

Gabriel Alfven

Act 1

A game of Go is played,
Two mighty powers in clash,
The world Become their gameboard,
And was nearly turned to ash,

Siding with the fundamentalist police,
They donned the title world police,
Alliances made, Republics unmade,
From their ashes, came the Zealots,

But eneventually the world would know respite,
As the game that threatened the world,
The game was over,
And soon nothing more than an old fight,

Two sides broken, One with no strength,
The other with no direction,
Soon to succumb to corruption,

Buying the election, Driven by greed,
And to the people's abjection,
The winds of war would proceed,

Pieces reinforced, A war machine Born,
Soon the peace was reversed,
And to the game they return.

Comments of Gabriel on Act 1

I wrote a war poem back in high school criticizing the war on terror. This poem was written at a time when the War was rather unpopular, so it was hardly an unoriginal opinion. However, looking back at it as an adult, I was not really satisfied with the work. It was more edgy, and extremely naive. Striving to do better, I decided to rewrite it from scratch.

My goal with this newly rewritten poem was to take a look at the consequences of Imperialism. While using the contemporary events in the middle east as a case study, I know a lot more of History and politics than I did back then, so I could rewrite the whole thing, a lot more maturely. Furthermore, due to immigration, I have gotten to know people affected by hawkish foreign policy, people from Iraq, Iran, Kurdistan and many others.

I was planning on having 3 separate chapters. One concerning the cold war, one on the war on terror, and one dealing with the current issues surrounding ISIS. However, due to the fact that I didn't want to be preachy, I found it very difficult to continue, in the later acts. Due to not wanting to mention any players or agents by name, to avoid a risk of moving the focus away from the concepts I wanted to explore, I did manage to finish over half of the second act. A few remaining parts got difficult to discuss however.

My Worst Biking Lesson

Splinters carry a small moral,
But sometimes it can be hard to understand,
Sometimes they can bring fear,
At other times hatred.

Death and loss are normal,
The causes can be big or small,
But size does not explain anything at all
Thinking of it can be like Halloween,
Sinking into it rather than dreams.

Quickly running down the hill,
Never slowing down with will,
Almost hit by a car of speed,
Hitting the stone of deed,
Sitting person into the welkin,
Falling into the grass weeping.


This splinter,
Was almost like a dreadful winter,
It was in a summer,
In a tiny village,
Rats carry diseases,
Cars carry nightmares.

Gabriel's reflection on My Worst Biking Lesson

For English class we had an assignment to write on a splinter or a bad memory. In this case, I decided to pick an experience that could have killed me.

It was based on a biking lesson I had when I was somewhere between the ages 5-7. I was being taught how to break, but the moving down a large hill had me effectively petrified, and I couldn't move, let alone stop the bike. As a result, I kept going down the hill, into a fairly active road. There hill led to a road where there was quite a bit of traffic, and just as I drove by a car ran past, had I been a few seconds later I would most likely have been hit by the car. Instead, I hit a stone, knocking me off the bike. I was hurt, but I was alive. Hitting this stone made me land midway between 2 roads, it possibly saved my life.

The poem had 2 iterations. The first iteration was not very good, it was slow and overall lacked pacing. I was told to rewrite some parts of it. So I did. Needless to say, this was definitely for the better. As the pace of the poem was now akin to how I rode down the hill. Starting slowly and accelerating with each line until the sudden stop. This went well in hand with the experience I had.



Gabriel's thoughts on the logo he designed for 2006 Sports Tournament of his high school

"I could use mathematical equations to predict where the ball would land. Then I looked up active nations and put as many as I could on the volleyball"



"I'm studying software engineering, in hopes of becoming an engineer, to develop technology to improve people's lives. In particular, I am interested in developing simulations. That can hopefully see some academic use".

Gabriel Alfven, 25
Karlskrona, Sweden

Photography by Marzook



Ruins of Panam City, Sonargaon, Bangladesh



Sonargaon, Bangladesh



Crabs at Water World, Bangkok, Thailand



Masudul Iman Rizvee (Marzook), 15

Dhaka, Bangladesh

Marzook is an accomplished photographer, who showcased his work at the young age of 14 years old, at a photography exhibition 'The World Through the Eyes of Marzook', at the prestigious Shilpakala Academy in Bangladesh. He first started taking photos at the age of 7 and enjoys capturing images of the different colours of nature, animals, the beach, his family and friends. His unique photography style has currently earned him a position as the unofficial photographer of his school.

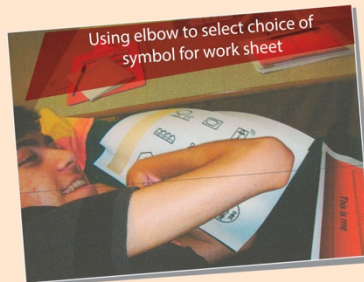


Murtaza Raza, 20
Abu Dhabi, UAE

Yo my name is Zat, I am a normal person living in a
abnormal body
life is like an experiment to me where I try different things
and see what works.
like making my own music, writing songs, drawing comic
cartoons and having fun.
I am in NYUAD I don't know why I just am
I am still shocked to get in university
i didnt plan it!!!!!! Someone else did!!!
I just know I love life
I like to play ps4 and work on my laptop
I am a songwriter and my songs are about
revolutionary subjects
my inspiration is revolutionary artist like
immortal technique and
k rino, and lowkey and Bob Marley and all revolutionary
historical black people
I am more into under ground rap instead of radio station crap
20 years in uk easy simple education, loved it there with so
many friends.
I know how you may feel about someone
like me who finds it hard to talk and walk
but don't give up just yet
even though times get hard
don't give up on life
keep your mind open
there is more information on the computer then the news!
i dont ever give up, I keep going
i love being myself life is a gift
experiment with your life



Changing the tyre



Using elbow to select choice of
symbol for work sheet



Enjoying Eid with family



Fun in the snow



Archery



Kayaking



Greek dancing



Fishing

your a ripoff of me i will
hammer you down
because i am mc hammer this is mc hammer
so watch out
mc poly in da house you
can't catch this

who is the pretty
poly
i am

Nayeem's passion for horses earned him awards



Nayeem Samad, 30

London, UK

While Nayeem's interests include the arts, sculpture and he is a remarkable artist, his true passion lies in horse-back riding. For the last fourteen years he has been taking riding lessons and today he is an accomplished rider, riding with the St. Albans Special Olympics Team and also participates in the Special Olympics Great Britain Equestrian Competition. In 2013 he won bronze medal in the National Equestrian competition - Special Olympics Great Britain and in 2016, he won gold medal in the regional competition. Staying true to his passion, Nayeem studied a Stable Management course and passed his Diploma in level one Equine Studies with merit from the Oakland College St. Albans in England.



Nayeem the painter



Nayeem the sculptor



Poshla on the catwalk with a professional model attired in outfits designed by her.
Fashion Parade organized by Autism Welfare Foundation April, 2016

Adiba Ibnat Poshla, 18
Dhaka, Bangladesh

Poshla is a young adult whose creativity knows no bounds. She is an exceptional artist, whose work has been featured in Eid greeting cards handed out by the Honorable Prime Minister of Bangladesh. Poshla has also won first place in the Berger Young Painter's Art Competition three times and her work has been featured in official calendars, diaries, magazines of esteemed organizations. Recently, she has also participated in a fashion show and confidently walked down the runway, wearing a saree she designed herself !

Poshla's creativity



Victory celebration by Bangladesh Cricket Team depicted in Poshla's painting



