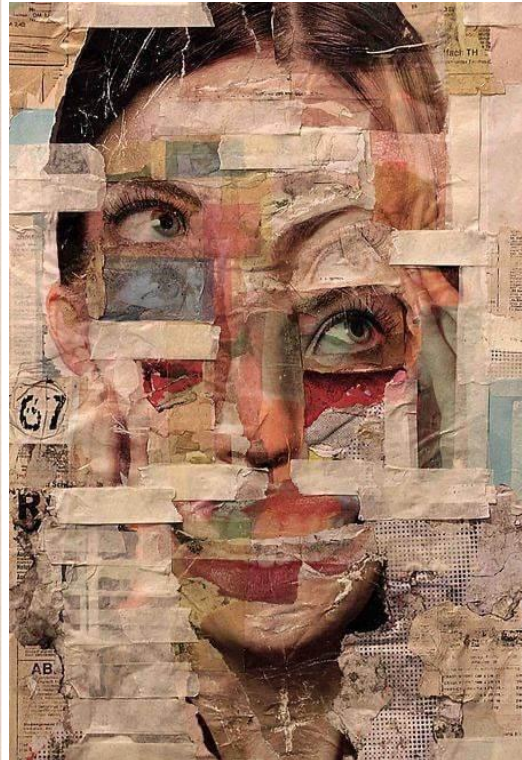
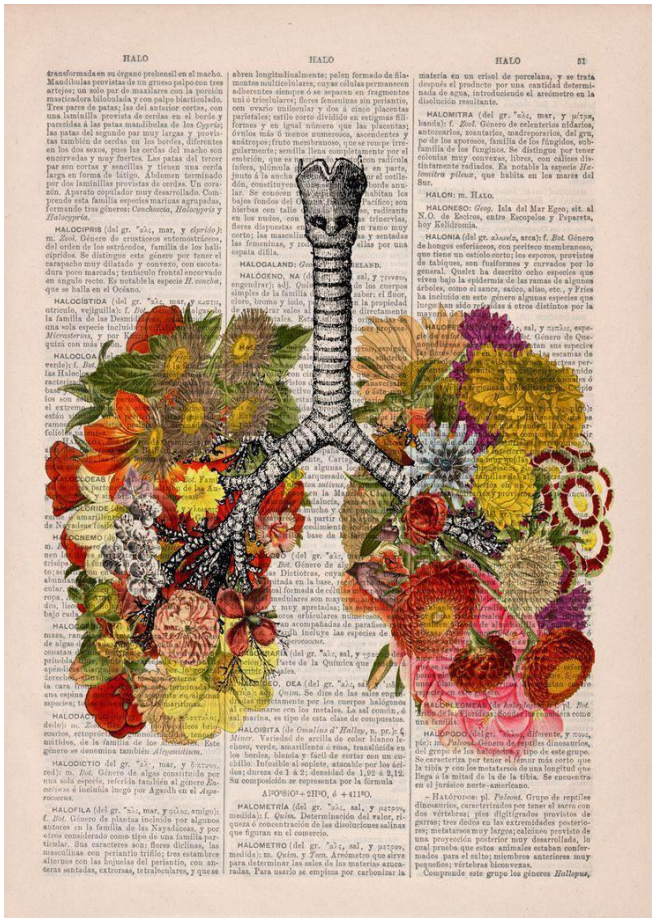


Suggestions for the magazine cover image:



Hi my dear readers! I'm Maria from Kapan, heart of Armenia,  
and due to my inner world people know me as a mirror girl.  
Hope you will enjoy the pieces made by the alien from Armenia.

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~~~~~ Poem in the style of Enjambment

- feel the poem! ~~~~~

This / Uw

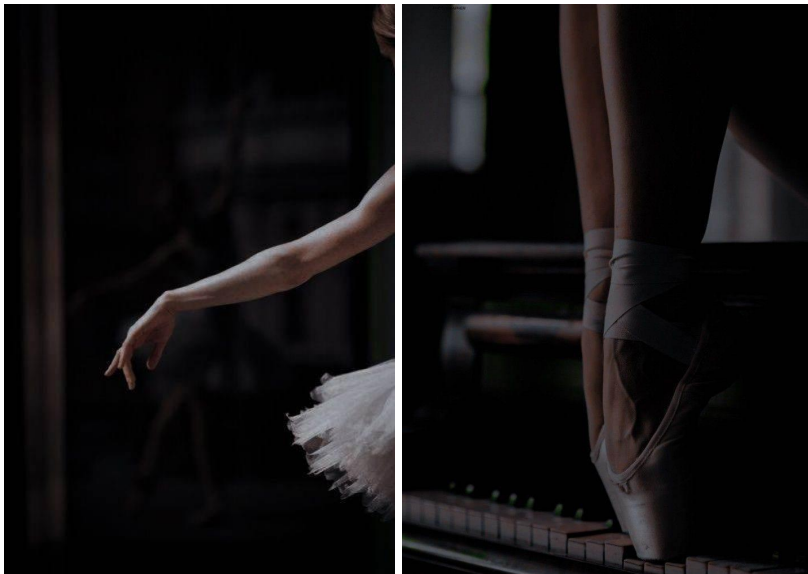
## ● ----- *A Symphony Of Steps* ----- ●

I have a passion  
that passion is  
dance—  
For as long as  
I remember dancing  
dancing  
natural. Whether  
I was at home  
outside with  
people or with-  
out—always  
I would find  
myself dancing. Dance  
is such

beautiful art—  
To move  
the audience  
with the movement  
of my human  
body—being  
able to express  
music, visually—  
Spreading energy  
joy to those  
who are dancing  
and to those  
who are not—  
Dance  
is truly peace-  
making—  
the seed of  
your  
happiness—  
Pliés  
of my heart  
around in your life  
will let us fly  
dance  
and dream  
a bit—  
with words set

to wing  
that bow  
not out  
but a pirouette like  
an angel  
on a pin spinning  
in syllabled joy—  
will fill the loft  
lift and gift  
afloat of  
windswept muse—  
becoming the part  
of magicland.

*<< Let us be swept away by the magic of the music, and lose  
ourselves in the enchantment of the dance. >>*



Suggested playlist: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yxemhu\\_cBNk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yxemhu_cBNk)



Self / Ես

### PROMISE RING

9 years

Kapan, Armenia

I was a child, who had no idea what love was, but at that time what I felt was love for myself. There was a guy in our kindergarten, who always protected and made me smile. We were able to communicate without even knowing the alphabet. Then we learned it together, we even learned the world map, imagining that one day we would travel together. Our parents were making fun of us and pretending they were the in-laws. After kindergarten, we went to the same school, same class. In all projects we were together, dancing, singing, painting. Everyone was aware of us, as they used to say "these two". Then his father got a job in the city, so they had to move and live there. He gave me this ring before leaving, and promised we'll meet again, when we become the students. In 2 months I will be 18. His mother helped him to chose a ring which can change its size, and I am still wearing this ring. After him, I never fell in love again. He was my first and only love.



- , ✂ ----- Based on a true story

Suggested music: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oFCy3vEIAQk>

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Us / Uḡūf

## ▼———— *Don's Dilemma* ————▼

It was a cold, dark, winter night. Fifth Avenue was desolate and empty. The leaves of the trees rustled gently in the freezing, cold breeze creating a spooky, eerie sound. The streetlights had stopped working after the thunderstorm that took place a week ago- ravaging the trees and houses. Amidst the darkness, isolation, and silence, the sound of hasty footsteps beyond the veil of the small lamp made the scene even more intimidating. The light of the small lamp revealed a strong appearance in the puddle. He wore a hood and a mask, which made it impossible to make out his identity. His fathomless, black eyes accompanied by the scar that ran across his left brow betrayed the dangerous life and unpredictable life he had lived. That man was me, in gloves and a jacket, which served its purpose of hiding the loot - small, yet so potent.

Looking into the puddle I saw my dark hair, an eagle nose, a sharp jawline, and black eyes that looked dead, emotionless. Definitely, eyes were emotionless, and I paused for a moment - diving into the deepest

sides of my inner world. The flowing of heavy rain brought me into reality. It seems that I exist in multiple worlds, realities. Some people knew me as Jeffrey Turner, Adam McKinley, Ares Downey, Alex Volkov, and so on. It was hard for others to make out my identity. It was hard for me too. Sometimes, or, even often, I got lost in the charade.

Who am I? Maione. Luca Maione. One of the most notorious mobsters, the boss of the Sicilian Mafia for more than 13 years. I have been convinced many times that the best way to cultivate discipline and make people respect you is fear. During my reign, I orchestrated a wave of violence that included the murder of judges, police officers, politicians, journalists and other people who stood in the way of my criminal enterprise and tried to expose Mafia's activities. Our Mafia has also been linked into a variety of illegal activities, including drug trafficking, money laundering, and prostitution. All these we have done to the people who deserved it. I never let my people harm innocent people in any way. The influence of our mafia has been felt in many parts of the world, including Italy, the United States, Latin America, and some parts of Asia.

Efforts to combat our Mafia, in particular me, have been ongoing for many years. They could only arrest 2 of my people. Unfortunately for them, my people were loyal to me, so the police were not able to receive any information about us. I was arrested only once, and of course, due to the excellent work of my people, the police let me out seeing the lack of evidence.

Our influence extended into many aspects of society, including politics, law enforcement, and business. We were known for our use of violence and intimidation to control our territory and silence potential informants or rivals.

I was the man, who inhaled fear. Nothing stood against me, and I was so good at my vocation that I was never captured. But... As always, ideal life did not last long, it was disturbed. Once, my quiet life was cut short when I discovered that someone had broken into my house sous le couvert de la nuit.

In my entire life, no one dared to stand in my way. I was furious. No, that's not enough to express how angry I was. I cannot explain in words. I used all my leverage in the crime world, but to no avail. Regretfully, I decided to ask the police for help to find the brave man who had managed to rob me in my own home. That was so pejorative for me to ask them for help, to cooperate with police. I was broken for the first time. I had a feeling of being nonentity.

From that day on, I became suspicious of all the neighbors who, perhaps being aware of my criminality due to rumors, decided to take revenge. But nothing happened for several days, so I settled into thinking it would never happen again.

Unfortunately, they robbed me again, aided by the darkness of the night. With no other solution, I had to return to the police, who, given my stubbornness, installed a camera in my home to track down the thief in case he returned home again.

Something happened again a few nights later. Thanks to the camera, the police were able to find out who the culprit was and alerted me so I could identify the thief.



When the video started playing, I was very shocked, the thief in my house was myself. Several nights, I woke up from sleepwalking and hid all the objects in my house and those my people once stole. I was not able to understand what was going on. How was that possible? Was that all real? I was in a huge confusion. Stress. I tried a lot of methods to solve that problem, however, it has no end. Unsuccessful attempts to stop it brought nothing but sleepless nights. It seems like life is trying to punish me for my criminal offenses.

Irony of fate.

After my ineffective struggle I decided to get help from my personal doctor. He did an analysis, and medical examination he found out that I have a DID: dissociative identity disorder. It's a complex and rare dissociative disorder that involves the presence of two or more distinct personality states or identities that alternately control a person's behavior and thoughts. I have gaps in my memory or sense of identity, and sometimes experience time lapses where I am unable to recall important events or information. I felt guilty, depressed, angry, sad, anxious, ashamed. I was not able to control my feelings and thoughts. That was disgusting. I felt so feckless.

I faced a serious problem as you can see. I would not be able to head the Mafia, as it could have terrible consequences. Drawing from this, I decided to surrender to the police. That was the only objective solution to overcome the difficulties my people could face. I made a deal with the police, that they will announce me as unknown missing and my people will help them with some further situations. What will happen next only me, my doctor and my lawyer know. See you soon, my dear readers...

The moral of the story:

Keep your antipsychotic medicine with you all the time! シ

► *Always remember my dear readers -*

*all our actions have consequences and  
sometimes we are our own enemy◀*

Suggested playlist: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zBY5bVTxOAw>

