

Scriptorium Britannicum

STUDENT JOURNAL
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

Happy New Year!

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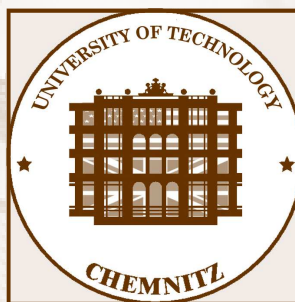
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The English Department proudly presents the second issue of the Student Journal for WS2009/2010. As we have all witnessed another turn of year, surely everyone is looking for a little enlightenment. Whether one reads new year's quotes by famous people on the internet or reflects on the wisdom of Ghandi, this time is perfect for some soul searching for each of us. The Scriptorium Britannicum team has been shaking out their bag of thoughts to create another issue that is worth your time.

We gained a new member - welcome Jan. In this issue you will find a small guide to personal freedom, reflections on the year 2009, an opinion on internet communication, a book review and, of course, a lot of creative writing. It is the time we all invest our sweat and tears in preparing for our exams, so if you have any spare time and you are longing for something else to read in between all the learning READ THIS! - Not only because there is one story written by a friend and not because you like the word freedom on the first page. Read it because you are one of us! Whether a professor or a student -

even if you are not part of the academic world, there is something in here for everyone. We also want to encourage you to give some feedback. Anything that comes to mind e-mail to :

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Enlighten yourself! Enjoy the second issue and let me finish briefly by saying:

"For last year's words belong to last year's language. And next year's words await another voice.

And to make an end
is to make a beginning!"

(unknown)

Christin Gäbel

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot and never brought
to mind?

Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot and days of
Auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup

Of kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot and never brought
To mind?
Should auld acquaintance
Be forgot and days of
Auld lang syne?

And here's a hand, my
Trusty friend and gie's a
Hand o' thine

We'll tak'
A cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

2009 Reflections

A new year has begun - no wait, a new decade. But before we stumble into this new decade full of New Year Resolutions, let's take a few minutes and look back to our old year 2009.



Thinking of our previous year there are terms floating around that coined this period of time, terms like *financial crisis* and *swine flu* - a new flu and an old crisis, which basically meant that last year we had to cut back a little on our expenses and some of us maybe had to get a vaccination against the swine flu. We also heard stories about farmers infecting their pigs with the flu and mass vaccinations, but this is now water under the bridge.

There are some events from 2009 which definitely deserve the spotlight, so let's start with them.

The most surprising news from last year for me was that President Obama won the Nobel Peace Prize, December 10. I believe I was not the only one thinking: what for? Without a doubt the year 2009 has been an "Obama Year", the euphoria has even swept to Europe. He impregnated the world with his famous phrase "Yes, we can!", showing that we really can achieve any-

thing we want. However, after only ten months in office he is awarded with the Nobel Peace Prize, even though he continues waging war, sending over ten thousand soldiers to Afghanistan. For him this prize is probably more a burden than an honor, for it can only be understood as a call to take actions. So good luck to you Mr. President. Hopefully you can prove that you really earned this prize after all.

One of the most touching news stories from last year was probably the death of Michael Jackson. Leading his life under the eyes of the whole world since he was a little boy, his funeral service also was a spectacular event. Leaving a huge mourning mass of fans, an unfinished tour, three children and lots of mysteries about his life and death behind, Michael Jackson passed away, June 25.

There were also some other things we had to say good bye to in 2009. The EU-Commission decided on banning the electric light bulb. Instead of Thomas Edison's electric light bulb that uses too much energy, the low-energy light bulb is now used more often. The EU-Commission is hoping to save around eighty billion kilo-watt hours of energy by 2020. Why don't we all make a contribution to saving our environment and money and get rid of the electric light bulb?

Now what would a reflection of a year be without a ranking of the best and worst movies? According to *chicagotribune.com* the best movie of 2009 was *Up*, produced by Pixar Animation Studios. It tells the story of an elderly man and a scout boy, who fly to South America in a floating house suspended from helium balloons. The movie has received very positive reviews and took over \$680 million worldwide.

As an occasional movie-goer, the best movie in 2009 for me has been *Avatar*, a science fiction movie written and produced by James Cameron. It is not so much the story, but the beautiful and spectacular pictures, which make the movie a must-see.

According to several homepages the worst movie of 2009 was *Transformers- Revenge of the Fallen*, a science-fiction action film by Steven Spielberg. One survey stated that the majority of people watching this movie said it was unbearable.

For me the worst movie of 2009 was *Final Destination 4*, a supernatural horror thriller. Just like the previous *Final Destination* movies the story was the same: supernatural premonitions about horrible accidents that finally end with the death of everyone involved, except it is possible to somehow interrupt the chain. However, the fourth installment is the worst. It is low on dialogue, but heavy on flying body parts- for me 2009's worst movie!

Now after this short look back to our last year, we can finally concentrate on what to expect from this year. There are two big sport events waiting for us, the 21st Olympic Winter Games in Vancouver, Canada, starting on February 12, and the 19th Football World Cup in South Africa starting on June 11.

But this year 2010 also bears some highlights for us students. For some it is the last year of our studies, others just begin and we third semester students can prepare for our semester abroad. In any case, this year will be just what we make of it. With this in mind, I wish you all a happy, successful, spectacular year 2010!

Kathrin Wonner

Personal Freedom

It's an invasion. People not able to restrain themselves from the force of giving are caught in a nest of horror every year - called "The Shopping Centre". Here they are looking for Easter Bunny or Santa chocolate, razors, microwaves or flat screen TV's. I know that there are others as well, people holding on to other beliefs. One of them is Erich Fromm. He wrote a book on personal freedom and self realisation called "To Have or To Be" and this is a perfect way to demonstrate the state of mind some people are caught in, which can be observed especially on holidays like Easter, Halloween or Christmas. Ask yourself one question: Do you want to have or do you want to be? The following should help you decide.

Mass consumption, 'TV Generation' or information boom are only a few key words that describe the problem of finding personal freedom nowadays. Freedom of will sounds like an expression of an ancient novel and 'to live' and 'to function' seem as synonymous as 'cheese and onion'.

For a long time philosophers thought a person is infinitely mouldable and can live under almost all circumstances, but it became clear especially through philosophers like Erich Fromm and Dr. Rudolf Steiner, that society is responsible for the psychological health of the individual. A basic problem of society is mass consumption which suggests a satisfaction of artificially stimulated fantasies indicated by the mass media. As a result, the individual develops an addiction to this consumption and inner strivings or

spiritual search becomes irrelevant. The conflict of materialistic and spiritual needs of the human being leads to two character structures of "to have" or "to be" according to Erich Fromm. "To have" is the evil of the present civilisation (greed, envy)



whilst „to be“ is the only way to achieve a fulfilled life (happiness, activity, sharing).

"If you don't HAVE anything you're NOTHING!" Society, commercials, neighbours, oneself suggest: materialistic goods make you happy! To have nothing is one of the biggest fears of the human being and the unemployment situation increases this fear enormously. The loss of work is compared to loss of existence because without work you're useless, a non-functional part of society. In relation to this pressure humanity is suppressed for success and no one can withdraw himself from the force to seek materialistic goods because you could end up on the

street.

The human being itself is an anomaly because within the human being life is aware of itself and knows about the limitedness of its own. In contrast to animals, we are able to exceed our environ-

ment, we can break through the surface and, although we are still a part of nature we are kind of aborted by it. The harmony with nature is lost forever which leads to a feeling of helplessness and homelessness. Thus the biggest problem for the human being is existence itself and the constant longing for harmony. Erich Fromm defines that you can only "be" if you free yourself of egocentricity and selfishness and he declares this as the prerequisite for independence, freedom and human reasonability.

"All passions and strivings of the human being are attempts to find an answer for his existence or the attempt to avoid a sickness of the spirit to avoid homelessness." (Dr.

Rudolf Steiner). If people simply adapt to the rules of society they lose their spirit and desensitise.

Must there always be an expensive gift for Christmas? Is Halloween about firecrackers now? There seems to be a pattern families are caught in. Children are screaming for their Barbie dolls or matchbox cars. These become iPhones or flat screen TV's. Think of it! We just want to be around each other, so keep on celebrating everything you find worth it, but don't desensitise and fall under the spell of consumption!

Christin Gäbel

„Das Herz der Leopardenkinder“ by Wilfried N'Sondé

Moving, violent, poetic or harsh, it is difficult to describe the first novel of Wilfried N'Sondé „Das Herz der Leopardenkinder“ that was presented in the Weltecho on the 8th December 2009. The French author of Congolese origin takes us on a journey through the mind of a young man of the suburbs of Paris. Lying in a prison without knowing exactly why, his mind under the veil of drunkenness and his body in pain resting in the dirt, the reader follows the young man's thoughts traveling back in time. He remembers his lost love, Mireille, his friend Drissa turned mad, his life in a place known as “troubled hot spot” and his detachment from the spiritual world of his ancestors. Social issues which are constantly related to immigration and the confusion of growing up between two cultures have a strong presence in this book, where the realities of many young people living in these so called “deprived areas” are being explored. However, these surroundings are only the platform for a love story which is told in words that we would only expect from a poet. In fact, Wilfried N'Sondé is one. Love, pain and regrets are pictured in a beautiful, intimate and sincere way. It is in this same way that Mireille, an Algerian Jewish girl that the young prisoner has cherished since he was a little boy, is introduced to us. Mireille was his refuge and his escape, and when she left “for a different life”, the narrator's world broke down. While she represents strength and the belief of a better world that the suburbs made her long for, his

friend Drissa is the result of how oppressing and bewildering this environment can be. Even though Wilfried N'Sondé is called the new voice of a generation of migrants, during the book reading he pointed out that his novel is mainly a love story. But when he wondered why readers and critics only see the social aspect of it, an interesting discussion arose around artificially created

stereotypes and the act of categorization. It is easy to see how harmful these clichés are when extended to the observation of any suburb called a “troubled area” or in any social issues related to immigration in the world. In fact, suburbs in France are automatically connected to immigration which is directly related to social issues and troubles such as drugs and violence. The fact that none of these terms

define one another has been overseen. Wilfried N'Sondé, who grew up in such an area, can not remember any major trouble and mentioned with amusement that

selling drugs may have been a means to invite a girlfriend to the cinema. His book depicts how peaceful these suburbs can be, becoming colorful melting pots

with scenes of friendship and romance, although these have to take place in cellars or playgrounds, not in apartments with flowers hanging over the balcony or fancy restaurants. According to the author, terms

such as immigration or integration that are being used and overused do not make much sense anymore. This is especially true for a generation of people whose parents may be of a different racial or cultural background but were born and grew up in France, Germany or anywhere else away from their origins. This thought can be easily recognized in his book, particularly through Drissa who did not feel different but was made different by being constantly questioned about who he is, where he comes from and if he knows his culture.

Love, friendship, immigration, identity - it is difficult to grasp all the different aspects that are presented in this novel but sincerity may be the adjective that best describes its strength.

Cynthia Kazi



The World of Online Communities

A computer and a wireless internet connection are the two main ingredients for the staple food in a young persons' life. Often, the majority of social contacts happen via the internet, leaving only little space for real life experiences. A study by the Marketing Magazine *Rogers Publishing Ltd.* Showed the average teenager spent 9.3 hours daily on the internet in 2000 and the tendency rising.

The World Wide Web has become a necessity in a lot of peoples' lives. What started with easy communication via instant messaging systems such as ICQ and MSN, has turned into a fully profiled world. As life becomes more internationalized, people use online communities to stay in touch with friends and acquaintances. Sometimes it could leave the impression that more and more users associate themselves with others only via *facebook*, *StudiVZ*, *Twitter* and the likes, while they have lost their connection to the real world completely. When something is happening in people's lives and they want to let the whole world know, they use communities such as *facebook* and make it public. A prisoner on the run in Suffolk, United Kingdom had the same idea. After fleeing from law enforcement in September, the criminal offender published several mocking comments about his daily life and which were sure to be read by the police force as well. Well, his time of mocking was over as he got caught after four months of freedom. He now has a huge fan base, T-shirts are sold with his name on them, but it has now ended as his famous *facebook* site has been locked down. Through events like this, unknown people arrive at fame over night and then become the center of attention. Online communities and networking sites can build up a personality and frame it, but they can also destroy a person by one click too many. A photo from last night's party or a wrong comment on your status update can either cost you your job or it can ruin the chances for one in the

future. Today, almost every recruiting department investigates potential employees via the internet. The same applies to current employees. People have lost their jobs due to indecent party pictures, which were taken during a supposed sick leave. Others voluntarily quit their jobs after writing messages on the *facebook* profile of their boss while being drunk. Besides, have you ever looked for your name in any of the web search engines? You might be surprised about the outcome. Most likely your name comes up together with a link to *facebook* or any other online community using your data. It is not a secret that almost no information in the World Wide Web is safe. Photos, for example, can be used by any person that has access to your profile. In addition, you can get tagged in every picture possible. It's a hassle to follow up on the jokes of your friends and it could potentially harm your reputation! Nevertheless, millions of users log on to the platforms every day, giving updates on their unimportant daily issues. What is interesting to follow for a couple of days, becomes annoying a while later. Acquaintances you seldom hear from otherwise, fill your board with information about their last meal or their troubles with friends and family. Privacy is out in the online world, in more than one way. Who cares about your morning headache or your cravings for muffins? Nobody - but who cares anyways. The urge to talk about anything and everything can only be satisfied through constant publication. What *facebook* hasn't done yet, *Twitter* is doing. *Twitter* only consists of an updates page or a so-called *wall*, and interested people can keep track of any users' activities. An additional feature for community junkies is the opportunity to follow the actions of their favorite celebrities. Barack Obama kept his campaign workers up-to-date during his election, and other celebrities have also discovered the platform as a means of communication with fans and anybody who wants to read their often unimportant

tweets. Just a couple of days ago, Pete Wentz, the bassist of the US alternative rock band *Fall Out Boy*, used *Twitter* to let everybody know that "I would like to live in a cave if I could. Not like the bat cave more like a fred flintstone [sic] one". Followers need to be warned though: often their favorite star is nothing but a fake profile created by somebody pretending to be the actual celebrity. Alternatively, following the celebrity can turn into information overload. The American TV-starlet Tila Tequila, for example, has been posting about the December 2009 death of her fiancée, and her despair towards the dead woman's family was inappropriate only for the first twenty tweets, but they resulted in her fiancée being dishonored when the messages reached more than 150 in four days. Her grief was one thing, but this attention-seeking in any possible way would have her fiancée turning in her grave. Regardless, *Twitter* and *facebook* have their good sides. They help people to stay in contact with loved ones, which are too far away to visit frequently, and even help to save lives as in the case of actress Demi Moore, who saved one of her followers from committing suicide only a while ago. Without *Twitter* and Demi Moore's frequent communication on the page, the girl's suicide note would not have been found in advance and she most likely would have died. Thank you Demi for showing us the right way to use the digital force!

In the 21st century, life is increasingly taking place in a virtual mode. Given the high number of said online networking opportunities, there is a big demand for them and in the future people will continue to make use of this means of communication. The only danger is to first slowly lose all personal privacy, and then to totally give up on real interaction with the outside world and to get lost in web relationships. We need to make sure that we maintain a life outside the World Wide Web.

Stories, Poems and other Creative Arrangements

SPANCY FOONERISM

"Mis thay cebome a neverstoring endy,"

I read thin e fiss irstue of *Britorium Scriptannicum*

Do I secided sto tart a neverstoring endy

Spof Oonerisms. Fave hun and gen't dot foncused!

Whab atout a while ossue oth fe Joudent Sturnal

Roonespized? Ny whot? OP, peokle thight mink

Cre are wazy rhen weading bis, thut lat east we are

Creamely extretive and innobe even mayvative

Thi ink even Spakesheare hould wave usid et

Hif e bew aknout thits and is preative cower

"Bo te, nor ot bo te, at this que thestion"

Baid sy Ling Kear oth Orello, onstead if Lemhat?

Who sat about a stole whory, a bole whook

(Wre)ritten in whis tay? Na ovel by Matwaret Argood?

Or a quorter af Artipedia's wikicles? Pome soems?

Mell, waybe she would start wis *thith constry's countitution...*

Jan Schmiedel

(solutions on the last page)

2010 Chemnitz Raptor Incident

The following document is a victim's diary retrieved during the aftermath of the 2010 Chemnitz Raptor Incident.

Warning: Some scenes contain no extreme violence. Viewer discretion is advised.

Day 5:

Finally found a pen and some paper.

As there is precious little space, I am skipping the introductions.

It is Wednesday, I believe. Five days after the raptors ambushed our group in front of the

Main Lecture Hall. The first day was pure chaos. Everyone ran, myself included, like mad, like the doors to oblivion had been opened. I remember the screams, how people to my sides were clawed and maimed, how their intestines were shredded to pieces...

I was lucky, I guess. Lucky to survive. And yet I'm trapped just like the rest of us waiting for the beasts to find a way in.

Sure, the doors are barricaded--for how long?

Day 7:

We were busy finding leaks in our defenses yesterday. Found none. More pressing matters need to be resolved.

Day 8:

I wonder if help will arrive soon. So far, we had no contact with the outside world whatsoever.

Cells don't work. Laptops? Forget

about it. It gets worse: I haven't watched TV for over a week now. Am I going insane? I don't know.

Day 11:

Food supplies are running low. The lunch I brought is gone in spite of my rationing every last morsel.

Strangely enough, there is also no water running from some of the taps. As this alarmed us, we decided to gather buckets and save as much as we possibly can.



Day 13:

The raptors have been testing our defenses for the last twenty-four hours. Incidentally, I couldn't sleep.

I fear they might break through any moment, which is why I'm cowering in a corner right now.

It wouldn't be so bad, were it not for some stupid douchebag, who stole my precious pocket knife, and forced me to build a shiv using a sharpened plastic spoon and some duct tape.

If worst comes to worst... I'd rather not think about that now.

Day 16:

A gathering of our newly founded Elder Council decided that we may

not resort to cannibalism and instead form an away-team to either seek help or food.

This might be a bad idea.

Day 17:

Was on perimeter patrol during the night. I heard a raptor barking outside, which startled me to hell and back again. Damn these things. On the plus side, I checked the barricades, and they seem to be in excellent condition.

Wait a minute, since when do raptors bark?

Day 18:

The patrol hasn't returned. Chances are, they are long dead and gone. However, the Elder Council isn't concerned.

Day 19:

Hunger is driving me mad.

We have a saying in here: I'm so hungry, I could eat a raptor. Huh, I wish I still had the energy to laugh.

Day 20:

I'm running out o

Day 27:

After rummaging through various bins for days, I finally found another pen, which should last a few weeks.

Good news! The away-team returned two days ago and was indeed successful on their mission.

They lost two members on their way through the raptors' blockade though.

Cunning bastards of some beasts they are!

According to the away-team's stories they tell around the campfire at evenings, the raptors grow ever more intelligent. Intelligent enough to break through, I asked, at which they shrugged their shoulders.

Disturbing news. Intelligent raptors. I need a better shiv.

They also say the city's completely deserted. What on earth is going on?

Day 28:

I contemplated a few options regarding my shiv. At first, I wanted to simply wrap some duct tape around a big shard of glass but then I decided against it, so that I am currently working on a club.

A club with nails driven through the blunt end. Sure, it's not very original, but I reckon the simplest solutions are the best. Besides, there's little to do around here, and I can't stand the funnies anymore that I cut out of a newspaper I found.

Day 29:

Work on the club is progressing most splendidly.

Day 30:

Finished and now I'm bored.

Day 31:

We no longer have running water. Food supplies are almost gone. Dire news indeed.

I have secluded myself over the last week and claimed a small storage room. I do believe it is beginning to be cozy and, more importantly, safe.

To be absolutely frank, I don't trust the others anymore. Some of them have already succumbed to madness and began howling during nights. As if the raptors' scratching and clawing at the barricades wasn't enough, now I also share a building with wolves. Jeez!

I am going to make extra sure my door is locked tight.

Do I really have to create a silver

shiv? And where would I find silver anyway?

Day 32:

The situation is becoming tense. People start fighting more often than usual. I stay away from them.

I also made a remarkable discovery: the roof is accessible through my room. Discovering this was more or less flabbergasting and left me questioning the janitor's disposition to serious work.

I'll check out the roof tomorrow night, see if there's a blind spot in the raptors' blockade.

Day 33:

Checked the roof and realized I might be able to get down and out with some exceptionally good fortune. I'll have to think this through though I have to do it fast as I just recently ran out of water.

Day 34:

So thirsty, so hungry.

Day 35:

I was getting desperate and drank some unlabeled liquid. Downed it though it tasted like washing detergent.

Day 36:

It was washing detergent according to the label I found.

I think I'm going to puke.

Day 37:

I decided to take my chances and make a run for it. Since I have to travel lightly, I am only taking my club, a light, my pen and diary. Break a leg.

Day 40:

Was mostly on the run and didn't have the freedom to make entries. I still can't believe I made it.

A raptor bit me in my left leg, hurts like hell. Good thing my blunt weapon proved to be most effective.

I'm afraid to leave my current shelter and believe a pack of raptors is following my trail.

I have to move, find a pharmacy.

Day 44:

I was right about raptors following me. Fortunately, they were distracted by another group of survivors, with whom I, unfortunately, could make no contact. Poor bastards, they probably won't make it.

Day 45:

A pharmacy! Lucky me! I could finally tend to my wound.

I will rest a day or two and move on. Maybe the countryside is a safer place --who knows?

Day 50:

With some effort, I made it to the outskirts. It's eery, no sign of life anywhere as though I was the only human being left. Even the raptor attacks have ceased. Could be, they lost interest or my trail.

Day 53:

Guess I was being too optimistic about the raptors: a stray beast stumbled upon my hiding place and I almost lost an eye. I'll spend a few nights on the roof, watch their movements and habits.

There might be no safe spot left, but I'm still holding on to my initial plan--the one about moving to the countryside. I'd rather die trying than rot here, anyways.

Day 60:

Have been watching the packs day and night. It's creepy and disturbing how conscientious they go about their business: they move in formations, in patterns. They only rest a few hours before sunset.

Not many options there.

Day 63:

My escape was smooth considering the circumstances. I'll be keeping to forest areas from now on.

Day 78:

Some rest. A kingdom for some rest.

The raptors have been steadily growing bolder. I have rarely slept these last two weeks as I was busy setting traps and false trails. I don't know how long I'll be able to go on like this.

I'm growing weaker each day.

Day 81:

Some entity must really love me. By coincidence, I stepped upon an old shaft of what I believe to be the remnants of a World War 2 vault complex.

It's pitch-black in here, and I don't dare venturing further into the complex, but for now I'm sheltered.

Day 82:

Those SOBs are waiting outside. Good thing, they don't have thumbs.

Maybe I can find another exit?

Day 83:

I'm lost.

Day 84:

My light went out. This could very well mean the end. Strangely enough, I feel rather calm despite my prospects. I guess, I'm too tired to care anymore.

Day 85:

Goodbye.

Daniel Kober

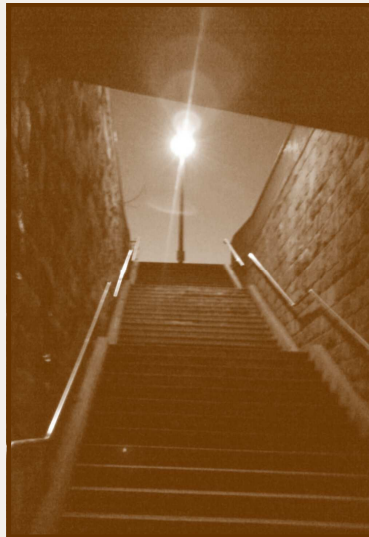
The Schizo Atheist

There was a man with a strange behavior. He often talked to himself, even in public. Some people thought he was praying or practicing some other religious or superstitious rituals. BUT: The man never walked out of his house without his "Flying Spaghetti Monster" chain – yes, he likes Italian food, but the "FSM" refers to an Atheist movement. Or an "atheist religion," to put it another way. 150 years ago, the world and the whole universe was created by it. "Touched By His Noodly Appendage," the so-called "Pastafarians" would say. *RAMEN*.

So he was an **atheist**. He doesn't believe in God, he *never* did, and rejected everything regarding religion (especially the *cunningly crazy Christianity*) and superstition. There was this photograph of him in front of the "Atheist Bus," when it visited his town last year. He took it himself, therefore it looks a bit blurry, and you can't really recognize him or the bus's famous "THERE'S PROBABLY NO GOD. NOW STOP WORRYING AND ENJOY YOUR LIFE." slogan. But he is really proud of it. He put it in a frame and proudly looked at it every day. He even managed to get an autograph of Richard Dawkins and Ariane Sherine there. At least a printed

one. And a white t-shirt bearing the famous slogan. He is an atheist through and through.

But why then did he behave so strangely? As if he was talking to an imaginary *being*? An imaginary *person*? An imaginary *friend*? He sometimes thought he was someone else. At least someone as "**schizo**" as he was. To come back



to himself again after being this "someone else" and not be lost in a wrong (however imaginary) identity. He often watched the religious saying prayers or reciting a Bible verse on their own. He only shook his head. He once watched the Pope on TV saying

that "God does and makes <blah, blah, blah>." He shook his head again and zapped to the next channel. A German detective soap. A Saxon zoo documentary. He liked it, and watched the whole 25 minute show, even though he didn't understand a word. Cute meerkats, a majestic lion, a new-born giraffe. Beautiful "products" (or "results") of *Evolution*, he thought.

Not a deity's creation. God is *man's* creation, and not vice versa. Regarding this special ability, only a *homo sapiens sapiens* can think (of something like a god and invent it to "exist"). So did he. Inventing "someone" who is not made of flesh and blood. But he was considered as someone being "mentally challenged." Wasn't the guy that invented the term "deity" (or the first god) some millennia ago just as schizophrenic and mentally ill as he was? Was Jesus a schizophrenic? Or is a schizophrenic a "half man-half imaginary?" Or maybe even a "half man-half god" then? The man thought of himself as a "half atheist-half schizophrenic," and when asked why he was not a believer, he replied, "I don't need God. I have my own imaginary friends."

Jan Schmiedel

A University in Chemnitz

This is the town of Chemnitz.

This is the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a coffee dispenser that served the student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a cappuccino that comes out of the coffee dispenser that served the student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a lecturer who is having a cappuccino that comes out of the coffee dispenser that served the student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a term paper that is submitted to the lecturer who is having a cappuccino that comes out of the coffee dispenser that served the student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

This is a source cited in the term paper that is submitted to the lecturer who is having a cappuccino that comes out of the coffee dispenser that served the student who looks at the bulletin board in the hallway leading to the lecture hall in the building opposite the dormitory near the campus at the university in the town of Chemnitz.

Jan Schmiedel

(inspired by the story "*This is the house that Jack built*")

An Obituary To A Guinea Pig

Your death came so suddenly
It was only the week before Christmas
When you were lying weakly in the cage
As if you were almost gone...

So I rushed with you to the vet's
To find out what was wrong with you
But when it was our turn it was too late
You were already gone...

I remember holding you in my arms in summer
You licked my neck for salt
And made cute sounds when I stroked you
But now you are already gone...

You were just a small South American rodent
Whose hobbies were basically eating plants and squeaking
You did not mean much to the world
But you meant almost the world to me

It is so sad that you are already gone...



Mary
(18.12.2009)

Jan Schmiedel

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To be exact, it is not a cup
But a mug of coffee from
Which I drink this lovely
Mocca Beverage
A black liquid, brightened
With evaporated milk
And improved in its taste
As well. Homemade, not
From one of those coffee
dispensers around campus.
Tastes as good as there.
But unfortunately, every-
thing must come to an end
Therefore the mug is al-
most empty now, this tasty
Mocca Beverage.

Jan Schmiedel

The Epic Adventure of Almater Mightfist and the Hardy Boys

Part II: Vindictive Justice

For the next few minutes, imagine you are watching the most mind-blowing trailer you have ever seen.

Coming to the theatres this summer.

A movie so thrilling that after you'll have watched it, you'll be saying *Dayum, that's thrilling*. Based on a true story.

Eddie Murphy is Almater Mightfist. -- "A'm a wizard."

Kevin Spacey is Theo. -- "By Thor's long beard, this is outrageous!"

Sylvester Stallone is Dislo. -- "I. Am. Reborn."

Kevin James is Hardy. -- "Candy!" [ad infinitum]

Morgan Freeman is The Narrator. -- "You--you juvenile delinquents!"

Fran Drescher is Agatha Pondspire. -- "Meheheheheheheheheheheh."

Expect to be flabbergasted as the Hardy Boys tread where no human being has trod before.

Agatha Pondspire--I also offer circumcision services!

Expect to be bedazzled as a new sense of meaning emerges from nonsense.

"Ya don' know much 'bout magic, do ya? It's a magic stall. Whaz supposed ta be wrong wit'it?"

"For example, you misspelled your last name on the sign in front."

"A did? Someone notice?"

"Not sure."

"A'ight, if nobody noticed, tha's coo'."

...

"An' could'A get sum cash fo' this? Imma li'l tight on dough right now."

"Not now, you imbecile!"

Anyways, as you can see quite clearly now, the first *epic adventure* was, from Mr. Almater Mightfist's independent if deranged point of view, an epic success. But, alas, I am reminiscing too much. So now, without further ado, the long-awaited conclusion counteracting catastrophic calamities of cheaply clipped Chinese cookies (if this makes *any* sense to you, I tip my hat to you, Sir or Madam).

Last time on The Epic Adventure of Almater Mightfist and the Hardy Boys:

Theo, Dislo and Hardy were on their significant quest for candy when they beheld candy stall proprietor and conjurer Almater Mightfist, who--being the villainous and wicked mastermind he is--directed the three boys to the mystical pyramid of ancient proportions. After solving three ludicrous riddles and entering the pyramid, the brothers realized Almater's fiendish nature and--at least Theo--vowed to enact their vengeance in a furious manner.

Inside the pyramid's dimly lit main chamber, Theo was still holding Almater's note. His hands were shaking with fury as was his disposition towards the conjurer. His eyes were gleaming with the ferocious aggression of a thousand

suns. His brothers seemed not to mind this business much. But Theo, who had always seen himself as a glowing eminence among mere men, exclaimed in his best thundering voice:

"By Thor's long beard, this is outrageous! Not only have we not found any candy as of yet..."

"Candy!"

Theo sighed a more discouraged sigh before he went on in a less-than-intended honor-demanding voice.

"Not only have we not found any candy, but we were also tricked by the most notorious liar in the history of liars. I swear, I will not rest until revenge is served, and--this I vow--nothing will stop me."

Just as Theo had finished, a deep rumble went through the chamber. And, although he was as alarmed as humanly possible, Dislo grasped the chance to pick on his all-knowing brother.

"Nothing could stop you? Except fow an eawthquake?"

Expect to be stupefied as your brain is slowly eaten away by madness.

Daniel Kober

To read the full story visit:

http://docs.google.com/Doc?do-cid=0AWzIKFzj93FUZGZtZzdjb_jhfMTdnbXF2d3NkNQ&hl=en

A Remedy for the Curse of Progression

I have to be honest (notice how I, in a fit of sheer narcissism, began my introductory sentence with a capital I). My time machine has been on the fritz as of late so that I was not able to travel any farther than 2011. On the other hand, assuming that my information gathering techniques are as state-of-the-art as I believe them to be, 2011 will be (or is, depending on the observer's perception of time) a rather dull year--probably, though this is but an educated guess, because of mankind's extinct condition. In that particular unit of time classification, King Kurt will once again rule the earth together with a band of nuclear holocaust survivors abhorrently disfigured due to prolonged exposure to radiation.

This is, of course, unfortunate but not surprising. For little do the people of 2011 know that a most peculiar raptor incident will lead to a night sky ablaze with raging currents of infernal flames (read: intercontinental missiles).

As you, my dear readers, have definitely realized by now: there really is no decent reason to look forward to 2011. And since you will spend this (the current) year in fear and terror of the things to come, I might as well spoil the eventus anni (in table form).

January: You know what happened.

February: On a Saturday, the world (really, the whole world) finally sees that the greatest gift is a child's laughter. Soon after, however, Mufti ibn al-Sahid declares child laughter illegal and punishable by law. Sooner after, the Second Great Depression greatly depresses large parts of the Western World.

March: *The Ides of March*--the latest musical by Androv Lenin

Webster--hits the cinemas and is canceled a week later due to a lawsuit from the recently arisen Julius Caesar, who is unhappy about this "preposterous depiction of [his] biography". Ironically, Jesus files a lawsuit against Caesar including multiple accounts of copyright infringement.

April: Jill Bates pulls the greatest April fool's joke ever by mischievously distributing a virus via the auto update function of her *Macrosft Doors OS*. This virus denies internet access for a whole day, which leads to the Third Great Depression (and much unnecessary violence).

May: Cheeta Metals ends his bowling career after being imprisoned for three days for indecent behavior. At his farewell party, he states: *"I'll never play with balls again."*

June: A rerun of *Jilligan's Isle* causes several million football mums to protest for better childhood protection in front of the White House. The root of the issue? The first remastered episode, *Hang lo yo ho*, includes a scene, in which Jilligan proposes sexual intercourse to The Admiral.

July: Bangladad Ferkel, high chancellor of East Germany, throws a tantrum after being hit by a leather belt at a footlocker's conference.

August: The world-famous annual *Egg-Nog Run* is being held in Oslo. Besides me having a blast at the event, several lactose intolerant men and women had to quit prematurely. When asked later if this was a humiliation similar to a full-blown kick to the crown jewels, many replied in a drunken slur:

"There's always next beer."

September: An announcement by Barnacle Omaha, prez of the U.S., shakes the very foundation of the universe as he reveals his plans to counteract labor exploitation. The plan stipulates the employment of Antarctic penguins in "manservant-like positions."

Rapper and linguistic rapist Snob Dawg is particularly taken aback by this revelation. In an interview, he presses diverse opinions, which mostly revolve around his slogan *We ain't safe no mo.*

October: The Greek space program launches the core module of their space station Suflaki I. The lift-off is a tremendous success and passes without any incidents. Having the positive properties of zero gravity on their side, the Greek astronauts on board the Suflaki I make a world record attempt at the longest sirtaki in the absence of gravity. The entry is denied, however, as record book judges believe that the length of a dance is *"not dependant on space or lack thereof."*

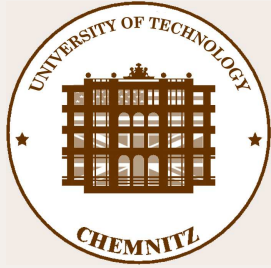
November: A mosquito invasion forces 99% of Oktotenfest survivors to retreat to south-east Bavaria, where they are heinously tortured by Neumond Räuber and his infamous ten-minute-speech. (Ten minutes!)

December: Achmatov Rasputin, Russia's prime oncologist, officially bans Christmas. A proposed U.E. (United Equations) intervention fails to discuss Mr. Rasputin's alcohol abuse.

Fortunately, Chirstmas is saved by Chatman 2.0 and his sidekick Robert.

Daniel Kober

The End



Scriptorium Britannicum

Contributors:

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**“You can’t wait for inspiration.
You have to go after it with a club!”**

Solutions Page 5:

Fancy Spoonerism

“May this become a neverending story,”

I read in the first issue of *Scriptorium Britannicum*

So I decided to start a neverending story

of Spoonerisms. Have fun and don't get confused!

What about a whole issue of the Student Journal

Spoonerized? Why not? OK, people might think

We are crazy when reading this, but at least we are

Extremely creative and maybe even innovative

Farewell

As everything has to come to an end, we must say goodbye at this point. This was the second and final issue of the *Scriptorium Britannica* for the 2009/2010 semester at the Chemnitz University of Technology. We hope you have enjoyed reading this as well as the first issue. Thank you very much to Ms. Hutchinson for guiding us through the process of writing, editing and for providing useful information about journalistic work in general.

May this continue to be a
“Never-ending Story”!

I think even Shakespeare would have used it

If he knew about this and its creative power

“To be, or not to be, that is the question”

Said by King Lear or Othello, instead of Hamlet?

So what about a whole story, a whole book

(Re)written in this way? A novel by Margaret Atwood?

Or a quarter of Wikipedia's articles? Some poems?

Well, maybe we should start with *this country's constitution...*

Sources:

Page 2:4,9: photo: Christin Gäbel

Page 3: photo1: Cynthia Kazi

Page 3: photo2: Wilfried N'Sondé. (photo: Judith Betlehem)

Page 7: photo: Daniel Kober

Page 11: photo1: Jan Schmiedel, photo2: Christin Gäbel