

# EUDAIMONIA

4TH EDITION

2024

INCLUDING ESSAYS  
ABOUT THE DARK,  
SHORT STORIES,  
MAGNIFYING POEMS  
AND ARTWORKS,  
A NOCTURNAL GUIDE,  
AND MORE

# NIGHT







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# GOOD EVENING READERS,

## WELCOME TO THIS NOCTURNAL EDITION OF EUDAIMONIA.

Firstly, a thank you to everyone who sent us a submission this semester, whether it was a poem, a story, or a painting. We hope seeing your work in these pages makes all those late nights worth it!

For many of us, night represents the unknown - it turns the familiar into the strange, with well-worn paths morphing into *terra incognita*. It's a time for questioning what we know, and realising what we don't. In this magazine we explore what's obscured, as well what is certain. And the night certainly is a beautiful, strange time, and for us students, often fun. More than anything (as you'll see in these pages) it inspires us to create.

Enjoy reading, and don't let the bedbugs bite.

- Anna  
Chair of the Magazine Committee





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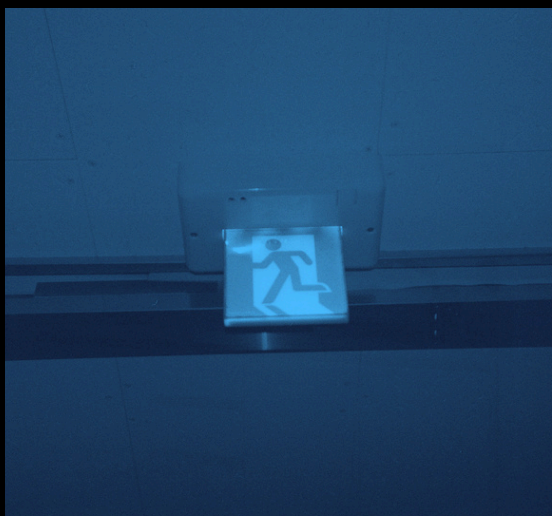
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# The Moonlit Night of the Early Middle Ages

With Hilbert Bryn Gysbert Vinkenoog

## About the author

My name is Hilbert Bryn Gysbert Vinkenoog. I'm a Youtuber, a writer, a student, a metalhead, and a nerd for anything about the Early Middle Ages! I read Anglo-Saxon, Norse, and Celtic at the University of Cambridge as an undergraduate, and am now in my second year of an MA in Viking and Medieval Studies at the University of Oslo, though I live in Groningen and work in Ljouwert.

## A Dark Age

In northern and western Europe, the period between the fall of the Roman Empire in the fifth century and the flourishing of the High Middle Ages in the eleventh century has frequently been referred to as the "Dark Ages." Appearing as a term first in fourteenth century Italy, it contrasted the knowledge, sophistication and record-keeping of the Roman Age with the ignorance, degeneration, and lack of writing in the centuries that followed it. Since then, historians have understood the people living in the Early Middle Ages as having their own charm and agency, rather than judging them against the accomplishments of the Romans. Nevertheless, we may yet view this as a dark age, if not a

‘Dark Age’, one in which the night was lit by the moon and the stars and little else, unlike today’s world of neon-lights and street-lamps. To understand the night as the people of northern Europe did, we have to imagine darkness that cannot be expelled with the flick of a light switch or the unlocking of a phone. Darkness in which wolves, bears, witches, ghosts and all manner of other beings lurked just beyond the flicker of the torchlight.

## Something Goes Bump in the Night

The night was a dangerous time, one in which not only beasts, but also people could conceal their actions and intentions. Relevant for much of the northern Netherlands and Germany known as Frisia, the Old Frisian Law specifically mentions the punishment for someone accused of ‘having sought out a certain man’s house during the night with a burning torch and a live coal and of having burnt all this man’s goods which he possessed.’ In the Icelandic Egil’s saga set during the tenth century, a man murders another inside his sleeping chamber but is himself slain as soon as the sun rises again. In the honour-bound society of the Early Middle Ages, honourable actions were taken in plain sight during the day, while actions taken during the night to gain an advantage over an adversary were seen as dishonourable, and punished more harshly by the law. In the Old English epic *Beowulf*, it is at night that the deplorable monster Grendel appears to terrorise the Danes:

Ðā se ellengæst earfoðlice þrage  
geþolode, se þe in þystrum bad, þæt he  
dogora gehwam dream gehyrde  
hludne in healle. Þær wæs hearpan  
sweg, swutol sang scopes.

‘Then the powerful demon, he who abode in darkness, found it hard to endure this time of torment, when every day he heard loud rejoicing in the hall. There was the sound of the harp, the clear song of the minstrel.’

*Beowulf*, ed. & tr. M, Swanton (1997), stanzas: 86a-90a.

## Night and Day in Norse Mythology

This metaphor, while perhaps only literary, calls to mind the Germanic creation myth, in which the primordial giant, known from Norse sources as Ymir, was sacrificed and dismembered in order to create the world. His bones made the earth, his blood the seas and lakes, while the dome of his skull encompassed the sky above. Following the reshaping of the giant’s body into the elements of the world, the Old Norse poem *Völuspá* describes how the sun and stars had to be ordered into place by the gods, receiving their names from them too. It’s in the *Prose Edda*, compiled by Snorri Sturluson in thirteenth-century Iceland, that we learn most about these heavenly bodies and their personified characters. Night (Old Norse *Nótt*) is the daughter of a giant and therefore had “swarthy and dark skin like the rest of her kin” While she had several husbands, her third and final was called Daybreak (Old Norse *Delling*), and it is with him that she bore a son called Day (Old Norse *Dagr*) who is described as “light and fair like his father.” It is at this point that the chief of the gods *Óðinn* gave mother and son each a horse and a cart so that they might drive around the earth in twelve-hour shifts.

**“His bones made the earth, his blood the seas and lakes, while the dome of his skull encompassed the sky above.”**

Night rides a black horse called *Hrímfaxi* meaning “Frost-Mane.” This is because the foam from the horse’s bit falls to earth to become the dew in the grass every morning. Day’s horse, *Skinfaxi*, in contrast, has a shining mane which lights up the earth as he rides through the sky during the daytime.

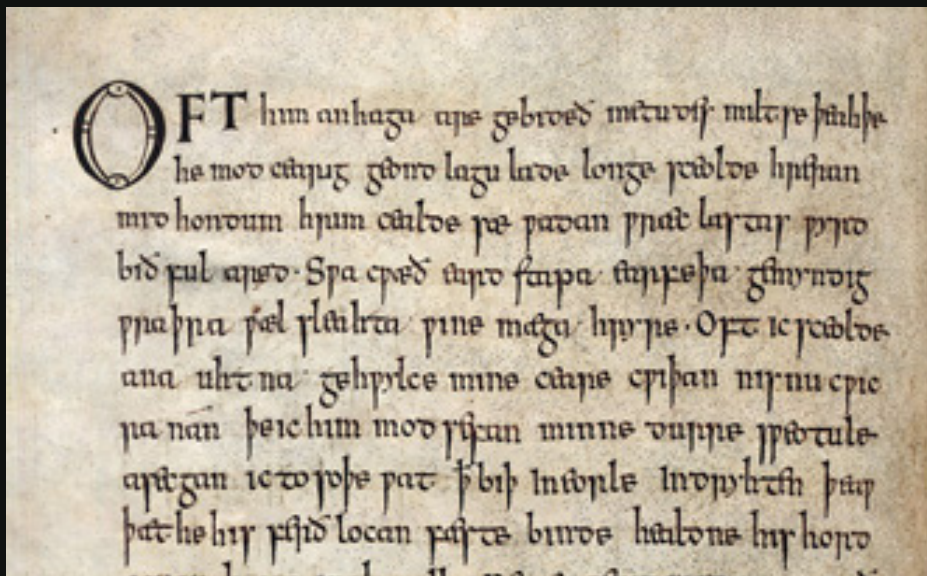
## Sun and Moon in Norse Mythology

The existence of the moon and the sun and their passage through the heavens are also explained by Snorri. Unlike in the romance languages where the moon is feminine (French: la lune, Spanish: la luna, Catalan: la lluna) and the sun masculine (French: le soleil, Spanish: el sol, Galician: o sol), in the Germanic languages, the moon is masculine and the sun is feminine. In the mythology too, the personified moon (Old Norse *Máni* – lit. “moon”) is male and the personified sun (Old Norse *Sól* – lit. “sun”) is female.



Nótt rides her horse  
by Peter Nicolai Arbo





The first page of 'The Wanderer' as seen in the eleventh-century Anglo-Saxon manuscript The Exeter Book.

As we will see, there's a somewhat ambiguous relationship between the physical celestial body of the sun and moon, and the personified beings called Sun and Moon in Old Norse. To avoid confusion, when referring to the mythological beings I'll use the Old Norse names *Sól* and *Máni*, though these names are simply the same as the nouns "sun" and "moon." When Mundilfari married his daughter *Sól* to a suitor the gods did not approve of, they cast both *Sól* and *Máni* up into the heavens. From sparks that flew out of the fiery realm of *Múspellsheimr*, the gods fashioned the sun and the moon, which were then placed in the carts that *Sól* and *Máni*, Mundilfari's children, drove around at the same time as Night and Day. This may have inspired the later Medieval and Early-Modern tradition of the "Man in the Moon", though this is found among diverse cultures throughout the world.

### **"When Mundilfari married his daughter *Sól* to a suitor the gods did not approve of, they cast both *Sól* and *Máni* up into the heavens"**

While these myths are only recorded in the thirteenth century, objects like a miniature chariot found at Trundholm containing a golden disc from 1400 BC, and images of suns and horses together on the picture stones from Gotland in the Viking Age suggest they are much older in origin. It's also likely

there were many different stories about night and day, sun and moon which amalgamated and changed over time, and perhaps were specific to particular regions. In the Prose Edda, the sun and moon are each pursued by a wolf, *Sköll* and *Hati* respectively, intent on devouring their celestial prey. At Ragnarök, the apocalyptic event in which most of the gods, giants, and humans will perish, *Hati* will succeed in eating *Máni*, staining the sky red with his blood so that the sun's light is blotted out. The stars will be hurled from heaven, and another wolf, *Fenrir* will break free from his chains and swallow the sun. Until that time, the sky seems to have been a far busier place than one might expect in the age before commercial flying and air traffic.

### **The Moon in the Anglo-Frisian World**

While most of the Old English poetry we have comes after the conversion to Christianity when such myths were frowned upon – after all, the Bible states that it is God who ordered and created the universe in 7 days – the heavenly bodies are referred to in various ways. While we don't have many kennings for the moon, the sun is frequently referred to as the *dæg-candel*, *heofon-candel*, *friþ-candel*, *mere-candel*, *swegel-candel* or *weder-candel* – day-, sky-, peace-, sea-, sky- or weather-candle respectively. For fairly primitive chronometric societies, the sun and moon were vital bodies for measuring time, and so the analogy for

the sun as a candle is easy to understand. In Old English, as in most Germanic languages, the words for moon (Old English *mōna*) and month (Old English *mōnaþ*) are related. In Frisian, the word for "moon" and "month" is still identical: *moanne*. So in Old English as in the traditional Frisian calendar, many of the months are referred to as "the moon/month of X." November is, in Old English and Frisian: *Blōd-mōnaþ* and *Bloedmoanne* – "blood-month" while December is *Gēola-mōnaþ* and *Joelmoanne*. This can still be seen in Modern English in more archaic expressions such as "many moons ago", by which "many months ago" is meant.

### **For the Metalheads**

I will by way of conclusion include a few relevant nods to some metal bands that have touched on elements of the early-medieval Germanic night. The Swedish folk metal band *Månegarm* takes its name from the Old Norse compound of *máni* + *garmr* and means moon-hound, referring to *Hati* who chooses, and eventually will catch *Máni* in the sky. The English folk metal band *Winterfylleth* takes its name from the Old English *ƿinterfylleþ* a compound of *ƿinter* + *fylleþ* and means "the first full moon of winter" and was the name for the month of October. The Frisian folk metal band *Baldrs Draumar* take their name from the Old Norse title of a passage of mythology called "Baldr's dream." Many of their songs reference the feasting hall-culture of the Germanic peoples of the Early Middle Ages.

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# LET THERE BE DARKNESS, AND THERE WAS DARKNESS

Arthur van der Knaap

Remember when you were a child and you were afraid at night. Perhaps because you were imagining monsters hiding under your bed, in the cupboard or behind a chair. Fortunately, your parents came to the rescue. By turning the lights on and opening the cupboards they showed you that there was absolutely nothing to worry about. With this comfort you could fall asleep soundly. Over the next few weeks you learned that monsters were purely imaginary and when you feared them you could always turn the lights on to get rid of them. In this essay I will be discussing an assumption that's made in this lesson, criticizing it and providing an alternative view.

When your parents turned the light on to show you there was nothing to worry about they made an implicit assumption. They thought that light reveals how this world really is whereas darkness prevents this. If the monsters are not visible with the lights on, they do not exist in the dark either. I will admit that this is quite clever reasoning to get their children to fall asleep. However, as light has traditionally been used as a metaphor for a state of certainty, this should be noted as an assumption. To be clear: this 'light' is used as a metaphor and does not literally correspond with the physical light in our everyday lives. In this essay I have used concrete examples to convey the abstract message, not the other way around.

Earlier in the essay I mentioned the assumption that light reveals the 'real world' while darkness keeps things from appearing clearly. But is this really true? I vividly recall one of those classic 'it's 3 AM, let's talk about life and see the stars' nights. As we acclimated to the darkness we started to notice the stars becoming increasingly clear. In this case it was exactly the initial absence of light that revealed the more subtle lights that we call stars. Sometimes darkness reveals something that remains invisible by an excess of light. Hence, the idea that light is a linear spectrum that makes the world visible seems wrong.



This problem is amplified when taking light as the metaphor for knowledge and certainty. If it is believed that certainty shows how the world really is, we are forced to conclude that any unforeseeable terror that is unpredictable does not exist! Instead, I propose that light and dark are different ways of perceiving the world and that these cannot be reduced to each other. This metaphor translates roughly to the following two perceptions. Light embodies the realm of the known—certainty, knowledge and the all-too-good feeling of joyous summer evenings. By contrast, darkness would be the horrific unknown moments where expectations become unclear and we have to navigate through never ending tunnels.<sup>1</sup> In the next example I will try to clarify with an example that this view increases explanatory power.

Imagine you are about to step onto a stage in front of an enormous audience. You are going to present decades of research with the aim of receiving additional funding for the development of a ground-breaking cancer cure. As your presentation is announced the fear intensifies. What if I stumble? Will I talk too fast? With a racing heartbeat, clammy hands you walk up the stage. At this moment, what would you perceive as a more reasonable line of thought? That all that you are experiencing is a lack of something—namely, the metaphorical light? Or that what you are feeling is a distinct perception—the metaphorical darkness?

Fortunately, you absolutely aced the presentation and received the funding. As you are celebrating this achievement with your colleagues you start to reflect. Perhaps it had to be this way. You were extremely well prepared, extremely confident in the potential outcome of the project and it was not a coincidence that you were chosen to present either. In other words, it starts to seem necessary that you aced it. The difference between the initial fear and the afterwards reflection are a contrast like day and night.

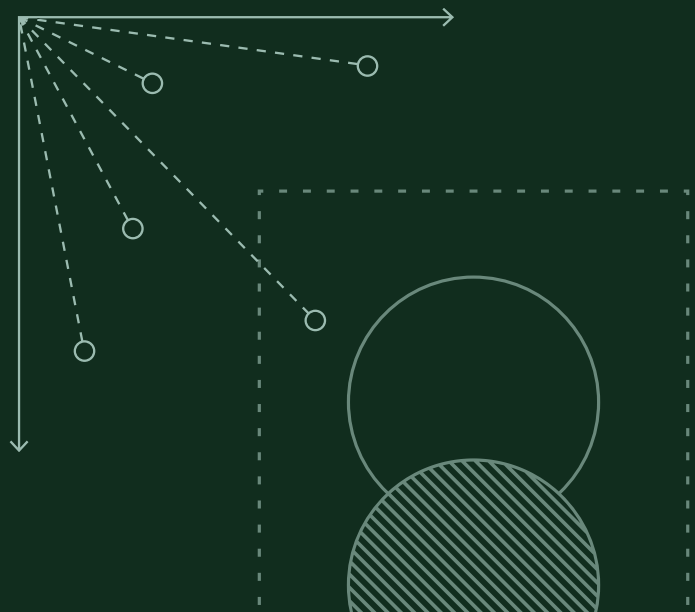
In fact, I will argue that the difference is one between two distinct perceptions. The initial fear and worries was one, the relief and joy after was another. It is the rejection of the idea that darkness is a mere absence of light that makes room for acknowledging both perceptions at the same time.<sup>2</sup> One could realize being terrified and confident at the same time without a hierarchy of truth where one perception is more true than the other.



Photo: Hortus Botanicus, MCF

It would be tempting to start comparing these perceptions, study the patterns and consistencies, to end up with a higher truth. A truth that captures the essence of both perceptions while cutting out the false parts. As much as I can empathize that this would be a desirable conclusion, it is wrong. To understand why it is incorrect, allow me to present a thought experiment. Imagine a house with endless rooms. Next, try to imagine hovering just above the house so you can see every room. The core question here is: would this view be identical with knowing all the rooms as if you would live in this house? For me, it does not. Instead, it is a new perspective as if you built a room that would oversee all rooms. Every room in the thought experiment represents a perception. I conclude that there cannot be a 'perspective that captures all perceptions' that is not itself 'just another perception'. While I acknowledge the value of comparing light and darkness, I assert that the patterns we discern are just that—patterns. They offer guidance, not a 'higher' truth. Nevertheless, I believe guidance is useful—extremely useful. It should be understood as a dim candle in a never ending, pitchblack tunnel. It's the best you have got, that's why you use it. But blindly following this light makes you lose sight of the reality of the situation—you are still in a tunnel.

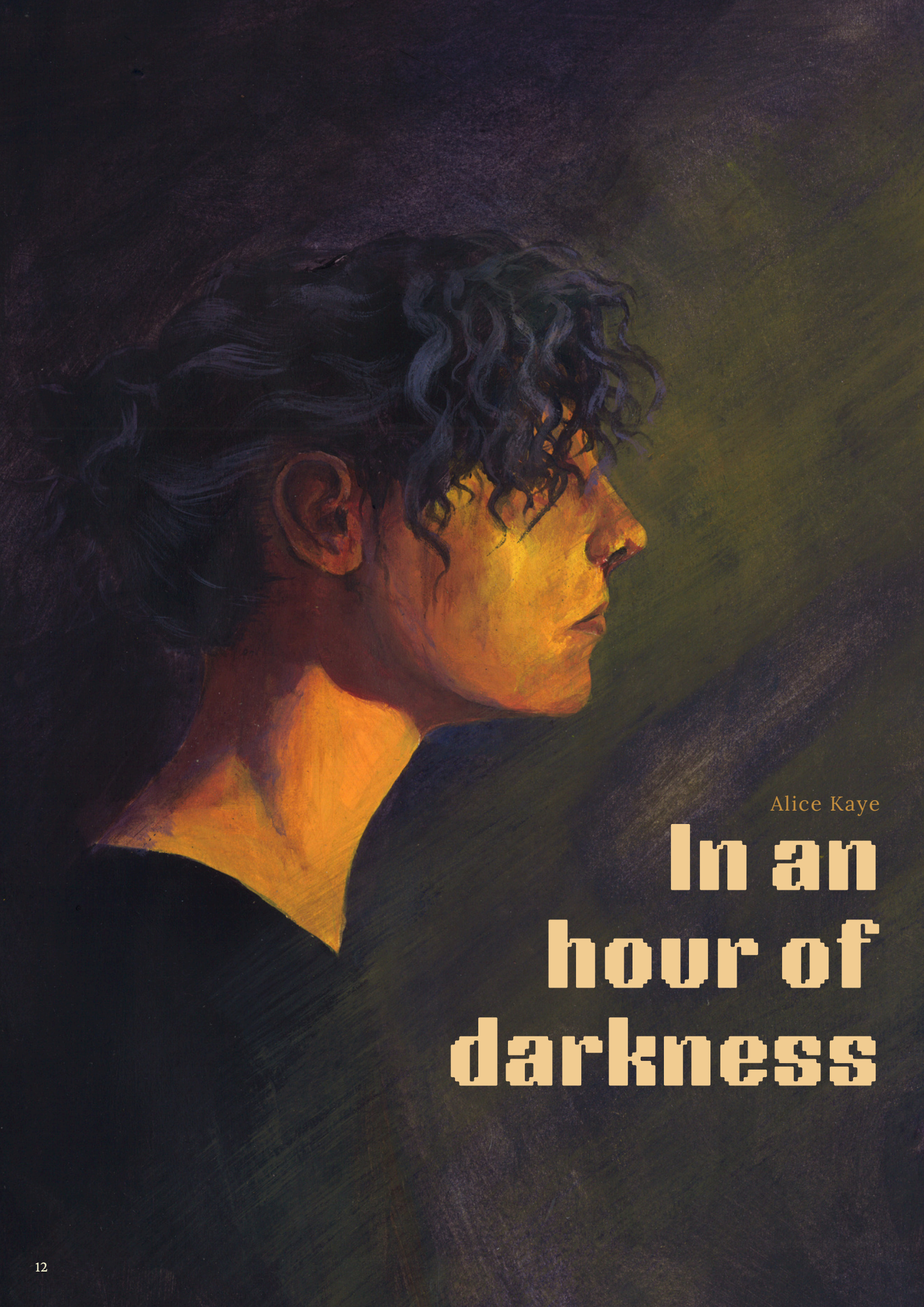
I will come to a conclusion by stressing that the metaphorical darkness can be viewed as a distinct perception from light. This increases explanatory power in situations where both perceptions are at play (read: real life). Let me say then, the symbolic night is not a void to be feared, but a canvas for exploration.



<sup>1</sup> Thanks Lisette, Jesse, Pedro, Splinter, Rick and Jip for helping me see the light while writing this essay ;)

<sup>2</sup> This does not violate the law of non-contradiction since light and darkness are not opposites, but distinct perceptions.





Alice Kaye

**In an  
hour of  
darkness**







# THE BURIAL OF A NIGHTIE

Piet Conrad

Deep in the Drakenstein mountains, the Darkness gathered. The train from Malmesbury tooted twice, releasing puffs of white smoke with the whistle as it went past the unmarked graves of slaves. Brakes screeched and the wheels ground to a halt. There, at a forgotten station in the mountains, the shadow passengers slipped off and started their solemn ceremony. The Chief led his band behind him. Black robes, black masks. White paint outlined the holes for their mouths and eyes. Often these marks showed monstrous teeth. Aside from the flowing robes, caps, and white outlines, the nighties wore strong, leather boots for the mountain journey.

Carried in the black rags that once adorned his body, lay the fallen nightie. He was in no recognisable state, partially oiled and salted to prepare the earthly remains for the last passage.

They were just 11 now. Jaylieb and Fredelieb carried the remnants. Theolieb didn't speak, because it was his first burial. Behind the body whose place he would take, he walked with the air and energy of a young boy holding cymbals which he dared not sound. Atlieb and Stoflieb were already cooking in the hidden caverns. Five other mournful nighties followed their Chief, who was the darkest and most discreet.

The painted dragon on his black robe hardly reflected a glimmer of light. It was a dragon of the deep, meant for camouflage. When the Chief sprang upon you, torchlight in your eyes, that dragon would never be far from your fears.

\*\*\*

By the time the others reached the Cracks of Night, a fresh fragrance wafted its way to the opening. Brown onions and purple garlic bathed in a bed of linseed oil. Stoflieb had just finished cutting the last onion. He took a swig of sherry for courage. He took another for community. Then he turned off the torch and waited for the others to find them. In the Darkness, they began to sing:

*Below the Shadow falls on silent, shattered souls  
From lightless veins it spills and hidden holes it fills  
But still the servants come to sing with nightly thrum  
And drums their shadow song for all to sing along.*

*Donker kom, donker kom  
Alle eer aan Hom  
In deze liefelijke nachten  
Zullen wij de dood op wachten.*

*The servants bound by bone come stand before His throne  
To dance with death and feast where no light stains the east.  
The last and least will sound the loudest on such ground,  
For bound by Darkness, Hell will sing the nighties' spell.*

On the tremulous air of falsettos danced their voices. The solemn caverns made them resonant. One by one the coming nighties filled in so that the mountain swelled with sound. Then the Chief switched off his torch and they saw that they had come within the light of gentle flames.

\*\*\*

Deep in the heart of the Drakenstein Mountains, the nighties held their feast.

Inside the cave, these shadows and illusions pooled into collective entities. The scent of the stew grew stronger in the cavern. Curry mingled with the blaze of salted pork. To counter the aloe bitterness, the chefs added sherry. When their thoughts threatened to bubble over, they took a swig themselves.

From the thorn wood embers sprung a fierce, red glow. It was enough for Theolieb to study the markings on the walls. Amidst the scratchings of leopards and the red ochre paintings of the legendary eland hunts, were hosts of blackened names. Between them, paragraphs of runic script. Against one wall he saw a shelf with many masks. The ancient ones were pointed like a wizard's hat, but the same white paints marked their eyes and mouths.

Beneath those painted eyes, there was nothing, although Theolieb swore he saw a flash of teeth.

'Those are not for touching,' murmured a voice. The Chief held the sherry bottle out to Theolieb. Then he said with a sigh, 'Night gathers on each life and we, the servants in the midnight realms, bear witness. By song and bone we remember, not in too long, hard stone. We alone amongst the estranged people of this world have made no stranger of our passing.'

Then an eerie tone started tumbling from their mouth-holes while the Chief put on his mask. In the glowing embers, he looked more pig than person, but he moved with an air of great magnificence. Each rock seemed to glow with the sound of their resonant falsettos. Those who couldn't hold the chord, made muffled, plosive drums. A slow, grey music trembled in the deep. The nighties lit long candles, touching wicks. They chanted:

For into Darkness we are born like stars  
With little candles which the sunlight mars.  
You've walked through caves and careful passages,  
You've ridden on the midnight carriages  
Which brought you here to pass and part with flesh  
Where with your memory we are enmeshed.

*Ah! Mortlieb, Morlieb  
Your sun now is risen.  
Ah! Shadows come and creep  
You're free from your prison.*

*From shade we come, to shade we shall return.  
Better than damp soil, better than to burn.  
The eye which touches on the night is lost.  
Let go your borrowed time, all free of cost  
Not long amidst this plain you shall remain.  
The breath is gone; it cannot be regained.*

*Ah! Mortlieb, Morlieb  
You hear the shadows call.  
In lands both far and deep  
The Dark enfolds us all.*

*Rest now, rest calm and easily for thus  
Your life and deeds are carried on in us.*

Throughout the song, Stoflieb scooped out generous portions of stew. The last bottle of sherry made another round. They sat around the flames and ate. Each shared memories of Mortlieb until the stew spoon came up empty. Bones rattled at the bottom of the pot. Two nighties covered the handles with a rag and spilled the contents in the stony stream. They fished the jawbone and the skull from the mirk. Only two of his teeth were missing. Fredelieb scrubbed the skull with sand and washed the last remains. He dried it over the dying embers while Scotlieb readied his art. Theolieb saw the chief rise from where he was sitting in cool contemplation. He donned the monstrous pig helm and went to the shelf of masks. One by one he peeled the masks off and read the name on each skull, repeated by the others. Ghostly pale they glowed in the candlelight.

Scotlieb took out a brush and the black acrylic. Onto the skull, he painted Mortlieb's name and his year of departure. The letters were rounded, following the flow of the brush. Atop the temple, Scotlieb drew a black star and the pointed nightie sign. Around the edges of the name, he plopped down a bunch of blossoms. They put down the skull next to its mask and waited for the paint to dry.

The Chief muttered a last incantation in his strong falsetto. 'Come, thick night,' he said. 'Come dear night and take thy spirit home.'









# MONSTER FOOD

Anna Haga

As the sun sets, the long arm of night reaches into my room. It twists and transforms everything it touches; my teddy bears scowl down from their high shelves, a crocodile lunges at me from a picture book, and unspeakable forces of evil gather behind my curtains. Even the plushies on the end of my bed, where the light doesn't quite reach them, are no longer to be trusted. Only what is fully illuminated is safe - everything else, I must avoid until sunrise. Adults are never there when you need them; sure, they'll investigate the closet and under the bed, but they're never there at night. They don't understand how everything warps; how my bed now sits on top of a portal to the shadow realm, how previously-friendly toys become corrupted by the darkness, their dull glassy eyes gazing murderously at me.

This night, like every other night, is a battle I must face alone.

I have been reliably informed that I am "too old" to be dealing with monsters; sadly, parental reassurance is a flimsy defence in the face of certain doom. If I could, I would hop out of bed right now and scuttle shamefully into my mother's arms, but I am not prepared to risk the wrath of the tentacles that are surely (surely!) underneath the bedframe, waiting to grab me by the ankles. I don't know where the tentacles take you, but I know that it's nowhere good.

Should I attempt a break for it? No, not worth the risk. Better to be a coward than to be monster food. I huddle under the covers again, the thick goose-down duvet shielding me from the darkness outside. It is a piece of wisdom every child knows; the dark under the covers is a safe dark, warm and cosy. All other forms of darkness are not to be trusted. The shadows in my room are patient, waiting for me to make a fatal error. It only takes one mistake - looking at the forbidden corner, poking a limb outside the covers for too long, attempting to make a break for the bathroom - and boom. You're on the menu.

Against such forces, I have only one weapon - a brave little lamp, glowing a merry yellow on my bedside table. As time passes, it too seems to feel the fear surrounding us; trembling, it sends monstrous shadows dancing up the walls. The shadows reach for me, but I am well-protected; as long as I cling to the neck of my favourite plushie (trustworthy in the bright light of the lamp), I am safe. I draw my blankets up to my neck and glare at the lamp, willing it to do its job better. Unfortunately, it remains unresponsive. It is as small as I am; both of us are powerless against the ghoulish forces of evil. Maybe one day, when we both grow up, the lamp will be big and strong and fight monsters single-handedly! But until then, I do the only thing I can, and close my eyes even tighter.

The night is so vast.

And I am very, very small.

# HOWLER

Zenae Chung

In my dreams, you are a howling thing—  
you tear through walls and doors shiver open in fear;  
when you speak, the windows rattle in their frames  
and spiders drop dead from invisible webs.  
You are a howling thing— you  
stand in the doorway seething, blocking out the light  
like a furious bull, your chest heaving and heaving  
with the weight of the grief that made an animal out of you.  
In my dreams, a howling thing you were— charging in like a fiend  
yet you still rabidly snatch candy wrappers off the floor,  
ransack the trash bin empty, slam displaced books  
back in alphabetical order, haul a plate of peeled apples  
onto a desk swept spotless and polished clean. Even shattered plates vanish  
off the floor before they can cut my feet. You still made sure I lived  
with fury. Even in dreams, you aren't easy on me.  
A howling thing you are, in my dreams—  
I keep the snares set, make sure the rows of teeth are barbed,  
and brute, and ugly. Night after night I curse it. I drag the wires,  
the levers, the grinning jaws and jaws of iron— I lay it all in plain sight  
like a rueful shrine. Praying; please, would you feast the warm unwelcome  
and leave? But damn you, still in my dreams and howling;  
damn you, you know any gun in my hand weighs heavier than a bitter god  
when your wretched head occupies the other end. You know I can't bear you,  
you know my heart won't do. Yet night after night you come howling,  
rampage the room, leave it devastated and clean when you retreat.  
Why haven't we killed each other already?  
Even in my dreams, you confuse me. Is this how you ask for forgiveness?  
I don't get it. Was it even your wish to be such a pathetic excuse of a beast,  
or was it I who couldn't help but hunt for tenderness in the face of someone  
I so yearned to punish? I know no scarred ground is replaced by snow. But still,  
even in my dreams, I can't be as cruel to you as I hoped I deserved to be.  
In my dreams, you are a howling thing; yet to me, you speak all too clearly.





Photo by Zena Chung



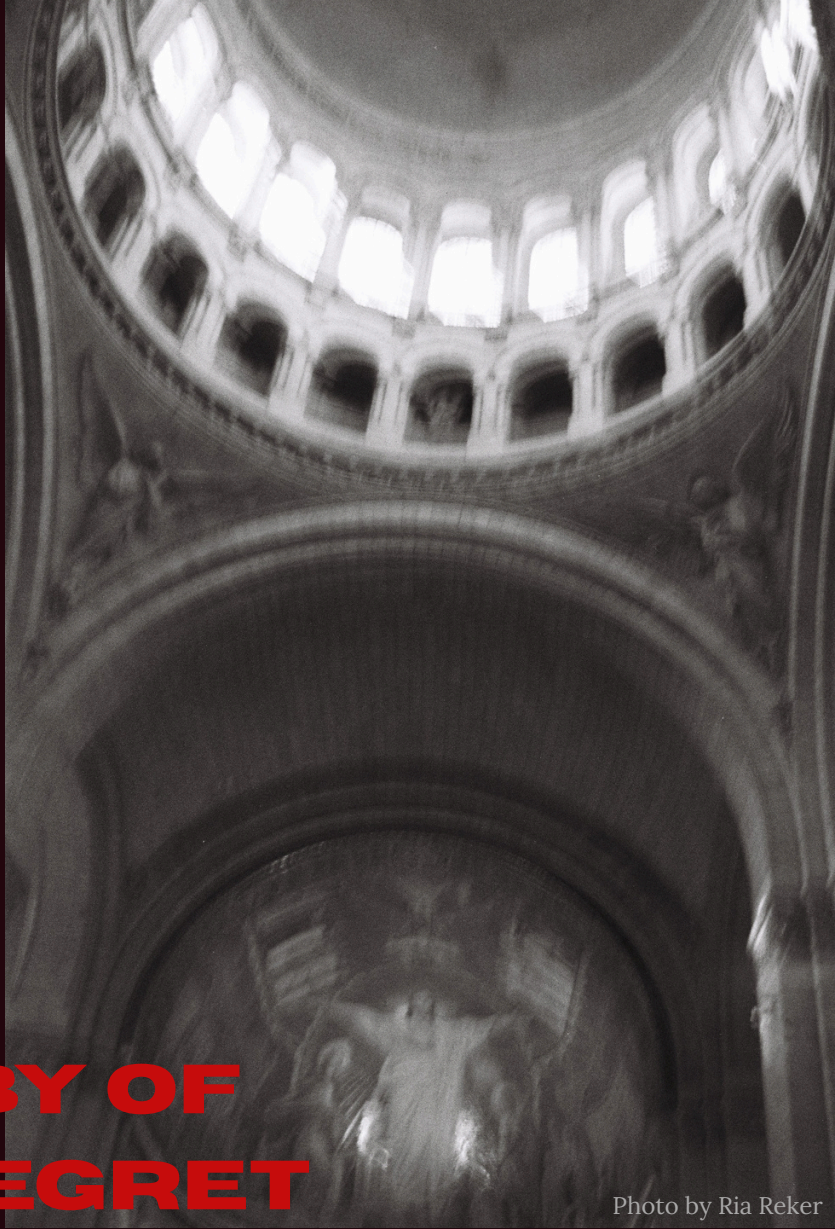


Photo by Ria Reker

# THE LULLABY OF ETERNAL REGRET

Luka Samardžić

The scintillating moon's shimmering touch grazes her exposed skin. Her hands form a barrier between the fresh, winter air and the heat radiating from her body. This is what I wanted, yet somehow I'm scared. She seems so fragile; but at the same time, her eyes bear the mark of hunger. I come closer and a sweet scent rises; not just the scent of a woman, but hers, a fragrance never to leave my dreams. As I slowly draw closer, I feel her small, trembling hands softly clasping around mine like vines creeping through the crevices of an abandoned fortress. I dive into her like a sinking ship, our lips crashing like waves. It's a dance of bodies, primitive and sweet; our anatomy speaks the language of our lust. Suddenly the dance slows as I look back down into her dark eyes, an abyss I could drown in. I bury her under the ruin of the man that once towered above her and her soft, lush body catches the remains of the debris. When every inch of her has been caressed by my lips, I pull back up to save this image of her forever in my mind. A lash of emotion strikes me, and a soft tear forms but stubbornly gets stuck in my eyelashes before she notices. It's no time to cry; this is a divine memory, something to cherish till I am silently resting six-feet-down. I gently grasp her hands even tighter. I don't want her to go, she's mine just for now, and the more I wish it could last forever, the more I realise it won't. In a sudden, quick riposte to my clenching, she grabs my head and draws it to her chest. I close my eyes, letting her heartbeat calm me. I'm still holding her hand. I won't let go, but the steady rhythm makes me drift away. I can't let her depart, yet my eyes are shut and my body is paralysed. A melodic message of farewell falls from her lips: a lullaby of eternal regret. I drown in its song as it leads me into the cataclysmic depths.





“A collage inspired by a chapter from the book 'Almost Transparent Blue' by Ryu Murakami, where an evening with friends turns grimy very quickly.”

By Marloes Arendts



# NOOK OF THE NIGHT

Sinan Zhao

我想在教堂的一个角、  
狭窄街道的石头墙边、  
桥下与运河相连的台阶上、  
花园里、咖啡馆里、博物馆的门前

我想在这些地方读诗，  
夏天、冬天，下雨时、打雷时。  
雨水可以穿过我的手指钉进书的纸页  
等到上面的文字膨胀、腐烂  
我和雨和诗  
在夜的角落里成为过去发生的事

I wish to be standing at a corner of a church  
By the stone walls of a narrow street  
Perhaps on the stairs leading down to a canal under a bridge  
In a garden, at a café, by a door at a museum's lane

I wish to read poems in these places  
Summer, winter, during a thunderstorm on a rainy day  
Where droplets of rain could pierce through my fingers into the pages  
And await letters and words to swell and decay  
I, and the rain, and the poetry  
Become a thing of the past in a nook of the Night

Darkness dawns o'er haunted streets  
As bright lamps light my way,  
Through naked trees, branches trying to reach  
The Moon's alluring face;

For reasons unknown to humankind.  
Perhaps 'cause she is clothed with the clouds  
That blanket her from harsh winds, unlike the trees  
Whose attire falls to the ground.

As autumn leaves crisp beneath my feet  
To a rhythm that warms my ears,  
A foggy mind producing foggy breaths  
Ponders deeply...

When darkness dawns o'er our haunted paths,  
Though bright lamps light our way,  
Do we still reach up for the sky,  
To gain our own natural light, in vain?

How long do we have to patiently bear  
And brave the fiercest winds,  
And follow the path that leads us home  
To a life fully fulfilled?

But oh, dear Reader, that is impossible,  
The trees will ne'er reach the Moon,  
Yet in their nakedness, they delight the eyes,  
And in spring, they will rebloom.

So, enjoy your night walks while they last.  
Lost in heavy fogs? Explore  
All that your life has to offer.  
Your path, you write on your own.

Kacey Sequeira

# A NOVEMBER NIGHT WALK



Trainride, by Clara

A shaking pen scrawls stolen feelings out onto a page.  
Dancing to the rhythm of a heart that moves a silent symphony.

Discerning eyes capture imperfect shadows of things,  
Whirling a waltz without a partner in a ballroom of make-believe.  
A heart and mind dance the night away with one another.

Intoxication hides itself beneath your masked smile  
And an anxious darkness shrouds the moss in your stomach.  
A fool would surely think that thoughts could sway another.

Instead we construct all these separate cages.  
Our smothered cries are playing bars of schadenfreude.

A ghost of tomorrow's past is still out of reach.  
It leaves you a feather upon which to grieve,  
To draw out all your worries and cares  
And drown them, choke them through a voiceless abyss.

Shoals wash over silver chains cast high in the sky.  
Two glasses are shared in deep blue moonlight.

But the moon is a wheel of cheese, take heed of the sign.  
Push past the bars of the night, tear the world apart.

Rain covers dry, clandestine tears -  
Upon your sleeve you wear a ship-in-a-bottle  
Waiting to be cracked open against a drain.

Submerge yourself in pools of thought.  
Let them lapse you to a cave of slumber,  
And lull you to an ageless dusk.

Francesco Limacher

**INKDREAM**



# EEN GEBED VOOR HET SLAPENGAAN

Diederik Assink

De tweeling maan danst met haar ivoren sterren  
Als bacchanten in het hemelgewelf  
De avond is gevallen  
En hij rookt zware beloftes uit zijn raam  
Dan baren de wolken een sacraal licht  
Hij dient zich aan, zwijgt en kijkt hoe  
Ze haar laarzen uitdoet  
En hoe ze rent  
Als een hinde, als een nymf  
Ze kijkt hem aan  
Ze betreedt zijn kamer en

Ze begint vluchtig tegen hem te fluisteren in een taal die slechts galmen bedraagt  
Die onbegrijpelijk zijn voor zijn godvruchtige geweten  
Maar met zuivere toewijding zijn kruin strelen  
En hem zo vertellen dat  
Hij nimmer zal worden gedragen naar de hemels  
Waar de ochtend gewijd danst in blauw

Want dit leven is grootser dan de dood  
Wreed is de vader die zijn zoon niet durft aan te kijken  
Wreed is de moeder die haar dochter verzwijgt  
Wreed is de God die zich niet toont

Eerbiedig is het kind  
Weergaloos is het kind  
Volmaakt is het kind  
Dat ademt





Photo by Zenae Chung

# STILLE NACHT

Diederick Assink

Tegen de nacht snijd ik mijn polsen open  
En bloedt mijn honger over het beddengoed  
Terwijl ik zwijgend huil in eenheid met de wind

Bij ochtendglorien zal zij  
Een gedijende deken van heiligwitte rozen over mij heen schenken  
Zoals ik nu het koude mes in mijn keel leg

Ik stel me voor hoe mijn lichaam zou klinken  
Wanneer het naar de grond valt  
Zullen mijn ogen straks nog geopend zijn?

Zoals Icarus aan de zee  
Schenk ik mijn lichaam aan de hemel  
Vannacht lig ik gebed in mijn rood,  
morgen in de kruin van zijn hemelgewelf

Het weefsel dat hij draagt is zacht en onschuldig  
Waardoor het slechts een suggestie lijkt  
Hoe het ontbindt

Hij verwelkt in conversatie  
Zijn stilte fluistert, het zingt zachtjes  
In eendracht met de engelen

Opdat weidebloemen de velden weer zullen bekleden  
Opdat wonden worden schoongelikt  
Opdat de hemel in haar loof een morgenster draagt

Vannacht veinst alleen zijn vorm nog  
De beperking van zijn vermogen te zijn  
Het volmaakte dat leeft in de handen  
Van de moeder is jong, zoals hij









## **PEACEFUL ESCAPE**

by Louise Mooshammer



## **LIGHT STUDY**

by Maureen CF

## **REFLECTIONS**

by Maureen CF



It's not unusual to find yourself bored and unable to decide what to do on your free night. Of course, there's no lack of options, but it might still be hard to think of any. For this reason, the members of the magazine committee have come together to create a perfect guide for how to spend your night. Whether you want to go out or would rather stay in for once and read a book, watch a movie, or maybe even bake something, there's something in here for everyone!

# NIGHT TIME GUIDE

GOING OUT

# MUSIC

## NATIONAL BALLET AND OPERA

Maybe you have always wanted to go see an opera or a ballet but have never really had the opportunity to actually plan it. Well, the National Opera & Ballet in Amsterdam has a great deal on offer. As a student you can go and see a performance for just 19 euros. Provided there are still tickets left for a performance, you can buy tickets on the same day of the performance from 1pm onwards. So, if you don't have any plans for the night yet, go check it out and you can finally get to experience an opera or ballet performance!

# PLACES

## DE TWEE SPIEGHELS

If you like jazz, then going to one of their live-music nights is an absolute must. This jazz cafe located in the very heart of Leiden has a traditional brown cafe atmosphere that feels very cosy and intimate. They also serve great drinks, and especially in the wine department they offer some great options. So if you're looking for a somewhat classy night out (or just love jazz), this might be the perfect choice.

## FUJIYAMA55

There's nothing like a warm bowl of ramen on a cold winter night. Fujiyama55 is the perfect place to get that bowl of ramen. It's a Japanese owned place that puts heart and soul into its food, and you can tell. Moreover, the place really has an authentic feeling to it which, I think, makes for an overall great experience. So, if you want to go out for dinner but can't decide what you want to eat, this might be an option worth considering.



## THE MONK

a novel by Matthew Lewis

For a read that will have you feeling a bit less cosy and a bit more unsettled, you should read *The Monk* by Matthew Lewis, which tells the story of a monk who spirals down a path of sin. It's a little slow to start and set the scene, but stick with it! It keeps getting better and better. This is a novel that deals with some heavier topics but it's definitely a book to remember.

## Literature

## MY DEAD FATHER'S GENERAL STORE IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT

a poem by Lee Stockdale

What can be more beautiful and heart-breaking than a son writing about his dead father as keeping a general store in the middle-of-nowhere limbo between dying and being forgotten where coyotes come by night after night, leaving fragments of words left unsaid but delivered over the horizon of life and death? Grief is a funny thing that keeps a departed loved one restocking shelves of food nobody ever eats. Mourning is a strange thing that keeps you wishing they passed away to somewhere where the howls of coyotes follow them every night, because you wish you could haunt them how they haunt you. You're not quite done talking. Not quite yet.

## EEFJE DE VISSER

In my eyes the night has always felt bittersweet. It is a time of lust, amity and freedom, but also of isolation, nostalgia and coldness. Dutch singer-songwriter Eefje de Visser knows, in my humble opinion, how to let these contrasting feelings manifest in her music. She truly embodies the nighttime with her artistic voice, which is an ever flowing spring of inspiration. 'Bitterzoet' - Dutch for "bittersweet" - is also the title of her fourth and critically acclaimed studio album. Never before has her music sounded this full of longing, yet firmly rooted in the present, confronted with an era that equally measures fear and hope. Ethereal vocals waft through aquatic synthesiser soundscapes with the elegance that has always been De Visser's trademark, but which now truly comes to the foreground. This is an album that should be listened to three glasses of red wine deep, especially then 'Bitterzoet' will carry you to a higher, almost esoteric, sphere of bliss. However, if you enjoy the more quiet and intimate evenings I can really recommend De Vissers album 'Het is'. It is the second studio album by this pop visionary and contains themes like grief, feeling lost and isolation. It is beautifully composed with a mostly acoustic feeling. Her dreamy voice is draped in sounds of subtlety and harmony. 'Het is' - which translates to "It is" - contains a mysterious and melodramatic essence, perfect for a painfully quiet night.

## Music

## ADRIANNE LENKER

Adrienne Lenker, the front figure of Big Thief, is arguably one of the best lyricists of our time. Although you should definitely check out all of the Big Thief albums and the rest of Lenker's solo work, I would especially recommend her 2020 album 'Songs'. Recorded in a small cabin during covid, this breakup album will bless your ears with beautifully composed, yet raw, guitar playing. Lenker's singing is personal and devastating, yet hopeful, and touches on feelings of longing, regret, and nostalgia. Beware, however, because this album may emotionally destroy you!



## NIGHT ON EARTH

'Night on Earth' is a film anthology by the star of American indie cinema Jim Jarmusch. The film follows 5 different cab drivers in 5 different cities during the same night. Mixing humour and sorrow, Jarmusch reminds us of the universality of certain human experiences – and of how we should never be too quick to judge other people.

# Movies

## CHUNGKING EXPRESS

Dreamy and nostalgic are two words that would describe 'Chungking Express' the masterpiece by the Hong Kong legend Wong-Kar Wai. To me, this film beautifully captures that feeling of dreaming away to a different time, or a different space. Because after all, aren't we all California Dreamin', just like the character Faye in the film?

# Recipes

## TILSLØRTE BONDEPIKER

When winter falls, one of the most comforting (and easiest!) Scandinavian desserts to make are 'tilslørte bondepiker'. It consists of exactly two things: mashed fruit, and a generous dollop of cream on top. I make it by slicing 3 apples, placing them in a large pot and pouring in just enough water to cover the lot. As the water boils, add a generous amount of sugar (I measure with my heart). Once the apples are soft, mash them up and drain any excess water. Add some cinnamon (and maybe more sugar!) and serve in your prettiest bowls. The finishing touch: whipped cream! Sprinkle on some cinnamon and chocolate powder, and boom: an easy, comforting, student-friendly dessert that is endlessly customisable.

## TAHINI NOODLES (SERVES 1)

It's been a long week and you aren't in the mood for a long and elaborate meal. This recipe is the ultimate night-in meal when you're just tired and want to do nothing for an evening. Can be served hot or cold.

### Ingredients:

Any quantity of noodles you want; I would recommend using rice noodles

2 tbsp tahini

2 tbsp soy sauce

2 tbsp unsweetened rice vinegar

### Optional additions:

Chopped garlic, fried in sesame oil

Sliced cucumber, if having cold

Chilli oil if you're one of those people who has to remind everyone all the time that "I can take spice"

### Method:

1. Boil your noodles according to the packet

2. While they cook, mix the tahini, soy sauce, and rice vinegar in a bowl. If you are also adding fried garlic, put this in the bowl too

3. take a spoon of noodle water and mix it into the tahini mix (but not too much, you don't want it too liquidy)

4. Drain your noodles. Decide if you want them hot or cold (If you want them cold, rinse them with cold water)

5. Mix your noodles into the bowl with the mixture. If desired, add chilli oil and/or cucumber.

6. DEVOUR

# Quiz

In general, how do you like your coffee?

1. I don't drink coffee, I drink tea
2. I like sand coffee!
3. I always drink my coffee black with a cigarette
4. With oat milk!

Have you ever felt like you were born in the wrong time period?  
Or have you ever stayed up at night feeling nostalgic for the past?  
Or maybe you feel like you were born at just the right time.  
Take this quiz to figure out what time period you belong to!

What's your favorite mode of transportation?

1. Walking
2. Boat
3. Airplane
4. Bike

2

## What time pe

1

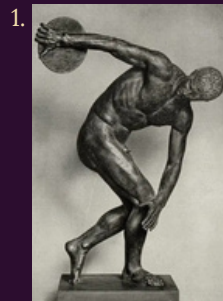
3

4

Which sport is the most interesting?

1. Wrestling
2. Archery
3. Football
4. Hobby Horsing

What artwork do you prefer out of these?





# time

## Instructions:

Add up your points to see what answer you get. Answer 1 equals 1 point, answer 2 equals 2 points, etc. Good luck!

Which out of these sciences do you feel most attracted to?

1. Astronomy
2. Theology
3. Physics
4. Film Studies

Do you tend to agree with Prof. Bdaiwi's takes on modernity?

2. Yes
4. No

What philosopher would you rather have a conversation with?

1. Confucius/Kongzi
2. Avicenna/Ibn Sina
3. Simone de Beauvoir
4. Slavoj Žižek

# Period are you?

5

How often do you think of the Roman Empire?

1. (almost) Never
2. Daily
3. Once a week
4. Once a Month

7

Who is your favourite God?

1. Osiris
2. Odin
3. Hirohito
4. The Triple Goddess

8

In which place would you prefer to live?

1. In a cave
2. In a cruck house
3. In a high rise apartment complex
4. In a van

9

10

10  
-  
16

### **Ancient/Mythic times**

Your quiz results have catapulted you into the realms of the ancient world, a time where myth and reality intertwine. Imagine yourself amidst the grandeur of ancient civilizations, where mighty empires rose and fell like the tides of time. From the awe-inspiring pyramids of Egypt to the majestic temples of Greece, you are a denizen of a world where philosophy, art, and innovation flourished. Whether you envision yourself as a scholar in the library of Alexandria, a trader along the Silk Road or a philosopher debating in the agora, your spirit resonates with the diverse wonders of the ancient world. Embrace the wisdom of Confucius and ancient sages, the mathematical brilliance of the Maya, and the intricate artistry of ancient cultures. Get ready to unravel the mysteries of antiquity as an explorer of the ancient world!"

17  
-  
22

### **Medieval times**

Welcome to the medieval era, a time of knights, castles, and feudal kingdoms.

You find yourself amidst a world of cultural exchange, majestic empires, and vibrant trade routes. Imagine the bustling markets of the Silk Road, or the serene tranquility of Kyoto's imperial court. In this age, knights in gleaming armor share tales with samurai warriors, while scholars in the Middle East contribute to the flourishing of knowledge.

Whether you see yourself as a noble scholar in the heart of the Islamic Golden Age, a warrior poet in feudal Japan, or an exploring Viking trader, your connection to the medieval world transcends boundaries. Embrace the diversity of thought, the intricate artistry, and the harmonious blend of cultures that defined this era.

23  
-  
28

### **Renaissance – Early Modern**

Step into the vibrant era of the Renaissance, a time marked by cultural rebirth (in Europe),. Envision yourself as a citizen of a world in the throes of transformation. The Renaissance is not confined to a single corner of the globe but spreads its wings across civilizations.

Picture bustling marketplaces in the Ottoman Empire, where traders exchange goods and ideas, or imagine the grand palaces of the Ming Dynasty, where scholars engage in philosophical discourse.

Imagine yourself looking up at Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling or marveling at the inventions and art of Leonardo Da Vinci. You feel that the air is filled with the scent of ink and the melodies of artists and poets. Embrace the spirit of inquiry, celebrate the fusion of art and science, and navigate the crossroads of cultures that define this remarkable era. Your journey unfolds as a global participant in the Renaissance, where the pursuit of knowledge and the celebration of human creativity know no bounds.

29  
-  
34

### **Modernism – Enlightenment until 20th century**

If your quiz results have guided you to this time period, envision yourself as a global participant in an age of innovation, and societal change.

Picture the vibrant bazaars of the Ottoman Empire, where cultures converge, or imagine the bustling streets of Shanghai during the Qing Dynasty, where traditional values intertwine with emerging modernity. Whether you see yourself as a witness to the Tanzimat reforms, a participant in the Indian Renaissance, or a trailblazer in the Mexican Revolution, your spirit resonates with the myriad of forces shaping this complex and interconnected world.

In this era, ideas transcend borders, giving rise to movements for independence, cultural revival, and the quest for social justice. The air is charged with the excitement of progress, and societies grapple with the challenges of industrialization, imperialism, and the pursuit of identity. Embrace the spirit of change, celebrate the diverse narratives of nations worldwide, and engage with the dynamic tapestry of the modern age.

35  
-  
40

### **Right Now**

You enjoy living in the moment. Welcome to the contemporary era, a time of global interconnectedness, rapid technological advancements and transformative change. Finding yourself in the midst of Pax-Americana, you can experience the vibrancy of city life, with skyscrapers piercing through the sky – symbolizing the massive urbanization that marks our time. Engage in discourse on climate action and social justice through a myriad of social platforms, while enjoying having food (or anything you want) delivered right to your door thanks to our gig economy!

Embrace the power of connectivity, where global events impact local communities and vice versa. Your presence in this era is not just witnessing history but actively contributing to the ongoing narrative. So, relish the opportunities, navigate the complexities, and savor the unique experiences that define our current age.





by Maureen Foley  
**In Arms**





### THE CHARIOT

Dear Aries, buckle up for a cosmic roller coaster in the second semester of 2024! The Chariot tarot card leads the charge, urging you to be more adventurous and experimental. Therefore, we highly recommend you to go on that trip to Athens, if you haven't signed up already. Jupiter's move to Gemini propels your popularity within academic circles. Reconnect with forgotten peers and welcome new connections. Keep those notifications on; group discussions are your ticket to intellectual synergy. Amid navigating the academic realm, prioritise mental and emotional well-being. Saturn and Neptune's influence in Pisces encourages introspection and healing throughout the year.



### PAGE OF WANDS

Dear Taurus, this semester holds a call from the universe, urging you to venture beyond your comfort zone. The cosmic energies encourage proactive engagement, prompting you to explore uncharted territories without hesitation. Embrace the call to action and embark on this new path with trust. Guided by the Page of Wands – the tarot card pulled especially for you, seize novelty without a fixed plan. Initiate endeavours without a rigid plan, fuelled by excitement for the possibilities that lie ahead. Your innate gift for envisioning creative ideas, fuels an unwavering commitment to manifest your dreams. The cosmos whispers that a profound force resides within you, inspiring exploration, investments, and advancements in life. Yet, conflicting thoughts may cast shadows on your aspirations, triggering inner battles that hinder the expression of your heroic potential to the world. Discard fear, mobilise your resources, and boldly declare your presence to the world. You got this!



### SEVEN OF PENTACLES

Dear Gemini, associated with the mythos of Castor and Pollux, just like the twins you walk amongst diverse realms; you exist in multitudes. This semester, pivot your focus to your earthly self. Step out of the labyrinth of thoughts and anchor yourself in nature. Resist dwelling on past or future concerns; remain present. The challenges of the previous semester have demanded your utmost diligence. But fear not, as symbolised by the Seven of Pentacles – the tarot card pulled especially for you – your hard work is nearing fruition, promising tangible results. Redirect your energy to grounding yourself, allowing the sweet sweet fruits of your labour to be savoured. Honour your weary body by stepping out of your mind; it deserves the rest that accompanies the harvest.

# HOROS



### NINE OF PENTACLES

Libra, your cosmic compass for 2024 is the "nine of Pentacles," a card embodying material abundance and self-sufficiency. Saturn's cosmic residence in your fifth house sets the stage, influencing relationships and finances. While embarking on spiritual pursuits is favoured, a gentle reminder comes with it—mind your wallet. The cosmic advice nudges you to avoid unnecessary expenses that could lead to mental strain. A practical tip: when it comes to buying books, explore online options to save a few bucks, trust me. Looking ahead, be cautious about the upcoming midterms; they might bring unexpected challenges. Stay diligent in your studies, adapt your strategies, and trust your ability to overcome hurdles. Deep down, you know everything will go well in the end.



### THE EMPEROR

Greetings, Scorpio trailblazers! In 2024, your journey unfolds under the watchful eye of "The Emperor" tarot card, symbolising authority, structure, and new beginnings. As Venus and Mercury grace your sign, you radiate positivity, drawing others with your magnetic charisma. Rahu's cosmic nudge urges caution against impulsive decisions, fostering intellectual growth. Balance with family life is needed, though, especially after the midterms. Watch your words, as they hold great power, and your relationships will flourish.



### SIX OF PENTACLES

Hey, Sagittarius! Your 2024 journey is guided by the wise 6 of Pentacles tarot card, promising a year of hope and stable friendships. Brace yourself for an emotionally charged start as the Sun and Mars ignite your sign—caution against impulsive actions for smooth sailing in both business and personal life. Jupiter sprinkles its magic in your fifth house early on, boosting romance, luck, and financial strides. Saturn's fortitude in the third house encourages courage, aiding in conquering procrastination for significant achievements. Assignments dance between ups and downs, urging you to resist unproductive temptations. Do not worry, the finals are in your hands.





FOUR OF WANDS

Dear cancer, throughout the semester a profound revelation will unfold. Commencing with the lunar eclipse in March and extending to that of April, long-suppressed emotions will resurface. Despite this resurgence causing inner friction, you do not have to be afraid. Rather, this discomfort will manifest as transformative action, it will help you to release the ancient emotions that weigh heavy on your spirit. The mythology of your sign is strongly tied to the archetype of the mother. Try to embrace self-compassion by examining maternal roles within; prioritise self-nourishment over external demands, permitting the authentic experience of emotions without drowning them in the guilt caused by putting yourself first. This being said, the Four of Wands – drawn specifically for you – promises that after a difficult period of rapid growth, there will be a time to pause and celebrate what you have achieved so far. You will be proud of yourself.



THREE OF CUPS

Dear Leo, during Jupiter's transit in Taurus until May 26th, a prevailing sense of optimism, luck, and opportunity will characterise much of the semester. Subsequently entering Gemini from May 26th until the following year, this planetary shift stimulates a natural curiosity, urging you to explore avenues that imbue your life with meaning. Positioned favourably for Leo, this transit signifies a period of playful mental growth. Given your zodiac's association with play, joy, and fun, this celestial alignment serves as a remedy for you – embrace it. The lunar eclipses in March and April further endorse this inclination towards enjoyment. The Three of Cups, drawn specifically for you, symbolises celebration, friendship, and sisterhood. Your friends and family stand ready to elevate you to greater success. Engage in celebratory gatherings, revel in camaraderie, and share meaningful moments. By finding joy with loved ones, you'll witness the blossoming of your spirit.



THE HANGED MAN

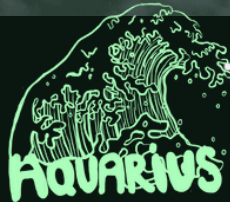
Hey Virgo scholars! Buckle up for an academic odyssey in 2024, led by "The Hanged Man" tarot card. Academic success dances on Jupiter's vibes in the eighth house, but it requires discipline to maintain. Love-wise, emotions may sway, but your intellectual prowess keeps the romance ship steady. Mercury and Venus play matchmakers in the third house, fostering unique bonds with friends. Rahu guides your academic journey, so resist the gossip black holes. Success in exams is written in the stars. Academic turbulence might hit marital matters, but navigate with wisdom. Financial fortunes favour the scholarly savvy; just watch those expenses!

# SCOPE



FIVE OF WANDS

Lovely Capricorn, seems your 2024 is guided by the 5 of Wands tarot card, promising unwavering financial stability, empowering you to confront challenges head-on and stride toward substantial advancement. Jupiter's harmonious stay in the fourth house until May 1 paints family life of happiness and paves the way for career triumphs. Post-May 1, Jupiter's transition to the fifth house teases family-related developments, adding layers of joy. Keep your focus, Capricorn, and steer clear of meddling in others' affairs for optimal achievements. The year's onset showers romantic promises, deepening connections and fostering mutual trust. Career milestones await, and the diligent students polish their skills for academic victories, though education pursuits may encounter challenges.



FIVE OF WANDS

Dear Aquarius, for you the five of wands has been drawn. This card indicates that you are in the midst of battle, tension, and competition and it is impacting your ability to move forward with your goals. But do not be afraid, because when the sun has entered your sign, at the beginning of the semester, it will be joined by Pluto, the planet that symbolises the God of the Underworld. Revelations in the depths of your body, your unconscious, will unfold. This unveiling promises a profound self-discovery, resolving the conflicts embodied by the Five of Wands. Pluto guides you into the depths, facilitating introspection and assertion of your identity, empowering you to occupy more space authentically. Your ally in this journey is your body's wisdom; listen to your gut, not your mind. Remaining present and grounded is advised, which is to be achieved through physical activities such as exercise.



SEVEN OF CUPS

Dear Pisces, the seven of cups came up for you. This card represents having lots of options to choose from or multiple possibilities open to you. This may imply an overwhelming array of choices, hindering your focus. It is crucial to streamline your commitments and manage your workload effectively. This semester, prioritise self-awareness and energy renewal to discern your wants, needs, and desires more clearly. Your innate sensitivity may lead you to prioritise others' desires over your own. Therefore, invest time in aligning with your own needs to establish a strong internal compass for navigating various aspects of life. Avoid getting lost in the needs of others and ensure that your selfhood remains a steadfast guide amid external influences. This introspective process will serve as a reliable navigation system, preventing you from drifting too far from your authentic self. Do not lose yourself in the storm of others.



SEE  
SEE

YOU  
SEE  
YOU

SEE  
YOU

YOU







AT NIGHT  
AT NIGHT  
NIGHT