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Hello dear students of SSE!

We're doing this now, apparently. Even though it's the first issue, it feels like we've been doing this for a year already.

As school started and summer turned to fall, darkness fell and the monster we all know so well awoke again. He feasts on your energy, celebrating your demise, running after us as we're running out of time.

The only way to kill the bastard is to spend your time doing things that are meaningful, things that are fun. Those things tend to scare it away.

Minimax was our way to end the monster, and this is the result: a paper aiming to give you inspiration, challenge your ideas, and make you question your fears.

We bring you an issue diving into questions like; what really goes on behind PU's door? Will Michael Jackson's haunting ghost ever leave us alone? And why would you ever want to eat an Angler fish? Read on, if you dare...

This is us, the editors of this year's masterpiece of a SASSE project. Or maybe a mess-terpiece, that is up to you to decide.

LINN CERVELL  
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

FADAK GORGEHPOUR  
VICE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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# YOUR GUIDE TO THE WORLD'S MONSTERS

*Students of SSE! By now I am sure you are well aware of the trolls, näck, elves, and other regional monsters who dwell here in Sweden, but the world is full of evil things lurking where the sun don't shine; many of which few have ever heard of. But worry not! We've got your back. This will be your ultimate guide to some of the lesser known evils who crawl our world.*

## **North America: Fearsome Critters**


The fearsome critters are a group of mysterious, frightful creatures who have roamed the forests of North America, terrorizing and tormenting lumberjacks everywhere, for at least the past 100 years. You've certainly heard of some of them, such as Bigfoot and the Jackalope, but some are less recognizable, yet equally terrifying. You have the Agropelter – a half bear, half ape mix who hides in trees, waiting to throw branches and splinters at unsuspecting passersby; or the Hodag, a ferocious beast with the head of a frog and the body of a dinosaur, with giant claws, fangs, and horns. Keep your eyes peeled for anything that seems out of place!

## **Arabia: Ghilan**

Ghilan (more commonly known as ghouls) are ancient Arabian monsters who live in cemeteries or other deserted places, and love to consume human flesh. Ghouls are capable of shapeshifting, so it is therefore very difficult to recognize a ghoul. However, they have one single giveaway: they always have the hooves of a donkey! Ghouls are cunning, and will try to trick you into abandoned places and desert wastelands where they can prey on you. The only way to defend yourself against a ghoul is to strike it with a single, powerful blow, as a second will only serve to bring the ghoul back to life. So should you ever find yourself face to face with a ghoul, be sure to swing at them with all you've got!

## **Greenland: Amarok**

The Amarok is a gigantic legendary wolf who dwells in the snowy wilderness of Greenland. Amarok, unlike other wolves, hunts alone, and never in a pack, and has been known among the indigenous Inuit population to eat hunters who are foolish enough to go into the wild on their own. However, you shouldn't have to worry if you make sure to always traverse the snows with a buddy and give the Amarok the right amount of respect.



### Japan: the Kappa

One of the most famous monsters of Japanese folklore, the Kappa is an amphibious, green, humanoid demon, with the back of a turtle. The Kappa also possesses a dish-like indent on the top of its head, which, when filled with water, gives the Kappa its power. Thus, the Kappa will spend its days lurking in rivers and streams, drowning unsuspecting swimmers. But it sometimes also ventures on land, and when the dish in its head is filled with water, the Kappa is far stronger than any human, so be wary! However, the Kappa is pretty easy to outwit, so should you ever encounter one on land, just bow to them, and they will be sure to bow back – emptying their dish and leaving them powerless.

### South Africa: the Impundulu

The Impundulu, colloquially known as the Lightning Bird, is native to southern African skies, raining terror upon locals below. Impundulu creates thunder by flapping its wings, shoots lightning from its talons, and has an insatiable thirst for blood. As a vampiric bird, it will often come down to earth and suck blood from its human victims. While it is nearly impossible to kill the Impundulu, they have a particular fondness for milk, so if you are ever in danger of an impundulu attack, perhaps some poisoned milk could come in handy?

Monsters and humans have been tied together to this earth since the dawn of time, and as such, they emerge in all different walks of life, all across the world. No matter where, you are almost certain to find tales of strange, mysterious creatures roaming the lands, wreaking havoc and spreading terror. Thus, in an ever shrinking world, it is imperative to be aware and wary of the monsters that co-inhabit it with us - after all, you never know when you might encounter one...



# CAN WE EVER

I vividly remember seeing the newspapers' flashy front pages from the day Michael Jackson's death was announced. I had just turned 9, and with barely any idea of who he was, I did not care too much. However, with time I discovered and came to love some of his greatest hits. I'm sure most people have some type of relation to Michael Jackson's music. I remember watching the Thriller music video with my older sister and genuinely being scared of the zombie dance troupe, as well as cringing at a classmate's MJ-phase and him constantly wearing one white glove around the school. His music is remarkable for its innovative and historical significance, for instance, Jackson was the first Afro-American featured on MTV. Inescapably, most of his songs are appreciable works of art.

*Then why can't I enjoy his music anymore?*

After watching the HBO-documentary *Leaving Neverland* this year, I became aware of the allegations raised against him which changed my perception of Michael Jackson and his music permanently. The documentary, whose allegations are disputed by the Michael Jackson estate, follows two men who claim to have been sexually abused by Michael Jackson for years when they were children. (It's available for free on the Swedish state-tv streaming service 'SVT-play' for anyone interested in watching it and hearing the witnesses out.)

Even though there is another side to this claiming Jackson's innocence, I fully believe the allegations from the victims in the documentary are credible, and therefore, I now see Jackson as a pedophile who put children through statutory rape. Since the documentary, 'Beat it' playing in the background or the slightest lyric reference from one of his songs

instantly makes me think of the abuse described by his victims, preventing me from enjoying the music as I've done so many times before.

It's not the first time I felt this way about a film or music when I found out the artist is or was a monster. I generally don't have favorites of anything (ice cream flavors, music artists, etc.), but a rare exception was that I had a favorite actor; Kevin Spacey. That is until he turned out to be a sexual predator, too. As a fan, this felt like a betrayal. Movies starring him are spoiled for me now, much like Michael Jackson's music, and I've come to expect the worst from celebrities I have any appreciation for.

Is it wrong that I can no longer enjoy these things? If I can recognize the underlying faults of artists - and in Jackson's case, I'm not supporting him financially since he's dead - then why can I not compartmentalize their faults and separate them from their art in order to enjoy it? It's probably a mixed sense of guilt and misdirected responsibility. Overall, I believe that any normal person likely wouldn't be comfortable enjoying something that has a clear connection to such monstrous acts. And from here arises the idea of separating the artist from the art. Can one truly implement enough cognitive dissonance to enjoy something while distancing it from its creator? I doubt there is a clear cut answer.

For instance, if I were to listen to a Micheal Jackson song covered by a different artist, who has no connections to such things, would it be 'better'? What does 'better' even entail in this situation? Would it make me feel less guilty for enjoying something made by a pedophile? Would it in any way ease my consciousness?

# FULLY SEPERATE THE ARTIST FROM THEIR ART?

There are no clear cut rules and borders to this. Though it should be obvious that once an artist or creator is found out to have committed any such crimes, and maybe having 'simply' been credibly accused of committing any in this example, one should stop, at least, actively supporting them. A good example of this is after the allegations against R. Kelly from earlier this year, Lady Gaga took a song she worked on with him off of Spotify. Though the song was quite popular and would have brought in money, she valued human decency over financial gain (which is not terribly common in the media industry).

*So what should be done in a case akin to that of Michael Jackson and his music?*

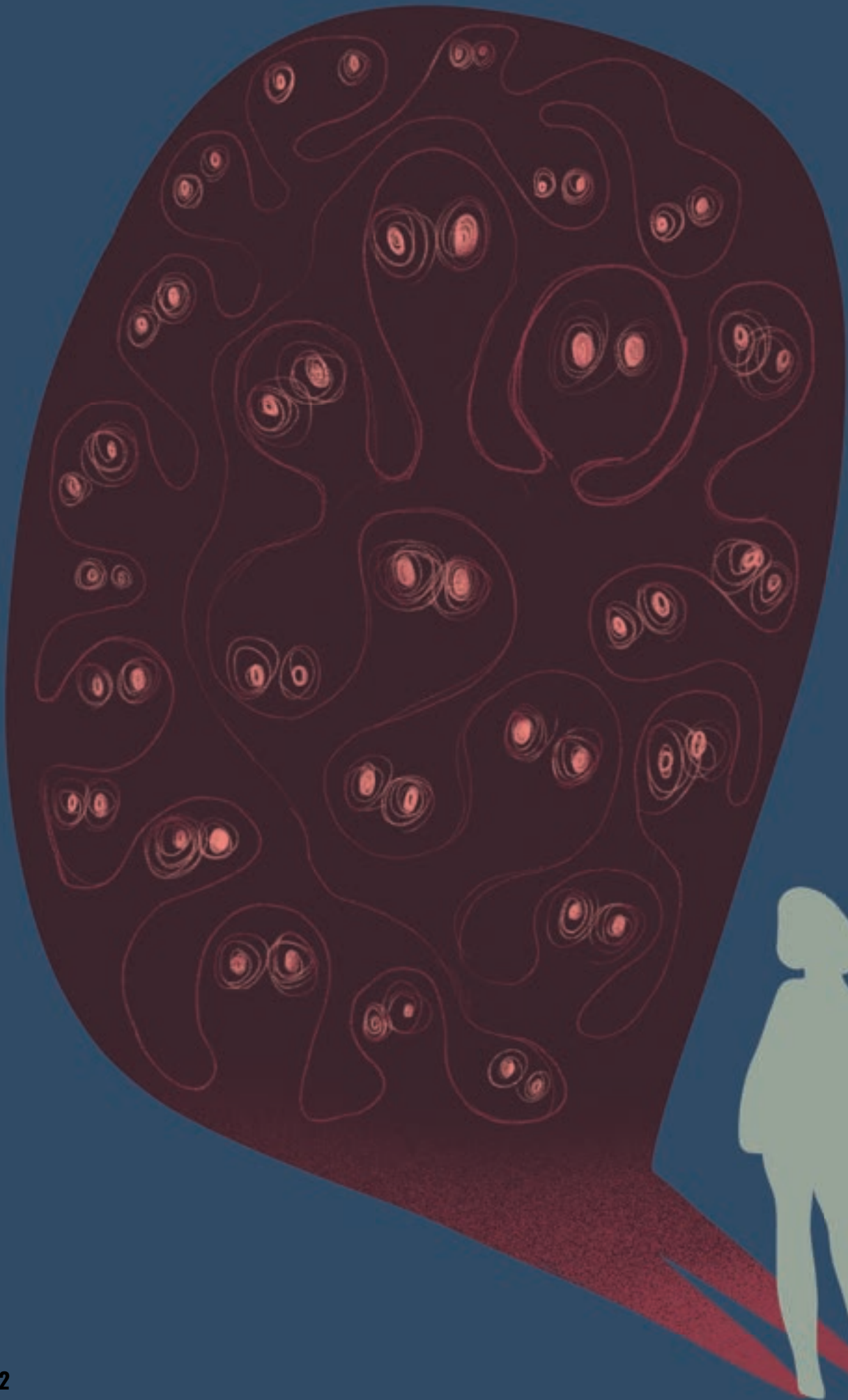
Are his songs infamous and catchy? Most people would say yes. Did he make an influential mark on musical culture and carve a path for many others? Likewise, most would agree. However, did he also repeatedly sexually assault children for years and years? Witness testimonies, similarly, points to the answer being yes. For me personally, that is the complete 'turn off'. Likely, there are people who are able to fully separate the art from the artist and justify listening to his musical by him being dead and no longer here to collect royalties (though his family still does), or simply listen to covers of his songs. There's the die-hard fans who defend him no matter what allegations come out, and then there's people who take them with a grain of salt and don't have to believe that Jackson has done anything bad when listening to his music. In my eyes though, his work and everything to do with it is permanently tainted with the terrible, terrible things I believe he's done.

While I'm left with residue guilt for having enjoyed things by terrible people, my consciousness rests a

little bit easier knowing that I try not to support them. I am in no way asking others to harshly abandon their love for things created by terrible people, but I do ask that you take a little time to reflect on their misdeeds and how that can extend over to their work. Most importantly, is Thriller that much of a bop to block out it's affiliation to pedophilia?

TEXT // RASMUS SALÉN  
DESIGN // LARIN TAOFIK





# FACE IT

*There is a monster in you,  
Angel  
And you let it stay*

*The lies have become truths,  
Darling  
For you hear them everyday*

*Its claws  
Gripping you  
They make it hard to breathe*

*This is safety  
You wheeze  
Why would you want to leave?*

*Life could be so different,  
Love  
Face it and you'll see*

*That you have forgotten,  
Dear  
What it's like to be free*

# YOU'VE GOT

Dancing, in a rainbow clown ensemble, against the monotone backdrop of Gotham, Arthur Fleck is immediately separated from society in the opening scene of Todd Phillips' masterpiece *Joker*. Swinging around a banner for a local shop, every man and woman looks away as Fleck attempts to attract their attention. Finally, he catches the eyes of a group of adolescent boys who, to his surprise, steal his banner and run off. In pursuit, Arthur shouts repeatedly for someone to stop the gang, however society fails him yet again. Eventually he is lured into a dark alleyway where he is ambushed and kicked to the ground, bruised, battered, and left in agony. Alone and helpless, the Joker lays in the damp ruins of his persistence, betrayed by the ignorance of the system.

Immediately Phillips has created a sense of compassion among the audience that is usually reserved for the heroes, yet somehow we feel compassion for a serial killer instead. The rawness of the film is undoubtable: every time Fleck appears to walk down a brighter path, he is knocked back to the floor; each time losing another speck of sanity; each time falling deeper into alienation.

*“The worst part about having a mental illness is people expect you to behave as if you don’t”*

It is quickly evident that this film has nothing to do with the comic book world and instead presents an unnerving portrayal of mental illnesses in today's society. Phillips does not hide his true intentions: the sheer inability of Arthur to convey his thoughts through conversation via his uncontrollable laughter further detaches him from society. In another scene the audience glimpses into Fleck's journal where it in large letters reads 'The worst part about having a mental illness is people expect you to behave as if you don't'. Centering around a character prone to trauma, *Joker* repeatedly pushes raw truths home.





# TO BE JOKING

The final scene presents a man who the audience has seen fall into an inescapable pit of madness. Neglected by society, without any kin, the Joker has attempted to make sense of the sharp realities of a selfish world whilst trying to hide his true character. The striking climax forces him to paint his whole facade into a comical representation, a true juxtaposition of his true intentions. Describing his life as beyond a tragedy and instead a comedy, Fleck's failed career in stand up reflects his forgotten position in society as he mutters his final line "do you want to hear a joke? You wouldn't get it".

The tone which Phillips uses to deliver his necessary message is dangerously close to presenting a monster as a hero. Forcing the audience to play hopscotch around morality, Joker throws a new element into the nature versus nurture argument. That Fleck is a monster is undeniable, but while watching his descent into madness, the audience is constantly asked to reevaluate where the hand that pushed him off the edge originated.

This tornado of forced emotions dissipated into a blur of moral confusion once the credits appeared. Joker presents a character that is overwhelmed with trauma and struggles from beginning to end, most of which are out of his control and can be blamed on the society of today. This is the striking and lasting question of the movie: how is such a villainous creature one to which we feel a sincere sympathy? And is society, perhaps, the real monster in this story?

TEXT // ETHAN O'LEARY  
DESIGN // ALIX DEBROUX



## SSE – AN ARCHITECTURAL MONSTROSITY

Looking across the street at the great oak door, the Handels building stands imposing, ordained, draped in its own grandeur. Pillaring over its surroundings, it has a classical feel, ornate with intricate finishes and figureheads. A small, golden cherub stands central, scepter in hand, as both the physical and symbolic keystone of the front façade. But as I move along the left side of the building, a dramatic shift occurs: the smooth, off-white and stone grey limestone turns into dark, dented copper and uneven rows of stoned teak. The grandiose aura of the building becomes gritty, industrious, and ugly. The stark contrast comes as a shock as if the building has delivered a true punch to the gut. But as I try to recuperate, a new element emerges once again upon turning the rear corner: reflected light floods my vision as windows turn into walls and modernism overwhelms and overpowers the industrialism and classicism that flanks it. Observing this rear side of the building, a sense of deformity enshrouds this northern face. The cacophony of clashing styles is numbing, and drowns the senses.

Seeking reprieve from this ghastly crime of architecture, I step inside, only to find that the interior is just as disfigured as its shell. I step through the glass gate and

stand dead center in the atrium clearing. To my front and left, I am comforted by the return of formal, high-brow classicism – by smooth surfaces and straight, exact edges, with elegant little decorations and sharp colors. And yet, enormous works of art, obscure beyond the point of abstract, clutter my view, and stick out like a sore thumb. Swinging around in bewilderment, it feels as if I have stepped into an entirely different building – hell, an entirely different neighborhood.

A calendar-like wall of white – every panel a fancy powerpoint slide – hangs over two looming balconies shaped like slices of bread, sandwiched around an enormous tv screen, hypnotizingly teeming with colours, suspended so as to float in mid-air. Cushioned between these two walls of stark contrast, opposite from the bulging atrium wall, might be the most revolting building façade I have ever seen. In utter contempt and disgust, I throw my head back, only to find the ceiling looks like the underside of a lego brick. If the fusion of styles on the building exterior was bad, then the interior is truly grotesque – a hybrid beast reminiscent of ancient mythological monsters: part neoclassical, part industrial, and part postmodern.

This is handelshögskolan – an absolute mess of a building – a true architectural monstrosity. And yet, it stands unabashed and in its stylistic misgivings. In spite of its repugnance, there must be a reason for its stark structural deformity. Perhaps the reason behind this enigma is best understood by standing atop Observatorielunden and looking down at both the school and the surrounding city skyline. The roof of the Handels building is, as you could probably expect by now, just as much of an imperfect mix as the building itself: a majestic copper dome, rusted into that beautiful hue of mint green, sits next to a block of glass, which in turn neighbors a fairly standard, light green, slanted roof.

But when I turn my gaze away from the building, and instead observe the whole Stockholm skyline, I notice something peculiar. Here, smokestacks, church spires, modern high rises, and prickly antennas share the sky; while metal black roofing, green copper tiles, and burnt sienna shingles equally share the city's communal roof space. It suddenly occurs to me that Handels is simply a reflection, or rather, a collection of Stockholm as a city. Indeed, the building is a manifestation of not just the city it proudly stands within, but the student body it houses as well. Stockholm is a true amalgamation of different styles and influence like no other.

There is no single way to describe a Stockholm building; the city is a metropolis of all kinds of varying styles and eras, coexisting simultaneously. Handels is exactly the same, only these styles have all been smushed into one single building. Furthermore, this conglomeration of style – a skewed evolution in size – is an apt reflection of the growing and diversifying student population: from what was once an elitist boys and girls club into a now heterogeneous group of locals and internationals alike. The building – this monster – lives and breathes, camouflaging within its urban surrounding, while also illuminating from the life force that flows within it: we, the students.

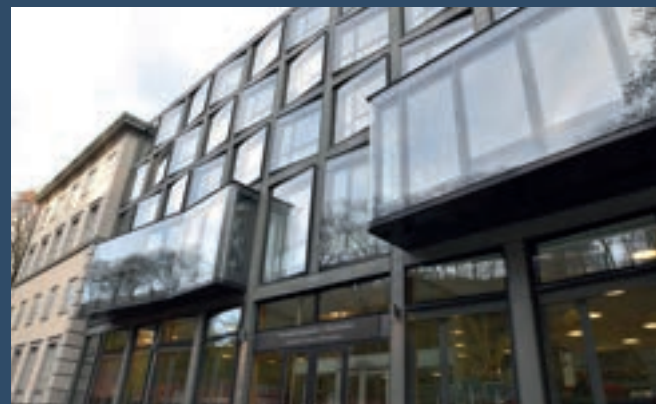
TEXT // FOLKE BRUNO  
DESIGN // EDDIE HAGBERG  
PHOTO // HENRIK CASSLÉN



...the physical and symbolic keystone of the front facade



...the return of formal, high-brow classicism



...reflected light floods my vision as windowturn into walls





**“Not being enough. Not succeeding. But that’s also what drives you to do better”.**

*Niclas Jadberg, Vice President SASSE*



**“Losing friends. They mean everything to me”**

*Elin Ashrafi, President of the Business Committee*



**“I’m afraid of elevators. I take the steps to avoid them”**

*Nataša Vlajić, Bachelor Student Business & Economics year 2*



**“Dåliga kläder i dåliga väder!”**

*(Wearing bad clothes in bad weather!)*

*Håkan Lyckeberg, Professor*



**“To stop being a thinking creature, to sacrifice what’s inspiring for what’s conventional and comfortable.”**

*Ludvig Hartler, Bachelor Student Business & Economics*



**"To disappoint people"**

Clara Magnusson, Bachelor Student Business & Economics year 2



**"Spiders"**

Martin Skålander, Bachelor Student Business & Economics year 1



**"Death"**

Hilda Hardell, President of the Education committee



**"Heights"**

Axel Hellbom Almström, Bachelor Student Business & Economics year 2

# WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF ?

BEHIND THE TAPE  
SCENES WITH  
TIV!



# Q&A- AN INTERVIEW WITH CORNELIA SELLMAN

**An interview with Cornelia Sellman, PU's (The Entertainment Committee's) President, on the Halloween party, partying at SSE, working with PU and more...**

***How will you make sure students have a good time at the Halloween party?***

It is all about the atmosphere, music, and costumes. We've recruited our Halloween project leaders so I'm excited to see what they will bring to the table. It's really their party, and I will be there as support.

***Does that mean that they will have a lot of creative freedom?***

Yes, they will set the theme and decorations and then we will work together during the evening together with the PU-praos.

***Do you think it will be scary? Have you organized any 'scary' parties before?***

Hopefully! Again, that's up to the project leaders. I've worked at the Halloween party twice, the first one as a PU-prao and the other as a part of PU - so I'm not a total rookie.

***What's the most difficult about organizing a party?***

I would say the most difficult part is finding the perfect balance: Making sure everyone has fun but without it derailing. There is a huge responsibility in serving alcohol to people and I take it very seriously. Our goal is always to find that perfect combination of fun, party, and dance - without letting the alcohol take over.

***On the topic of intoxication, how do you inform and teach the Entertainment Committee's members to try and uphold the alcohol policy?***

Every year the new Entertainment committee has a gathering with a former Club Master, who was the person who originally drafted the alcohol policy. At that meeting, he shares his personal experiences and we talk about the responsibilities of serving alcohol.

Before parties, come back to this as a part of reflecting

on the mission of the Entertainment Committee. It's easy to forget about these things when people are dancing and having a good time, but we always have to keep an eye out for people on the dancefloor and be available if help is needed.

***Do you have any recommendations to students on how to find the time and energy to attend as many SASSE parties as they want?***

One of the things I love most with SSE and SASSE is that they combine a great education with a great social agenda. I would, therefore, recommend everyone to, of course, take the time to study but also make time for the social events where you will have the chance to create memories for life. You'll never be able to relieve these years - seize the moment, dance and have fun.

***Of the parties you've attended here, or organized, do you have a favorite?***

I love the summer party although I've never attended it, only worked, but it's the most amazing party of the year. It's a lot of work but it's totally worth it. Of course, the Halloween party is great as well though!

***Interviews for PU projects are famous, or maybe infamous, for being a bit unusual. How come?***

I would say that all interviews in SASSE are different and they all have their own character, that's what makes it fun. We make it our own, with a twist, and hope everyone enjoys it. We try to make it a more easy-going process and less intense. It's fun when SASSE committees can put their own spin on their interviews.

***What's the most fun with working for PU and being its Club Master?***

I would say the closeness within the team. We spend so much time together, planning and hosting but also cleaning and mopping floors, which creates a great team spirit. During the Summer party, we work a 24-hour shift. This way we both study, party and work together, basically we spend a lot of time with each other. I can easily say that without PU, my time at SSE would not have been the same.

# DEESEA MONSTER OR DELICACY?

## Eating Anglerfish - an introduction, recipe and review

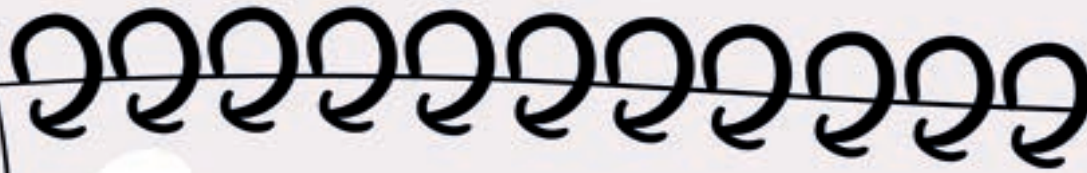
After a gray Wednesday morning packed with seminars and yet another boring microwaved lunch at school, one might reasonably feel quite spiritless. To me, a day like this sounds like the perfect opportunity to try a new recipe for dinner! I step onto the wet sidewalk and take the 10 minute stroll to Hötorgshallarna, one of Stockholm's prominent food halls, packed with stands containing cheeses and meats from all around the world. I am in the search for something more local, but nonetheless unusual. I'm looking for the North Sea Anglerfish, a Swedish delicacy, which I've heard is just about as tasty as it is grotesque!

Together with many other fish, Anglers are a historically important food source, especially on the Swedish West Coast, where they can be found lurking in the water, floating still as they wait

for their prey. *Lophius piscatorius*, the common European Angler, generally has a weight above 10kg, with rare specimens having weighed more than 70kg. Their most recognizable traits are their wide mouths and long, sharp teeth, which can be closed to keep their prey inside. From its antagonistic role in *Finding Nemo* to being one of the ugliest fishes available commercially in Sweden, Anglers truly have attained a reputation as monsters among aquatic animals. This notoriety aside, I really want to try this fish.

In my friend's clean kitchen with a fresh fillet of Anglerfish, I come up with what I thought would be a yummy recipe involving a few ingredients at hand. I'd like to share that exclusive recipe with you Minimax readers, but whether you'll try it or not is up to you!





# INGREDIENTS

## **Fried Anglerfish**

- 1 kg -- Anglerfish Fillet (ask for marulk in a Swedish fish shop)
- 2 dl -- Flour
- 1 tsp -- Salt
- ½ tsp -- White Pepper
- 100 g -- Butter (alternatively olive oil if this is your preferred frying fat)

## **Hollandaise Sauce**

- 3 Egg Yolks
- 90 g -- Butter
- ½ tsp -- Salt
- 20 ml -- Lime Juice

## **Tubers and greens**

- 12 Small Potatoes
- 2 Sweet Potatoes
- 2 Small Yellow Onions
- 4 Jerusalem Artichokes
- 200 g -- Broccoli
- 200 g -- Green Peas

# INSTRUCTIONS

- 1) Boil the Potatoes. Afterwards, send them into the oven heated to 200 °C together with the sliced Sweet Potatoes, halved Onions and Jerusalem artichokes. Sumptuously add olive oil and salt before putting them in.
- 2) Boil the Broccoli and Green Peas together. Add salt to the water.
- 3) Cut the Anglerfish in even, medium-thick pieces. Dip them in a mix of Flour, White Pepper and Salt. After the sides and the sauce are on their way to being finished, fry the pieces on both sides in a pan with butter on medium heat.
- 4) Make the Sauce by:
  - a. Adding the Egg Yolks, 2 tablespoons of water and the salt to a pot on low heat. Whisk the sauce.
  - b. Turning off the heat, moving the pot to a cool surface and whisk in the Butter as it cools down, bit by bit. Then add the Lime Juice. The sauce should be done when it's thickened.
- 5) Serve the dish on warm plates and make your friends try it too! Food is best enjoyed in good







With a deliciously fried Angler and a filling side of tubers as well as a fitting sauce, this recipe will do just fine on a weekday night if you need some good food to comfort you. It will take a good hour to make the dish, but hopefully you'll find it worth a try.

As this was my first time trying Anglerfish, I was impressed. With a juicier texture than your average codfish, and with an inviting white color and sweetness loosely similar to lobster, it definitely lived up to my best expectations. I'm sure a number of alternative recipes using Anglerfish exist out there, and I am already thinking of oven-cooked Angler, Angler n' chips, and maybe even Anglerfish tacos. It's not the cheapest fish out there, which obviously doesn't fit the student budget that well, but for food-nerds like myself who like trying new things, it's a no-brainer to give it a try at some point! This is unless you have a diet that excludes fish, which would then mean that you have to place your hopes in the free market's ability to produce a tasty substitute to Anglerfish...

Maybe this text will make you think of good food next time the Angler's sinister teeth show up on the movie screen or at the grocery store. If not, I'll rest easy knowing that at least I tried to give the Deepsea Monster a chance at improving its reputation. But most of all, I hope I've inspired at least a few of you to be more curious when it comes to seeking out culinary experiences like this one!

# MAKING A MONSTER



Where do our monsters come from? Obviously there are no mythical beasts who roam this earth, lurking in shadows and caves - at least physically. Metaphysically, however, these creatures exist in abundance in every corner of the world, and in every culture and religion imaginable. These monsters exist purely as figments of our imagination; nevertheless they have not only survived, but thrived in society for centuries, sometimes even millenia. Monsters hold an immense sway on the human mind - they enthrall us, fascinate us, and terrify us. In fact, monsters feed on us: more specifically, they sustain themselves upon our fear.

The first known monsters hail from ancient Mesopotamia, the first civilization of man, but they predate the dawn of written history. Ancient monsters have a distinctly spiritual connection, nearly always serving in some spiritual allegory. Ancient Greek mythology for example, is the source of some of society's most recognizable and hideous beasts. These myths were created by poets and artists in order to explain the world around them, from more light hearted topics such as the seasons to the most deeply profound subjects, like death and loss. While these myths are full of frightful monsters such as Medusa, the Minotaur, cyclopes, and many more, they aren't truly monsters in the way we think of them today. Whereas the modern conception of monsters thinks of them as strange beasts that seemingly apparate out of thin air, ancient monsters served a purpose and had real meaning. The intent of these monsters was not to terrorize, but to teach, and thus their reign was short-lived, no longer existing as monsters but rather as mythological and literary beings.

The first true monsters - the ones that are still feared today - emerge in the Middle Ages, as mankind began turning its focus towards the external, and hence the unknown. As society began emerging from the dark ages, people grew curious of the world around

them, looking around and seeking to make reason of their surroundings. However, still living in a fairly unenlightened world, some things were simply unexplainable, and gradually this inexplicability grew into fear. Ghosts, witches, vampires, and werewolves are just a few of the most recognizable products of this era - supernatural beings birthed in darkness, both literally and intellectually.

This naissance of monsters has lasted for centuries: people encounter something they simply cannot explain, and this inability frightens them. This fear then manifests itself into a creation of the human imagination, strong enough to overpower logic and reason, as it is easier to be afraid of a physical being than an abstract idea. The Chupacabra, for example, emerged as the explanation from Puerto Rican farmers as to why their livestock suddenly began turning up dead under mysterious circumstances. We fear what we don't know, and it is this fear and hysteria that leads us to conceive of these hideous, hyperbolic ideas.

But in a rapidly changing world, these classical beasts are becoming a thing of the past, and are being replaced by more modern, nuanced creatures. This new class of monsters are popping up as horrifying, but very much real figures that have been flourishing among us. These monsters are the people who have been using their power to prey on the helpless, disadvantaged, and underappreciated members of our society. But while these monsters have lived in the shadows, hidden away from the rest of the world, they are now being exposed and revealed to society as a chain effect of the #metoo movement.

Heidi Avellan, political editor-in-chief for Sydsvenskan and Helsingborgs Dagblad, two Swedish daily newspapers, has covered equality-related issues since the 1980s, and in an interview gave some insight into

how #metoo shaped these modern monsters. As she explains, “the sheer number of witnesses, women, publicly describing what they were exposed to” was key to the movement’s success, with a strong focus “on individuals, even the wrong individuals.”

#Metoo forced society to analyze itself on a microscopic level: “Individual men had systematically assaulted women sexually over time, and in order to set in motion a public debate, the credibility of details from witnesses was key.” But while most of these individuals were largely anonymous, from time to time this self-scrutiny would fixate upon a high-profile celebrity.

Such is the case with Jean-Claude Arnault, dubbed “The Cultural Personage” in Swedish media. Arnault’s “connection to power, through his influential but unofficial position within the Swedish Academy,” gave more attention to #metoo “as the sexual assault allegations were publicized” and heralded far-and-wide. Almost overnight, Arnault had become a monster in the public’s eyes - a direct result of the thorough societal introspection that #metoo was. Finally, “men and women could grasp that an enormous amount of women had been subjected to sexual harassment at their workplaces” in essentially every industry, coming as an immense shock to many.

For many high-profile industries, #metoo especially flipped perceptions for the vast majority of society, as professions that were once idolized, such as acting and singing, were now met with an intense skepticism, even fear: not a fear of what we didn’t know, but a fear of what we did. In most #metoo scenarios, particularly the most notorious cases, these horrible crimes weren’t exactly hidden away from the world to see. Of course, it wasn’t easy to notice, but these things were happening right under our noses - society just chose to look away - until #metoo proved we couldn’t ignore these problems forever, and forced us to tackle these issues head on.

Once society finally confronted the awful failings and misgivings that #metoo exposed, we turned its most famous perpetrators into disgraced, larger-than-life figures of notoriety. These mega-celebrities and cultural icons instantly transformed from beloved household names into monsters. But these weren’t mythical beasts, they were just regular old humans. Following #metoo, society entered a new era where the monsters of the past have begun to fade into cultural obscurity and

pop culture caricature: vampires and werewolves are now more strongly associated with teen literature and low-budget horror flicks than fearsome tales of death and destruction. Old monsters are being replaced by equivalents who aren’t physically terrifying, but instead mentally terrifying.

So what might be the cause of this transformation? Has this cold, hard world numbed our senses and imaginations to the point where we can no longer fear the fantastical, for we are too consumed by everyday horrors that we simply don’t have any more capacity for the less obvious dangers of our world? Perhaps, but maybe it is because the thing we as a society fear most has evolved; and if our fears have changed, then of course the materialization of this fear will have changed as well.

As established, the supernatural monsters of times passed have almost always found their origin from a human fear of the unknown, but the modern monsters of today come from something else: from the fear of what we think we know. Up until very recent times, society has always feared the unknown: from the fear of unknown religions during the crusades to the fear of the unknown enemy during the Cold War.

But this is no longer the case - we no longer fear

**”Almost overnight, Arnault had become a monster in the public’s eyes - a direct result of the thorough societal introspection that #metoo was”**



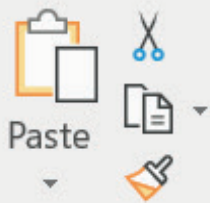
what we don't know. In a "post-truth" era dominated by misinformation and cynicism, we have learned to wallow in the unknown, and pay it no mind. Instead, our fears have shifted to the things we think we know. In this new age, we have begun to believe that nothing is certain, and as a result we have begun to question everything. We have become suspicious and skeptical of our surroundings, fearful that something we think we know ends up being oh so wrong. And when this happens, our fear turns into scorn - and we turn this thing into a monster. In a sense, society still fears the unknown, only now instead of fearing the external we fear the internal.

Rather than fearing what we don't know about the undiscovered, we have started fearing what we don't know about the discovered instead. Society has begun looking at itself more thoroughly, perhaps even more than the surrounding externalities of the world - inspecting every small perceived discrepancy. #metoo is the perfect representation of this, where the figures we as a society formerly idolized and put on a pedestal were in fact horrible people, who used their power to manipulate and take advantage. But once society realized this total violation of what we thought we knew, even if it perhaps wasn't so surprising, it disturbed us so much that these figures were made into monsters.

Monsters come from the fear of the unknown. This statement holds true even to this day: it is the same primal fear which has existed since the dawn of mankind. The only aspect that has evolved over time is the unknown. First, we didn't understand the most basic aspects of the world - the seasons, sky, and stars, among other things - so we created gods and monsters to explain away this unknown. Then, as humanity grew more complex, we began to question the more detailed, confusing mysteries of this world, so we created monsters in which we could manifest this fear. But we have now reached a point of such self-indulgence and self-importance in society that we no longer care about the mysteries of the world, and, for the most part, now only care about ourselves. But this fear of the unknown hasn't just disappeared - society's self-obsession has merely turned this fear in upon itself. We now scour for unknowns, real or fake, that exist in the parts of society that we previously thought we knew so well. And when we do find these hidden unknowns, just like #metoo did, we are quick to make new monsters from it - new, modern manifestations of fear that mimic the new era we live in.



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Some understand him  
Some are even his friend  
I've tried to get to know him but  
His torment has no end

Endless columns and rows  
How they work, no one knows  
He'll work perfectly fine  
Then all of a sudden, close

He haunts my dreams, this math-machine  
With his magic books  
Wake up, sweat running down my cheek  
all my confidence, he took

So I decide to challenge him  
Face the dreadful thing  
I'll fail my classes 'cause of him  
If I don't try to win

I face my battle 'gainst the beast  
He hits me with a #NUM!,  
"please just tell me WHY at least?"  
I cried, just feeling done



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Column by column, row by row  
executing every cell  
I stare into his soulless eyes  
showing me the pits of hell

He cuts my body into pieces  
Puts me in a scatter plot  
Will my remains be of any use?  
No, probably not

Then I trouble-shoot him with my gun  
He doesn't seem to care  
He won't respond at all, you see  
all I can do is say a prayer

See, no matter what he promises  
All the lies he tells  
He only wants to eat your time  
In fact, it's he who excels





# THE HIDDEN MONSTER

TEXT | ETHAN O'LEARY

Looking inside, I saw no inspiration. Full of colours, the wardrobe couldn't have been more grey. I'd just read an article online that made me open that door, stare at my clothes and let out a deep sigh. My bedroom was full of examples of stressful belongings: the bookcase full of finished books, the iPhone sitting on the Kindle sitting on the iPad: these things I owned, chased after and cherished with a blind absence of altruism. Twenty minutes later, I held a bag full of clothes and books ready to be given away, no longer needed; no longer collecting dust; no longer providing stress.

Society plays a deep, yet hidden role in quotidian life. One often takes for granted the constructs which surround us; bounding us subconsciously to certain paths: not repeating outfits often, owning the latest iPhone, attaining that crucial internship, posting that impressionable Instagram picture. Yet all these social expectations seem to serve a common destructive purpose: to set us up for comparison and sequential misery.

Pronouncing societal constructs as entirely detrimental is misleading. In this progressive culture, certain unwritten rules in fact push us down a positive path. A prime example is flyskam, the flight shame movement which is progressing through Europe now encouraging tourists to take the train or otherwise. Nonetheless, it would be naive to presume all such social norms beneficial.

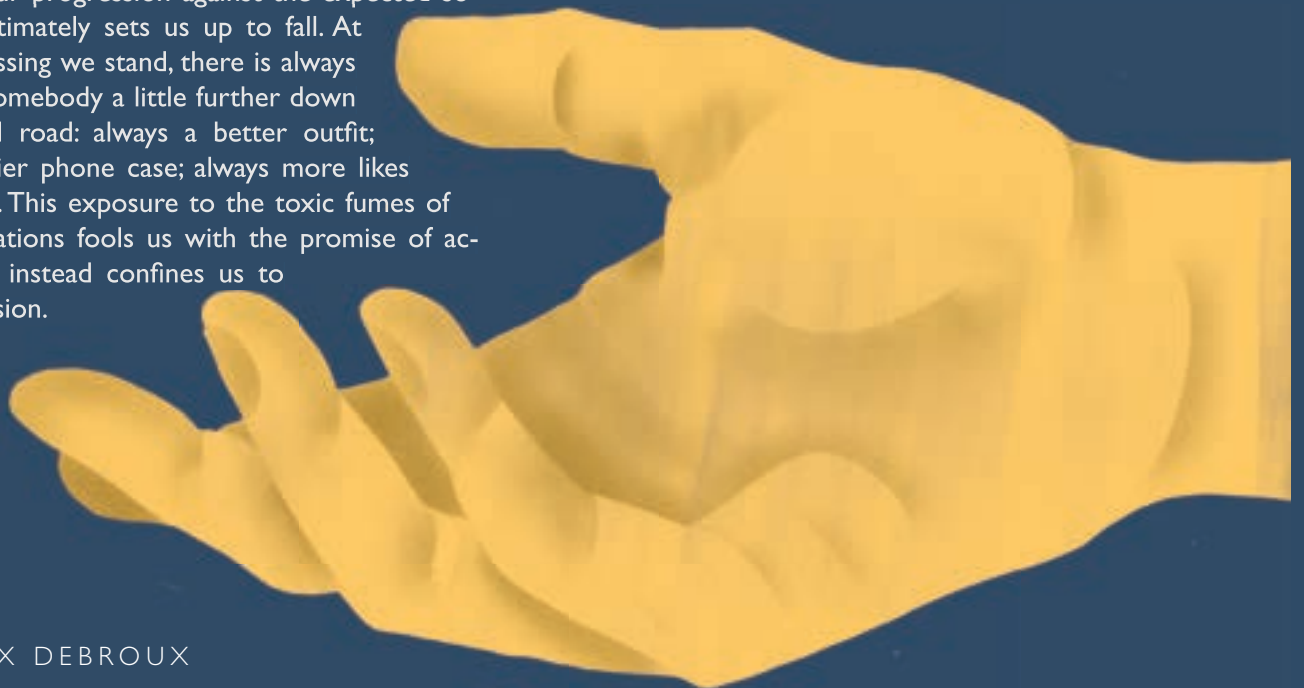
Comparing our progression against the expected social ladder ultimately sets us up to fall. At whatever crossing we stand, there is always going to be somebody a little further down the perpetual road: always a better outfit; always a fancier phone case; always more likes on their post. This exposure to the toxic fumes of social expectations fools us with the promise of acceptance, yet instead confines us to deeper confusion.

The collective action problem dictates that one has no incentive to join a party if one has doubt that others will join also. Emptying my closet of the futile or unnecessary was a product of a moment of clarity regarding this theory. If everybody continues down this path of anxiety, the path will be congested. It may be easier to navigate due to the continuum of footsteps to follow but ultimately, we cease to progress and are blocked by the cycle of comparison, updates to our material life and battling with our own mental monsters. Choosing instead to take a new path may at first feel unnatural: the ground is fresh and unworn, and yet we are liberated instantly from the barrage of battling with our demons; we are free to choose a path where no one stands in our way.

***“At whatever crossing we stand, there is always going to be somebody a little further down the perpetual road”***

The realisation that this set of secondary paths exist, is the point at which I realised that in fact no one really cares what t-shirt you wear, what phoneyou have, or what you're posting on Instagram. One only believes that the person behind the-

mon the path cares about these things, who in turn believes the person behind them cares and so forth. By breaking away from this social construct of continual irrationality, we join one of the infinite secondary paths and follow our own real ideologies. Put plainly, by coming to terms with the fact that no one truly dictates our social expectations and it is just a common belief serving no positive purpose, the pursuit of uncompromised happiness is truly possible.





# DARE TO BE SCARED!

Lately, we've been imposed all these certainties by numerous motivational speakers (not mentioning any names) such as "to live a happy, healthy and fulfilling life - just move your body, sleep and eat healthy!". Well duh, I'm pretty sure we've all heard that by now. So instead of repeating all that once more, I will hereby let you in on a little secret. They all forgot about one very crucial component, and that is... (drumroll please) ...facing our fears!

As humans, we all experience fear and bla, bla, bla... you already know the drill. The point is: fear stops us from living our lives to the fullest. So what am I suggesting that you do about it? Should you just stop being afraid of things? Or, do everything that you're scared of just because? Even if it's the most stupid thing?

No! Of course not.

The truth is you should be scared. Yeah. Bet you've never been told that by an amateur motivational

writer before. Now back to the point I'm making here - fear is a survival mechanism and therefore very helpful in many situations, but in the wrong ones they end up stealing too much of your energy. Healthy fear can actually assemble energy; for example when you realize "Oh crap I really need to get my shit together!". In fact, most successful and fulfilled people have fears. They just don't let them control their lives. Neither are they one of the "cool guys" who stay on the sinking ship until it's too late to ask for help. Saying "Nothing bad can ever get to me, I'll be fine".

On a scale of one to ten (where one is you avoid every fear at all costs and ten is you face them at first glance) the people who are able to manage their fears are somewhere around six. Just slightly more prone to greeting their fears, acknowledging them and saying "hi hello nice to meet you", than to look away and pretend they never saw them. Six is where you find the bliss point of fear and if you manage to place yourself right there - you will get the most out of your life, without unnecessary risk-taking. If you'd like a more elaborate and nuanced answer to why this is - just email me and I will send you my ten page long inquiry on the subject (just kidding, don't do that.) Now I think it's time we get into the fun stuff - the motivational words for facing your fears that I've listed for all the 1-5:ers of you!

Good Luck!

1. Fears are not there to dampen your spirit: they are an opportunity for you to grow. So let curiosity lead the way. What lies on the other side of fear is what you should crave to discover.
2. Only those who take the risk of going too far will find out just how far they can go. So dare to fail, and dare to get back up again.
3. Nuance and question - am I actually going to die from doing this that I'm so scared of? If no - then go ahead. What frightens you might not go away, but you'll learn the trick of standing up to it. All of us have fears, but those who face them have courage and freedom as well. What you do in the face of your fears defines you. You decide!
4. How many mainstream personalities do you remember meeting? Probably none, because they are forgotten even if they were right in front of you. If you want to be remembered and appreciated more than the average person, you've got to dare to be criticised more than the average person. It has its price to go your own way; it will enrage those who wish they did so as well but never had the courage. So dare to be criticized. It is hard in the moment, but in the end you'll be a winner
5. Don't be afraid to say no to a night out when you'd rather stay in, but also don't be afraid to say yes to spontaneous nights out, new adventures and new opportunities.

# UNLEASH THE (HEALTHIER) BEAST

*Replace your nightly energy drink for the exam cramming with this healthy, vegan and tasty snack in less than 15 minutes! Same amount of energy, just a little nicer; a little better.*



## How to do it:

- Roast the oatmeal in a pan over medium heat together with the unrefined sugar, the ground cardamom kernels and a tiny dash of preferred cooking oil.
- Let cool down.
- Mix the oat drink, blueberries, banana and vanilla sugar in your mixer. Mix!
- Pour into a tall glass and top off with the roasted oatmeal. Enjoy!

3 msk  
oats



1 msk  
refined sugar



1/2 msk ground  
cardamom kernels



6 dl oats  
drink

250 g blueberries



1 banana

1 tsk vanilla  
sugar



HOW  
DARE  
YOU  
?



Greta Thunberg has now become a household name in countries around the world; the Fridays for Future movement has exploded into a global revolution. What started off as a sixteen year old teenager standing outside the Riksdag on Fridays has quickly ballooned into an epidemic of activists marching through the streets of cities around the world demanding parliamentary recognition and a shift in policy towards protecting the ecosystems of the planet.

Thunberg, after travelling by a carbon neutral yacht across the Atlantic, sparked a sharp rise in criticism after her now famous speech at the United Nations Climate Action Summit. Many have spoken outright against Thunberg and her theatrical candor; the religious, almost cultish behaviour. Brendan O'Neill, editor of Spiked, describes the 'apocalyptic dread in her eyes' as 'chilling'; warning the people of the "hellfire that will rain upon them if they fail to give up their witches". Meanwhile, outspoken conservative Dinesh D'Souza has likened her presence to that of a Nazi propagandist; tweeting an image of her posed with her signature blonde braids holding a swastika.

That Thunberg is outspoken and unique is a blessing for the activism community. She has provided an almost God-like idol to many searching for a voice.

However, it is this celebratory status that this teenager has been bestowed with which has attracted her greatest challenge. Vocal British TV personality and columnist Jeremy Clarkson picked up on a particular line of her UN speech: "I shouldn't be up here, I should be back at school on the other side of the ocean".

"Get back to school and work hard in your science lectures" Clarkson controversially argues. "How dare us? How dare you" he continues, claiming that Thunberg cannot criticise his generation for the inventions through which her movement runs, his scathing article concludes by condemning her rather brutally as a "spoiled brat".

The issue on many skeptics' minds however, is not with Greta herself: the teenager has largely attracted

praise for the global awareness she has created over such a powerful issue. The monster many of these bullies describe is merely a Swedish teenager using her widespread influence to save the world; the real problem is that which prevents her success.

**"You'll die of old age, we'll die of climate change"**

If we are to believe that Thunberg is the fascist leader these middle aged conservatives detail her to be, then do we take the millions of transpired strikers as her ecological warriors? After all: what is a revolution without its revolters?

Inspecting the crowds, one sees a wave dominated by angry faced millennials and Gen Zs. Their presence is trivially reasoned: those who will live with the consequences of our ancestors' mistakes must fight to protect their future and under this logic, one must expect that these marchers live true to the word of their leader: 'everything needs to change and it has to start today'.

***"Striking is the way by which those passionate to conserve our Earth protest against government policies, corporations who value profits above environmental impact and to spread the message that we all must act immediately"***

Striking is the way by which those passionate to conserve our Earth protest against government policies, corporations who value profits above environmental impact and to spread the message that we all must act immediately. Whilst many show signs of integrity towards their purpose, others seem to be searching for more than spreading the word of the cause.

Thunberg began her striking holding her simple 'Skolstrejk för klimatet' sign. The movement now has become a weekly comedy contest among those holding their cardboard pitchforks. Many have been creative to convey their frustration however, there is concern that piggy-back elitist strikers have taken the game too far. Extremely graphic and expletive visual boards are striking enough to be shared continuously, spreading the message and achieving the purpose of the strikes. Yet one wonders if the recipients of the message really embody the movement or use the meme as a laughing point.

Karolina Goswami summarizes this activism as a 'trend' likening the marchers to a child trying to fit in at a new school in her video for India in Details. Comparing the

at a new school in her video for India in Details. Comparing the activism to a peer pressure scenario, Goswami continues that the planet does not need more environmental activists as through this 'we are not going to save the world'. Instead, she points that we need a population leading with a low ecological footprint to truly change the future.

This point resonates with the protesters who march as a social convention: without action on the individual level as well as by corporations, these global strikes are nothing more than hypocritical parties attended by elites who refuse to put their money where their mouths are.

### The government's problem

On Friday September 27th, one of the largest strikes yet occurred in the Canadian city of Montreal where organizers estimated a quarter of the city's population were present. Included in the crowd was Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau and Thunberg herself who told the politician that his government and others are not doing enough to curb the climate crisis.

Trudeau's presence triggers two responses. The first questions his control over the Canadian economy and power to influence the industries who are most responsible. Is the Trudeau administration so politically weak that Trudeau is better served spending his time marching with half a million Montrealers than meeting with industry players domestically and internationally to intervene for greater environmental agendas? Of course, this leads to the second concern: is this march nothing more than

Trudeau's attempts to win voters? Is striking nothing more than a political game? Showing concern to ecological activism could be just a last minute attempt for governments to capture the votes of these protesters.

In the former argument, there appears little precedence for government intervention; ecological living is with the individual which merits strikes as a meager propaganda statement. Whilst the latter, if valid, does not disprove this belief, it suggests that marchers expect government intervention to save the planet. To test this theory, Minimax asked 100 Swedish residents if they believed if it is primarily government policies that will fix climate change; 65 responded that they agree or strongly agree.

To some extent this hypothesis is validated by data. Industry is responsible for 21% of global greenhouse emissions according to the IPCC. However the argument for the individual deepens when one analyses the impact that animal agriculture, transportation, energy consumption and waste has on the climate crisis leading to the claim that climate strikes may have reached their peak impact and it is now time to move in a new direction.

### Solely climate striking is an empty cry for help

Strikers mourn the loss of their planet yet often do little to wipe their tears. Many cultures idealise the utopia of the Scandinavian model: high quality of life, efficient welfare systems and apparent care to the environment. This image has led to a high degree of consumerism in the region; inhabitants enjoy a materialist life believing that their country is handling its ecological impact through efficient policies



towards fossil fuel burning and recycling.

Whilst Sweden does not burn fossil fuels itself - a fact it advertises proudly - 25% of its imported energy comes from fossil fuels. Many Swedes coordinate to recycle as much of their waste as possible. 81% of them in our survey believing that the country is a European leader in recycling. Reality is again much more bleak: Sweden is in fact fifteenth in the EU, for its recycling

*“Strikers mourn the loss of their planet yet often do little to wipe their tears.”*

rate as of 2016. This ranks Sweden below Italy, Lithuania and Poland. Yet Swedes, believing in the power of their country's waste sorting system, continue to overconsume, aggravating the problem. As Karolina Goswami states: it is ironic that we are trying to lead by example yet are doing little to change the inefficiencies in the system we currently live by.

In essence, is a quarter of a city's population marching in the street going to solve the problem of individual behaviour? Maybe not. There's a valid reason that it triggers a sense of panic in the everyday onlooker yet without stating true facts about the scale of the climate

crisis, without explicitly conveying the solutions, these protesters are babies spitting the dummy out of the pushchair.

In reality, one may argue that the biggest threat to the strikers is the media, portraying Thunberg as a teenager with a flair for the amateur dramatics. In reality, she has greater intentions than many of the most knowledgeable can comprehend. Thunberg started off by wanting to reveal the urgency needed, standing out of school in protest against the lack of transparency; against the lack acknowledgement of the emergency; against the ignorant system that merits frequent flyers and meat fiestas a norm. She struck to produce headlines, headlines which have now caused the climate frenzy we live in every single day.

Greta, we salute you: your courage and passion for the climate has placed the crisis on the lips of more households than you could've imagined. However, the movement that you have started may have swung around the roundabout too many times. As you so bravely say, what we do or don't do today will affect your entire life and the life of your children and grandchildren. Whilst we do talk about the problem, it's time to start forcing the solution on everybody who marches, it's time to change everyday life, it's time to act today, it's time to do more.



# THE WAVE

## A STORY OF SURVIVAL AND OVERCOMING TRAUMA

Towa and her family enjoy traveling and have been doing so for many years, especially around Christmas time, when they have an annual tradition of going to Thailand to get relieved of the stress from a long autumn of hard work. Even before Thailand had become the "Svensson-paradise" it is today, the family had explored many of the islands and found all of their favorite spots. The family had also, for a long time, dreamed about starting a Hotel Business together with Towa's godparents, and for their 2004 Christmas vacation, they decided to kill two birds with one stone and scope out a hotel that they had found in Khao-Lak, that they could potentially buy. Towa was only four years of age when she went there together with a big herd consisting of her parents, sister, aunt and cousin, her godparents, their daughter, and their daughters friend.

This christmas, after enjoying a couple of ice creams and good company on the idyllic island, they all decided to go for a boat excursion together. It was the 26th - the day before the hotel purchase was to be completed. Already the morning of the excursion, Towa's godparents noticed something was a little off. They had been woken up very early from the ground shaking, but shrugged it off as the result of some big truck thundering past on the road outside - which wasn't entirely unusual. The group met up later that morning for a trip with a wooden long-tail boat, and were ready for a fun day out on the sea. They commented on how the water seemed lower than usual at the shore, but neither them nor the local captain put a lot of thought into that - the sea level could differ and these water levels were completely normal.

When the group reached about 400 meters out from shore - they noticed something white brewing in the distance, hurtling towards them. They were fascinated, as they had never seen anything like it, and couldn't ever have imagined the formidable danger that laid

under that alluring beauty. Some even picked up their cameras and snapped some photographs to show friends and family when they got home. As the white foam approached the crew and the local captain, they began to realize the abnormal height of the wave and were all struck by the inner alarm blaring "DANGER! DANGER! DANGER!".

By the time the first, smaller wave hit the boat - the captain had managed to turn the boat to a position where it could be tackled relatively well. Just as the group thought they had overcome the danger, they were startled by the next looming threat speeding towards them. "I've got Lina!" - "I've got Towa!" are the only words Towa remembers her parents shouting to each other in the vacuum of hysteria. This was their only concern in this moment - making sure they didn't scatter and lose grip of each other. Since Towa was so young, she didn't really understand what was happening at all. But she remembers that there was simply no time to think, no time to prepare or plan anything - all actions during the next 15 minutes of the tsunamis ascendancy were purely instinct.

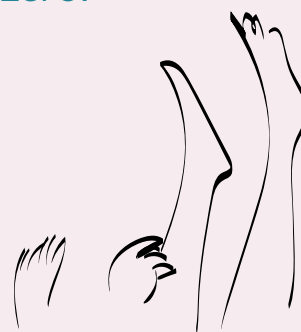
When the second wave hit, seconds later, the boat was completely wiped-out, and after being clenched and torn by the monstrous force of the water, tumbling in all different directions - the crew returned to the surface, scattered around a range of three kilometers. The ocean had then turned into a mixture of mostly lumber and debris from all the crushed boats and houses around the island. Luckily, no lumber had gotten stuck in Towa's life jacket, so she floated quite well. "I remember hearing my dad shouting 'Towa, Towa!' and my aunt shouting back 'I've got her!'", but the next second she was flushed away." Soon, Towa's mother popped up on the surface, not too far from her, and they shouted to each other as her mother swam against the current to get to her. Finally, she caught a strap of Towa's life jacket and was able to pull her close to her. Whether it was by fate or by chance, her mother had braids in her hair that day, which she never used to have, that Towa could grip as her mother took stroke by stroke towards safety, spurred by the thought of the little buoy right next to her.

After battling the ocean for 15 minutes, Towa and her mother finally reached the shore of a different island, and were put onto a huge floating mattress as a local transported them on the water to the only house left on the island that was left standing. There, the locals were gathering all the people they could find in case another wave would come, since there was no emergency preparedness established in the area. One by one the big herd slowly but surely reassembled at the roof of the house. However when the locals started urging the people to move to a safer spot further up on the island, three of them were still missing. Among them was Towa's father. As the family were just about to give up hope of ever seeing him again, they finally caught a glimpse of someone limping in their direction by the horizon. Some of the locals went out to look for this person, and when they came back they had brought Towa's father with them. As he arrived, he wasn't in very good condition, in fact he had broken many ribs and was barely alive – but he was finally reunited with his family after a long day of struggling for survival. Sadly, some of the members of the group never made it to the house


before they had to move further up to a field of grass. There, the locals had organized a meet-up point for all the survivors and helicopters going back and forth to the local hospital. Since Towa's father and sister were so badly hurt, they were among the first people to go there. The day after, the rest of the family and friends got to join them, and there they met a man who kindly offered them to stay at his home for the night. The day after making an emergency call to Sweden, a minibus arrived outside the man's house – saying it was sent from Towa's mother's job to pick the herd up and get them to the airport in Bangkok. Apparently, her job had been able to track them the day before call and send them this bus. Since they had lost all belongings in the tsunami, the man, whose house they were staying at, even offered them all his life savings to make sure they could get home safely and buy some clothes on the way.

Coming back to Sweden, all the family wanted was to go back to living their normal lives again, pretending like nothing ever happened. However, they soon realized it wouldn't work that way, and therefore made a joint decision of facing their fears and going back to the site that forever changed their lives. Together with some friends and the generous emotional and organizational support of the Swedish church, they went. There they could fully grasp what had happened, and come to the conclusion that the risk of them even being exposed to a tsunami in their lifetime was miniscule, and the risk of them ever again being at the exact spot and time of another one was next to zero.

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They were determined not to let the fear of the water, Thailand or traveling again limit their lives - they would keep the tradition of the beloved Thai-Christmas going, not letting the tsunami control their lives a second longer than it had already done.

Today, the family doesn't really talk much about the experience – they are living their lives in accordance to their “new” outlook on life which is to live every day to the fullest – Carpe Diem as you would say (if you were fond of clichés). The tsunami was ruthless and took away many things from Towa and the rest of her family's lives. But Towa took a few things away from the monster as well. Among other things, the monster taught her how important it is to appreciate life and both her own and other people's happiness, as well as how important it is to not be scared. Since the incident, she has gone back to Thailand several times, and she probably wouldn't have done so if she hadn't been forced to. “The fact that I went back (even though I was forced to) is something I'm very glad for, because I think it is the kind of characteristic that truly strengthens you. In all situations where I think I am not going to dare to do something, I remind myself what the worst thing that could happen is, and I know that it's not going to happen here and now - so I think I can handle whatever it is that I'm scared to do.” - Towa Hedelin.

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