Dear Readers,

In the first session of Creative Writing this term, I listened while students explained how they pictured their lives would be told in the form of a novel or short story. “There are a lot of internal conflicts in this room,” I then concluded.

“Yeah,” a student replied. “Maybe we should all go see Larry.”

I disagree. Without conflict, there is no possibility for story, and story is one of the few remaining threads which holds the multitudes of twenty-first century communities together. SSE Riga is one of those communities, and in this literary supplement you’ll find access to a slice of its inner society that is at times as diverse and contradictory as it is unified and single-minded, as playfully humorous as it is dead serious.

The Insider Staff and I were pleasantly surprised about the amount of submissions we received. Unfortunately, we couldn’t print everything. Those of you who still looking for a home for your work (stories, poems, essays, visual art—or whatever new form you can surprise us with) are encouraged to submit in any other of this type where the inhabitants of the town gather, enjoying the hot Sunday. All ranges of skin colour, age, size and sun catching methods are worth observing, and can perfectly substitute for other beach activities if one wishes it to be so.

Feeling tired of everyday communication with people, I have come to the beach to learn a new way of communication—the communication with the sand. This is quite different from what we are used to, as in this world words are useless. The sand imposes its own rules which you have to follow, or you quit the game. Forget your bright eyesight and sonorous voice. Leave your refined smell and sharp ear. Even the sense of taste won’t help you. There is only one way to get connected. Just like using a telephone—there is always only one correct combination of digits to reach the addressee. The right combination here is to open your pores and brace the ends of your nerves to expand the capacity of touch. Sand understands and likes the language of touch. Using it here is a chance for dialogue to arise. Otherwise, it is like speaking Latvian in France—the negative result is predetermined independently of your effort.

I am taking my clothes off one by one, leaving on only my miniature swimming suit, and finding the right place for the right experience—without talking, without moving, without others. Just the two of us to the closest. Not much is asked—you just have to let the emotions in. First hot, very hot, soft, loose… Then it starts moving and carries you around. Your head turns round faster and the scene in front of your closed eyes even faster. It is pleasantly itching all inside and outside. Such a calmness, a sense of harmony all over…

Today’s experience with sand was useful, allowing me to realise that people tend to build stable relationships in the same way—enjoying the first contact, then burning yourself with first conflicts and discord, and finally getting the deeper feeling of others and what they mean to you.

By Maija Afanasjeva
The Contract

By Anonymous

The typical love-dance includes the contact, quality assessment and contract. The contact includes the get-togethers: flirting, smiling, touching; quality includes assessing the overall feasibility of the would-be-relationships: social position, personal attitude; contract implies a promise-you-a-long-turn-relationship act: kiss, sex.

All go through this, but the difference is in the way the love-dance is executed: romantic-Titanic-love-you-forever utopia, with its short contact and quality assessment phase, and it's groundless contract; fearful platonic we-will-always-be-friends paradigm, where the relationship holds on a flawed belief that a love-contract can be based on friendship; or let's-do-it-until-we-are-bored-of-each-other cynical realism, where the level of details of the contract could be measured against the McDonalds how-to-serve-our-clients manual.

The contact was a quite standard i-find-you-interesting scenario. Only he did not reply in the usual well-let's-see-what-you-can-offer; instead, he played a whatever-do-these-hints-mean dummy. She tried every how-to-get-a-whatever-do-these-hints-mean guy-crazy-about-you trick she had and was looking for: a yes-or-no signal. Then, he smiled as if he had found what he was looking for:

"You do not think nothing happened, do you now?" he asked her. With that, he gently kissed her with the same do-you-now flavor of realism.

That day she and him were drinking in the company of already-drunk-and-ready eager boys who desperately tried to impress the i-do-not-understand-what-you-want-from-me girls, who were laughing hysterically about every joke the boys made. He already had had some four liters of that cheap soap-smelling-tasteless beer and was leaning on her shoulder, staring blindly in the yellow dirty ceiling with the i-see-the-stars kind of gape.

She, having not yet given up on the guy, initiated one of those mean-nothing conversations by asking why he was drinking that much. At first, she thought he did not hear the question, but than she realized he was trying fiercely to concentrate so as to make his tongue, that of-all-that-are-drunk enemy, answer the question. The reply was that he was testing himself on whether he was like those guys sitting next to him, or not.

The next thing she knew was his head turning around slowly towards her: as if struggling, he turned to her and concentrated his missing-the-target eyes on her. Oh-well, guess-i-am-not something came flying out of his lips as they gently approached hers, and then they kissed. Not with the kind of get-as-much-as-possible-as-it-will-be-over-soon kiss, but a long, static kiss. Here, she understood, the contract was signed.

The next day, though, she was struggling because she did not know how to interpret what had happened the other day – was that the i-was-drunk,-sorry or the i-finally-found-you kind of contract. Many thoughts crossed her mind on the way back to school; many how-to-find-out solutions were thought of, and quickly abandoned.

She saw him in the schoolyard full of look,-i-am-cool-because-i-smoke youngsters. She could not force herself to approach him – she would not stand the humiliation if the worst scenario was true. She just stood there and pretended to be listening to one of the many wanna-impress-you chaps, peeping at him from time to time.

He saw her as he turned; looked at her thoughtfully, at some point even accusingly; then he approached her and just stood there for a few seconds. Her heart was in a ready-to-jump-out frenzy. She assumed the worst.

He was looking into her eyes, as if looking for some yes-or-no signal. Then, he smiled as if he had found what he was looking for:

"You do not think nothing happened, do you now?" he asked her. With that, he gently kissed her with the same do-not-want-to-break-you-my-darling feeling.

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For her, the dance brought a Titanic-that-did-not-sink love with a tell-me-when-you-are-bored flavor of realism. She thought of him as of my-book-my-happiness nerd, where as he ended up to be a passionate my-first-my-only-one dedicated schizophrenic.

When seagulls spread their wings
I open the doors to infinity
This causes an instant chaos
Since the sins have to be repaid

The TEAM

A hOrse would like the stick
A sTar would like to fall
I enTer the room with fear
One Two Three

The TEAM
By Waldo

Warning! Don’t try this at home. This how-to is prepared by experienced professionals who are not responsible for the results of your practice in any case. All complaints and claims for hospital compensation will not be considered. Do it on your own risk.

Dear Someone Really Crazy,

You can’t break both of your legs jumping from the first floor, can you? Of course, you can’t! It is a nearly impossible task that can be completed only by trained and crazy people. If you are not crazy then it is high time to stop following these given exercises and procedures, because you will not learn from them. You could also end up with a nervous breakdown, which is surely not something you would like to experience. But if you are full of confidence that you are totally crazy, be sure to try this. There is no magic in it.

In the whole beginning, you need to prepare your working place. You will be surprised how quickly you will love your working place; don’t be scared of this feeling. Firstly, you have to find a good window to jump from. Balconies are not appropriate, as it’s hard to balance yourself on the edge of one before your jump, and the technique of your balance is one of the most important parts. You can try a couple of different balconies yourself, and you will see that your jump will be screwed up. Be sure to think about those unlucky witnesses of your crazy jumping as well.

In case of a failed jump, you may leave your blood on the ground. Think about the street cleaners who will be forced to tear off your blood from the ground. It’s not an easy task either, and it’s a good topic for another manual.

You need to find a medium-size window that can be easily opened to its full width. The window should not be very tall; otherwise, you will experience balancing problems like in the case with balconies. It’s recommended that you don’t practice at home. Your relatives may not appreciate your crazy training. Also, neighbors may be slightly shocked and break any relations with you, and in case of extreme neighbors, you may even have to call the ambulance or police. You don’t need this, unless you want all people around to know about your incredible jump. But my strongest recommendation would be to find a quiet and silent place, your friend’s home maybe. If your friend is living on the first floor, then you’re the lucky one. You can start practicing there.

Now you have a widely opened window. It’s a beautiful day outside. The air is clean, the sky is blue; perfect conditions for a jump. Now you have to look out the window, which is now your working place. If your friend feels uncomfortable about the time you want to spend at his home, tell him that your practicing will not take long. There is no lie in it; when you do make a real jump, it will be the last one. Therefore, you have to concentrate fully on your one and only jump. Imagine that you are jumping for the last time in your life. Feel the importance of this moment.

If you think you are mentally ready for your jump, you can start practicing. Get on the window, breathe in slowly and make an easy jump down to the street. Land on your both legs and feel the light pain in your feet. Go back and try again. The ways of returning may vary. You can either put small stairs to your window or go quickly through the front door. It is not very important as long as you are not tired. If you feel exhausted, take a break.

Make around ten similar jumps. Your feet should feel slightly tired by this time. You may feel how uncomfortable it is for you to walk. Now you are ready to study the technique of your jump. The position you will take landing on the ground has to be learned very well. If it isn’t, then you may fail the jump and hurt yourself badly, including breaking your neck or hitting your head. So, the position before landing on the ground will look like you are on your knees. Your feet must point directly downwards. Therefore, try this position for some time before you jump. You may practice it on the floor in front of your beloved window. Get down on you knees, put your feet on the floor so that you toes ‘look’ down. Press them a little bit so that you feel how weak your feet are in this position.

When you are finished with this exercise, get on the window again and see yourself jumping out. Trace all your possible movements carefully. Think about the position you’ve just studied. You must repeat it in the air while you are flying down. You have only about one second to reach the ground, so don’t be late with positioning your legs. Remember that you must land directly on your knees and toes. They both should touch the ground at the same time. If you made your jump and flying down with the feeling that you are not able to repeat this vital position, then try to soften your fall so that you don’t break your legs too early. Then make another jump, a better one.

You should succeed this time. As you jump out the window, you feel like you’re flying like a bird. You feel like you don’t have any protection. It’s only a few inches left, but you can’t soften your fall anymore. Your legs and feet are like stones connected to your body, and they both fall directly down, touching the ground at the same time. Try your best to make a ninety degree angle between your knees and the ground. This will break you knees beautifully. Don’t move your feet away. If your jump is perfect then you will break them too. We won’t mention any pain conditions; you should deal with them in whatever manner you are used to. Scream like hell, hit the ground with your unbroken arms, and shout for help. Please remember that all of this would make you feel less pain, and shouting for help should not be the only one helping hand. You must also ask your friend to call an ambulance as soon as you have made your successive jump. You can also even prepare the horrible story for the ambulance so that they arrive in a few minutes time.

And when they arrive show how happy you are! You are one of the few people that have managed to break both legs jumping from the first floor!
**Science & Tech:**

**“Beekeeping and Apiculture”**

One cannot live without practical knowledge. Two cannot either. Therefore, in this section you will learn a lot of useful things about bees and their keeping and steaming. The ideas will be illustrated with sophisticated flow- and pie-charts.

So, the first thing you should know about beekeeping and apiculture is that its name (dravnieceiba) comes from Latin: drav is adopted from dravincarius, which means ‘perennial’, nieci has developed from vulgaris and ba is adopted from baisum, which together mean ‘danger’. To add up all the things we have found out in this paragraph, beekeeping and apiculture comes from Latin equivalent of ‘perennial danger’.

Now let us turn to pure practical knowledge, which we by chance have been able to obtain by interviewing a professional beeologist with a 35-year seniority in this bee field. His observations and according advice are as follows:

**How to Die**

**“The Ultimate Guide to Suicide”**

**Foreword**

Human life is a very interesting phenomenon. The creation of life has always been connected to a sense of joy and happiness until now. In our fast-moving world, life often starts unintentionally and leads to many problems. Why is something that once gave humans joy and mirth now considered so very unpleasant? That is surely one of the main mysteries of human kind. Only humans can destroy their habitat and kill each other because of an imbecilic craving for power and so on. The scope of this guide is to provide information about human life, not about the means of creating it, but about ending it. Such a topic could only be born from the crooked curves of the human mind, and since I am one—human, that is—it should not raise any questions regarding the topic’s origin.

So, you decided to end your life but you are confused about all the possible ways of doing that. You want to know the consequences of doing that, don’t you? You want to know all the benefits of such an action, but don’t know where to start, right? Well, this ultimate guide to suicide is exactly for you.

I’ll start with the easiest and most widely spread method—the “jumping-off-a-very-high-building!”. As you may have already guessed, it is based on the gravity concept, namely the acceleration of gravity. It involves falling down at a constant acceleration rate and hitting a solid surface at a very high speed, which results in fatal damage to the body. If this is your choice then you would do well to prepare for it. Firstly, you should make sure you are not afraid of heights, as seeing the ground far-far below can seriously harm your mentality and forever leave a scar on your nerves, the cells of which, as medics state, do not regenerate. Furthermore, it can dampen your sense of balance and make you fall unintentionally and in a very grotesque way compared to as planned. Secondly, you should make sure you wear a pair of jeans, a leather jacket, and not a skirt (if you’re a girl). You should also mark your extremities with a dot or cross. This is made to ease

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1 **NOTE:** you may change “building” into any other high object, like tree, mountain, whatever.
the work of the ambulance team, which will arrive to clean the things up and collect what is left of you. The human body consists of up to 80% liquid and, therefore, when it hits the ground at a high speed, it will do the same thing a thrown water-ball would, namely splash and splatter all the blood and guts on the ground. Now you understand what you need strong clothes for—for making less mess. Therefore, true hardcore suicides do not choose this way of ending their life.

Please welcome our next star—the “bullet-in-da-head” way. It is based on the concept of the penetrating ability of a sharp projectile at high speeds and involves a bullet going through your head and splattering your brain on a nearby wall. That all happens very fast and takes less than a second so you won’t have time to feel pain. Therefore, this way of ending life is more pleasing and attractive. Unfortunately, there are also a few problems arising here. The first one is the difficulty in getting the equipment, but let’s suppose you get it. Next is the excessive noise involved in the procedure. If you decide to do that at home, you might scare some kid or shock some old people living next door who might have a heart attack because of a loud sudden sound. And suicides are not killers, in fact they are more humane than any other people due to their inner mental strength, without which, they would be unable to undertake with such a risky action. Finding a place somewhere out of the city won’t be of any use for you either. If you find a place where you will not harm anybody, you will break the first rule of suicide, which is committing suicide to attract attention. It’s not hard to guess that doing that in some forest far away from civilization won’t attract any attention. Let’s suppose you get a silencer too, so that noise is not a problem. This would make it a perfect way of ending your life, but unfortunately the bullet often goes through your head and severely damages the object behind you. And also blood is very hard to clean from wallpapers. Therefore, due to the complexity of this method, most true hardcore suicides do not choose it either.

Note: To be continued. More unique methods will follow in the next issue.

While winds rush through the field, I sit down on huge stone. The donkeys of freedom (how ironical)
The TEAM

An Innocent Jump

By DMI3

The land was approaching... A few seconds more... Boom... I touched the ground with two feet and fell atilt, and a cupola of my parachute slowly covered me. An amazing feeling... For a while I ran that excerpt back to the beginning, when I and fifteen people arrived on the aerodrome and when I made the "fatal" step, and replayed it in slow motion.

Like manna from heaven, the weather gave us hope. Smiling, the instructor and the pilot encouraged us and started preparations. The instructor, his name was Raimonds, divided us into two groups and invited us into the small room with a blackboard, educational posters about parachute jumping, and some useful notes on the walls that everyone should know. The first group consisted of Russians and Lithuanians who understand the Russian language. In the second group there were Latvians and Estonians. Raimonds could speak both Russian and Latvian perfectly. However, translations into English were made by the attractive Sokolovska.

Raimonds was a well-built, good-looking man in his best years. He talked not fast, with some pauses, informing us about every problem that could occur during our innocent jump, ensuring that those problems would not appear. And we believed him, maybe, because his charm and confidence affected us.

After the boring and to some extent theoretical part, we went to try on our equipment. I had to admit it was not as comfortable as I had thought before: some parts of my body were squeezed with pain, I felt difficulties with breath and restrictions in manoeuvrability destroyed my lifted up mood. Understanding that it would not be just a training jump, but something more important, we left for an airplane named *Kukuruznik*, quite old and not in proper condition, but freshly painted. On my way to the airplane I was mumbling all the time: "Two legs together. Remember to put two legs together."

So, we sat in the airplane and suddenly silence came, all jokes disappeared. Apart from newcomers, there were mature sky-divers who were going jump from 2000 meters. Yea... We looked like children and our height, 600 meters, seemed not serious at all. The airplane gathered speed and we felt a significant vibration. Some of us even held the seat with two hands; however, everyone tried to seem confident and not to loose face. My heart knocked faster with every meter the airplane climbed... I looked to the left, then to the right... and saw the smile of Lenchik, the guardian angel. I needed it so much.

The instructor gave a sign and a group of four people stood up. I approached the opened door; I felt the strong wind that whistled threateningly and saw small cars, houses, and the river.

One step... Free fall... Fresh air... And a victorious cry.

Finally, I did it. It was over. I stood up and called my brother and Julija. Thank God, everything was all right.

Was it just an innocent jump?

1 Name comes from the Second World War
What kind of life are we living? What kind of world do I live in? What is my environment? You could say, look around and you will see. Of course, I could turn around and I would see renovated walls, brilliant houses and two-faced people, but what is inside them? WHERE am I living exactly? Do I fit in with this world? Actually, it does not matter so much. I am becoming stronger and stronger. According to Darwin, the weakest beings die. I am not willing to die; I have to adapt or change for people according to my mind, but it is rather impossible. I think, if people don't like me, should I try and be pleasant to them... Be kind? What for?

Should I expect that people will act in the same manner in reverse? I don’t know... It is better to select with whom I want to communicate and how to act with each individually and in each particular event. Of course, you never know, you may have to deal with someone later in your life and you will face the consequences of your inappropriate behavior. That could be the reason to behave kindly with a person. Otherwise... who cares about that? Who evaluates that? People don’t care about your efforts; they use your kindness and don’t even notice that you are trying to behave nicely and politely with them. They think it is very natural....

It is easier to become an arrogant asshole. You just live your life, you make your career. You “kill” people, but who cares... You reach what you want... When you consider yourself falling in love with somebody, please, think twice. And don’t fool yourself. It is just a minute or maybe a bit longer, when your hormones overplay your common sense. You need some physical satisfaction. Go on and find somebody who can satisfy these needs. Remember, it is not love... Love is a middle class necessity. The elite does not need it, do they? You (I), arrogant ass holes, earn money, a lot of money. You can buy love or the thing that is called “love”. Can you buy everything? That is the power of MONEY! MONEY makes the world go round!

I remember the accident from the times I was just nourishing my arrogance. I was in high school at that time. We were having a Christmas party, everybody was happy, everybody was friendly, and everybody supported each other. Yes, what a nice and beautiful world! No, but don’t fool yourself, it is just the masks they were wearing. At that time you could already notice who the future “queens and kings” of arrogance were. You may ask, how can you notice that? Watch people! The rich parents’ students did not communicate with “lower social class” guys. They were dancing in the same circle and it seemed like they were chatting. It was just a scene that both parties were performing. Everybody knew exactly with whom they were willing to communicate, with whom they had to, and with whom they could have a nice party, who may be useful in the future and so on. Everything was about the strategy and how people (students) were using it.

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I believe that I could easily adapt Franco Modigliani’s “Life-cycle” theory to the concept of arrogance. When you are a child, you don’t care too much about your boundaries with the society. In this stage the environment plays the major role; the child is influenced by grownups, by other children. Everyday s/he learns... Then primary, secondary school and university comes. Everywhere, you learn arrogance. Naturally, some of us pre-digest the theory of arrogance quicker and learn it faster. The peak of the arrogance goes along with your career. The arrogance may (but may not, as well) start to descend when you become old and you understand that you don’t have any friends or family. And you even don’t understand the meaning of “Friend”.

What are friends for?
By Aleksandrs Cornijs

(condensed version)

Time: 241 in the morning
Date: day 134 in Jupiter, year 108 n. o.

- Whoosh!
The automatic doors with photo elements above the entrance opened in front of him with a bit of delay, just as usual. He did not seem to recognize this immediately, so he stared at the way into the building for a glimpse of a second, and only then, as if being awakened by a man who came by from behind, entered the hall of the first floor. Joe, that is the name, looked around. The hall was exactly the same as the previous day.

The hall was quite large, as IT-companies like Softomatica usually don’t grudge money on roomy, beautiful headquarters. The hall’s floor was made of pure marble, in different colours; in the very middle of it a large emblem of the company was inlayed with a mosaic about 10 meters in diameter. A palm tree stood near the window, which looked out onto the highway. Right in front of the entrance, on the opposite side of the hall, an enormous white statue of Bill Gates rose to a height of 14 meters.

Yes, it was exactly thanks to this guy the whole IT industry had been created, and thus it was thanks to this guy Joe got his first job exactly in this company a year ago, just after leaving college. It was a steady job, with a fixed salary, not very high, though, but with a separate office, on the 34th floor, with no other people around bothering him. He did not quite like what he was doing; nevertheless, Joe was fully satisfied with his job. He never hesitated to choose something clearly seen and reliable, even though not so desirable, over something interesting, but vague.

Every day (except Saturdays and Sundays) he got up at 64 in the morning in order to perform all his usual activities—tooth cleaning, morning workout, shower and breakfast, which usually consisted of one chicken pill, two potato tablets and a glass of fresh water extract.

After that he put on his gray suit, took his rain shield and communication combine, and went out into the street to wait for a regular bus—#142DR in his case, as he did not have his personal car yet. The bus—consisting of several coaches, using air-cushion, powered by solar batteries, to move around—came at 153, in fact quite loaded with people, as many were going to work at about the same time. Although there was almost absolutely no place in the bus, and the Sun was shining brightly, it wasn’t hot and stuffy inside, as the air-conditioners were turned on.

Time: 156 in the afternoon
Date: day 134 in Jupiter, year 108 n. o.

He had finished work earlier than usual, so a wide smile covered half of his face. Nevertheless, Joe felt somewhat tired.

It was time for dinner now, and he had to choose whether to go to the headquarters cafeteria on the 20th floor, to order dinner to his room, or to go home and eat there. He chose the second option, so dinner was served to him in 20 minutes by an automatic food supply machine which had a food distributing network all over the building. He ordered Pepperoni pizza extract this time—sometimes he liked to eat something spicy. He waited as the extract slowly melted in his mouth. He took some coke with it, and started to gather his case to go home at last.

Time: 87 in the evening
Date: day 134 in Jupiter, year 108 n. o.

Home, sweet home. He could get some rest from his work. All these contracts, agreements, papers... Who needs them anyway?

He took off his clothes and had a shower. After that he went into his bedroom and pressed a “Have a nap” button on the wall. A square-shaped bed appeared from the floor, right beside the place Joe was standing. Alarm clock for 64 in the morning... Tomorrow’s Sevday, so the weekend already started the day after tomorrow. This felt quite
good and reassuring, so Joe fell asleep in a happy mood…

Time: Hell knows
Date: About the same thing as time

…I walked along the corridor. Strangely enough. There were no lamps, just… white light, pouring from the walls, the floor, the ceiling. Sometimes you just want to bury your head in the sand, and that's exactly the way I felt at the moment. Knowing nothing, expecting everything… Doors, doors, doors all around me. I did not know what was behind them. Perhaps I didn't even want to know. I was dripping with cold sweat; I was as limp as rags. Why me? What have I done wrong in my life? I always worked like a dog, not sparing myself. And now I am here, thrashing around like a fish on ice. What should I do? Should I continue going forward or should I open some door? You get cold feet, when you come nearer to a door. You don't know what's behind it. No one knows. Anyway, there is no one around to ask. So you go further along the corridor. It is easier. But it's a long corridor. Probably, there is no end. Who knows… By the way, what is happening? A very unpleasant feeling, as if someone is breathing down my neck… all the time… Where the heck am I? Maybe I am in heaven? Where are the angels? Where is Paradise? I don't see them. No, it can't be true! Butterflies in my stomach… Oh, come on, that lump in the throat—swallow it! Go on, open a door, try your luck! But what if there will be… another corridor? What will I do then? I certainly don't wish anybody to be in my skin! This can make you go crazy. Me too… Some abnormal situation, you cannot explain anything… Maybe I've already gone crazy, and these are just my illusions? No, I do not want to believe that. Have got to find the way out. Somehow… - Whoosh!

The automatic doors with photo elements above the entrance opened in front of him with a bit of delay.

The Play

By Maija Afangasjeva

His name is Arturs, Arturs Karklins. Almost a year has passed since we graduated together from secondary school, and I have not met him since then. However, he is still bright in my memories from the good old school days.

The beginning was in the tenth form—that was where pupils from other schools joined our class and integrated into our school. I felt kind of cool at that point of my life because I was a big fish in a well-known pond. This way of self-perception was the cause of suspicion and dislike for some of my new peers, but this was not the case with Arturs. Because I realised that, actually, everything had started eight years earlier…

We had been together through five years of primary school, so I perceived Arturs as a well known “last time seen a long time ago” fish. The only thing I remember about him from that time is that he always had not more nor less than one mistake in all the essays we had to write in Latvian Language. The teacher claimed he was “a stable seven,” as she graded all works with one mistake as sevens. Besides that, he was an example of a person who never stood out in a crowd.

Anyway, this bold, moody guy with a flower in his hands, loudly shutting the door of the classroom, became the centre of attention not only for a couple of the first days in the tenth form, but for the next three years. His bold head was too light; his trousers were too slapped off; the flower in his hands was too ugly; his pace was too heavy, and his voice—too dull not to cause attention.

I do not think he deliberately wanted to stay out of the norm. He just was himself. When you meet a person every day you get to know a lot about positive and negative aspects of his personality and his reaction to different situations of life. Arturs had his own approach to many things, which seemed rather surprising and funny to most of his peers. Once he was asked to read loudly an epos in the classroom. He made the teacher confused and us exited by pouring „Lacplesis“ as a rap song for some ten minutes, leaving out all punctuation and breath pauses. Arturs showed that even lessons of otherwise boring literature could bring some fun. The fact that we could remember nothing of the text did not bother anybody. One other time in the middle of a lesson, he opened a book and held it in his hands, hiding his face from a teacher. He demonstrated his clever solution of how to eat during time in the middle of a lesson, he opened the book and held it in his hands, hiding his face from a teacher. He demonstrated his clever solution of how to eat during class without causing any suspicion from the teacher. There were many such kinds of situations where he demonstrated his innovativeness, gaining respect in our eyes.

Sometimes it seemed to me that it was his destiny to make others laugh. But the attention we paid to him was not always as pleasant and funny for him as it was for others. I remember that once one guy asked Arturs how he could be so funny and make others laugh so often. We all were surprised when he said that, actually, he did not make any jokes on purpose and that he often felt confused when others laughed at him. I guess that this person didn’t always want to be in the centre of attention or play the role of clown in front of the class all the time…

Positive emotions arise every time I remember his unintentional jokes and peculiar speaking style. Particularly the second one was the main reason why he was chosen for the narrator’s position in the video clip about our class which we made at the end of the twelfth form. I considered it a smart choice to record one of the top voices of our class, and I hope that this made Arturs feel like an irreplaceable member of our society.

Arturs was the treasure of our collective then, and he still is now. We will always remember his original personality. However, now I am starting to doubt if we were even familiar with his true personality. I cannot say I know much about his perception of life, his hobbies or his family. Maybe for him all these three years was a play which he chose to be a comedy, and he played the central role of comedian. We, the classmates of Arturs, will always associate him with that role independently, whether he was sincere or just pretended.