

HONOR REVIEW

Unlocking Tomorrow



№16

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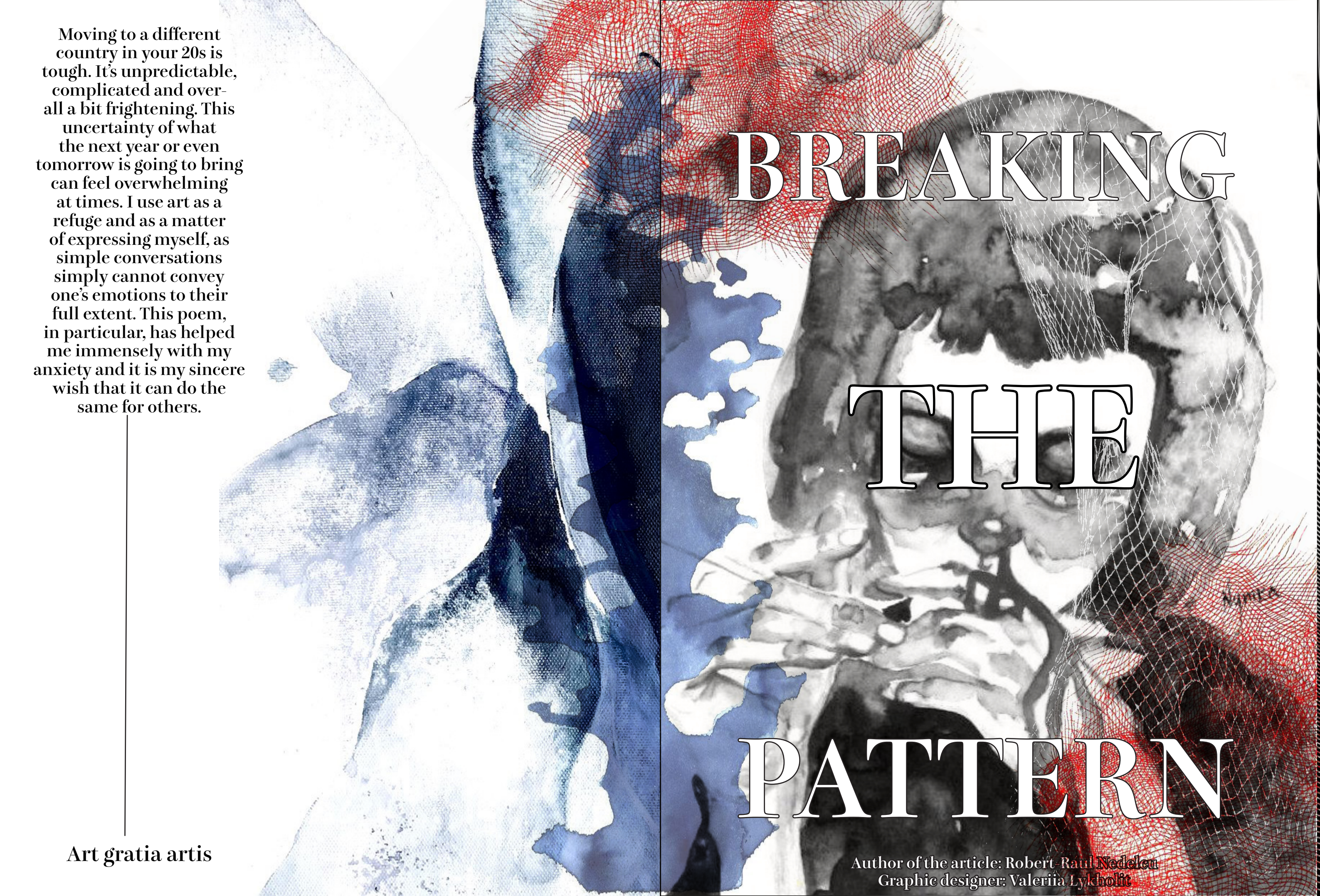
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Moving to a different country in your 20s is tough. It's unpredictable, complicated and overall a bit frightening. This uncertainty of what the next year or even tomorrow is going to bring can feel overwhelming at times. I use art as a refuge and as a matter of expressing myself, as simple conversations simply cannot convey one's emotions to their full extent. This poem, in particular, has helped me immensely with my anxiety and it is my sincere wish that it can do the same for others.

Art gratia artis



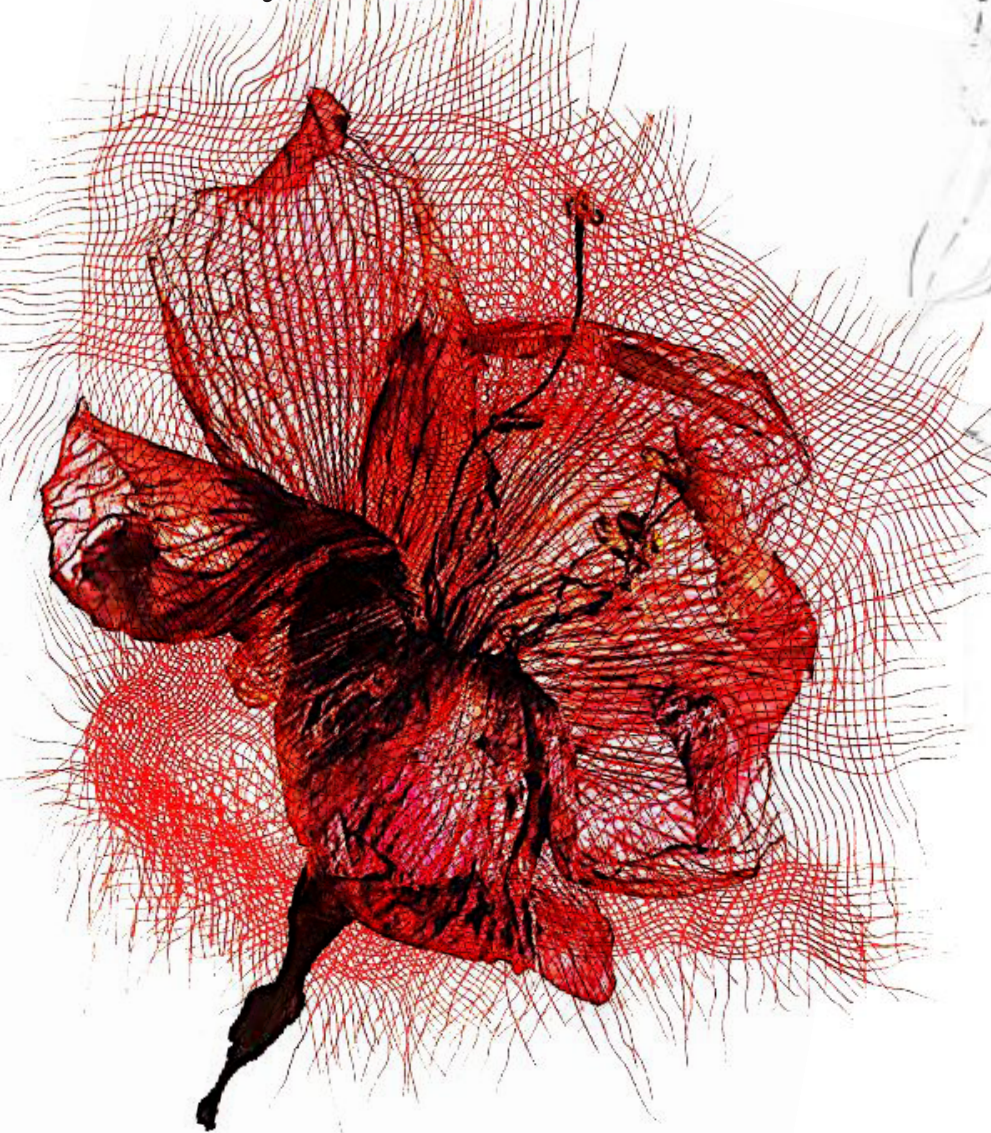
BREAKING

THE

PATTERN

Author of the article: Robert-Raul Nedelcu
Graphic designer: Valeriia Lykholt

Breaking the pattern
Shadows dance and shine along
On gilded paths of ember stones
Fates tangle in siren songs
Hope shimmers through old bones
Freedom bathes in moonlight rays
Your wings damp and still self-chained
Find the key in all clear days
Too long has resentment reigned
The looming doubts stray from your path
They twist, and turn, and burn so cold
Face your fears, stale their wrath
Why mark your mistakes in bold?
What could have been, all the what ifs
Inquiries that plague our souls
Drifted by waves, lost in reefs



Remembrance adorns your pulse
It is frightful, to step blindly
Into darker shades of blue
To dive and forget all worldly
Ideals covered in pure hue
Close your eyes, listen closely
The rhythm echoes beyond the veil
Snow tracks as seen burning
Guide the steps through your hail
It was, and will always be you
No matter what has happened
One's shape is forever due
To be the sole shade that mattered
I thank thee, dear past reflections
For opening tomorrow's skyline
See you soon, brave incarnations
That climb surely as a vine



NE

ONE DAY

Realizing the air you inhale is
spaceless

And the disinterested time of
numbers is timeless

Your consciousness will
transcend the realms of
humanity

Your teguments will intermingle
with the cell that entraps you

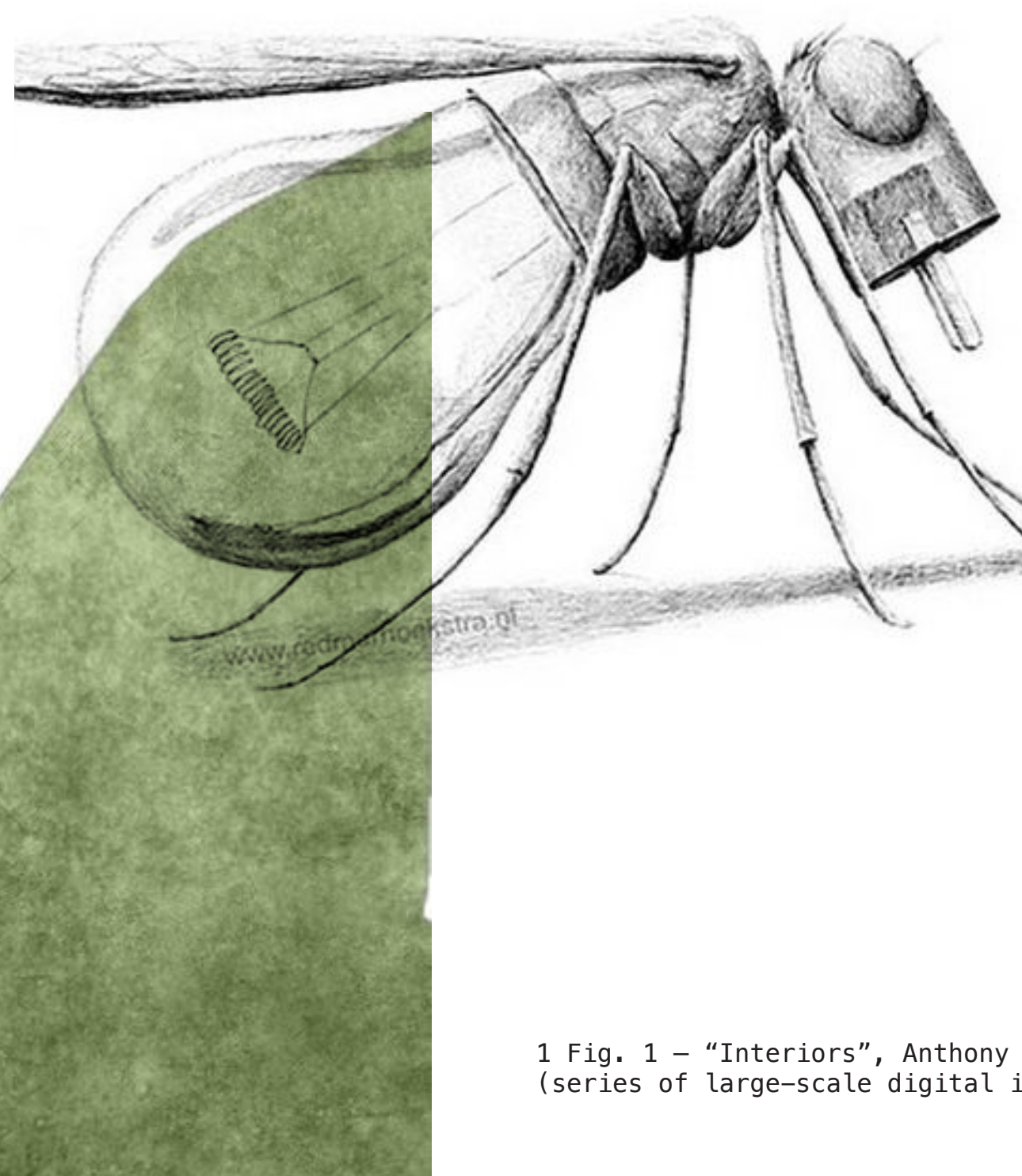
Your skin will be made of
marble

And the Interiors¹ you inhabit
will be fabricated out of your
skin

You'll wake up in a world where
the organic and the inorganic
fuse

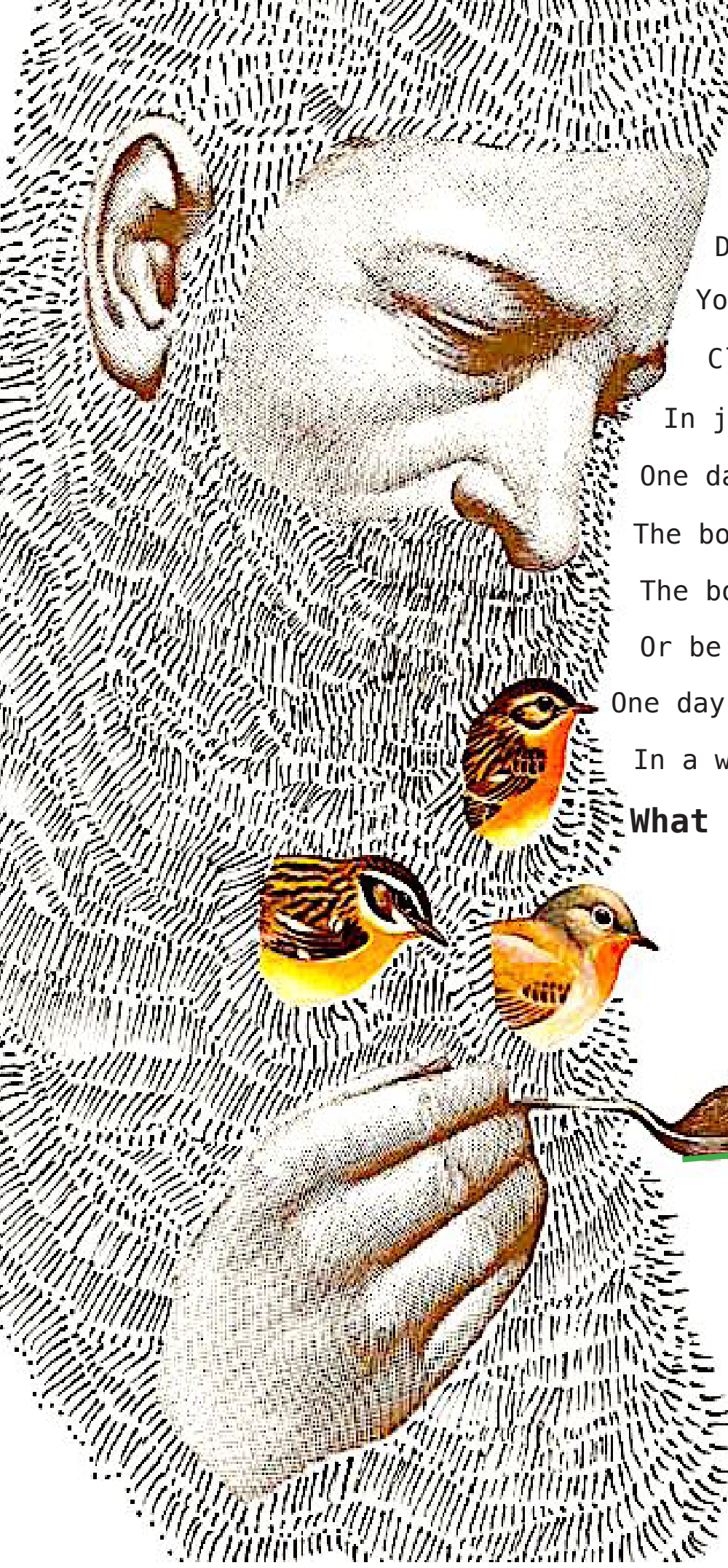
Where technological singularity
threatens human exceptionalism

Where humans have entered a new
stage of existential morphism



1 Fig. 1 – “Interiors”, Anthony Aziz and Sammy Cucher, 1999–2000
(series of large-scale digital images of prosthetic environments)





Or maybe one day, you'll wake up and breathe
Realizing the air you inhale is lightweight and devoid of pollution
Due to geo-engineering and global alignment
You'll realize you've overcome cancer, surpassed your human timespan,
Due to nanotechnological advancements and human genome editing
You'll realize you can sing impeccable notes and paint mesmerizing landscapes
Climb unreachable hills and outstretch the latitude of the earth
In just one day – by taking the technocratic oath
One day you'll wake up in a different body
The body your kids will carry throughout the centuries
The body that will either transcend mortality
Or be lost to oblivion in an utter act of brutality
One day, you'll wake up in a different world
In a world trapped in an evolutionary state of progress
What will that world look like?

The question is
yours to address.



