

Flipped

Issue #5



Autumn 2016

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EDITORIAL

One of my favorite things to do, is to have some warm, fragrant tea on a chilly early morning. Thankfully that time is fast approaching. With it, it brings a wonderful freshness, that I make the most of by walking around Athenian streets, *wrapped* in a cozy shawl. Light drizzles, where I get to use my bright red *umbrella* and the mood to read a good *book* while watching the wind blow outside my window.

A hug, rain and tales. My ideal Autumn.

This year it coincides with the release of Fliqped's fifth issue. A fact that makes everything even more important. We have come full circle. A whole year has passed since we embarked on this journey. It seems unbelievable almost, to all of us at Fliqped. Magical even. So magical that we decided to make magic this issue's theme.

Our fifth issue reads like a grimoire, with spells, potions, unicorns, witches and warlocks trapped in its pages. With September marking the start of yet another new school/work year, we wish you an enchanting fall season.

Abacadabra.

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Photo from the photo project " Potions " for Flipped magazine

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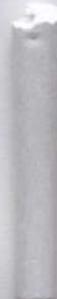
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Umbrella



ABRACADABRA

a brief history of magic

Words: Akylina Printziou

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

Magic - or witchcraft, or wizardry - has concerned human societies since the beginning of time. I'm sure many of you have read books, watched films or even played games that featured at least one magician or a ritual of some kind. Some may look at these creations scornfully and immediately deem them childish, but the truth is that magic has been around since ancient times and was brought into existence by some pretty serious grown-ups.

Initially, magical practices were associated with religious rituals, as they involved weird symbols, complex gestures and peculiar phrases which didn't seem to belong to any particular language, aiming to bring people in contact with the gods or the supernatural entities they worshiped. In fact, the earliest record of magical practices dates as far back as ancient Egypt and Mesopotamia. Some of the texts inscribed on the pyramids or other sacred texts, as well as the rituals performed to achieve communication with the gods are said to be early forms of magic.

Not surprisingly, many of the elements of magical practice which are known to us today come from ancient Greece. The best example is that of Greek mystical religions, such as the Eleusinian Mysteries, which involved the use of "magic words" - the most well-known magic word, "Abracadabra", meaning "I create as I speak" in Aramaic, was originally believed to have healing properties when inscribed inside a pendant- the use of wands or other instruments, the use of magic circles and even of mysterious symbols. All of these sound incredibly familiar, don't they?

Apart from these religious practices, in ancient Greece there existed the so-called "katadesmoi", which were binding spells or curses inscribed in wax or lead tablets and buried underground, with apparent malicious intents. Hints of magic could also be found in medicine as well.

The practice of magic had started spreading dangerously and magicians had accumulated social power as their supernatural abilities inspired fear. Consequently, magic and all its manifestations were banned in the late Roman era. Those who continued to practice it would have to face strict punishment and even torture. This led those associated with magic to follow less dangerous paths and thus, in the following Middle Ages, magic was mostly associated with healing.

However, during the Renaissance, the rise of the arts and science gave people the incentive to venture into ceremonial magic, which was reminiscent of the religious and pagan ceremonies conducted in the past. This is when a more concrete distinction between "black" and "white" magic was formed, since these ceremonies could either involve sinister motives and satanic practices or be used for medicinal and healing purposes. People from all walks of life and social classes were fascinated by magic during the Renaissance era, and this is also when the most notorious witch-hunts took place.

Magic and its practitioners have been seen in a very negative light for centuries, mostly due to their secretive and individualistic nature. According to modern theories and researches, magic is a personal phenomenon intended for the spiritual growth of the individual. This approach is similar to many others concerning religion and the very human need to reach for god within oneself, as well as create a spiritual connection with the deities. Nowadays, magic is still legally practiced in some parts of the world, such as Papua New Guinea, where the distinction between "black" and "white" magic still holds true. Some of the rituals performed by African tribes are also heavily influenced by the practices mentioned above. Alchemy, druidry, shamanism, Shinto and animism are some mere examples of magical traditions that exist throughout the world.

Among some modern magic scholars is Aleister Crowley, an English occultist who went as far as to found his own religion called Thelema and who was the inspiration behind many later works of art, such as fantasy fiction, music and films.

We cannot talk about magic and not mention everyone's favorite wizard. *Harry Potter* by J.K. Rowling, managed to bring magicians of the traditional kind - those with cloaks, wands and magical words for spells - in fashion again. There are millions of fantasy books that involve magic in every possible form, but I will attempt to only talk about a select few.

The Name of the Wind by Patrick Rothfuss is a hefty title with a very interesting magic system, according to which knowing the true name of things is crucial in order to manipulate them according to your desires.

A Discovery of Witches by Deborah Harkness is about a young scholar who discovers a bewitched alchemical manuscript, causing all kinds of magical creatures to be brought to life. A completely different take on magic is offered by Erin Morgenstern in *The Night Circus*, a book involving illusionists and magical secrets. Last, but definitely not least, *Fullmetal Alchemist* by Hiromu Arakawa is a Japanese manga that revolves around alchemy and the darker side of magical practice.

Undoubtedly, magic has existed in our world since ancient times and has both its negative and positive aspects. It has also been the spark of inspiration for hundreds of thousands works of art, most of which we still have the privilege to enjoy today. So, instead of dismissing it as something childish or evil, I think we should at least embrace its historical significance and its contribution to culture across the globe. Because, who knows, maybe a tinge of magic is hiding inside of us all.





SOFAR SOUNDS ATHENS

music out of a room

Words: Chrysoula Zagoti

Photography : Kamarini Moragianni

Music out of a room, a living room, a terrace or even a garage. *Sofar* makes the most of every spacious corner of a house, to create the ultimate concert experience! You may be sitting on a couch, a chair, on the floor, or leaning against a wall with a beer in hand. However you decide to place yourself, what's certain about *Sofar* is that you will get to enjoy live music without distractions.

A group of young people, prompted by Maria-Christina who brought the *Sofar* idea over from London, got organized and looked for friends, houses and bands that could be part of the project. They've been holding one secret concert per month for almost a year now!

The basic steps you should know are very simple. You sign up on *Sofar Sounds Athens* and wait for an e-mail with the official invitation which will let you know where the next event will be, one or two days in advance. You are responsible for your own drink, you must not be late, you have to be quiet during the concert so that everyone, yourself included, can enjoy the music, and you can support the artists by making your contribution in the hat brought out during the intermissions; the amount gathered will be used to reimburse the crew. Dress yourself in your best mood and rest assured, you can return by public transport, as the organizers have made sure the concert ends before it is too late at night - very convenient for those of us with no other means of transportation.







The last *Sofar* event was held at a friend's home, so I seized the opportunity to experience it. I saw *Remi & The Road*, a band that broke the ice with their amazing humor and talent, *Trikavalo*, another band that took me back to my teenage years, when rock music seemed to be the solution to everything, and finally *Berber* ('together' in turkish), whose turkish and armenian melodies carried me away, making me feel as if I was smelling rich exotic spices!

I was elated to see how easily music can bring together people of all tastes and ethnicities, a feeling that was tangible in the air and enveloped us all. There were no barriers, no stereotypes, no unique, superior kind of music. It was simply a night dedicated to music itself.

You have every reason to go on Youtube and check out videos of previous *Sofar* events, click 'attend' on *Sofar Sounds Athens* to be part of the next event and look at all the photos on Instagram and Facebook. You will be impressed with how many gifted musical groups are out there, with genuine talent and passion for their art.

Maybe music has a lot more to offer us than we think, if we would only listen with a bit more attention. Try it!



REGINA ROSAS AMAT

budding gardener

Words: Emily Kapothanasi

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

There are times that from within me, spring the most peculiar desires at the most improbable moments. It's late June, and despite summertime doing its best to convince me that it's here to stay, I close my eyes and envision in the place of waves and infinite blue, gardens with cool leaves and assortments of petals in every possible color. Perhaps it's my longing to be wrapped up in everything Fall brings; new beginnings, refreshing breezes and walks under the soft light of the afternoon sun.

So on a Monday morning, knowing that the prospect of spending my day by the sea eating peaches I've washed in the salty water is highly unlikely, I decided to do something different. It was something that had been on my mind for several months. Revitalize my grandma's balcony-cum-garden, with its countless old stone flowerpots, heavy with pigment decorations. The plants hiding in their bowels, I had written off as mere memories, given that no one had cared for them in years.

I felt terribly guilty knowing I was responsible, having recently moved into my grandparents' house, to devote a few minutes of my day to their care.

Alas, one of my shortcomings is, as for many people, procrastination. My guilt would never be alleviated since I never proceeded to implement my plan, become the gardener of a small, dull balcony in downtown Athens. Until that day. I don't know why; I suppose that, many things we want but are reluctant to try can end up happening anyway, as a result of a not-so-conscious decision on our part.

So I put on my gardener's gloves, got equipped with fresh soil, rummaged through the tool cupboard for the shears, and started zealously trimming the weathered, resigned leaves weighing on the pots. As I slowly reached the base of the stems, I was astonished to discover that the plants were still alive, silently guarding their vivid green-yellow colors. The feeling that coursed through me at that moment was like nothing I had ever felt before. I realized that my efforts would give them the chance to reclaim their long-lost-in-sleep former selves.

During the coming days, I contemplated this extraordinary resilience in the face of time, and I began drawing parallels between the plants' behavior and that of humans. Unfamiliar emotions filled me, making me come to the conclusion that we humans are quick to become pessimistic, yet should we choose to devote a small amount of energy to something, we will almost certainly be rewarded when it comes alive in our hands. Only we refused to acknowledge that and put in the effort, disoriented and tangled in our busy routines as we are.

My impatience to see how the plants would react to a little water plus the ample sunlight beating down on my flat in the early afternoon hours was rewarded when they began to timidly blossom again. They gifted me with their colorful presence as a token of how grateful they were for all I had done for them, which I proudly accepted. Since then, I care for them daily, observe them and wait to witness their forgotten glory once more. I would never have imagined that an ordinary balcony full of plants would open my eyes and change my perspective, yet I have learned to give my days, my experiences and my relationships a bit more care, patience and time. I am now certain that what at first glance looks forgotten, is in fact still there, buried underneath the soil awaiting my presence make it stronger, more beautiful, good as new. And should Fall chose to visit me earlier than planned, I know that the first showers will find me, cup of hot coffee in hand, gazing out my window as the season changes in my balcony.





Remember to...

1. Complain the Autumn chill is not chilly enough. Demand cold weather and rain.
2. Post the song "Sweater Weather" by The Neighborhood on my facebook wall.
3. Come up with a cute, yet scary, yet flattering, yet not slutty Halloween costume.
4. Wear a huge cozy knit sweater. Cup a mug of warm cocoa with both of my hands.
5. Stomp on crunchy leaves as I walk.
6. Splurge on stationery, because it's the start of the school year, even though I am not a student anymore.
7. Decide to learn how to knit. Watch tutorials online.
Make a Pinterest board for inspiration.
Never actually do it.
8. Be ecstatic, over the first rain of the season
and twirl under my umbrella!



ROCK 'n ROLL ROMANCE

a look at the history and evolution of rock music

Episode 2

Words: Mrs Hyde

Let's go back to the 1900s and the other side of the Mississippi River.

Alongside the Blues and as though evolving from Ragtime, a new music genre was born; its name was Jazz. Trumpeter Buddy Bolden, aka King Bolden, born and raised in New Orleans, Louisiana, is considered the father of Jazz music. Together with his band, they were the first musicians to use copper brass musical instruments in blues compositions.

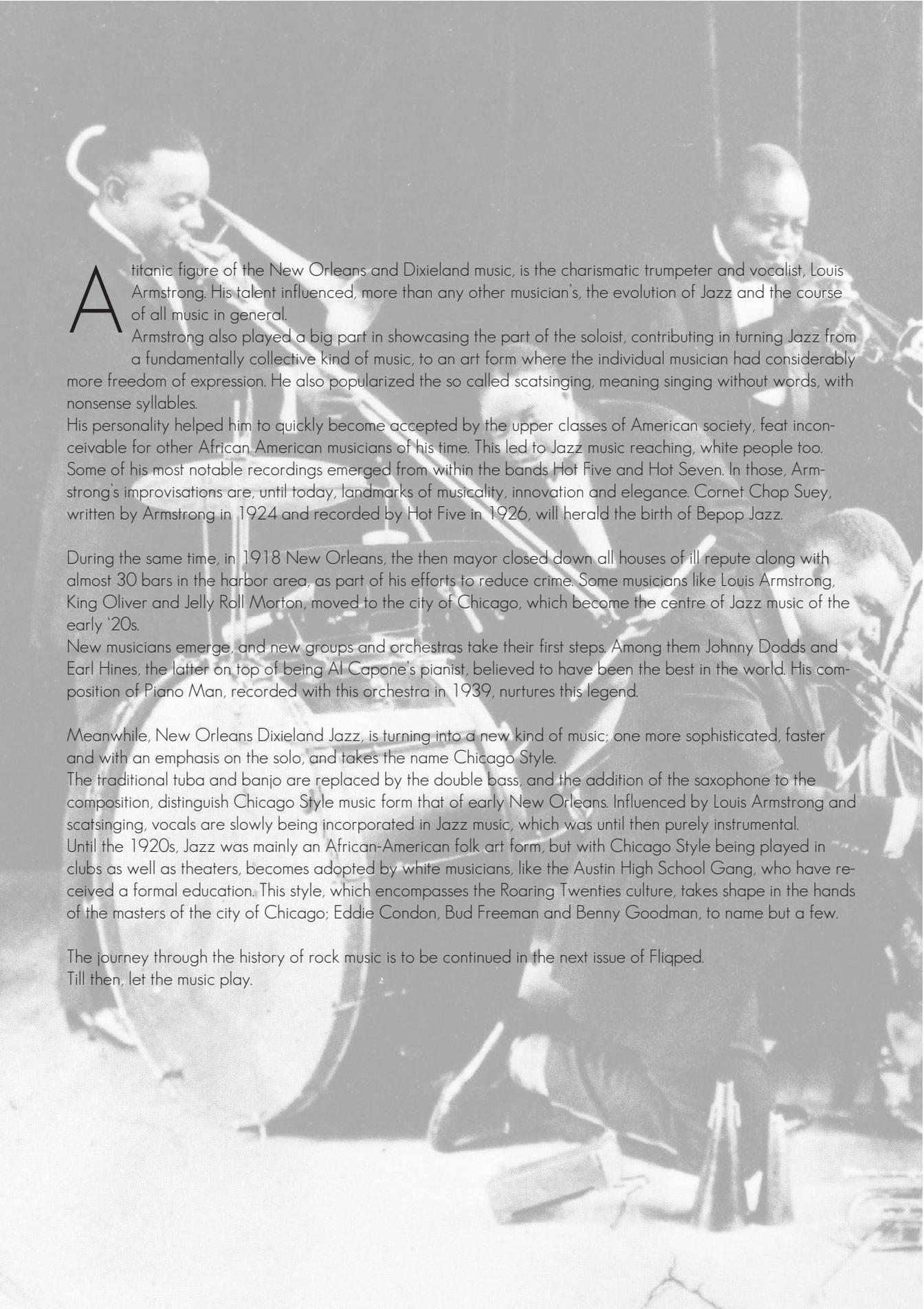
Based out of Bolden's hometown and in particular the neighborhood of Storyville, the most notorious part of the town, Jazz music was also influenced, apart from Blues and Ragtime, by the French and Spanish music culture of the time. Jazz musicians formed music bands, at first performing on the streets, in bars or at funerals. The defining characteristic of the music was improvisation during the performance.

A prominent figure of the New Orleans Jazz scene is Jelly Roll Morton, whose piece Original Jelly Roll Blues written in 1915, is the first Jazz composition ever released.

One of the first sub-genres of Jazz music, a kind of evolution from the early Jazz music of Bolden and Morton, is Dixieland.

Usually, Dixieland music bands consisted of a trumpet, trombone and clarinet as the front-line instruments, together with a banjo, tuba, piano and drums for keeping the beat. Their unique sound is usually a result of the trumpet playing the melody with the rest of the instruments freestyling around it.

The first band of this kind is the Original Dixieland Jazz Band, the first jazz musical formation to ever record. Their 1917 track, "Tiger Rag", is deemed by many the most famous Jazz piece of all time.



A titanic figure of the New Orleans and Dixieland music, is the charismatic trumpeter and vocalist, Louis Armstrong. His talent influenced, more than any other musician's, the evolution of Jazz and the course of all music in general.

Armstrong also played a big part in showcasing the part of the soloist, contributing in turning Jazz from a fundamentally collective kind of music, to an art form where the individual musician had considerably more freedom of expression. He also popularized the so called scatsinging, meaning singing without words, with nonsense syllables.

His personality helped him to quickly become accepted by the upper classes of American society, feat inconceivable for other African-American musicians of his time. This led to Jazz music reaching, white people too. Some of his most notable recordings emerged from within the bands Hot Five and Hot Seven. In those, Armstrong's improvisations are, until today, landmarks of musicality, innovation and elegance. Cornet Chop Suey, written by Armstrong in 1924 and recorded by Hot Five in 1926, will herald the birth of Bepop Jazz.

During the same time, in 1918 New Orleans, the then mayor closed down all houses of ill repute along with almost 30 bars in the harbor area, as part of his efforts to reduce crime. Some musicians like Louis Armstrong, King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton, moved to the city of Chicago, which become the centre of Jazz music of the early '20s.

New musicians emerge, and new groups and orchestras take their first steps. Among them Johnny Dodds and Earl Hines, the latter on top of being Al Capone's pianist, believed to have been the best in the world. His composition of Piano Man, recorded with this orchestra in 1939, nurtures this legend.

Meanwhile, New Orleans Dixieland Jazz, is turning into a new kind of music: one more sophisticated, faster and with an emphasis on the solo, and takes the name Chicago Style.

The traditional tuba and banjo are replaced by the double bass, and the addition of the saxophone to the composition, distinguish Chicago Style music form that of early New Orleans. Influenced by Louis Armstrong and scatsinging, vocals are slowly being incorporated in Jazz music, which was until then purely instrumental.

Until the 1920s, Jazz was mainly an African-American folk art form, but with Chicago Style being played in clubs as well as theaters, becomes adopted by white musicians, like the Austin High School Gang, who have received a formal education. This style, which encompasses the Roaring Twenties culture, takes shape in the hands of the masters of the city of Chicago; Eddie Condon, Bud Freeman and Benny Goodman, to name but a few.

The journey through the history of rock music is to be continued in the next issue of *Fliqped*.
Till then, let the music play.



DAGUERRE
Chicago



Tales



PARIS

for outsiders

Words | Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

Flavia is carefully torching the sugar coated crème brûlée and gives each of us one, while Rosalba pours us some more red wine. Listening to a gypsy jazz record playing, I wonder if Paris is entirely made out of clichés. They are everywhere around you, so many in fact that you feel like everything you experience is not real or that a director included you without you knowing in a movie.

Traveling to Paris, I was lucky enough to have friends who lived there like Ilo and Joanna, that left their home countries in search of adventure and better job prospects, Flavia who combines work and study and Rosalba who lives an even more romanticized version of Paris by doing her Erasmus there.

I wonder how many people have the chance to experience a city like Paris, not as tourists but as travelers, in search of its real aspects, its everyday life. In our many discussions, sitting around a french-delicacies filled table, I struggled to understand how these young people were trying to be part of the city of light.



Flavia & Rosalba | Italy

The reason why you two came in Paris is totally different. Rosalba you are an Erasmus student here and you, Flavia are simultaneously working and studying. The question is why Paris?



Rosalba: I chose Paris mainly because of the university I could study at. Science Po is a renowned university and I had the chance to attend very good courses in English while learning French outside the classroom. Honestly, before coming here, I was not fascinated by the idea of living in Paris. I had heard that it was very expensive and everyone described Parisians as cold and generally not nice people.. But then I came here, I experienced the city and I totally fell in love with it.

Flavia: Actually, I never chose Paris. The first time I came here, it was for the Erasmus programme, same as Rosalba. It was in a really good university, so I spent a year here. The second time was again by chance. I was looking for a job, preferably in London, but I ended up in Paris again!

This year, I applied for a PhD in many universities all over Europe, but I have been accepted in Paris. You can say it's Paris that chose me. Thrice already!



Everybody has in mind romance, style and macarons when it comes to Paris. But what is it like actually living here and trying to “fit in”?

Rosalba: I would say that Paris is indeed full of romance, style and macarons! I mean, it is a magical, dynamic and fascinating city. Yet, it's true that it is also a privilege to live in Paris, as expensive and exclusive as it is. But on the other hand, it is a city where I felt free to be who I want, where I tried new things. A place people are coming to, in order to make their dreams come true and share them with others. Where what you thought is impossible becomes possible. Paris provides fertile soil for ideas and creativity. And I feel you can “fit in” , simply by embracing this challenge.

Flavia: As far as I am concerned, I am not fascinated by all these clichés about Paris and I believe they are more linked to the tourists' way of thinking. When you move to Paris, romance is replaced by complicated french bureaucracy, unfriendly “parisiens”, 10 meter square apartments and a really high cost of life. It is really hard to “fit in” and after a year and half of living here, I still have lots of problems! But what I actually like, is that this city is really eclectic. The real challenge is to find your own place in the mix, but once you find it, Paris will offer you much more than you could have guessed.









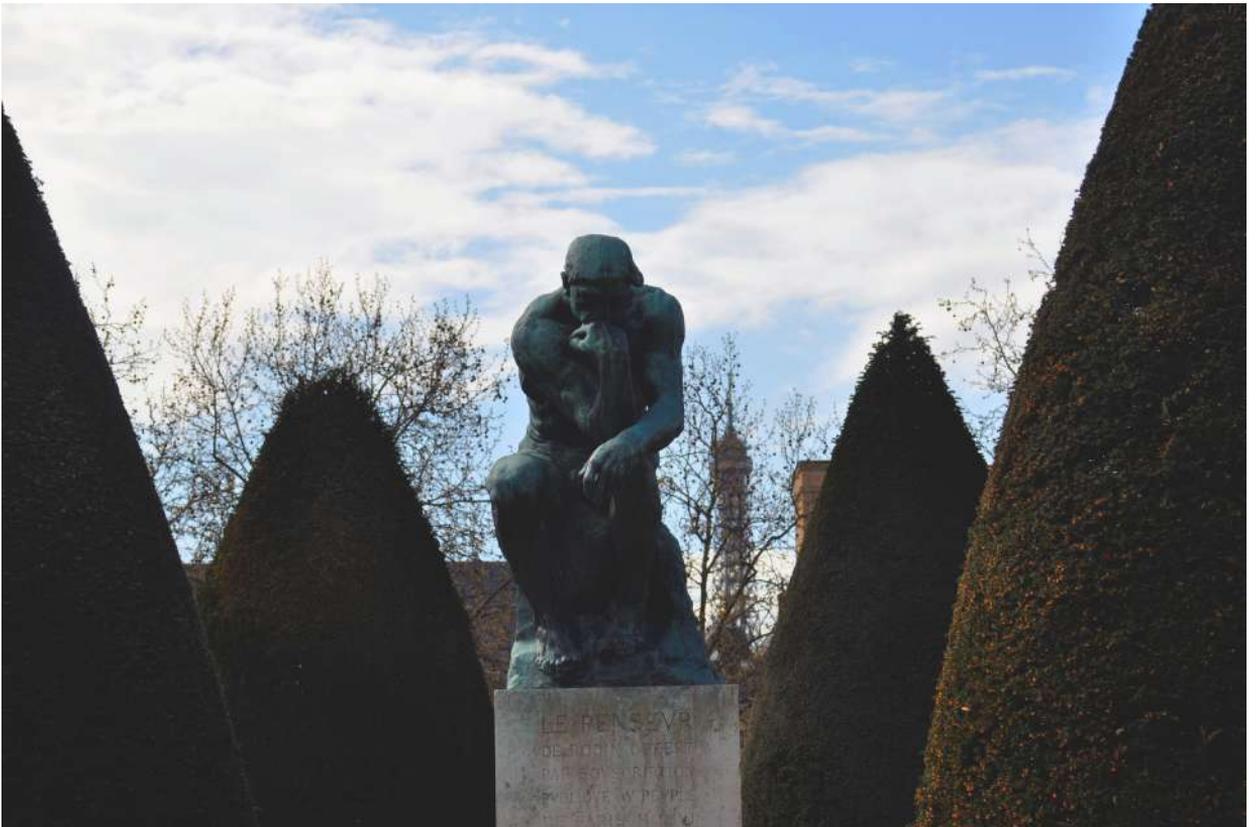
Ilo & Joanna | Italy & Portugal

You came to Paris as a couple, to make a fresh start in life and now you are both working here. How difficult is it, for a foreigner, to start a new life in Paris?

We were looking for a fresh start and we got not fresh, but frozen cold. Living in Paris is really difficult and makes you think that here they don't like foreigners. In the beginning what you experience is that no one wants to rent a house or open a bank account to a person who is not french. After a while, you realize that they have a way of doing these things that involves a lot of bureaucracy. Anyways, it is easy to become unmotivated to live in this city.

Joanna you come from Portugal, Ilo you are an Italian... How are French people to you? Was it easy to make friends and feel comfortable?

In comparison to Portugal or Italy, in Paris, social life is different. Everything needs more time. The truth is that when living here, you find that it's difficult to form relationships with the Parisians and most of the people, with which we are friendly, come from other countries. Maybe this is because, in the end, the true locals of Paris are actually the foreigners. Paris is a melting-pot and you realize, in time, that there is nothing more Parisian, than a Tunisian bar, where Algerian people work. Where the clients are Portuguese, Italians and maybe a few French.

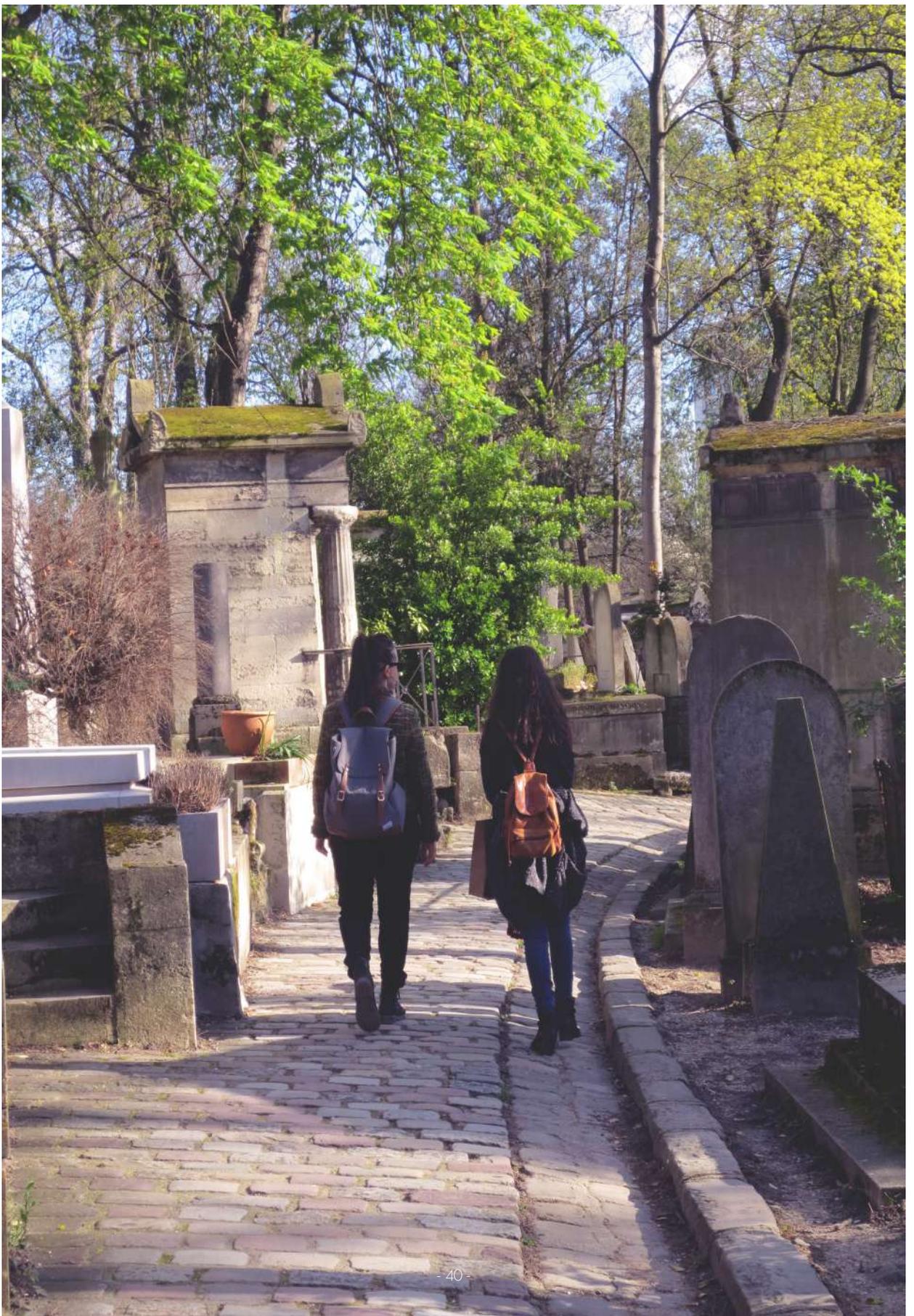




Considering the fact that you now know the city pretty well, where would you take a friend that visits Paris for the first time?

In Paris there are, of course, the classic places where everybody has to go. Now that we know more of the city, we would take our friends to some hidden and secret streets of Paris, like the colorful *Rue Cremieux* or the magic little square *de Montsouris*, where you feel completely away from the big city. Also in our neighborhood, we could take them in *Canal Ourcq* where there are some boat-bars where you can drink a beer in a relaxed and informal ambiance.









INTO THE WOODS



















ΠΡΟΙΟΝΑ ~
ΝΕΡΑΙΟΣ ΣΚΟΥΛΗ
- ΡΟΔΟΣ, ΓΙΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΡΕΥΝΑ
" ΠΟΡΕΥΣΗ ΚΑΙ ΖΩΗ"
ΧΑΜΕΛΕΩΝ
ΜΑΥΡΟΣ









Προϊόντα
σε Αναμονή

ΡΕΒΥ ΓΙΑ (2)
ΜΑΥΡΟΜΑΤΙΚΑ (2)

ΜΑΤΑΡΟΝΙΑ (2)

ΡΥΖΙ (8)

ΜΕΛΙ (1)

ΚΡΙΘΑΡΑΤΙ (1)

ΛΟΥΜΟΥΝ



“ ON HOLD ”

a network of love

Words: Chrysoula Zagoti

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

We had the pleasure of meeting Dimitris Panelis, founder of the voluntary action “On hold”, and stroll around downtown Athens with him. “On Hold” is a process in which one can prepay a product or service for someone else who can’t afford it. Our interview may have ended up being a philosophical conversation about humanity and modern Greek mentality, but first, Dimitris told us everything we needed to know about this project.

Fliaped: How did you come up with the idea for this charity?

Dimitris: When I read an article about free coffees being offered in Italy, I thought that something similar could be arranged for needed items. I went to my university, shared my idea with the guys there and together we made the first video. All I had at first was the idea. The cameras, the people and the help started coming my way without me realizing it. Then we created our Facebook page and as people shared it, we came to have more than a thousand businesses on our list, both in Greece and Cyprus!

F: Are you the sole organizer and administrator?

D: The responsibilities are shared, as the number of businesses and volunteers who want to collaborate increases, in various cities. The central administration remains with me but I am determined to keep going until every Greek person is familiar with the concept of “On Hold”. I wish this action was not needed, I wish we all spared a thought for those around us in need, but since it exists I will do everything I can and put as much energy as necessary into it.

F: Has anyone ever mocked your idea, or accused you of somehow wanting to make a profit off of it?

D: In a society full of so many people with so many different personalities, an idea cannot resonate with everyone. Of course I receive negative comments, but I try and focus on the positive things that happen. I don't need an argument to convince those who are skeptical, our actions and achievements speak for themselves.

F: Tell us about the stories uploaded on your website. What is the message that you want them to get across?

D: We have published three stories so far, and there are more to come. What you see is the result of the efforts of our friends, who invest time into this action without expecting anything in return. It has been proven that an image can be incredibly powerful, able to carry a message anywhere and have an immediate effect on people. The purpose of these stories is to spread the word and show that our project is truly philanthropic. I believe this gets even more people interested and involved.

F: Do you think "On Hold" would meet the same response if it weren't for the recession? Do you think the recession has brought out our 'humanity'?

D: Five or six years ago, when there was a sense of prosperity and each of us was lost in their own little world, we rarely cared about what people around us were going through. This is still true, though in a smaller degree. I believe that caring about others makes you human, and your humanity is something cultivated at home, at school, through your interactions. It's not the recession that makes you human. The recession can simply bring out your best self, or your worst.



F: What are your future plans for the project?

D: I want it to expand as much as possible. From the first few months of its existence, the amount of people who showed interest and contributed was something I did not expect. It was a pleasant surprise. I have realized that "On Hold" will be a part of my life for as long as I can maintain it. It will be like my child, to raise and protect to the best of my ability. I would like this giving, volunteering mentality to be passed down to future generations as part of our culture and education.

F: What has changed in your life ever since "On Hold" came to be?

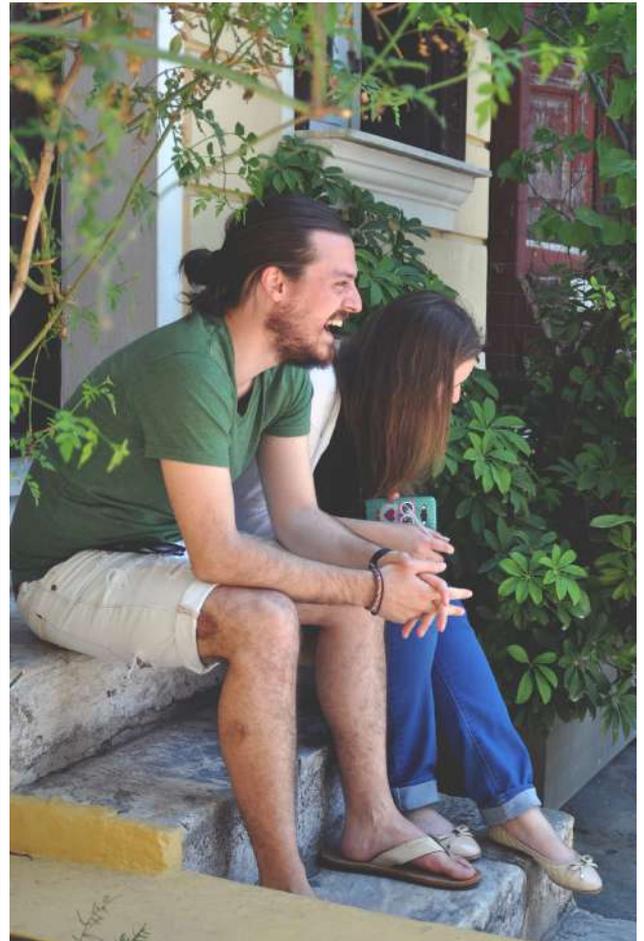
D: I managed to run this project during a very busy year for me, full of obligations and responsibilities. It was a situation that pushed me past my limits. But I've always believed that when you really want to make something happen, how it will eventually happen does not matter. What matters is wanting it, and what I've always wanted is to help people.

We interrupted our walk to make two quick stops. The first was at a pharmacy in Psirri.

"I heard about it from a friend and wished to participate right away. All I needed was the right mindset and the customers' cooperation" the pharmacy's owner said to us. Our second stop was at the grocery store 'Lalades'. We admired the board full of products 'On Hold' which is never empty, while Joanna told us: "Starting with the spark of Dimitris' idea, we all came to hold our own candle. This, for me, is what happens when you truly want to make a difference in your society."

This action, however, does not stop evolving. Starting this September, in collaboration with students from the University of Athens, there will be a mobile application containing a list of all the businesses that use the "On Hold" board - as well as the nearest ones to the user. The list does not longer include only needful items, but also medical services and entertainment.

In July, "On Hold" was awarded in the Voluntary Action festival, in the category of the humanitarian crisis in Greece. We applaud Dimitris, the owners of participating businesses, and everyone who insists on showing compassion. Let us not keep our love for others 'On Hold', let us give it out openly! Do some research, get informed and get started!





MAGIC FOR MUGGLES

abracadabra doodly doo !

Words: Kristiana Lalou

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

I can make people disappear. I swear I can. Except I can't totally control it. I was one of those kids that began reading the Harry Potter series before it was complete. So after finishing book no3, I had to go through the painful process of waiting two years for every new book to come out. In the meantime, I would read the ones already available, about a trillion times. I admit, it is my most reread series of books. Not Dostoyevsky or Tolstoi, not even Jane Austen. So one can only infer that I also, simultaneously, went through that phase where I desperately wanted to be a witch. I still do actually. My pubescent aspirations were to barge into Hogwarts one day and confront the admissions office on why my letter of acceptance never came on my 11th birthday.

Yet before Harry Potter and his fantastic adventures, had come the "Witches of Eastwick" and all the 90s witchy films that fed my hunger for knowledge of witchcraft. "The Craft", "Practical Magic", "Sleepy Hollow" and "Hocus Pocus", had come surging in to confuse and enlighten me at the same time, about the magical practices that folklore-turned-hollywood could teach me. Not to mention the books, like Roald Dahl's "The Witches" for example, that I had decided was a gross misrepresentation of witches and had a how-dare-he stance on it, while maintaining it was a perpetuating misogynistic stereotypes.

My mailbox void of any Magical School letters though, I turned to other types of magic. If I wanted to be a witch...nothing would stop me. I bought scented candles and wrote spells on a self made grimoire. I wished for my parents to be healthy and for good luck. That generally worked out. I asked for my crush to like me back, but it sadly didn't pan out. "Ah! Personal Gain!" I thought. "The Charmed" tv series taught me you can't use magic to help yourself, so there was my completely logical conclusion on the failure of my spell.

But then, something very weird happened.

I was about nine years old and I had a horrible bully whom I hated. He made my school life impossible. One day right before going to school, I prayed that he would transfer schools and I would never have to see him again. Guess what, that same morning he came up to me and bade me goodbye saying he is transferring schools - he actually thought we were friendly. Abracadabra! I was stunned. My powers were nothing to kid about. Next year I caught a flying pencil between my fingers and was declared a class hero. Abracadabra! Clearly my powers were growing. When I was fifteen, the same thing happened again. I wished a bully went away and again he transferred schools. Now this was an undeniable pattern.

I think I got too cocky though cause I never quite managed to “do magic” like that again. Pride is a sin after all. I grew and grew and never received any sort of indication that I would ever be a proper witch. I expected some sort of documentation proving my ability or a fellow witch “feeling my power” and revealing herself to me. Yet, nothing happened. So that went out of the window and I embraced more logical expectations, like that of having a proper, paying job and a house of my own. Seems to me now that being a witch is more possible.

I never completely gave up on my “magical powers” though. I focused on the unexplained coincidences and weird occurrences of life. Like say, I wanted ice cream really bad and my brother happened to bring some home. Or I hadn’t seen a friend in a while and wondered how she was, right before I met her randomly on the street. Abracadabra, witches. Things like these, reinforced my idea that magic is what YOU make of it and all of us have different kinds of magic in us. I’ll take what I can get, you see.

These days my magic consists of making herbal tea - or potion making as I prefer to call it - and gazing at the full moon. I take comfort in the magic we all have within us and other inspirational stuff like that. Like chanting “please don’t notice me” when someone I don’t like is passing by and I don’t want to talk to them. Or wishing for free garlic bread with my pizza delivery. Even the “think of me, when I think of you” whenever I have a crush.

Magic is all around us, life becomes mundane only when we allow it. Give everything a witchy twist and life becomes enchanting! So, say it with me, Abra-freaking-cababra!





WHO ARE YOU

when everyone is watching

Words: Aristeia Bisbiki

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

In defense of the internet...
Year 2016. Planet Earth. Among us, lives a generation of people that are, no exaggerations, digital natives. These people are, together with the rest of the internet users, responsible for everything the World Wide Web is today. A welter of information, in theory uncontrollable, that waits for no one before shaping the ethics, fashion, and mindset of our time. Or at least that is what we conveniently like to believe.

The internet is far more interactive than we imagine, and has so much more to offer than cat videos and Kardashians' selfies. Since we are not living under a rock in the middle of the desert, and we use it every day, we bear responsibility for whatever happens on there and by extension out there, and unbeknownst to us adopt a stance. And while it may not matter at the end of the day, whether we viewed the viral video of a celebrity's accident ten times, but every like in the photo of the anorexic model happily eating a giant burger, does. The former will soon be forgotten, the latter will only add to the list of teenagers' problems and insecurities regarding their image, self-confidence and self-respect.

On the subject of our relationship with ourselves and others, let's see what the internet in 2016 can teach us about feminism, sex equality, and LGBT rights. For every misogynist that exercises the right to say how abhorrent it is for a mother to publicly breastfeed or believes a woman is obligated to shave her legs or behave a certain way in the media, has to get an answer. And if someone in India can easily murder his own sister because she was being provocative on social media and even get away with it, the whole planet should open its eyes. Feminism on the internet is not just another #freethenipple photo that will be banned from Instagram, but a movement giving voice to women who "caused their own rape because of a provocative outfit", who didn't get hired because their future plans included starting a family, and to all of us "spoiled girls" who just don't appreciate some random stranger yelling "Shut up!" to our faces.

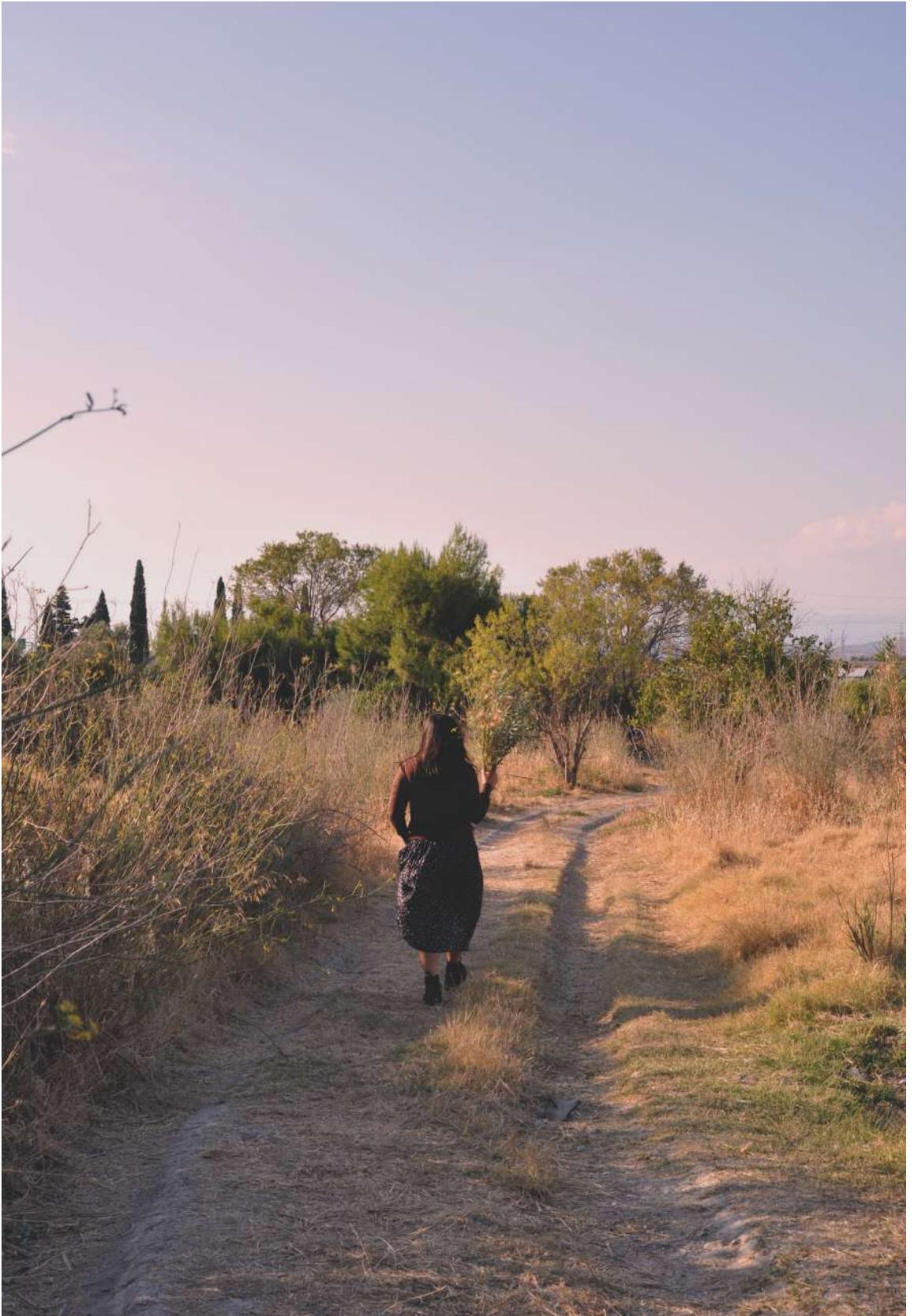
Before misogynists rush to comment that women want to be the new men, the internet has preemptively tried to balance healthy feminism with the sex equality movement. So, if you google "sex equality" you will find not only photos of women burning their bras, but also the legal framework of the E.U. or the U.S. or any other civilized country, stressing that the two sexes are equal in all aspects of life. Or are they? When the majority of women declare they avoid walking home at night on their own, and when many young men choose not to follow their creative dream profession for fear of the reaction of their peers, then the internet has many cases to shed light on so that we can be convinced, that a lot of things can change to everybody's betterment.

Of course the current trend in online searches is the rights LGBT people (don't) have. Socially and often legally marginalized, people whose only fault is that they don't, what with it being 2016, bother to hide their sexual preferences. Once again, the internet is called to take a stand, all of us are called to take a stand, for it is inconceivable that 14 year old children are led to suicide because of the social pressures they are subjected to. Even if we wish to remain willfully blind to what happens around us, maybe because it's not relevant to us yet, we can't as internet users avoid hearing such news that shock the world.

The movements mentioned above have been in the forefront for years, shaping trends, supported vocally and silently and have, at times, managed to sensitize people via newswatches. This is exactly where the value of the internet lies. It does not let you forget, it does not allow you to feign ignorance. Same rules apply in the environmental problems. Who hasn't heard about global warming, pollution, deforestation? But who is truly aware? If we want to be considered citizens of the world, those issues should become relevant to us, and we should constantly try to keep informed. We should want to know where the food on our plate comes from, and it should be our concern that the meat industry is primarily responsible for the vast majority of environmental disasters. We have been brought up believing we are the last generation potentially capable of reversing the situation and it is childish to blame factory chimneys for everything!

Nowadays, access to knowledge is so easy that on our screens we can have a tab open to a cheap retailer's, while a second tab informs us that said clothes are made by child laborers, in places with questionable security measures, in circumstances of modern slavery. We are worth much more than that t-shirt that caught our eye. If I had to settle on a single trait that sets the internet apart from all other means of communication between people, it would be that it offers us the chance to compare and contrast. It is without a doubt shocking to hear about a terrorist attack somewhere in the world every other day, but it is ironic to get scared when we won't bother to fasten our seat belt when getting in our car. For when in panic deliberately spread by a terrorist attack, our senses take leave. How many people get killed in terrorist attacks as opposed to car accidents? The internet has space enough for all kinds of opinions; let us look for the more level-headed ones.

Personally, I love the internet because it won't leave me in the dark. It allows me no room for deniability or willful ignorance. You?







Hug



WITCHY CONCOCTIONS

for better skin

Words: Georgia Michopoulou | Aesthetician and Cosmetologist.

The good thing about home made facial masks is that they are cheap and easy to make. They do not contain chemicals and preservatives and you can make them as often as needed. On the other hand, if you are allergic to any of the ingredients, do not try to make them. It is also well advised to try the mask on a small spot on your neck first, so you are sure you have no sensitivity to them. Masks that contain lemon, orange or tomato work wonders on oily skin but you'd better stay away from them if you have dry or sensitive skin, as acids may cause irritation.



S eptember: Grapes, one of nature's best antioxidants.

FACIAL MASK WITH GRAPES FOR ELASTICITY & GLOWING SKIN

(all skin types)

Ingredients

- 6-7 grapes
- 1 tsp of cooking soda (heals scars)
- 2 tsp of flour (contains vitamin E)

Choose your favorite kind of grapes. You can use any kind. Juice the grapes and pour the liquid in a bowl. Then add the soda and the flour and mix well. Add more juice or flour until the consistency is creamy smooth. Apply the mask and let it dry for about 20 to 30 minutes. Wash with lukewarm water. Never forget to apply your favorite facial cream afterwards.



October: Orange, rich in vitamin C

FACIAL MASK WITH ORANGE (for normal to oily skin)

Ingredients

- 1 tsp of orange powder
- 2 tbsp of plain full fat greek yogurt
- 1 tsp of organic honey
- 1 tsp of oats
- 1 tsp of orange juice

Pour all the ingredients in a bowl and mix well.

The orange powder is easy to make. Wash 3-4 oranges and put their shavings on a tray. Cover them with a tulle and let them dry under the sun for 2-3 days. Then process the shavings in your blender until they are powdered.

Store in a glass container, in a dry spot, away from sunlight.







N
November: Apple.

CLEANSING FACIAL MASK WITH APPLE CIDER VINEGAR

to battle acne, scars and discoloration

(oily skin only)

Ingredients

- 1 tsp of kosher salt
- 1 tsp of organic apple cider vinegar
- 1 tsp of honey

Salt contains 84 minerals and is detoxifying, it acts like a natural exfoliant while it also has antiseptic and antibacterial properties. Apple cider vinegar contains enzymes that benefit the skin and restore its natural ph level. Honey is antiseptic and moisturizes the skin while protecting it.

In a bowl combine the ingredients and mix well. Apply the mask on clean, dry skin and rub lightly. Let it sit on the face for about 15 to 30 minutes until it is dry and then wash with lukewarm water. Be careful not to apply to close to the eye area, as it might induce some tearing.





POTIONS

we entertain ideas on the most popular autumnal comfort liquids

Words: Kristiana Lalou

Photography: Mimika Michopoulou

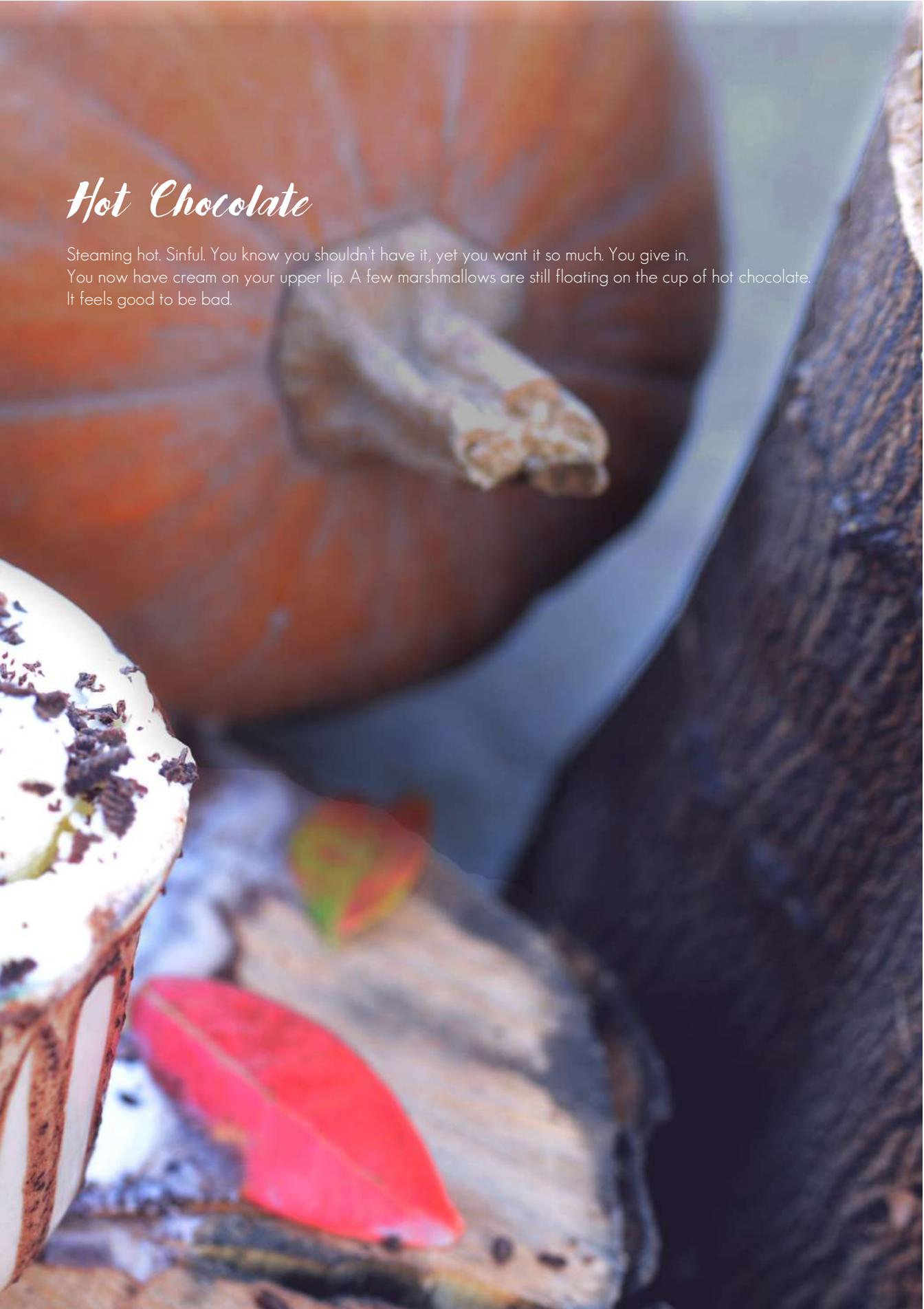
Poisonous Herbal Tea

Headaches, stomachaches, colds and heartaches. Herbal tea fixes all. Let's go foraging, the forest is near. Wild herbs are poisonous sometimes, but that is half the fun. Throw them all in the pot. Drink the hot steaming brew and you'll be as good as new. Treat a lost lover too.



Hot Chocolate

Steaming hot. Sinful. You know you shouldn't have it, yet you want it so much. You give in. You now have cream on your upper lip. A few marshmallows are still floating on the cup of hot chocolate. It feels good to be bad.





Tea Party

You like the smell of cherry tea and cake. Your friends are sitting right across from you. Easy friends. You speak their voices and eat their piece of cake too. Lets pretend we are adults, it's only fun when you are not really one.







Alice in Coffeeland

Open your eyes, stretch your body. Move towards the kitchen.
The smell of fresh coffee brewing, fills your nostrils. Young Alice..your morning welcome is ready
and it reads "drink me".

The side effects are a surge of energy and dilated pupils.
Your body might also grow thrice its size.





CRAFTS

how to have a unicorn familiar

Concept: Emily Kapoathanasi

YOY WILL NEED

Cardboard
glue
colorful strips of paper
metallic tinsel tassels
twine
glittery cardboard
paper tape.

TOOLS

scissors
paper cutter
ruler
measuring tape
markers
stapler

HOW TO MAKE A SUPERCOLORFUL UNICORN PIÑATA

Draw and cut on the cardboard, the unicorn pattern twice, around 30cm wide and as tall as you prefer (maybe you want a cute pony or a mighty steed)

You do the same with the wings.

Draw and cut an 8cm wide, strip of cardboard, with as much length as you can (if you need more or less you can adjust it later to your liking). This is the back of your unicorn. You tape it together with the sides and the unicorn starts assuming its form. When you get to the belly of the proverbial beast, you leave a gap so you can fill it with candy and everything else you like.

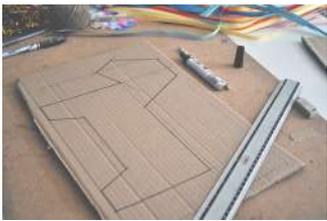
You fold the colorful strips of paper and cut them so you will create a gazillion same sized pieces (don't be lazy, make a lot, you'll thank yourself later).

Start dressing your unicorn with the pieces of paper, going from bottom to top, in whatever color combinations you like. Do the same with the wings.

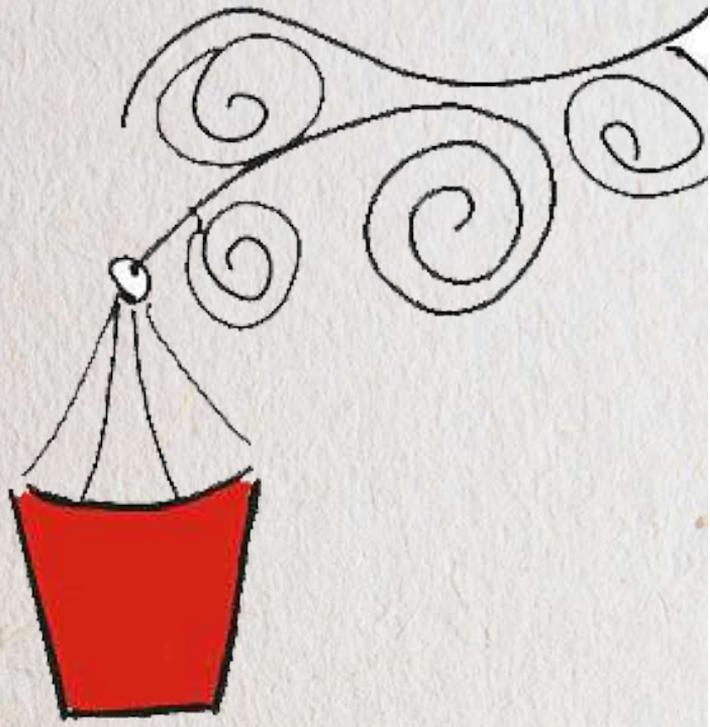
You get a piece of glitter cardboard and you fold and twist it to make the unicorn horn. Glue it on the unicorn's head and you're almost done!

Then you make unicorn hair out the tinsel tassels and staple them on the back and the tail of your unicorn familiar. Cut out of glitter cardboard an eye and eyelashes and glue them on as well.

Cut a piece of cardboard to the shape of the hole under the unicorn's belly and on the cardboard glue a few strands of twine. Decorate the ends of the twine strands with whatever you like. You can secure this on the unicorn with tape after you fill its belly with all sorts of marshmallows and candy. Name your unicorn and congratulations... you are done!







THE ALONERS'
CLUB



by Deppy Karagianni

“Do you think it would be... Only if it is not too much of an inconvenience for you, of course! Would it be possible... To get an advance payment for this service? No, no”, she shook her hand, shoos a non-existent fly, for emphasis, “no, you don’t have to make a delivery here. I will pick it...I will collect it from the shop.”

Satisfied that there were no surprised remarks from the other side, she wrote down the patisserie’s address, thanked her customer and hung up.

Ariadne’s line of work was problem-solving. A trouble shooter was what she was, though most would think her exceptional qualifications made her a little more than that. A witch, let’s say. A witch paid in pies and money, the former because she loved them and was devastatingly inept at making them, and the latter because, for all her gifts, electricity and water refused to run by themselves. Pies, in particular, were the price of tasks that did not really warrant for much witchcraft, such as the present one which would take only a thorough reading of a family picture.

Autumn let out a jaw-slackening yawn and rolled to his other side. He couldn’t care less about the upcoming lemon pie, though Ariadne had explained to him with eloquent flourish how many years had passed since she had last tasted one. With a careful stride over him, she headed to the bedroom to pick out a fitting set of clothes for her excursion down town. Autumn was not disturbed to find himself for a full second under her drooping night gown; for human and cat, they had perhaps grown way too accustomed to each other.

Said new dress, featuring embroideries of clouds and rain, had been an incredibly successful online purchase and three hours later, Ariadne was in it and about to use her socializing skills to the patissier. It should have been a simple matter of 'Good morning, Mrs. X has an order prepared for me. - Certainly, give me a moment - Thank you'. However, contrary to Ariadne's expectations, it was not Mrs. X's usual employee on the other side of the counter, and, suddenly Ariadne's mind went blank and she asked for a chocolate cake instead. As the girl went to fetch the chocolate cake, Ariadne remembered how she had dreamt of that lemon pie and stopped her. Clearing her throat to get her voice working, Ariadne began to tell the employee what she was really here for, but in the shyness of her blunder, she found herself unable to recall Mrs. X's real surname. She blushed, maybe sweated even a little under her scarf, acutely conscious of the next customer behind her. She replayed the phone conversation in her head, but she could not remember Mrs. X's name to save her life. And as the employee waited with professional patience, with multiple tilts of the head and nervous chuckles, it happened again.

It was inevitable and embarrassing, like an explosive sneeze that came when your hands were full with grocery bags in the middle of a crowded street.

Ariadne squinted for a moment and the next thing she saw was the glass sliding door leading to her patio. Fur brushed on her ankles, as Autumn traced an eight around her feet. She sighed through teeth in lieu of a curse.

Nothing had ever gone as wrong, or perhaps as right, as that spell. Who had not wished for a quick way out in times of embarrassment or awkwardness, for a moment of solitude to regroup thoughts and feelings when the pressure of stares and expectations closed in like walls of a shrinking box?

Ariadne certainly had, and a year ago she had studied and researched, even sought out ideas from her fellow trouble-shooters. She had sat down and drafted her spell, then set out to gather the ingredients for its execution, the most prominent of which was an orange tabby's fur. By that time, she was already being stalked by Autumn, who did not mind a trim of his tail so long as he got to loiter in her house and binge on her offerings.

Autumn had followed her out of a house that Ariadne had been called to inspect, and possibly 'clean' last year. This house, contrary to its tenants' claims, was not haunted but merely had a very good memory of all its previous owners. Thus, Ariadne had made her way home, leaving place and people behind to reconcile, only to realize on her doorway that the orange furball lurking in the shadows of that house had trotted inside hers.

He was named after her most beloved season, but he had been listening to her all year long. Curled by her feet, sprawled on her lap or swinging a pendulum leg from the top of her fridge he kept account of all her predicaments and opinions, twitching his ears in understanding or yawning to put her back on track when the narrations got too long. Ariadne was sure as the next sunrise that Autumn had his own angle to everything and that was great, until the day he decided to voice it.

It was the day that she came back without the lemon pie.

Again?

Ariadne flopped down on her vintage sofa, casting her cat with the most stupefied look anyone had ever brought out in her.

Oh, don't you give me that look.

Autumn stretched his front legs, his butt up in the air and then sat down and licked his front paw before patting with it the fuzz on his forehead. By the second brush of his paw over his head, his fur seemed to elongate and he turned his face to stare straight at Ariadne, captivating her in the almond-shaped emerald beads of his eyes. In a blink Ariadne realized that his body was rearranging itself, growing and changing, and by the time surprise reached her heart, before her was sitting a naked man. Casually sitting cross-legged on her carpet, his long human fingers still tangled in his auburn hair.

How long are you gonna keep doing this? Running away before you get what you want?

His lips had not moved, but the voice -his voice- was crystal clear. He was scowling at her like a child, both dejected and judgmental of an adult that should have known better. And then, as if he had only just realized that he now had a mouth capable of more than meowing he puffed and hit both palms on the floor in front of him. "I was going to lick your plate!"

Ariadne crawled farther from him, as he unfolded his legs and then made to stand.

“I meowed to you long and hard when you wrote that spell, because I knewww”, he said and his human voice trembled, edging back to being a meowing as he tipped his head to the side and frantically scratched his ear. “I knew it would be trouble!” When his itch was gone, he looked at her with his big, green eyes and tilted his head to the opposite side. “Ariadne?”

She had met Autumn as a cat. A sneaky, whimsical yet oddly patient creature that she could confide in without limits and charge at the end of the day. Her stress therapist.

This was just a naked man in her living room.

“How do you even know my name?” she hollered at him.

“The day we met you said, ‘hello, I’m Ariadne. And you are going to be Autumn’”. He smiled widely at her and his canines were long and prickly, like her cat’s whenever he yawned. “I thought both names were fitting.”

She scampered out of the living room, climbed the stairs to the attic and shut herself inside.

From then on, Ariadne no longer talked to Autumn. Even though he was back on four legs, coaxing her with nuzzles and kneading on her legs, he was no longer a cat. His fur had lost the scent of home.

Autumn himself could not understand why he was suddenly given the cold shoulder, for he had barely done anything that a true companion wouldn't do. For once, he had not lied because he had absolutely never told his new landlady that he was a real cat. He was a spirit, pure and simple, that used to live peacefully in that old house until he had grown tired of the tenants' complaints of his discreet existence and had followed a witch he liked. And that witch had, for a long time, liked him back.

Now they ate their meals in silence, and they slept in different rooms, hardly knowing of each other's day. They walked by each other as if on tight rope, tiptoeing clumsily to avoid a fall and at times there was such sadness in the glances they cast each other that Autumn started to believe it was time to find himself another place to haunt.

And he was about to, one day, when Ariadne barged into their house in sheer happiness, picked him up and brought him to her face. "I met someone nice today" she said, voice muffled in his fur.

For a moment, Autumn didn't care about what she was saying, who she had met, because he felt utterly and profoundly missed. He purred loudly, careful not to rejoice in the human tongue that had almost torn them apart. Ariadne lowered him on her bosom and looked into his eyes. "Another person who was in need of my spell."

Autumn let out a meow that should read oh no.

That person worked in the library she frequented on Fridays. Ariadne had a library of her own, an exquisite collection of all kinds of books in her basement,

hosted with love and preserved from the weather, time and humidity by not so conventional means - let's call them charm-engraved wards- but one could never have enough books and thus outside quests for more were always in order.

Ariadne and that person, whose name was Scott, had bumped into each other, literally bumped, and scattered books all over the corridor chipping off at the reading room's perfect silence. They had both blushed, feeling on them a hundred stares though there were barely ten visitors at this hour. Scott apologized for his clumsiness, and Ariadne admitted she was clumsy too. He then told her that, at moments of blunder such as this, he felt like crawling into a hole and stay there for ever, and Ariadne let him know that she was a long-time connoisseur of that feeling. The two of them agreed on many relevant points, which led to a quiet discussion in a yet empty ward of the library, a discussion on how unsolicited attention caused them hives, how, in fact, they liked people but had a hard time reaching out to them, how the world was indeed a glorious thing but they both needed regular breaks from it for themselves. At the end of the easiest conversation Ariadne had had in years, she gave him not only her business card, but also a scribble of her spell.

"Where do you think he will disappear to?" Autumn asked in impeccable humanish when Ariadne urged him to speak again.

"A place of comfort. Somewhere he can be himself in the earnest", Ariadne had been proud of her spell, even when its results had exceeded the boundaries of her will. The perspective of it having a use for another had left her elated.

Next Friday couldn't come fast enough. Ariadne was dying to know whether her new kindred spirit had cast the spell upon himself, and how it had treated him. And though she had very professionally warned him about the side-effects, she hoped in her heart that he would be exempted from them, having a better control of his emotions. Yet, when Friday did come, Scott was not at the library. Shushing her nerves, Ariadne asked the library's manager, with whom she'd built a lovely three phrases per week relationship over the years, what had become of him. The usually bright smile left the manager's plump lips and with a disapproving scowl, she confided to her that, after multiple warnings over his abrupt disappearances in the middle of his shift over the last week, Scott had the decency to quit the job himself.

"Well, he had been warned!" Autumn told an inconsolable Ariadne in between munches of his fish. He was holding it between large human hands, over the pair of trousers that had been imposed on him when he was in this form.

But Ariadne would hear none of it. Though she knew it was Scott's decision whether to use her spell or not, she could not shake off the feeling that she had made his life more troublesome than it was before. And that was the opposite of what professional trouble-shooters do.

She didn't leave her house for days. Sorrow had a tight grip on her, and Autumn was the only company she would allow. He could not complain. He would use his human form to get the groceries they had ordered from the doorway, or to meow a greeting to the mailman and grab the mail and newspapers for her. Ariadne often learned about the outside world from the glowing screen, but paper always seemed to win her over.

And it was from the papers that Ariadne learned of the new strange phenomenon that had struck their town. People had begun to vanish into thin air, without warning or logical reason. A girl from her school, in the middle of math class. A salesman on his way to an appointment with his supervisor. A young man during a date by the sea. The grand majority of cases had occurred in front of staggered witnesses, and in all of them the vanishing individuals had returned to their family after a few hours, with their lips sealed as to where they had been.

Ariadne could not believe that the journalists had not figured out the common factor of these incidents. She also could not believe that Scott, whom she had unreasonably but earnestly trusted, had handed out her spell so recklessly, as if it was a just another book to be rented.

Not your fault, Autumn told her, because she was too desolate to hear I meowed you so. Ariadne chose to pretend to believe him; she had given people a way out of duress but had neither forced nor advised anyone to take it.

But if they don't go to their family and friends, where do they disappear off to? Where is their place of comfort?

"Maybe somewhere far from all of them for a while..."

Despite her best efforts to ignore it, the news had made her antsy. She tried to immerse herself in the things she loved, in the reading of her favourite books under the skylight of her attic, in the inventive cooking of potions, in the writing of more spells, but none of it made for an adequate distraction. Her house lately had begun to feel like a stranger, like a space tainted by something else than her own presence and orange cat fur. Ariadne thought she could hear creaking, whispers and faint giggles, every symptom her haunted customers had ever described to her and when she could no longer pass it as a figment of her lively imagination and sensitive nerves, and climbed down the wooden steps to her library. The wards sealing it had been broken.

Autumn was having a session of aggressive grooming when he heard a wild galloping up the basement stairs. He could immediately tell that these were not his human's slippers so he put on his most threatening grimace. As the unknown blond girl made it to the top step, he slid in front of her, drew a good breath and gave her a long hiss. The girl halted so abruptly she almost fell back, her blue eyes wide in start.

Hey, you! Who are you? What are you doing in our house?

The girl let out a scream and ran past him, nearly trampling him in the process.

Scott was not as impulsive in his reaction. He was not surprised to see Ariadne, but he did seem a little guilty. "I knew this place was yours the moment I saw it" he said, stealing furtive glances at her without daring to look at her in the eye. "Your spell brought me here."

“Are there others?” Ariadne asked, peeking sideways towards the swinging door where the teen girl had run through.

There was a creaking on the floor and her desk budged an inch before another man emerged from underneath looking at her in apprehension. He crawled out and stood with a flurry of apologies for intruding in her home and disturbing her. The thin book of cake recipes still dangled from his fingers, and Ariadne hoped he hadn't been reading it in the lightless cavity of the desk, because its letters were too small. It turned out the man was Scott's neighbor and childhood friend and from the persuasiveness of his words and mannerisms, Ariadne surmised he could be a salesman.

“He needed it” Scott said, fluster painting his face red. “They all did.”

They made a promise not to expand their circle further, as they all disliked crowds. Yet rarely did they appear at the same time, and when they met, their talks were scarce and brief before each settled in their corner to read, or write, or just think with their eyes closed. The basement no longer needed to be sealed by wards or closed doors. Sometimes Ariadne would brew tea and bake cookies, leaving them all quietly on the desk or the kitchen. And they no longer had to wait for her to go, in order to leave the house unnoticed. Sometimes it was their feet that had brought them to Ariadne's house, and not her spell.

Autumn patrolled the house often, observing them through suspicious eyes, hissing at them here and there for good measure. At first he could not understand why Ariadne had so willingly opened her den to strangers, though much as he sniffed them, he could not trace a hint of threat about them. Slowly, Autumn noticed that threads of warm air had formed between them, that their small exchanges during the breaks of their solitary time had grown into conversations. Autumn began to think that they reminded him of himself when he had first decided that Ariadne's house would be his home. Their inner harmony was no different than a spirit's who had found a place to belong.

So, now you're running a loners' club.

Autumn was sitting against the trunk of the garden's biggest tree, marvelously blending into it. His skin had acquired a soft bronze hue, his hair swaying in the breeze in the colors of the foliage, sporting highlights of a spectrum from gold to red.

Ariadne simpered, as she sipped her Ceylan tea beside him. "Aloners' club, sounds more like it. We are alone, together. That is the idea."

Autumn stuck out his tongue to her between his needle-like teeth. She chuckled and scratched his stubbly chin, causing him to purr.



ASTRO

Capricorn

To get to the top, start climbing down. Not every treasure sits at the top of the mountain.

Aquarius

To show your true feelings, find three things that matter most to you and thank them. You don't need words to show emotion - remember that.

Pisces

To protect yourself, carry a wild animal's tooth. You might have more to lose if you don't bite.

Aries

To slow down, get lost in the woods and listen to the plants growing. Nothing rushes them; they live one second at a time.

Taurus

To move on, find a perfectly round stone and let it roll into the darkness. It will gather no moss.

Gemini

To say the things that matter most, hunt for seashells on a shore on a starry night. Find the gems in a haystack of words.

Cancer

To let go of the past, fold it into a boat and let it float away. You can't turn back the course of a river.

Leo

For confidence, take a pocket mirror with you but never look at it. How you see yourself is how others will see you too. **Virgo**
To still a restless mind, drink black tea with lavender. Happiness can be found even in the midst of misery.

Libra

To choose a path, light a candle, close your eyes and follow the light. You can't make a choice unless you trust yourself with it.

Scorpio

To cure a sense of lack, plant flowers in your garden. Jealousy can sometimes make things grow, but will they truly feel your own?

Sagittarius

To say a truth that doesn't hurt, add a rosebud to your tea. Truth doesn't need rosy colors but it doesn't need thorns either.

Flipped

Issue #5
Autumn 2016

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