

Closing of the Day -texts for IMWe 2014

Sunday (Opening)

Instructions

by Neil Gaiman

Touch the wooden gate in the wall you never saw before.
Say "please" before you open the latch,
go through,
walk down the path.
A red metal imp hangs from the green-painted front door, as a knocker,
do not touch it; it will bite your fingers.
Walk through the house. Take nothing. Eat nothing.
However, if any creature tells you that it hungers, feed it.
If it tells you that it is dirty, clean it.
If it cries to you that it hurts, if you can, ease its pain.

From the back garden you will be able to see the wild wood.
The deep well you walk past leads to Winter's realm;
there is another land at the bottom of it.
If you turn around here, you can walk back, safely;
you will lose no face. I will think no less of you.

Once through the garden you will be in the wood.
The trees are old. Eyes peer from the under-growth.
Beneath a twisted oak sits an old woman.
Shemay ask for something; give it to her.
She will point the way to the castle.
Inside it are three princesses.
Do not trust the youngest. Walk on.
In the clearing beyond the castle the twelve months sit about a fire,
warming their feet, exchanging tales.
They may do favors for you, if you are polite.
You may pick strawberries in December's frost.
Trust the wolves, but do not tell them where you are going.
The river can be crossed by the ferry. The ferry-man will take you.
(The answer to his question is this:
If he hands the oar to his passenger, he will be free to leave the boat.
Only tell him this from a safe distance.)

If an eagle gives you a feather, keep it safe.
Remember: that giants sleep too soundly;
that witches are often betrayed by their appetites;
dragons have one soft spot, somewhere, always;
hearts can be well-hidden, and you betray them with your tongue.

Do not be jealous of your sister.
Know that diamonds and roses are as uncomfortable when they tumble from
one's lips as toads and frogs: colder, too, and sharper, and they cut.

Remember your name.
Do not lose hope — what you seek will be found.
Trust ghosts. Trust those that you have helped to help you in their turn.
Trust dreams.
Trust your heart, and trust your story.
When you come back, return the way you came.
Favors will be returned, debts will be repaid.
Do not forget your manners.
Do not look back.
Ride the wise eagle (you shall not fall).
Ride the silver fish (you will not drown).
Ride the grey wolf (hold tightly to his fur).

There is a worm at the heart of the tower; that is why it will not stand.

When you reach the little house, the place your journey started,
you will recognize it, although it will seem much smaller than you remember.
Walk up the path, and through the garden gate you never saw before but once.
And then go home. Or make a home.
And rest.

Monday (International Evening)

Advice from a Caterpillar (Shortened)

from: Alice in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

The Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence: at last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

'Who are *YOU*?' said the Caterpillar. This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, 'I--I hardly know, sir, just at present-- at least I know who I *WAS* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then.'

'What do you mean by that?' said the Caterpillar sternly. '**Explain yourself!**' 'I can't explain *MYSELF*, I'm afraid, sir' said Alice, 'because I'm not myself, you see.' 'I don't see,' said the Caterpillar. 'I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly,' Alice replied very politely, 'for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing.' 'It isn't,' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet,' said Alice; 'but when you have to turn into a chrysalis--you will some day, you know--and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?' 'Not a bit,' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,' said Alice; 'all I know is, it would feel very queer to *ME*.' 'You!' said the Caterpillar contemptuously. 'Who are **YOU**?' Which brought them back again to the beginning of the conversation.

Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *VERY* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, 'I think, you out to tell me who *YOU* are, first.' 'Why?' said the Caterpillar. Here was another puzzling question; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Caterpillar seemed to be in a *VERY* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away. 'Come back!' the Caterpillar called after her. 'I've something important to say!' This sounded promising, certainly: Alice turned and came back again. 'Keep your

temper,' said the Caterpillar. 'Is that all?' said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could. 'No,' said the Caterpillar. Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking, but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, 'So you think you're changed, do you?' 'I'm afraid I am, sir,' said Alice; 'I can't remember things as I used--and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together!'

'What size do you want to be?' [the caterpillar] asked. 'Oh, I'm not particular as to size,' Alice hastily replied; 'only one doesn't like changing so often, you know.' 'I *DON'T* know,' said the Caterpillar. Alice said nothing: she had never been so much contradicted in her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper. 'Are you content now?' said the Caterpillar. 'Well, I should like to be a *LITTLE* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind,' said Alice: 'three inches is such a wretched height to be.' 'It is a very good height indeed!' said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high). 'But I'm not used to it!' pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought of herself, 'I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended!' 'You'll get used to it in time,' said the Caterpillar; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away in the grass, merely remarking as it went, 'One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter.' 'One side of *WHAT*? The other side of *WHAT*?' thought Alice to herself. 'Of the mushroom,' said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question.

Tuesday (Night Game)

The Sweeper of Dreams

By Neil Gaiman

After all the dreaming is over, after you wake, and leave the world of madness and glory for the mundane day-lit daily grind, through the wreckage of your abandoned fancies walks the sweeper of dreams.

Who knows what he was when he was alive? Or if, for that matter, he ever was alive. He certainly will not answer your questions. The sweeper talks little, in his gruff gray voice, and when he does speak it is mostly about the weather and the prospects, victories and defeats of certain sports teams. He despises everyone who is not him.

Just as you wake he comes to you, and he sweeps up kingdoms and castles, and angels and owls, mountains and oceans. He sweeps up the lust and the love and the lovers, the sages who are not butterflies, the flowers of meat, the running of the deer and the sinking of the Lusitania. He sweeps up everything you left behind in your dreams, the life you wore, the eyes through which you gazed, the examination paper you were never able to find. One by one he sweeps them away: the sharp-toothed woman who sank her teeth into your face; the nuns in the woods; the dead arm that broke through the tepid water of the bath; the scarlet worms that crawled in your chest when you opened your shirt.

He will sweep it up – everything you left behind when you woke. And then he will burn it, to leave the stage fresh for your dreams tomorrow.

Treat him well, if you see him. Be polite with him. Ask him no questions. Applaud his teams' victories, commiserate with him over their losses, agree with him about the weather. Give him the respect he feels is his due.

For there are people he no longer visits, the sweeper of dreams, with his hand-rolled cigarettes and his dragon tattoo.

You've seen them. They have mouths that twitch, and eyes that stare, and they babble and the mewl and they whimper. Some of them walk the cities in ragged clothes, their belongings under their arms. Others of their number are locked in the dark, in places where they can no longer harm themselves or others. They are not mad, or rather, the loss of their sanity is the lesser of their problems. It is worse than madness. They will tell you, if you let them: they are the ones who live, each day, in the wreckage of their dreams. And if the sweeper of dreams leaves you, he will never come back.

Sweet dreams!

Wednesday (Creative Evening)

Said about Friendship

“Friendship is born at that moment when one man says to another: "What! You too? I thought that no one but myself . . .”

C.S. Lewis, *The Four Loves*

“Don't walk behind me; I may not lead. Don't walk in front of me; I may not follow. Just walk beside me and be my friend.”

— Albert Camus

“It's the friends you can call up at 4 a.m. that matter.”

— Marlene Dietrich

“I would rather walk with a friend in the dark, than alone in the light.”

— Helen Keller

“What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies.”

— Aristotle

“You can't stay in your corner of the Forest waiting for others to come to you. You have to go to them sometimes.”

— A.A. Milne, Winnie-the-Pooh

“The capacity for friendship is God's way of apologizing for our families.”

— Jay McInerney, *The Last of the Savages*

“The best mirror is an old friend.”

— George Herbert

“A good friend can tell you what is the matter with you in a minute. He may not seem such a good friend after telling.”

— Arthur Brisbane

Thursday (Be Prepared)

Quotes from Baden Powell

The following quotes include some good advice for scout leaders... BP talks of “Boys”, but today I think the word can quite safely be used for scouts of both genders ☺

“A fisherman does not bait his hook with food he likes. He uses food the fish likes. So with boys.”

“Scouting is a man's job cut down to a boy's size.”

“We are not a club or a Sunday school class, but a school of the woods.”

“Fun, fighting, and feeding! These are the three indispensable elements of the boy's world.”

“A boy is supremely confident of his own power, and dislikes being treated as a child.”

“Boys [scouts] can see adventure in a dirty old duck puddle,

and if the Scoutmaster is a boys' man he can see it, too."

"A boy can see the smoke rising from Sioux [indian] villages under the shadow of the Albert memorial."

"Teach boys [scouts] not how to get a living, but how to live."

"We must change [scouts] from a 'what can I get' to a 'what can I give' attitude."

"In Scouting you are combating the brooding of selfishness."

"It is risky to order a boy [scout] not to do something; it immediately opens to him the adventure of doing it."

"A week of camp life is worth six months of theoretical teaching in the meeting room."

"A boy [scout] is not a sitting-down animal."

"The sport in Scouting is to find the good in every boy [child] and develop it."

"Success in training the boy [scout] depends largely on the Scoutmaster's own personal example."

"Correcting bad habits cannot be done by forbidding or punishment."

"The Scoutmaster teaches boys [scouts] to play the game by doing so himself."

"When you want a thing done, 'Don't do it yourself' is a good motto for Scoutmasters."

"The more responsibility the Scoutmaster gives his patrol leaders, the more they will respond."

"The object of the patrol method is not so much saving the Scoutmaster trouble as to give responsibility to the boy [scout]."

"A boy [scout] carries out suggestions more wholeheartedly when he understands their aim."

"A boy [scout] is naturally full of humor."

Saturday (Concert)

If Languages were instruments

*Original author unknown (http://www.poetrysoup.com/poems_poets/poem_detail.aspx?ID=539948),
modified a little and continued with thoughts by Julia.*

If languages were instruments,
English, would be something like a piano.
Each word is clear and sharp-
When we sing, the note does not waver.
But I suppose it's more fair to say that
English is something like an electronic keyboard
With two hundred different modes because English
Has so many different versions,
Adaptations of other instruments,
Emulations, or imitations, however you want
To think of it; there is no accent that cannot
Be reconfigured to be
Played on keys in distinct shades
Of black or white.

It is said that Arabic is more like a violin.
The sound of Arabic
Flies up and down the scale
In deliciously smooth legato,
Stopping to linger on vibrato;
Poignant.

In my ears German sounds like maracas. So many different sharp and soft and hissing “s” and
“sch” and “nch” and “tz” sounds! I’ve been taught two tongue-twisters that illustrate this:
Chinesischen Schüsselchen
Haifischschwanzflossenfleischsuppe.

And French sounds to me like a dreamy harp. “Bonjour(rr)” “Pourquoi la terre est-elle
ronde?”

What instrument is your language?