

A misty forest landscape with a bird in flight. The foreground is filled with trees showing autumn foliage in shades of orange and brown. In the background, a dense forest of green trees is visible under a hazy, overcast sky. A single bird is captured in mid-flight, its wings spread, positioned slightly to the left of the center. The overall atmosphere is serene and somewhat melancholic.

# NEVER-ENDING FRAGMENTS

COLLECTION OF CREATIVE WRITING  
BY HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

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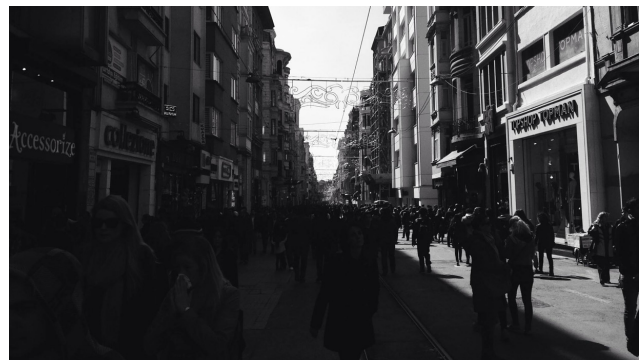
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# IMPERFECT CONSTELLATIONS



*By Gresa Isufi*

I have been looking at life through an upscaled lens. Always seized for the bigger depiction of beauty, love, fear, for all the stories we are told and taught. A perfect family. A perfect education. A perfect girl. A perfect boy. A perfect life. Don't talk too much, don't curse, don't go out late, don't be too delicate, don't be too rough, and most important; don't be yourself!

I've traced mountains, rivers and seas wondering whether I have stopped following one road or the road has abandoned me. I trimmed my way into meeting people's needs while surging for a way to please, always to please others.

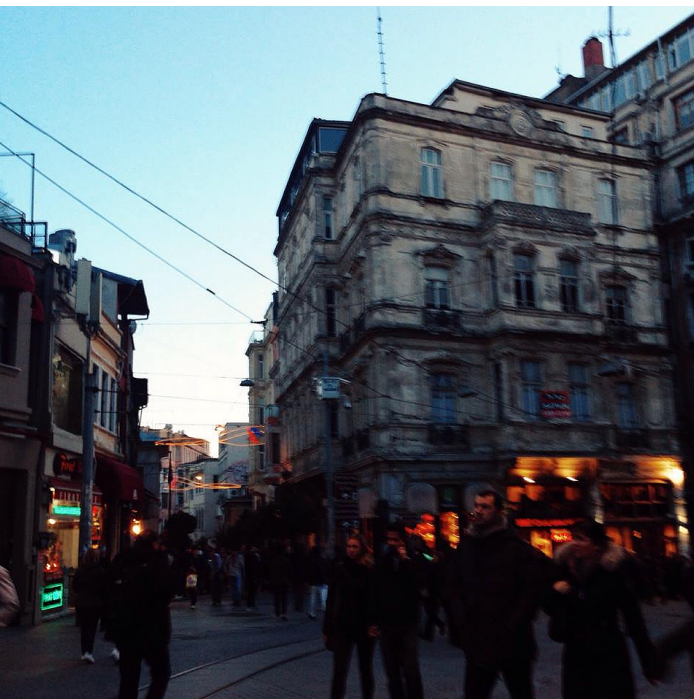
But to hell, to hell with perfection! I will fly over oceans. I want to go mad, even if that means losing myself. I will rewrite history, melt ice caps, and rearrange the stars. I want to live only for today. Monotonous monologues of the mind. Nothing else matters.

A creature of war, a lioness, a nuclear strike, achingly vulnerable. Broken and used over and over again. I'm careless, fiery, dangerous—morphine, destructive, childish. I'll to crush mountains with a glance, pull continents together, form new constellations. I look for traffic lights, music and motion; I look for stars and trees. I dream of going away, moving further, traveling the world, leaving everything behind.

I want to break the normal and the common. We don't have to conform to what is socially accepted, for it is not the only right way to be, for it may sometimes be wrong in itself. I want to unzip these pretensions off, remove the shackles of the past, and mute judgmental mouths. I want to disregard the proportions, the rules and measures, the tempo of the ordinary world. We have created false dichotomies, false hopes, the feeling that we have to choose between versions of ourselves. I believe that one defines oneself by reinvention. To not be like your parents. To not be like your friends. To be yourself, to cut yourself out of stone. People don't grow in perfect symmetry. Some of us are running scared, others are going home. Some are evil men at war with good, some are good struggling with evil. Some live in the past, some in the present.

Who cares anyway?! At the end of the day we are all made up of layers, cells and constellations...





# EQUALITY

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By Ardora Bilibani

## What pops in your head when you hear the word equality ?

Not one person in this world has the same idea about what equality means and do you know why? Because every single one of us has a different way of perceiving the world around us and even though we are so similar, we are totally different, so different that some of us can't accept that. Equality, acceptance is so hard for some people that they have to put down every person that is different from them, at least every person that they think that is different, and make them feel like they shouldn't be who they are because it's not acceptable in the laws of society. And that sincerely is one of the saddest and most terrifying things that is present in our world.

People have to learn that what seems normal to you might seem chaos and destruction to the other, and the thing that seems like the most horrifying thing that can happen to you, might just be another regular day for the other person next door. People have to understand that in this world nothing is normal and nothing is out of order because, it's only the way how we see it and the way we were taught to see it that makes on certain thing look good and the other look bad.

Do you know how I think all this works? It's just like my taste in food and my sisters' taste in food. This may or may not sound like a very stupid idea but hear me out: let us start with the fact that I love chocolate yet my sister hates it, my sister likes seafood, in the other hand I feel like throwing up when I think about seafood. No one makes jokes and looks down on me and tries to shame me for hating seafood or do they try to do that to my sister because they just say "it's just how you like it". That is how everything should work, it should be the same about what gender someone is attracted to, or what one thinks that their perfect profession would be, because it is the way how their brain processes the way of what seems best. It's seriously the same. From the taste in food, to the taste in music or people, it's just how our brain works and the only possible way to stop it is to stop our brain from functioning totally, and all of you know that that means death right?

I just need everyone to understand that if it's not the same, it's not wrong either. But I guess not a lot of people can do that, it's just how they work. At least I understand that.

# EMPTY

*By Adea Loxha*

I felt the warmth of the morning sunlight as it grazed my skin through the window. My body hadn't had even a second of rest and my eyes felt heavy though they were unable to close. I felt myself lift from the chair i had been sitting on. It was still cold even though i had been sitting on it for... What had it been now...10? 12 hours?

I could feel the sharp icy cold of the morning autumn air as it brushed my bare arms. My legs were walking, taking me somewhere while my head was blank, free of any thought whatsoever. Sunrises were quite pretty. I wondered why i didn't give myself the privilege to experience them more often. I walked. And walked. And walked. I noticed people starring at me. No wonder. I probably looked awful. My make up was probably all smeared form all the sobbing i had gone through last night. It was then that I recognized the place and realized where I was. It looked different form last night though. No police, no people,... it actually looked normal.

But how could that be. It shouldn't look normal. Why could people forget what had happened while I had been left with a lingering pain in my chest and the bitter images in my head that consumed me.

I kept replaying it in my head over and over again as if experiencing it once hadn't been enough. Her eyes looking at me for the last time... Her beautiful smile vanishing form her face as she saw the car "mom!" She had yelled "look out" I had yelled back as if that would have changed anything. Her hand had reached out to me but it had been too late.

"Ironic", I thought as i felt tears falling form my eyes, down my cold cheeks. I thought I was all drained out but as it seemed my heart wasn't ready to rest. Although I knew exactly where I was, I still felt lost, still felt out of place. I couldn't comprehend how i could feel my heart beating in my chest, since I was pretty sure there was a hole now.... this empty feeling wasn't going away....is it ever going to?



# A foot closer to knowing someone

We've gone through evolution enough to know our own diagnose and we've heard of everything that has to do with us, humans. From depression to lost dopamine, we've achieved to find cure and detect these cases. The first step to knowing someone are 'questions', the answers are just as a test result, fits you or not. The second step is 'analysis'. In this step which most people skip, we learn details and we realize if we fit with the person or the 'pack'. The reasons why most people skip this might be because they lack matureness or because they don't have trust issues. Trust issues causes the person to be introverted or a bit closed on themselves.

Trust issues might come with the pack of "PTSD" which stands for "Post Traumatic Events in your life,( so basically traumas from an event in the past). There are extroverted people, ambiverted people and introverted people. Extroverted people tend to be more open and socializing. They live being around people and they enjoy going out, having a couple of drinks blla,blla,blla...But, due to a scientific fact these people tend to be less conscious and warned about...well...almost everything. Ambiverted people are in the middle of introverted and extroverted. They're realistic with a pinch of positivity. And last but not least:

Introverts-They are usually the ones sitting alone, or you don't see them at all! They tend to be antisocial or cold. Usually it takes a lot of effort to get to know them but if you do you'll have a friend for life. They love being alone but of course do not live to be lonely, yet...they hang out in groups of max. 3(sometimes with an exception). There are way and ways to get to know people and these steps; mentioned are only basic.

Arttea Bajri





# PARIS ATTACK

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By Jon Shala

It was Friday, a beautiful November day in Paris. Favorite day of the week for me and my roommate, and favorite day for all students. Some school mates invited us to go this concert and watch the US rock group called Eagles of Death Metal playing to a full house of 1500 people but we stayed home instead, we decided to play some x-box and chill. At 9:30pm my phone ringed:

"Hey Jon this is terrible, something happened to us, this is terrible, I can't believe this happened for real, I'm so scared" It was my friend Fabien, the one who invited us to go to the concert.

I was not sure what was happening but I realized something terrible happened from the sound of his voice. "Fabien just calm down and tell me what is happening?" "Where are you, do u need our help?" there was a minute of silence after my question and then he continued "They are killing us Jon, they are killing us one by one" and then he hung up on me.

We switched on the TV and there was everything what we needed to know. I am not superstitious but I guess it was true what they said about Friday the 13th. It really was a very unlucky day for most of the people that went out that Friday night. There was a massacre in the streets of Paris by gunmen and suicide bombers who hit a concert hall where my friend was, a major stadium, restaurants and bars, almost simultaneously leaving at least 129 dead and hundreds wounded.

I called Fabien again immediately and he told me that he is in hospital and safe now, and he said that its safer for us to just stay at home that night because outside it was very dangerous for everyone.

That night we couldn't sleep, I felt fear mixed with confusion, so did my roommate. We woke up at 6 am and went to the hospital to see our friend Fabien. He told us everything what happened in the concert, it was terrible. "I saw people on the ground and blood" he said, we gave him a hug and we said to him: "

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger, everything is going to be alright".

# SUNRISE VS. SUNSET

by Gresa Isufi

This may sound like a \*hits blunt\* kinda thing but...

I've been having this long standing debate with myself for a while now. You see, I just can't decide which I like better: sunrises or sunsets. And regardless of how much I think about it, I can't decide which means more to me or which one is more representative of my life.

And maybe it doesn't even matter, but it is as simple and complicated as that.

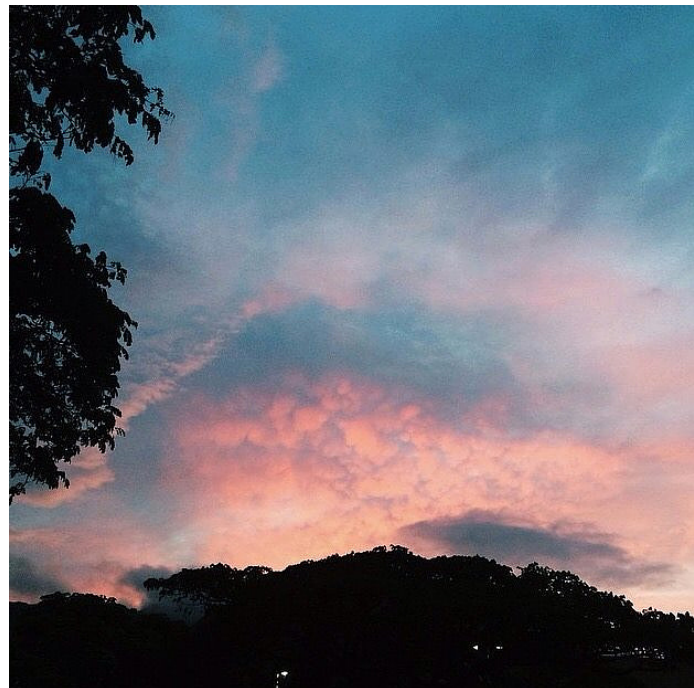
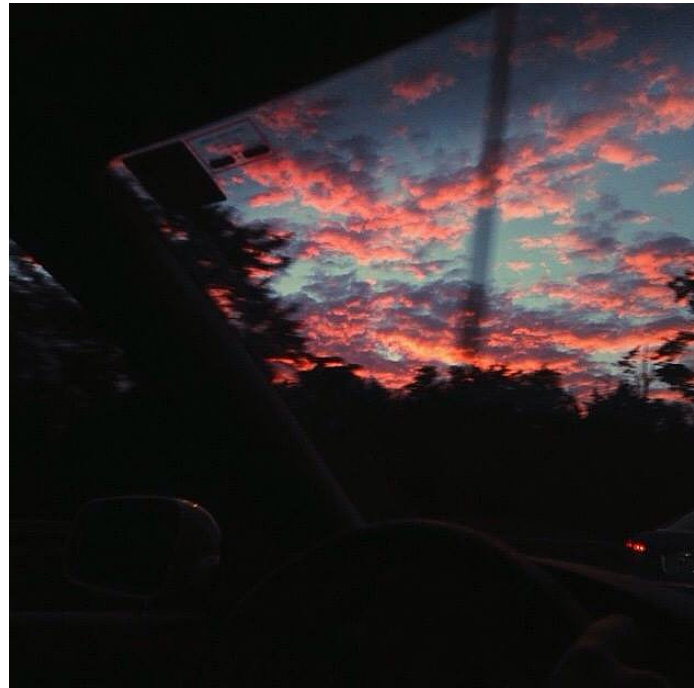
I like sunrises, the yellow shining sun rising from the ground. Filling the sky with mighty colors of red and splashing clouds with endless rays of pink. Bright and mesmerizing, innocent and pure. The type of sunrise that lightens up your day (literally). Sunrises remind me of Radiohead, no reason behind it.

If there is a human version of a sunrise, I would most definitely like to meet him/her.

And then there are the sunsets. The closure. The perfect ending, the sigh of relief. I like the way the colors make you look at the world differently. Sunsets that remind you that bad days don't mean bad lives. The calming of finality, the knowing. You know those sunsets that make you pull over on the side of the road, get out of your car, and take pictures that can never be good enough? I like those ones.

Today I sat and watched both. I went outside this morning and decided to sit there quietly. Listening. Being present and taking it all in. I went out again at night and did the same. a sunrise and a sunset kind of day.

Because when all is said and done, maybe I just like to see the sun light up the sky.





# THE EFFECTS OF SOCIAL MEDIA

GENT SADIKU

Social media are computer-mediated tools that are used by people to create, share or exchange information, interest, ideas and pictures and videos.

Children are growing up surrounded by mobile devices and interactive social networking sites such as Facebook, Instagram, Twitter or Snapchat, which has made the social media a vital aspect of their life. It has become such a big part of people's lives that you can learn someone's lifestyle just by checking their page: their friends, likes and dislikes, relationship status, phone number, address, everything!

It also makes a lot easier to keep in touch with family and friends, especially if they live far away. You can also make new friends by connecting with friends of friends you might not know. You can express yourself posting pictures of a new place you're visiting, hanging out with friends and your mental stress. It is a lot harder to feel embarrassment over the internet than in person.

Despite all of the benefits of using social networking, there are also negative effects. Not everyone nowadays thinks about that!

First of all, social networking can be a waste of time as you visit a site to check one thing and end up spending the whole day "behind the screen" and not doing anything productive.

Another negative thing is cyber bullying, which refers to bullying that takes place using technology. Examples of cyber bullying include mean text messages or emails, rumors, embarrassing pictures or videos, websites or fake profiles. While it looks like social networking brings people together, in a larger sense it may create social isolation because of experiencing less face to face interaction.

With so many modes of communication, we all feel that we are lucky but in reality we have become slaves of these moods. The best way to approach social networking is to stay safe, be responsible, sensible and don't waste too much time on it!

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# ARE WE TOO DEPENDED ON TECHNOLOGY ?

Researchers/doctors and scientists say that our commitment to the tech devices have made a huge change on our everyday lives. In november 2015 health doctors and psychologists found the reason why we're 2 times bigger and less healthier than our parents when they were our age. The main cause was the constant rays in front of us, and everywhere around. Technology was never a bad thing, but people do misinterpret the meaning and the use. We've gone from random tubes in a room to virtual reality, and that has only made it easier for us to access new things, and reach more. I mean who knows?

Maybe one day there won't be any money, any street shops, just online stores and bitcoins. Personally, using a technological device takes knowledge and creativity. We've improved our ways to sharing our work and connecting with people around the world easily, simply write something, share your opinions and press SEND! And that's about it!

We need to use technology for us and our healthy minds, creativity, and not consider them as a primary device in our lives. Honestly, technology has made our lives efficient in every circumstance we've connected with people through the preferred things and posts. Virtually, we've created our own perfect world.

Anonymous

This is a question we all know the answer to. In my opinion, yes, we are too dependent on computers. I can justify that by taking a look at most people's daily routine. Every morning before we even get out of bed we check our phones to see what other people posted. Social networks are what most people are dependent on. Something bad about social networks is that there are many inappropriate things that underage people shouldn't see, or for example violence. Kids see a video of someone beating someone else and they „inspire" and want to try and do that to someone on their life. Violent games are bad in that aspect too, that's why a lot of parents don't let their kids play.

Even though computers and technology in general is good for us and it helps us a lot, it is bad if we are too dependent on it. Spending a lot of hours in front of a computer can damage us physically too. If the brightness is too high it can really damage our eyes. Or if we don't stand correctly in the chair we can start having back problems like scoliosis.

In conclusion, technology is a good thing and life wouldn't be this easy without it. We shouldn't stop using computers; we should just use them for better causes and not be too dependent on it.

Vlera Shehu



# WHAT AM I OPTIMISTIC ABOUT ?

BY LEONORA SINANI

"My life"

I'm an optimist and I'm happy for that. I'm happy that I don't see things that everybody deserves happiness in their life and trust me negative thoughts are not going to bring you that.

I know that everyone has one of those days when they feel low and say that they "can't do it" but do not worry, I was in the same situations, too. I had days in my life that I felt bad and stressed about things that were happening, or I was thinking negative things but I didn't give up, contrariwise I start asking myself: are these thoughts going to make me happy?

No. So why do I think them? Why don't I change them with positive thoughts, because at least they're lots of things to be happy about. It's confidence that will help you to be an optimist. Optimists are happy people that love, hope, believe in themselves and know what they want to happen with their life.

I'm optimistic about lots of things.

One of them is "my study life". Even why sometimes I get stressed from it I always think positively, work hard and try my best to be a great student to have great grades and to make my family proud for me.

Another thing that I'm optimistic about is my family.

I'm very happy and blessed with the family that I have, they're the most important thing in my life. Every time that I need love, respect or support they're always here for me. I'm only 15 and I know that is early but, I like making plans for my future. How is it going to be? Unfortunately we're not able to know it but, I believe that with love, respect, hope and confidence I will have a happy, healthy, educated family.

Optimists are the happiest people in the world, so why don't you be one of them? It's not hard contrariwise it's so easy, all you need are happy thoughts and confidence. Don't say that you can't do it because I know that deep in your heart is a source of willpower, trust and desire for changing.

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## *The story of Brian*

BY ARDI LOXHA

Brian was a very happy little dude, but one day the meme nation attacked, from that day Brian has been on almost every gif and a lot of other posts, the only thing that could save him now was Lord GabeN! But he was too busy making money.... So under these circumstances he turned to the doge army to free him from the prison that was meme, the doge army agreed to help, but after a while the only thing they were doing was saying things like "WOW" or, "very dieded, such sad". So Brian had to again turn to someone else for help... Donald Trump! So, he went to Donald Trump to ask him for help and he started talking about illegal aliens in America! What?!?!? Then he went on to talk about how Mexicans are bad, and how he didn't have it easy either and how his father gave him a SMALL LOAN OF A MILLION DOLLARS. While he was going home from Donald Trump's house he saw the awkward seal! HE was very awkward! His last hope was Derp! He was very derpy, but it was all he had! On his way to Derp's house, a wild Scumbag Steve appeared! And he started throwing Bananas and potatoes at him! After a while of fighting Steve he finally managed to escape, but when he reached Derp's home, he found derp lying dead on the floor! Suddenly, Captain Obvious appeared! Brian, finally starting to have hope, started smiling. But all Captain Obvious did was say "He dieded" and then left!

So, it was set, Brian was to forever have bad luck.

# Sunday Morning

by Jona Kllokoqi

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Sara always went to seven o'clock Sunday morning service at her church. Usually she heard the clanging of the church bells while she was eating breakfast. But this morning she heard them while she was still in bed. That means I'm late she thought. Sara jumped out of bed, quickly dressed and left without eating or looking at the clock. It was still dark outside, but it usually was dark at this time of year. Sara was the only one in the street. The only sounds she heard were the clatter of her shoes on the pavement.

Everybody must already be in church, she thought. Sara took a short cut through the cemetery, then she quietly slipped into the church and found a seat. The service had already begun. When she caught her breath, Sara looked around. The church was filled with people she had never seen before. But the women next to her did look familiar. Sara smiled at her. Its Diana Brown she thought. But she's dead. She died a month ago. Suddenly Sara felt uneasy. She looked around again. As her eyes began to adjust to the light, Sara saw some skeletons in suits and dresses. This is a service for the dead, Sara thought. Eerybody here is dead, except me.

Sara noticed that some of them were staring at her. They looked angry, as if she had no business there. Diana Brown leaned toward her and whispered, "leave right after the benediction if you care for your life". When the service came to an end, the minister gave his blessing. The lord bless yo and keep you he said. The lord make his face to shine upon you...

Sara grabbed her coat and walked quickly toward the door. When she heard footsteps behind her she glanced back. Several of the death were coming toward her. Others were getting up to join them. Sara was so frightened she began to run. By the time Sara reached the street the sun was rising and the dead had disappeared. "Did this really happen", Sara asked herself, "Or have I been dreaming?". That afternoon one of Sara's friends brought over her coat and hat. They have been found in the cemetery.

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