
Illusions

I look around the classroom
and see others' faces. Some smile,
some purse their lips in acknowledgement. Pleasant
enough.

But would they listen? Would they care?
Oh, I guess so -- provided it wasn't deep, personal.
But why do I need help for trivial things?

I'm ALONE, you bastards!
God, I feel like just screaming out for help -- a hug
-- anything.

Uh-oh, no time. Here comes professionalism.... Mask
on.

'Uh-hum, Doctor Blimber, would you agree that A
should be B?'

'You're welcome.'

Sigh, I can't wait to cry again.

(Do you think you're the only one?)

No ... I guess not.

(So why all this?)

It hurts.

(Aren't others hurting?)

I don't know, I can't see through their masks.

(Have you tried to help?)

No, I usually smile or purse my lips in
acknowledgement.

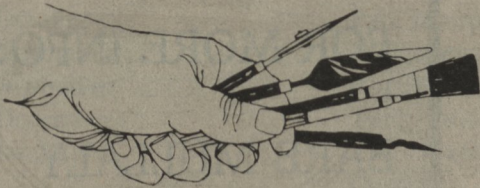
(Pleasant enough.)

I try. Now, are you going to help me or what?

(Look in the mirror, then drag your river.)

Tomorrow.

ME.



Loneliness and Friends

Both the short story and the poem talk about
loneliness. We are surrounded by friends every day.
We talk together, laugh together, and yet we feel so
alone in a world full of people.

Friends, we have so many of them. Some of them
are classify as good friends. Whenever we have
problems, and when we feel depressed, we go to our
friends for comfort, for support. But that doesn't
take our loneliness away. As for other people, we
can't even talk to them because they will put on
masks to hide their true selves. We accuse people
of doing that, but we put up facades ourselves too.

There is a barrier between our friends and ourselves.
Perhaps we don't trust each other enough to open
up. Maybe we are afraid of getting hurt if we show
our vulnerabilities to them. Whatever that barrier
is between us and our friends, it is causing us a
deep and unspoken pain.

Loneliness is one of the most painful of experiences.
We live our lives not knowing what we can do to
ease ourselves of this pain. Most people think that
there are no solutions to this problem, but there are
always ways of lessening the pain. We can lend a
listening ear, have trust and faith in our friends, and
love them for who they are.

If you are able to relate to loneliness and friends,
or if you have other types of experiences, you are
welcome to submit your creative works about your
particular aspects of life, since we have to live and
deal with life. Your stories should approximately
be 1000 words maximum in length. For legal
reasons, you must tell me your name and state if
you wish to remain anonymous. You can send your
submissions through the Vax account to GEM, or
you can drop by our office down in Main Building
and give them to me. Here's to a new beginning!

Kheng-Wee
Fiction Editor.