

# Conscious Thought



Why do people do  
what they do?

The “must knows”  
in the field of  
psychology

Become better by  
understanding the  
world around you

Discover Yourself





# Conscious Thought

Fun and informative way to learn psychology.



# Conscious Thought

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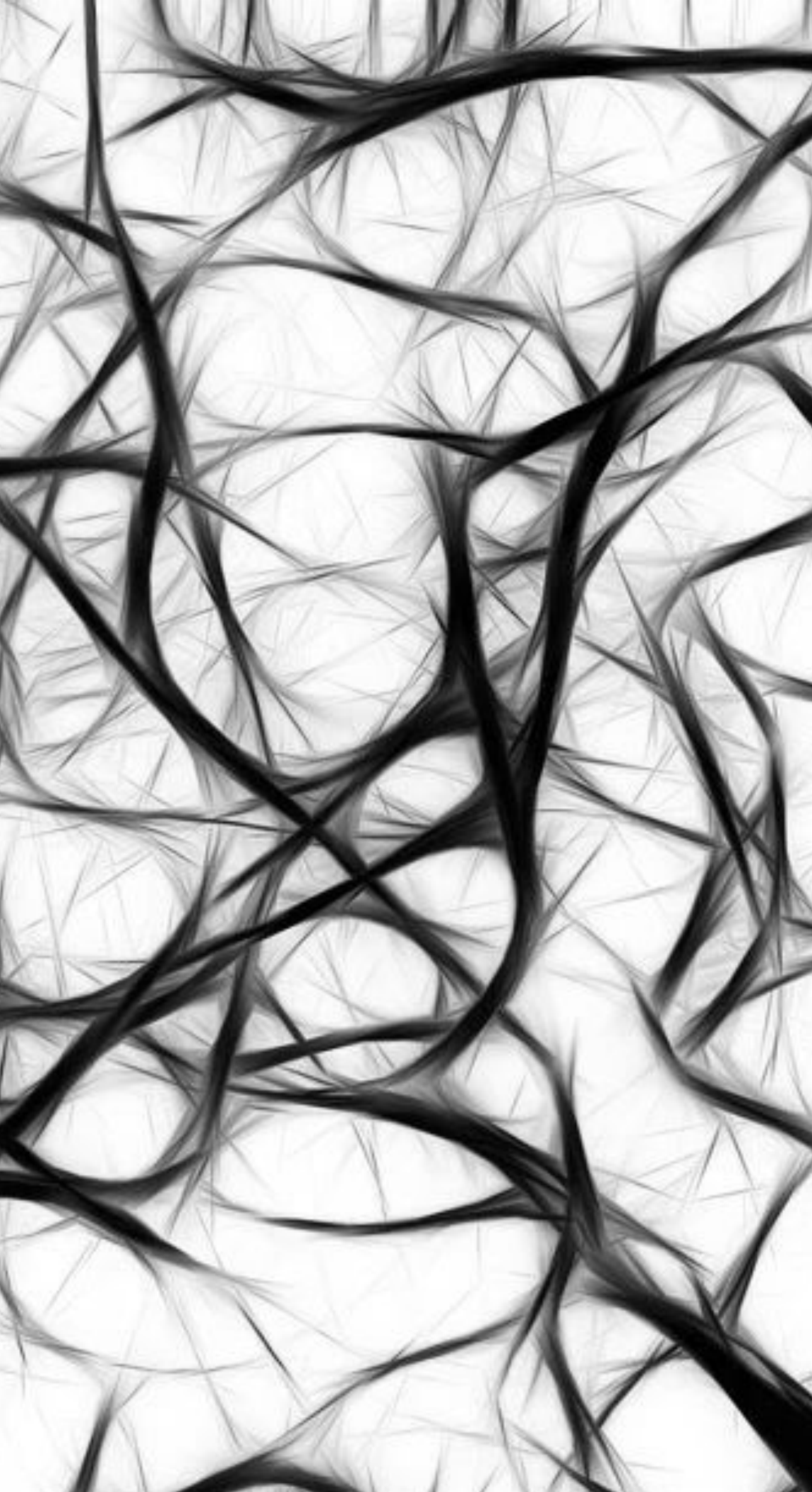
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Editor Lea

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# Questions and Answers

Dear Editor

I am writing to you because I have a question about psychology. I am staying with my aunt this week. She believes in ESP (sixth sense) and I was wondering if science has proven/unproven this theory. If they have, I was wondering how they reached their conclusions.

Best wishes,

Ethan Postnikoff

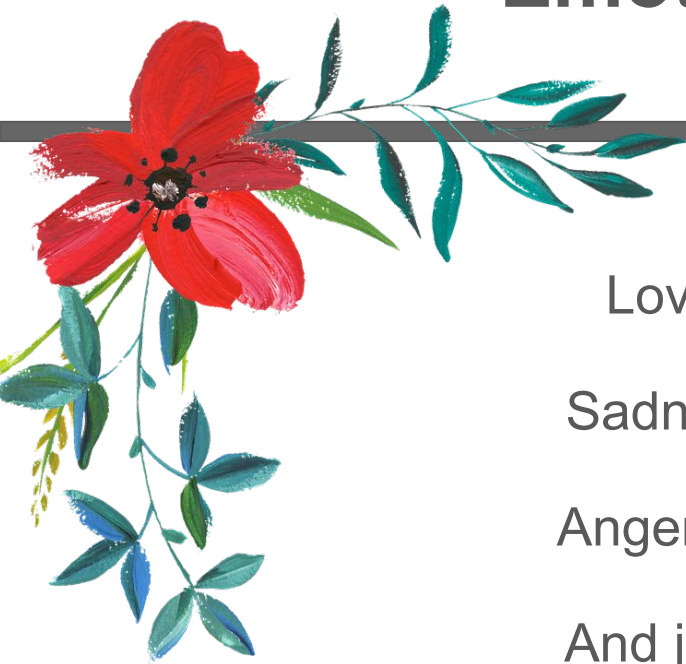
Dear Ethan

Your question intrigues me. ESP is a very controversial topic. The tests that scientists conduct to test ESP consist mostly of experiments involving cards. One person would sit on the other side of the room while the other person would try to communicate telepathically. The results of these experiments provide no concrete proof that ESP exists. There are two ways to interpret this data. Either it does not exist or we are not testing correctly.

Best wishes,

Lea

# Emotions Bring



Love brings roses

Sadness brings tears

Anger brings punches

And joy brings smiles

Emotions are strings

We are them

And they are us

Love brings roses

And sadness brings tears





# Love

I notice a boy  
my heart goes racing, my brain  
is chemically loaded



Don't fall in love with a psychologist.



# What Happens in The Spotlight

The spotlight shimmers

The thought drives them mad

Only observed by themselves

They, themselves know

But still they shiver

Fear mixed with excitement

Anticipation mixed with tears

All in their own worlds

They, themselves know

But still they quiver

The spotlight shimmers

Only those elusive figures

With mastered minds and have done repetitions

Do not tremble

When the spotlight shimmers



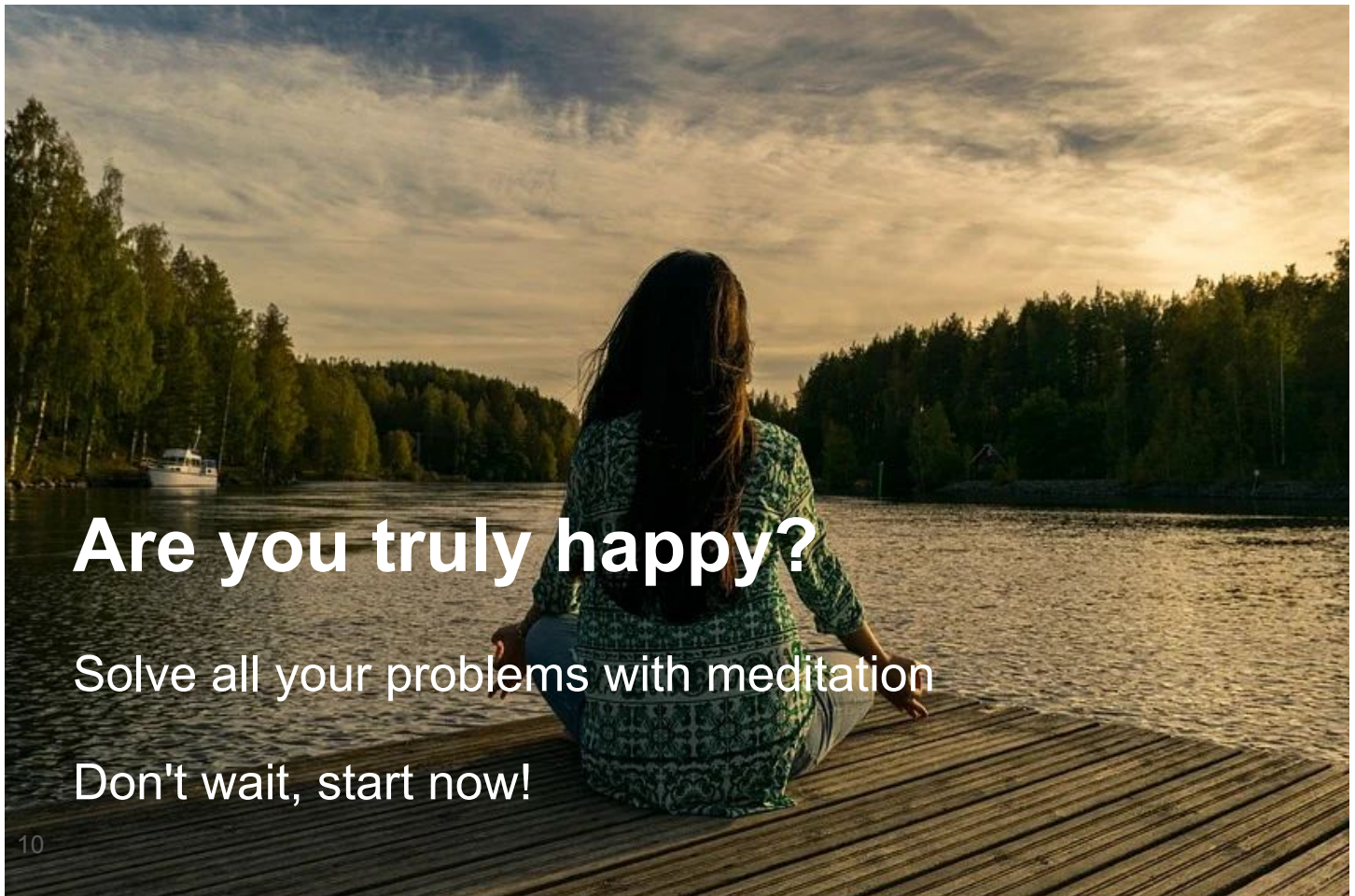
# Fear

Amygdala alert

I have to run, I should flee

a cold hand grabs me

The Amygdala is the part of the brain that controls intense emotions such as aggression and fear.



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# The Drama Poem

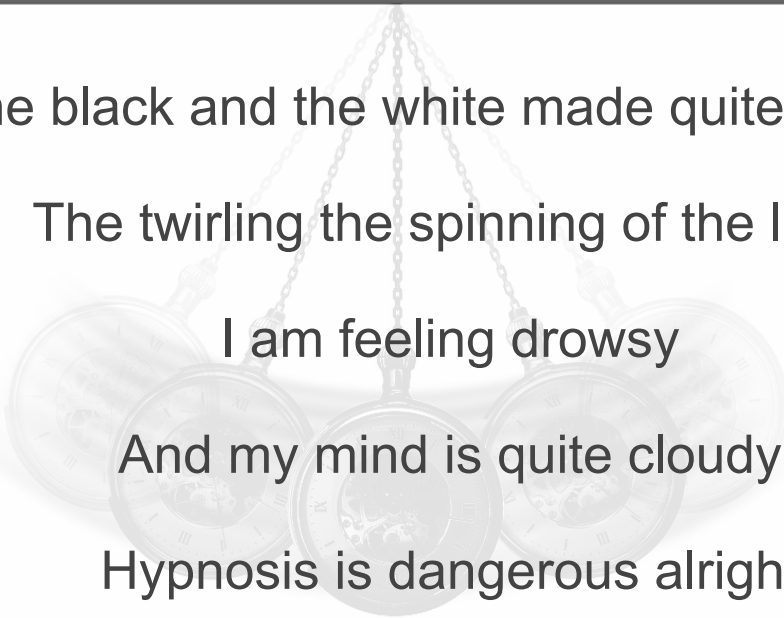


The drama and the talk  
Seasons change and in a year  
It is all for naught



# Hypnosis

The black and the white made quite a sight  
The twirling the spinning of the light  
I am feeling drowsy  
And my mind is quite cloudy  
Hypnosis is dangerous alright



Question: How many psychologist does it take to change a light bulb?

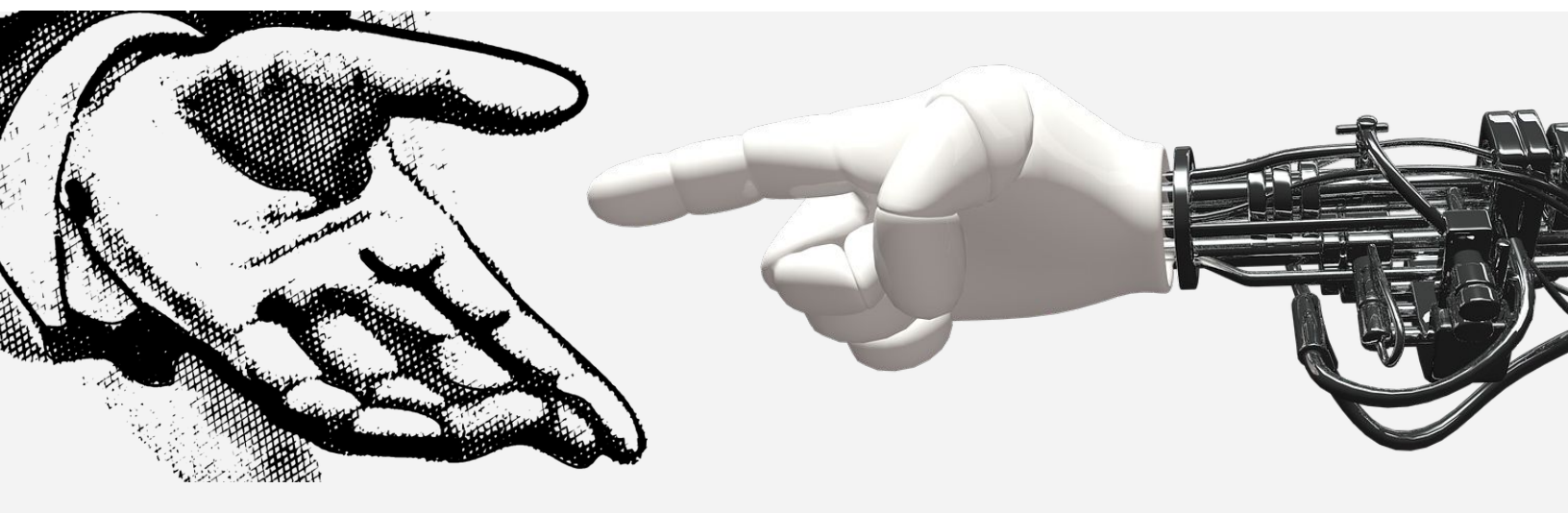
Answer: One but the lightbulb really has to want to change.



## Problems With Technologies

You get a text from your friend Malina. She says “Lets walk”. You quickly type back “sure”. You put the computer away and start walking towards the bridge. Finally, you are able to locate Malina. You exchange a few words that might have been “Hello”and “How are you?” You then both start to walk briskly down the street. As you do, you pull out your phone. Malina does likewise. You text her a profound message “I think Michal loves me.” You then wait for her response. After awhile you begin to worry and check her profile. It says that she last used her account five minutes ago. This puzzles you for you haven't known her to not be on a device for a minute. You wait another minute and then you finally look beside you. She is not there! You become very worried and you know there is only one thing to do. You bring out the Vr-High resolution- Live2764-TRACK.





As you strap the Vr glasses onto your head, you press her profile and let the technology do the rest. It has mapped the fastest route to her. It was also able to determine how many calories you would burn and your average heart rate for the walk. You begin to walk to her last spotted location. You are almost there, only ten seconds more. Bonk. When you come around, you are laying on the ground next to a lamp post. Malina's voice comes from underneath you. Her voice is quiet muffled but it sounds like. "Oh no, this can't be happening."

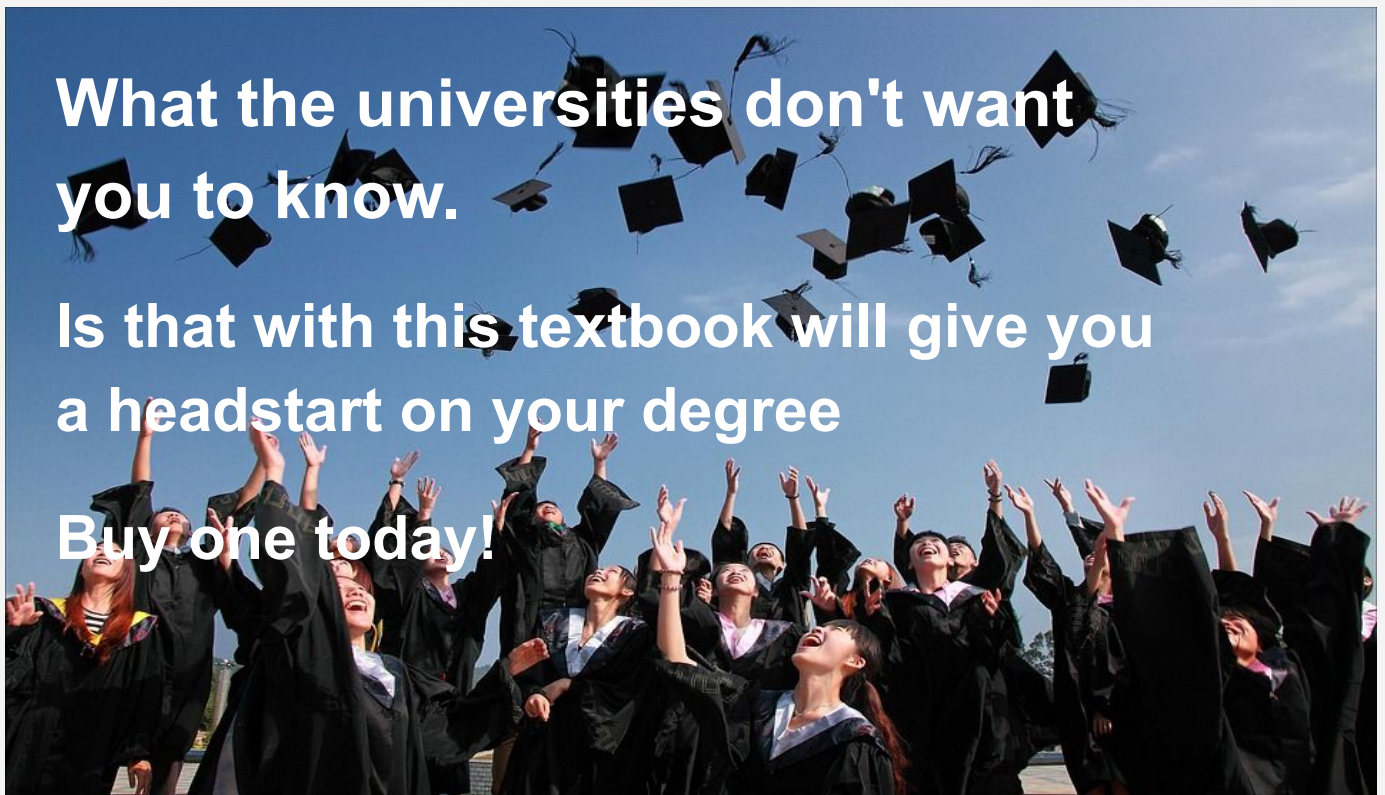
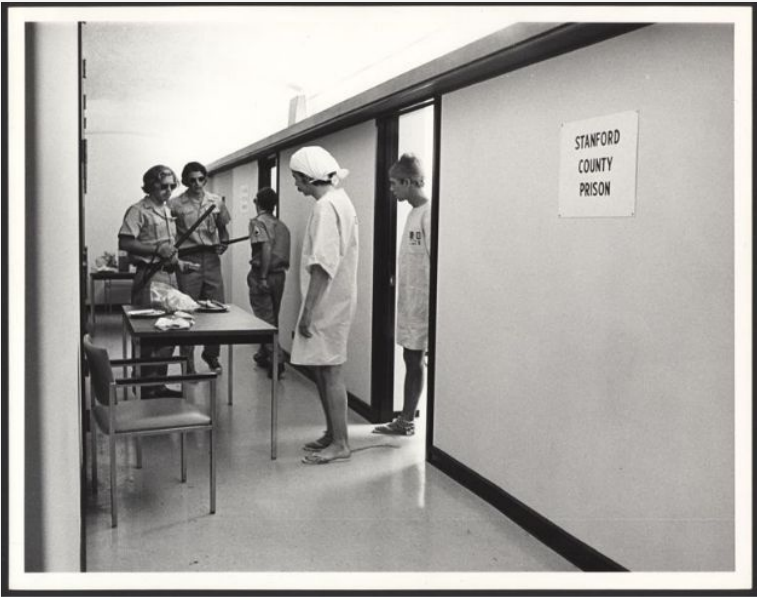
You look to where she is pointing to and there were two shattered, broken and utterly destroyed phone-17-ultraviolet-pros. You and Malinda look at each other and start laughing. You are still laughing when you buckle out of the home-simulation-blue-77-pro.

# Quiet Rage Movie Review (warning contains spoilers)

Are you a good person? Most peoples' answer to that question is yes, but they are unaware of the evil that can creep into their mind. Quiet Rage shows us a groundbreaking experiment conducted on August 14, 1971. In this experiment, 24 male college students were randomly assigned either the role of guards or the role of prisoner. The documentary Quiet Rage explains this experiment. The experiment is fascinating yet terrifying because we hope that we are in control of our actions. Quiet Rage proves otherwise, showing that the roles we are given have a big impact on how we behave. The experiment was held in the basement of the Stanford psychology building. It was transformed into a mock prison. The experiment was conducted to see how these students would react to this mindset. The people who conducted the experiment got more than they hoped for. The students that signed up for this experiment were taken to the "prison". The prisoners were assigned numbers and cells, while the guards were assigned uniforms. After an uneventful first day the students who were assigned the role of prisoners did not cooperate with the guards orders. The guards started to punish the prisoners. Beds became a valued item. The guards regularly humiliated the prisoners and used physical abuse to keep them in line. One prisoner #8612 was even removed from the experiment. The other prisoners began to feel helpless because they had no power over their lives. Some guards began to act sadistic and the guards continually abused and humiliated the prisoners. It had gotten so bad that the person in charge of the experiment had to stop the experiment at day six. The experiment was supposed to last two weeks. This experiment is so terrifying because it shows how easy we are to manipulate and what horrors we are capable of.

(for more informations visit [prisonexp.org](http://prisonexp.org))





# Little Truth

The shouting on the streets below brought a chill down her spine. When the sun rose, so did the smoke, leaving the street more broken than whole. A figure could be seen in the top floor of a building. She was walking down the rusty metal steps. The girl wore a dark hood and had an air of not wanting to be seen. Eve strode past what used to be shops, but now were a collection of long-forgotten memories. That night someone had succeeded in breaking the remaining windows; the street was littered with shards of glass that glittered dangerously in the rising sun. Eve did not stop to admire the deserted street, but continued to walk briskly to an alley on her right. The two houses loomed side by side and the path that lead between them was so tight that even a cat would hardly fit. Because this did not seem to concern Eve, she crammed herself through the houses. After a minute or so, she reappeared to a street very similar to the first. Both of them had an air of neglect and solitude. Eve strode past the boarded-up houses and the gravel cracked with every step she took. The grey clouds overhead started chasing the sun.

Eve stopped abruptly at a house with smashed and boarded up windows. On the driveway, she spotted a scrawny cat looming over a garbage can, hopeful for breakfast. The cat ran when it spotted the stranger approaching. Eve walked towards the house and slipped passed the hingeless door attempting to block her path. The room inside had no furniture except for an overturned armchair with cobwebs attaching it to the floor. The draft from the open door added to the feeling of neglect. Eve cautiously stepped over a broken vase and called out.

“Crall are you here?” The silence that followed was unnerving, but a minute later a voice called back.

“I’m here!” said a voice. The voice was muffled, but Eve was sure that it came from upstairs. Eve climbed the stairs and found a boy her age lying on the floor.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Can't I visit my friend?" Crall gave a small smile and Eve sat beside him on the floor.

"You look tired Crall," Eve said and looked at him. Her smile faltered into a frown.

"Wait. You haven't been taking part in the riots, have you?"

Crall did not respond and looked away. For Eve, that gesture was proof enough.

"You know Mike Williams?" asked Eve.

"Yes"

"Well, he got stuck in a riot. His funeral was last week. How many people does this make? How many people were killed in this worldwide civil war?"

Crall did not respond and started to stare at the opposite wall.

"You know people are good at the core. Humans do have one inherent problem though. We believe whatever pulls our heartstrings and emotions. As a race, we are perfect for manipulation."

"You think that is what we are going through Eve?"

"No, I know that is what is happening. Untruthfulness has become normalized and nobody wants to listen to the 'other side' and this," Eve said pointing at the deserted street "is the result."

Crall suddenly stopped staring at the wall and looked back at Eve.

"The WHI organization is saying similar things."

"The WHI organization?"

"Is that not the organization that claims aliens have arrived on earth?"

"Yes" said Crall.



“But Crall, aliens have not arrived on Earth. Can't you see? They are manipulating you.”

Crall was quiet for a moment and then his face started to become as red as the setting sun. Crall stood up, but Eve was faster.

She quickly fled down the stairs. Crall was right on her trail. Eve stormed out the hingeless door and out into the street. She could still hear him screaming.

“Your beliefs are what they have been warning us about. You are inhuman. You do not deserve to live!” She rushed out onto the gravel road and glanced over her shoulder. Drops of water fell from the sky.

Eve strode past the boarded-up houses. She was moving towards the alley when she stopped abruptly and glanced to the house on her left. There was a young boy sitting on the steps of what must have been a doorway. His eyes were puffy and his cheeks were wet with tears. As Eve walked up to him he quickly got to his feet and started to retreat into the house.

“Wait!” she called, but he was already long gone. She stepped into the doorway and pulled out a piece of bread. She broke it in half and left one half in the doorway. Eve walked to the alley and crammed herself back into it. She started to slide her way through the houses, but the shouting coming from the other side brought stillness to her limbs. The shouting could soon not be heard anymore over the screams and cries. Eve settled down on the dirt floor. The tight alley did not provide much comfort. The gunfire and screams brought uneasy dreams. Eve waited out the fight for two days and on the third day, the screaming had stopped. There was an unmistakable pain in Eve’s stomach. The little bread that had been left was eaten. Water had not been a problem, for the steady rain kept drenching her thirst. Eve emerged from the alley and set eyes on the road. This time, not only the glass glittered dangerously. Cautiously, Eve manoeuvred around the obstacles and arrived at what she called home. Eve was feeling rather upset at herself for she had missed three days hiding instead of working on bringing truth to this world.

One year has passed. The street is not littered with shards, instead it is littered with people going on with their lives. The buildings had been fixed, but they still reeked of neglect and misery. Eve's room has also been repaired. The windows are still boarded, this time for a different reason. Inside, Eve is feeding the stove with unread letters. Even though they are unopened, she knows that each contains a message that she does not want to hear. Not everyone cherishes truth and discussion, for it brought an end to the manipulation.

Eve is yanked back to reality, by a shadow at the end of the hallway. Eve quietly climbs onto the top of the shelf, and gazes watchfully into the hall. Her hands fumble for a knife. It feels sweaty in her palms. The figure silently glides alongside the wall. When he reaches the doorway, he lunges into the room. One of his hands is clutching a knife, the other a gun. Eve drops behind him, and she is about to deliver a blow to her enemy's head, when he wheels around and ducks out of harms way. He aims his gun at her chest but, she is quicker, and kicks the gun onto the floor. He slashes his knife down at her, and she feels warmth trickling down her chest. Eve runs into the room beside her and hides behind the door. As he enters the room, she slams her fists into his face. He topples unconscious. Eve takes his knife and lays him on her couch. She pulls down his mask and looks into Crall's swollen face.

He is a victim of manipulation - are you?



# Neuron Poem

**N**eurons make us think

**E**motion giver

**U**s as a human species

**R**ely on them

**O**pen your mind

**N**euron

**S**ignals make us think



# Do Plants Think?



Flower stretch skyward  
Can they think, are they not here?  
Bloom in summer breeze



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age.**

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# How to Make a Brain Model

Need another brain on the shelf? Follow these easy steps to make the best model around.

Total time: 1-2 hours

Supplies needed

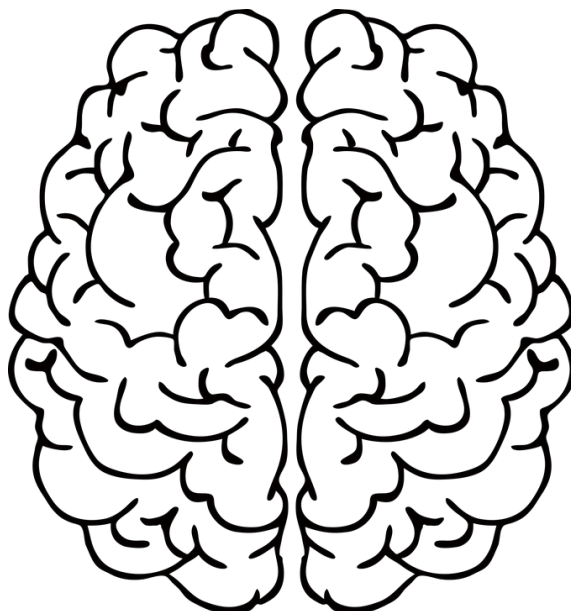
- Printed out picture of a brain from top view
- Parchment paper
- Thick strings or cords
- Tape
- Aluminium foil
- All purpose flour
- Salt
- Water
- Safe bowl

Instructions

1. Print out a black and white picture of a brain. Make sure the picture is from the top.
2. Put parchment paper on top the picture. Do not tape.
3. Tape the string or cord onto the grooves of the brain.
4. Put the aluminum foil onto the picture and strings. Softly press the foil into the outline so that the grooves appear in the foil.

5. Put the parchment paper string and foil into a oven safe bowl. Do not put the paper into the bowl. Make sure the bowl has a big curve. This way it will look more like a real brain.
6. Mix 4 cups of all purpose flour, 1 cup of salt and 1 ½ cup warm water to make salt dough (double or triple the recipe as needed).
7. Put the salt dough into the oven safe bowl. Push the dough into outline. Put extra dough on top to make it more realistic.
8. Put lines and grooves onto the top of the dough (bottom of the brain).
9. Preheat oven to 315 degrees Fahrenheit (165 degrees celsius).
10. Put oven safe bowl in oven for 20 minutes.
11. Bring out the brain and paint it.

This brain model is quite good as far as homemade brain models go but if you would like a more official and accurate model, I would recommend looking online.



Print a brain like this



# Therapist Horror

All come with horrors

All come with tears

My heart is not cold

And that is what I fear

A girl in pink opens the door

The words I cannot flee

For the horrors and tears I see

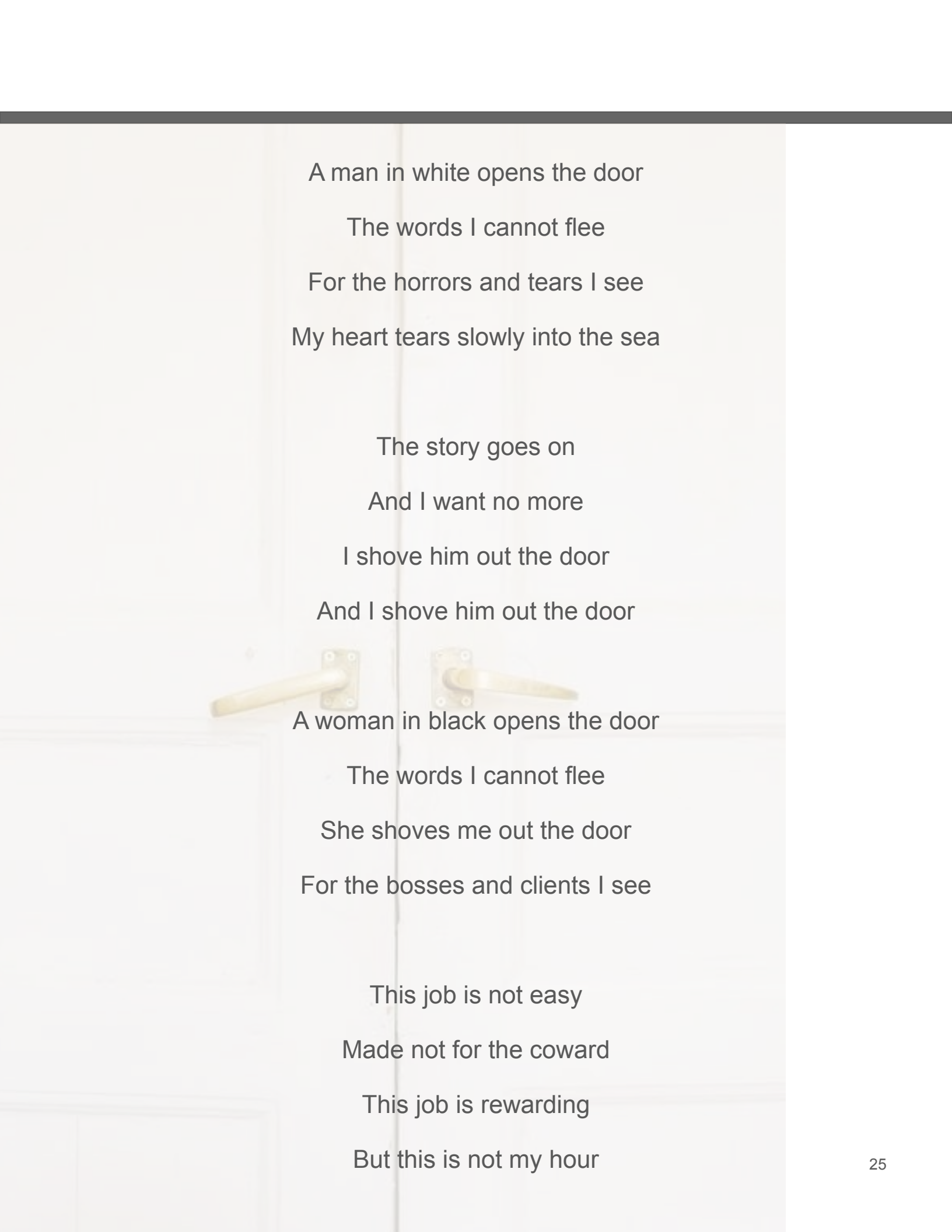
My heart sinks lower into the sea

The story goes on

And I want no more

I shove her out the door

And I shove her out the door



A man in white opens the door  
The words I cannot flee  
For the horrors and tears I see  
My heart tears slowly into the sea

The story goes on  
And I want no more  
I shove him out the door  
And I shove him out the door

A woman in black opens the door  
The words I cannot flee  
She shoves me out the door  
For the bosses and clients I see

This job is not easy  
Made not for the coward  
This job is rewarding  
But this is not my hour

# Traumatic Events and The Brain

The virus of 2020: Stresses have grown as the world goes through Covid-19. Rhythms have changed from one week to another, from jobs to schools, from health to money. Much has changed. Will anxiety remain the same after the virus has passed?

9/11 was an event that nobody can forget. The twin towers in scarlet flames, the ominous smoke rising from them and the countless dead. Yet this event showed us something quite surprising. Many people who survived the tragic event experienced higher levels of anxiety one year after the event compared to before 9/11. However, the rest of the studied individuals had similar anxiety levels to what they were before 9/11. How can this be? This phenomenon is explained by post traumatic resilience. Resilience is the ability to “bounce back” and adapt after a traumatic event. This doesn't mean that people who have high levels of resilience do not experience stress and difficulty. Resilience is not a trait which you have or have not. Resilience is like a muscle and every one of us can strengthen it. If you want to develop more resilience, then you should focus on these four components: meaning, healthy thoughts, wellness and connection.







To achieve more meaning in your life, help others, set goals and discover yourself. To experience more healthy thoughts, keep a positive outlook on life, accept change and learn from past experiences. To enjoy more wellness in your life, take care of your body, practice mindfulness and avoid using negative substances like alcohol and drugs. To connect more with individuals, seek out people who are supportive, visit your family members and friends and be kind. Resilience played a big roles in the recovery from 9/11 and it will likely play an important role in our recovery from Covid 19.

People with anxiety want to recover from their trauma. It is very unpleasant to live your life in terror and fear. Tedd Kutner (PhD), consultant for patients with depression and anxiety, acknowledges that his job could be emotionally draining but that on the other hand, it is very uplifting and inspiring to witness stories of resilience and seeing people overcome their fears. Resilience was shown to help humans to recover from severely traumatic events like 9/11, wars and abuse. Comparatively, the trauma caused by Covid-19 is not as terrifying as some of the other horrors human kind has withstood. We will recover.

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Five star magazine rated top ten in the world.

