

# Closing of the day Plan

## Sonntag:

It finally happened, IMWe has started! We welcomed you, built up and painted some decoration for you, asked and answered a lot of questions. But do you know how we feel about this whole IMWe, which started some hours ago? I will tell you, how we feel, in a poem we wrote for you.

### **We're so excited!**

We want to hug you, feel you  
Wrap ourselves around you  
We want to squeeze you, please you  
we just can't get enough  
And after one great week we'll let you go

We're so excited, and we just can't hide it  
we're about to lose control and I think I like it  
we're so excited, and we just can't hide it  
And I know, I know, I know, I know  
I know we want you, want you

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## Montag

So, after this first day, you might still have so many questions. What will come, how will this week be like, why am I here? Although I can't quite answer all of these questions, one I might answer just now. Even if you didn't ask yourself this, isn't it mysterious that nowadays we say "Don't open Pandoras box?" Let me tell you why:

If she was a Goddess, she'd be Goddess of Curiosity. But PANDORA was the first woman, invented by [HEPHAESTUS](#) on the orders of [ZEUS](#). The Gods showered her with all the gifts of womankind, including beauty, intuition, persuasion.

This all seemed very pleasant and lovely for humankind. But it turned out that [ZEUS](#) had an ulterior motive. In fact he was absolutely upset that [PROMETHEUS](#) had stolen the secret of fire from Heaven and had decided that Olympus was going to teach mankind a lesson they would never ever ever forget.

The innocent PANDORA was introduced by the Gods to [PROMETHEUS](#)'s dozy brother [EPIMETHEUS](#) — along with a mysterious vase. "Whatever you do, don't open it," they said.

With amazing restraint, PANDORA resisted the temptation for almost twenty minutes before having just a little peek inside...

As soon as she opened the box, *blam!* all the evils of the world burst out. Much to her surprise.

What a sneaky underhand trick, she thought. The misfortunes of mankind zoomed off to cause havoc, leaving an embarrassed PANDORA to discover [ELPIS](#) (Hope) lurking at the bottom of the box. Along with a little note saying 'Fooled you!'

PANDORA might be blamed for all the world's problems, but as she was the first human, I think it's only fair to forgive her. After all, [ADAM](#)'s Eve did pretty much the same thing and everyone blames the snake. Don't forget, without PANDORA's daughter [PYRRHA](#), the human race would be extinct. So try to think outside the box.

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**Dienstag:**

## **Comfort Food**

Comfort food is a riddle,  
Makes one soft in the middle  
No matter how hard I try ,  
When I smell food fry.  
I drool a little spittle.

They say comfort food is in your head,  
Unless you eat it in bed,  
Then without any warning ,  
You'll wake in the morning,  
With food in your sheets instead.

Some say they take ex-lax,  
To help their bellies relax,  
But if you do ,  
Best head for the loo,  
Before you leave some tracks.

So much for the comfort food story,  
It's obviously lacking in glory,  
But if it succeeds,  
In meeting your needs,  
Let me burp it out .."I'm sorry".

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## Mittwoch:

We are almost in the middle of the week and when I look around, I see that you just look like I feel: Tired. Maybe some of you are yearning for relief. Here is some inspiration for you:

As the stars opened their eyes and sequenced the sky  
she rose from her lair and donned her disguise.  
She took to the air, unperceived to the world,  
yet all knew her touch and her kiss and her hold.

They entered her world and they called out her name  
And she went to them, held them and soothed their pain.  
She took them to places where green was the sky  
and the flowers had faces and people could fly.

She recalled their memories and entwined them with hers,  
she soared with them, warmed them and played in their past.  
But sometimes He comes with his hatchet and spurs  
and they slip from her fingers and fall from her grasp.

He lures them with candy that's studded with nails  
then invades them with tendrils of terror and pain.  
His faces are many, his names come in shoals  
Chimera, Bogeyman, Serpent and Ghoul.

Then consciousness stirs and reality comes  
and flickering memories slip slowly away.  
She and her nemesis slowly dissolve  
and wait in their lairs for the passing of day.

And throughout the day their names are recalled  
She's remembered with yearning, He with a scream  
and when the shadows of night unfold, they are called,  
His name is Nightmare and her name is Dream.

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### **Donnerstag:**

I love this evening the most. It is so good to have a laugh, surrounded by your friends and loved ones. Being at IMWe, I feel happy about so many different things. And this is, why I brought you a short story about happiness:

### **A miserable man with a sack of stuff**

Mula came upon a frowning man walking along the road to town. “What’s wrong?” he asked. The man held up a tattered bag and moaned, “All that I own in this wide world barely fills this miserable, wretched sack.”

“Too bad,” said Mula, and with that, he snatched the bag from the man’s hands and ran down the road with it.

Having lost everything, the man burst into tears and, more miserable than before, continued walking. Meanwhile, Mula quickly ran around the bend and placed the man’s sack in the middle of the road where he would have to come upon it.

When the man saw his bag sitting in the road before him, he laughed with joy, and shouted, “My sack! I thought I’d lost you!”

Watching through the bushes, Mula chuckled. “Well, that’s one way to make someone happy!”

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### **Freitag:**

IMWe is almost over, so I'd like to look back at what happened: We had some amazing days, we had parties in the basement, ate amazing food, heard and saw awesome performances. But most of all, we found some new friends here at this castle. And as Euripides, a great Greek author once said: One loyal friend is worth ten thousand relatives.

To which Aristotle, another famous Greek would reply: Wishing to be friends is quick work, but friendship is a slow ripening fruit.

And one last quote by Socrates: Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love.

I hope, that you think the same about your new made, or your old friends, as I do.