

The --- PCU INDEPENDENT



ISSUE 1 - V1

OCTOBER

UPCOMING EVENTS IN PRAGUE - PCU EVENTS - HALLOWEEN PARTY - STUDENT LIFE - SOCIETIES - STORIES

PRAGUECITY
UNIVERSITY

STUDENT COUNCIL

ECHOES OF THE NIGHT SHIFT

Late one night, Mai took up a part-time job at a remote convenience store on the outskirts of town. Desperate for cash, she agreed to the graveyard shift, despite warnings from other locals about the store's strange history. The fluorescent lights buzzed above her as she began her shift, casting long shadows that seemed to move. The aisles were filled with the usual: instant noodles, drinks, and snacks—yet everything felt wrong, as if the store itself was watching her.

Her first few nights were unsettling. She often heard faint whispers coming from the aisles, though no customers were around. The security monitors flickered, occasionally revealing quick flashes of a shadowy figure standing near the entrance. Mai would rush to check, only to find nothing but the cold air brushing past her. On the third night, an old woman entered, hunched and whispering, "It's cursed, you know. They never leave." Before Mai could respond, the woman disappeared into the shadows of the aisles, leaving a trail of cold air behind.

Things grew worse. Boxes fell off shelves with no one near, and the bathroom light constantly flickered. Mai reviewed the security footage, and to her horror, she saw something crawling out of the bathroom stall. It was pale and unnaturally long-limbed, dragging itself across the floor. She rushed to the bathroom, the smell of decay hitting her. But the stall was empty, and the door creaked ominously. She left quickly, feeling eyes on her as she walked back.

On her fourth night, she discovered a small door hidden behind the storage area, partially obscured by old boxes. The door was not listed on the blueprint, and she hadn't noticed it before. Her curiosity got the best of her, and she entered, finding a dimly lit room filled with dusty VHS tapes and faded photographs. They were of previous employees, all of them looking frightened. In one of the tapes, she saw herself, but the recording was from years ago. The Mai in the video was frantically running from something, the footage ending with her disappearing into darkness.

She tried to leave, but the front doors wouldn't budge, no matter how hard she pulled. The lights flickered, and suddenly the old woman's reflection appeared in the glass door, her face twisted in rage. "You should have listened. You're next," she hissed, and the store plunged into darkness. Panicking, Mai grabbed her flashlight and turned to find the shadow from the CCTV standing at the end of the aisle. Its eyes glowed a deep red.

The next morning, the store manager arrived to find the store eerily quiet. Everything was in place except for Mai's nametag, which lay in front of the small door in the storage area—now bolted shut from the inside. No trace of Mai was ever found, and the store continued its business, as if nothing had happened, waiting for its next unlucky worker.

Alexandra Makarova



PLACES TO BE: FALL EDITION

Leafs are falling, winds are howling, and orange, yellow and brown the trees are turning.

And what a sight that is to enjoy by yourself, with friends or family. So that's why I bring you some lovely recommendations of spots to enjoy this colorful seasonal change.

Prirodni park Sarka - Lysolaje

Also known as "Divoka Sarka" it is a big park between little canyons and greenery, fully of roads to walk through, rocky hills waiting to be climbed or a lakeside, perfect for taking a rest and enjoying the scenery, its the perfect spot for an escape to the outskirts of Prague.

Kraslovska Obora Stromovka

Continuing with the Prague scenery, Stromovka is a gigantic park surrounded by ducklets, squirrels and water ways that reflect its peace, ample breathing space to relax and its beauty. Being a perfect spot to enjoy a picnic, sunset or time for oneself, it is a recommended spot for this autumn.

Letna Park

This being more of a recommendation for the night owls of PCU, Letna Park has live music dj sets at nights, right under the metronome. Making it a spot to gaze at the city lights, meet new cool people or simply enjoy the jamming sessions, its recommended to visit it before winter arrives.

Mario Rey Hernandez



THE BODY HORROR OF THE YEAR?

The Substance (2024) - a horror movie directed by Coralie Fargeat was released last week and sparked different reactions among the viewers. For some, exploring the body image topic was surface-level and the film was nothing "groundbreaking", yet with the visuals and the plot combined, it left most of the watchers entertained. It shares the maximalist body transformation scenes with the classical representatives of the genre like "The Fly" (1986) and "Akira" (1988), which makes it a great mix of old aesthetics and a modern image.

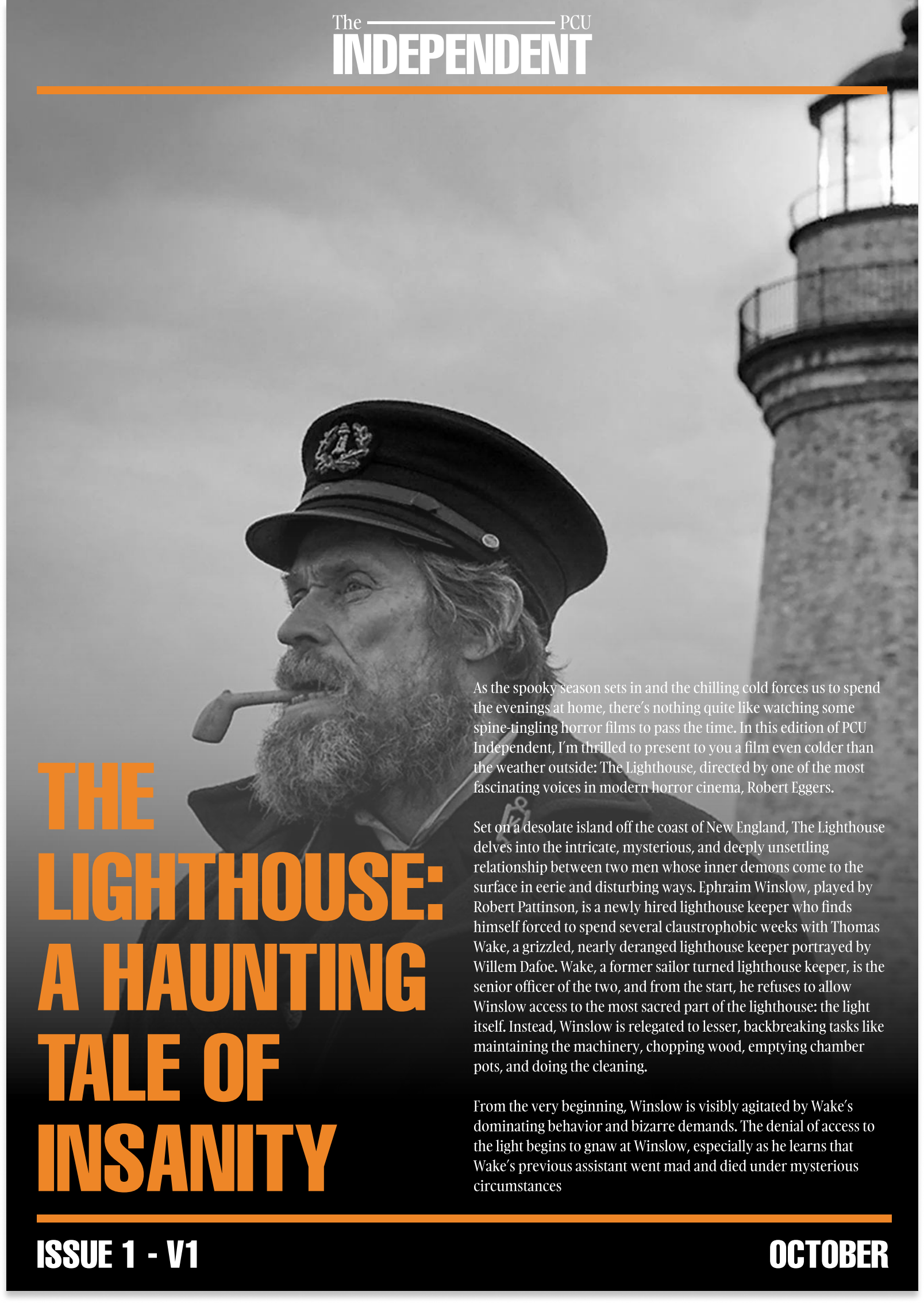
The film states a clear idea - Hollywood beauty standards are so highly prioritized, that there is a space for such tool as Substance to exist in the first place. It is a body horror fairy tale that reflects on women's self-hatred but also is a good depiction of the current conditions women are encountered with. Even the behavior of the lead male character speaks for itself: a businessman dressed in a suit, wearing ridiculous metal heels expresses his opinion on a woman's body while carelessly demolishing boiled shrimps and avoiding any confrontation. Dennis Quaid's eating performance was shot almost in a macro style, which makes this scene even more unpleasant and disgusting to watch, although some people were cackling over it - that's how bizarre the experience was. Through the film, we will see Demi Moore's and Margaret Qualley's committed acting skills, which is an absolute cherry on top of the Substance cake.

Each of the actresses attracted both empathy and disgust for one another, while also being able to perform in heavy makeup and prosthetics. Divas.

Overall, I would recommend seeing the movie on a big screen, to experience it fully and deeply. My favorite part of the movie was "the bloodiest" third act <3. We love a weird scary movie and this one had everything in it, which I can assume would entitle it to the body horror of the year!

Aruzhan Serikbayeva



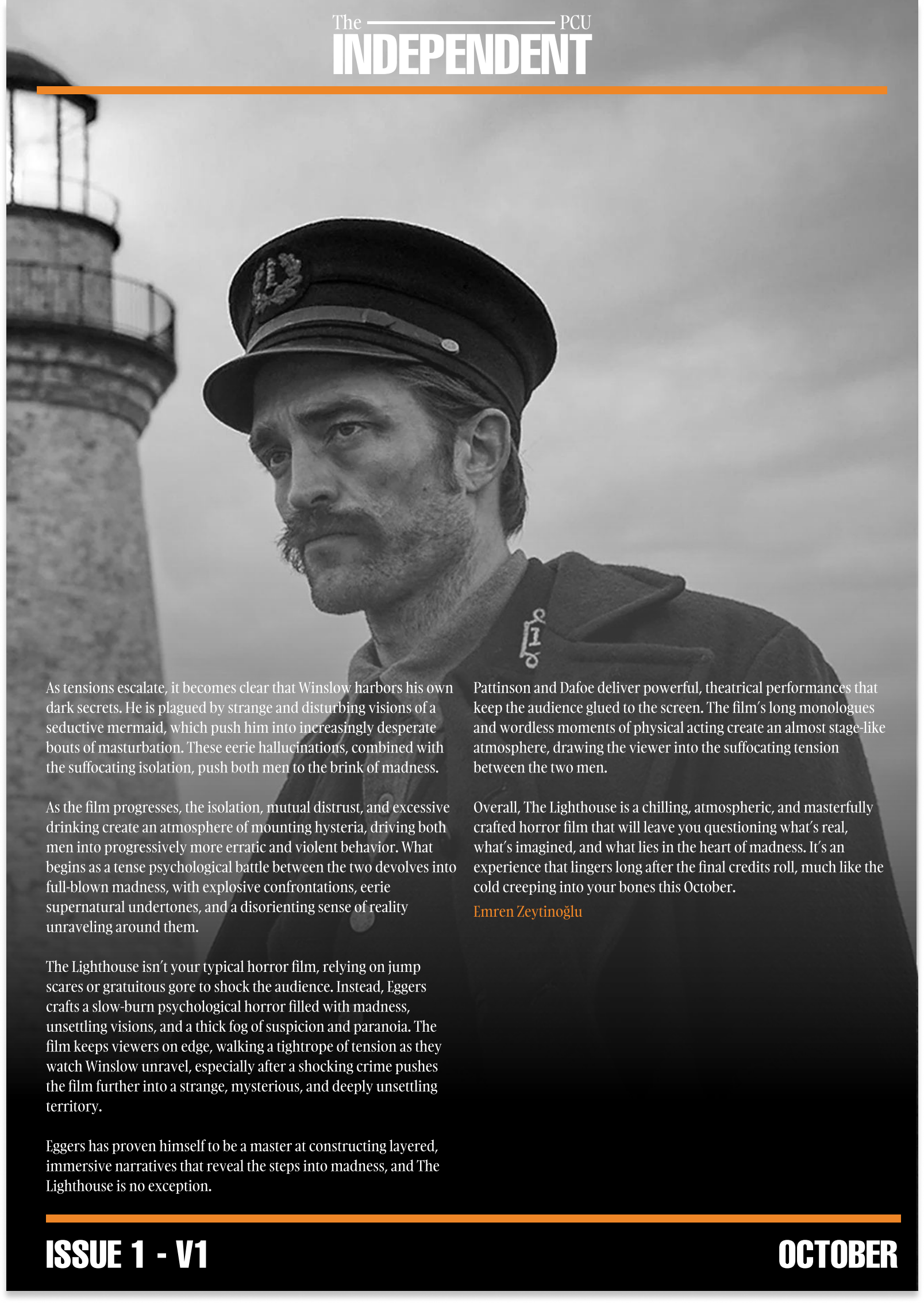


THE LIGHTHOUSE: A HAUNTING TALE OF INSANITY

As the spooky season sets in and the chilling cold forces us to spend the evenings at home, there's nothing quite like watching some spine-tingling horror films to pass the time. In this edition of PCU Independent, I'm thrilled to present to you a film even colder than the weather outside: *The Lighthouse*, directed by one of the most fascinating voices in modern horror cinema, Robert Eggers.

Set on a desolate island off the coast of New England, *The Lighthouse* delves into the intricate, mysterious, and deeply unsettling relationship between two men whose inner demons come to the surface in eerie and disturbing ways. Ephraim Winslow, played by Robert Pattinson, is a newly hired lighthouse keeper who finds himself forced to spend several claustrophobic weeks with Thomas Wake, a grizzled, nearly deranged lighthouse keeper portrayed by Willem Dafoe. Wake, a former sailor turned lighthouse keeper, is the senior officer of the two, and from the start, he refuses to allow Winslow access to the most sacred part of the lighthouse: the light itself. Instead, Winslow is relegated to lesser, backbreaking tasks like maintaining the machinery, chopping wood, emptying chamber pots, and doing the cleaning.

From the very beginning, Winslow is visibly agitated by Wake's dominating behavior and bizarre demands. The denial of access to the light begins to gnaw at Winslow, especially as he learns that Wake's previous assistant went mad and died under mysterious circumstances.



As tensions escalate, it becomes clear that Winslow harbors his own dark secrets. He is plagued by strange and disturbing visions of a seductive mermaid, which push him into increasingly desperate bouts of masturbation. These eerie hallucinations, combined with the suffocating isolation, push both men to the brink of madness.

As the film progresses, the isolation, mutual distrust, and excessive drinking create an atmosphere of mounting hysteria, driving both men into progressively more erratic and violent behavior. What begins as a tense psychological battle between the two devolves into full-blown madness, with explosive confrontations, eerie supernatural undertones, and a disorienting sense of reality unraveling around them.

The Lighthouse isn't your typical horror film, relying on jump scares or gratuitous gore to shock the audience. Instead, Eggers crafts a slow-burn psychological horror filled with madness, unsettling visions, and a thick fog of suspicion and paranoia. The film keeps viewers on edge, walking a tightrope of tension as they watch Winslow unravel, especially after a shocking crime pushes the film further into a strange, mysterious, and deeply unsettling territory.

Eggers has proven himself to be a master at constructing layered, immersive narratives that reveal the steps into madness, and The Lighthouse is no exception.

Pattinson and Dafoe deliver powerful, theatrical performances that keep the audience glued to the screen. The film's long monologues and wordless moments of physical acting create an almost stage-like atmosphere, drawing the viewer into the suffocating tension between the two men.

Overall, The Lighthouse is a chilling, atmospheric, and masterfully crafted horror film that will leave you questioning what's real, what's imagined, and what lies in the heart of madness. It's an experience that lingers long after the final credits roll, much like the cold creeping into your bones this October.

Emren Zeytinoglu

HER TWO GOOD HANDS

Medical examiners in small towns like myself were only required to confirm the natural cause then move on to the next. As I grew my practice, my mothers failing health from her disease left her with only one working arm and leg, limping around my parents home with the ominous drag of her foot and one arm dangling lifeless by her side. Since my father worked it became impossible to live on their own. With plenty of space to spare in my house above the morgue they moved in and we settled into routine.

My mothers disease ate away her soul instead of her body. No pain coursed through her bones, yet a pain lingered inside for everything she was unable to do. Her one leg kept her bound to the house and she struggled to fulfill her housewife role. However, everything became a "two handed job" and would feel defeated from the simplest tasks. Eventually I'd take over and she'd sulk back to her room to gaze out the window, envisioning everything she would do with a working body. Working from the basement morgue I was just a shout away for assistance. Even with father around, his constant stream of liquor turned him into a child to clean up after rather than another set of hands to help his wife. Sometimes his liquor made him a romantic, professing Shakespearean like soliloquies about his love for his wife. How he could not only watch her suffer but create even more problems for her and I to solve never seemed like love to me, but my mother assured me that providing for the family was love enough, and felt fortunate that his drinking only led to messes instead of injuries or accidents. I would work, my mother would limp and my father would drink, our little family routine.

That night I cooked dinner knowing fathers would be left untouched as he never joined us for dinner. Instead of meals he'd settle for scavenging through the kitchen whenever his empty stomach caught up to him. The vast emptiness in his drunken hunger left him to shovel food into his mouth in the middle of the night like a cobra unhinging his jaw to consume his prey whole.

After my mother and I went to bed I heard a clang of dishes in the kitchen. I found father at his usual crime scene, the island streaked from his late night snacks. We commenced our own nighttime routine where I would berate him for his selfishness and he'd dismiss me with another empty promise to change. But that night in between our hushed shouts at one another, his voice caught in his throat along with his excessive bites of food as his face started turning red. The veins in his neck bulging, his eyes stinging with tears he reached out to me. Crumbs sprayed from his mouth along with a strained voice drenched in pleas for help. Something inside me screamed to help, but the weight of resentment towards him over the years anchored me to my place, my feet unable to budge. Right when his eyes were about to pop out of his skull, he slumped onto the floor behind the island.

I just stood there, knowing what had happened but unaware of what to do next. After an eternity I hastily inched towards the island and turned the corner to see his lifeless body lying on the ground, his face frozen in gaping shock. The professional in me urged me to check his pulse, but found myself reaching for his hand instead. Lifting it up to my curious eyes I twisted his arm back and forth, cycling through my years of education for autopsies and examinations, suddenly remembering my expertise in severing and reconnecting parts of the body. I looked back at his face, whatever little light he carried in his eyes had disappeared completely while the light of an idea started to glow inside my mind. He may have been useless in life as a father and husband, but perhaps in his death he would be a savior for my mother. After her operation I brought my mother back to her room. I removed the bandage around her elbow exposing the stitches circulating her arm, slightly swollen but no early signs of infection. I opened a jar of ointment and applied a thin layer across her skin, wrapping with a fresh gauze to secure her new arm. After repeating the process with her new leg from above the knee, I tucked her in and kissed her forehead goodnight.

With the drugs I injected into her arm as she slept she wouldn't be up for hours. Thinking my excitement would keep me awake, I found myself floating down to sleep beside her from all the research, cuts, connections and stitches I'd done into the early hours of the morning. But it would all be worth it when she woke up, and realized that I fixed her.

A crash ripped me from a dreamless slumber. Turning on the light I saw no figure lying where my mother should have been. My heart leapt into my throat as I threw my legs over the edge and hurried downstairs like a child on Christmas morning. I heard another thud come from the kitchen, and ran down the hall with excitement, anticipating seeing my mother make her daily morning coffee with a scoop of hot chocolate powder.

And there she was, walking all on her own. Even better than walking, she was dancing, twirling around the kitchen island like a ballerina, her hair and nightdress swirling around her twisting body. The singular fridge light casted her harsh shadow, a ghoulish ballet of darkness on display behind her. I was so distracted by her spinning body that I didn't even notice the bottle of vodka tight in her grasp. I then recognized a familiar scene in the kitchen, splattered with contents from the pantry and fridge. I hadn't seen my mother drunk in years, being one of the things she never felt she could do safely. I tried to recognize the woman before me, but studying her face I only saw glimpses of my father; the way he squinted his right eye as he tumbled through the kitchen or the steady swinging pendulum of the bottle in his hand. My mother mirrored all of these movements with just a little more grace, smoothly painting a portrait of her husband in his most recognizable state.

I rushed over to her and steadied her by her shoulders. I wanted to calm her, to rest and not disrupt her newly minted limbs.

But before I could even utter a word her eyes filled with fear, seeing no recognition of me within her gaze. Letting the bottle fall from her grasp and shatter to the floor, she lunged at me toppling us both over clasping her hands tight around my throat and began to squeeze. Yet I couldn't help but smile as tears of joy crept down my cheeks, sobs escaping from my throat as she choked me with her two hands, her two good hands. Knowing they were bringing me to my end, instead of my life flashing before my eyes I saw everything she'd be able to do now with her new body and new strength. No restrictions keeping her from living the life she was meant to live. Limitless. With my final breath I told her that I loved her, and happily greeted death knowing I wouldn't be seeing my father in hell, that saving my mother would send me to the heavens where I would watch her live her new life in peace.

Jarin Pruce



Emren Zeytinoglu

PCU EVENTS

Movement & Yoga Therapy

23 & 30 October @ 15:30 - 16:30

PCU, City Centre Campus

In this class you will be able to wake up your body, reset your mindset and break out of movement stereotypes that prevent healthy energy flow. Exercise, stretching, proper alignment - all these elements will be present. It will be invigorating and empowering as well as calming and meditative.

Friday Show: Photography

25 October @ 16:00 - 17:00

PCU, City Centre Campus

If geographers "draw," or "write" the earth, psychogeographers add a zest of soul to the mix, linking earth, mind and foot. Psychogeography concerns itself with the idea that you have an opinion about "a space" the moment you step into it.

VALS: Vjera Borozan – Between Expansion and Inclusion

31 October @ 16:00 - 18:00

PCU, Bishop's Court Studios

Vjera Borozan is an art historian, educator and curator. She worked with the internet platform for contemporary art Artyčok TV, the Academy of Fine Arts in Prague, the Faculty of Fine Arts of the Brno University of Technology, the Academy of Arts and Crafts in Prague, the National Museum in Montenegro and the contemporary art initiative tranzit.cz.

Friday Show: Illustration & Graphic Storytelling

1 November @ 16:00 - 17:00

PCU, City Centre Campus

What happens when we transform a text into an image? What is lost and what is gained in this translation?

FADM students have been brainstorming and experimenting with different techniques, tools and styles to investigate the boundaries of illustration while preparing images for their favourite books.

International Academic Conference: Storytelling in Times of Technological Changes and Challenges

5 November

PCU, City Centre Campus

School of Media & IT would like to invite you for the International Academic Conference: Storytelling in Times of Technological Changes and Challenges. Papers at the conference will discuss storytelling from the perspectives of their production, dissemination, reception and interaction with technologically mediated stories – in the context of traditional media

PCU Halloween Party

31 October @ 18:30 - 23:00

PCU, City Centre Campus

You won't want to miss the PCU Halloween Party—it's going to be an absolute blast! Whether you're into creepy, cute, or completely wild costumes, this is your chance to show off your creativity. Come dressed in your best and strut your spooky stuff at our "Night of the Dead Parade" costume contest.

But that's not all! Feeling brave? Warm up those vocal cords and get ready to slay at the karaoke stage. Whether you're a secret superstar or just looking for a good time, it's the perfect chance to let loose and have some fun!

And don't worry, we've got your munchies and thirst cravings covered—everything is free! Yes, you heard it right.

So, tell your classmates, bring your friends, and let's make this Halloween one for the history books. It's going to be a wicked good time!



PCU NEWS

ISA: Doing things differently

With a new leadership, ISA departs to new horizons. The international Student Association (ISA) was created with the intention of creating ties between people from different backgrounds and celebrating PCU's diversity.

During years ISA evolved from this idea, even getting the responsibility of hosting one of the most important events in the University: The international day. With a combination of founders of this organization and new talents, now ISA leads the activities calendar.

The president of ISA, Adrian Antonio Farfan Arduz affirms that "ISA will be responsible for loads of different activities during this year, and the members have amazing ideas that will boost the student life at Uni".

This 2nd of November, ISA will organize a trip to the "Dia de los muertos" festival. This activity will be divided in 2 parts, first (From 3 to 5 pm), at PCU Main Campus, all the students that want to participate will enjoy Mexican mocktails, decoration and music.

Later, the whole delegation will go together to the festival, where drinks, food and more music will be waiting for them.

"This event is really important for us, if we succeed then we will be able to do the same for so many cultures, this could become the starting point of a new PCU tradition, the biggest problem we have faced is the budgeting, but thanks to Vanessa Šádková and Marketa Šmolikova, we got funding directly from the Student Council. We are really grateful for this initiative, and we expect to keep working together during this year" Adrian announced.

Everybody is welcome to join this activity and all of the meet ups that ISA has been organizing.

Adrian Farfan

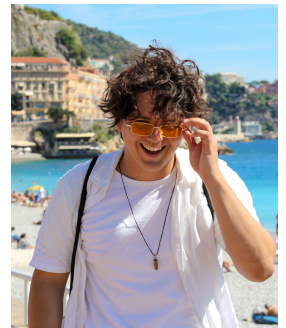
MEET OUR TEAM



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