

THE BOLT NEWS

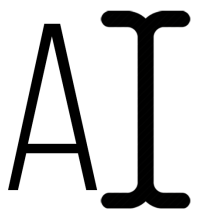
NOW HIRING: EDITORS



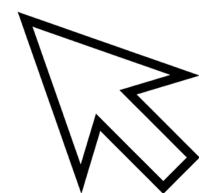
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



LAYOUT EDITOR



STORY EDITOR



ONLINE EDITOR

Learn more:
THEBOLTNEWS.COM/JOBS

Email us:
CSABOLT@STUDENT.CONCORDIA.AB.CA
SUBJECT: Editor Job
ATTACH: Resume



THE BOLT

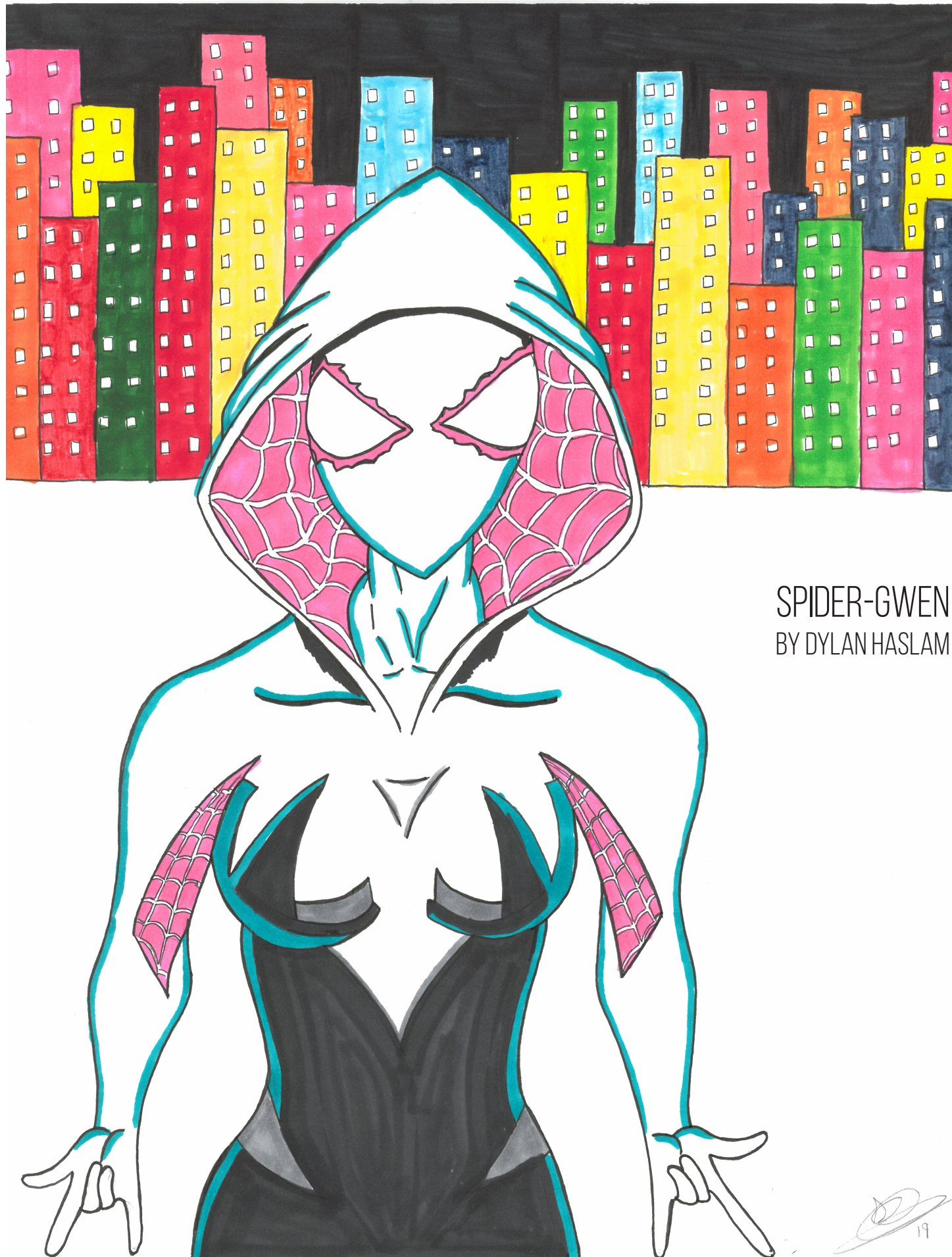


ART EDITION



Photo by Nick Clark - Nuit Blanche 2018

CLOUD by Caitlind r.c. Brown & Wayne Garrett



SPIDER-GWEN
BY DYLAN HASLAM

POETRY

BY ESTER LATIFI

High

Free from my mind, free from my heart,
Free from the world— it's here I depart.
I'm moving on, away from the past;
I'm moving along, and I'm moving fast.
Everything in me snapped out of a trance—
My feet have begun to stray from this dance.
Goodbye to patterns, farewell to routine;
It's time I snapped out of this feverish dream.
I'll create my future and be something bold—
I'm venturing out and forsaking the old.
Nothing will change if I don't change first:
Within myself, I will quench this thirst.

Walk With You

Allow me to walk with you today
and share your moments of peace;
Let me walk along with you,
and we will talk with trees.

Beauty has spellbound living things
from the tawny pine to the bird.
The murmuring hush of forest leaves
has cancelled the need for words.

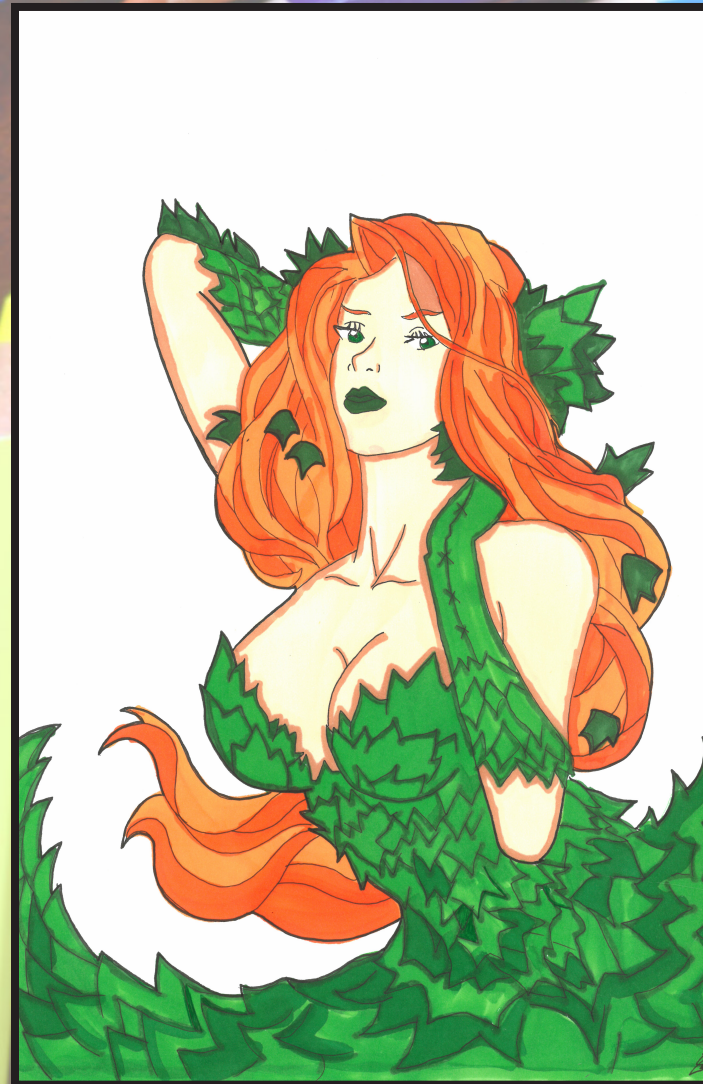
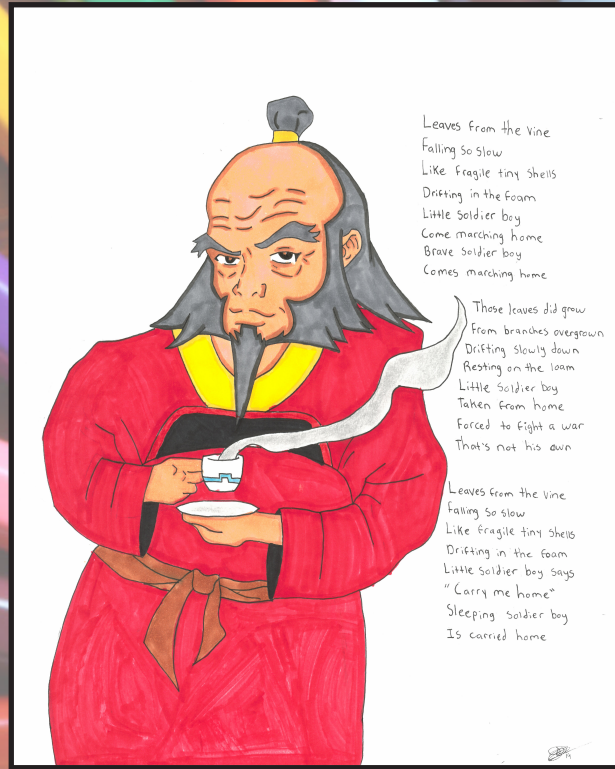
The air is thick with scents so wild
and sounds are laced with magic.
Something bids my hand to yours:
to deny it would be tragic.

Allow me to walk with you today
and share your moments of peace;
Let me walk along with you,
for you're my missing piece.



ILLUSTRATIONS

by Dylan Haslam



Welcome

Thanks for picking up this special art edition of The Bolt!

The Bolt News provides the students of Concordia University of Edmonton with various informative articles from recent news to interest pieces to advice and musings about a variety of topics with every issue. In doing so, it also provides an opportunity for students to share the stories that matter to them and to have the experience of seeing their work published for others to read.

We also want to give our fellow students the chance to share their artistic talents. In this special edition of The Bolt, you'll find art of all kinds from hand-drawn sketches to short fiction and everything in between.

If you have work of your own that you'd like to share, we would love to have you submit it for our next art edition. Just send us an email at csabolt@student.concordia.ab.ca to get in touch and submit your work.

Thanks again for supporting The Bolt.

Nick Clark
Editor-in-Chief

SKETCHES

by Kenan MacBean



I Died Yesterday, But I'm Okay Now

by
Jasmine Meyer

Dying changed my life forever.

Don't be so dramatic, Catherine, my best friend Anya replied when I told her so. I've died three times now, and I'm fine.

I suppose she's right — dying isn't really such a big deal any more. It happens to everyone: you die, and then you move on with your life. Just last month, my older brother John died for what must have been the dozenth time — he's a bit of a daredevil — and I went out for coffee with him the next day. He seemed fine to me.

Honestly, I'm surprised that I lasted a whole 23 years without ever dying once. It wasn't that I was afraid of death, per se. I've known loads of people who've died and then gone on to live full, enviably wonderful lives. I was just too careful, I guess. Maybe I'd built it up too much in my mind, attached a significance to it that other people don't when they're used to dying and coming back on a regular basis. Yesterday was different. I died yesterday, but I'm okay now.

I think.

No one ever mentioned how much it hurts. Not dying; everyone talks about how much that hurts. People are always bragging about their past deaths, trying to outdo one another with their exaggerated stories of bravery in the face of such pain. No, it's not dying that hurts the most — it's coming back to life. It felt wrong, somehow. Like it wasn't supposed to happen. Ever since I died and came back to life, everything seems different. Everyone else seems totally okay, like dying didn't bother them at all, but I can't help but feel off. Uncomfortable in my own skin in a way I never have been before. I don't really know what that means for me. Maybe I just need to die some more, get used to it, and this awful empty feeling will go away. I'm jealous of how cavalier John is when he talks about his past deaths, now that I've died myself and know what it's really like. I don't know what to do.

I've died three times now, and I'm fine, Anya told me. Well, I've only died once, and I guess I'm fine, too. I'm alive, at least. If you can make it through death alive, I guess everything else about it isn't so bad. I just can't help but wonder what it would have been like if they'd just let me stay dead.

Maybe one day I'll find out, but I won't hold my breath. After all, I'll die again if I do. I'll die, and then I'll come back, whether I want to or not, and then I'll die again. I'll die over and over, in perpetuum, and I'll still have to pretend that it's okay.

The Empty City

Tyler DeWacht
Prose Poetry

A gentle breeze flows through the air, but nobody is around to feel it. No human has set foot in this place for decades, perhaps centuries, nobody's around to keep track. Where once the sounds of children at play rang through the streets, there now persists an unnerving silence. In what had once been a bustling marketplace where the merchants sold their goods, a great oak tree now takes up shop instead.

The grand statue of a revered idol sits amidst glorified rubble. A golden deity, a god of fortune, but how fortunate can it really be? It has no subjects left to serve, no subjects left to be served by. Once housed in a marble temple, it now basks in the sun. All walls fall eventually, and the glass has long since shattered, rainbow shards sparkling in the light. It ponders the meaning of life without life, no other idols to engage in idle conversation with. It gets weary, worn down by rain, and it laments the loss of those it once watched dearly. A crack runs down its left arm, but it knows it will soon be alright. Nothing gold can stay, after all.

Elsewhere, the doors of a cozy home are open, but nobody's home. The pantry, once stocked with containers upon containers of ingredients, now holds nothing of use, the contents long since cleaned out by critters. A rocking chair sits motionlessly in the corner, a lamp unlit, a copy of "Stuart Little" lies on the ground with nibbled pages. The cookie jar sits pristine upon the counter, nobody to open its precious contents. The precious memories of childhood, forgotten like the milk at the grocery store.

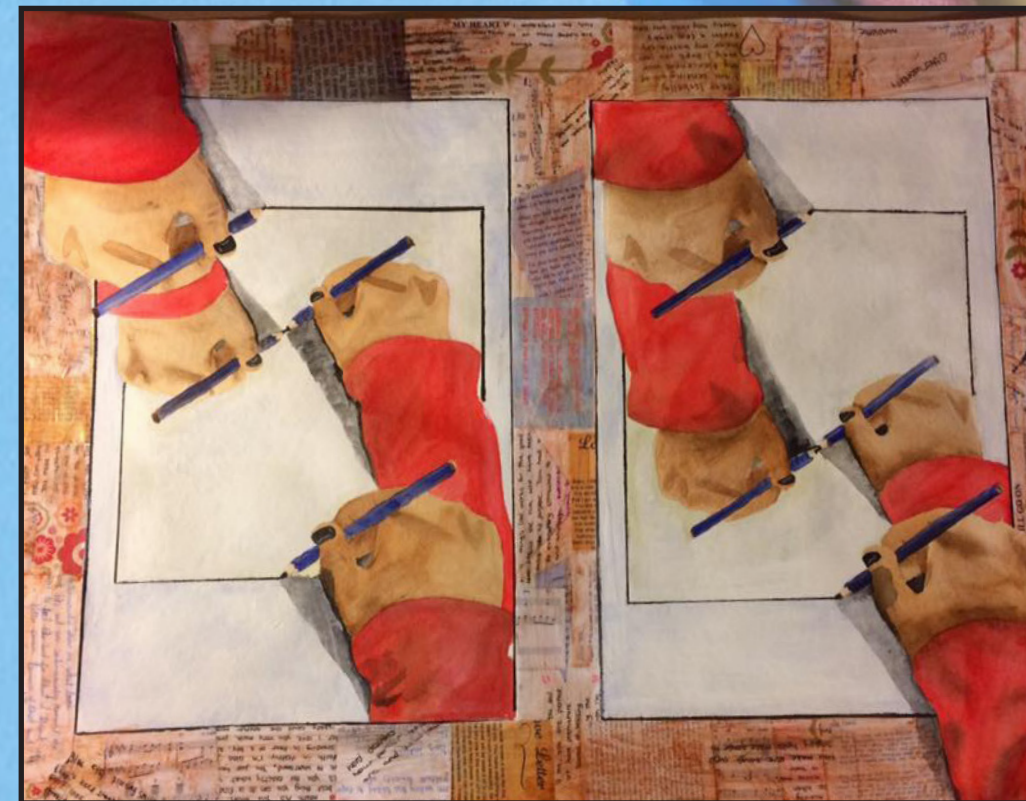
A bell that once rang atop its tower now sits motionless, nobody left to ring it. Then slowly, it lets out a groan. The wood supports can no longer support, and the tower begins to break. A plank snaps, then another, and another. It leans to the north, and it begins to fall. The bell rings one last time, desperately calling for help, nobody left to hear its final call. As the cacophony of cracking continues, the bell falls to the ground with a dull crack. One by one, the walls follow. As humanity's fallen bastion settles, the empty settlement falls quiet once more.

Class is no longer in session, nobody left to teach. Rooms of desks in darkness, a cafeteria closed indefinitely, lockers left locked filled with library books long overdue. Notes on the Cold War are scrawled on the blackboard, a lesson left unlearned. In the halls, a backpack sits unattended, expensive finance books sprawled carelessly across the dusty linoleum floor. All props and parts in place, a theatre space waits in anticipation for a show that won't go on.

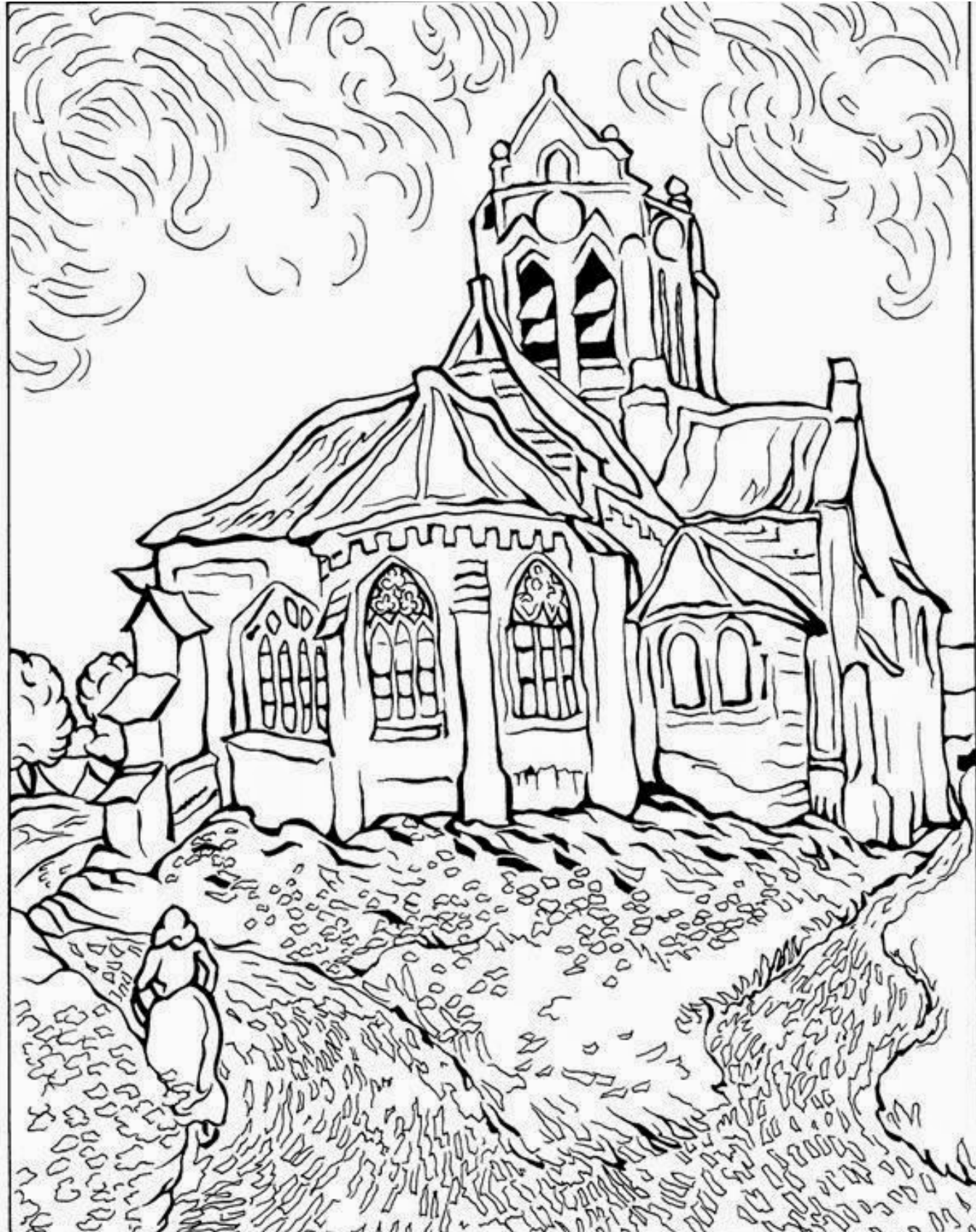
Nobody is left, not a single soul, none can tell the tale of this empty city. However, it continues to live on. It lives on in the most miniscule of critters, preserves itself through the grandest of trees, survives through the lost symbols of gods and men. The world is never truly empty; the night is not the end, it's just the break before the dawn of a new day.

ART WORK

by Kishan Panesar



COLOURING PAGE



FUN AND GAMES

SHOW TIME!

Here is what is playing in theaters this week:

Aquaman
PG

Glass
PG

Spider-man: Into The Spider-Verse
PG

What Men Want
14A

The Lego Movie 2: The Second Part
PG

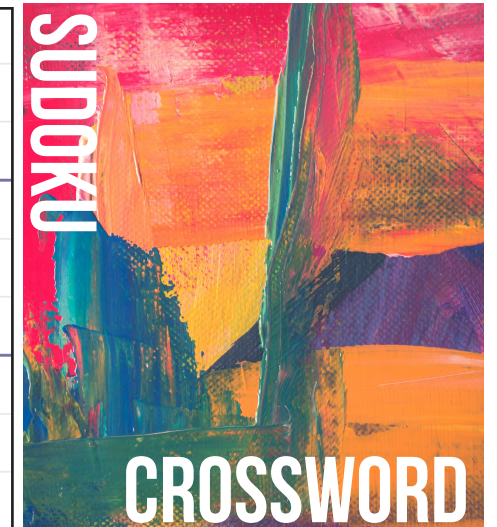
The Upside
PG

Cold Pursuit
14A

Miss Bala
14A

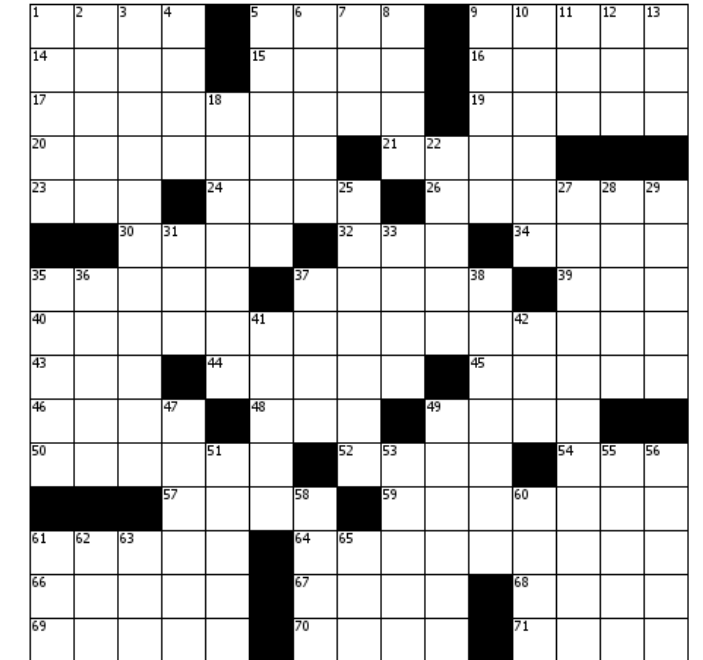
Cineplex North

	1	5		2	3
		9			8
		8		1 4	
	1		4 2		
4	3		7	8	9
		6 8			1
	5 2			8	
8				6	
6	9		1 5		



Across

- "___ the grass in the fields ..." (Whitman)
- Foot-shaped form
- Pound prospect
- Author Morrison
- Realm
- Cast mightily
- Quit working
- Generous donation
- Some legal actions
- Elbow counterpart
- Not just any
- Subsurface hazard
- Come to the rescue
- Cola mixers
- Life-changing declaration
- Green Gables girl
- Fly in the ointment
- Of superior grade
- Mommy deer?
- Not available for use
- Canton in Switzerland
- Trumped-up
- They'll question you
- Invite letters
- Grippe
- Take wing
- Do a slow burn
- Endorphins producer
- Greek letter
- Woofers output
- Refrigerator drawer
- Argo pilot
- Fell to pieces
- Tale of the Trojan War
- City in Yemen
- The vain put them on
- Well-bred Londoners
- Velvety growth
- Lazy Susan, e.g.



Down

- Casey was here
- Change shape, in sci-fi
- Not running
- Place for a finger?
- Soup dippers
- Stood up
- Follow a pattern?
- Armored division member
- Loafers, for example
- Mother of mercy
- Certain piano piece
- Sinatra's Gardner
- It's tender to the Japanese
- Drum cover?
- Wynonna's mom
- Braces
- Needing parts
- Condescending type
- Cold forecast
- Subject of many a grainy picture
- Phone call cost, in Bogart films
- Worsens, as relations
- Nightingale or Barton, e.g.
- Survey
- Baltic republic
- Coffeehouses
- One of the seven
- Kennedy's was 109
- Warning devices
- Clock parts
- Highest points
- ___ firma
- ___-craftsy
- Hoodwink
- Minor quarrel
- Rustic dance
- Hearty pub order
- Steal or lie, e.g.
- Fuss