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j u l e s . k . m e n d e l s o h n

a m a n d a . s t e e l

jordan  
cvetanović

square nine

For a while, I have been living in a hotel. I have never dreamt about having my own house, a home that would tie me down. Some people borrow money from a bank, so that they would have a roof over their heads, meanwhile I spend the same amount of money on living in this fancy hotel. Naturally, my friends think that I am mad, they worry about what will happen when the money runs out.

“I’ll kill myself,” I tell them, “something will work out, right?”

The room that I am renting is at the top of the hotel, as it was my demand. On the very first day, I told the hotel’s manager that I only want that room on the top floor or I am not moving in. You need to show some backbone in life that is the only way that people will indulge you.

I often think that I should no longer exist. These are not the thoughts that would make a man take his own life, on the contrary, it is a deep voice from within constantly telling me that life has no sense anyhow. One of the solutions is to stop looking for it, yet it seems more ridiculous than the fact that I should accept that there is no meaning. Because of it, I find it harder to wake up and even more difficult to fall

**h.s.**  
**donnelly**

the boy who dreamed  
of going to the moon

Once upon a time there was a boy who looked up into the night sky and decided he wanted to go to the Moon. His parents bought him a small telescope and he read a book, *By Rocket into Planetary Space*. Rockets, he decided, are the way to go.

He joined the local Spaceflight Society. They built small rockets and held lectures. One, by the high altitude balloonist, Auguste Piccard, greatly inspired him. Afterwards, the young man came up to Monsieur Piccard and spoke to him, “You know, I plan on traveling to the Moon at some time.”

Monsieur Piccard congratulated him on his ambition and wished him well.

The young man could see they would need much bigger rockets to reach Planetary Space. Also, he realized that he needed to become good at mathematics and physics if he wanted to become a “rocket engineer”. So, he applied himself and received a diploma in engineering and then a doctorate in physics.

As he was finishing his schooling, an Angry Man became the leader of the government. Not too surprisingly, when the Angry Man spoke, he was always very angry as, he told his audience, their country had not been treated fairly after the last war, and he was

**jason  
kahn**



**galerie ravenstein**

I arrive shortly after seven a.m. in the rotunda of the Galerie Ravenstein. I enter from Rue Ravenstein above and plunge into the relative darkness of the space, where I'll spend the next ten hours. At first I'm a bit puzzled, everything seems so much darker and run-down than when I was here four years ago. Traffic sounds filter in quietly from the Rue Ravenstein above and from behind, further down the main corridor of the gallery from Rue Cantersteen. A steady current of cool air accompanies the faint morning sounds.

I take a seat on the steps leading up to the first floor of the rotunda and have a look around me: the restaurant Exki already has its tables and chairs out, and a few early birds have stopped there for a quick coffee before heading off to their offices. Fashion Food, Exki's main competitor and the only other business on the ground floor of the rotunda, is still closed. A trickle of people enters from the Central Station down behind me, and they make their way up the stairways to Rue Ravenstein. Sounds waft around me, I can't seem to locate their source. Up above on the second floor and closed off to the public, the Center for Fine Arts Brussels has its offices and a cafeteria for its employees. They use metal chairs and tables up there and

# jules k. mendelsohn

flowers for heidegger

“You only have one chance in life to become a person. A kind of person, a sort of person. The education you enjoy will not only teach you things, but it will form and shape you. It will determine your outlook on life, the things you enjoy, the arguments you make. Once that person is shaped – there is no return. You must be careful with the influences you succumb to, the people you meet, they will determine the things you do and shape the person you become. This will be your only measure of success or failure. You can of course pretend to be someone you are not, the world is full of these con artists and very successful ones too, but there is no right life in the wrong. You are not only responsible for the virtue of your soul, but for that of God.”

These may have been the first words Professor B ever spoke to me – to us – in my very first university lecture: philosophy of law. It was an odd thing to say by any account, something normal professors don't just tell their students at the beginning of their studies. A truth many of them may be better off not knowing. But B was not like that, he was straight with us, cost it what it may.

I met Josefine in this class. She was a stranger to

**amanda  
steel**

ghost of me

I never imagined my own death. Why would I? I was thirty-six years old. I had years left, or so I thought. I changed my mind about that when I woke up in the morgue. The dead body... my dead body laid out in front of me, provided a good indication that I no longer needed to draw breath. My eyes were open, and I could almost imagine I was staring at myself. Yet I struggled to look away from the shell I used to inhabit. My eyes wandered from my bruised face to the red mark on my neck, as if I was punched and strangled.

I closed my eyes. Maybe this would be gone when I opened them again. I'd have a laugh at the weird dream I had about being beside myself in the morgue. A brief memory popped into my head, hands gripping my arms, then the image faded. I opened my eyes to find my corpse wasn't gone though. It seemed to be taunting me for thinking I could make it not real.

“Did somebody do this to me?” I asked my dead self, only to receive no response. She just laid still. I wondered if all dead people looked like... well... like they had been scared to death I suppose.

I watched enough crime shows to recognise the signs of a murder. I recalled those same crime shows. Copying what they did seemed like my best option. The

FP

I wrote to ask you, if you'd like to come up with something nice for the last page of first page again.

Oh sure, would love to. Until when would you need it?

WS

FP

Hopefully you can do it before monday ;)

Shall I send you the layout file of this issue?

Actually I'm still on holidays :-(  
Not back in the office before Monday

WS

FP

Okay, can you do it on Monday? :p

Uhhmm, let me see what I can do.  
Already have a super full schedule.

WS

FP

I'm sure you can whip out a brilliant idea in a very short time :)

Loved the direction from last time, so... Monday?

...

WS

Don't be late for the next issue of **first page** – because we won't be! Submission period for issue 4 is 10 February – 2 March 2020.

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first page's recommendation not only for great ideas for last pages: WEBERSUPIRAN.berlin is a deeply profound, impressively sympathetic and amazingly inobtrusive design office specialized on innovative, complex and sustainable topics for clients that run on real enthusiasm (not on psychedelics or hot air).