Lying cold

By: BlindAnarchist

I hear sounds
From the gloomy isle
Dark and so frustrating
I walked through along the path
I saw myself
A reflection of myself or just another dream?
I asked my self
But no answer
It was so silent
Drops of blood clearly I heard
I am confused yet refused.

You

By: BlindAnarchist

I saw your face in her
I saw everything of you in her
I distressed by my own feelings
Its another you inside of her
Should I love you or her?
Why should we ever met
Im suffering
But no one knows how
And no one knows why
Im not blaming her
Just because she is a reflection of you
I never tend to be near. Because
Because
Im afraid
Im always afraid of something
That I never really see
Of something I never really be
Im full of speculations
Maybe im afraid of her
The reality that she may bring
Im not ready to face the failure
Not now
But why?
Why should it be you?
Another you inside of her
I confess
I maybe liked her
I maybe loved her
Even wanted to be with her
Because
I missed you so much
But don't blame if someday
I maybe have the guts
To talk to her and God knows
What could happen...

Memories never die

By: BlindAnarchist

To be Time passes by
Never look back
How we have grown
To someone else
Everyone everything
Seems so different now and then
Memories live
Deep inside everyone
Memories never die
Staying alive deep in everyone's mind
Should it be deleted?
Should it be erased?
Or just live it there
Growing as we become older
Become someone
Become the future
What it should meant us to become
Don't ever forget
Because the memories
These memories will always live

(Dedicated to law20 family, in the future maybe we will be separated to live our own destiny but the memories will long live in our heart forever)

Love stories

By: BlindAnarchist

I hear the wind whispers
And the voice become shallow
I hear the sun whispers
And the voice become mellow
I hold your hands together
And walk the path that narrows
I kissed your lips and smile
Our life shouldn't be so sorrow
Feelings
That tries to bond you and me
For the truth I surely see
My lips are locked
Where only you who have the keys
My eyes are blocked
With a blanket of trust
Your hands
Should lift it
Your heart should feel it
What word to be expressed
I love you so much
Nothing more
Nothing less

Cintakan Aman Newsletter

Issue ten. The issue for the broken hearted.



RM2/USD1/SD1

Bismillahirrahmanirrahim. Alhamdulillah thanks to almighty Allah for giving me the chance each day each time to breath His air and to be alive in this world. And always providing me with great ideas and inspirations to write so that I could finish the latest issue of cintakan aman. Peace be upon the last prophet Muhammad SAW for being such an inspiration. With out him maybe there will be no light in this world. Your struggle to keep Islam, truth, justice and peace in this world will always be a true inspiration.

Maybe you can see that I have added some extra pages and surely with some extra money to go with it ☺. I don't know how the responses will be because I always produce unaesthetic craps that worth no value at all. But deep in my heart I surely want you to enjoy exploring each page, observing each word and feeling each articles as much as I have enjoyed writing them. Maybe there will be some critics and condemns that will be thrown towards my face but that the challenges that I have to bare. Being an unofficial writer/editor like me have to face many risks. But for the sake of the fun, im willing to face anything.

My eyes blinked. Realized or not, it have been nearly two years since I first started publishing cintakan aman newsletter. I have made me a lot of new friends and connect myself through a lot of networks. Maybe some of my readers and friends realized how it changed so much. Maybe some of my friend still remembers how radical cintakan aman used to be. Well maybe it's a new trend nowadays to be emo. But sincerely I like the way I am now. Maybe im not as political as I used to be but it's hard for me to explain. And I don't even know whether another of my published fanzine namely Abstained Agogo will also be as it used to be before. And for my friends who waited for so long for its next latest release, im sorry to say that I cannot give any promise that it will be released in the nearest future because both, me and faisal are so busy with our own commitments. Faisal with his studies and practical and me with my studies and assignments. Sometime, I really enjoyed being so free without anything to do. Those were the time. But now.. we must stick to reality. This is I. What I am is what I am right now. Accept me for who I am.

I would like to spread my greatest gratitude to my family for supporting me through my ups and downs. My villagers that are being so kind to me.

Thank you to Wan Dara Putri Razali, you always be my true inspiration, let us cherish this friend ship forever. To my best girlfriends whom I don't have much, Wanie, you're my dearest sister. Mika, get well soon my dear youre a strong girl and I love you so much. Jaja, im always besides you, supporting you in every way I can and I know that you can do it. Luv you so much. Yasmin, hey sis take of your self and always bare in mind that theres some out there that love you so much. Ira and kak Dila you guys are the best sisters that I have ever had. Thank you all of you for wasting your credit for me hehe. To all my NOSC colleagues pudin, jera, firdaus, xnazierx, xhazwanx, abang xdinx besar, nick emo ikhwan, ayeh kedai piah goregrindporno punk, fesal communist hehe, ben , faiz antology , mat din and all new friends who have attended NOSC family day last year, moi and mcsah, mcni (I love you all.) Colleagues from all over the country : fazri and community coalition terengganu, azman, khazam and pat of perak DIY attack, "Bidan, hafiz bahau, wan hazril..(wey band bila nak start daa?) to all MCIIUM lecturers, family Ukc 116/115, group L20, bebudak Perkim, Maahid, Hizbi and for those who Ive not mentioned.u knoe who u r.

ignored that since all she could think about was Azmi and Damira.

"You know, Azmi has this MU jersey that he promised to give me for finishing up his assignment, well, since his gonna...y'know, can you..like.. get it for me?" Catherine said while hugging her, pretending to cry along with Fazlin.

"Enough!" Fazlin yelled, closing her eyes with both hands and pushed Catherine away.-Catherine fell into the drain behind her.

It was rather obvious why Catherine acted so kind, she just wanted to claim the jersey. Fazlin was no longer puzzled.

People were counting seconds, at the same time hoping Azmi and Damira could by chance make it out. Leman looked as though he was about to go hysterical thinking of Damira, but few noticed somehow he was faking it. (Gee, I wonder why.)

Later, a loud explosion was heard as expected, followed by a strong tremble.....

To be continued.....

The above story had been written by akhdiat. Thanks. its enjoyable... adiat is one of writers classmates. If you want short stories feel free to email this guy.

Poem corner.

Ode To MLH
By: Abu Haimi

I curse I said in your name
Damn to all life and creation
For one I cannot get
For one I cannot hold
What reasoning did you use
What dark humor have you uttered
Ironic desired but forbidden
Why do you put me in this situation
Where life perceived as death
Death is my salvation
Death is my redemption

Untitled
By: Abu Haimi

Awaken the undead from its slumber
Stirring ghouls and restless spirits
Mobilized in its eternal quest
Bound the past present and future
For the brewing storm of revolution
Brings the thunder of chaos
Signaling the rain of destruction
Sowing the seeds of change
Blown into our souls
The spirits of dead warriors
The sweet whispers of glorious victories
Blood is in our hands
To testify that the means justify the end
So rise my comrade
Strike hard and rebel forever
Fear not those who deny
Raze all that stands in our path
The purpose cant be defeated
Don't rest till all is gone
Don't rest till all is done
Death shall be our redemption
Death shall be our salvation.

is it worth it?
Contributed by nosuchname

Sometimes I sit and wonder why
I even bother to try
Nothing ever goes my way
No matter what I have to say
School and work are just too tough
And as for sleep I don't get 'nuff
New babies are born and ppl die
And we all have to go on wondering why
The meaning of life no one wil know
Except for what others tell us so
Am I the only person who feels this way?
Does it keep getting harder with each passing day?
Is it life really worth all the pain?
Is it possible to live without going insane?
I guess in the end, the pain is worthwhile
Take the extra step, walk the extra mile
Do something to bring a smile to someone's place
Live at your own speed. LIFE'S IS NOT A RACE!

Author unknown

which was showing 97, meaning another 97 seconds to go before anything happens.

"Ah, let me finish her!" As Azmi uttered his words, he swung his right hand, and accidentally hit Fazlin right on the face.

Fazlin fell on the floor, but Azmi couldn't be bothered about it, his focus was on Damira, who was in deep pain, she was in no condition to think stably.

Azmi then pushed Damira towards the floor, she fell down right at that moment. In a speed of light, Azmi gave a super grand slam with his elbow, which hit her right on the forehead.

That didn't seem enough. Then he picked Damira up with both hands, Damira was could hardly move, she was weakening. A few seconds later, he threw her straight towards the table. The table broke into two, Damira fell between the cracking of the table in the middle.

"Heeeelp!" Damira cried helplessly.

Azmi was walking towards Damira, suddenly, a figure came running from Azmi's back. That guy grabbed a chair, and ran straight for Azmi. He swung the chair with full force, and directly hit Azmi's back, forcing Azmi to fall between the rows of tables.

That guy made his steps to Damira, she was in a condition to faint. Azmi's punch had her a black eye.

"Damira sayang, it's me, your abang Leman." He slowly tried to wake her up.

Damira slowly opened her eyes, and couldn't believe her eyes, it was her boyfriend from across the state, abang Leman!

"Honey! Damira said in disbelief, her eyes instantly recovered from the pain, it was opened widely. But she still couldn't move. She was lying helplessly on the broken table.

'Yeah, it's me, I hurried in as soon I found out you were in trouble, your friends outside told me."

"We've gotta get outta here, it's gonna explode in any seconds." Damira said weakly, then she pointed the black box above.

"What?! Your friends never told me that!" Leman screeched.

He left Damira right at that moment for safety, leaving Damira behind. As he ran, he bumped into Fazlin who was also running for the entrance weakly, the impact of Azmi's swinging hand was still felt.

"Come, you can be a good substitute for Damira." Leman said as he guided Fazlin towards the entrance.

"What did you say?" Fazlin asked. She could hardly hear due to the crazy situation.

"Nothing." Leman replied.

Fazlin made one of the biggest decision in her life, that was to leave her Azmi in danger without her being on his side.

At the back, Damira was still lying helplessly on the broken table. She was was screaming for Leman "come back here you, bastard!"

Leman and Fazlin made it safely, joining the rest of the crowd outside, they were gathering outside not knowing what to do. They were all puzzled and wondering why would anyone want to bomb the exam hall. Most of them were worried about Azmi and Damira, some like Fadila, Haimy and Catherine were too happy to worry, knowing the exam was canceled and the hall would soon be gone. Fazlin escaped with a heavy heart, leaving her best friend and her loved one. (People, try to read this part with the song "My heart will go on" song.)

Queen Humeya was calling the CNN and all other media stations, instead of calling for the rescuing squad.

"Fazlin, you're safe!" Ira Catherine said as she ran towards Fazlin and gave her a big hug.

Fazlin was puzzled, it was not like Catherine at all to do that. But she

Out dated version for the broken hearted.

Cintakan aman is just a form of materially exist, platform of self-expressions, esthetical writing, colors of art and inner self-politics. Each and everything that have been written down in the pages of cintakan aman does not bound into any ideological barrier that in some way will cage the editors critical way of thinking and mind exclusively. Each words were written in times when the editor was in different kinds of emotive situation so an opened mind is needed before exploring the true sense of art laid down in each of the words. You mat contact the editor for feedbacks, comments, ideas, contributions, craps and hate mails through cintakanxaman@hotmail.com , thanks.

Alone. I m sitting alone and kept on wondering, what's life going to be for me tomorrow. Rocking this faithful companion I open my eyes and see the world before me. What a beautiful world it is. I am so thankful that I am alive and capable of sitting on this chair again. I don't know will it be possible for me to embrace this feeling tomorrow. It is hard to see what is beyond life it self. It is so hard and I know that I will become tired of this. And on a nice, warm and shiny day like this, I will close my eyes tight and my lips will smile as I say goodbye.

By myself. I know that I will be okay with out you by my side. I never thought that you would leave me when you know that I was in my darkest moment. I never thought that you are that cruel. So cruel that I cant even took a glimpse of your face. Yes. That shining face that I thought it would be mine forever. I have burned the memories of you from my mind although I know that it is so hard to let you go. But I know and I bare the circumstances that we are meant not for each other. I can live with you now. You are not everything. No you are not. Yes I know that I have took some radical changes and steps just to forget everything that remembers me of you. Its hard for to accept it. I am sorry if it hurts you that bad, but you know that I have to take the chance. You know that it is not that easy just to throw the sweet nostalgic moments of us out of the window of my mind. Its not that easy.

I have loved you with all of my heart and for that I became someone that's not myself. I am sorry for the way I have treated you before. But I questioned your promises. You promised me that you would stay b my side in every situation but why you ran away from me and force me to hate you by being with him? Yes, it is so easy for you to dump me just like that. I am just typical rubbish to you I suppose. Him, some one newer than me, better than me that understand you the most. Be happy while it last. But I have survived even with out you that mean that I don't need you although I used to love you with all my life. Be happy with him. And I am here still walking alone by myself with out anyone to be with. I am not jealous anymore and the flame of hatred that used to simmer in me now gone because deep down inside whether I deny it or not, you will always be my first love and I misses you still.

World. What is happening to our world today? War is collapsing everywhere all around us. Why don't have to shut our eyes. We cannot run from what is called reality. We have to face this because this is life. Our life. Yes. Yours and mine. Observing the fact, the truth that the world we are living today is not that good. We know but we just sit and do nothing because we

thought that it none of our business so we just sit in a dark corner, watch as every thing floats to the air of ignorance.

Yes, we are slightly ignored by our own boredom of taking part in any matters of life itself. We are ignored by our own selfish needs and tend to run away from mistakes and crisis. We are ignorant because we never eager to fetch what's true and what's fake. Noticed or not, day by day we are sleeping on a soft, comfy bed of life but we noticed not because we are covered by blankets of bigotry, stupidity and self-ignorant. Each and every one of us is no different than one another.

We realize that this is not the correct way to be in a way of living. We do not know owns destiny but we are meant to create our own aims, vision and objectives in life. We do not know what is tomorrow going to like but we could plan our daily actions. It's all about passion in life. There will be no misery if we do not tend to start one up in to existence. We know the truth because it is undeniable and inescapable. We have to stop yawning about other people's successes and achievements. The sun will set no matter how hard we set to scream for it to not to. Because tomorrow will be another day no matter how hard we tries to deny it.

Rights. The simplest matter but with the most complicated actions. Everybody have everybody's rights. Open your eyes from the blind dream that you are having. Dreams are just like a mirage. So beautiful to the eyes of a thirst throat although he knows that the actual existence of it is just a mere diversion of nothing. It is true.

Why cant we just see the truth that we have our own rights. But why are we denying the facts just because we are too lazy to keep in touch? By each second the evil hands of the corruptor are raping our rights. By each minute the mind of the satanic self are eagerly eating our rights bits to bits. We noticed it. Yes we knew but because we are no one important we tend to escape and let our rights being taken far away from us. We know that we are nothing useful without it.

Hearing the word "let us fight for our rights" have been mould a thousand times into our ears. But it is so devastating to know that every body is taking it just for granted. Like it is just a simple game of hide and seek where today you know about it and tomorrow you will not and you don't even care about it. Not a single bit.

We can't just let us rot like this. we have to give attention to it. Rights are not just a simple game for just to negligently ignored it. It concerns our life as a whole. It is up to you now. Better take action now or you will be sorry for the rest of your life.

Manifestation. My mind is full with question but I found no answer. I would like to see the light of truth but I found no hope for it. I feel like I am living in another world of ignorance. Everything around me tries to be what they are not. It made me confused. I suffocated in my own questions. I feel cheated but I don't know why. My mind is draining and slowly drifting away from my consciousness. I tried to grab it back and tried to lock it in a cage of mirrors where I could find my own self and to know who I really am. I don't want to be confused. I just want to be my self. I really want to break this cage. I really want to smash this iron curtain to pieces. I need the strength.

Revolution? A friend used to ask me about the phrase revolution. Why? It is simply because there is to many

Fadila was watching in disbelief. Fadila was happily copying down the answers from Nik's paper.

A few seconds later, Queen Humeya simply freed Fazlin from her muscle built hand. Fazlin flew towards the wall on the left wing while spinning round and round. Everyone's head (except Fadila) followed the motion of Fazlin's movement.

Fazlin was just about to hit the wall when she noticed a black box on the wall. She quickly spread her hands and tried to get her hands on it. –Her timing was perfect! She was still safely alive, holding on to it.

Everyone sighed in relief, knowing the worse that could happen was she'd only break a few bones even if she did let her hands go. Fazlin was holding on very tight, while everyone watched quietly, nobody knew what to do or what to say. Some like Damira were whipping off tears. Queen Humeya stood at the same position Fazlin took off, she wanted to see Fazlin's luck.

"Ugh...eeyah!" Fazlin groaned in pain, and tried her best not to look down. Fazlin's hands began to hurt.

She then noticed the box was emitting the sound of a ticking clock. That was the first time ever she noticed the black box, she could have sworn that bow was never there before. She forced her heads up, and she saw three huge columns with a figure in it each, which was changing every second. The figure that she saw at that moment was 124, and it was going down and down. But Fazlin knew at that moment that was no clock, the features and the description of the black box could only fit as a.... time bomb!

"A time bomb!" Fazlin screamed, and at that moment she had her hands off the box.

Damira who was sitting at the closest position of Fazlin, stood up as fast as she could, her paper on the table fell aside.

Her timing couldn't be better, Fazlin fell directly Damira's arm, safely and still in one piece.

At that time, people were terribly panicking, Haimy was the first to got off his seat to escape, and soon others began to rise.

Queen Humeya instantly gave a command, "Anybody who has the nerve to escape before I do, will suffer 4 months detention in Torture Hall, so sit!"

In an instance, everyone got back to their seats, everyone weren't too sure whether it'll be worth living if they had to go through the torture of death.

Queen Humeya walked directly to the exit, while the others could hardly breathe waiting for her to make her exit. As she finally did, everyone rose and ran towards the exit. It was a total chaos, the girls especially were screeching like hell. Everyone bumped into one another.

Adiat was the first to reach the exit door, followed by Haimy and then the rest. Fadila was taking her sweet time to escape. In fact, she was actually cat walking while making her escape. She felt it was so embarrassing to see all the girls screaming and running insanely, it was so not lady like.

Fazlin had just got off from Damira's arm, when suddenly Azmi grabbed Damira's hand from the back, the force of Azmi's hand had Damira turned around towards Azmi.

"You had the guts to break the fall, when I, as her hero is the one who should have done it!" Azmi yelled directly towards Damira.

Beyond our imagination, he gave Damira a big, huge and strong punch on Damira's face, Fazlin began to panic.

Fazlin held Azmi's hand tightly, controlling him from doing further damage. Damira was in a terrible pain.

"Sayang, we can argue this later, please." Fazlin cried while holding his hand as she took a glimpse at the box,

realizing the cause of it was his charm. (Author: excuse me people, while I choke.)

Fazlin then batted her fake eyelash and gave a sweet, innocent smile-Azmi melted and it was his turn to be bitten by the love bug. Slowly he took up his answer sheet, without taking his eyes off Fazlin, and plus, without knowing the danger and fatal the consequence could be.

Not far from the two couples, Sister Ira Catherine, was waving her hands towards Queen Humeya. Sister Ira Catherine, is the biggest gossip and tell-tale of IIUM, she simply loves to get her mates into deep trouble and all the lecturers somehow seem to believe her lies no matter how absurd it is. Her favorite victim is the innocent and honest-to-goodness Adiat, where once she stole Adiat's heavy assignment and claimed it was hers. Adiat was sent to the dean's office for that. Good thing that Adiat is not the type to pick up fight, he just faced the trouble patiently. For some reason, she simply loves to screw Adiat.

However, this time she wasn't telling tales, when Queen Humeya was at her desk, she pointed her finger towards Azmi and Fazlin, and Queen Humeya was terribly shocked, with the fact that there are still students that have the guts to cheat behind her back.

As Azmi passed the paper, he was still under the love spell, he was holding the paper weakly and passed it slowly. Fazlin maintained the sweet and innocent smile. Suddenly a figure walked through the space between the two tables, just as Fazlin got hold of the paper... it was Queen Humeya!

Suddenly the girls from the back who saw the couples caught cheating started to scream, while Fazlin tried to scream but couldn't, it was too horrifying, even Azmi got chickened out. The couple's heartbeat almost stopped, as Queen Humeya gave a stern, nasty smile. Later the whole student began to panic over the safety of the two.

"May God have mercy on those two." Haimy expressed his sadness and sympathy, but certainly not empathy.

"Fazlin, all's forgiven!" Damira, Fazlin's good friend cried. She uttered it silently with full of regrets.

Nik Waheeda couldn't believe her eyes, at the same time wishing she would have known Fazlin more. Her breathing became worse and louder as she panicked. She breathed so loud and hard, that the breathing got through the mask and punched a big hole in it and her answer sheet was blown away and flew across the hall, in a very slow motion as there was no wind and hardly any air in the hall. It made it's way right to the back of the hall, spinning and flipping around right towards Fadila's desk.

Fadila began to clap her hands and as the paper flew towards her, it created a huge smile on her face. She then stood up a little and grabbed the paper as fast as she could.

"This is my lucky day, hahaha!" Fadila laughed silently from the back. She couldn't contain her excitement.

"Hey Adiat, look!" Fadila said as she flaunted the answer sheet, and later she had her tongue sticking towards Adiat as a payback for not letting her copy his answer.

Adiat remained silent and ignored it. He then focused on the tragedy that was about to struck Fazlin and Azmi.

Queen Humeya was stepping closer to Fazlin. Fazlin could almost feel her soul flying out as Queen Humeya grabbed the end of her white scarf and started to lift Fazlin up. Just like a cowboy spinning his rope around to catch something, Queen Humeya span Fazlin around in a 360 degrees motion, which created a colorful spinning circle, since Fazlin was wearing a pink and white baju kurung.

Azmi shut his eyes, people began to scream even louder. It was a scream and cry of terror. Everyone except

voices talking about this particular word. The impact of this word is so big as everyone is talking about revolution. Revolution this and revolution that. Fighting about something in a country like ours today, need a more systematical organization. We cannot just always talk about revolution and frustrations over the system in songs. We are not going anywhere. Believe me we are not going anywhere.

We have to find our true objectives as to survive in this hard ending fight. We can't just get on and shouting about how I hate the system a thousand times. Grab our objectives. Learn about our aims. See clearly our visions. Fighting corruptions and oppression is not just a simple game to be blindly getting involved with. This is not a youth trend where you are here to rebel against the system. Yes, maybe it is a lot of fun when you get in to your groups, squads or what ever you called it and screaming about revolutions with out even thinking about the implications that you have to bare against your inner self, the people around you, the community that are watching you, the society as a whole and the authority above you. It is fun. Yes but if you are really wanted to dwell in such serious things and matters like this, think again my friends. This is not just about fun. It is not even about fun at all.

Life speaks.

Some one: talking about life some times made me feel so sick and honestly being so confused. I feel like my life is so empty and valueless. Everything is down sided and I don't think I can keep up living like this. I am suffocating in my own life.

No one: no your life is not empty but your mind is. You are just confused with the circles of life. Talking about life is not like what you think. Being empty minded is not the answer for all you misery. A person maybe felt so alone but life is full with colors that's depending on people like us to nourish and decorate it with meanings of life it self.

Some one: but can't you see what is happening with our world today. How can people like us, the powerless people able to decorate our life with meaning when surrounding us is nothing but colors of hate, ignorance, envy and betrayal. Look, disputes and confusion are everywhere.

No one: I know and I also feel each of the distresses. But we have to develop new hopes and means. Life is also about hoping. We can't stop hoping and giving up just likes that. From us, the tomorrow's generation will breed out. If we cant save today's world, at least we have to survive for the sake of our future and future generations.

Some one: yes, I agree but what if we can't defeat the force of conflicts. We are just human. We are not god to predict our own future and the tomorrow's generation. And if we keep on suffering like this, how can we fight and change the world? We cant just dreaming but we have to consider the reality. And this is the reality. We are just ordinary people, we have no power and we have no authority.

No one: yes, this is the reality. But is this the true reality? Why can't we think positive? We have the might but we ourselves tries to deny the fact by hiding with reasons and causes. The reality is that we are the people; we are the individuals who formed the society and later on formed the state, the country and the world at large. What we need is one flag, a flag that can unite us all, a symbol that provides us with a better system and life. A life with most perfect word, which is . . . . .

Some one: you don't have to tell me that. I know but again we have to refer to the situation of the world today at large. The misconception about it is too deep. Just like a bleeding wound. Everyone is confused about its universal concept. They are judging it with a very confused knowledge and understanding. That's why we can witness such scenery where everybody is blaming it for everything threatening. It's not fair.

Any one: yes, that I can see. Well, if that is the problem then its up to us to regenerate our mind and escape from these random emotions. We have to fight. Let us claim back our true life with the true way. I believe that we can.

Some one: it is rather not enough if it's only you and me alone. We cannot fight all these nonsense all by our selves. What about the others.

Cupids love letter. I just want to say that I am confused with my self. I am really confused with our relationship. I just cant find the most appropriate way the reveal all my inside feelings that I have been keeping for all these years. I have thought of other better ways but you know me. This shyness within me prevents my heart to truly speak. I know that you only treated me as your friend and I really want to understand but I am just another weak human with emotions and feelings. I cannot stop my self from falling in love with you. Am I?

Yes. That's the question that I have been waiting for so long just to find me a slight answer. But I am lost within the dark journey. Am I falling in love with you? Am I? Is this feeling, love? I am confused again and again. I keep asking the same question to myself. But I am asking to some one that does not know.

I can't deny that I like you. For the person you are. Because you were there beside me when I am in my darkest day in my gloomiest year while I have to confront with the biggest test of my life that later will shape my own future. It is you that comfort me when I am alone and crying, feeling so frustrated with my life. It is you who helped me to survive, pushing me from the back and assisted me to forget all the past miseries.

I know that you noticed this feeling all along. I can feel it that you know. Maybe you are trying to deny it or you just want to hide from the reality. It is up to you to consider.

I know that I admired you so much, but I just don't know how can I explain this feeling inside. I tried to act like I know nothing and just treat you as a friend. But when I am with some one else, all of a sudden I felt so guilty. Feeling so guilty as I can't deny that I always think about you.

I am afraid to let you know the whole truth because I don't want to face with any more frustrations. Once is enough for me. I cannot bear the second time. I cant. But one thing I promise you. One day, I will propose and hold you in my arms as king and queen of fairyland of the land of two hearts. Yours and mine. I hope there will be enough time for me and you.

Here is an interesting discussion with Steve aoki, an Asian American who plays in a band called this machine kills , manage a label called DimMak records and used to write for heart attack. And the drummer, Jeremy had joined the discussion for the first three questions. Check it out.

Hafeez: let's us start off with a lame intro, let's our readers know who you are and what the hell are you doing? If you don't mind, tell us what motivates

but they do have to concern about the safety of the bullies. Investigations were made on the bully's whereabouts, but the police remain clueless.

At the end of the exam hall sat the most hardworking, intelligent, dedicated and exceedingly humble guy in the hall, Adiat. He didn't seem to mind at all about the crazy situation in the hall. All he wanted was to sit for the exam and get the A that he was confident of getting. He ain't like any other guys in the hall, he was somewhat different in term of attitude. The only thing that was bugging him was Fadila, the girl who sat next to him was trying to copy his answer from the start of the exam.

"Hey, Adiat, Adiat, look!" Fadila wiggled a huge amount of cold, hard cash towards Adiat.

Adiat ignored the offer, knowing it is sinful to accept bribe. But somehow Fadila didn't show any sign of giving up, she took out more of the money out of her posh looking baju kurung pocket, velvet blue in colour though she knew it won't be easy to cheat Adiat.

Adiat covered his answer sheets with his hands, and he gave a cold look at Fadila.

Fadila's face changed from the excited look to the look of disappointment. She stomped her feet. Her expensive golden Bally branded high heels. She was sort of giving up. She hasn't even opened the question paper since the exam started, to her the real battle isn't answering the question, but it is how to cheat and get answer during the exam.

Fadila then just looked around with huge disappointment, and a mixture of regrets.

"Why? Why wasn't I destined to sit next to such an honest to goodness guy like Adiat, though he has the brain?" Fadila thought. She was about to choke to tears and continued wondering and wishing she would be next to Haimy, knowing he'd accept the money.

"Why can't I just sit next to Haimy?" Fadila was in the state of unable to think straight, knowing the consequence of failing the test. Queen Humeya's test was the paper where students won't even think of failing, even the thought of it scares them so. Once a student fails, the first thing she would do is make bundles of copy of the answer sheet and paste them everywhere in the campus notice board and paste it under the hall of shame. The next thing is she would have the "Torture of Death" session with the failing student, which takes a very formal procedure. The ceremony takes place in Torture Hall A. (there's no other Torture hall like Torture hall B, but it is planned to be built.) To describe how torturing it is, those who had been through it has a 99% chance of committing suicide. I, the writer have no guts to write about it, it is simply melancholic.

Time passed by quite fast in the hall. Students started to flip through their papers, and Queen Humeya arose from the Royal Highness seat in front of the hall that was paved with gold designed especially for her. She looked around the hall sharply, to spot any victims, with her arms folded.

Not far from where Queen Humeya was standing, sat two lovebirds next to each other, Fazlin and Azmi. Fazlin wasn't really answering the question, she was under a love spell, she sat and admired Azmi through out the test, while Azmi was too busy writing down answers. Fazlin got snapped out of the spell when she started to see Queen Humeya walking through the isles. She then panicked when she noticed the time.

"Azmi, Azmi, help me!" She screeched in a low voice, showing the empty answer sheet to Azmi.

Azmi was stunned to see the blank paper, at the same time feeling proud,

have pasted it here. Ah.. who gives a damn anyway. Its just a mere fun of reading. Do not misjudge me out of this writing. I am not a punk. Enjoy reading -editor-

And the madness begins.....
By adiat (suicide0666@hotmail.com)

It was a rather bright and sunny day at the International Islamic University. The surroundings were rather cheerful with all the colorful poster pasted everywhere, telling people about the coming debate organized by the debating society. The debating matter was largely written on the poster, "Britney Spears is 10 times more bitchy than Christina Aguilera." The debate was about two pop stars who had been fighting for the number one title for a long time. The debate was not supposed to be anything big, but it caught the media attention through out the world. Both Christina and Britney will be flying from America to the Hall of al-Malik Faisal in the U, to hear the battle.

But the hall at that moment was occupied by a number of students of the same class who were sitting for their exam. All 8 debaters are from that class.

The environment in the exam hall was very hot. It is not that there was no air conditioner, but the lecturer in charge, Queen Humeya purposely destroyed the air conditioning unit a day before the exam on the reason that students in the past need no such luxury item to survive exams and it seems today students are getting spoilt and pampered. She sat in front of the hall with the fan on the wall facing only towards her, while the other fans were not allowed to be turn on, or the students will automatically fail the subject that she has been teaching for the last 4 months, General Principles Of Law. All the doors were tightly closed, too.

passed her own law, that is to have everyone calling her queen. Her words are equal that of the sovereign, backed by sanction.

There were 48 students in the hall, 13 males, or more familiar term used in the university for male, "brothers", and "sisters" for female students. They were all sweating. One sister who had asthma, Nik Waheeda, had to bring in an oxygen mask into the hall as she was short of oxygen, but 15 marks will be deducted, Queen Humeya considered it an annoying view. Good thing Nik didn't have to worry much about that as she is one of the brightest law student in the U. The sound that came out of the huge oxygen mask was rather irritating especially those sitting near her.

"Shoot! I can't stand it!" Damira grumbled to herself. She was also fanning herself with the question paper. She had to rest for 5 minutes so the brain would work normally. The grumbling didn't do any good, as the sound from the mask became louder.

Just like everyone else, she couldn't wait for the exam to finish. It was mainly because her boyfriend, Leman promised to wait for her outside the exam hall after the exam.

"Can somebody kill her? At least it'll cure the asthma!" Haimy, who was sitting right behind Nik Waheeda lost his cool, but didn't have the guts to say it any louder because if Queen Humeya hears it, he'll never make it to his next birthday.

Haimy's anger could be seen facially, though naturally he has that angry depressive look. He is indeed small, people who don't know him might mistake him for a 7th grade student. But his he is not a person to be fooled with, many of the bullies in the U are no longer around, they all went missing mysteriously and were last seen picking on Haimy. That is why IIUM has no problem concerning bullies, unlike any other institution,

you to be actively involved with the punk hardcore scene.

Steve: Who am I? I consider myself many things. Many things that stay fluid and transcend into the blending of multiple identities. One, as an Asian American, "a servant of my people" for the liberation of all peoples, a poet and artist. As the world around me changes, I adapt as well but keeping rooted in the broad space of my cultural, racial, identities. Why do I stay active in the punk hardcore community? I ask my self this every time I work on an intense project that is directed towards the punk hardcore community. I must ask myself every time I do put effort into something that is related in this community because if I don't, I can easily lose myself in its one dimensionality that would soon silence me consciously or unconsciously. There are a few people that keep my artwork rooted in punk and hardcore, that continues to support me and that support structure is a big part of the reason why I feel like my work is not obsolete. The underground, not necessarily just punk and hardcore are part of the art that I create. I can't do what I am doing without acknowledging this.

Jeremy: My name's Jeremy. I'm drummer number three for these guys. As far as bands go, it's just a really fun thing to do. But it's also a great way to get a message across to other people, or even to just vent your feelings and opinions. Being involved in the scene is also the best way to meet and hang out with like-minded people.

Hafeez: lets talk about race i.e. racism. From your point of view tell us what is racism and how it relates to our daily life. And tell us your experiences fronting race problems.

Steve: This is a landscaping question that covers more ground than I could possibly trek in one sitting. But let me try to do my best while giving at least one or two layers of the term racism. When I think about racism, I not only think about peoples of color being beaten and brutalized, by bullets, violence, bats, words, fists, steel toed boots, angry eyes, sneers, penetration of space, but I think of the root of all these feelings of hatred towards marginalized races and how this root still permeates all levels of social, economic, political, physical, mental space of all people. Of how this root of hatred comes out in different forms of brutality whether it be in the form

Of violence through language or force, poverty by use of sanctions from industrialized countries to third world countries, poverty by use of less government spending on communities of color that have been perpetually lacking resources to build their peoples out of economic slavery, representations and the perpetuation of stereotypes of all peoples of color - Negative, negated, and castrated, the neglect and dismissal of the need for reparations to build people of color from the mental and physical slavery That has left most shackled without their knowledge, the miseducation of our peoples to the world. As this is just a layer of how I feel about racism, Conversations and dialogue is necessary in achieving more of an understanding on how to combat the many layers that deny our voices and silence our words.

Jeremy: I think I've been very lucky in my life with not encountering any problems with racism. I've worked in restaurants forever where Hispanics are a huge part of the operation and I have never come across any problems . I think my work could be a good example of a way to get involved with the

discrimination issue. By hiring people of different nationalities, and treating them fairly and equally in the workplace, you can teach people about tolerance. A lead by example sort of thing.

Hafeez: lets talk about the methods of revolution. Many of us eager to talk about revolutions in lyrics. From your opinion...will we achieve our aims only by screaming about how we need revolution through music. Is it sufficient?

Steve: No that is just one step in a process of change. The more we critically discuss issues that we feel need to be changed in any system, the more we will learn more about each other to provide the best solutions that will positively affect all people. Discussion is the first step. We need to bring these lines of communication far beyond the boundaries of nations but of all people.

Hafeez: to fight a corrupted system; first we need to know about the system itself...how do you define the word system...? But in another way, if we do not have system there will always be a possibility of bloody chaos. E.g. Anarchy. Not every one understand the principle of anarchy... from my observation of the worlds society nowadays, I could say that it is impossible to achieve peace through this particular method.

Steve: Systems are just institutionalized mechanisms to govern a body of people. If they are just and for the good will of all people then I am for that system. So yes, we NEED to understand the systems that are in place now so we can better modify them so that they are held more accountable for their governing structures.

Hafeez: The misuse of power is a common thing nowadays. In the name of democracy these people can do anything even if it's eventually touching the question of our rights... what is the most appropriate answer to protect our rights from being raped by these corrupted maniacs so called leaders.

Steve: Forming strong coalitions with other folks that are being marginalized. Organizing all these dissenting voices into a unit that will speak for those that has been silenced. Become the media. Discuss what you want to discuss with the public. If your people are being appropriated by corrupt systems, then become a vehicle for their expression. Become the media.

Hafeez: last question, do you think that people like you are responsible to the safety and the welfare of your country? Would you die for your country...

Steve: I will say this; I will do what I can for the safety and survival of my family, community and peoples in this country. By voicing concerns that affect all Asian Americans. By networking with other marginalized groups to discuss solutions for marginalized peoples altogether. We all do what we can to support each other. Support is the key word in these volatile times. We must support each other.

Hafeez: last word

Steve: Thanks for interviewing me! And Free Mumia Abu jamal! Peace to you.

One of the most discussed issue by our friends nowadays are the issue about aceh , human rights and humanity. I found that this article is so interesting and I would like to

it's comfortable to skate in. But I'm into punk music and punk ideas and views. I'm getting a mohawk this summer, not like that will make me a punk, but because it's something I need to do, something that I feel good about. Other punks will probably give me crap for having a mohawk but not dressing like a punk but it's hard to skate in boots, tight pants and spiked jewelry. I really respect that style of dress and I think its cool as hell but I don't dress like that because its just not my style of dress, I don't feel comfortable in it.

To bring this to a closing I just wanted to say don't hate one another. Also, read books and feed your mind with useful knowledge. Go get a Robert Shea, Carlos Castaneda or Robert Anton Wilson book and it will change your life. That's what life's about right? A lot of change and even more masturbation. As I write this I look outside through the glass screen doors. I can see houses, backyards, people etc. They look like ants scurrying from one "important" task to another. People are always doing some thing or another and when they're not they soak in other peoples lives like a sponge. We watch television, read books, magazines, newspapers, etc. Why do we find it entertaining to watch other people live their lives? In fact it's not even real people we see but actors on the screen or characters in a book. Do we watch so that we can copy them? do we not know how to be individuals but just think that we do when in fact we are really copying other people? Who are we? Who am I? I know I'm just a bunch of atoms, a hunk of meat, bone and blood walking around. Why do I pretend to be something else? i wear a mask at all times. I could stop at this moment being "me" and be someone entirely different. Just pick up my shit and walk away from my life. I can do anything that I want to right now, but I don't. Instead I put up with peoples shit, I get a fucking job that I know I will hate and for what? So that I can get money and buy myself some clothes that I hope everyone else will like so that I will be accepted by people? But instead of doing what I want, I don't even know what the fuck I want, I go on living my fake life hoping that I will find happiness in the future. But guess what man, you won't find happiness. Instead I will find pain and suffering and at moments I will be happy. But will I truly be happy or will I just be pretending? Does it matter what tricks I land when I skate, is it really all important? Or is it something I do to distract myself from looking inside of my head and finding nothing there but memories that aren't even mine but bits and snatches of commercials or books? Is there anybody out there, anybody alive or is everybody just going through the motions and not realizing it? I can't talk shit about "going through the motions of life" though because I continue to do so because I don't know what else to do. What should I do now, watch t.v. or read a book? Shit, how about neither. Today is the first day of the rest of my life....to bad it's not the end. I wonder what will happen when i die? I don't want to die, don't think that, I'm just curious. I don't believe all that heaven and hell bullshit, but will something happen or am I just fooling myself into hoping for something to happen? It's just another way of telling myself that in the future I'll be happy because something will happen, but will it happen and will I be happy? What about you? Are you happy right now or just trudging along through the mud hoping to get out at some time or another? Fuck, it's really gonna be hot today, maybe tonight well be cooler.

I founded this cool writing in the internet so I think its good enough to fit in this piece of crap so without any

About once a week someone says, "Why don't you hire more people to help you out?"

The thing is that I started Ebullition because I didn't want to work for anyone. I hired Lisa because she was one of my best friends and she asked me for a job. I broke down in 2001 and hired Brandy to help out with the mail order. It was the first time I actually looked for someone rather than just helping out a friend who had asked for work. I am happy that I hired Brandy, but am not interested in hiring more people. I do not want Ebullition to be some huge empire with tons of employees.

Ebullition is big enough, in many ways I consider it to be too big. I am doing everything I can to NOT get bigger. We do great with getting the orders out. Lisa and Brandy handle this well, and orders almost always go out the same week they arrive.

However, I am unable to keep up. I just can't handle all the e-mail I get. I need a break, or I will go insane. So I am going through my e-mail in the month of December and just sending this e-mail message out. If you get this it means I was unable to help you. I am sorry I can't help you. I truly feel bad about this. I hate the fact that I can't personally answer ever e-mail. I want Ebullition to have a human face, and I hate responding with some lame form letter response.

My hope is that I can get a better grasp on the e-mail volume once I have responded to the 500 unanswered messages that I currently have. I am crossing my fingers.

I hope you can understand my position, and that you won't think that I don't care or am blowing you off.

Thanks, Kent McClard Ebullition
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Who Am I?

BobJacobs
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I am a strong believer in personal freedoms and think that everyone should express themselves however they want and be who they are. I try to live as I think I should and I try to be myself, but who am I?

Well, lets get the basics down first. I am a Mexican skateboarder beginning punk who likes to read books and loves long walks on the beach and fuzzy little animals, so if you are a single female looking for some burning hispanic love give me a call at 1-800-I'M-PATHETIC, the lines guaranteed not to be busy!

It seems that I continuously change. I'm into some type of music and then I'm not. As a kid I listened to Michael Jackson and to the amusement of my comedian father wore a little glove on my hand. I've changed since then, not that theres anything wrong with a child molesting pop singer that grabs his dick and squeaks, but I've changed since then. Now I'm really into Aus Rotten, Minor Threat, Violent Society, Against All Authority, etc. Punk is changing my life right now. But will it stay changed? I don't know but I hope so.

Punk means a lot to me and it always will but will I always be punk? I don't dress like a punk. I just wear pants and a t shirt. I don't care as long as

share it with you. I hope together we can try to achieve full understandings about the situation that happened and continuously happening specifically in aceh right now.

When Soeharto came to power in 1965, thousands people disappeared due to the accusation of being a member of communist party. The practices of disappearance continued during Soeharto regime and after he stepped down. At the end of Soeharto regime, 21 students were reported disappeared and at least 6 people disappeared during the new government of Habibie. The practices of disappearance mostly exist because of the military role in politics.

The Indonesian military has a very extensive power (almost without limitation). The power divide Indonesia into military zones from the provincial level (called KODAM) to the village level (called BABINSA). With territorial power, military reach extends throughout the country. In the name of "security", arm forces can interrogate people without a clear reason. Especially in Aceh (in the northern part of Indonesia), West Papua (in eastern part of Indonesia) and East Timor, the deeds done by the military power are terrible! They created Military Operation Zones (DOM) in those areas. They caught and kidnapped local people and accused them of being members of a "Liberation movement" or separatists.

The result of DOM is that about 700 people have disappeared in Aceh . In East Timor there is no accurate number of the total victims; but at the Santa Cruz Massacre on November 12, 1992 hundreds were disappeared. In Biak, West Papua during a flag-hoisting event on July 6, 1998 there is a report of 6 persons disappeared.

During the New Order Regime under Soeharto, a popular political party lead by Megawati (a female and daughter of the first president of Indonesia, Soekarno) was also terrorized by military people in plain clothed. They attacked the Head Office of Megawati's party (PDI Perjuangan) and 21 persons missing ! And during the preparation time to a General Election 1997, the government (using military power) again has been doing the so called "cleansing" and 6 persons is missing until NOW !

To "secure" the General Assembly held in March 1998. The New Order Regime again and again doing the same bad deeds. Hundreds of activists were kidnapped. The activists were tortured and electrified to frighten all activists. The military power only reported 9 people they detained and all of them later released. And the other 3 activists still unknown about their lives or whereabouts.

Usually, the kidnapped persons or families do not dare to talk publicly (they have been threatened by military personnel not to talk to the press); but this time the 9 released activists gave a public statements about what really happened.

The Honorary Military Officers' Commission (Dewan Kehormatan Perwira = DKP) later declared that the Special Forces of the Army has kidnapped 9 persons and they already released. This Military Commission does not acknowledge the rest kidnapped persons; the fact is that all of the kidnapped persons were detained in the complex of the Head Office of the Special Forces located in Cijantung, Jakarta East.

After Soeharto as president replaced by BJ Habibie nothing is changed. In the welknown "May Riot", May 1998, reported 3 students missing but until today no further news about those students. Until now, the Habibie's Government never shows a serious effort to clear that problem of missing students. And the military power never mention about it in accordance with military activities during the May Riot.

<u>This is another simple discussion via e mail between me and Kent mclard , one of the person behind heart attack magazine and ebullition records. I am very sorry because I have discussed such a stupid issues and for your information actually this was done a lone time ago but I have decided to put it here since no one wanted it. Proceed.</u>

Hafeez: tell us about yourself...how long have you been involved actively in the punk hardcore scene.. do you see any changes about the punk hardcore scene world wide compared to the old days when you first got your self involved in the punk hardcore scene....

Kent: I am 33 years old. I got into hardcore in 1982. There are a lot of changes in punk and hardcore since then, but it is hard to really judge them because I am also a very different person. When I was fifteen Hardcore seemed super exciting and revolutionary, but at 33 it doesn't seem quite as revolutionary or exciting. Is that because hardcore is less exciting than it was? Or is it because I have seen a lot more stuff, and done a lot more, and lived a lot more since I was 15?

In my opinion hardcore is just hardcore. Sometimes it is better and sometimes it is worse. Every year is a new year. Ultimately hardcore are only as good as we made it. If it is boring then we need to get to Work and make it exciting again!

Hafeez: maybe your are right there Kent, so making hardcore punk interesting again. How's that? Is it by creating a new style of hardcore music? is it giving politics a bigger part in the scenes circulation? Or what? Hardcore punk is only good when we make it. What do you mean by that?

Kent: Well, that depends on your idea of what "good" is. The problem with all of this stuff is it is subjective. My version of good may not be your Version. All we can do is try to make hardcore something that we like. We can either complain or we can try to make it into something we do like. I don't really think we can compare hardcore today to hardcore 15 years ago. It isn't supposed to stay the same. The whole point of hardcore is change. Fuck shit up, do what you want, make something new. Every kid that gets into hardcore needs to learn rule #1: No rules. Hardcore is what we make it.

Hafeez: some says that political awareness isn't an important thing in the punk hardcore scene. Do you agree with that? so how political a scene should be...do you think that every punk should be aware about their political surroundings?

Kent: I think politics are very important. And I would argue that the people that say hardcore or punk isn't political aren't really aware of how things work. I mean look at this interview. You send me some questions and I answer them. I am a fairly important person in the hardcore world. People know me, I have history, and in some odd way I am famous in the hardcore world. But you send me some questions and I answer them. Try sending some questions to someone in U2 or Madonna or NSync. They won't answer you. There is a political message there.

The ideas of DIY are political. It doesn't matter if you say politics are stupid if you are participating in a scene that supports DIY ideas. Even the most apolitical bands are political in some ways because they choose to travel around and play small shows and put out their own records. That is politics in action. Personally I think that is the great thing about punk. Punk started when some fans of rock music decided to reclaim rock from the businessmen and corporate rock stars that had made rock boring.

In truth I think it is pretty impossible to not be political. I mean if you go and buy a Pepsi then you are making a political act. You are voting for Pepsi. I don't drink soda. That is my vote. So I would say that anyone that says politics aren't important is an idiot. Because life is politics. Everything you eat and everything you buy and everything you listen to has a political context to it.

Hafeez: yes, I would say that I totally agree with you. But as we can see all around, a lot of kids still bloody blur about the real definition of politics. Politics is life right??? So, what do you think creates this ignorance? Is it the kids themselves? The surroundings? Or the scene that don't give politics the place it deserve?

Kent: I don't think "ignorance" is a fair word. That is far too judgmental. Personally I don't believe in right and wrong. I don't believe that anyone has the "answers" to make the world "perfect", and even if someone did know how would we all agree on what "perfect" meant? Who is to say what the real definition of politics is... I mean who can say what politics really is?

The thing that I want people to realize is that if you are vegan then that is a political decision. If you eat meat then that is a political decision. This is true of anything you eat, buy, think, or read. Too Many people think that politics are about governments and laws. For most of us we don't have any chance to change politics on that level. I think the powers that be want us to believe that politics only take place when we vote in the official voting booth. In my opinion it is important to remember that politics also takes place when we talk to each other, when we spend money, when we get dressed, when we think, etc, etc....

Unfortunately kent couldn't finish the interview and yet he had emailed me and tell me the reason why he couldn't cope with the interview. Let us read the what kent have to say.

I am sorry I can not finish this interview, sorry.

Hello -

I currently have over 500 unanswered e-mail messages. I get about 400 new messages a week. I try to keep up with them, but I am only human and am failing to handle the sheer onslaught of messages.

Ebullition is doing very, very well. It is actually a problem. Too many people want our assistance with distribution, too many bands want us to release their records, too many 'zines and radio shows want our promos, too many foreign labels want to trade, too many people want to order records from us. As crazy as it is all this attention is killing me.