

ENGLISH BREAK

17th Edition
November 2020

YOU WILL READ:

- 24 Seconds of Silence
- Corona Virus: Long-term Environmental Hazards
- Before Moving On
- Langeauty Lounge

English Break

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Arezoo Izadi
Literature Undergraduate

EDITORIAL

As the hands of the clock are racing, and the time flying, we are met with yet another season of being confined in our homes in these moments of sheer uncertainty. By now we have started to warm up to the, certainly not pleasant, idea that what was some bizarre catastrophe months ago is now our new normal.

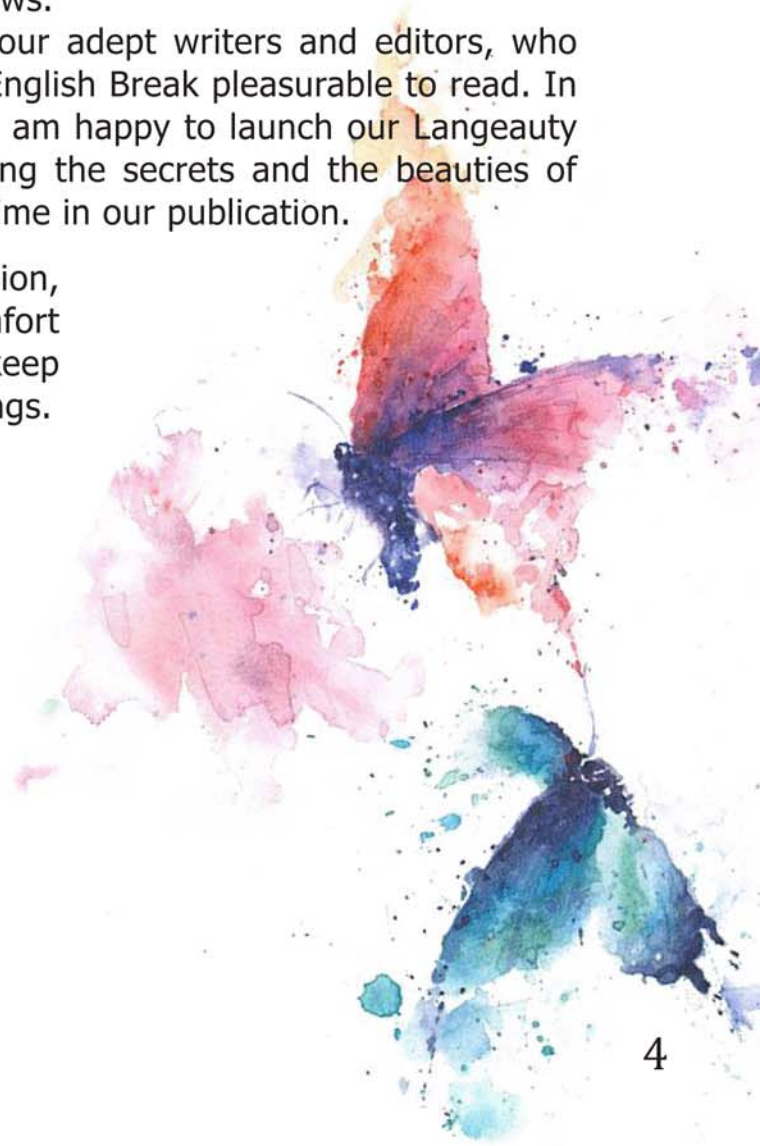
In the past few months we have struggled and fought through our hatches, and have tried our best to flutter in this confused state of novel normalcy, with hope being all that is left.

Now that we are in an unfinished odyssey with an invisible denouement, we have come together- as a new team- to explore in our endeavor to make sense of what has and will become our new normal. Therefore, in union, we've observed our situation with our own interpretations, alluring creative pieces and reviews.

This has been made possible thanks to our adept writers and editors, who worked tirelessly to make this edition of English Break pleasurable to read. In addition, as the new Managing Director, I am happy to launch our Langeauty Lounge section where we will be exploring the secrets and the beauties of language for the very first time in our publication.

Although stuck in uncertainty and confusion, we hope to have brought you some comfort throughout our pages. Do not forget to keep the hope, and continue to flutter your wings.

Arezoo Izadi,
Managing Director





Raha Fazlollahei
Literature Undergraduate

24 Seconds of Silence

You closed those flickering embers
Your beating forest nothing but ambers
Your snow-crusted hands farewellled
Your last true diamond upwelled

My brisk breath touched your wet fire
My eyes didn't believe the loss of my desire
My ardent lips danced on your dark lips
My moon had set but I waited for the last kiss

That silence of yours was stars before sun
Impossible like shooting with an empty gun
I whispered to your ear "say something"
That silence confused me and said nothing

I smiled at your tight silent face
I laughed at our last shadowy embrace
Together, we always wanted to fly to the eternity
How could you alone unroll the wings with vanity?

My first fake diamond slid down the chin
Couldn't keep them behind, I confessed my sin
I believed you were flying far away from me
And the good god would never forgive me

Young tears aged in my ocean eye
Tidal waves of tears drowned the sky
I clawed my ocean as if it was a harp
Screams shattered my throat, empty but sharp

The air burned my lungs
The sun blazed my wings
My heart as silent as you
My blood as still as you

Darkness conquered my weeping soul
Gloom embraced and swallowed it whole
The feelings were lost in the nothingness
Paralyzed and numb, I failed the oneness

Sought you in every maze of my mind
Tried to remember you but hard to find
Our celestial love reminded me of your name
I shouted the name till my voice went lame

The eyes yearned for your sweet shy smile
How many times I'd ignored it with sheer bile
The ears longed for your silver honest melody
I shouldn't have thought you were just somebody

I waited in the void of stars near the moon
Imagined you on every cloud till the noon
You'd promised me to meet me there
At the last moment of your life here

Every blow of wind smelled of your scent
Any song appeared to my ears as lament
I saw you in every crystal drop of rain
I heard you from every cry of pain

You fled our dream and gave me a nightmare
Since then even the radiant sun offers me daymare
All the promising smiles you'd brought to my heart
Are just a painting of deathlike cry known as art

Before it's flight, time cast a spell on my memories
Our once breathing moments are just some sad stories
Now you're waves of ocean, void of stars, dusts of air
Now you're the only memory from this world of despair.

24 seconds of silence then I believed you were gone
24 years of lostness yet I still found none

R.F.AZA



Golnaz Fazel
Literature Undergraduate

A Dream or a Dream?

I don't know how long I've been staring at myself in the small, cobwebbed mirror. I don't even remember walking into the bathroom to stand in front of it. I'm smiling, clenching my jaw so hard I fear my teeth might crack, though it wouldn't matter if they did, because Mother would always love me. That's what the hunched man with the blond wig has been drilling into my brain for... Water drops from the tap. Trickle, Trickle, Trickle, how long have I been here? My eyes, they are filled with hot sand. I should not let the wave wash it away.

Father and Brother wouldn't like that.

Mother's unnaturally squeaky voice makes me pierce the flesh of my palms to keep from jumping out of my skin. They wouldn't like that either.

"There you are." When had he walked in?

I observe him through the mirror as he caresses the back of my head, which feels like it's been filled with lead. His bright smile and painted lips so in contrast with his dark stubble, like a blooming rose bush in a field of scorched wheat. I turn to him, the agony barely at bay, my answering smile all but a crumbling castle of dull white bricks. He wears the worn-out clothes of Father and Brother, but I suppose the sunflower-patterned apron is there to make up for it. A desperate attempt at femininity. "What have you been doing in here for so long?" He expresses his curiosity in a manner that conveys he's humouring me. I shrug, hoping he doesn't catch the tremor in my shoulders. I'm afraid that if I utter a sound, I will choke on my sobs and drown in my tears, and in Father's fists after, while Brother cheers.

Mother tucks strands of oily hair behind my ears, the callused fingertips of his scarred hands surprisingly gentle.

"Well, come along now. Your father and brother are waiting at the dinner table." I swallow the jagged shard of glass in my throat, "Yes, Mother." Calling him that leaves a bad taste in my mouth. ~~~ We step into the cavernous kitchen. The single lamp hanging above the round table illuminates the stark features of Father and Brother, who are lounging in wooden chairs with no back legs. The chipped bowl before me is filled with greyish sludge. My seat is facing Father's, his gaze levelled on me, eyes the colour of rotting squash in the dim light. The clanking of his yellowed teeth against the bent tines of the fork ricochets on

my nerves.

Moving some lentils around, I look back down at my stew. I know it's infused with some hypnotic drug. This is prior knowledge, though I can't recall ever learning of it, and it just makes me want to devour my meal all the more voraciously.

When I am just one bite away from cleaning my bowl, Father abruptly commands, "Put down your spoon." It is the greatest effort to swallow the bite I already have in my mouth before complying. "Let me see your palms." The words make my stomach do a somersault. And I feel everything rushing back to the surface, but I clamp down on it. I need to go to sleep.

My fingers are twigs in a windy night as I raise my hands, palms forward. His Adam's apple bobs, "Now what are those, Petal?" I take a peek through the corner of my eye, fearing that if I look away too long, he'll pounce. But that quick peek is enough for my heart to turn into a stone and drop into my stomach; a neat row of bloody crescent moons adorns my palm, deeper than I had cared to think. I've looked away too long. Father's seat is empty, and now so is mine, I realize as my skull rings like a bell in my ears.

He is a looming shadow above me, "What is the meaning of this? Ha Petal? Are you not happy to be with your family?" All words flee from me. I shake my head, crawling away, the icy tiles taking away my mobility. His steps sound. Come on go to sleep.

The releasing of a belt. Please go to sleep!

His shadow shifts, then Brother's excited gasp, "With the buckle, fath..." I knock my forehead against the floor as hard as I can.

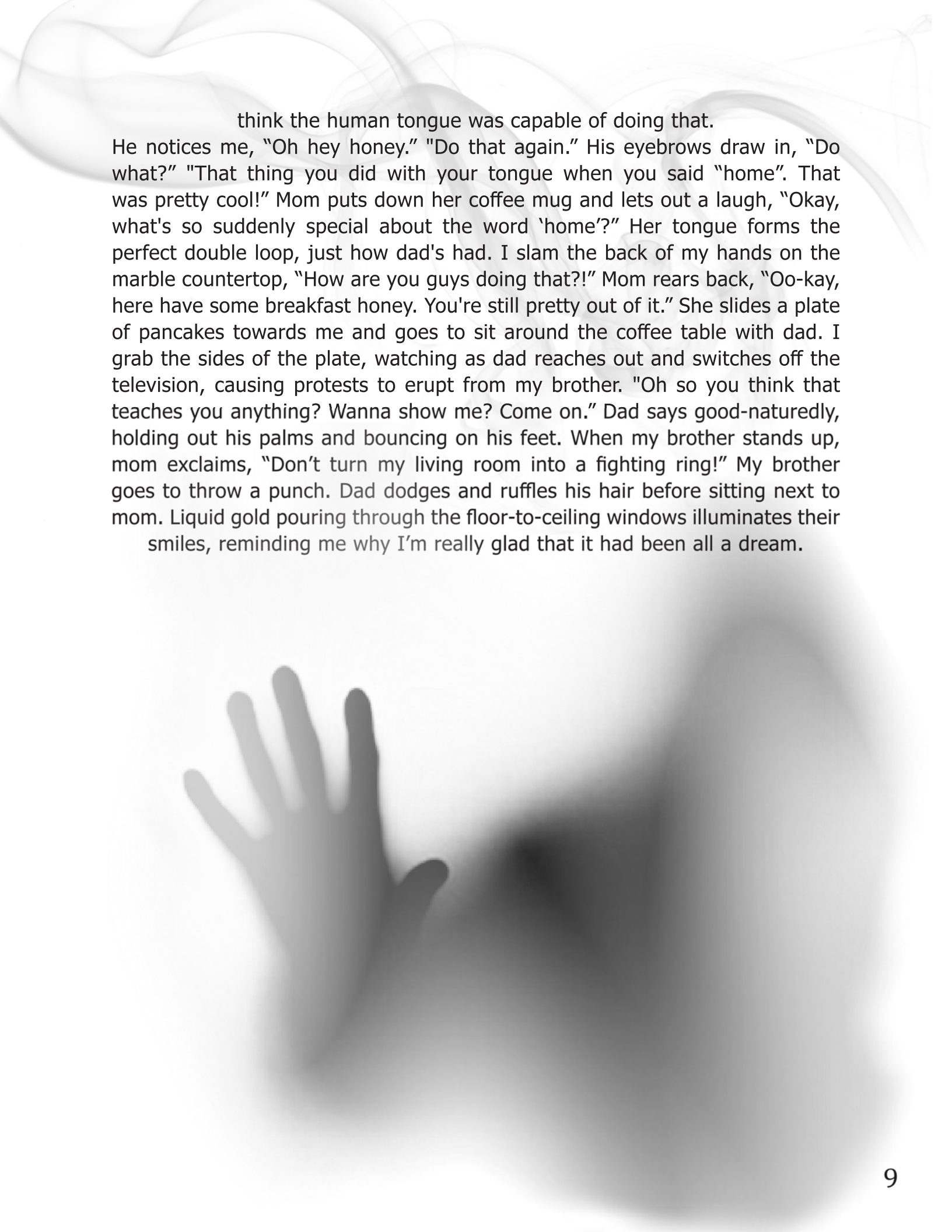
The suffocating heat of my quilt makes me struggle like a netted fish. After a moment I stop, panting. I'm alright, I'm safe. It was just a dream.

~~~ Shouts, grunts, and pounding fists greet me as I walk down the stairs. My little brother's sitting in front of the TV, chubby hands clutching the PS4 controller like a life force. Mom and dad are standing on either side of the kitchen counter. "I don't like it when he sits to play that game first thing in the morning. I wish you hadn't bought it, it's pretty violent." I hear mom say as I approach them, glancing at the TV screen to see the close-up of a man with butterscotch eyes, lineaments pronounced by fury, blood-stained knuckles raised in a fist.

I look away.

"He's going through a phase. It happens when you're an adolescent in quarantine." I reach dad's side, and I blink. Once. Twice. An amused half-smile making its way onto my lips. He had formed what seemed to be a perfect cross-over double loop with his tongue when he pronounced the O in "home". It was pretty subtle but I somehow caught it. I had no idea he could do that. I didn't





think the human tongue was capable of doing that. He notices me, "Oh hey honey." "Do that again." His eyebrows draw in, "Do what?" "That thing you did with your tongue when you said "home". That was pretty cool!" Mom puts down her coffee mug and lets out a laugh, "Okay, what's so suddenly special about the word 'home'?" Her tongue forms the perfect double loop, just how dad's had. I slam the back of my hands on the marble countertop, "How are you guys doing that?!" Mom rears back, "Oo-kay, here have some breakfast honey. You're still pretty out of it." She slides a plate of pancakes towards me and goes to sit around the coffee table with dad. I grab the sides of the plate, watching as dad reaches out and switches off the television, causing protests to erupt from my brother. "Oh so you think that teaches you anything? Wanna show me? Come on." Dad says good-naturedly, holding out his palms and bouncing on his feet. When my brother stands up, mom exclaims, "Don't turn my living room into a fighting ring!" My brother goes to throw a punch. Dad dodges and ruffles his hair before sitting next to mom. Liquid gold pouring through the floor-to-ceiling windows illuminates their smiles, reminding me why I'm really glad that it had been all a dream.





**Kimia Goodarzi**  
Literature Undergraduate

# Code Switching

Out of innumerable innate capabilities of the brain, multilingualism is one of the most remarkable ones. Aside from its own mind-blowing attributes, there are some sub-talents that come along with this linguistic phenomenon. Code switching is one of them that we're going to discuss rather briefly and its whats, whys and hows in this essay. CS ne? (What is CS?) What are its different types? Why does it happen ve kimler için (for whom) does it happen?

If you're a multilingual, o zaman (then) you probably know some approximate answers for the questions above. Neyse (anyway), let's start!

---

Code switching or CS is a linguistic phenomenon and also one of the side effects of multilingualism. In simple terms, it is referred to a situation in which a person uses two or more languages, dialects or vocal varieties in a single sentence or during a conversation with others. It being in written form or used in speech makes no difference.

## What are the different types of CS?

There are mainly three types of code switching:

- 1) Inter-sentential
- 2) Intra-sentential
- 3) Extra-sentential or Tag Switching



### Inter-sentential Code Switching

Happens at the sentence level. In other words, a word or phrase at the beginning or the end of a sentence is written, said or pronounced in another language.

For example:

Eğer seni seviyorsa, she'll come back again. (If she loves you, ....)

**Turkish+English**

If you cared enough, peşinden gidecekti. (...., you would have gone after her)

**English+Turkish**

Leave me alone, lütfen. (please)

**English+Turkish**

Ramona is really talented when it comes to painting, di mi? (...., isn't she?)

**English+Turkish**

I'm not diagnosed with Corona! It's a simple cold!

\*If you're wondering what is the shift in the last sentence, read it again but this time try to pronounce "Corona" in French

:)



## Intra-Sentential

In this type of code switching, CS "happens in the middle of a sentence without any interruptions or pauses. The speaker is often unaware of the switch between languages."

For example:

The exam was so hard that I'm sure I'd lose many points; ama I couldn't cheat.

ama = but

**Turkish**

Je veux faire un pasta pour son anniversaire.

Pasta = cake

**Turkish**

Yalanlar değil, insan untold gerçeklerden daha fazla üzülür.

**English**

## Extra-sentential Code Switching (Tag Switching)

A subcategory of the first group occurs when the tag question is written or said using another language.

For example:

I'm not selling this house, anladın mı?

Anladın mı = فهمیدی؟ / متوجه شدی؟  
**Turkish**

Denizi bak! Ne kadar güzel! Isn't it?

## Why does CS happen ve kimler için does it happen?

Multilinguals are the prime group who experience code switching. However, CS can happen in a monolingual environment as well. Many reasons have been recorded for this phenomenon and we're going to take a look at some of them.

In some situations, code switching happens because one of the partners involved in a form of communication is not knowledgeable enough in that specific language; especially if they're foreign language learners and their mother tongue is some langue (language) totally different from what is being used. There are many such examples in English classrooms in Iran when the learner frustrated from her efforts to form a sentence in the target language asks the instructor:

" Teacher? I am teshne. Mishe beram out?"

Although CS is often intertwined with multilingualism, it may arise in a monolingual environment as well. We can draw examples from all the professions which have their own particular set of words or jargons.

I'm sure that you've all at least heard of Grey's Anatomy. In a scene from S02E09, George O'Malley who is an intern at Seattle Grace Hospital is taken by his father and two brothers to a hunting trip on Thanksgiving.



There, a misunderstanding bubbles up while they're waiting for the turkey to show up:

George having been successful in an onerous surgery by himself, (remember the elevator, the power going out ve (and) Alex and George getting stuck there with a police officer and a bullet in his heart?) tries to explain what he's accomplished for his father and two brothers. They, however, can't puzzle out most of what he says and we see George hot under the collar after they think of him as a person only watching medical procedures and not doing anything himself. The reason why they couldn't grasp the significance of what George had done is code switching:) Nasil? (How?)

When you switch into jargons, you and your partner in that conversation or, generally speaking, that form of communication need to share some background information related to the subject of that discussion. His father and brothers had no idea what those medical jargons meant and that's why George's attempt to communicate using those particular words failed. On the other hand, George actually had to use code switching otherwise he couldn't talk about that event at all. Jargons are usually put into service instead of long definitions of a particular process or procedure in a particular field so somehow we're forced to code switch when it comes to technical terms.

At times, you code switch because your multilingual brain which has mastered more than one equivalent for a single word or concept keeps telling you that the Turkish equivalent of باشه (Tamam) for example is better than the Persian one in that specific situation.

On occasions, it sounds way easier to express some feelings or thoughts in a particular langue (language) than in your native language. For instance, when I get angry, happy or depressed, it's way easier for me to express my anger, happiness or depression in Turkish rather than in Persian or English. For academic use I feel more comfortable with English and for daily communication I find myself at utmost comfort using Persian. Ayrıca, it avoids those looks, if you know what I mean!

Many parents feel worried when their bilingual or multilingual children start using multiple languages in their sentences and think it's a sign of confusion. However, both in children and adults, it's a clear nod to this fact that they're actually learning that/ those language(s). Thus, to make a long essay short, I believe that code switching is an astonishing natural phenomenon about which no one should feel abashed. On the other hand, we should be proud of it!





Anahita Zarabian  
Literature Undergraduate

# CORONA VIRUS: THE LONGTERM ENVIRONMENTAL HAZARDS

Ever since creation, the human race has deemed itself fully privileged in exploiting all mercifully granted to it. The catastrophic outcomes of such ill-treatment have befallen us once again; this time in the gruesome circumstances of a pandemic sparing no one. Not only is everyone in a state of constant health hazard, but the inevitable, forthcoming pitfalls are also an impending threat to our survival.

8 month ago, when the virus had just begun its deadly march, confining us to the safety of our homes, the scientists were more than delighted to discover that the environment was in a state of a self-healing process. The lockdown mode meant a sharp decrease in industrial activities as well as greenhouse gas emissions, thus resulting in an improvement of air quality. It was even confirmed that the hole in the ozone layer was on the mend. However, the elation was short-lived since it was soon brought to light that the environmental advantages of the Covid-19 pandemic were considerably outweighed by its drawbacks.



With thousands of patients being hospitalized every day, there is a rise in the amount of medical waste produced. According to statistics, the medical waste generated in Tehran has been increased to an average of 80-110 tons per day which suggests a %17.6-61.8% rise during the pandemic. Considering the fact that medical waste is not recycled, the long-term effects of all this buried waste is yet to be determined.

These days, hospitals and healthcare centers are not the only generators of medical waste. Covid-19 mandates us to use face masks and plastic gloves to protect ourselves against the infection. Waste produced in households is



also a growing concern for reasons beyond the impotence of recycling.`

The concern stems from the fact that the highly dangerous waste from the domestic consumption of masks and gloves is not properly disposed of, and consequently, results in infecting a larger scale of the population. Needless to say that more hospitalization means more medical waste and the endless cycle will continue polluting the environment to the point of no return.

Some believe the pandemic to be mother-nature's revenge on mankind; others say it is a curse. However, if examined closely, it is still we who continue harming the world we were mercifully granted. The pandemic is a mere reminder of the verse in Quran, "Most surely, man is in loss."



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Rume, T., & Islam, S. (2020, September). Environmental effects of COVID-19 pandemic and potential strategies of sustainability. Retrieved October 31, 2020, from <https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC7498239/>



**Farkhonde Shabani**  
**Literature Undergraduate**



## **E-Learning**

# **A Student's Experience**

As a student, my experience with online classes during the Coronavirus pandemic is highly positive. Indubitably, online classes are eminently practical to save time to study more and conserve energy by eliminating the daily commute on overcrowded trains. The only drawback from my point of view is missing my university friends, whom I have not seen for a long time.

To be honest, I feel extremely comfortable taking online classes. Before the beginning of lock down, I was obliged to get up at 4.30 in the morning. The three-hour interval between my house and university was passed in densely crowded trains with the noisy clamor of salespeople in the subway. Unfortunately, the condition got considerably worse with enduring the inconvenience of standing the whole way, on my way back home. Hence, my weary body and the lost hours on way hindered me from doing my next day's assignments properly. Fortunately, distant education has facilitated the ground to have access to the classes in less than two minutes. Since no time is spent on the way to university, there is adequate time to study more.

Unlike me, there are some students who think E-learning courses are not at all fruitful. They firmly believe that this sudden switch to 100% online teaching has made them overwhelmed and stressed due to poor internet connection, especially for students in

rural areas. Furthermore, In the physical classroom, their focus was only on the course which was taught. However, in online learning, they have to also focus on the availability and efficiency of the required gadgets including headphones and reliable connections which lead to their distraction. Nevertheless, I fathom out that the recorded videos by professors can assist students who don't have a stable connection to have access to materials easily. In fact, online training offers the golden opportunity of re-watching the recording of the class which was previously impossible in traditional classes.

Although in terms of learning I am adapted to the online teaching idea, there are numerous memories which are missed. I miss the face-to-face communication with my friends. I miss the days which we sat in the class without the fear of being diagnosed with any disease. I miss the moments which gave us a real belly laugh in the grass ground of university. I miss the days which we went to Enqelab Square to buy the books of the new semester all together. To re-experience all these precious memories nothing can be done except waiting until back to normal.

In general, saving time to study, reducing the severe mental and physical fatigues are the very positive conditions which COVID-19 has presented to us, but has held the marvelous moments of our friendships as a hostage instead.





Fateme Shirazian  
Literature Undergraduate

## A Critical Review:



# AS I LAY DYING

When trying to choose a writer to read some books from, William Faulkner might not be the easiest one to start with. His books might be seen as a bit intimidating because they have a reputation for being innocuous and having confusing dialect that can make them hard to understand. As expected from a modernist author, "As I Lay Dying" falls on the more challenging side of the novels spectrum to read. Published in 1930, it is one of the many novels that Faulkner set in the fictional Yoknapatawpha County, Miss., U.S.

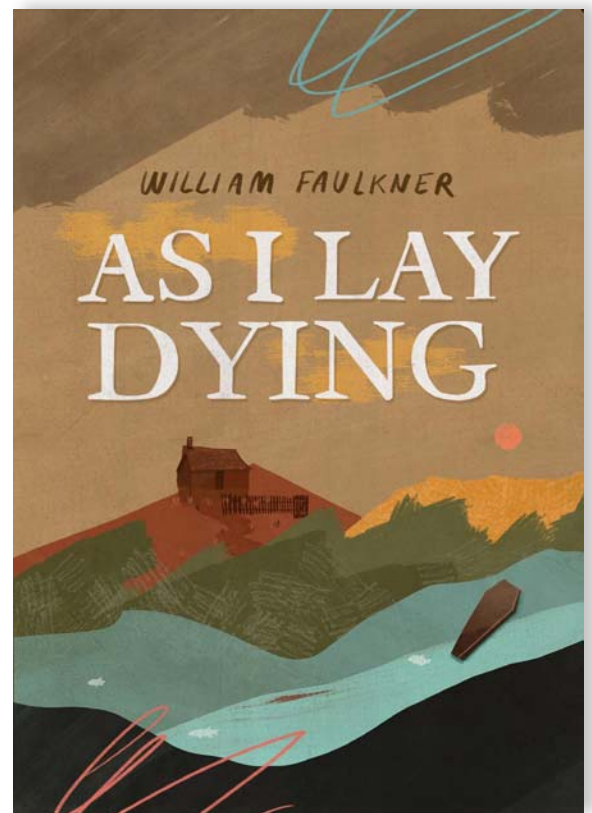
Viewed as a literary experiment in modernist techniques, it is also considered as a novel that inspects its character's mind, making it a work of extensive psychological depth. Faulkner uses different styles of narrations used by fifteen different narrators depicting the story in interior monologues. Events are also represented in fragmented and non-chronological order. The story follows the Bundrens during and after the death of the family matriarch, Addie Bundren, as the family gets together to fulfill her controversial wish which is to be buried by her kinfolks side in another place in South (Jefferson county) and go back to her roots instead of a few miles away from her own husband and children.

The stellar writing of the author can be seen in the vivid portrayal of the grief of the Bundren family which gives the reader the opportunity to see how differently the members of one family would react to one common grief while, at the same time, it leaves different impacts on each one of them. The visceral and grotesque quality of Faulkner's writing by which lots of gross physical ties of various situations taking place were shown, is something really enthralling as depicted in this line:

"He looks out over the land, awry-haired, mouthing the snuff slowly against, his gums "

Another great feature regarding the story is that we do get different perspectives outside of the Bundren family as well, such as the neighbors that they come into contact with in town, by giving a collection of subjective points of views that have bits and pieces of factual observations in them, Faulkner puts the reader in an omniscient position to get a good grasp of the situation by, for example, evaluating what people think of this decision ( the transition of Addie's rotten dead body which is not very well received by the people ) versus what Bundrens themselves perceive it to be. Contrary to what that might be implied in the first encounter with the narration, by doing so Faulkner very slyly makes the reader have an objective perspective on each character. To further understand, one has to go over

the prologue. After a few chapters there comes a very weak Addie laying on her deathbed, propped up so she can look outside the window. Now one might think that she is looking out to see a calming scene to give her some serenity before she departs but it is not quite like that. The view she gets to see is that of her eldest son Cash who is sawing away and gilding her coffin ( which is actually what she had asked for ) as he strangely shows it off to check whether she likes it or not. On the other hand, we are faced with Cash's brother named Jewel who is like a fireball of action. Despite his crude behaviors, his affection towards Addie makes him look like the more sensible one as he talks about how he finds it strange and hates the fact that Cash is making the coffin with her watching. Interestingly, he is the only one who even addressed it as an abnormal matter. Further into the story, we get to find out he is the illegitimate son of Addie whom she loves more than the



rest of her children from the loveless marriage with Anse. Throughout the book, there are more chapters from Jewel's perspective. That could be because of the fact that he wears his heart on his sleeve and his internal dialogue is actually his external dialogue. On the other hand, characters like Vardaman (the youngest brother) don't have much to offer when it comes to making clarification by portraying the situation as his chapters would not make the most sense on occasions.

With that in mind, these contrasts are not limited to just Cash and Jewel, in fact, all of the different perspectives had such unique voices that correlated with their experience and personalities which help the reader to understand each character better. But as most who have read the book would presume, the main focus is going to be on Jewel, Darl, and Dewey dell.

As opposed to Jewel who is associated with his horse and energy, there is the anti-hero Darl, who always refers to Jewel with the adjective "wooden" that can allude to the broken brotherhood between the two. Working as a school teacher who enjoyed whipping her students, Addie was not the most loving mother in the first place. It could be where it all stemmed from, because of the jealousy he felt towards Jewel for the affection he received from their mother and Jewel's obsession over her. The aforementioned association leads us to another interesting aspect of this novel. In the narration, many of the characters have these extended metaphors or elements which have meanings peculiar to each person that they anthropomorphize and identify with as an extension of themselves while epitomizing the use of modernist language. For instance, Vardaman keeps referring to a fish that he has caught and killed, as his mother. In other words, he employs it as a medium to understand what is happening to her. These associated elements actually help them process their grief and paves a way for the reader to see the viewpoint of a ten-year-old boy on life and death as constituents of the cycle of existence. This atypical symbolism and imagery reveal more about the characters than if they were to straightforwardly articulate their feelings by simple



words, as it is also mentioned by Addie:

"...words are no good; that words don't ever fit even what they are trying to say at



Another aspect which is evident in "As I Lay Dying", is the matter of time not always being linear, through Darl's monologues one can distinguish the concept of time and space and acknowledge that their differences also become of common nature. Darl's consciousness is a fluid body that leaps over the barriers that the other members of the family share within their thoughts. In addition to being poetic in narration, it seems like Darl possesses some extraordinary gift of intuition which allows him to foreshadow events and read other characters' minds. This clairvoyance could be another reason all the members of the family including Jewel and Dewey Dell are not really fond of him. He knows much more than what they would like. With that being said, one paragraph that the reader can find that particular quality of time and space so distinctly illustrated is:

"It is as though the space between us were time: an irrevocable quality. It is as though time, no longer running straight before us in a diminishing line, now runs parallel between us like a looping string, the distance being the doubling accretion of the thread and not the interval between."

In the end, when reading this novel one will be faced with the duality of the possibilities of the crucial part of the story; is it about the motivation behind Addie's last wish of being buried by her kinfolds in Jefferson, or her complex relationship with her husband and children? to reach to a possible answer one must keep in mind the fact that the relationships within this family don't have firm pillars and for the most part are not based on mutual love. So it might not be hard to assume the core motive behind their rush for getting to Jefferson is not actually for carrying out Addie's wish, but the fact that everyone would gain something in doing so. That something would be a new pair of teeth for Anse, who marries another woman right after putting Addie into her grave; and Dewey dell who wants to get an abortion there after conceiving an illegitimate baby. Nonetheless, by Addie's death, this dysfunctional family becomes even more vulnerable and broken.

There are many opinions regarding "As I Lay Dying", each deducing different perceptions of what Faulkner would've had wanted to entail in this novel. But for the first step to reliving and experiencing what he had envisioned in mind, one has to realize that as the reader "[he] is given a bigger role to play. To gain a certain level of understanding this complexity, he has to engage himself in the activity of the novel faithfully, and reliability of the expressions of different characters on the same event".





Sanam Azimipour  
Literature Undergraduate

## Life After Corona: The Goal of the Virus

Yet, the question that keeps coming back to me is this: what is this thing and why is it like this? Let's, for a minute, forget all the conspiratorial theories claiming that covid-19 is man-made, and assume that it's a work of nature. We all know all that happens in nature is in response to our actions. So, what have we done that has made the nature do this to us? Why do we need to stay in quarantine? Why do we need to stay away from large crowds? Why is direct human contact dangerous?

I think the nature is showing us the exact thing we have been doing to ourselves in a clearer light. We have been talking of human rights, peace and beauty, yet, we also have been raging wars, been cruel and unkind, been unforgiving and showing off; dismissing the poor and

To begin with, I believe there is no *after*. There is only *before*, there is a *during the summit*, but no *after*. The history has proven that an infection like this, would never cease to exist. We, humans, will adapt to it because that is what we do, either through a medical miracle or a way to live in harmony with this virus. Anything that we need to survive, which corona has taken from us, will be somehow modified or replaced.

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the unfortunate by standing in long lines of fancy, expensive restaurants, but pretending to care for them with meaningless likes on social media pictures.

I believe the only way any of it would change for the better is like the way a diet works, and that is a *change in lifestyle: a worldwide* lifestyle change. Humans need a diet for their actions. What we need to do more is helping one another, loving one another, consuming less, producing more, living in greater harmony with nature. We need a diet of industry to survive it all, because as right now, it seems the more we keep going, the worse it gets, and the reason for that is the fact that nothing in us ever changes. We keep playing our cruel games and I believe, putting a stop to those cruel games, is the aim of nature.





**Fateme Sadhezari**  
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CONTAGION



## A Prediction of the Covid-19 World



Every country around the world is struggling with a pandemic which kills a lot of people every day. People raid the stores taking whatever they can. There are long lines for pharmacies and absolute chaos in societies. People lose their jobs and the economy is facing serious problems. Governments and health organizations are incapable of controlling the situation and the only way to save you and your family is to stay at home, in quarantine. It is all similar to our circumstances nowadays, or let's say it is the plot of a movie produced in 2011 narrating the story of 2020. The writer sounds like Nostradamus. Don't you think so?

Contagion was directed by Steven Soderbergh and produced by MichealShamberg, Stacy Sher, and Gregory Jacobs in 2011 with a budget of 60 million USD, and a considerable box office of about 136.5 million USD. The story was written by Scott Z. Burns who was inspired by the 2002-2004 SARS outbreak and the 2009 flu pandemic. Contagion has received 6.7/10

in IMDb and 85% in Rotten Tomatoes. It was admired by the critics and well received by the scientists because of the accuracy of the scientific facts used in the movie. Contagion was well received by people at the time and it has been watched by many around the globe since the Covid-19 pandemic started.

The story starts with the death of Beth Emhoff and her son after coming back from a trip to Hong Kong due to a novel virus called MEV-1 which started from China and spread around the world by infected people's sputum and consequently, the air infected by their breathing. People die around the world since governments and health organizations are incapable of controlling and solving the problem. Everyone is looking forward to the vaccine being made by scientists to save the world.

There are similarities between the plot and the present circumstances caused by Covid-19. The first and most interesting point is the fact that both viruses took



root in China and were transmitted to human beings by bats. The next point is about the way the virus spreads and infects people, plus the symptoms of the virus which are fever, coughing, and difficulty breathing. There is a lot of exaggeration in the portrayal of the movie which could scare you in 2011, but right now, it somehow seems normal that people are all trapped in their houses and there is no way to save them in the hospitals, and there is not any certain or effective vaccine for it in the world.



We shouldn't ignore the important role of the medical workers who are the real soldiers of the war with every pandemic. Bravery, sacrifice, and the endeavor of these heroes, who should be admired by other people, is pictured as beautiful as possible in Contagion, and I'm sure it will attract every person who watches this movie. There is an amazing scene where doctor Erin Mears, who is portrayed by Kate Winslet, gave her blanket to another patient while she was dying because of the virus.

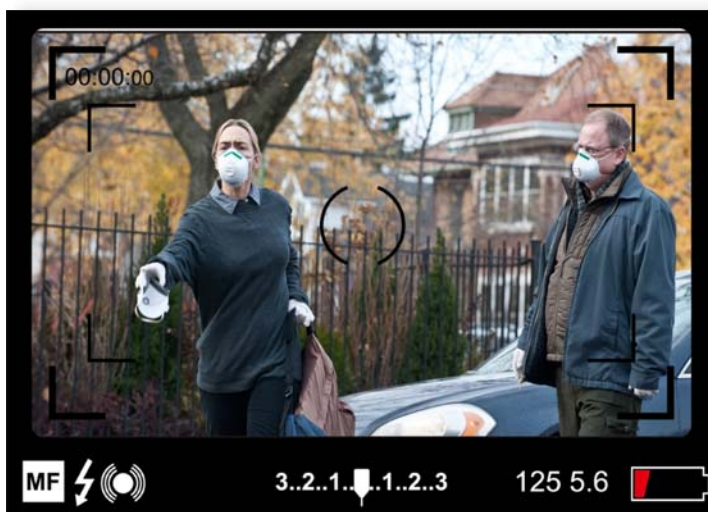
The only key to open the lock of a pandemic is in the hands of the scientists. Their knowledge is the solution to save people and bring peace back to the world again. The peace that is gone from the world by the chaos caused by a tiny virus pictured beautifully in the movie.

Contagion shows the fact that there is no difference between countries in the world, economies, colors, and cultures when there is a pandemic. Everyone is involved and people's lives are hardly tied to each other. You need to save everyone otherwise you can't be saved. A pandemic doesn't care about political issues between countries. If they want to be alive they all need to stand together and help each other. A pandemic is a very hard and complicated situation but it shows some morals and facts to people that may otherwise be ignored in their daily lives. It shows the fact that people are not different from one another and we are all like parts of a body. If one part doesn't feel well, the whole body won't be stable. As Saadi, the Persian poet, says:

بنی آدم اعضای یکدیگرند که در آفرینش ز یک گوهرند  
چو عضوی به درد آورد روزگار دگر عضوها را نماند قرار

Contagion is a movie which will make you think about it for several hours after watching it. I hope you watch it while you are healthy and happy with your friends and family. Take care of yourself in this hard situation with the hope of brighter days.

Wear your mask and stay safe:)







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## Before Moving On



The evening after the funeral, she went back to the old house, and for the first time, found it empty. The dark clouds covered the sky above her and she could feel one or two drops of rain on her face. The house and the short brick walls around it looked as always: warm, safe, welcoming and beautifully old. However, the tall trees in the yard, looked like strangers. They were not the familiar green - like she remembered them - but a mixture of brown and orange. Walking among those trees was no longer soothing. It was only sad now.

She used to feel enchanted when roaming in the yard as a child.

She loved those trees. He had planted them, hadn't he?

She was now passing by the building. She smiled bitterly as she looked through the windows and saw the ghosts from the past laughing, talking, yelling, comforting one another and celebrating the New Year. She thought she had forgotten all of them, and yet there they were, making it hard for her to hold the tears back. She passed the small blue pool. How had she forgotten the night when they had dined by the pool? It had been so much fun then, but now, the memory of it only hurt her. She strode toward the other side of the yard. She left behind the door to the hall. The hall; he always sat there. The last time she had come to see him, she had waved at him and he had smiled. It was strange - he would hardly ever smile. And the last time she had said goodbye to him, he had cried - he would hardly ever cry.

She couldn't stop the rush of all those memories, nor the pain they brought. She knew that one day she would be free from this torment- the day she could hardly hear the echoes of the past, but she wasn't willing to pay the cost of that freedom. She didn't want to forget.

She wiped her tears and strode toward the blue-green wooden door.

When she was a child, the door was always locked; thus, it always had an air of mysteriousness in her mind. There was an old furnace there, isn't that right? But it hadn't been used for so long. She took out the key which was given to her and unlocked the door; the room behind it was dark, dusty, ordinary, and full of pots and cardboard boxes, but the air smelled the good smell of old paper. She didn't have to search much. Her box was right in front of the door. All of her belongings were collected in that box and put aside for her. She couldn't leave them; she had to take as many mementos as she was spared. They were all she could hold onto for the rest of her life, now that others were coming to live there. She took her provisions, locked the door and rushed to the doorway. She wanted to remember there the way she did on better days.





*"A bridge of silver wings  
stretches from the dead ashes  
of an unforgiving nightmare  
to the jeweled vision of a life  
started anew."*

*– Aberjhani, Journey through the  
Power of the Rainbow: Quotations  
from a Life Made Out of Poetry*