

2



C O N T E N T

- I REALLY DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING.

- SOMEPICTURES.

MyCatsDoPressUpsEveryMorning Publication.

Printed no-where yet.

- MORE OF ME NOT KNOWING WHAT I'M DOING.

When making spaghetti, does anyone even know what they're really doing?

There isn't really the right way to make spaghetti, everyone makes it different. Personally, I don't know what I'm doing when I make spaghetti. I just add a lot of spices that seem to work, now that I've stated this, did my mother even know what she was really cooking or was she just adding things into a pot or pan and telling herself, "damn, hope this spag works out".

Anyways, the pictures you'll be seeing in this issue of "Spaghetti" won't relate to the writing you are reading now. The only thing it's tied to is the philosophy of Spaghetti. Each picture was taken with this mental state of mind. The series of images embody the philosophy previously mentioned, we believe that even the top photographers run off the fuel which the spaghetti philosophy produces. They probably wonder, "how the fuck did I end up taking the queens picture, well, might as well take this picture". All the photos you'll be seeing run with this narrative. I've said a lot, but it must be said again. This is all just spag bol.

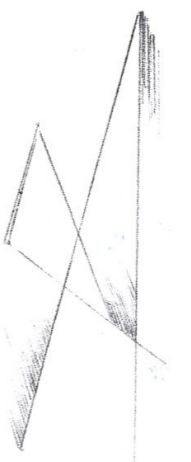
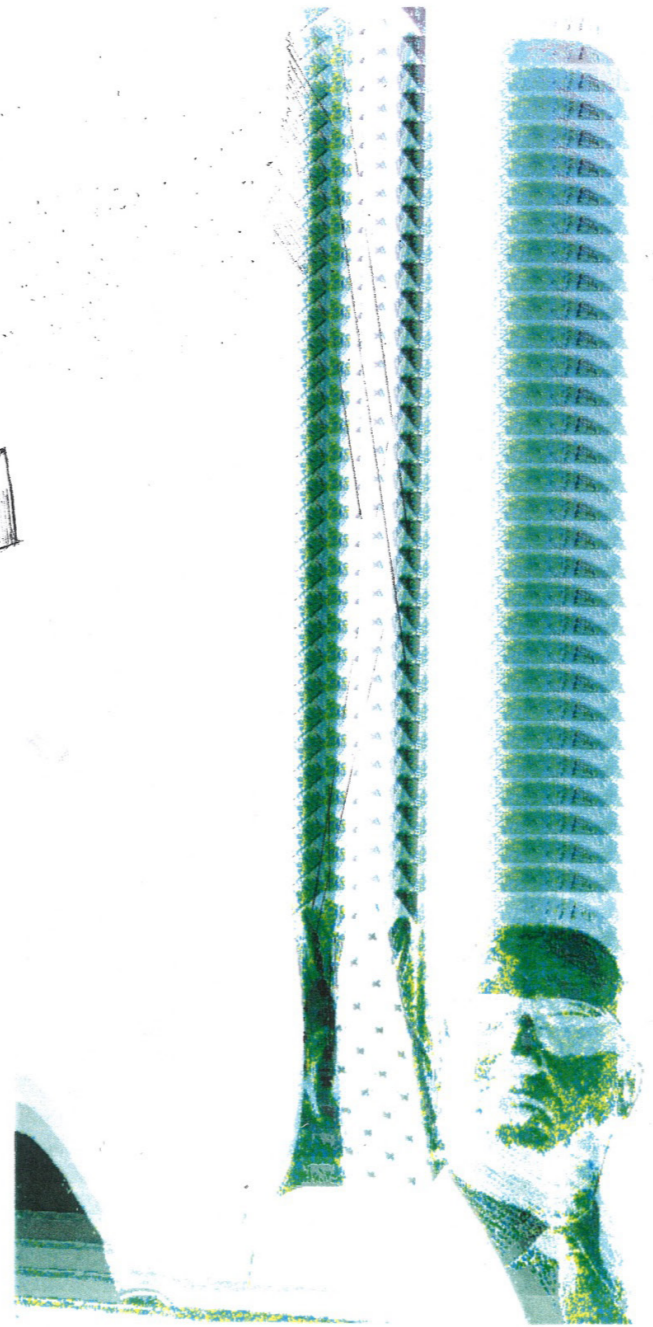
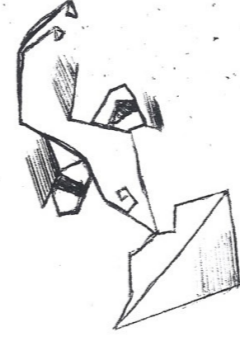
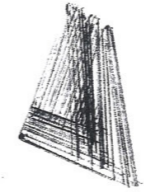
I Really Don't Know What I'm Doing

I think I'll tell you another story. So I was at Morley's (Morley's the best communal space and embodiment of London, South London to be more specific. To be more truthful, I'd say without Morley's there wouldn't be a London inner city culture, a culture that little university students love to appropriate while they're in London studying, just to throw it in the bin when they go back to their pristine snobby life; I do apologies, envy and anger had just emerged from the depth of my typing fingers. I should probably

close this bracket, so I will now, so see you in the main passage. Bye). And I order 4 wings and chips. Inflation in our economy has made this meal £1.50, used to be a £1. Anyways, my point of this story is that I got upset that Morley's have increased their prices on my beloved food.

I think that all. I'm currently thinking of Morley's now, I'd give you some but, you're not here.

11

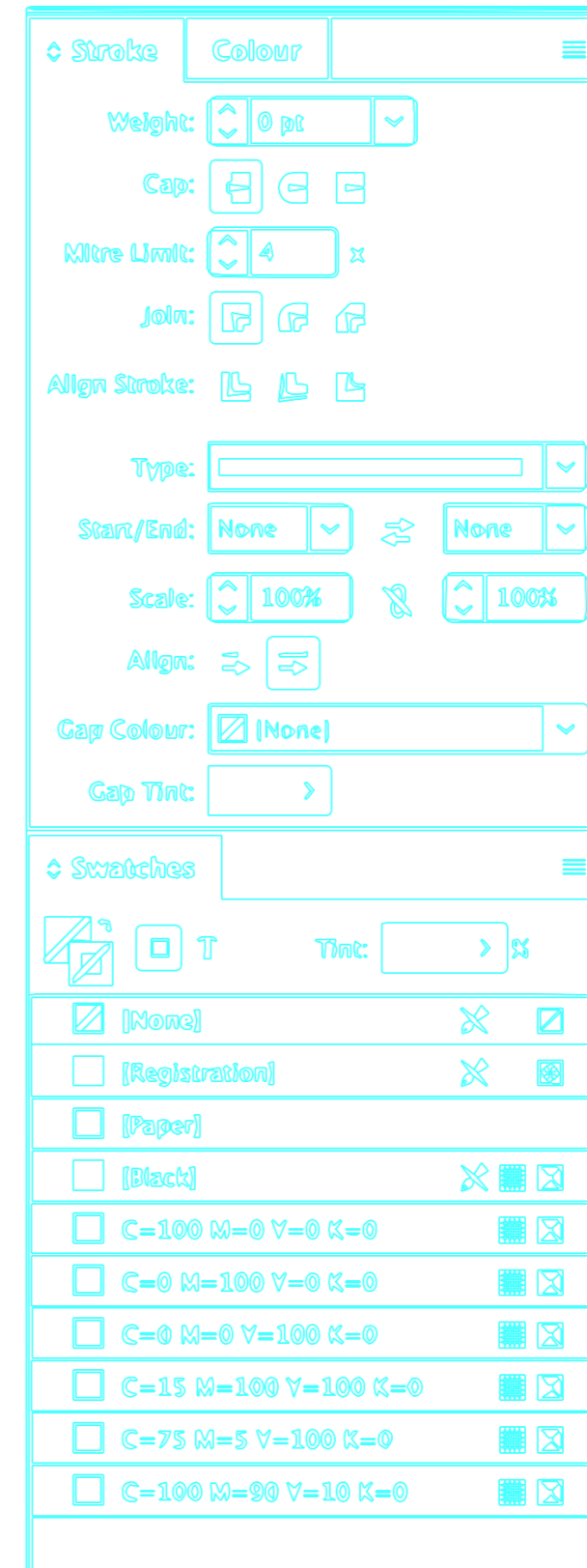


My spaghetti comes from the goal to show no weakness. I cant let you know its all glue and tape. Image is everything. So like Photoshop, i'll fake it till i make it.

If i let my doubt fester in you aswell, i wont eat.

My favourite kind is spaghetti hoops. All i do is make ends meet

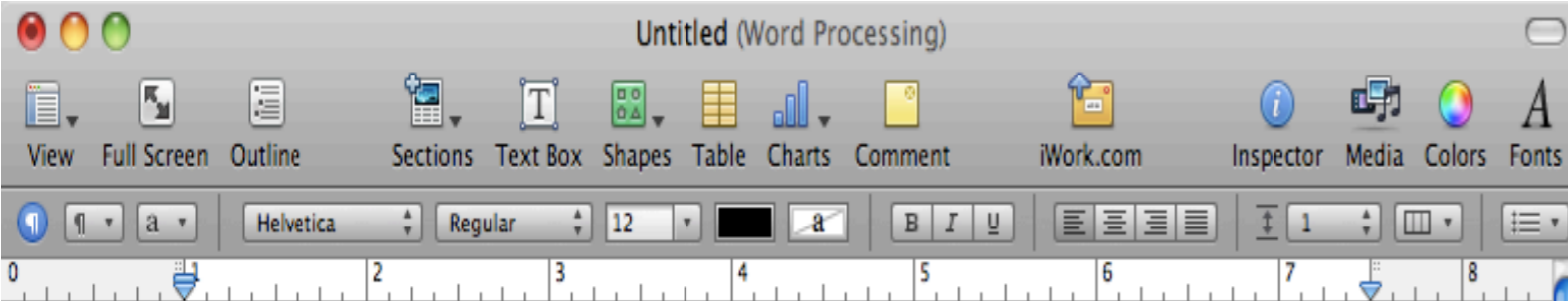
Now that was some quick spaghetti from 0161.





.jpeg






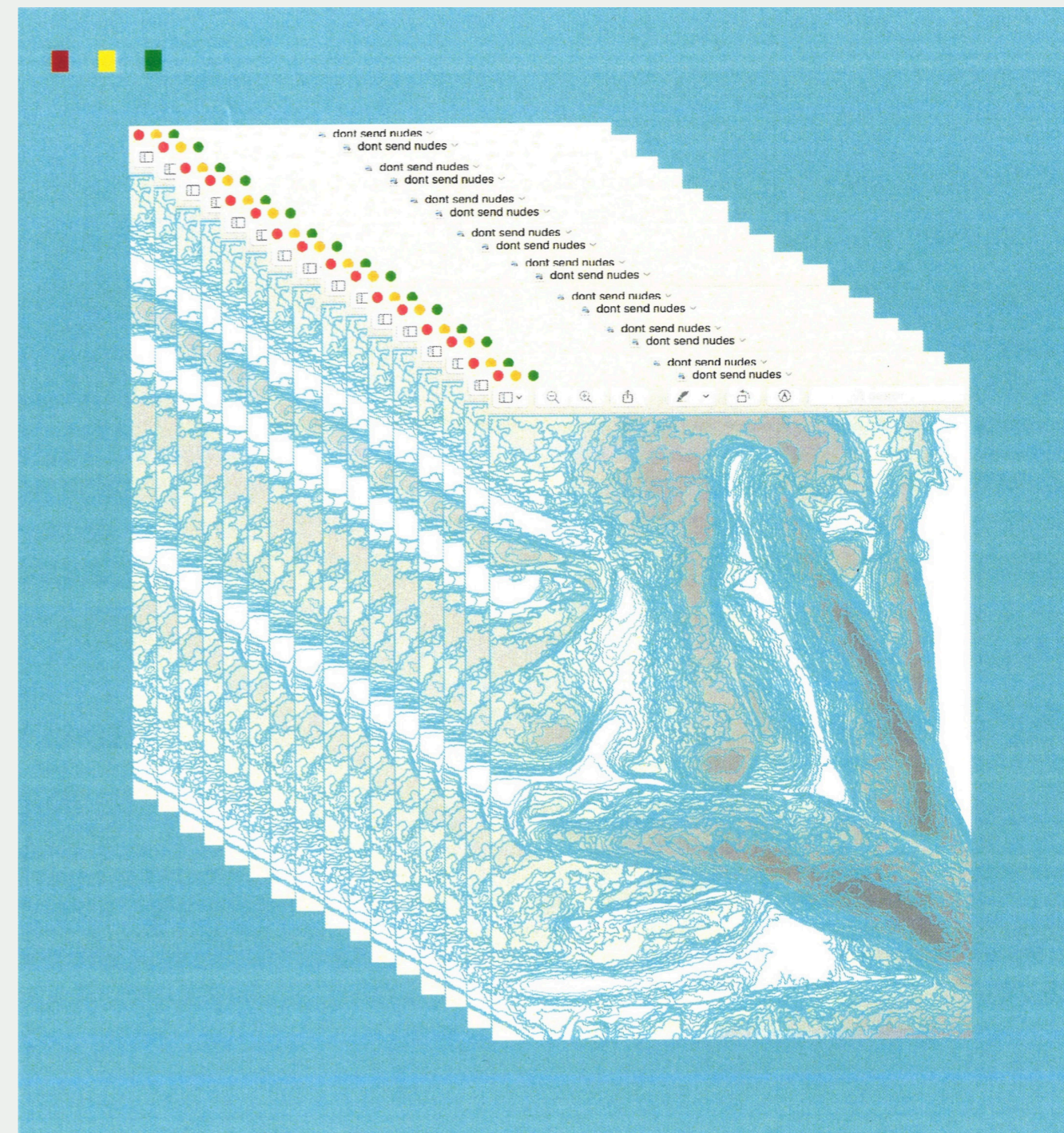
“ I’m an audio engineer, producer, and writer based in Texas. I started making music when I was 12 after hearing ‘Chin Check’ by NWA and wanting to learn how to make beats.

I met a friend. Uryon, when I was 14 who continues to be my best friend today, and we started making music together. It was through exchanging notes and ideas with him that I found a love for mixing and mastering music, and added that to my artistic repertoire.

I’d say I’ve never really stuck to one genre, but I like that about myself because that keeps things fresh. I also love mixing and producing for my friends because I love elevating their work and just being apart of it in general. Just love helping.

Currently I’m working on starting up a web magazine that will feature interviews, reviews, music and all that other good shit. ”

 @stvnxo



‘ dont send nudes ‘

Out Now

Follow @stvnxo for more information on music

There was an old man who walked only on cold nights and dark rainy streets where his soul lay on the ground to be seen only by the ghosts who never perished from their cold blooded murders, waiting for revenge they levitate like hopeless fools.

This old man wasn't an ordinary man, his life was a tragedy you see, from the day he was born, hatred surrounded him like a sunken boat ringed by lifeless bodies that begged to be taken to heaven but only to be dragged down to hell.

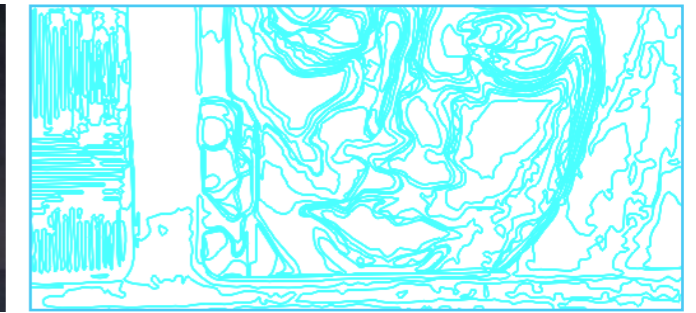
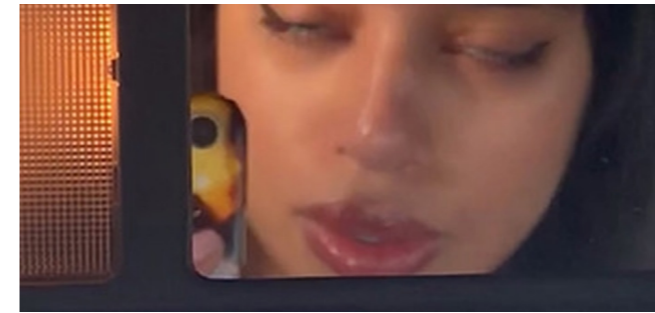
It all started with his mother, an unsympathetic diabolical psychopath. From the first day she laid eyes on her son her only thoughts were to rip him apart and devour his body like he was a piece of meat fed to the sharks. However, instead she used him as a trap to kill more people who crossed their wicked path. Unfortunately, whenever that failed torture came across the boy and left him wounded from head to toe.

A series of painful and unforgiving nights past and the boy is old enough to escape his mother... if only he knew it was only going to get worse from then, maybe he would've just died by his mother's hands.



Grab your chai.

Okay, this is something that has bothered me for a long time. Personally, I do not think it's okay for Bengali men to be watching us and observing our every move (that's just how it feels at least). How are we meant to feel safe, happy and be okay? I remember in high school, my dad got angry at me when I came home, and I did not know why. Later I found out that he was angry at me for walking home with a boy and his friend saw me walk home with him. He forgot to mention a huge chunk of who the boy was. My cousin?! But did you ask me before you assumed the worst? That's okay to an extent and of course parents have a right to be concerned but please, talk to your daughters before assuming the worst out of them. If there is something that is bothering, you then address her first because that makes sense. You see it in movies that the girl gets in trouble for walking home with a boy or just even being within a two-radius distance to him and she gets told off or judged for it but the boy? Oh, that's a whole different story. It's not a joke thing because it is STILL happening in this day and age???



The men, please do not get me started. I remember my mum talking to me about what she has heard from people about me and my sister and this was during the time we was in college. Listen, there are older men who are 20-30 years OLDER than us and think they can comment on anything we do damn we even be breathing wrong at this point. Just like please, stop? First, we don't know who is mentioning our names and why they make incorrect accusations about us but apparently, it's normal and we can't do anything about it. Second, it is weird, and it does not make sense to me in why they must talk about girls in that manner. Third, it is not acceptable in any form or shape to be talking about something you don't know. My dad would come back and tell my mum about his concerns and worriesthat has been heard but would not mention it to me or my sister. I understand he is concerned and worried to an extent but, tell us? Inform us?

I mean surely, we have to do something about this right? We cannot be scared and worried forever about the what if's and revolve our life around who see us because that's not normal please understand that. You should feel free in your environment and not have to hide. However, I believe the first step to do that is to be the one to initiate a conversation about it. I do realise that parents worry and want what's best, so they do try to control situations to keep us out of it but that's something that we need to deal with as well.

Honestly, for us it's not nice to feel like we are being watched constantly and being judged. Don't you see how different we have to act in order to 'talked' about? There are girls that have to hide things from their parents because of how they might react and that needs to change because they don't feel comfortable in their own environment. Oh, it does not make it any better when random mans are commenting on their movements either, trust me.

As a young Bengali woman, I can say I have been through all that and also tried to change my ways so I can be 'socially acceptable.' At first, I never

questioned it and I just accepted that this is how society is and I must be the one to change my actions and change myself basically because I believed it was best. But honestly it is not us who needs to change but the ones who do what's best for you. I know it is hard because you want to do and your family but do not forget you are important, and it is okay to speak up and defend yourself because you are your own person. Do as you please because you know your own limits and fight back but don't bring yourself down in the process of it. You are constantly growing and don't forget you are growing in an environment which may not please everyone and you will get judged on through it but it's about how you deal with it. Change is a big process and you will not be happy to change if you are forced to do it so to change something you got to be happy with yourself about it first right?

I am also still learning and going through all this myself and I know that communication is key. It does solve all concerns and worries, and overthinking does not help anything but make problems out of nothing. So, if there is a concern from an uncle about your movements just talk to your

family first and I guess you can go from there. That's something I did not do

and did not speak up but neither did my parents, so communication does go

both ways. In the end both parties will be angry and confused with each other

because nothing was sorted you know?

I hope you enjoyed that chai.

 @nishratislam

To my Dearly beloved | Associate & Proprietor...♡

^ fluid and mantled symphony
of lamentings ascending from a bottomless
pit. ♪

♪ la ♪ la ♪
♪ la ♪
♪ la ♪ la ♪

What's below... | magnetised to her
darkness. familiar to it and unfortunately, far more
concentrated than her body could take. Spitting out
biological substances|| its poison and is stronger -
much more keen to pull her down. - I'm coming. It's
coming from a tunnel with no end | it welcomes her
again. Pity - hovering over... claps, congratulating her
on her dire incompetency-. Her plea exiled. It pushes
her to the centre of the stadium. It is was an abyss, now
suddenly filled with mighty applause and cheer. It
overflows and spills out.

^ -
Deep torment begins to
unravel in the location of her heart...it is
persevering. It's a serpent ache but isn't
fooled. It's the master of **deception**.
Slowly in and out the bodylike
coagulated blood. It's determined to never
leave. and succeeds, keeps her corpse alive. A
three-dimensional illusion like one can't
escape in a mirror room. Grants her
death for eternity. - dropped -. Limbs
extend from below and dragging her in.
"It's for the best. You don't want to come back
up." "No. You're wrong, you can't be right?"
"You?" The world projected before
her very own eyes.

"Hopeless and dark - its go nothing to give you, you have nothing to
give it. It's people are cynical and don't mean well. Stay, remain here and
don't enter the brightness for it is too good. See good and bad can't mix
like oil and water.

Stay with me, you belong here where there is no existence |... "you
belong nowhere, you don't belong. **You?** Don't belong.
Belong?" -

 @seshani_090

a random drawing'' Looks cute'' abit
Sad though'' wonder what's happen-
ing'

Hope they're ok'

I remember when my parents fought''
wasn't pretty'

...that took a Sad turn





Seems like the misery has continued onto this page. It's following me.

This one looks like a stage before the previous picture. might as well make up some scenario. I think that these two had a falling out over Morley's. It's the only explanation.

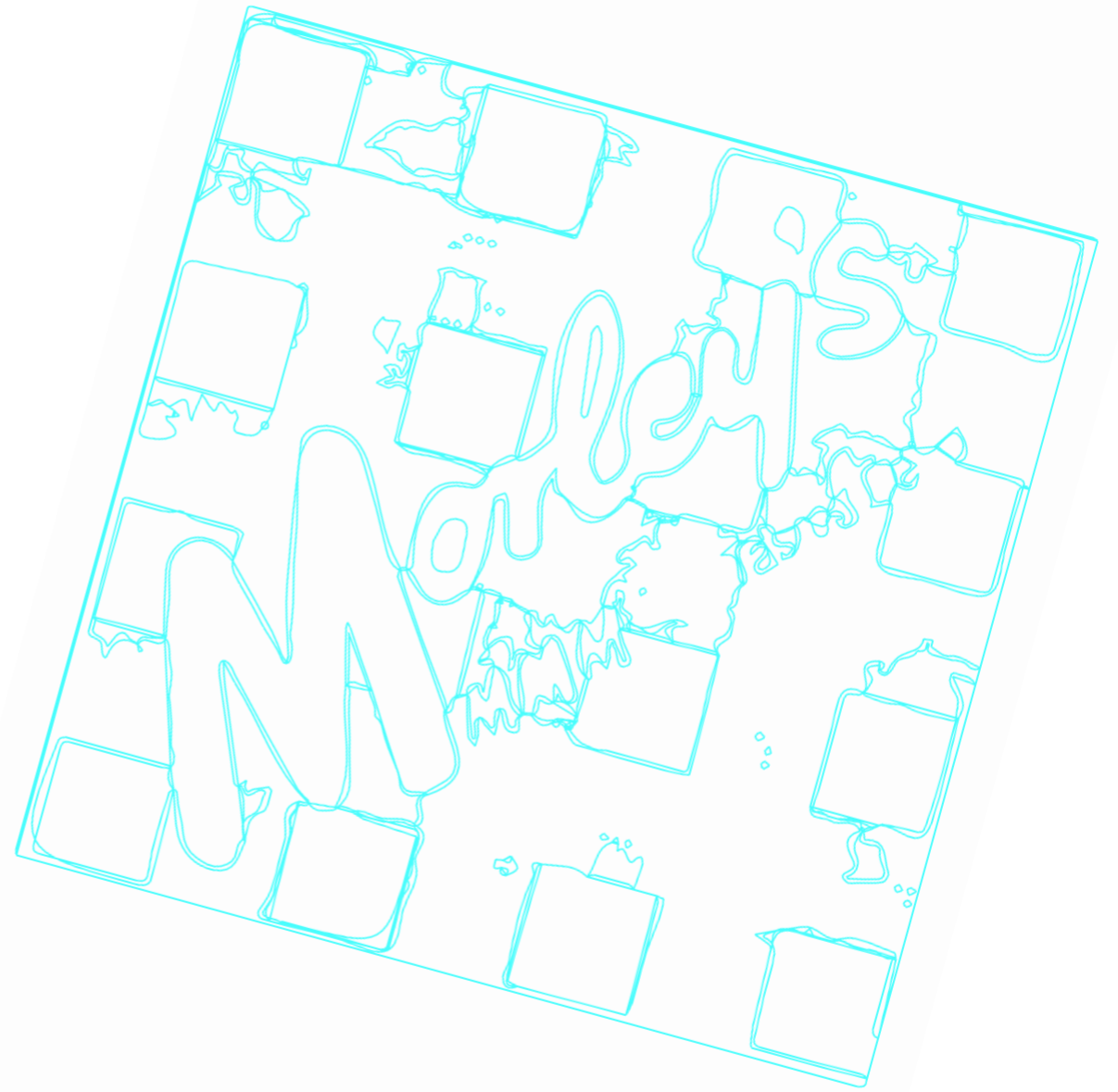
An appreciation letter
to a dear love:

We had many ups and
downs. I would say take
me back but we have
broken up for a reason.
But i love you. I see you
with other people and
i get jealous here and
there but i'm starting
to accept reality.

My dietary needs and
yours did not match
up anymore, and to
be honest that's ok.
You still are mandem. I
found home in you. And
you found home in me.
Tell bossman that i will
miss him too. We all had
fun together.

I love you. Always will.

 @_2555999





I guess an ISBN number goes here. But i don't have one. so this little whatever is here. It sad i know.

