

STUDENT VOICES

YOUNG WRITERS PROGRAM

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STUDENT VOICES

YOUNG WRITERS PROGRAM

This journal is published as part of a collaboration between the University of Pristina, the American Corner Pristina, and the English Language Fellow Program.

The stories and writing in this journal are all the work of students. Some tackle difficult issues such as crime, the war in Kosovo, and the memories of community elders. Their views are not necessarily those of the English Language Fellow Program, the University of Pristina, or the American Corner Pristina.

A note from the editors:

This journal is a compilation of student work achieved during the 2014 - 2015 academic year at the University of Pristina and the American Corner Pristina. Students from the Faculty of Philology participated in literature courses that had a writing component. Short fiction and crime stories were written in those courses. Students also made short movies based on American short stories. You can find the web address to view the movies in this journal.

At the American Corner, students had the opportunity to participate in both courses and volunteer projects. In the courses, students wrote ethnographic stories and poetry, both included in this journal. Students from several faculties volunteer at the American Corner and have come together to offer courses to younger students, beautify the campus, clean up the Rugova Valley for Earth Day, and provide information about America and Americana to the community. Masters level students in the Faculty of Philology participated in a course titled "Computer Assisted Language Learning". Through this course, they learned how to design and build their own web sites. Their websites are resources for teachers and students in Kosovo. Additionally, you can enjoy photographs of student led volunteer activities that have occurred throughout the school year.

We hope you enjoy reading the stories, visiting the web sites, and viewing the student made movies on the American Corner Pristina Vimeo channel.

Enjoy!

Arber Jashari and Kate Mulvey

Special thanks to Fulbright, Faith Bailey, for assistance with editing, Fulbright ETA, Kelsey Keene for assistance with typing stories and editing, and Bledian Salihu for designing the cover of this magazine.

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Section I: Crime Stories

These stories were written as part of the course, "The Crime Novel", taught in fall semester 2014 at the University of Pristina. The stories were developed in groups as part of the midterm exam for the course. Students received "character kits" and had to develop a character using the items in their kit. Each kit was a bag of random items and students were required find creative ways to use those items in their stories. Examples of items included: candles, rope, an asthma inhaler, a nun's wimple, a belt, chocolate, and chewing gum.

Ed's final moments

A short-story written by Enis Shala with characters developed by group members Enis Shala, Flamur Latifi, Bledar Mexhiti, Ilirjana Islamaj and Argjenda Misini. The pictures in the story were chosen by Flamur Latifi.

INTRODUCTION

This is a short-story about Ed's life. Ed was a serial killer and is in his retirement, enjoying his now boring and strange life. Throughout the first chapter, Ed shows his arrogance, his complexity and anti-social mannerisms. Ed is a man of 46, enjoying an early retirement. He does not treat other people well when they want to talk to him or get in touch with him. After some time, he, surprisingly, gets a message on his telephone and a letter underneath his door from his former boss Brown. Brown, being in serial debts and problems, wants to reunite his relationship with Ed and send him on another mission. Ed agrees and gets his instructions from Brown. He is ordered to go to Turkey to do the killing. He goes there and kills the main target, Josh Hardy, but is himself killed by Josh's security guys. What's interesting about Ed, is that he goes into drastic character changes, from senseless, boring, arrogant and savage, to a regretful man, seeking salvation. The message of the story is, no matter how savage and evil men are, or, more precisely even killers, they still have feelings and at some point regret for the terrible and awful acts they committed.

CHAPTER ONE:

A strange happening

Edward is sitting in a small coffee shop, drinking coffee, smoking and reading yesterday's newspaper. He starts eating a candy, one of his favourites, Twix, while smoking and drinking a hot coffee, a perfect combination, best known to smokers, before starting his routine day. He is very much not concerned about anything, and does not even notice the newspapers' date. He is retired, living a calm and enjoyable life in the suburbs.



After finishing the coffee, he calls the waiter to pay for it and after paying him he walks out of the coffee shop. Heading back home, he stops in a small shop, full of people chatting. He was feeling very peculiar, having been distracted by the eyes of a young and beautiful lady in the corner of the shop, who had been staring at him since he entered.

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Ed hates being in a large crowd and hates talking to unknown people and this situation is one of the worst for him. He chooses bread and milk for his upcoming dinner and also a pack of cigarettes and chewing gum. After buying his necessary items he starts walking towards the exit door. The young lady was still staring at him, but he simply walked out, even though he liked how she looked. He did not even glance back once.

It was already four p.m, a foggy and cold day in the winter. He enters home, and hears his phone beeping, signaling a message, a message from Brown, which gave him an interesting and quite distinctive look on his face.

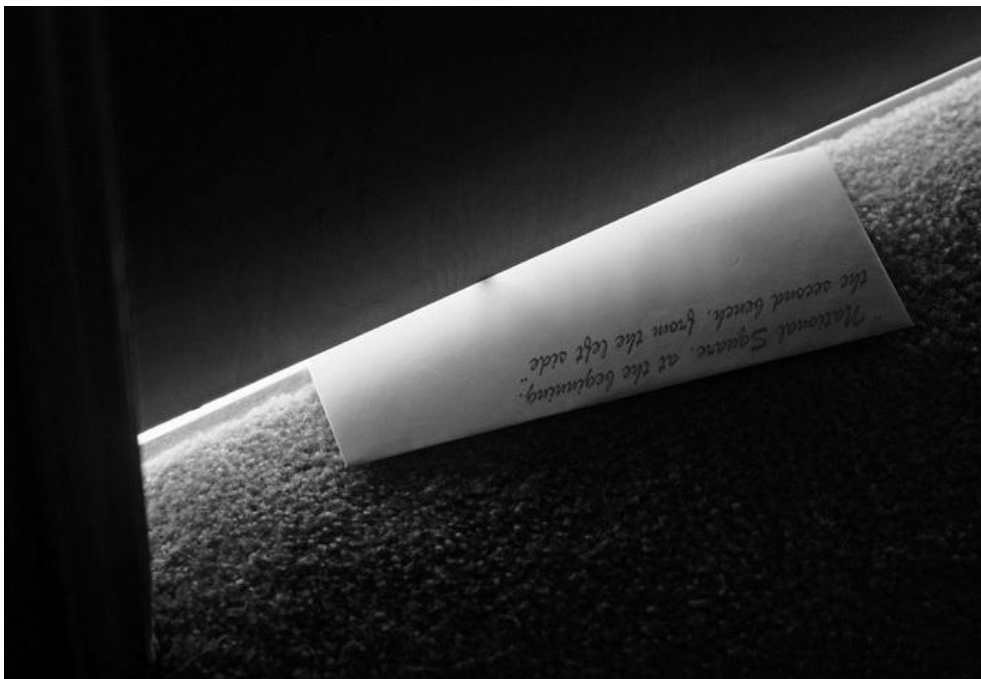
“ Who could it be? ”—he thought calmly.

He replayed the message three times before finally realizing that the message was not any of his hallucinations or dreams. It had been more than two years since he had gotten a message on his telephone. Due to drug use to cope with being an assassin for hire, Ed is a very interesting person. He often sees and hears things that are not real, so sometimes has to question if what he is seeing or hearing is actually happening. He starts wandering to and fro, and decides to listen the message again. The message was:

“ Hi Ed, we haven’t been in touch for more than two years. You have to get back to me Ed, for the sake of our friendship. Since your retirement, I never asked anything or bothered you, but I’ve got one last mission for you, if you accept it. Look for a package arriving under your door and you will find a picture of the place we’re going to meet. I am expecting you tomorrow at ten a.m. I strongly advise you to be sure that you do not get followed. Until tomorrow, Brown!”

“ What happened now?”—Ed uttered.

He walked to the front door, found the package, opened it and saw a picture.



He is startled, suspicious and starts to check his two-room and a bath apartment walking silently. He looks all over his apartment and starts to wonder how he left it today, but finds nothing moved, at least not that he can remember. He sits on his chair, the only one in his apartment, lights a cigarette and starts inhaling it quietly. He gets up and heads toward his only window to look outside. He wonders whether to follow Brown’s instructions and meet up with him tomorrow. Ed was almost two years into his retirement, and in that period of time, he barely met or talked to people. No one knows him, not even his neighbors, because he rarely goes out, less now in winter. He has a headache, and after eating his plain dinner of bread and milk, with nothing much to do, he goes to sleep.

CHAPTER TWO

The meeting point and Caravan Coffee

It is almost eight thirty when Ed finally wakes up. After sleeping more than thirteen hours, he is in pain and can barely move. He sits up in his bed and tries to give some time to his body and mind until they are ready to start the day. After gathering his strength, he gets up and heads toward his bathroom. With the cold weather, it had become normal for Ed not to clean his face due to the cold water. His apartment's conditions were not satisfying, but he was not someone that complained. His apartment was a plain one, with hardly any furniture, old-fashioned and very unclean. He mostly had cold water year round, but he was used to it. With his apartment's conditions, Ed paid very low rent and was happy for that.

He drank some milk and immediately lit up a cigarette before heading out. It was not yet nine a.m. when he left. Ed was dressed warmly, adding a pair of gloves, a scarf and a hat to his usual attire due to the cold. There were snowflakes falling and Ed was feeling peculiar. All the streets were white from snow and there were few people out and about. This gave Ed the feeling that it was going to be a good day as he wasn't fond of being around other people. Ed took the picture out of his coat, the picture that Brown had under his door. He turned it over and saw a note, "National Square, at the beginning, the second bench from the left side." The place of the meeting point was familiar to Ed that he started to recall old memories of the first time he had met with Brown on that bench and all the subsequent meetings to receive instructions for his missions.

Five minutes before the meeting time, a young couple asked Ed to take a picture of them.

"Can you take a picture for us, sir" asked the guy.

"No, I'm sorry. I'm a little bit late and have to go," answered Ed fiercely.

"Okay, sorry for asking," replied the guy politely.

After being in a good mood just before, the young man's mood changed immediately. Ed acted arrogantly and didn't feel even sorry for the rudeness he showed and bad manners of just walking away.

Approximately ten minutes before ten o'clock, he arrived at the meeting point. He sat on the bench and waited for Brown to come.



While waiting patiently, he lit another cigarette and started to inhale both the cigarette's smoke and the fresh air. He waited and waited, and began to get angry and nervous. Ed was the only man who was actually sitting on a bench in the cold winter.

He started to feel cold, and more than that, mad, while random people passed through the square and looked at him strangely apparently wondering why someone was sitting on the bench in this weather. He glanced at his watch and saw that it was now ten thirty. He got up and started to walk away. He glanced back at the bench and noticed a letter, which was all covered by snow. He looked all around before picking up the letter. After making sure no one was watching, he took the letter and read it.

"Ed, I'm very sorry I am not there. I know all this sounds strange to you, and you might think I'm bullying or trying to joke with you, but I'm not. I couldn't be there today, because I can't risk going out of my house. There are people watching and I can't risk being noticed by them. I screwed up, Ed. One night, in my local, I played poker Josh Hardy. You may have heard of him. He is a very famous public figure here and he defeated me. I owe him more than one million dollars, Ed. All this happened one month ago, and I would usually never call you, but I didn't know what to do. Josh has threatened to kill me, Ed. He already killed two of my boys last week and I can't do anything to him. He is a politician and is powerful. I'm powerless against him, Ed. I'm in deep debt to him. I could have arranged someone to kill him, but I cannot appear outside because the police are after me. You are my only friend left, and the one I truly believe in. If you could help me out of this situation, I'm ready to pay you more than the old times. I promise you'll get ten thousand pounds if you kill Josh." After reading this amount of money, Ed's hands started to shake as he continued reading the

letter.— “I have everything planned, Ed. You have one thousand pounds in your envelope. My instructions are as follows: You have to travel to Turkey, where Josh is at the moment, and kill him. You have all the information needed at Caravan Coffee. Stop by there today and ask for Tom. He will give to you a map of Turkey, a mask, a gun and some other items. Do not let me down, Ed, for the sake of our old friendship. I will reward you endlessly in the future, I promise. Also, tell Tom if you’re up for this mission, so he can inform me. Best regards, Ed.”

Ed felt unsure of his decision. He didn’t know whether to listen to Brown or not. He thought that it was good to be back on his missions again, because he was getting bored of his everyday life. He decides on a simple yes, not only because of his old friendship with Brown, but also because Ed was envious of Brown’s lifestyle. He wanted the money Brown promised . Ed was feeling old and he knew that he couldn’t spend his remaining life in the boring apartment with poor conditions and no hot water. Ed packed Brown’s envelope and started walking. A rare and odd moment happened next and Ed actually decided to talk to people.

“ Hi, young lad, can you tell me where is Caravan Coffee please,” Ed asked nicely, almost completely different from his response to the couple’s question earlier in the day.

“ Follow the main street, sir, and when you go at the end of square, turn right and then follow a short road, called “The British”. T urn left and you’ll see Caravan Coffee there,” answered the young boy and ran off in a hurry.

“ Thank you so much,” answered Ed, even though he was in doubt if he could completely remember the boys instruction.

After passing the end of the square, he turned left. But feeling in doubt, he asked a beautiful, young lady.

“Excuse me miss, do you know where Caravan Coffee is,” asked Ed politely.

“I am sorry, but I don’t know,” answered the young lady and continued walking rapidly.

Ed became angry and if it wasn’t for a man about his age coming, he would swear. He stopped the man.

“Excuse me, do you know where Caravan Coffee is,”asked Ed politely.

“At the end of this road “The British” road, just turn left and you’ll see a big sign with the name Caravan Coffee,” answered the man.

“ Thank you. Have a good day,” said Ed and both men started to walk in different ways.

Ed turned left at the end of “The British” road and saw the big sign for Caravan Coffee. He crossed the road and entered.



“ Bonjour,” said the bar tender smiling.

“ Hi,” answered Ed without any endeavor to continue the boring greetings. “ Where can I find a guy named Tom?”

“ Depends which Tom—answered the bar tender who looked to be in a mood.

“ Don’t kid with me,” replied Ed, starting to get angry.

“ Okay, sir. I was kidding. Tom,” called the bar tender and from a distant place a short answer came.

“ I’m coming.”

Ed was patiently waiting and lit up a cigarette while the bar tender, still in a mood, said to Ed.

“ Smoking is forbidden here, sir.”

“ I don’t care and you’d better shut your mouth, if you don’t want to get yourself in some trouble you can’t handle,” Ed answered ferociously.

Caravan Coffee was an old-fashioned coffee shop, very small, and there were no more than three people there who were drinking beer.

Ed was thinking that this coffee was probably for people who got drunk and stayed out late when Ed heard some footsteps approaching. He turned to his left and saw a man, probably in his thirties, with a giant beard.

“ You must be Edward,” said Tom.

“ Yes that’s right, and I assume you’re Tom,” answered Ed.

“ Yes. Let’s sit at a table and discuss things. Jimmy, bring us some beers.” He grabbed Ed’s arm and steered him towards a table.

“ Yes, immediately,” Jimmy answered.

“ I’m sorry for not asking, Edward. Would you like a beer or something,” Tom asked politely.

“ I don’t drink beer. A coffee would be nice,” replied Ed with no hesitation.

“ Jimmy, the beers I ordered, bring them to me. And a coffee for Ed, please,” called Tom.

“ Aye, aye captain,” replied Jimmy.

“ I have a bag of the necessary items, Ed. When you go out, I will give the bag to you. Now, let’s talk about the mission,” Tom said.

“ Talk about what,” answered Ed shortly.

“ How do you mean what? You have to know the plan, to make the plan, to follow and succeed at it,” said Tom.

“ I’ve worked for more than twenty years. I know how things go,” answered Ed.

“ I know. Brown told me so,” said Tom.

“ Let’s get down to the instructions and please speaking quickly. I don’t have time to waste. I want to know the target’s place and also some information on his security,” Ed said, being less than patient.

“Okay. Here it is, Edward. In the bag there is a map of Istanbul and where precisely Josh is at. After you get there, you’ll get a taxi and get a place near Josh, so you can observe him on the first day. I don’t know how many people are with him there, or how many guys protect him, but there can’t be more than one or two. You also have a mask in the bag to disguise yourself. If you can’t do the killing, at least don’t risk anything. If you are caught by Josh, Brown will suffer for it, so act carefully,” explained Tom. Meanwhile Jimmy had brought two beers and a coffee for the men.

“ I see,” said Ed and started to drink his coffee, lighting his cigarette.

Tom was obviously aware that smoking was not allowed in Caravan Coffee, after looking at Jimmy, he didn’t say anything about it. Tom and Ed spent some time not talking while drinking their coffee and beer. After finishing his coffee, Ed got up.

“ I’ve got to go. Will you please give me the bag,” said Ed.

“ Yes of course. Wait for me outside,” answered Tom.

Ed walked towards the exit door while looking at Jimmy who was looking at him as well, but neither said a word. Ed was waiting outside and after a couple of minutes, Tom appeared.

“ Here’s your bag, Edward,” said Tom.

“ Thank you. Goodbye now,” Ed said.

“ Good luck to you, Edward,” replied Tom and disappeared back inside.

Ed followed the path back the way he had come and went home. He checked the bag to see what was inside. There was a mask, a map, a gun and a suit. He left the bag at home and went out to eat something and bought a ticket to Turkey for the next day.

CHAPTER THREE

Istanbul

Ed couldn't sleep all night. This is one of the strangest things that had happened to him recently. He remembered all the evil things he had done before. He remembered the first killing he had done, a killing which had tormented, tortured and troubled his heart and thoughts all these years. He killed a young lady, Brown's mistress at that time. He had killed her in cold blood with a knife. The poor lady was young, as Ed was that time, maybe twenty-three. Ed's killing career had begun then, after their parents' divorce. He was their only child, having their love and caring, he was very spoiled as a kid. He found it hard to accept their divorce, so he decided to dwell in different places. Brown was his first friend after he disappeared, so their friendship grew strong. Brown, at first, gave Ed money and an apartment before introducing him to his business. Later on, Brown was threatened by his mistress, the young lady mentioned before. She said that if Brown broke up with her, she would tell the police of his crimes and the filthy business he was into. Brown persuaded Ed and told him that if the police were to find out his crimes, Brown would have to include Ed as well, even though Ed was young and innocent. Without money, a job and an apartment, Ed accepted Brown's request and his killing career began. Being a murderer, at such a young age, was a strange thing, but as long as he wanted the money, Ed was pleased. So, his profession had begun this way and Ed thought of all of the murders he had done as he lay awake. He was eager to know how many people he killed. After counting them all, he recalled having killed fourteen people, all of them having been in conflicts with Brown.

It was already five a.m in the morning, so Ed decided to get up, get packed and have a coffee before his flight. The airplane would be leaving at eight a.m and Ed, never wanting to be late, started to get his things together. He took Brown's bag that was given to him by Tom at Caravan Coffee, looked to see if anything was missing or anything additional had to be included. There was a map of Istanbul, a gun, a mask, a well-designed costume, money and some other things such as a watch with Istanbul's actual time and a dictionary if needed. The gun was designed to get through airport security undetected.

Ed took all these things and placed them in a more spacious bag, except for the costume, which he wore. He started to drink a coffee and immediately lit a cigarette. Ed hated smoking at such early hours, but while drinking a coffee, smoking a cigarette, had become a habit.

He took his bag and before locking the door, he gave a quick look at his apartment, as he thought he was never going to be back again. He locked the door and headed to the London Heathrow Airport. He checked-in at London Heathrow Airport on his Facebook account and posted a picture regarding West Ham's match and wished them all the best.

After two boring hours of flight, he arrived at ten a.m at Istanbul Ataturk Airport in Istanbul. The first thing he noticed, was the weather. It was a sunny day, which he was not excited

about. A lot of people approached him and started to offer him a taxi ride.



“Salam!,” said an old man, with a mustache and traditional Turkish clothes.

“Hello,” replied Ed slowly while trying to find his dictionary in his bag. After finding it, he looked up some words to greet the old man in Turkish.

“Don’t worry, I can speak English a little,” replied the old man glancing around.

“Oh, that’s good,” replied Ed.

“Where do you have to go? My taxi is cheap, so you do not have to look for another one and not all the other taxi drivers know English, so you should feel lucky,” said the old man, who was trying to convince Ed to ride with him.

“Okay, let’s go then. I’ll tell you the way. I’ve got a map. Don’t worry about the price,” replied Ed politely as both men entered the car.

The taxi driver took Ed to Josh Hardy’s actual place and Ed asked him to find an a hotel for him, telling him that he would stay only for a couple of days.

“What kind of hotel do you want? We have expensive and cheap hotels. You can find everything in Turkey. If you want a nice hotel, it will cost you. If you want a cheap hotel, you can find a lot. The conditions are very good,” said the old man.

“I’m not looking for anything extra. A quiet, ordinary place is fine,” replied Ed.

“I know a hotel that is good for you. It’s near the mosque and the neighborhood is very

quiet. You will enjoy it,” said the old man, looking at Ed, as he drove to the hotel.

“ Here it is. The fare is seventy euros,” replied the old man.

“ I don’t have euros, I’m British. But, I will give you one hundred pounds for being polite to me,” replied Ed and gave him the money.

“ Allah, Allah. Thank you, mister. May God be with you,” replied the old man, surprised with the money.

Ed didn’t reply, but just shook his head as a sign of approval. He entered the hotel, ordered a room for two days and after paying for it, he took the keys and walked to the room. He was given room number 23. He entered the room and saw that it was perfect and clean. He was amazed.

He wondered how good the service was in Istanbul. He took his bag and hid it under the bed. He took the map and went out for a walk and found Josh’s place. On his road, he bought some sun glasses, to feel more secure and not be noticed. Actually, Josh was staying in a house. Ed looked cautiously at the house’s door and saw no one there. He was moving close to the door when he heard a man’s voice.



“ Excuse me,” said the man, who was probably one of the Josh’s security guys.

Ed hesitated at first, but when the man approached him, Ed started to speak in English, but not in an English accent, rather doing terrible pronunciation mistakes.

“ Hi. I’m sorry, I don’t know much English. Are you American? I am looking for Osman. Is Osman here,” asked Ed, mentioning the first Turkish name that came to him. “ No, there is no Osman here. You better leave,” replied the man.

“ I’m sorry. Good day, we love America,” replied Ed, and started to walk away. The man was clueless about who Ed was and didn’t even notice Ed’s disguise.

“Ooh, so close,” uttered Ed in a panic, while he was walking away. He went in a local fast food shop and ate some Turkish food and then went back to spy on Josh’s house again, this time looking from a decent distance. He wanted to observe any movement in the house. An old and well fashioned man, went out the house and called someone. Ed noticed a man who was approaching the other man, and saw that it was the man Ed met before. Ed figured the man who had just walked out must be Josh. He heard the man, who probably was the security guy, calling the other man Mr. Josh, so, Ed was perfectly sure about Josh’s identity.

One thing that Ed was not sure of, was, how many security guys Josh actually had. He waited and waited, until sunset, and saw no one except Josh and the one security guy, who, was always standing behind the house. At six p.m, the security guy, went out of the yard and went somewhere else. Ed was thinking that he didn’t bring all the things he needed, and thought to himself that this was the perfect chance. He was thinking that the security guy went home or went to buy some food for Josh. Without thinking twice, he went to his apartment quickly and got the mask and the gun, and went back out. He got back to Josh’s house and looked carefully in each direction to see if anyone was there. He checked his gun and his suit pockets. He found a pack of chewing gum, which he had bought for the plane ride. He took a couple of pieces and chewed on them while he encouraged himself to approach Josh’s door. Before knocking, he put his mask on. He noticed a peep hole in the door, took the chewed gum out of his mouth, and covered the hole with it. He knocked twice and waited. He heard some footsteps approaching.

“ Who’s there,” called a voice from inside, most likely Josh’s voice.



“Salam,” replied Ed and started to speak in broken English once again while Josh was preparing to open the door without realizing the danger. He opened the door and without thinking twice, Ed shot Josh in the head.

Ed was making sure Josh was dead, when some footsteps approached.

“Drop your weapon,” said an unknown voice.

Ed pretended to drop his weapon, but, cunningly, he turned around to shoot the guy.

Unfortunately for Ed, the guy was faster than him and shot Ed first.

“You effing idiot! Do you know who you just shot,” said the unknown guy walking toward Ed, who was laying down but still alive.

The unknown guy, dragged Ed’s body inside the house while Ed continued moaning.

“Who are you,” asked the unknown guy after he took the mask off of Ed’s face.

Ed didn’t answer. He was feeling weak, so weak, that he couldn’t actually utter a word. He could scarcely move his body and his eyes were closing quickly.

He managed to look at the unknown guy’s face and recognized that he was the security guy and in the mean time, the security guy, recognized him as well.

“Oh, I know who you are... Didn’t I see you today,” said the security guy while Ed was moaning and actually wanting to die as soon as possible after understanding that he could not move or even talk anymore.

Ed’s situation was dire at this point and all he could do was to think.

“Why did you kill Josh? Who are you,” asked the security guy as he went to check Josh’s body and dragged him inside. He was sure that Josh was dead and as he had been his employer and loyal friend for years, he got angry and started to approach Ed.

“So... You don’t want to talk, huh? Okay, that’s fine. I will make you suffer, you cunt,” screamed the security guy. He went away for a moment and came back with a knife. He started by cutting each of Ed’s fingers and then stabbed him more than twenty times.

While the security guy was stabbing him, Ed went through some tragic moments in his mind. When the security guy started to cut his fingers, Ed, was thinking to himself of all the evil things he had done and how his end turned out. He thought of every person he killed, of every person he had done wrong, of every person he mistreated with his arrogance and selfishness. He thought of his family, his mother and father, who, once, he loved and cared for deeply. He remembered his childhood, sitting in the dining room with his father watching their local team West Ham, while his mother was making food. He remembered the first girl he had a crush on, and how sweet and gentle he was with her.

He remembered playing football for his school and his father watching him. He remembered asking his mom for help with homework. All Ed could remember, was sweetness and joyful moments that he hadn’t thought of since he began working for Brown. He started to call Jesus inside himself, seeking salvation. He regretted he never went to church, helped anyone, cared for anyone, or talked to anyone. He cursed the day he left his mom and met Brown,

who had ruined his life.

He regretted all the evil things he had done, and, started to utter “God, save me” repeatedly and repeatedly, while the security guy was cutting his body apart.

After stabbing him twenty times and making sure that Ed was dead, the security guy left and disappeared.

Two days later, the police of Istanbul, discovered Josh and Ed’s bodies and started their investigations. Police had concluded that Ed killed Josh, but they were not sure how Ed was killed or who he was. After finding his chewing gum at the door and after some saliva tests, they discovered Ed’s identity. They managed to find Ed’s apartment in Istanbul and after searching for an ID or information, they found Ed’s passport. Ed’s full name was Edward DeLarge.

This terrible killing was immediately reported to the London police. This horrible news was reported in all the newspapers and TV news in London. Josh Hardy, a powerful and enormous figure, was the brother of London’s prime-minister, Tom Hardy. Edward DeLarge was unknown to London’s citizen, but not to Brown. Brown felt bad for his long serving employee and friend Ed, but he felt relieved by Josh’s death. Apparently, the police never found out who killed Ed, but that didn’t matter to anyone, even to Brown.

Ania

By: Gresa Koca and Kenan Mustafa

Ania Stoyanov is an American CIA agent and has been since 2005. During recent years, she has been sent on various missions which she completed successfully. She is well known among other secret agents as one of the most efficient women in the job. It is true that she is careful, capable, sneaky, and organized. But, there is another side of the coin in which these abilities play an essential role.

She joined the CIA not only for the purpose of serving her country, but for personal reasons as well. Before reaching her goal of entering into CIA service, she had been a drug dealer for the famous Polish mafia in the U.S. Being part of the CIA made her “dealing job” way easier. She could successfully finish her mission as a secret agent while at the same time being able to carry on her illegal drug missions without getting caught and with the cover of her status as an agent.

CIA agents have a special card which allows them to pass through airport security and border security without having their luggage checked. This allows them to bring guns, fake IDs, and other stuff they need to complete their missions. These tools were not the only items Ania kept in chocolate bars and a couple small bags with dill pickles and carrots with her everywhere she went. But the trick is that inside the chocolate wrapper, she would carefully seal LSD, a powerful hallucinogenic drug that sold for a lot of money to rich and famous people and made Ania quite successful financially.

Once she was sent on a mission to Estonia, but had a layover in Poland, her country of birth, due to bad weather. She had to wait in the airport for a few hours and she spent the time reading a book and watching television. On the news she heard about a massive drug raid in Eastern Europe and learned there was a raid going on for weed and other illegal drugs. She had been a dealer for years without incidence, so the news was a joke to her. She did not believe she could ever get caught.

A few seats away from her was a child. He was traveling with some rabbits and playing a game with them and a ball. He would throw the ball, bouncing it off the side of the rabbit cage, and then catch it. Once he threw the ball hard enough to pop open the door on the cage. The rabbits all scurried out quickly and ran toward Ania, smelling the carrots in her bag. Before she could get her bag away, the rabbits got inside and started tearing apart the plastic baggies to get at the carrots. They also tore open the chocolate wrappers and pills spilled everywhere, rolling across the airport floor. Airport security saw the pills and activated a “lock down” alarm, but Ania was nowhere to be found. She had quickly fled the airport, using her old Polish passport and went into hiding until the media hype about the situation died down.

Today, Ania is still working as an agent, and she is still dealing drugs too, but she is more careful.

The Archangel

by: Valon Shabani, Nezir Dreshaj, Valmir Surdulli, Rron Sopa

The alarm clock rang as it did every day at seven o'clock. Gabriel Wolfskin woke up and sat at the edge of the bed holding his face in the palm of his hands. He hadn't slept well at all last night and was feeling tired. It was always like this. Every time he planned to act it would be like the first time. He thought he would have gotten used to it by now, but he would always get the same adrenaline rush, causing his heart beat to rise and give him nightmares and bad sleep. The pillow was soaked in sweat and so was his hair. He would think every time that what he was doing was wrong, but deep inside he felt that it was the right thing to do, that those people were defying God's orders by choosing to live that way of life.

He had been following his next target for weeks now. He had been able to find out everything about the girl: where she lived, where she worked, what kind of people she liked to hang out with, and what places she liked to visit. He had been disgusted by the ungodly life she was leading. He had seen her for the first time in the metro station where she was taking the train to work. She had immediately caught his eye with the way she was laughing and flirting with some random stranger in the coach. She was a tall, lean woman. Not the prettiest of them, but the way she talked and laughed, and the way she made body contact with men, often giving them little slaps on the chest made most of the men turn their attention toward her. She was an easy flirt for most of them and she didn't hesitate to start conversations with them. He had found out where she was working and stalked her a few times after working hours. She was seldom alone at her apartment. Different men would come and go, although there was one tall handsome guy with short, black hair and deep set brown eyes that made the most frequent visits. Gabriel wondered if he knew about all the other guys. He had found out that she usually went out on Wednesday and Friday nights. She always went to the same place, The Shaking Hand pub. It looked like one of those places where washouts hang out. Bearded, long haired guys who had nothing to do all day but drink beer, smoke cigarettes, and listen to that crappy loud music they called heavy metal. All misfits that had gone astray from holy ways. Often times she would leave the club with one of those guys and go to her apartment. Sometimes Gabriel would lose track of her and not know where she'd gone, probably to some dude's place. If any of them had a place, that is. Most of them were probably living in trailers, he thought.

Finally he stood up and headed for the bathroom. He turned the bathroom light on and with it the ventilation system turned on automatically. He looked at his face in the mirror for a moment and ran a hand through his hair. He felt the scar on his head, the one he got when he was thirteen years old and a bully in the Catholic orphanage pulled prank causing him to fall down a flight of stairs. He hated that scar. It reminded him of the horror he had felt in those moments, how frightened he was that he was going to die, how the dormitory had spun around and the looks on the faces - those laughing faces of his "friends" while he fell. He

remembered each and every single one of them distinctly: Mark, David, and Peter. They were laughing their asses off at the prank they had pulled on him, waking him up in the middle of the night and telling him that Sister Sophie was very ill and needed help. He had loved Sister Sophie. To him she was like a mother, because he had never had never known his true mother. He ran as fast as he could, panicking, not looking where he was going. It was when his foot hit the rope that he realized what the boys had done. They had tied the rope at the top of the stairs so that any person who wasn't looking where they were going would suffer a potential lethal fall down the stairs.

He got in the shower and the touch of his scar brought the memories back. He was thinking of Sister Sophie now: how kind she had been to him and how much he loved her back. He had sneaked into her room and her room and stolen one of her wimples just so that he could keep it under his pillow while he slept. Smelling it used to give him comfort. Breathing her scent was like being hugged by a mother after a very bad dream. It was like she was right there with him, giving him comfort, fighting his demons for him. She was the one person that gave him the most love. She taught him everything he knew. She use to read verses from the Bible to him. He would repeat them in his mind afterwards so that he would remember them.

He was starting to get a headache now. Initially he didn't now where this ache came from, but then he realized it was the sound of the fan spinning that was getting on his nerves. This had never happened before and he was starting to wonder why that was. "Never mind", he told himself and finished showering quickly. He got out, dried himself off, and shaved like he did every day.

He left the bathroom and turned the light off. He felt relief at getting away from the noise of the fan. It seemed like one of those songs the guys at The Shaking Hand would listen to. He opened the blinds to let the light in and then slightly opened a window so that fresh air would come in. He opened the door to his closet and picked out a neatly ironed, sky blue shirt and put it on. He then put his brown pants on and a dark red V neck jumper. He then put his watch on and took a look at it. The time read 7:45. "I have time for a cup of coffee", he thought, "and maybe even time to listen to Ludovico Einaudi while I'm at it."

He went to the living room and put on a vinyl of Einaudi's "I Giorni" on his 1979 Unitra turntable. It was Polish equipment that he had found in The Market NYC on Bleeker Street. He like visiting flea markets. He would find all kinds of fascinating old stuff that people didn't know the value of. He then went to the kitchen and made himself some coffee. He liked to drink it black, "like your soul" - Margaret, one of his colleagues at work had once said teasingly. He hadn't liked that comment one bit. In fact that really made him mad, but he had kept his anger in and had just given her a wry smile. He was a pure soul. He had lived his entire life according to the Bible's teachings and had gone to church every Sunday just like the Lord had commanded. Besides he was doing God's work on earth clearing the scum off the streets.

“Hi Mikey,” he said to his pet parrot. “Are you hungry little fellow?”

Gabriel had had Mikey in his possession for about three years now. More like he lived with him. Mike was more of a roommate to him than a pet. He like to talk to him wishing that someday Mikey would actually learn to talk like those parrots in the movies, those tat sit on the shoulders of pirates.

He finished his coffee and took another look at his watch. It read 8:00. He would be at the metro by 8:10 and he'd be at work punctually at 9:00 as usual. He stood up, turned his turntable off, checked the stove, fed Mikey and added water to his little container, turned off the lights in his kitchen, grabbed his coat and went out. As soon as he set foot on the sidewalk, a cool breeze blew and he could feel it in his hair. For a moment he thought that his scar was exposed and reached up with his hand to straighten his hair. That never happened, though. No one but him knew that he had that scar on his head, but it had become a complex for him through all these years. He started walking down the sidewalk analyzing people's faces, trying to figure out their personality judging solely by the looks on their faces. He loved doing this, trying to figure out what they were thinking, what their woes were, what made them happy, what their occupations were, what their dreams were and what kind of childhood they had. He contemplated about their childhood most, seeing as his wasn't as good as he would've wished it to have been.

He reached the subway and got into one of the coaches. It was crowded as always and people pushing each other a lot. Amidst all the pushes and the “pardon mes”, suddenly his eye caught sight of a midget.

“God damn it,” he muttered.

He had this idea that midgets bring bad luck. He had no idea how he had gotten this opinion, but it seemed to him that every time he ran into a midget something would go amiss. They seemed like despicable creatures to him. They must be evil. Otherwise God wouldn't have made them so small and hideous and utterly worthless. They must be acts of the devil, because God doesn't created anything that is not beautiful. He became restless. He knew he'd have a bad day, something would happen. He was just hoping that his plan would not fail. He had to succeed. He had to get rid of that creature that was roaming the earth defying the laws of God, living the life of the unfaithful. He as impatient for the train to arrive at his station. He began to sweat again and he hated that. He began to panic, but just as he was running out of air to breathe, the doors of the train opened and air blew in. They arrived at his final station and he rushed out of the coach so that he could catch his breath, filling his lungs deeply with air and bringing his heart rate down. He finally brought himself together and rushed out of the metro hoping not to run into any more unpleasant circumstances.

When he finally arrived at the office, the clock read 9:05. He was five minutes late and hated being late. He was never late, ever. That goddamned midget. It was his presence that caused this mishap.

“Water,” he thought. “I need some water,” and he approached the nearest water cooler. He finished two cups of cold water in two quick gulps and started to feel a little calmer.

“Calm down, Gabriel” he told himself. “Calm down. Everything is under control. Just go to your office, take a seat, and relax.”

His office was on the third floor of the building and he had a nice view of the city from the window. He took a seat on his chair and spun it around to face the large window. He was beginning to relax now and could breathe easily. Just as he was about to start his everyday routine, the door of his office flew open and his boss walked in. Jerry was a short guy in his mid forties who had reached the ranks of upper management the usual way - by kissing ass, that is.

“Wolfskin,” he said, “I see you’re finally at work. Was wondering how long it would take you to get here.” There was a clear tone of satisfactory mockery in his voice. Jerry Lovett was always looking to catch him doing something wrong, like coming to work late or unfinished paperwork, but it wasn’t in Gabriel’s nature to be careless in his job or anything in life for that matter. In his seven years at the law firm he had never been late for work and his paperwork was always complete and punctually delivered.

“What is it, Jerry,” he replied and turned his attention to his papers. Gabriel had the liberty of ignoring his boss since he was one of the most senior employees and arguably the best lawyer the firm had.

“Nothing,” Jerry replied. “Just don’t be late again. There’s a lot of work do be done around here and we rely on you a lot.”

Gabriel raised his eyes, rested the palms of his hand on his table and gave him a look that said, “Are you serious?” Jerry got the message and left the office, leaving the door open - knowing full well that Gabriel hated that. Gabriel sighed, shook his head and stood up to close the door. Just as he was about to reach for the door knob, there was Malcolm. Gabriel didn’t like him. He was always talking about sports and sure enough that’s the first thing he asked.

“Hey Gabe,” Malcolm said with his usual smile on his face. For some reason, he was always smiling. “Did you watch the game last night?”

“Malcolm, I don’t watch sports,” Gabriel said with a clear look of annoyance on his face.

“Come on, dude,” Malcolm said with a tone of disbelief in his voice. “Every man on the face of the earth watches sports. What do you do on Sunday evenings?”

Malcolm couldn’t fathom that a man his mid thirties, any man of any age for that matter, wouldn’t watch sports. He would always make a remark about how unbelievable it was that Gabriel never watched sports.

“I read books Malcolm, or listen to music. From time to time I like to write. I like to use a quill when I do. Now go on and be useful to someone and let me do my job. Got lots of work to do.”

Gabriel went back to his desk and started working, but thoughts were running through his mind. Meaningless thoughts, like why does Malcolm always call him Gabe. “I hate that. My name is Gabriel. You give short names to pets, like I named Mikey, because of the archangel Michael,” he thought to himself.

The rest of the day went by really slowly. He couldn’t get the midget out of his mind the entire day. “What if everything goes wrong tonight? What if I get caught?,” he thought. He wasn’t worried about going to prison. What he was worried about was that his mission would remain unaccomplished and the scum would keep walking the earth. Then the anti-Christ would prevail. Officer Bennett was investigating the previous acts Gabriel had committed. He wasn’t close at all to finding out according to what Gabriel had seen on the news, but still that midget was a bad omen for him. He was feeling a little panic inside, but he refused to be affected by it.

Finally the day was over. It was 16:55 when he finished his paperwork and delivered the report to his supervisors. He wanted to avoid Jerry, so he delivered it to Stephen Godwin instead. Stephen wasn’t a pain like Jerry and he actually considered Gabriel an invaluable asset to the firm, if not the cornerstone of their success. He went back to his office to grab his coat and went outside, heading straight for the subway. There would be time until the girl went out. She usually went out at 23:00 to go to the pub, so he thought he’d go to his apartment first, relax a little, listen to some music or maybe watch “Citizen Kane” for the 400th time. He was hoping to get that midget off his mind, but it was pretty hard. The worst came when he stepped into the coach of the subway train. There he was again. In the same spot as he had been in the morning, wearing that same stupid look on his face. “Oh, for heaven’s sake,” he muttered. This time he contained himself, though. He didn’t sweat or get short of breath. He was composed. Maybe the midget “curse” wouldn’t affect him after all. He glanced at him for a second and found the midget staring at him. His small eyes piercing through his soul, almost like he could see inside it. It was like he knew what Gabriel planned to do. For a moment it seemed that the midget could actually read his mind, like he knew every detail of his plan, every detail of his life. But then he composed himself again and knew better. No can read minds but God. Those psychics that people go to see in fairs or those that have their own TV shows are all impostors and their claims that they can communicate with the dead or with God are all a bunch of lies.

The train stopped and the doors opened. He had reached his station and got out as quickly as he could. He headed for the escalator and got on it. Going up he looked at the faces of the people on the other side that were coming down on the other escalator. For a moment he noticed a girl. A beautiful, blonde girl with gorgeous blue eyes and lips as red as cherries. The light of the setting sun was shining on her hair and an aura was created around her that looked almost like a halo. “An angel,” he thought. He stared at her as she descended the escalator, like a fairy out of some old wives tale - one of those that grant wishes and make

everything all right. But, at the moment they were parallel with each other he noticed that she was only human. She was extremely beautiful, yes, enchanting even, but a human being nonetheless. Still he took that as a sign. To him it was like angels were singing praises to him for helping the army of good fight their war against the army of evil. The moment was gone quickly however, because the midget came to mind again and he thought of the bad luck encountering such a person would supposedly bring to him. So he hastened his steps to get home quickly.

He made it home finally, short of breath from the fast pace. He opened the door and turned on the lights. The sun had set and the apartment was dark. He hung his coat and headed for the living room where he threw himself on the couch, leaning his head backwards so that he could rest a little. The time was 18:15. "There's still time," he thought "might as well grab something to eat." He didn't feel like preparing anything fancy though. His favorite food was steak, medium rare, but that would take time to prepare. By the time it was be ready the time would be 20:00 or something, and the thought of going out to a steak house wasn't so appealing to him either, so he prepared himself a quick sandwich and ate in the living room while watching Citizen Kane, his favorite movie. The disk was in the DVD player already. He couldn't remember the last time he had watched a movie other than this one. He didn't change out of his clothes seeing as he was going to go out again to finish his mission.

By the time the movie was over it was 20:30. It would take at least an hour to get to The Shaking Hand by car, but since he didn't drive he would have to take a cab. He put on another vinyl of Ludovico Einaudi, this time it was Le Onde, and laid back on his couch trying to rest and clear his head. He was tired and it was difficult to stop himself from dozing off. But he couldn't help it. The soothing music and the fact that he was tired made his sight blurry and it didn't take long to fall asleep. He dreamed of the girl he saw on the subway, it started off as a beautiful dream, seeing that sight was really soothing. Her blonde hair flowing, a gentle breeze blowing through it. A smile as bright as sunshine and eyes that shone like diamonds. The light wasn't coming from the setting sun now, the light was coming from her and she was shining brighter than a thousand suns. But as soon as the girl got parallel to him in the escalator, she turned her sight to him, and the face he saw shocked him. It was the face of the midget and it was smiling at him. "I can see through you," he said. He woke up in a panic. "What in God's name was that," he thought. He looked at his clock on the wall, the time was 21:25. "Thank God I didn't sleep longer," he thought. He stood up, drank a glass of water and went to his room to get the tool that he was going to finish the act with. He put his coat on and went out.

As soon as he stepped on the sidewalk, he whistled for a cab and one stopped right in front of him.

"To The Shaking Hand pub," he said as soon as he got in "Do you know where that is?"

"Sure I do, mister," the driver replied with a noticeable Middle Eastern accent.

The drive was boring. He didn't like to communicate with the drivers, but it seemed that it was a job requirement for taxi drivers to nag their customers. And the music they play in these cabs! How can anyone ever listen to such a cacophony?

"What would a fancy gentleman like you be doing in that part of town, mister?" the driver asked with that Middle Eastern accent. He must have been from Pakistan or Afghanistan or somewhere like that.

"I am meeting an old friend," he replied, hoping to put an end to the conversation.

"College friend?" The guy asked. Gabriel pretended he didn't hear him and apparently the driver got the message, so he stopped asking questions.

They arrived at The Shaking Hand at 22:45, just as Gabriel had predicted they would.

"That'll be sixteen dollars, mister," the cab driver said.

Gabriel gave him a twenty. "Keep the change," he said and got out.

The streets were dark in this part of the city. Either the street lights didn't work or they were never installed. It seemed like this was the headquarters of the representatives of hell on earth. There were only the lights that shone from the big hand indicating the horns of the devil that were mounted upon the entrance door of The Shaking Hand and it gave a sense of grotesqueness to the entire neighborhood. He went in and immediately drew the stares of almost everyone in the pub. There were some guys playing pool at the far end of the pub, their beers and a full ashtray sitting on the edge of the pool table. Some other guys were sitting at a table laughing out loud, but it was like they were programmed to turn their heads as soon as the front door opened, because as soon as Gabriel stepped foot inside the bunch of them stopped laughing and turned to look at him, grins fading from their faces. He headed for the bar and sat on a stool. "Coke," he said to the bar tender amid all the stares. The guy was big. He was wearing a black T-shirt that read Motorhead on it and had some kind of beast drawn on it as well. He looked at Gabriel strangely as if to say, "Coke? Are you serious," but he didn't say a word. He just brought a can of coke and a glass. Surprisingly the glass was clean. He wouldn't have expected it from a place like this. He took a sip of the coke and then took a look at his watch. The time was 23:00. She should be here by now. He turned to see if she was coming through the door, but the door didn't open. By now everyone had gone back to their usual routines in the pub. She was late. He hated when people were late, but she wasn't like him. She didn't care about punctuality like Gabriel did. Besides, she didn't have an appointment to come to The Shaking Hand. It wasn't mandatory for her to be there.

Gabriel started to worry that his plan was not going to work out. "What if she decides to stay home tonight," he thought. "What if she was here earlier, got her 'prey' and left for her apartment already?" But as soon as he was starting to lose hope and get angry, he turned to look at the door one more time and sure enough there she was. Entering the pub, she greeted everyone with smiles and a hug. Most of those she greeted were men. One of them even slapped her behind. All she did was give a loud, "ouch", and continue to laugh. She then

came and took a seat at the bar opposite Gabriel and ordered a pint of Heineken. Gabriel was staring at her unconsciously when she noticed, stood up and approached him. For a moment he felt a little uneasy. Then she began speaking to him and he was surprised.

“Hi there,” she said. “You’re staring at me!”

“I’m sorry,” Gabriel replied. “I didn’t mean to.” He wasn’t expecting her to be so direct.

“It’s okay,” she said. “What is a fancy guy like you doing in this part of the city anyway?”

“I, errr, um.” Gabriel started to feel a little nervous again. “I, errr.”

She gave a look that said, “Yes?”

“I am doing some research,” Gabriel finally said. “I am a sociologist and I’m studying the behavior of different groups,” he lied.

“Wow, that is interesting,” she said. “So, how are we behaving” she asked with a mischievous tone of voice.

“Oh, I couldn’t tell,” Gabriel replied, getting more comfortable around her. “It’s the first day and I’d need to watch you guys for a considerable period of time to form an opinion.”

“Oh, I see,” she said. “So, I need to behave from now on in case you tell my parents?” and gave him a wink.

Gabriel couldn’t help but laugh. “No, no don’t worry,” he said. “I won’t tell anyone.”

“My name’s Anna,” she said, reaching out to shake his hand.

“Gabriel.”

“Nice to meet you, Gabriel.”

“Nice meeting you too, Anna,” he said with a smile. He couldn’t help but notice how soft and smooth the skin of her hand felt.

They started talking and he was feeling really comfortable with her. Usually he was very shy and nervous around women, but with her all of a sudden it was different. He actually liked her intellect. He had imagined her to be an uneducated person, but was surprised to find out that, loud music aside, she liked a lot of the same things that he did. She liked classical music like him and was even trained in piano. She also liked old movies, and even though “Citizen Kane” wasn’t her all time favorite, she said she really loved that movie. For a moment, he thought that what he was about to do was wrong, that she didn’t deserve to die, she just needed a little guidance. But that thought quickly left him as soon as thought of God and the mission he was supposed to finish in his name.

They exchanged a few laughs and talked for a while. When he glanced at his watch, it was past midnight. “Well, I must go,” he said. “It was a pleasure talking to you,” and he didn’t know if that a lie or if it really had been a pleasure.

“Wait, I’ll leave too. We can walk together.”

They went out of the pub and started walking along the sidewalk together continuing their conversation about their passions, their dreams, and the arts. He really liked her and that scared him. He had always been awkward around women, but he loved the way she talked and the way she laughed, the way her arm was brushing his as they walked side by side. He was feeling confused now. “Maybe I shouldn’t kill her,” he thought. But she didn’t live her life the way God ordered; she was a sinner. He was torn and suddenly all of his past kills flashed before his eyes. He remembered the first time he killed. He hadn’t planned to go down the way it had, but he had killed Mark - getting back at him for the prank he had pulled on him with the rope at the top of the stairs. He had thrown him on a bee hive that Father Silas kept at the orphanage, not knowing that Mark was allergic to bee stings. Mark had died a few hours later. No one knew that he had died, because of the prank he had pulled or that Gabriel had killed him.

There was the guy he had killed in the forest outside of the city, the one he had strangled with the dress belt that the guys had used as a rope to make him fall down the stairs. Since then, he had killed all of his victims with that dress belt. He had killed the guy early in the morning while he was jogging. He had strangled him and thrown him in the bushes. The body was found days later, but no one had a clue who had killed him.

And now here he was walking side by side with his next victim and he was having doubts about whether or not to kill her. “It has to be done,” he finally said to himself, “or else I’m a failure in the eyes of God.” They were approaching an alleyway now and he shook off his doubt and decided to act. His heartbeat started to rise and he could hear police sirens in the distance. For a moment he feared that they might catch him, but that fear passed just as fast as it had come. When they go to the alleyway, he stopped.

“Hold on, I need to take a leak,” he said. He had never peed in public spaces and he was disgusted by it, but he had to do something to distract her.

“Okay,” she said. “Don’t take too long, though.”

“I won’t,” he said. He went behind a trash container, acting like he was peeing when in fact he was pulling out the dress belt. A cat jumped out of the container and it scared him.

“Holy...,” he yelled. He took a look over his shoulder and saw that Ann had her back turned to him and was still standing at the edge of the alleyway. He turned and approached her slowly, trying not to make any noise, holding the dress belt in his hands and telling himself, “You have to do it. She’s a sinner. You have to kill her.” But there was still a part of him that was disputing the idea. “She’s just a human being,” the other part of him said. “Everyone makes mistakes. Don’t hurt her. Befriend her. Show her the path of righteousness.” “She’s unworthy,” the other voice in his head said - the old, familiar voice that had brought him to this point. “God wants you to kill her.” He was close to her now and all he had to do was reach out, put the belt around her neck, and the job would be done. For a second he almost was about to leave it. It felt like that second lasted a lifetime. He could see her shining eyes in front of him, her lips moving while she talked, and her smile. He could feel her touch

even, that soft touch of her pale hand. But he had to do it. He couldn't let one person change what he had been building his entire lifetime. He couldn't let her change the way he felt about people like her, because the holy ways would not allow it. And then he did it. He put his hands above her head and brought the dress belt round her neck. In one swift motion he was strangling her and dragging her into the dark alleyway. She was trying to fight him off, muttering something through gasps of breath. For a moment he met her eyes and felt as if she was saying, "Why are you doing this? Stop!" It looked like she was begging him. A tear slipped down his cheek, something that had never happened to him before. He kept squeezing the belt, though, while Ann kicked her feet, hanging to life as hard as she could. And then it was over. She let go of his hands and stopped kicking. There was red now in the whites of her eyes. He held onto the belt for a few more seconds and then he let go. She had hit the ground with a small thud and landed on one side. He checked her pulse, making sure she was dead. Then he took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped around her neck where he had checked for a pulse. He stood up, put the handkerchief and the belt back in his pocket and was to turn around to leave when someone behind him yelled, "Freeze! NYPD!:

He froze. His eyes widened. "How did this happen," he wondered. "I was careful."

"Put your hands above your head and kneel down," the voice yelled once more.

"What now," he thought? He couldn't run. The alleyway was a dead end. He couldn't fight the guy, because he probably had a gun pointed at him and was probably stronger than him. He wouldn't be able to out-muscle him, so he did what he'd been asked. He slowly put his hands above his head and got down on his knees still wondering how this could have happened. Maybe some guy at the pub suspected. A guy dressed like he was, hanging out in a place like that. It would be no wonder that suspicions would be aroused. Or maybe someone in an apartment block had seen him and called the police. None of that mattered now. He had been caught in the act. He had failed in his mission. He realized now that his encounter with the midget caused this and felt angry. Suddenly he felt the steel of hand cuffs on his wrists and the barrel of a gun against his head. The officer stood him up and looked into his eyes. It was Officer Bennett. He had finally caught his killer.

"I guess you're screwed now, boy," he said. He called for an ambulance and reinforcements. "Got anything to say?"

"Could you reach in the left pocket of my jacket, please" Gabriel asked.

The officer obliged, hoping to find some evidence to use against him. Instead he found some candy and took it out. "Can you unwrap it and put it in my mouth," Gabriel requested. "I need something sweet after that."

He is my son!

By: Jehona Avdijaj, Labrie Nishori, Arjeta Breznica, Lavdim Haskaj, and Enis Emini

Rosetta had been staring out the window for quite some time when she heard Danny's footsteps. He had come home earlier than usual and had an odd expression on his face. She went and hugged him, but she noticed something wrong in the way he hugged her back. Danny was being very cold. She looked at him with his beautiful green eyes, wrinkling up her forehead in a way that made the wrinkles around her own blue eyes stand out.

"What's wrong, dear," she asked in a soft voice.

"It's nothing, Ros," he replied. "I was just thinking to go out and play with Spiky, but it started raining. I don't like when it rains," he added.

She knew why. She remembered well that day when he was only four years old and had almost gotten hit by a car when he slipped trying not to get his shoes wet in a puddle. If she hadn't been right there, Danny would be dead or he would have had some serious injuries.

"Guess what cake I prepared for my little angel," she said.

"The one with peanuts?" Danny's face got a blissful expression and his eyes grew big with expectation.

"No, honey. You remember what happened the last time you ate peanuts?" She raised her eyebrows, "I don't want to have to take you to the hospital at midnight again!"

Recently Danny had been having some troubles with allergies. She couldn't take any risks after her experience with her first son. Memories flashed through her mind. She remembered what it had felt like to be pregnant, the way she rubbed her belly smiling with joy, the way she had decorated the room, painting it light blue, the small clothes she had bought, the rocking chair, the toys, the beautiful letters she had written to her unborn baby. And then she remembered the night she felt the severe pain and Mike had rushed her to the hospital. The doctors had told her that she had to give birth to the baby prematurely or risk dying, but they couldn't guarantee that the baby would make it. She didn't accept it in the beginning, but Mike convinced her to do it in order to save her own life. She felt devastated and cried relentlessly, her heart breaking in a million pieces. The baby had lived for 30 minutes and holding him in her arms made all the pain she felt worth it. Mike had been next to the incubator when the little angel passed away. Ever since then something had cracked in their perfect life just like her heart when they informed her that her son didn't make it. She was destroyed.

"So, what cake?" Danny's voice interrupted her memories and made her notice the wetness on her face caused by the tears she didn't even feel running down her cheeks. "That cocoa cake you enjoyed the other day when we went on a picnic." She faked a smile. She went to the house's perfectly tidy kitchen and cut a slice of the perfectly baked cake. It smelled

delicious and a hint of pride shined on her face. She took the cake to the living room, handing it to Danny along with his favorite juice, strawberry juice. He immediately stopped drawing and set the crayons on the table carelessly. He took a bite, his face lighting up in delight.

"You're the greatest cook, Ros," he said, making Rosetta's face melt in happiness. "You should have your own cake shop," he added.

"Hahahaha, no honey, I only bake cakes for people I love," Rosetta replied.

Then Rosetta went to her room, grabbed her handbag, a jacket, and a big black umbrella. She combed her hair and put on some chap stick, the 10th time in three hours that she'd done so. She was obsessed with its smell and the way it made her lips feel.

"Danny, do you want me to grab something for you from the store? You know I don't like going to the grocery store twice in a row," she said to Danny who had gone back to his crayon drawing.

Rosetta got back from shopping a couple hours later looking tired. She felt something strange was going on and left the grocery bags in the car and rushing inside.

"LIAR!" She heard Danny's voice screaming in distress. "You lied to me! You told me they were dead," he continued.

"I...I...", she was trying to say something when she felt strong hands grabbing her by the arms and putting handcuffs on her wrists. She saw three police officers coming from the kitchen, one of them holding a warrant. "What are you doing?," she cried out in surprise. "Let go of me immediately!" she demanded.

"Rosetta Miles, you are under arrest for the kidnapping of Danny Flaming. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney, if..."

"Let go of me!" she yelled. "Danny is my son! He is my little angel," she cried.

"No, I'm not. I'm the son of Andy and Maria," Danny shouted. "You told me they died in a car accident back when we were at the volcano field trip and that you brought me here, because no one wanted to take care of me and they were going to put me in foster care! You lied! How could you? I thought we were best friends," he added his lower lip quivering.

"Honey, I had to. They wouldn't let me have you any other way. I'm sorry I lied. Mommy loves you."

"You are not my mom!" Danny shouted, tears running down his cheeks and onto his neck.

"Take her to the station," one of the police officers ordered the other two. They put her in the car, sirens blaring. She couldn't believe it. How had they found her? She was in shock.

The Unexpected

By: Eniana Mehmeti, Arbenita Bazhdari, Demira Krujezi, and Dodona Shatri

There was once a little girl by the name of Emma Cooper. A shy little lady, she was, but very beautiful. She had red, curly hair, freckles sprinkled her nose. She had full red lips and the cutest nose you've ever seen. Her green eyes matched her pale skin. Just below her right ear you could see a faint birthmark in the shape of a butterfly.

However, this fateful story is dark and cruel; nothing a girl like Emma would ever deserve, and just like every other story of its kind it begins with a lovely, sunny day when Emma and her parents decided to go on a picnic.

Emma was in the kitchen helping her mother, Helen, prepare mini sandwiches and cookies for the picnic. Her father was in the next room playing with the stereo, filling the house with wonderful music. Emma and her mother danced together while preparing the food. They packed all the food and blankets and were ready to leave. Emma's father turned around to glance at his beautiful home, with an expression on his face as if knowing it was going to be the last time he would see it. He stared at the house for a while, the beautiful garden, and thought of all the beautiful memories they had made there. He then turned around, looked at both Emma and his wife, grabbed their hands, and with a smile on his face said, "Let's go!"

The park was already full of people when they arrived, many sitting with their blankets on the grass and enjoying the breeze. It was a little crowded on the grass, so they decided to sit on a bench instead. All three of them took a deep breath and looked at the sun with smiles on their faces. Emma started feeling hungry, so they took out their sandwiches and started to eat. The crumbs that fell from the sandwiches attracted a few pigeons from nearby. Emma was excited and wanted to feed them more.

After a while, Emma got bored, so she stood up and started running around, scaring the pigeons. Her father noticed that she was gradually running closer to the main road, so he stood up and started running after her. He could see a truck driving toward Emma at a very high speed. Her father dashed to save her and in the last minute pushed Emma out of the way. As she fell on the ground, Emma saw her father get hit by the truck and began to scream. She saw him lying there, still and covered in blood. She could barely get up to get close to her father and her eyes were filling with tears. She heard her mother yelling after her father. Emma's little heart shattered in a million pieces. She was haunted by the guilt of her father's death. She would never be the same.

A year had passed since the terrible accident. Emma and her mother had since been living a quiet and calm life, but Emma would still talk about her dad every single day, afraid she would forget him and that happy memories they had together if she didn't. She missed him terribly.

The passing days were casual for the two of them. Her mother worked as a tailor not far from where they lived. Emma would go to school or play with kids on her street in the neighborhood. But those casual days turned out to be more than that.

One day while Emma was playing with her jump rope, she noticed the mailman took longer than usual to leave her porch and he was talking to her mother, again. This had been going on for days, maybe weeks. He did seem like a nice guy, though. He was bald, with a mustache and a pair of glasses; an "average Joe," some would say. Every time he would visit, it would take a little longer for him to leave. It was obvious to Emma that her mother liked the mailman and deep inside she wasn't very happy about it.

It had been a while since the small chats between the mailman and her mother had started, and he finally got the courage to ask her out on a date. She gladly said yes. That evening her mother enjoyed a romantic dinner with the new man in her life, Steve.

Meanwhile, Emma was home with a babysitter. She was sitting down, staring at some old paintings on the wall that her mother had bought when she was just a baby. The paintings reminded her of her mother. It was about midnight when she finally came back and Emma was still awake, waiting for her. Her mother seemed happy enough, and although she didn't like the mailman, her mother's happiness made her happy too.

Helen continued to date Steve and one day he proposed to her. Emma wasn't sure if she was happy about it or not, but her mother seemed happy, so she decided not to say anything about it. They had a small wedding, but it was a beautiful one.

A few days after the wedding, Emma's new stepfather moved in with Emma and her mother. Things started to change pretty quickly after that. Her stepfather wasn't completely alone when he moved in - he brought a lot of new rules with him to his new house. Emma's little orange cat was not allowed to stay indoors any longer and she would have to sleep alone. Sometimes he would randomly turn off the TV when Emma was watching her favorite program, "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." His reason was that he couldn't sleep, because of the noise. All of these things usually happened when Emma's mother was working. Her stepfather would appear to be a completely different person when Helen was around. Nevertheless, Emma would never complain about anything. Here and there were also happy moments for Emma, like when Steve would go to work and she would be alone with her mother's company. They would bake Emma's favorite cake, dance, and talk about her father.

A few months had passed since Steve had joined the family and moved in with them. The situation between him and Emma only seemed to get worse. He got harsher and meaner. He started to show a darker side of himself. It wasn't noticeable in the beginning. Then one day, all of a sudden, Steve started to undress in front of Emma. He made her watch him. And then he sat down on the couch, naked, and asked her to sit next to him. He then put his arm on her shoulder and made her look at him. He told her that this punishment for not being nice and that she was not allowed to tell anyone about this or else something bad would happen. This continued on for days until one day Steve decided to add some adjustments to his "punishment". He asked Emma to take off her clothes as well. Emma was frightened; she

had no idea what was happening. She hesitated at first, but Steve started to yell and told her that he would eat her if she would not take her clothes off. Scared, Emma slowly took off her clothes as he watched with a creepy grin on his face. He then ordered her to sit down next to him. This monster of a man started touching the terrified Emma while she silently wept. He told her that she would not dare tell a soul what happened and threatened her with her mother's life.

Steve had made a routine out of this and would do the same thing every day if he had the chance, except when Helen was home. It was one of those quiet days when Emma's mother was home. She had been under constant pressure and decided to paint a little in her room. Unfortunately, this peace of mind didn't last long. Her mother had to urgently run an errand for one of her customers and to leave for work, so Emma was again left home alone with Steve. Emma wasn't aware of her mother leaving until Steve came up to her room. He knocked on the door and came in. Emma was terrified when she saw that grinning face enter her room. He was up to something. His behavior had slightly changed to a more positive approach. He sat on the chair next to Emma, smiled and offered her a piece of chocolate. Emma reached for the chocolate with caution, but nothing happened. She took the piece and ate it. Steve kept smiling at her and said that there would be more chocolate downstairs if she was willing to come down with him. They both went down to the living room and just like that, Steve started to take off his clothes again. Emma's face went completely white. She knew he would undress her as well. He approached her and started touching her while he was undressing her. Once he was rid of all the clothes, he grabbed Emma and dragged her to the couch.

Emma started to panic since this had never happened before. Steve's intentions were clear. He wanted to rape her and as he tried to open Emma's legs, she kicked him in the face, hard. That made Steve angry. He looked around the room and found the jump rope that Emma had been playing with earlier. He grabbed it and used it to tie her up. Emma was resisting. Furious, Steve reached over to the table, grabbed Emma's inhaler and stuffed it in her mouth, choking her. Emma tried to fight and tried to remove the inhaler from her mouth, but it was impossible. He kept choking her and choking her until her last breath. Not knowing what to do next, Steve untied Emma's dead body and put her clothes back on. He dragged her into his car and drove to the neighborhood pool. Carefully, he grabbed Emma's body and slowly released it into the water.

There was no one at home when he got back. Helen hadn't come back from work yet. When Helen got home, she noticed that Emma wasn't there. She asked Steve where Emma was. Steve calmly replied that she went swimming with a friend.

A few hours later, Helen received a call from her neighbor. It was about Emma. Helen fell to her knees and began to scream. They had found Emma's body in the water. Emma drowned that day and with her so did the truth.

Section II

The following stories were written by students as part of the "American Short Story" course taught at the University of Pristina, fall semester 2014. Students worked in groups to develop a character and then write a story about that character.

Misunderstood

By: Tringë Cakaj, Albina Hoti, Ardita Ibishi, Arxhenda Lushtaku, Shqipe Shabani, Mevlude Skuroshi, and Adelina Vidishiqi

Dear reader, come along! Let us go to the White Tower where we'll find a special tiny coop and witness a story of solitude.

...

"I've always loved you Jolene" said Nina while taking a glimpse of her reflection on the old ornamented mirror. A tear fell down her wrinkled cheek as she whispered "I never wanted to...!"

Years pass along, but Nina suffers the same. Every June, a vivid memory awakens in her heart. She'll never forget that day. Many years ago, Nina and her older sister Jolene were alone at home. How they enjoyed having the house all for themselves. Mama wouldn't yell at them to stop running around. Mama was as usual with Papa, at their Glue Workshop. The sisters were playing their favorite game "I GOT IT". It was their thing; they had invented it. The game was very spontaneous; one would grab an item that the other was using at the moment and then there would be chasing around the house until the item got back to its owner.

"Jolene, I got your inhaler! Catch me if you can! *I got it* just started" shouted Nina and started running away from Jolene. She ran so fast that it seemed like her tiny paws were not even touching the ground.

"Where do I hide, where do I hide?!" Nina kept talking to herself. She started jumping around, inspecting the area looking for the perfect hiding place. "Bingo!" a flowering bush in the yard caught her eye.

"Oh, Jolene will never find me here" thought Nina excited. She quickly hid behind it.

Time passed. Jolene did not appear on the yard to look for her.

"What is happening? She should have found me by now." Nina started wondering.

She stood there for quite a while but Jolene never showed up.

"There must be something wrong" Nina thought. "I'll go find her myself". She headed back

home. Approaching the door, she got surprised by her mother's cries.

"Jolene, my precious baby, please wake up!" She ran inside only to find her parents standing beside Jolene lying on the ground. Pale was her face, standing there still like a brick.

"DONG...!" The clock stroke three, bringing Nina back to reality. She shook her head shocked by the pain in her hand. Nina had been squeezing the inhaler too much, almost breaking it. The sight of those three Zeros pointing on the inhaler made her heart shiver like violin strings. She still couldn't get over the fact that she was unjustly accused for her sister's death.

"If they would've just listened to me, they would have understood... the inhaler had already been empty. How could they ever believe that I would hurt my sister?"

These thoughts were interrupted by a scratchy noise. "Oh, one of my stars has fallen down! Don't worry little star. I'll take you back at your place".

How she loved her room, her very own special starry room. One would wonder how all those colors could merge together in that tiny coop. All over the place, wherever your eyes fell, you could see her self-made paintings hanging on the walls; and numerous stars that were positioned in a chaotic manner. Her colorful walls were nothing compared to her wardrobe; there were lots of gowns, most of them very elegant. Attached to them, there was an endless hanging line of starry scarves. Unavoidably, she had to wear those scarves with every outfit in order to cover the scar she had in the left side of her neck.

Moved by her swaying from side to side, Nina's scarf fell on the ground. A smile came upon her lips reaching the corners of her wrinkled face. In an instant, it faded away. Memories hurt, as much as they delight our hearts. Flashbacks of that starry night came to her memory when Nina had slipped off her wooden brick trying to get a glimpse of the stars. How much she owed the stars and oh, how much they owed her.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star... how I wonder where you are..." she started singing and swaying around the room wearing a marvelous dress and her beloved crown.

The ceiling started to tremble; Nina was lost in her memories to see that vigorous human hand coming towards her.

"I GOT YOU! YOU SCAMPERING LITTLE RAT"!



Heedlessness

By: Fjolla Blakaj, Ardiana Morina, Fatlum Nuredini, Fjoralba Shatri, and Bardh Topalli

In that bright sunny morning, the only concern of Alan's mum was what to prepare for her "boys." Pancakes came to her mind first, and she stuck with that thought. While cooking she knocked over a glass by mistake. Alan wakes up and walks down the stairs, rubbing his eyes to have a clear view of what his mother is doing. Alan starts eating these pancakes with great pleasure, since this plump, handsome boy loves eating.

"Knock, knock, are you reaaady?" a voice coached. It was Jim's wife Jane, a pretty woman with long blond hair. She is an outgoing and friendly person, and she enjoys going at beach with the Knightlys.

"Yes," replied Rita readily.

"But mum, I have not finished eating," continued Alan. "At least you can wait for me and..."

"Come on darling. The Jones are already here, and we should be considerate and not make them wait. You can also eat more at the beach," said Rita, Alan's mum. She is always a busy woman and it seems that her entire life has been in a rush, always grabbing her bag.

Their apartment was not far from the beach, but to Alan the ride seemed to take ages.

It was crystal clear that Alan was jealous; it seemed to him that he did not have his parents' attention as much as he should.

"Oh, this kind of relaxing was really needed," says Jane with enthusiasm while warming her feet in the sand.

"Yes indeed, far from all those long queues of customers, and all those folders to be checked. Aren't those things so irritating?" continues Rita.

All this conversation was so tiresome for Alan, and he could not find himself anywhere.

He felt the same about the conversation between his daddy Bob and his friend Jim. Deep down, Bob is a good man, but he has an unpredictable temperament. He is not as rough as he seems to be, but circumstances of life and his busy routine made him like that.

To Alan this conversation was not interesting. How it could be interesting to hear how many days Jim works, or how many people get to go and knock on his office door as loyal customers?

Alan was totally lost in the sunshine, the waves, and the sand that made his feet burn. He could not actually believe that it was already the third day of vacation and he was already fed up with this place. It was too hot and Alan's skin was becoming sore from sunburn. "Mum, can I have some sunscreen," Alan asked, eating more sweets. "It's in the bag, dear. You can do it yourself," his mum said without even looking at Alan.

Every second that passed, Alan realized more how much he wanted to go home, because he was feeling excluded from the adults' circle. It had been the same last night. He'd complained to his mum that he was bored, but all she did was ignore him and continue cutting the onions she planned to fry for dinner for the Jones family. When Alan saw that his mum was uninterested in anything he said, he had gone to the bedroom to check on the airline tickets to see the return flight time.

But today was the same. Coloring in his coloring book or playing with his cars were his only escape from the sad reality of being ignored all day. It was the only way he could find any satisfaction.

The sun was shining bright. Alan could hardly open his eyes, because it was so bright. He reached up to shade his eyes and an idea came to him. "What if I build a sand castle? At least I will enjoy that and being doing I really want to do," thought Alan out loud.

On the other hand, Rita and Jane were enjoying this vacation to the fullest. They were happy to be away from work and after the first day had stopped talking about it. They were discussing different issues now, including cooking.

"Then you put in potatoes, eggs, and beans if you wish to. But, first you have to fry the potatoes and put in some hot pepper, salt, and black pepper. They're spicier then."

"Wait, wait, Jane. How am I supposed to remember all of this? Let me get a pencil and some paper to write it down."

When Rita went to get a pencil from Alan's bag, she turned toward where she had last seen him, but all she saw was Alan's toy cars, his coloring book, and his sand castle...

Unexpected reunion

By: Dafina Bislimi, Fatime Gashi, Fatbardha Hashani, Floralba Kastrati, Valjeta Krasniqi, Armonda Uka, and Laura Zekaj

The bell rang; suddenly Mrs. Destiny awoke from her deep thoughts where she was stuck in for about an hour. "Teacher, can we leave now?" Asked Tim.

"Um yeah, sure, you didn't hear the bell?"

"Um yeah, we did," said Tim, "but you did not give us permission like you always do."

"Oh, you're right, I was lost somehow," said Destiny. "You can all go now, have a good day." And the pupils ran out screaming and laughing. But Destiny was out of this world, her head was exploding in deeper and deeper thoughts and she just couldn't stop them. She took her things and went to the principal's office. He was a quite good man and had a lot of respect for Mrs. Destiny. "Come on, Mrs. Destiny. I want to inform you about something," he said. "I'm all ears," answered Destiny. "I want to inform you that there will be a new student in your class. I know the year already started, but you really have to accept this girl."

"Um, if that is what you wish Mr. Richard then it won't be a problem."

They both left the office. In fact, Destiny couldn't wait to finish her work and to go and relax with her cat at home. Destiny was around 30, with brown hair—quite beautiful with magnificent green eyes, she also had some freckles on her face (which she hated, by the way). She was a bit overweight for several years until she got tired of her shape and decided to start a healthy diet. "Kitty, little kitty," Destiny always used to say when she would arrive home. She lived in a flat on California Street in Buffalo, New York, where she was a teacher at Ben Franklin Middle School. She was very close with her parents and her younger sister, but they lived in San Francisco. However, they were still constantly in touch. Her visits to their home were not rare, but she always tried to avoid visiting them on Thanksgiving. November reminded Destiny of one moment she would never forget—the renouncement of her child. At that time Destiny was only sixteen and she felt lost. She thought that if she put her baby up for adoption, the baby would have a better life. Her parents always gave her support but she felt that it was the right thing to do. After that day she could not stop thinking about her daughter. She constantly reminded herself about the first time she held her. She had a million feelings in that particular moment because that is the most beautiful thing in a woman's life. But for Destiny, it was also the worst. After two weeks, Destiny repented and wanted to get her daughter back. But that was impossible, because her daughter was already adopted. That was the main reason that Thanksgiving brought her sadness.

Destiny was doing some exercises on the blackboard when Richard, the principal, interrupted her lesson. He brought the new girl that he mentioned the other day. She was standing behind principal Richard; she was a bit shy and Mrs. Destiny could not see her face. Principal Richard introduced the girl to Destiny. When Destiny first saw the girl, she felt something deep inside, but she didn't know the cause of that feeling. The lesson continued as

normal, and the girl sat alone in the back of the room. She introduced herself as Lucy. As the days passed, Lucy tried, but she couldn't get herself to that class because her pupils weren't so friendly. Destiny felt obligated to make Lucy feel more comfortable in the classroom. They got very close with one another and they talked about everything. Destiny sometimes was surprised because they were the same in so many ways. They really enjoyed the company of each other and did almost everything together.

One day Destiny decided to give her pupils an essay assignment. The topic was related to something that happened in their lives long time ago. As they started to write, she noticed that Lucy seemed sad while she was writing. This particular day felt very long. When Destiny went home, she lied down on her couch. While she rested she remembered Lucy's sad face while she wrote. Immediately she got her bag and tried to find Lucy's paper. As she read, Destiny's face twisted into strange looks. In her essay Lucy had written that she was adopted and that she always felt angry and sad trying to figure out why her birth mother had abandoned her, but also happy with the family that had adopted her. Destiny could not understand why she was feeling so gloomy. Of course stories like this always had some impact on her, but not like this. This time she felt guilty.

The next morning she was rushed to school, wanting to talk with Lucy about the essay she wrote. She got into class and distributed the essays with feedback and grades. After the lesson was over, she called Lucy and asked her if what she wrote was true. Lucy said that of course it was true, and she added that her parents told her that she was adopted and everything else. While Destiny was talking to Lucy, principal Richard came into class and asked Lucy to step out. "Destiny, can you sit down for a bit? I want to talk about something, about something related to you?"

"Yes," replied Destiny as she sat down in the chair next to her. "Look, Destiny, I know a your story and from the day you told it to me I started to do some investigation, and this led me somewhere... or should I say to someone." Destiny could not believe her ears and her heart started to beat faster. Richard continued to explain, but Destiny only wanted to hear one name. She asked Richard. He looked her in her eyes and said, "I think you know who your daughter is." She started to cry and say that she knew it was Lucy. In that moment, the door of the class opened and there stood Lucy with tears in her eyes. She asked, "who is your daughter, Mrs. Destiny?" Destiny looked directly in her eyes and walked towards her. She was shaking, but she held in the tears and said, "you are my dear, you are." Lucy could not believe it at first. She stepped back but Destiny approached her and hugged her so much, trying to compensate for all of the time that they were apart. After some moments, they sat down and started to talk. Lucy had many questions in her head for Destiny and they talked for hours. In the end, Lucy forgave her mother. On their way out, Destiny went to give thanks to principal Richard for his role in helping her find her daughter.

After some days, Lucy called Destiny to meet her foster parents. Destiny wanted to thank them for taking care such good care of Lucy, even though she was not their own child. She also wanted to ask their permission to let Lucy meet her grandparents. So she rang the bell of the house, and Lucy and her parents opened the door. Lucy said, "Mom and dad, this is my mother." In those moments, Destiny felt like the world was hers and her life had meaning once again.

Section III: Ethnography

Following are stories of memory, stories told by elders to students of the "Ethnographic Writing" course offered at the American Corner Pristina in the 2014-2015 academic year.

As you read, please keep in mind that these stories are the memories of people in Kosovo. The authors have recorded the stories through interviews and filming of people important in their lives. Memories are an important part of everyone and we invite you to share these important memories from these elders in our communities.

A Man I Admire: The story of my father's persistence

By: Norë Cakaj

"If you can't fly then run, if you can't run then walk, if you can't walk then crawl, but whatever you do you have to keep moving forward" – Martin Luther King Jr.

Like many Albanians during the period of Yugoslavia, my father was born into a poor family. His father was a political prisoner, so he had a difficult life. Though he wasn't in prison long, it affected his life after. He was the first son in the family after three daughters. His father, being afraid the he was going to have only one heir, he took a second wife when his son was only one year old. After that, his father had some more children from both marriages.

Since he was the first son in the family, his father forced him to get engaged when he was in the first year of elementary school. He had a very happy childhood, despite growing up poor. He really enjoyed when he and his father went to the market in Prishtina. He loved the city very much and those were the only times he could visit it.

He also recalls with nostalgia a school trip to Struga (Ohrid Lake), from which he has great memories. After he finished the 7th class, his school arranged it. Since the school couldn't afford this trip, all the students worked together. They went to hoe the fields of the Agriculture Cooperative of the village for one day and earned the money for the trip.

After he finished high school, he went to Croatia to find a job. He worked for only a few days because his employer fired him in order to hire a friend. He wanted to move to Germany but he couldn't pass the border without accomplishing the military service of the country. His military service lasted only 3 months because he started having health problems that resulted in a partial paralysis of one of his legs and an arm. Then he spent around 6 months in hospitals and therapy.

Because of the unfulfilled military service, the plan of moving to Germany could not happen. He went back home and registered for the Economy-Commercial faculty, in which he took a

degree. Even though he was educated, it was hard for him to find a job, because of his health problems. As if all of those were not enough, during this tough period his fiancé died.

After a few years of waiting, he got hired as an accountant in the school of his town. He performed this profession for three years, and got fired because of a new law declaring all government employed accountants should be let go. At this period of time he got married, a marriage out of which he now has four children. He also used to deal with politics; he was the headman of the village.

A couple months before the beginning of the War of Kosovo (1999), my father was hired as the school secretary of the town. The time of war was really tough on him. As a secretary of the school, he was in charge of distributing the salaries to all the employees of the school. Since school was closed, because of the war, he had to distribute those salaries to their houses. The Serbian military was spread all around the country. He took those salaries in his pocket and walked from one city to another, from village to village and paid them out. It was very dangerous at that time since many people were killed for no reason.

He remembers one day he went to the municipality to deal with some formal business. He was coming home by bus. A couple minutes before the bus was scheduled to arrive at his station, a military vehicle drove in front of the bus and stopped, forcing the bus to stop as well. They checked in the bus, but not finding any suspicious civilians, they left. About half a kilometer away they saw a man walking in the street and they shot him for no reason and left. At the bus station where he had to get off the bus, the Serbian military had formed a small camp. He got off the bus and started walking to his house. The barrel of the soldiers' guns were pointed at him. "I was so sure they were going to kill me, there was nothing I could do. I could not go back to the bus. I kept walking and staying as calm as possible knowing for sure that they are going to shoot me, but they did not. I never felt luckier in my life," is how he describes this moment.

During the war, the Serbian military used to assault different zones of our country. They used to break into houses and kill or torture anyone they found. In that time the town didn't have high buildings so they did not have a place from which they could see the military coming. The people of that zone took their families and moved to another place. The place they could feel safest was close to the mountains because that's where the Kosovo Liberation Army was sheltered.

My father and his family moved to a village not too far away from the house. That village was close to the mountain. They stayed there two-three weeks then his father-in-law took them to his house where they stayed for one month. During this period his house was burned. At this time the peace treaty was signed, so the war paused for a couple months. He went back home and lived in his brother's house, until he fixed his own by covering its roof with a plastic bag. A couple months later the war between NATO and the Serbian military started. He had to leave his house again and moved to the same village that was also now burned, and then moved into the mountains close to the village. They lived on that mountain in

greenhouses they made by plastic bags for themselves. After two and a half months the war was over. After he came home, he found his house burned again.

The next challenge he had to deal with after the war was poverty. At that time that he was trying to recover, he got fired again. Even though handicapped, he started doing different physical jobs just to take care of his family. After a couple of years he started beekeeping, which helped him a lot to recover economically. Nowadays he still performs the same profession. He never gave up, despite all of his difficulties and he has passed that part of his personality on to his children.

The story of a married couple: their pain and human triumph through life

By: Vlorë Krasniqi

Every human hides behind their life story. There is a reason why they are who they are. Sometimes it's not their choice. Something in the past made them who they are and often almost impossible to change. I will tell the story of a married couple and their challenges through life. They were married quite young without knowing each other beforehand. They didn't know what their future life companion would be like but from what they had heard they were hoping for a bright future with each other. But, sometimes fate will bring pain and sorrow in order to know the value of every little miracle that comes into our life.

They were married in a huge wedding, and everyone would hear about it because they were from respected families that were well known. It lasted more than then one week, they said.

After such a happy event, the family was looking forward to seeing their son him holding a baby. But how could they know that this wish would last for a long time. They tell about their suffering through 20 years.

Years were passing by and she couldn't get pregnant. She was living with pain and sorrow. She overheard relatives making clear to her husband that they would find him another bride. It was painful, as she explains, but she always had a good heart and clear conscience. She always believed that God would bring joy into her life.

They decided to look for a cure. For years they knocked on every single doctor's door in Kosovo. One of the doctors told them that the chance of her getting pregnant was 0.01%. That tiny percentage kept their dream alive. The idea of the sound of their child crying, holding him or her in their arms was a dream for her and no one could destroy her dream - not even the cruel words that people were saying. She had the support of her husband and he claimed that no other woman would ever come into his life. She was the only one, even if they never might never be parents.

Then suddenly after years of dreaming, from the sky a light of hope shined. The years 1979-1980 would be the happiest years in all their life. They learned they were finally going to become parents. They had been waiting so long for this day, so they couldn't believe that it was happening for real.

She prayed every night, because she was afraid of losing the baby and the love that she already had for the upcoming baby was huge. Maybe that happiness would also have another black page. They were used to those in their life but how could they know what tomorrow would bring.

These days were the happiest for the family Krasniqi. They were crying from happiness at this time. He was home and she was hospitalized in Belgrade. He couldn't wait to see his wife, to hold her in his arms. To talk to her about how lucky they were. He took his car and

decided to go visit his wife. Unfortunately he had an accident on the way to Belgrade. Eh, life always plays a tricky games with us. Even in joy and happiness we find sorrow and pain. He was sent to a hospital not far from his wife. He had a terrible accident and the doctors were afraid that they might have to amputate his leg.

She didn't know what had happened to her husband. No one would tell her because then she would risk losing the baby. Although, she could feel that something was happening with her husband. Her suspicions continued when she didn't received any letters from him. They wrote to each other for everything. Three month passed and yet no letters. On the other, side he gone through an operation and was practicing walking. He didn't want to risk ending in a wheelchair all his life.

Seeing their boy almost die was a terrible shock for his parents. Poor family, poor him. Was happiness too difficult to be reached?

But to him all these things couldn't stop him for trying and trying until the end. The thought of seeing his wife's inflated stomach, beloved parents and friends motivated him to try even harder.

After two months, he could walk again. Without thinking twice he hurried to where his wife was hospitalized. The moment of meeting was shocking for both of them. Without even talking they stared to each other and both of them were crying. She was crying because her intuition proved correct, and he was crying from happiness because she was his happiness. The good and bad things in life pass away and so would this.

The doctors advised her to be transferred to Ljubljana's hospital in order to monitor the pregnancy better. The doctors there were known for their professionalism. The day of birth was close and she felt terrible pain but now the reason behind this pain became clear. The reason that made her welcome the pain with a smile on her face. "Paradise," she describes the hall where she gave birth, because it was place that would finally bring her a baby. He was close to her, holding her hand. She took her newborn infant in her arms and no one could hold back their tears. The beat of her heart would become faster and faster when her baby slept on her chest.

Now she was exposed to the biggest love on the planet. A Mother's love. "Holding your baby," she says, "you really can't get enough of it." The sun was shining, their lives now had a new meaning. The baby was a girl, named Mirlinda.

He touched his baby for the first time and as he tells of his feelings. Even now, telling the story he starts crying.

I have heard this story a hundred time but each time when they tell me this story I can't stop crying. It's true that in this world some things destroys you but, people who have survived these things do exists and they are my parents. I call them winners.

Now they have 4 children: one boy and three girls. Who would have believed before 40 years ago that this would happen? He is 66 and she is 62. All they wish for is the happiness of their children because, at the end that's their happiness.

My Father's Story

By: Ariana Kuqi

Below is the history of my father.

My father is a sixty-five year old man. He was born in the village called Lutogllava, near the city of Peja. His mother and father, both came from the same village-Lutogllava, were uneducated. His father was a farmer, and his mother a housewife. He is the 3rd child of the family out of 6. He finished primary school in a village near Lutogllava as there was no school in Lutogllava. He finished the primary school in relatively good conditions like most of the pupils of that period. His great will to finish the school and get education made him to cross many barriers in life. He moved to the city of Peja to finish high school.

He went to university in the faculty of mathematics in Gjakova. He started to work as a professor when he was only 21 years old. He worked in many schools. When he became 24 years old his family forced him into an arranged engagement with a girl. During the engagement he happened to see the girl, but the fact was that he never felt anything for her. During the time when he was engaged to the girl, he met another girl. But the problem was that he was engaged and couldn't break with tradition; to break the engagement and marry the girl he actually loved. He told the girl that he was already engaged to another girl, and he told her the fact the he didn't love the girl to whom he was engaged.

After some hard times they decided to do everything to be together. The women he loved lived in the city and he lived in the village. For the girl he loved, it was a taboo to live in the village but leaving aside all the confusion and disfavor that would befall them, they made up their minds to elope. While driving to the village, his brother asked the girl once again are you sure that you are going to marry a villager, but the girl had already made up her mind. When they got home his whole family was terrified. They were stuck in a bad situation and didn't know what to do about the other girl, they didn't know what they were going to say to her family. It was dangerous because, they could do one of two things as a consequence of breaking the engagement: either ask for a huge sum of money or kill the groom.

But, for the two love birds there was no turning back, even though his family didn't love the girl in the beginning. They were forced to live elsewhere in the beginning because, his mother didn't allow them to sleep in their house. After two days together, along came the girl's family. Another problem for them just appeared. After a while they made it clear to the girl's family that they loved each other and convinced her family to let them go ahead with the marriage.

The other's girl family, the one that he was engaged to before, was yet to be told what just happened. The father of the boy, seeing that there is no other choice, went to the girl's family

and told them what his son had done. At first the girl's family didn't want to accept the breaking of the engagement, but after a while when the boy's father tried his best to explain the situation they calmed down and accepted the decision.

After two years of marriage with the girl he loved came their first child, a boy, who was the greatest happiness of their life. But then my father had to join the army, because in that time it was an obligation to be fulfilled by every male of the country. It was a difficult time for him as he used to miss his wife and son a lot during the army time. Many time he used to lie to the officers like he was sick just to go home.

Then after many years, in 1981, the situation in the country deteriorated and teachers and professors had to work without wages. By this time, my father was working as a professor, so it was very difficult to take care of the family. After some years, in 1999, the war in the country started. During the wartime he experienced stressful situations. He was the head of the family, thus he had to keep the family secure and together. When the war broke in some areas of Kosovo, he took his family and went to a neighboring country, Montenegro, to be safer. After a while when the situation improved he took his family and went back to his country. There he found his house burned, and everything was about to start from the very beginning. At first they had to live in the house of a cousin until they re-built their house. Then he continued to work as a professor until he retired in 2014, leaving behind 44 years of work as a professor, having beside him the woman he did a lot to be with.

"The Last Soldier" - The story of Fatmir Krasniqi narrated by Mihane Krasniqi (his mother)

By: Zelfije Zogaj

"Waiting for my son to come, arranging the house with great joy, my son is finishing the army service and coming home, we will find a nice girl for him and get him married, find a job not knowing that I was getting ready for his funeral".

In this academic year 2014/2015 I've been part of an course that was held at the American Corner in Prishtina, which has to do with oral histories. For this course I have decided to do a documentary about my grandmas history about her dead son (my uncle) which wasn't documented before .

In 1990, Fatmir Krasniqi went as a volunteer to perform his military service, like a lot of other Albanians in that time. But, one day before finishing his military services his body was returned home to his family.

Fatmir Nezir Krasniqi, was born in May 9, 1967, in Prishtinë. He was killed by Serbian forces on May 21, 1991 having only one day left before finishing his army service. He finished his primary school in "Zenel Hajdini" School, and secondary school in Technical School "19 Nëntori, Prishtinë. He had to start work at a young age, having to financially support his family. My Grandmother (his Mother) says; "he was noticeably distinguished from his siblings, everyone loved him so much, like there was a hidden feeling in everybody's heart that something is going to happen to him."

At the age of 22, he volunteered to complete his military service and at that time having not completed the military services it would be very difficult to find a job and support the family. Despite his mother's disagreement to go for military service, he had his Father's approval and he made the decision to go. At the time when his letter requesting him to go for his army service came, he was in Turkey, where he was working. One day during a phone conversation with his mother, she told him that he has an invitation from the army and he needed to go. With sadness he had to come back from Turkey and leave his family again almost immediately to go to Smederevo, Serbia, the place where he was going to perform his army service. From day one in the army he was challenged with torture, hatred and threats. After three weeks his family paid him a visit and his Mother told him that he had looked like he had lost a lot of weight.

During his one year in the army he had visited his family only three times. His family used to ask him to tell more details about his life in the army as he always appeared concerned, but he never shared any details. Perhaps he did not want to worry his family. One day his mother overheard him during a phone conversation but, she could not understand as the conversation

was in Serbian. The only thing he told his mother is that his Commander had told him, "go, go home.

But when you come we have some unfinished business." Despite the fact that his family tried to understand what was going on with him they were not able to understand, and he would not tell them. Perhaps he did not want to disturb his already concerned family.

Meanwhile, the war in Slovenia had started and his family got more and more preoccupied day in day out about their son. They were afraid that their son might return dead as this started becoming a phenomenon; more and more soldiers were being returned dead to their families. Some time passed and thank God he was still alive. Just one day prior to finishing his army service he phoned his family and asked for some new clothes. He said that by 7 o'clock he needed to return his army uniform, so he needed some civilian clothing. His mother told him, "do not worry as your father will bring them to you first thing in the morning." But, who would have thought that he would not pass that day alive and the next day his dead body would return home instead of Fatmir returning.

With tears in her eyes his mother says, "Waiting for my Son to come, arranging the house with great joy, my son is finishing the army service and coming home, we will find a nice girl for him and get him married, find a job not knowing that I was getting ready for his funeral."

May 21, 1991: in the early morning hours his family got the dreaded news that their son Fatmir had been accidentally run over by a car and he had lost his life. His family, to this day, does not believe that he suffered an accident as they say that there were bullet holes in his chest and stitches on various parts of his body. His dead body was brought home by the army, but his family didn't allow the soldiers from the army to bring Fatmir inside in the house. Instead the family and neighbors carried him from the entry to the neighborhood, where they took the coffin from the soldiers. The walk to house was very difficult as there were lots of people who had come into the street to show support and respect for his family. His dead body was physically lifted by hand inside the house. Receiving the dead body of their son was tremendously difficult for his family but, despite their great saddens and sorrow they stood strong. His mother was not able to see his full body. She had seen only his face, as his body was covered with the flag. She affirms that she saw some pictures of her son's massacred body. At his burial ceremony there where over 200,000 people gathered from all over the country. One elderly woman walked all the way from Peja to Pristina to pay her respects at the burial. During his burial ceremony there was no one present from the army unit where he had performed his service. But in the three months following, people frequently came to offer their condolences to Fatmir's family, including four of his army friends. At that time there were also some individuals of high rank who visited the family, but only for the first three years. But since then, the family claims that it's been 21 years since anyone visited and nobody comes on his memorial day.

After his murder, in February 2001, Metë and Xhafer Shatri published a book named; "Nje Gurë për Varrin e Ushtarit që e Vran" which means - "A Stone for the Murdered Soldier" and

Bajram Kurti in his book “Pararendësit e lirisë”, 2008, where there was a short biography for Fatmir Kraniqi. Also in September 2008 a song was made for him.

Now 24 years since he was deprived of life, his names is memorized only by his close family, everyone else forgetting that he gave his life for this Country. When Fatmir left for his military service, no one suspected that he would be Yugoslavia's last soldier. Shortly after Fatmir enlisted, the mandatory military service ended and Fatmir sadly became The Last Soldier.

Section IV: Poetry

The following poems were written as part of a workshop held at the American Corner Pristina, titled “Art in the ESL Classroom”. Students wrote poetry based on a painting. The paintings each poem is based on are below the poem.

Winter in the Country

By: Rudina Tahiraj and Gzime Avdiu

Based on the painting, “A Winter Scene” by Hendrik Meyer

The winter came suddenly.
The roof is covered with snow.
The leafless tree’s life has come to an end
And it won’t bloom when spring comes back.
The lake is frozen.
The boat is stuck.
People and children now have to walk
Holding each others' hand and slipping on the ice,
Just to bring a little food for the ones left behind.
Even though the winter’s cold,
They move on and enjoy their life.



Nature's Diversity

By: Dorentina Isufaj and Senad Arifi

Based on the painting, "Hare in the Forest" by Hans Hoffman

What made the long-eared creature feel terrified?

Was it the snail, the cricket, or the bird?

Why did he find shelter in those thorny plants?

Black, white, were the butterflies that stood in front of frightened eyes.

Did spring bring shyness or liveliness into that forest of pines?

What made those poor creatures come together in such a form - like a cage?



Tea Set

By: Atixhe Ibraimi and Zelfije Zogaj

Based on the painting, "Tea Set: Still Life" by Jean-Etienne Liotard

Ancient Chinese tea set

Left in a mess

I wonder where are they now?

Did they forget the feeling of being together?

What a busy life could

Make them leave it like this?

Tiny little tea set,

With a huge role.

Making people leave

Their busy life behind

And come together.



A Stormy Day

By: Norë Cakaj and Asdren Rafuna

Based on the painting, “A Storm on a Mediterranean Coast” by Claude-Joseph Vernet

A stormy day

With a troubling sea.

The sky turned black

From the beauty of the blue.

The wind is heavy and strong,

Taking us where it wants,

Not caring about our pride and honour.

Reminding us of our weakness,

The unmerciful storm destroyed everything.



These two poems were written by student, Asdren Rafuna. Asdren has been writing poetry for some time and submitted these for the journal. They were not written as part of a course.

Little swing

By Asdren Rafuna

There in a magic carpet
There you lie you little swing

Your eyes with such a beauty

Penetrate my heart and spirit

With that smile that borrough joy

In the night full of lights

I will climb the mountain high

Just to see you little more.

We will dance and move in the sky

Like you learn with stars the way

Give me that little light

To be known from far away.

SUPREME

By: Asdren Rafuna

In the flow of the river
in the morning grass
I say the words that come to my mouth
nothing sounds more beautiful than Your name!
O Supreme, how great You are!

And my tears flowing to clean my eyes and heart
made me realise and bow my head down
nothing is more beautiful than Your love!
O Supreme, how great You are!

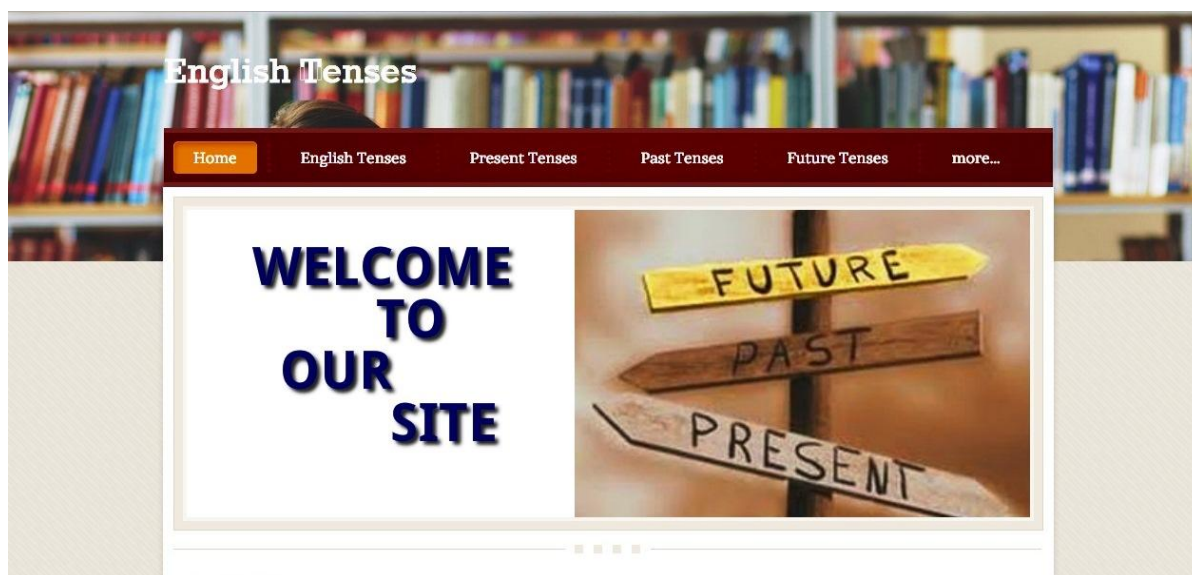
All Your strange creation
In the land and in the space
those near one and those that we cannot reach
made me think how beautiful You may be!
O Supreme, how great You are!

Nothing is greater than Your mercy.
I firmly realise that.
When I see it in the wild animals
I see Your mercy instead.

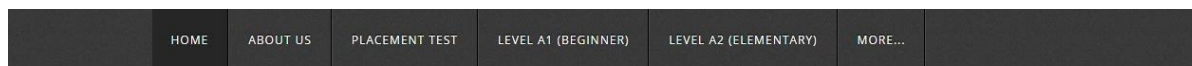
Section V: Student Designed Web Sites

As part of the “Computer Assisted Language Learning” Master’s level course, students were required to design a web site. All of the web site we made with the local context in mind, to be used by local teachers and students. You can visit each site at their web addresses below.

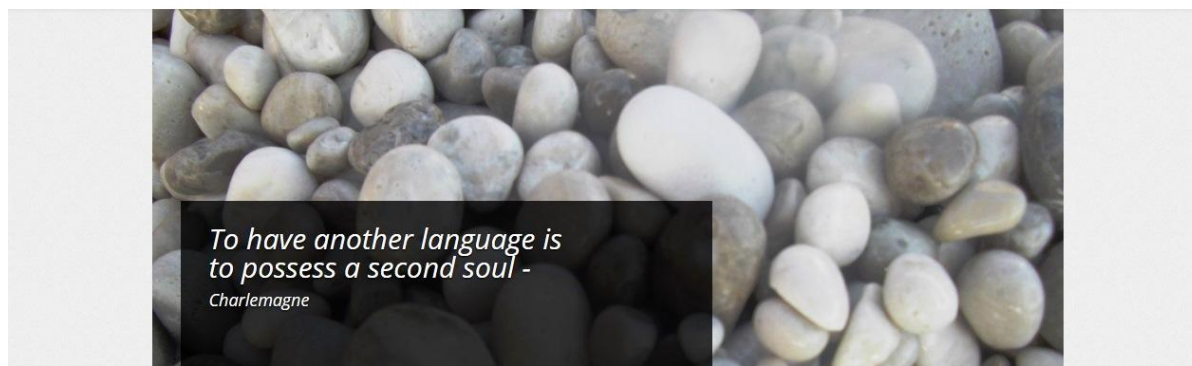
<http://englishtensesforhighschoolstudents.weebly.com/>



<http://on-english.weebly.com/>



Online English for Albanians

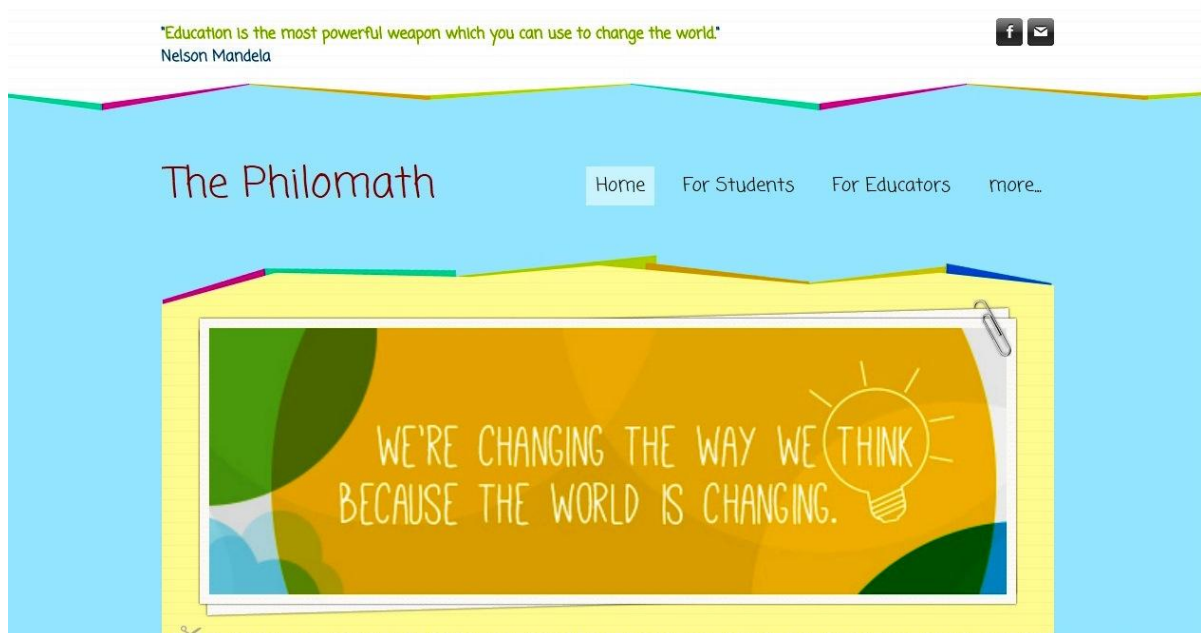


English
This page is dedicated to Albanian speaking students who want to learn English Language online. this course comprises different levels of

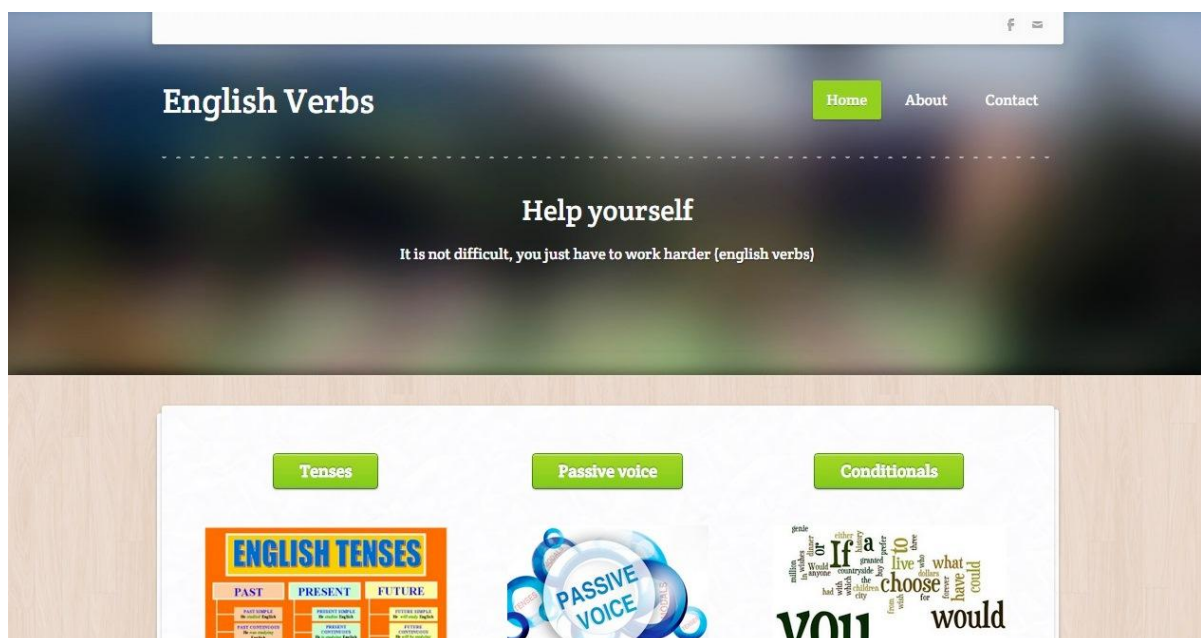


Shqip
Kjo faqe i dedikohet të gjithë shqiptarëve të interesuar në nxënien e gjuhës angleze, ky kurs përshfshin nivele të ndryshme të gjuhës angleze

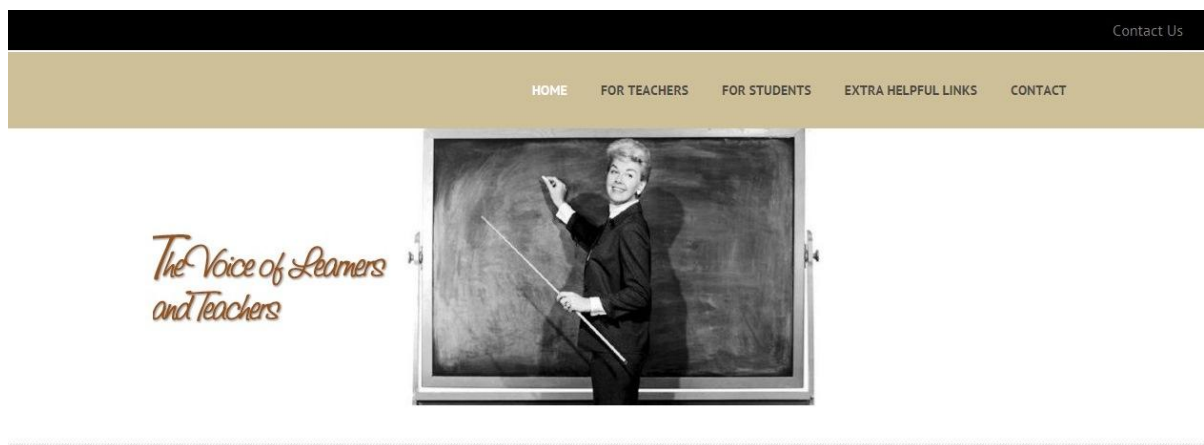
<http://thephilomaths.weebly.com/>



<http://englishverbscall.weebly.com/>



<http://learnvsteach.weebly.com/>



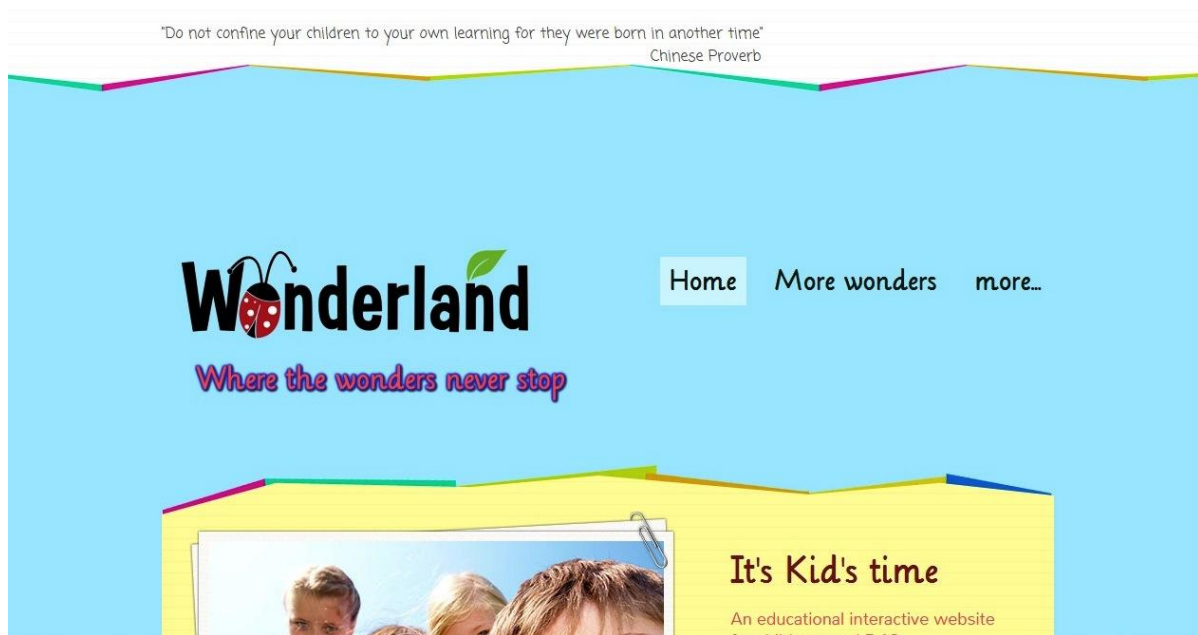
Welcome to the Voice of Learners and Teachers website

**In this site you will be able to hear the voice of the teacher, and the learner's as well!
This site includes the steps that you have to follow if you want to learn or even better, to improve English as a foreign language!**

<http://evocabulary.weebly.com/>



<http://yllsa.weebly.com/>



Section VI: Student Movies

Please check out the American Corner Pristina Vimeo Channel to view films made by students! The films were made as a project in “The American Short Story” course co-taught by English Language Fellow Kate Mulvey and Professor Sazana Capriqi.

<https://vimeo.com/album/3411620>

Following is a shot of each film.

“The Last Night of the World” based on the story of the same name by Ray Bradbury



“Louisa, Please Come Home” based on the story of the same name by Shirley Jackson



“The Story of an Hour” based on the story by the same name by Kate Chopin



“The Last Night of the World” based on the story of the same name by Ray Bradbury
(with different actors)



Section VII: “Meet Our Corner” Mural Project

Busy bees: A story about American Corner volunteers

by: Rudina Tahiraj

There is great number of students who spend most of their spare time at American Corner in Prishtina. I can gladly say that I am one of them.

The Corner is a platform that is used by many students and young people from different backgrounds and fields of study. It is not just a traditional library, but it is also a space where students and young professionals can showcase their talent and improve their academic skills.

One of the greatest programs at the Corner is the volunteer program of which I am part. Together with twenty other fellow volunteers, we believed that these programs and activities should be represented in a creative way. Therefore, we came up with the idea of creating a mural that would be a mirror for activities and programs, reading, socializing, presentations, information and the use of non-formal education in general.

We brainstormed many times about what we wanted the mural to look like. One of the volunteers suggested the idea of the honeycombs as a representation of the organized life, order, and hard work. These virtues are a characteristic of dedicated people who want to work towards a better future.

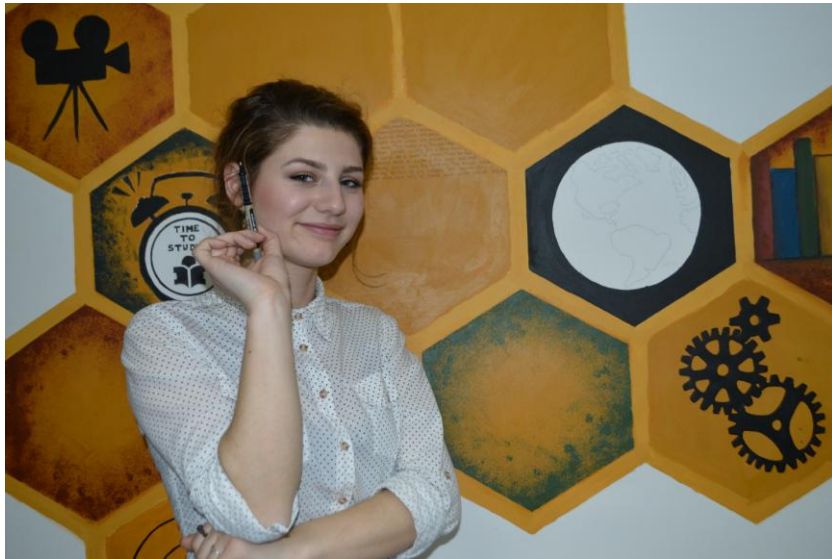
This mural is a way to remind people of the many paths to success and that hard work has its rewards.

The volunteers who participated in the process spent five weeks working on the mural. Once finished, the National Library of Kosova exhibited the mural in the program of the annual Library Week, an event which is organized in co-operation with the Embassy of the United States in Kosova.

We are very pleased that this mural is now a part of the American Corner in Prishtina, and it stands as a reminder for students and other users that education is one of the most powerful tools one can possess.

Following are pictures of the mural painting process and the unveiling.





Section VIII: Student Volunteerism

Throughout the academic year, students of the University of Pristina have had the opportunity to participate in the volunteer program at the American Corner Pristina. The program helps students to build skills in a variety of areas, enhance their CV, make new friends, and help the community. It is open to all students of all University of Pristina faculties. Currently, students from five faculties participate in the volunteer program: Philology, Philosophy, Law, Economics, and Political Science. This is one of the strongest programs offered at the American Corner Pristina. Following are some photos of a variety of projects student volunteers have planned and carried out this academic year.



Earth Day



Earth Day



Access Class in Gjilan



Business Trip



Team Building - Baking at Kate's Place



World Book Day



Peace Corps Class Visit



Christmas Class Visit



Volunteers Decorated for Christmas



Christmas Class Visit



Making Friendship Bracelets with Peace Corps Class



Access Class Visits the American Corner



Halloween



Halloween Decorations Made by Volunteers



Face Painting for Halloween



Halloween



Halloween Crew



Presentation on 2014 Young Writers Program



English Classes at the Municipal Library of Pristina



World Read Aloud Day 2015



Pastime Activity: Solving the Statue of Liberty Puzzle