

THE ITCH

Things started to get emotional when, on May 26th, the seniors gathered to intake their prom dinner at Avenyn Ett under gilt ceiling stucco and chrystral chandeliers, amid billowing gowns and glossy bowties. A night, we are sure, will be remembered through the lens of a sepia-tinted instagram filter and uploaded to one hundred Facebook-accounts.

Or at least, we assume so. In all honesty, we weren't there, but these events usually proceed quite predictably. Judging by the photos it seemed fun, though.

IT'S THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

- for the students in year 3, who are currently painstakingly close to freedom. That is, until they meet the next horrific wonderful challenge that is university life. Graduation 2012 is upon us. Speaking of which, in all our internationalness, we ought to notice how graduations differ between countries, a prime example being the traditions of American graduations. Is it really like in all those sappy American teenage flicks, with drama, prom queens and limos? No one could answer this but a live example of a High School student, and so we fished out Linnéa Dahlén, Pre IB.

It's exactly like in the movies! All seniors vote for who they think should be prom king/queen, wear the gowns and graduation hats and everything. There's no float though, but people do actually arrive in limos. It's really a lot bigger in the US, and kind of more formal, what with the long dresses and cars. You've grown up, you leave high school. It's insane, really!"

Maya Moss



The IHGR constitution would be incomplete without a monarch. Through a plebiscite, Kamilla Kaardal and Daniel Sjögren were crowned our prom queen and king.



BECAUSE SOME PRECOCIOUS WORDS OF WISDOM SEEMED APPROPRIATE IN THE CIRCUMSTANCES :P:PPPP:PPP

It is a truth locally acknowledged, that there at IHGR exist two different kinds of people. There are those, often from abroad, that have come here and try to get into Sweden, and there are those, often Swedish, who simply just want to get out. Their exact ratio is in a state of constant flux - incidentally along the same periodicity as the seasons (as winter approaches, members of the first tend to join the second) - but the latter remain in an overwhelming majority.

When I came here two years ago, I thought of myself as being able to distinguish between the groups at a 100 metres' distance. The former were a bit more bohemian in their manner, a tad more free-spirited, more casually eclectic in their style, and wearing on top an air of well-bred wordliness that I, however much I tried, somehow never managed to affect. I belonged to the second group and I always felt I parasitised a bit on the former's international aura. Not only were I Swedish, but INBREDLY Swedish (quite literally, I am afraid: I was astonished but not entirely at ease when my mother told me the other day that my maternal lineage can be traced back to the same Swedish little village since the early 1500s) with a mind as narrow as to permit just about as much variety as my gene pool.

I was also cynical. Terribly so. Still am. In recognition of how Swedes enjoyed majority, I thought "international" to be but a prefix that IHGR had adopted to attract ninth-graders: a trendy word, a lexical fad, soon to be supplanted by some counter-vogue. There was moreover something uncomfortably prescriptive about it. Out of IHGR, they seemed to hope, would fly a batch of chirping polyglots: migratory birds set off on their individual journeys across the continents. What is wrong with staying here like a grey little sparrow?, I wondered. huh? huh? What is wrong with that?

As a matter of fact, when I came here two years ago, I was also mistaken. Upon looking at third-graders today, I can no longer distinguish between them. And I believe it is less on account of their transformation than of our insight that what IHGR means by 'international' is not an exclusive criterion or preference for a cosmopolitan lifestyle, but an open mindset*. It is not about distinguishing between people from different nations, or between the international and the, er, simply national, but about realising the absurdity in making distinctions at all. At core it is about realising how similarities override the differences, to treat people accordingly, and I fully fully fully entrust IHGR in inspiring students into doing so.

Seniors of IHGR, you now may or may not go abroad - international you already are.

AND DON'T try too hard to play hard-to-get-round - you may start a new chapter-etcetc in your life AND STILL continue to read your old school's newspaper (its perfectly ok!) - so keep visiting theihgritch.wordpress.com

*This has not been confirmed by Maria Olsson. We might have to return with a correction next week. But then you have already graduated.

Lovisa Sundin
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PROM 2012

