needed and you are up to make the change.” I would write this statement down on a piece of paper and lay it under my bed pillow and I thought about it every day. Our family had a tradition that every Friday we would do something called “political Friday.” We would carry this tradition out after dinner, showing our slogans, campaign advertisements and project our speeches. And at the end, we would reflect on how we could improve in different areas. My debating skills were top-class during school, I enjoyed school but mostly focused on my two favourite subjects, science, and humanities. I started at an elementary school in São Paulo but in eighth grade, I moved to Rio de Janeiro and continued school. When I graduated ninth grade in June of 1990, I wasn’t sure how to continue my school career.

Choosing a high school is difficult, especially for me, and can result in anxiety for many. It took me a few months to research and decide, but on August sixth I discovered Cândido Mendes. They had an impressive education program on political science, showed it to my parents they accepted and I sent in my admission. After a week, I got accepted and had an option to choose what type of program I wanted. Surprise surprise, I choose a similar class to political science and sent it. After three days, I got more specific information about the high school, stating that the first day of high school would be held on September 15. I couldn’t wait! I had met new friends, experienced loads of fun and had learned new knowledge. I always thought that time went too fast, and our school was arriving at last day, scheduled for May 18, 1993. My friends had already planned their future, having children, jobs, you know. I still wasn't sure. There were so many opportunities and difficult decisions in the developing world.

I was chosen to be the valedictorian for the ceremony, preparing my speech months in advance, and I felt confident to present, practicing each day. Then, the day finally came, the graduation ceremony. All of us were sitting in our assigned seats, having our blue graduation uniforms on. I sat at the back row with all the other classmates. There were a bunch of parents located at the podium, and I was trying to find my parents but I was unable to see them. Confusion kicked into me, where were they and how could this happen? I had brought my cell phone in my left pocket, and I started typing a message to mom. No response. Then to dad, also no answer. “Nicola Ruiz,” said the headmaster, I immediately put back my cell phone back into my left pocket, raised myself, and walked formally to the podium. When I reached the podium, the headmaster whispered to me “I wouldn't place you in an university, you are our top student and you would be an admiring politician.” I responded with a “thank you” and went back to my seat. My friends were excited, they repeated the phrase “what did he say, what did he say?” A secret, I told them but they were so eager that they got annoyed with me. My phone vibrated, checked it and finally a reply from mom. It read:

Sorry honey, I forgot to inform you that we couldn't make it. Me and daddy are driving across Brazil for the campaigning. Polls show that your dad has an advantage!

I responded immediately.

Me: So the campaign is more important than your child? You will miss my speech, remember? I was chosen to be the valedictorian.

Mom: We value you as our son, we love you, but sometimes you have to respect our work.

Me: I do appreciate your work, but skipping an important day like today? That's totally unacceptable. Have to go.

I would ignore the other messages that I received, focusing more on the ceremony. It was almost time for me to present the speech, explaining how I see the world today and its future.

"Please, let me introduce Nichola back to the stage as our valedictorian" announced the headmaster.

I heard the cheering and clapping of people during my walk to the podium, and at my arrival of the podium, they stopped. "I've always been interested in politics, I love it! I do have my thoughts about the world, if it's appreciated by humans or not, and how we can improve it...."

"Brazil has had many complications during years, but we, as a group, have fixed it. Brazil started with a military dictatorship, lasting from 1964 to 1985. It proved to be no good as the Brazilians repeatedly protested against it. As a result, many people suffered and were killed. Yet, these protest made Brazil a democracy and hasn't changed since. Brazil is still recognized in its developing stages, so how could we change this direction? I've been conducting research on what the Brazilian population wants to change, and I do support these changes but not all of them can be put into action. I want to obtain a plan and a bill for how Brazil will go green for 2020, lower taxes and decrease our poverty." This was during our last debate until Election Day. I, nominee for the Brazilian social democratic party, was running against Dilma Rousseff, candidate for the Brazilian workers party. The debate ended with sweaty hands and legs, probably should've brought my sweatpants, and of course a gentle handshake. My team and I weren't much to effect after all the effort we'd put in and we were impatient for tomorrow's Election Day. I called each and every colleague to get a good night's sleep and my appreciation for their work.

I arrived home at ten o'clock, parked my car and entered my house. My family had already entered sleep mode, which I was preparing to do. I brushed my teeth, took a warm, ten-minute shower, and switched into my bed clothes, otherwise known as pyjamas, and went to bed, where my wife was. I began my process of sleeping, and the next thing I knew, it was Election Day, hoping that I'll win!

I didn't win. Around ten o'clock, the information was clear that my opponent won by a large margin. I had thirty-two percent and Dilma had sixty percent of the vote. Me and my family were devastated about it, what went wrong? I had to leave the thoughts behind and called Dilma to congratulate her victory. The call ended quickly, no longer than two minutes and in the background, the sounds of cheering, applauding and clanging glasses were heard. I got informed that her "winning speech" was scheduled for eleven o'clock, which I decided to avoid. In the meantime, I looked through my stack of postal letters that contained my finance bills, fan mail, and something unprecedented. A letter from an anonymous found at

the bottom of the stack, no credentials on the front or back, either inside and neither my address. The letter read:

Dear Mr. Nichola,

This is urgent. Tomorrow, eleven o'clock, Meet me at Atlantic Avenue, outside building number one. Otherwise, it's too late.

Call me Petrobras.

Was this authentic? I couldn't tell, but I met him anyways.

The next day, I arrived at the address a few minutes early, and it was known as the sketchy part of town. Known for its drug dealing and crime rate, I began to assume that I was going to be a part of a felony. This wasn't correct, as "Petrobras" handed me crucial documents, around one hundred pages long, explaining the bribes committed by high Brazilian officials. I wasn't able to ask any question, but he gave me strict orders that I should submit these documents to a newspaper when I had finished reading them. A few hours later, I was astonished by what I read.

These documents revealed that these bribes were part of, what was going to be, the biggest corruption scandal in Brazil. Petrobras, Latin America's biggest oil company, was the largest contributor for the corruption. It played out like this; Petrobras would accept bribes to politicians and high state officials, three billion dollars in total, from different firms, like Odebrecht, and in return Petrobras would receive contracts.

I needed to publish immediately. Luckily, I knew two friends who were journalists, named Eloa Silva and Hugo, working at the newspaper, O Globo, and told them to meet me at my house. When they arrived, I showed a few pages of the documents and they were amazed.

"When can you publish?"

"Most probably in the morning... and we could work here." They responded.

"Sure, I'll make the coffee for you and prepare some snacks."

They instantly started working on the article, and I couldn't wait until the publishing. We stayed up all night to finish it and finally at seven o'clock, we sent the article to the editor. At eight o'clock, the article had been posted to the site.

After a few hours, a large demonstration had started. Millions of people were walking through the streets of Rio de Janeiro, as well as in other states in Brazil. People wore a variety of different masks, including money becoming oil and money being burnt. I heard the people yelling my name and saying "Nichola is our hero!" "Make Nichola president!"

I and the journalists were exhausted, and I said they could go home. When they were about to leave, I gave them a handshake and thanked them. Every hour, new information would appear of those who were arrested by the police. This was a saviour day for Brazil!

After a few days, our current president, Dilma Rousseff, was found guilty. This led to her impeachment on the first of November and I would be inaugurated as the President of Brazil on the same day. I was introduced to my new staff member, which I chose from my Party, and as more days passed, more people were being convicted and sent to prison.

In my first days of office, I would assemble my team who were in charge of the bill that would transform Brazil into a green country. And on December thirty-first, the bill was signed. I still saw demonstrations everyday on the TV, they would never stop. Although, my presidency wouldn't last long because in the beginning of 2015, I was also found convicted

for bribery and sent to prison. During my campaigning, I received a bribe from Petrobras executive, Jose Alon, and as a result, I was given loads of money to aid me financially and in other ways.

On September first, I got the bribe. I need to buy a brand new Range Rover because Jose needed a new one. In return, I would get eight hundred million dollars.

So, why did I publish the documents if I already knew I did a bribe? Because I wanted others to suffer with me, which I appreciate.

Currently, Brazil has no president and I'm sitting in jail with the other politicians that were convicted. I was sentenced to jail for fourteen years, and during that time, my family never visited or called me.

When I was freed from Prison, I wanted to see my family again but they had moved to somewhere else. I would never see them again, but I would certainly run for president again in the next election.

Life Sucks

ANONYMOUS

Life Sucks

My dad used to tell me I did nothing right
And my mother held me as the tears blurred my sight
It's too late to say sorry, too late to apologize,
Cause I'll never forgive them for ruining this child

Watching my parents from a far you'd say it was picture perfect
But I constantly asked the question If everything was worth it
Never smiling, constantly crying, my father making up stories and lying
The screaming, the fighting, the constant pain,
I knew that nothing could ever be the same

I promised myself not to be like them
To protect my children from the hating and danger
Of turning us against the other parent
I promised not to end up as their stranger

Three years has passed and I still remember,
all the details, how I was my little brothers defender
And I screamed in their faces, I screamed: "How can you do this?
I know you've fallen out of love but didn't think you would prove it."

I hugged my brother tight that night and swore we'd be alright
and that maybe, someday, we'd be saved.
I made myself a promise I would keep him safe

I was 12 years old, feeling so alone,
I was searching for an urgent way to find my way back home.
My parents feeling pity till this day thinking they have it tougher
But it's always the children who will suffer

Cause four people is a core it should be a loving source but it split,
and it left us sore
I'd rather have my two parents acting like boors
I would never want to hear the word divorce.

My father's always disappointed in me, he wants all control
He wants to make my own decisions, and keep me at home
He's a manipulative man, my mother made him sound so grand
But what he's saying aren't offerings, every word is a command

I've hit rock bottom, and I don't know how to get up
I cry myself to sleep every night, I've had enough
I wake up with a headache and a soreness in my eyes
Get out of bed, and tell my mom "I promise that I'm fine"

It's 1 pm and I've already cried eleven times
Wipe my tears, look in the mirror, red and swollen eyes
I unlock the bathroom, knowing that I gotta get to class
2 meters out the door I have a new panic attack

My head is hurting, hands are trembling, I just want to scream
I pinch myself and hope this is another bad dream
The floor is cold and hard but lying down's hard to resist
Cause I know that all would ease if I just seized to exist

It's been three whole years since it all went downhill
But my life is so messed up, and I barely smile, still
I don't know who are my friends, I don't even know myself
I just know how bad it hurts, i just know that i need help

I thought I wanted dad to be a part of my life
I thought it would be worth it even though we just fight
But it's gone way too far and I don't even want to bother
So starting 'bout a week ago I don't speak to my father

Cause he always told me I wasn't enough
And my mom used to hold me, if the nights got too rough
I've stopped expecting him to apologize
Cause I won't forgive him for ruining this child

The Ballade Train

NESSA MORAN

The Ballade Train

Secrets are kept, and never cold.

The ones who know it has the gold.

Forget about gold and focus on love.

A golden heart has all above.

Spread out your wings and learn to fly

'Cause all around us love lies high.

The clouds go down and the sun goes bright.

This isn't the moment to say goodnight.

Together we get this secret to stay

So that no one outside knows for today.

A secret of trust that stays with us

For tomorrow it runs ahead to adjust.

