



# HERULENS HÆROLD

*Blekingsska nationens tidning*

No. 12

# Var hælsade, Heruler!

Vi har för första gången i vår redaktörsperiod ingen händelse som sammanfaller med utgivningen. Eller jo, är det inte katastrofborg? Nej, det är imorgon. Skvalborg då? Näe. Vi lyckades även missa hertignans födsel (grattis i efterskott) och den första april. Inte ens Kristi himmelfärds har vi prickat in. Vi missade dessutom valborg med en härsmån och karnevalen är nästan tre veckor bort.

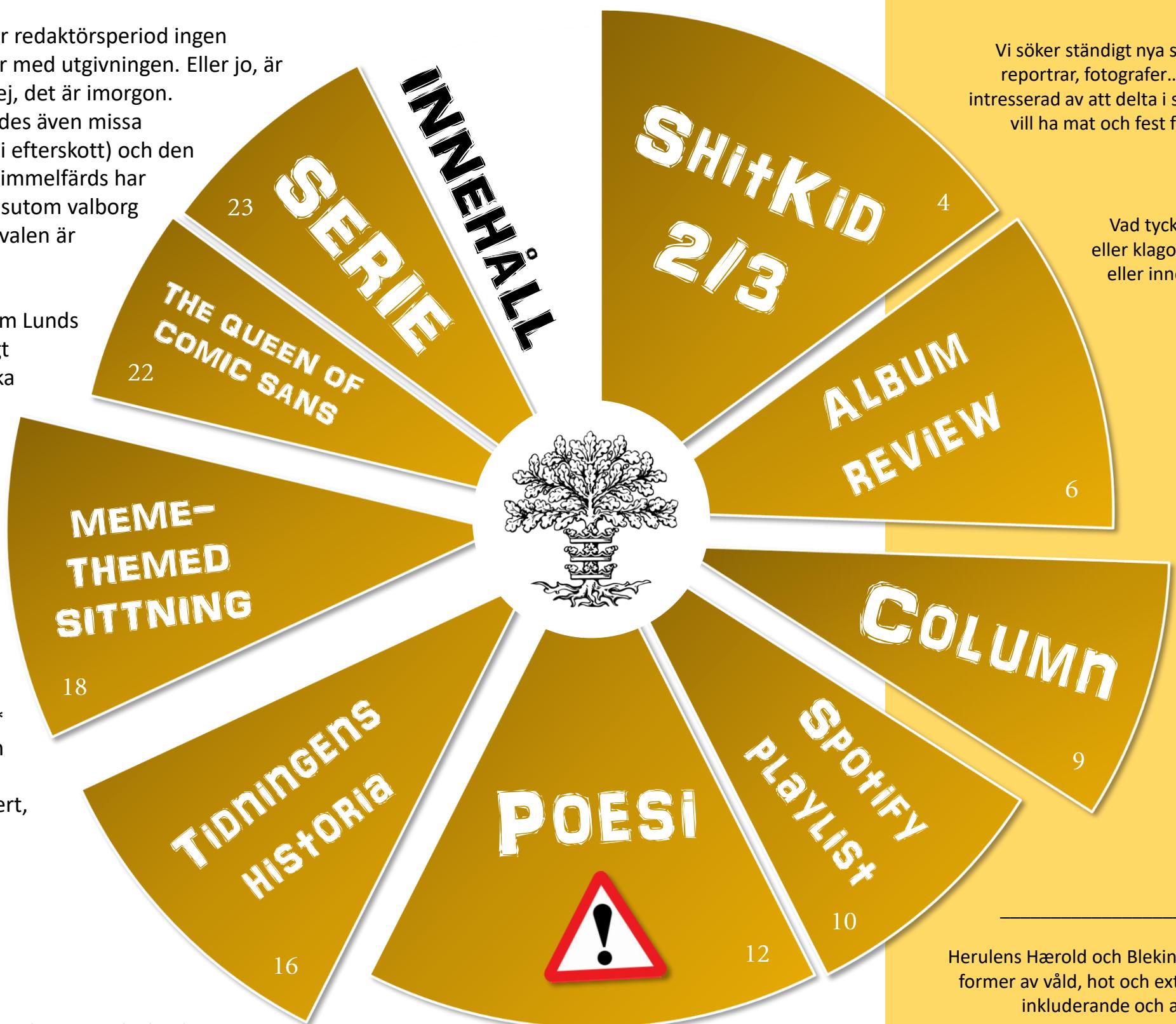
Därför myntar vi termen som Lunds studentlivsexperter för evigt kommer kunna spåra tillbaka till HH: Karnevalborg™. Det åsyftar perioden vi just nu befinner oss i, tomrummet och bakfyllan mellan de båda festligheterna. Det får bli vårt tema.

Så i detta nummers forcerade anda har vi inte tänkt ut vad vi ska skriva härnäst. \*awkward silence\* Har ni sett att Majblomman har AIK:s färger i år? Har ni märkt att vädret blivit vackert, förutom när det regnade? På valborg?

God läsning.

/Ossian & Eric

PS. Hitta Comic Sans-ordet i tidningen, skicka det till oss, och vinn ett paket kakor! DS.



**Skribsugen?**  
Vi söker ständigt nya skribenter, intervjuare, recensenter, reportrar, fotografer... duktigt folk i allmänhet! Om du är intresserad av att delta i skapandet av Herulens Hærold, och vill ha mat och fest för besväret, tveka inte att kontakta oss!

**Tyck till!**  
Vad tycker du om tidningen? Har du beröm eller klagomål gällande det grafiska, språkliga eller innehållsliga? Mejla oss mer än gärna!

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Herulens Hærold och Blekingska nationen tar avstånd från alla former av våld, hot och extremism. Vi arbetar för mångfald, inkluderande och alla människors lika värde.

# SHITKID 2/3

Den 2 mars 2018 blev en historisk kväll för nationen när artisten ShitKid, aktuell med *This Is It [EP]*, besökte oss. Med fullt band och fullare ölflaska intog hon stora scenen, och det som följde var inget mindre än oförglömligt. Läs Josephs berättelse om kvällen nedan om du inte tror oss.

Jag kom till förfesten lite för sent och alldelens för nykter. Det stod bortom allt tvivel att jag skulle behöva hålla ett högt tempo för att komma ikapp. Jag gjorde mitt bästa med mina veteöl. Snart hängde jag mot en bokhylla och hånade dess ägare för innehållet. Diskussionen fortsatte från Rand till Trump och jag enades med min samtalspartner om att den senare hade mest rätt men oftast fel.

Rökning försöker jag undvika men rökpauser är Guds gåva till mänskligheten. På kvällens första och sista sådana informerades jag av en annan samtalspartner om att kvällens underhållare betett sig underligt tidigare under dagen. Hon kanske inte kommer kunna framträda, fick jag veta. Det brydde mig inte så mycket. Mitt bristande musikintresse till trots kom jag att tänka på ett klassiskt Lundellcitat. Sen var rökpausen slut.

De ihärdiga påpekanaderna om att vi borde röra på oss nådde till slut bristningsgränsen. Promenaden från Måsvägen 13 till 11 var lika kort som vanligt. Veteölen värmde. Väl inne var promenaden till baren också traditionenligt kort. Skumvinet flödade medan ryktet om den potentiellt inställda spelningen växte sig allt starkare. I andra änden av baren såg jag plötsligt en bekant och något apart figur. En professor vid ett onämnbart lärosäte, som jag haft nöjet att stöta på några gånger tidigare. Jag hälsade tack vare skumvinet väl entusiastiskt, men det verkade inte störa

professorn – kanske uppskattade han min ungdomliga iver? Samtalet fortlöpte hursomhelst obehindrat. Jag hade just hunnit vidarebefordra ryktet om spelningens troliga icke-existens till honom när samma rykte bryskt motbevisades.

Bandet tog sig under stor möda upp på den underdimensionerade scenen. Frontpersonens beteende, som jag tidigare bara hört om i andra hand tidigare under dagen, lämnade inget utrymme för tveksamhet. Hon betedde sig helt klart underligt. Ett belysande exempel är att hon verkade agera utifrån föreställningen att hennes synt inte alls var en synt, utan snarare en klaviaturliknande handtrumma. Underligt. Eftersom professorn i sitt arbete haft anledning att studera människor som beter sig underligt, vände jag mig till honom. Vad kan det där egentligen bero på, frågade jag. Professorn gav mig ett undvikande svar om att han var för långt bort för att kunna avgöra det. Han behövde tydligt se pupillerna bättre.

Musikaliskt sammanfattas nog kvällen bäst av det där Lundellcitatet i ny tappning: "En spelning kan också vara en inställd spelning". Men för att ändå betygssätta kvällen – och hur tydligt den demonstrerade att även om inte allt var bättre förr än nu, så är i alla fall nu ibland som förr – väljer jag uppblåst nog att citera mig själv från samma kväll: "Det här är det enda som är bra".

Joseph Goss

Kämpar för evigt förgäves mot impulsen att hoppa ner i de äldsta, tröttaste hjulspåren.

# Staying at Tamara's – a review



## *Staying at Tamara's* by George Ezra

Released: March 23 2018 by  
Columbia

Contains singles: "Don't Matter Now", "Paradise", "Pretty Shining People" and "Hold My Girl"

After four years of no peep, the twenty-four-year-old British singer George Ezra recently released his second album called "Staying at Tamara's" on March 23. A wonderful example of his procession as an artist, "Staying at Tamara's" is filled with Ezra's typical upbeat songs delicately sung with his identifiable deep, resonating voice. If you make the right choice to listen to this album, either as a long-term fan or one-time listener, you will get a wonderful collection of Ezra's music and his evolution as an artist.

This second album follows his debut, "Wanted on Voyage," and holds less songs and variation as that previous album. Nevertheless, after many repeated listening of "Staying at Tamara's" -and three years worth of enjoying "Wanted on Voyage" down to the individual lyrics- this album holds a lovely collection of songs, all of which are provided below with a minor description:

As a positive kickstarter for the rest of the album, 'Pretty Shining People' was the second single released from the young singer, and it showcases a bit of his vocal range as well as the background voices and music to be featured in the other songs on the album. Although not his strongest compared to the start of his previous album, it is a promising launch into Tamara.

The first single released by George Ezra back in June 2017 is 'Don't Matter Now'. Track two sadly does not accurately portray the music previously heard from Ezra. As a firm fan who has memorized Ezra's previous album after playing on repeat for so many years, I was a tad disappointed by this song and actually a bit irritated by its constant background shouts of "it don't matter now." I was worried his entire album was going to be at this level of production. Thankfully, my fears dissolved when the track switched to 'Get Away', the third song on the album.

As one of my favorites, 'Get Away' is the perfect growth from his previous works. You can hear the smile in Ezra's voice as he sings, and I feel this portrays the goofy singer quite well. Although the background music, voices, and quirky additions to pull away from Ezra's voice and cause a muddled distraction, this song easily becomes a favorite due to its catchy-sing along worthy tempo. At this point in "Staying at Tamara's," it is established his new songs involve more background production and his simple one-man-one-guitar aesthetic of "Wanted on Voyage" is in the dust. However, whatever one thinks of this new sound of Ezra's, 'Get Away' is an enjoyable track worthy of a listen.

My favorite track on the album, 'Shotgun,' uses deep brass elements to mimic Ezra's singing register -one of the main reasons I love Ezra as a singer. This song definitely brings my California heart back to my beach town of Santa Cruz, driving with the windows down and enjoying the sun I took advantage of before I moved to Lund for a year. If you want a soft yet energetic pick-me-up on days when the sun hides away, please put on this track. 'Paradise' is the third of Ezra's singles released prior to his album release, and as with 'Pretty Shining People' and 'Don't Matter Now', I feel this song features too much background attention compared to his other works. Nevertheless, as with much of Ezra's music, Paradise is extremely catchy and warrants to be put on repeat in order to learn how to sing along to Ezra's smile.

As I expected, I do not dislike what Ezra has produced, and this song in particular is a good mixture of his old and new directions, making me excited to see what he puts out in the future following this album.

Carrying the happy-go-lucky perspective heard about love in Paradise, Ezra's 'All My Love' is a wonderful rendition of his perspective of the world. With no subject to give it to, as the previous love songs produced by him also showcases, Ezra is putting his love into his surroundings and all you want to do is grab on. This song not only has a catchy beat, but it shows range in his stand alone voice.

As Ezra tells of a story about a love affair in South Africa, you can't help but begin feeling the warm air of a summer night as soon as 'Sugarcoat' begins. Although this is track seven on the album, I feel it's a centerpoint for the entire theme of "Staying at Tamara's". With 'Sugarcoat,' Ezra is trying to exude the lighthearted, rose-tinted perspective of a summer vacation relaxing in the sun. This song for sure establishes the thought, and the sweet lyrics and soft voice in an upbeat song is exactly what I expect from this artist.

Since its release as the fifth single put out before the album, I have had 'Hold My Girl' on repeat alone for the past two months. This song is one of my favorites, for it exudes the sense of comfort associated with a lazy Sunday morning as you wait for your coffee to brew. This track also displays Ezra's voice as you hear it in "Wanted on Voyage", but with a more mature vibe in its background music and lyrics. If you asked me what George Ezra is as an artist based off of his new album, I would point at track eight.

The last of his singles before the album dropped was 'Savior,' the ninth and darkest track. As seen on his previous album with 'Can You Hear The Rain?', 'Spectacular Rival', or 'It's Just My Skin', Ezra always put an alternative side to his music. Drastically contradicting the other songs heard on "Staying at Tamara's" thus far, 'Savior' grounds the listener and reorients them outside this dream-like world Ezra has built.

'Only a Human' picks up the overall tone of the album back towards what you first hear. Nevertheless, this song is a bit more serious in its lyrics as heard in 'Savior' but is undeniably softer sounding. This song features the personalization you expect from Ezra's lyrics, as he is sending out comforting notes and lyrics over a piano ballad. The addition of brass instruments heard later in the song connects 'Only a Human' with the rest of the album and is a good step up for Ezra's closing track.

Closing out his second album, 'The Beautiful Dream' exhibits what Ezra was trying to portray throughout "Staying at Tamara's." Exuding the overall dream-like theme of the record, Ezra's final song provides the perfect closure to a holiday away with the young musician.

As I expected, I am once again floored with love for George Ezra's music. Although I am a bigger fan of his first album, "Staying at Tamara's" production and overall vibe is not something to overlook. If you're looking for an album of the summer – alternative to just a song – might I suggest you switch this one on. In any situation you find yourself in, George Ezra is guaranteed to transport you to his charming, stress-free world.

Caitlin Stein

Interests include: art, music, archaeology, and talking about my dog.

## What I have learned from Lund and Sverige

I didn't think a lot before choosing a host university for my exchange program, because what I wanted to do was just leave my home university for a while and taking a rest. But now, I seriously think that it was the best choice I have ever had in my university life. This city is so lovely! Beautiful scenery, clean and quiet streets and comfortable studying environment are obviously attractive factors that make here lovely, but rather than them, I would like to write about the lessons I got from here which make Lund a super lovely city.

Absolutely the best lesson was that I saw a lot of social considerations for minorities. First example is consideration for vegans. Every university café, cafeteria and nation pub or bar always prepares a vegan menu. Even fast food stores like Max, McDonalds and Burger King provide vegan meals. For me, respecting someone's choice about their diet was regarded as a representative of respecting someone's choice in a lot of other parts in life.

Another example is that a bus is inclined to hep when people using a wheelchair or parents with strollers try to get on or off. My Korean friend who is also studying at Lund University as an exchange student posted an article to Korean website called Brunch about this system:

"Have you ever seen a passenger with a stroller on the bus in Korea? ... I'm not arguing that we have to make a place for strollers immediately in every bus. Actually it is hard to imagine a stroller in Seoul intra-city bus which is chock-full of people in the morning and evening. (*That's because population of Seoul is even higher than the total population of Sweden.*) But I'm afraid that there must be more things forgotten in our mind although they had not to be." (Yeonjae Choi, <https://brunch.co.kr/@jenny-yjchoi/6>)

Thousands of people saw the article and it became one of the most popular articles in the website within a week. It represents that social welfare for every different group of people is becoming one of the hottest issues in South Korea. I believe that my experience in Lund must be used as a good source to build up a discourse about social consideration when I go back to home.

Furthermore, I learned new ethics for the globalization era. When I visited a grocery store or a café, most workers always tried to communicate with me via Swedish at first. It happened in most facilities such as the library, gym, music academy and Blekinge Nation! It was not because they couldn't speak in English: all of them were changed into awesome English speakers when I said that I can't speak Swedish very well. It was so impressive because they, most Swedish people, didn't predicate my identity based on my appearance at first. In addition, after you noticed that I'm a foreigner, most talking was done in English even when I was not participating in the conversation directly. It was also touching consideration. I appreciate it via this article.

I'm pretty sure that this is an achievement done by education. I met a student who was born and raised in Sweden at ESN language café. He was Asian in appearance. He told me that young kids were often surprised that he is Swedish when he worked as assistant teacher in kindergarten. But no one I met in Lund showed such mistakes. Between the periods as a kid and adult, there must be an education about an ethic to live as a citizen in globalized world.

I have much more things to say about what I got in Lund, including an open mic event, gender issues and school life, but since the article would be too long then, let me wrap up this at this moment. It's really sad that there is only a month left before I leave here. Half of a year in Lund was seriously one of the most precious periods for me in my whole life. I will really miss here. Thanks for giving me a lot of gifts. Hope Sweden and the world keep trying making good changes in various fields of society! Tack så mycket och vi ses!

Heonho Choo

Hej! I'm an exchange student from KAIST, South Korea who loves music, philosophy and science.

# The Road (to "Spring-kingdom")

A ten track playlist for a winter that never ended

"One day came the nurse with a spring hyacinth. She smiled kindly and put it on his bedside commode.

This is something Bolle should have, she said, it is from Spring. I have had it in my room until it got started. But it is from Spring.

She likely felt sorry for the old drifter, that did not have any visits the days when the corridors teemed with relatives, which the patients in their overbearing and decent cynism called 'the mourning'. So she invited Spring itself to visit him." – The Road (Vägen till Klockrike), Harry Martinsson (translated by me)

Maybe it is just me, but I can not believe winter has ended. Literally – I do not feel like it is possible. Sure, it might feel warm in the sunlight today, tomorrow – this entire week. That does not mean winter has ended though; it is still lurking around the corner, waiting to claw its way back into our skins. "Spring" so far has proved itself treacherous, time and time again giving signs of arriving, but right afterwards to once again hide itself, and then winter reassured its frozen grasp over the landscape, and of course, over our minds. "*The cities, its contents have been ripped out. The world is gone. Did you know it would last this long?*" (from Great Waves, by Dirty Three)

Having just shown that we can not know for certain that winter is over, we need to make sure not to give up because of it. We need distractions, we need company! This is why I have compiled a list of songs to play, a playlist, if you will.

"But Sol", you may ask, "A playlist is not a person, they can not keep you company in the way that is required for a distraction". "Wrong!" I say to you: "What is a life except a self-replicating process? Who are we to relegate it to a specific form of biology?" This conclusion is not that far-fetched if you assume the death of the author, separating a work of art from the artist, making it something that exists in itself, and then seeing how pieces of art propel themselves between people, creating a version of itself in your mind, and then you might share it with someone else. This cultural genealogy might very well be a lifeform. Now, that something is alive is not enough to make it into a person. But, personally I feel all the definitions of personhood I have heard of so far seem quite arbitrary and rely on a bifurcation of nature (thank you Whitehead for your lovely process philosophy xoxo) which I find a bit garbage. The tearing down of these limits, to see where it might lead, is very interesting. It is the nature of experimentation. For example, *A Song of Shadows*, by Jesu and Sun Kil Moon (the fifth track on the playlist); its lyrics break down the limit between traditions of song lyrics, poetry, a diary entry and a middle aged man rambling:

"And it's time to eat now so I closed the book on an airplane ticket between the 67th and 68th page. And it's Saturday, 9 p.m. at night. And in this moment I love you so much and everything about my life."

The playlist I have made is emotionally synchronized with the feeling of a never ending winter, and the impossibility of spring. It is a collection of 10 songs released 2000-2018, not meant to be shuffled, and each by a different artist or band. That said, there are some connections between them: The Microphones has at times had Thanksgiving on his songs, and vice versa, both coming from the same music/art scene in Anacortes, Washington (in the states). The Microphones, under the new name, Mount Eerie (it is just one guy, Phil Elvrum), has also said in interviews that he was inspired by Sun Kil Moons album "Benji" while creating an album, which made the largest wave in public recognition of his body of work yet - the album "A Crow Looked At Me" - which happens to be my favorite album from last year. Carla Bozulich is somewhat more of a music veteran, having played in bands since the 80's (but is also the person with the most recent song in the list – released 27th of March), but started doing collaborations with members of Silver Mt. Zion in 2006 under the name Evangelista. Also, both Silver Mt. Zion, and the Microphones, personally know Julie Doiron. Now, why is this relevant? I am not sure. But I do hope you find the playlist relevant. And enjoyable. It is important to not stop dreaming of better days. Of not wanting to go home yet a late spring night: wanting to "walk to the top of the big night sky" (First Love / Late Spring). Of finding someone, and with them "a precious place in the sand, right out in the wind. [Lying] under a blanket. [Hearing] the furious sound: The roar of waves, the pounding surf. Two bodies on the earth." (The Moon). Of "[m]oon and emotion" (Betsy on the Roof).

In the book Flowering Nettle (Nässlorna blomma) by Harry Martinson, the main character describe the first arrival of spring, of "spring snowflakes [...] blooming in the middle of a pile of snow, [making] life seem like a legend." Life appears as legend after the death of autumn, and after the frozen emptiness of winter. But appearance is not essence, and life does return – as more than just legend – it returns as itself.

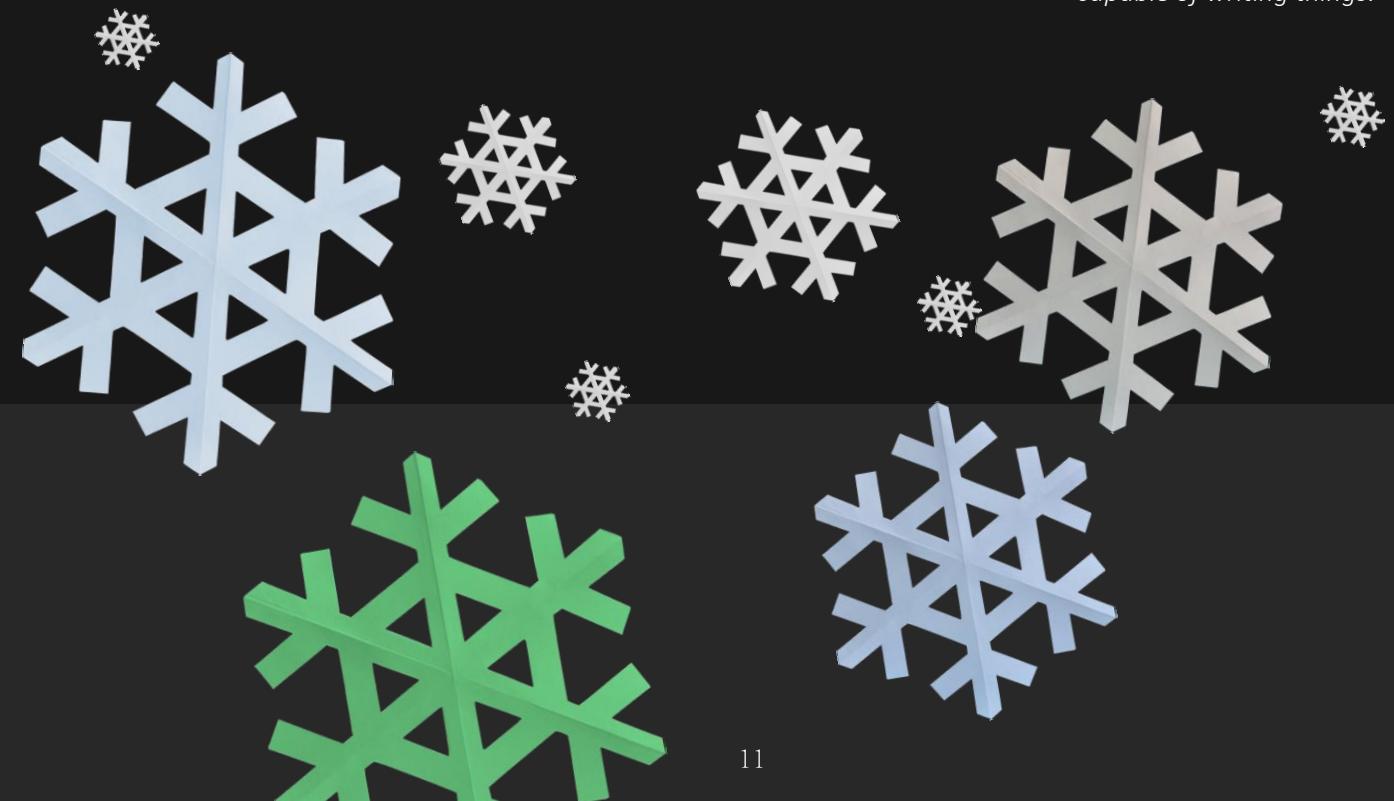
Sol Nygren

A self-confused process confined to a body, but at times capable of writing things.

Write this into the Spotify search bar find the playlist:

spotify:user:klasfras:playlist:1TbhojPA00NhqrLsEUzgK

It might also work to just search for "The Road (to "Spring-kingdom")"



# Approximering

I.

Jag sprättar fiskmagar

Bakom ett hörn där jag bor

Svansandes efter varandras

Spegling; flickorna

Duns i hinken

Med andra andnödsmollusker

Muskaterna i sin ensamhet

Spänner sig

Åt den inkommande

Flygplansnosen

Talgen, dess porerna

Ett svettande till berg; massiv

Ansiktet; bestiga: clear-eyes

Åt den nästkommande

Tinderdejten

Nu när jag prytt mig

Är jag söt nog att någon

Vill pega mig; snälla mamma

Är du vidkommande

För min njutning

Nu när du brytt mig

Är du söt nog att avsätta

En bit liv avhängigt, löftet:

Kan hinka i oss

Den andras sav

...

II.

Helium en befängd gas, att stöpas i.

I de små rummen med tandläkarna

Samt en svulstig amazons poser över topografin

Likt dina blygdläppar mellan mina tänder

Vecklar ut sig i magen,

Den rosa stjälken;

(Stön genom täppt mun)

- Utblomning!

Fast guldgöra skogar över Skånes vildmark

Deras blåsbälg ilande rötterna

Vulvaångorna pysande; Letar sig ner min strupe

Ger tungroten en knuff

Så spetsen kan bekläutra,

På sängen din rygg; dina tår och mina knän på golvet

de dödföddas fingertoppsknackande på flisorna

Höras ej över blandningen

Fast de gärna naffsa mig i **pungen**

Och den tunna underjordsbäcken

Under plankorna;

I förhårdnaden på din häl

Porlande blämörk; (överröstad)

Fler stön; Stön-stön.

Fläckar röd rodnad på huden på dina bröst

Stön-stön. Puff-puff.

Duns-duns.

Dova skära moln i ett vanson i mig.

och knotor.

## III.

Lunkar hem: Med då  
 Kristalliseras ett Du  
 Framför min kropp  
 Som är Kropp och Projektion (verklig)  
 Ande och Ord  
 Av aspekt, vilken mer verklig  
 Kan ur mig inte plockas  
 Av Jag inte verkliggöras  
 Nuddas av Anden i Ordet  
 Du;  
 Madeleinekaka för  
 Min första förhoppning  
 I hjärnan en spelfilm  
 Bristande i sanningsvärde  
 (Men verklig)  
 Hur genom mina  
 Sjuårgamla fingrar  
 Jag sneglade på nän  
 Tös, jag förälskat mig i  
 På lekplatsen  
 Fast jag kunde inte tänka då  
 Jag ville  
 Kropp

Jag ville  
 Kärlek  
 I ohyggliga Nu  
 I uppfläkta Nu  
 I trötta, borttappade Nu  
 -  
 I hatiska Nu  
 I apatiska Nu  
 I tomma, självutrotade Nu  
 -  
 I kompasslösa Nu  
 I Jag som är Nu      Som jag ger upp på  
 Varje dag när jag vaknar  
 Jag vill kropp.      Jag vill kärlek.  
 ...

## IV.

Men man måste äta.  
 Men man måste äta.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 Sen sova.  
 Sen sova.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 Sen vänta.  
 Sen vänta.  
 På mera hunger mera.  
 På mera hunger mera.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 Jag måste äta något.  
 På fisk.  
 På fisk.  
 På fisk.  
 På fisk.  
 På.

Johannes Gränne

*Blekingsska's only unironically conservative member.*

# HÄNDELSE

## i Herulens Hærolds historia

Del 1 av 2

För detta nummers gräv har HH:s redaktörer granskat tidningens historia. Utredningen förde dem ner till arkiven. Mörkret tog dem, och de förirrade sig ut ur tanke och tid, och vandrade långt längs vägar de inte vågar tala om... Men nu är de tillbaka med upptäckten att HH funnits längre än förväntat.\*

år 33: Herulens Hærold grundas av romare som en skämttidning menad att driva med "barbarer" så som herulerna. Dock tvingas tidskriften läggas ner samma år efter en kontroversiell artikel angående korsfästningar. "Jig må icke hålla med var Messias som spikhas opp, men det göro en mörhkredd att veta att vihssa tycko det äro bra att förvahndla folk till shishkebab" skriver debattören.

Anmärkningsvärt är att hen skriver på låtsassvenska istället för Latin.

Bild 1: Redaktörerna Julia Radix Lecti och Felix Doleo.

år 341: Tidningen hamnar åter i tryck och nu består redaktionen endast av heruler med behornade hjälmar. Fy fasiken vad tufft. Något okänt om herulerna är deras förmåga att planera och deras enorma kunskaper i att brygga anti-depressionsdrycker. Detta gör det möjligt för redaktörerna att orka publicera hur många nummer de vill varje år. Tidningen blomstrar under hela folkvandrings- och medeltiden.

Bild 2: konstnärlig rendering av redaktörerna Hilda Urvild och Odvard Borste.

år 1697: Blekingska bildas. Äntligen börjar människor förstå varför Herulens Hærold har som undertitel "Blekingska nationstidning". Med andra ord har HH alltid varit en tidskrift som varit före sin tid. En artikel värd att notera från denna tid är en recension av flera band som spelade på "freden vid Roskilde-festivalen".

Bild 3: Redaktörerna Asbjörn Leijonhuvfud och Gilius Sthure.

år 1890: Oscar II innehavar makten som Konung av Sverige, men HH-redaktionen har viktigare saker att bry sig om. Som att de har byggt en ful jävla väg över en ful jävla bro, och den bär kungens namn. "Lund är förstört, nu är jag ledsen i ögat. Enda sättet att förbättra detta är att bygga ett Max längst vägen." står det på ledarsidan.

Bild 4: Den ena redaktören Gunhild Von Essen.

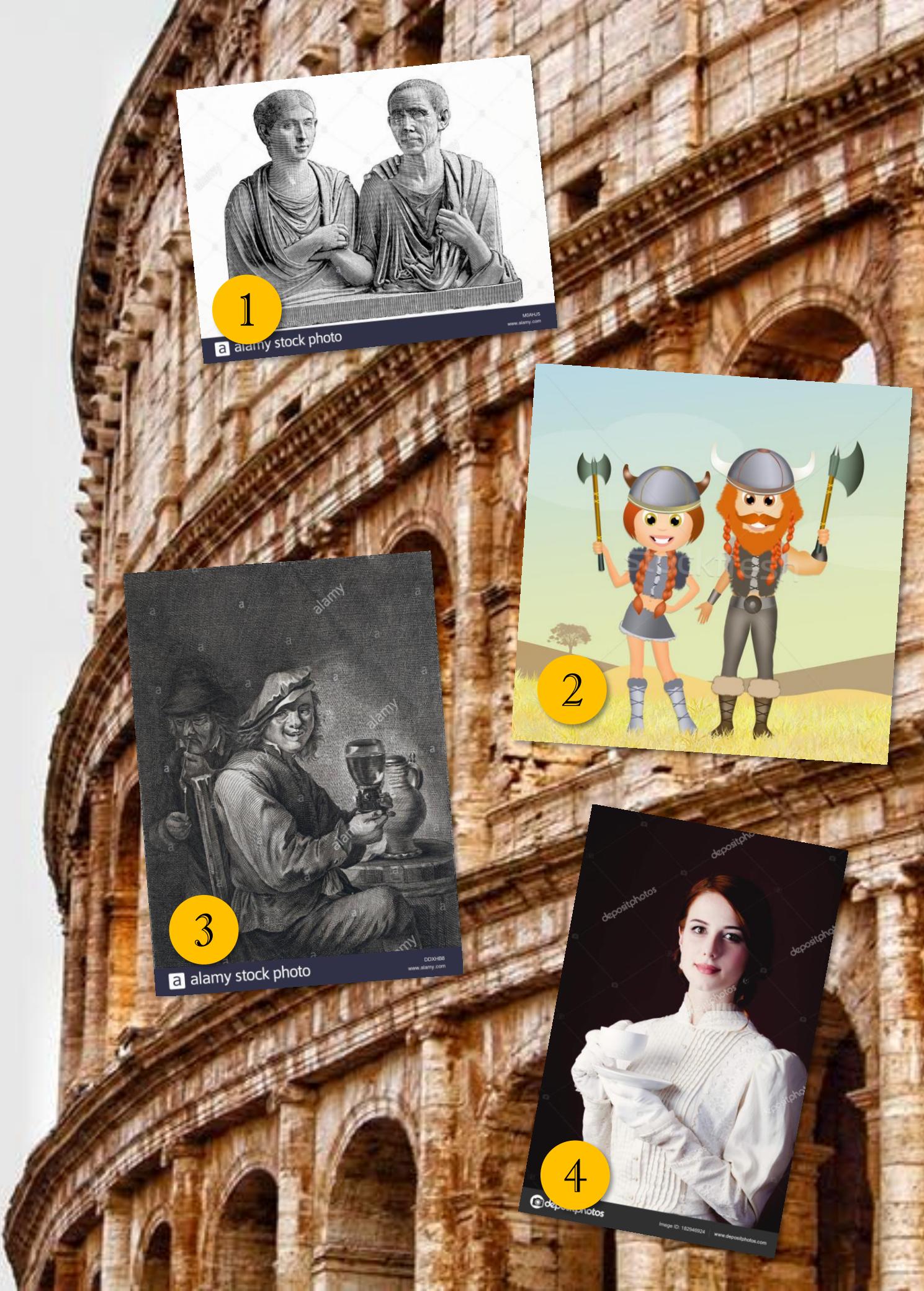
Fortsättning följer!

\*Vi blir förvånade om 5% av detta är korrekt fakta. Artikeln har som syfte att underhålla. Kom ihåg barn, att källkritik är viktigt i denna fake news-era.

Eric Sarkar Nilsson

Redaktör

Som Tintin i Snusmumrikens kläder.



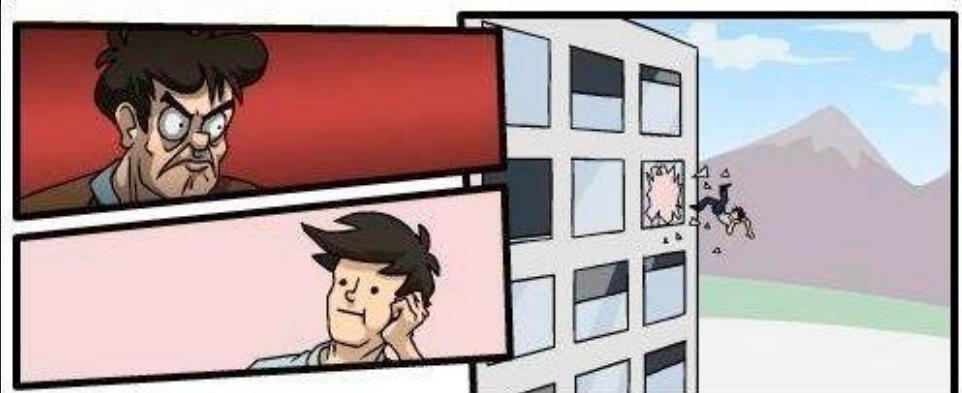
# MEME-THEMED SITTNING

In case you missed it (not sure how you could, since it's all us tjänstemän ever talk about), Blekingska holds three **thank you parties** per semester, each one with a specific theme. Last time, that theme was MEMES. Among the many dank activities that took place was a contest to create the funniest Blekingska-related memes. These are the winners!

By the way, do come to the last thank you party! You'll be invited one you've worked for the nation three times this semester. And yes, writing for us counts as work <3



By Team Fred



By Team Anon

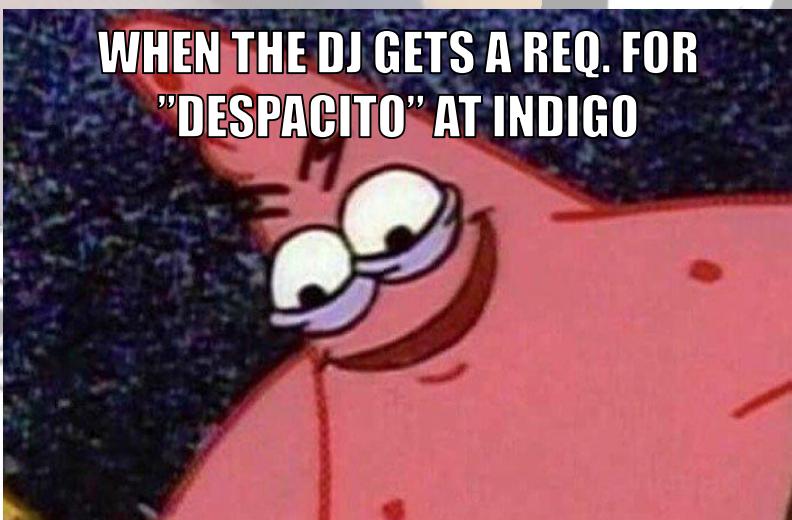


By Team Anon (with love)





By Team Anon



By Team Fred





# The Queen of Comic Sans

Som den erfarna läsaren redan vet gömmer vi redaktörer ett ord i *Comic Sans* i varje nummer av Herulens Hærold, och utlovar kakor till den som hittar det. I mars 2018 hittade någon allihop! Nationsbon och flitiga jobbaren Emelie Wahlström satte sig ner för att finkamma alla då utkomna nummer, och några timmar senare hade hon funnit samtliga ord i det ökända typsnittet. Efter att ha överösts med kakor av HH-redaktionen gick hon vänligt nog med på en intervju.

**Hej Emelie! Vad inspirerade dig till att söka upp alla ord?**

Jag var jättesugen på kakor.

**Vilket var svårast att hitta?**

Det som inte fanns. (Vi glömde mycket riktigt lägga in ett *Comic Sans*-ord i nummer 9, red. anm.)

**Varför klarade du det som ingen tidigare klarat?**

Magi! \*fingrar menande på sitt Dödsrelikshalsband\*

**Vilket är ditt favorittypsnitt (efter *Comic Sans* såklart)?**

Times New Roman! Arial finns ju också.

**Hur smakade kakorna?**

Jättegott! En kaka är en kaka är en kaka.

**Tror du att folk kommer börja förknippa dig med *Comic Sans* nu? Eller kommer du fortsätta vara känd som nationens Harry Potter-nörd?**

\*fingrar menande på sitt Dödsrelikshalsband\*



Vi hoppas att Emelies berättelse och den upphovsrättsfria kakan ovan gör er läsare extra sugna på att leta upp detta och framtida nummers *Comic Sans*-ord! OBS! Inga ord i den här artikelnräknas. OBS!



