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GLASILO DIJAKOV GIMNAZIJE

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Izdaja: Gimnazija pedagoške smeri
Ljubljana, Resljeva 12

Tiska: Partizanska knjiga

The dead - they live in us. They grow, they grow.
My young and songful comrades.
The dead - they live in us.
And oft in barracks, workshops, at the break of dawn,
and at the height of day
they come out one by one. And pass.
And without greeting, without jostling, merge in life,
all walk next to each other,
the quick, the dead. Next to each other.

("ENCOUNTERS", Jure Kaštelan)





Kontor Jilana

IT HAPPENED IN A FAR-OFF LAND OF PEASANTS
AMONG THE BALKAN HILLS ...

(A Legend of Blood, D.Maksimović)

Early in the morning the village was still asleep. From behind the clouds the bombers appeared. They dropped a bomb which ruined the school building. The villagers woke up. More and more bombs came falling. They were destroying houses and killing innocent people. Shouts and cries were heard everywhere.

Mother was just giving bread to the children when unknown soldiers broke into the house. One of them pulled the trigger on his gun and shot three children dead. The oldest girl pressed close to her mother and started to cry. Mother was crying too. They stared at the boys on the floor - dead boys. Then mother as if nothing in the earth had happened took a piece of bread and slipped it into the girl's hands saying: "Go to school!"

She liked school, she was always eager to learn something, she didn't want to be ignorant like her parents. That day she was walking towards school longer than usual. Her bare feet were sinking into the soft, brown mud. There were some bloody spots on her skin. Her hidden wish to see the school house pushed her on. When she came out of the wood, she couldn't believe her eyes. The school was gone. In its place only four smoked walls stuck out of the ground. She ran back home. She started calling her mother before she approached the house. Then finally she came there and found her mother lying on the ground motionless. She called her and called her but mother couldn't hear her any more.

Then the door opened. A strange man came out. Mad with revenge she pushed him. A shot was heard and the small girl remained lying beside her mother.

This girl will never feel anything again. She won't need any more bread or knowledge.

Križaj Nuša, 4.b

I'M YUGOSLAV AND I'M PROUD OF IT

I live in a small country, named Yugoslavia. I am very proud of it, because my country is very beautiful. We have our blue sea, mountains and other natural attractions. Many tourists visit our land every year because of its beauties.

But Yugoslavia doesn't only have natural riches, it also has a very rich history. In the past many strong states, for example Germany and Italy were interested in Yugoslavia. Together they wanted to take our land and also wanted to germanize our people. But they didn't get anything. Why not? Fortunately many Yugoslav people loved their land. Among this crowd of people there was a young man named Josip Broz. He was born in a small village in Hrvatsko Zagorje. His parents were poor, so he lived with his uncle. He finished the primary and the secondary school. He became a good worker in industry. As soon as he had realized the life and injustice of small people, he decided to help them. Every one who loved his country loved this young man. Tito was really a very brave and respected person. He was connected with the organization, named KP. They had propagated socialist system. I think that our people certainly wouldn't have been successful if they hadn't had a good leader. They trusted him because they realized that he was the right leader of this revolution. Tito had grown in the eyes of everybody and nearly everybody knew him. But not only our people, many nations abroad knew him. The war ended, but the fight continued.

After the war Tito became our president. He tried to improve the standards of our life.

Due to him and his helpers we can now live as freely and happily as we do.

In this year our president will be 85. What can we say? How can we thank him? We can only say: Thanks for everything, dear Tito!

Pate Olga, 4.č

TITO - ONE OF THE MOST RESPECTED POLITICIANS OF OUR TIME

Our president is already 85 years old, but he is still active and respected everywhere in the world.

He has been leading our country for 35 years and already before the war he came at the head of KPJ and he has been leading it for 40 years.

He is the greatest commander - in-chief, the only marshal in Yugoslavia. Of course, only Tito and his army with our people have been strong enough to make our country free. Tito has led us through good and bad times.

Today he is respected for his politics of peace and non-alignment. He is one of the establishers of the non-aligned countries. Their importance is increasing from day to day. More and more countries are aware that this is the best way to become independant. Our president is respected not only in socialist but also in capitalist countries. I have been told that this is due to his firm principles and human politics. He cooperates with politicians of all the countries: the USSR, China, the USA... .

We all wish that he could live for a long time. We know that when he dies, we will lose a great leader and a great man. But from his rich experience we will learn how to lead our country and live in peace and friendship with the world.

Podobnik Nada, 3.b

FREEDOM IS OUR DEAREST POSSESSION

This year we're celebrating the foundation of the League of Yugoslaw Communists. This League is a League of hard-working people in our socialist country, a League of people fighting for a more beautiful tomorrow of all nations against tyranny and exploitation.

36 years have passed since the first bomb was thrown on our country. People were frightened. Nobody knew how long that would continue. The League of Yugoslav Communists began with the action. Communists gathered people who were fighting for our freedom, they were leading these people to the same aim - to freedom, to socialism.

But our enemy insisted for four long years. How many people got killed in a very cruel way, how many were taken to concentration camps? A lot of them had died there of hunger and illness. They were asking themselves: "Is loving your country a sin?" How can people be so cruel? Men against men with guns! Was that necessary?

But after four long years, after cold winters and four hot summers finally a big, warm, beautiful sun rose - FREEDOM! Freedom, a magic word for all those who had suffered for such a long time!

But the Communists didn't think their work was finished. They are still fighting for the beautiful tomorrow of all nations in the world.

Lipovšek Marija, 4.č

YUGOSLAV REFLECTIONS

The conference in Colombo was very important. From the time of the first conference to the present day many changes have taken place in the world. Yugoslavia first had hard times and we could feel a great pressure from eastern and western countries. This shows how important this organized struggle of the Non-Aligned countries is. But thanks to the efforts of our Tito the Non-Aligned countries have overcome the difficulties.

At the conference they discussed the world problems with a view to establish new economic relations among the countries. One fact is important. It has become evident that the Non-Aligned countries can solve their problems if they cooperate. Their greatest power is in their unity.

After the conference Tito held a press conference where he declared that they had ~~work~~ed successfully and achieved good results. He said he was happy when he saw the great unity of views in nearly all the world problems and stressed the fact that the Non-Aligned countries play an important part in our world. All the attempts to prevent the conference from taking place had a contrary effect. Countries realized that unity is important at that historical moment.

Foreign magazines and newspapers brought many articles on Colombo. The British Press couldn't deny the fact that the times of the great kingdom and colonialism are over. They found the statements and views expressed at the conference pretty sharp and direct. Washington kept cool. They refused to comment the conference at first, but later the New York Times said that the Non-Aligned countries only wanted to take a greater share in the present economic policy and oppose the countries such as the USA, South Africa, Rhodesia, Chile. Other newspapers mentioned the struggle of the Non-Aligned countries against colonialism, apartheid and imperialism. They said that besides great and advanced countries small countries are getting stronger, too.

We can see that the role of Non-Aligned is great and that it has become a world policy today, because the non-aligned countries are fighting for the broadest interests of mankind.

We can be proud of Tito and his work, because he is one of the main supporters and establishers of this policy which will make our world better.

Barle Andreja, 4.b

MURDER ON THE BUS

She was looking for a way out of the labyrinth on the bus floor. She was swinging herself from side to side, from one foot to the other, while she was hopping carefully among the ridges. She didn't think of the fact that all the ditches were parallel. She was stopping at corners, searching, but everywhere the same hopeless situation. There seem to be ways to escape, but in fact there were none. She was getting restless. She was frightened. She started rubbing her pulps more and more often without a particular reason. Hurrying in despair along the ditches, she climbed the ridges on her way only to see better. Poor she - fly! All the time she was bumping into passengers' shoes but unfortunately their owners were unaware of the fact that some poor creature near them was alarmed to death and badly needed help. So the poor fly was racing brainlessly in the ditch up and down in faint hope that she would find the right way at last. Well, now, be a brave girl, just a short way round, then straight down for a while, a bit to the right again and there we are! What a disappointment! A dead end again. Was she dancing in a circle all the time? She didn't want to give up, nevertheless.

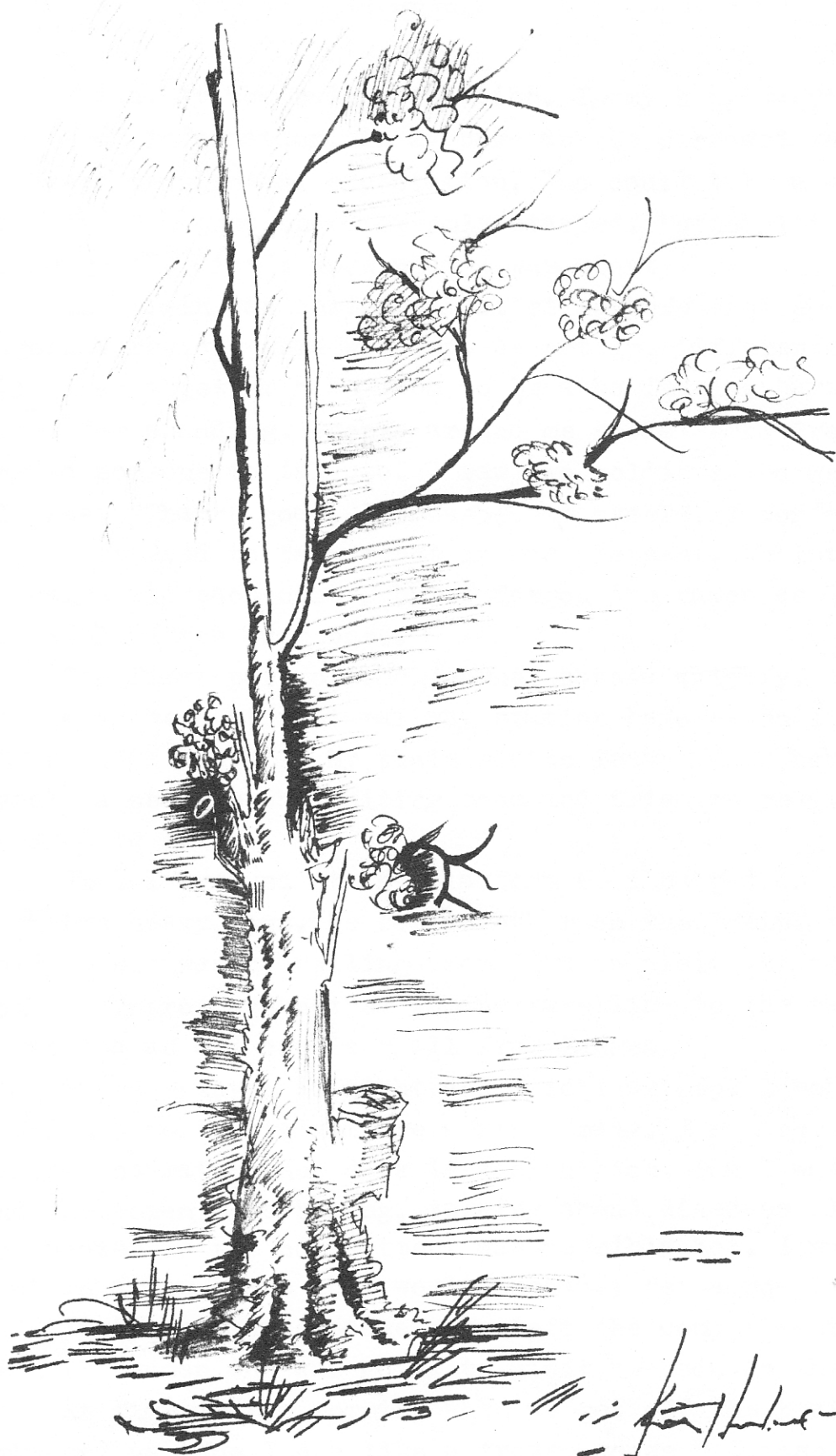
The driver pulled up. Too fast. People were grasping handles, catching at sleeves, cursing. It threw her into a rift. Has she found that damn exit at last? A big shoe covered the rift. No more air, there was darkness all around.

No one saw her. No one regretted her end. She wasn't even reported missing.

Žagar Mojka, 3.f

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for Linc - 3F

A TRIP TO REMEMBER

Friday at the railway station. In my head there was a jumble of information, in my bag was the borrowed money, in my heart tension and expectation. Who could tell whether the troubles had just ended or only started. Mother let me go, although she didn't know what I was about.

The train was coming. A lot of workers from southern Yugoslav regions were waiting. We got in. Different people, all mixed together - no room to breathe freely, hardly enough place for standing. People around me spoke Serbo-Croat. But I needed someone to talk to. I saw two soldiers who were speaking Slovene. "Thanks god", I thought to myself. I don't remember how we started to talk - but it was pleasant. We introduced ourselves to each other, but I forgot the names as I always do of people I see just once.

The first part of the journey passed quickly. I got off. I had never been at that railway station before. So I went to the INFORMATION SERVICE. My train was to leave in an hour. I found myself a seat in the waiting room and tried to read. But I hardly managed to write.

When I arrived at the platform 6, I helped an older woman with two heavy bags. We sat together on the train. Later she told me she was travelling from Lika to visit her daughter in Sombor. There was another woman travelling to the same place as I was, and an old couple - all from Zagreb.

It was eleven at night and I fell asleep. I woke up at every station - fortunately there weren't many. I wanted to see the Danube, no matter how dark it was outside. But I was too sleepy and the women were boring, talking about diseases all the time. The heater in the compartment was terribly hot. I was joking that in a few hours they would probably get a roasted goose.

In Sombor three passengers left the compartment. I stayed alone with the woman who was going to visit her son in the army.

At five in the morning when we got off the train a cold wind embraced us. Now I was like a frozen goose - I wasn't dressed warm

enough. The moon had just shown its round face behind the clouds. We had something warm in the café and then woman took a taxi. I was going to search for the house in which was all I was looking for. The building was still locked up. No entrance at that time. But my heart was already in. I went for a walk round town: I felt familiar as if I were in Slovenia, at every corner I could see a Slovene shop.

I came back again and waited close at the door to touch ... Eight minutes later he appeared together with the red sun rising up. I found what I was looking for.

Now I know that place and time don't matter at all when you really want something and search for it.

Daisy, 3.a

OUT OF THE RED SUN

A big red error
is in my soul
the most beautiful
I don't believe in
any more red
to come.

Now the days
are
nights in blue
they end in
oblivion
the meaning
of life

Daisy, 3.a

The same old man
came to my sea
again
he was sucking
shells
quietly
sitting on the bluish sand
he sang
the same old song
the sea was crying
he didn't join it
he believed in his sun

Yesterday
I found out
that he was blind

Žagar Mojka, 3.f

HER NAME WAS FRANCA

I must tell somebody about her, about her life. Every day I saw her walking alone the gray dusty road; she seemed to be so lonely with her bent head and a big basket on her shoulder. Who was she? An old woman and her name was Franca.

She had five children and a farm. She was a widow. When her children were growing up they all went away - to town. No one wanted to stay at home because of the hard work; and chickens were her only friends now. Her children didn't visit her very often, only once a year perhaps. When one of her children happened to visit her, she was very happy - like a child who gets a new toy and even more, yes, more ...!

But when this child was going back to town, she cried - I could see tears on her face, the tears-the symbol of her loneliness. And she remained alone again!

She lived only for the farm and she spent all her money for her children. She looked after their little grandchildren with love in her heart. She was proud of her children. But why? They didn't give back her love, they only exploited her - their mother. Like all mothers she loved her children, the children who were a part of her, a part of her body. She noticed very late that her children weren't the best ones, too late. When she was lying on her bed very ill, nobody wrote her a letter, nobody came to visit her. She was sad, so sad that she couldn't cry any more. She was only waiting for death and her illness was getting worse and worse. Finally the solution came - for her. She was buried when the first snowdrops were peeping through the ground.

Bartol Janja, 3.c

A MONDAY MORNING ON THE BUS

It's Monday again. Everyone wants to come to his working place in time. Everyone is in a hurry. A lot of people travel by bus. And a lot of people are at the bus station. Some pass the time walking and looking at their watches.

And here comes the bus. There are already many people on the bus, but there are even more at the station and everyone wants to get in. Of course, they all **try to throng**, but only two persons can go through the door at the same time. Some are too slow and this makes other people lose their nerves: "What are you doing there? Are you sleeping? Hurry up!"

When they are all in, a new problem comes up. The driver can't close the door. And now he is the one who shouts at the top of his voice: "Move to the backdoor, move on!" People start

pushing each other. And we can hear remarks like: "Are you crazy? What do you think you are? Can't you see I can't move at all?"

Finally the door is closed and the bus moves on. The driver drives very fast. But the road is bad and not straight at all. People start complaining: "Don't drive so fast! Are you drunk? We are not pigs or potatoes! You fool!"

And then again: "Will you, please, stop standing on my foot?" - "Sorry! I can't help!"

And here is the station. Now everybody wants to get out the first and there is a lot of pushing. "Don't stand like a log! You're in my way! Move on, you, you ... !"

I think the drivers are happy when it's 8 and people are at their work again.

Lumbar Meta, 3.b

MY FIRST LOVE

We were both going to the fourth class of the primary school, we were sitting at the same desk. Let me introduce the couple: ME, an average schoolboy who didn't care about school at all - and SHE, all ambitious and attentive. I always admired her for her excellent marks which she frequently received. All at once I noticed that she was pretty with her dark hair and lively blue eyes. I also noticed that it was jolly pleasant to be with her. Until that time I identified women with mothers or sisters or aunts, but now I started to feel the difference. These new feelings were something I had never experienced before. She was always very kind to me and she always let me copy her homeworks. Naturally it made my feelings towards her growing stronger.

One day I considered it necessary to tell her about my feelings. As I had often seen on television that in such cases the man kissed the woman, I did it in the same way. But what a mistake! She threatened that she would tell the teacher and she really did.

So, something inside me changed - that very day. Suddenly she became just an ordinary and uninteresting girl. I started to realize that other girls in my class were pretty, too. I soon fell in love with another girl.

Ribičič Marko, 4.b

A WARM SUMMER EVENING IN THE OPEN

I remeber I once spent my summer holidays somewhere along the Adriatic coast, It was a few years ago.

Almost every evening I went to the beach to have a swim. I think it's very nice to swim in warm water when the moon shines, when there are many stars in the sky.

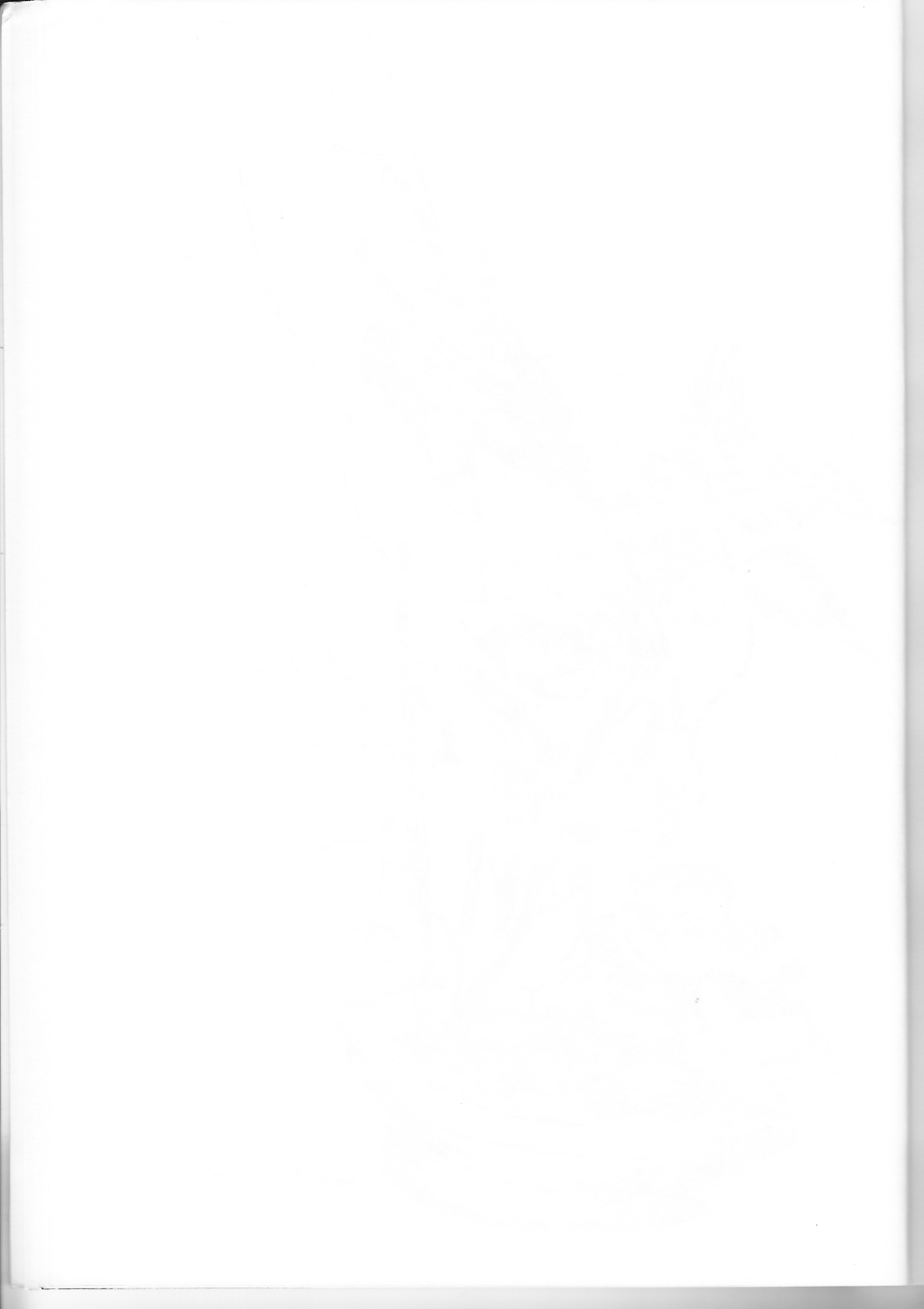
I went swimming that evening too. I took my clothes off and put them on the sand. I was swimming for a longer time. When I returned I couldn't see my clothes anywhere. I started to look for them. I was looking round the beach for almost one hour without success. It became pretty cold and I was freezing. I was very angry. I thought that perhaps someone was playing joke on me and "he" or "she" was sitting behind the nearby bush laughing. I shed some tears and went home. The following morning I returned to the beach early. I hoped to get my trousers and my blouse back but my wish did not come true. I was sad and tired. I sat down to come on an idea what could have happened to my lost clothes. For some time I thought that somebody would bring me my lost things back. But no one did. Suddenly I caught sight of something red pretty far from the coast. I opened my eyes widely but I could not discern anything exactly. I hurried home. I asked my father to lend me his telescope. He gave it to me. I ran back to the beach.

A few minutes later I saw that those red things were my clothes. How happy I was. Thanks God. I asked myself who could have thrown them into the sea. I could not accuse anybody. However I didn't know what to do. I had no boat to get my things out of the sea. Well, I had to wait.

The next morning I ran to the shore. And there I got them finally - my trousers and my blouse. How was this possible? Yes! The wave which took my clothes away probably felt guilty and sent them back to me. Thanks God! The sea was really good to me.



končar fukua - 3F



HAPPINESS

Quiet steps in the suburb.
Grey streets are veiled
with pale light of a lonely lamp.
Below it there's a warm shake
of young hands
and a shy kiss
with a fascinating smell
of rain.

Pevec Slava, 3.c

A WISH

Be quiet,
night
and let the suns sleep inside me.
Let them sleep
for long
for long
let them dream quietly
let them give me
bright smiles
and warm hands.

I only want to make people happy.

Pevec Slava, 3.c

MY MOTHER

Mummy! You are the most beautiful mother in all the world in spite of silver threads among your brown hair and wrinkles in your face. You are a good and sincere woman although you are simple and uneducated. Your cheeks are pale and tired, mum, but your blue eyes look at me so warmly and loyally. Why are you always so silent, mum? The story of your youth and mature years is a hard one, full of suffering and bitterness. I have known this for a long time. I have also realised that your three children are all your sense and the sun of life - my brother, me and our lovely little girl. I know that our father never helped you, that he never was a good father and husband. You might think that I'm too childish and too young to understand your pain, but you are mistaken. I understand you, mother, and your tears make me very sad. You don't know that I suffer too, that I cry, inside me. I love you, mum. But I've never told you that. Why? I am ashamed of myself. Maybe because words of love and warmth are so rarely uttered in our family.

There's a great gap between your world and mine. My life is so different from yours. You are aware of that but you don't want to admit this to yourself. That is why I don't dare to trust you my secrets, the beauty of my youth, my longings and loves. You always tell me not to trust people especially men. I know why. In your young years you believed people too much and they misused your confidence. You must have been deeply disappointed then. Now you don't want me to have the same bad experience. You wish me only the best things, I know, mum. You don't let me much freedom, because you fear that people would deceive and spoil me. Sometimes I don't tell you the truth because I want to enjoy doing the things I love. I'm really sorry for that but I can't help doing this. You wouldn't let me go out if I wasn't "a diplomat". But my good mum, forgive me! I only want to be free, I only want to live. Mother, try to understand me, because I love you more than you think, because I am yours, because I am your disobedient little daughter.

Excuse me, mummy!

Pevec Slava, 3.c

MAN, I'M ALIVE!

I'm so happy. The sun is so near. I am stretching my arms to reach it. I can't touch it, but I can feel it all the same. I feel it. It's all around me. It's everywhere. I look up - white flakes of snow, tiny points, are coming down. I don't know where from. Where does their way begin? They make my hair white and I like it white. I like the snow flakes. They keep falling. It's such a nice, cool feeling when they touch my face and melt of its warmth. They never stop touching. And I am running, running - it's wonderful! running across the soft ground as if I was running over cushions. But I know it's much softer than any cushions can be. There are trees around me, I shake their branches and some snow falls off on me. I start running again without any aim, only because I want to, I want to feel that I can do it. How interesting that I can move my legs in any direction I want to, bend my knees and stretch my arms, that I can shout and laugh and make sounds ... Ouch! I've fallen. It is so slippery. It hurts a little, but I am glad it does. It's wonderful to feel yourself, to be conscious of yourself, to be what you are, a part of the nature. Yes, I feel like getting drowned in the nature and the trees are watching me and so is the sun, the snow, they are all with me. What a pleasant feeling this is! I live - I am alive!

Žagar Mojka, 3.f

Close your eyes
and follow
two white
sea-gulls
swirling swiftly
to the sun.
Clasping
their wings
they know
where they are
how near
and
how far.

Božnar Zdenka, 3.a

I WILL NEVER FORGET

I will never forget my grandmother. She was the most good-hearted and generous of all grandmothers in the world. She loved me dearly. I was her youngest granddaughter and she always called me Veska.

She had to bring me up, because my parents had no money and they had only one room to live in. And so I spent my careless childhood with my grandmother.

Every day she gave me a piece of chocolate although it was expensive. She always took care of my clothes, hair and hands. She taught me rhymes and poems and when I was four I could tell my favourite book "My doll Maja" by heart. And when some visitors came I had to recite poems and, of course "My doll Maja". My grandmother was always proud of me and she used to say: "You know, she is only four and she can retell the whole book!"

She took the initiative to send me to a skating school. She bought me a pair of skates and so I was about three years old when I started skating. She was very proud of me whenever I won a contest which often happened.

Ten years later she couldn't walk any more. And some years later she died. That happened one day in September. I had lessons at one o'clock - after lunch. In the morning we were still playing and talking. And in the evening she was dead.

After her death I realised how much I loved her and how badly I miss her.

Rozman Vesna, 4.b

IN PAIN

I'am alone.
It's getting dark.
This silence causes pain.
It's raining ...
Warm tears of rain
on the grey window.
Bare branches
suffer.
One leaf only.
Only one
beaten by the wind.

I'm alone.
No.
This pain is with me
and this dead leaf
which is crying feverishly:
Forget!

I can't.

Pevec Slava, 3.c

RED LIGHT FOR DRUGS

A very good question is why people take them. What is this mass suicide caused by? And most of drugtakers are young people between 15 and 25. Let's think about it!

These people mostly come from well-off families. They have got whatever they wish and they do not know what to do. So they take drugs and become their slaves. May be this is not the only reason why young people take drugs. They might have troubles at school, problems at home. Perhaps their parents are to blame. Early education is of great importance. We can see what we might do unless we received some good education. Steal things, kill for money or take drugs. Who knows? The education given at school is important too.

I wonder what actually drives people to escape to some imaginary world. The habit came from the USA where young people can't stand the conditions and try to escape the rotten society, get away from their parents and old traditions and hide away in the world of drugs. It is their way of ignoring the environment which is poisoned with lies. But I can't understand why it has come to our country. Our society is different. Our society is healthy.

There must have been a mistake in education. May be there still exist people who are not able to become good parents to their children. But then these people couldn't have had a good education, either. And it is not only a question of parents. School life may become a very good reason to escape, too. Sometimes teachers merely teach and forget to educate. They forget to remember we are grown-ups and they often let themselves go.

Our government have been trying to stop this nasty drug business. They have been researching the motives. We have got some hospitals which take drug addicts for treatment. One of the best hospitals is in Zagreb where many good doctors try to save the lives of young patients. May be they will become fit to live a different life - as fit as we are.

Mahove Bojan, 3.a

A SAD STORY

He was a boy with fair nice hair and brown eyes. I got to know him at the dance. "Would you like to dance with me?"... I **nodded**. Since that day I used to meet him every week and we would talk a lot about his troubles and my problems. I still think that he was happy with me. I tried to understand his life, his world. When I heard the first remarks about him: "He drinks too much! He doesn't deserve a girl like you" I couldn't understand these accusations. It was too late. I have already loved him. He was like a little boy...

I remember that it was a rainy day when I was waiting for him in vain. He didn't come. "Why? Where are you?" I couldn't find the answer.

The next day my best friend brought me a terrible news: "He was so drunk yesterday." I didn't want to believe. How I hated alcohol!

After a few days he came. He didn't say anything. His eyes and my eyes spoke... Tears and silence, silence... till I heard my words: "Why? Why" I knew; yes, I knew that people told me the truth. But I loved you and I couldn't believe. Now... You must go, understand! You must! No, you **mustn't see** the tears in my eyes. Go immediately! Please! And don't come back! Never, never!"

Your kisses, your hands, how I loved them. But I knew that I must be strong. And I was.

It seems as if young people couldn't be happy without alcohol, drugs. Are they really happy with these things? I am sure they aren't. They are only trying to find the way out of their empty life and if they don't succeed they start drinking, taking drugs. They miss understanding, parents' love. I think. And you, my little boy? You never had financial problems, either. Your mother always only gave you money, but you were lonely because she never offered you her warm hands and tender kisses. You got off the right way. Alcohol is your friend now, I still love you, but I hate alcohol... I am sorry and goodbye my little boy...

A STRANGE FRIEND

Three years ago my friend was in hospital. When I visited her, I got to know a boy who was a patient, too. The patients lived there like in a big house with many different people. There were old and young and they all needed help. My friend had a shock seeing how her next-bed neighbour died. In hospital there were some who tried to kill themselves and some who took drugs. The boy I mentioned (his name is not important) was taking tablets before he came to this hospital. When I first came we exchanged a few words and then he asked me to come again. He didn't have anybody who could love him and he didn't love anybody. His father was a drunkard and had died some time ago. His mother got drowned. He was very lonely. Once he fell in love with a girl who disappointed him. Because of that he started to take tablets and he couldn't stop later. That's why he was there. Sometimes I sat on his bed or watched him painting. He was a good painter and painting brought some life into his miserable world. One day I came and his bed was empty. I never saw him again. After two months a woman told me he had committed suicide like his mother. I will never forget him. I wonder why he told me his life story. Perhaps I was the first and the last person who heard it. What did he think of me? Did he like me? Why did he want to die? I will never be able to answer these questions.

Zajc Darinka, 3.a

I would like to sing
but I can't
I would like to dance
but I can't
I want to play
but I have sold myself
to a greedy worm
it is hollowing me
mortifying

Božnar Zdenka, 2.a

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body.
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Krior/Mikra





In silence.

Quiet music
quiet whisper
quiet groaning
quiet sobbing

You have quietly gone
You have quietly come
And this I hope is good

You and me

Across the bed
your hands
so strong
they long
for my body
warm and attractive

Across the bed
your eyes
vile and hostile
my lips
meager and sliver

Jeram Marjan, 3.a

THE WAY WE LIVE

Young people in different parts of the world live in many different ways. I have already visited some European countries and noticed that life of teenagers is nowhere the same.

In our country the young are very active. Many of them spend their spare time playing basketball or some other games. In Sweden where I used to live as a girl not many teenagers visited music schools. In Yugoslavia this is different. In my class there are many who play an instrument or go to a ballet school. Visiting friends or inviting them home is unusual in Sweden. Young people meet in clubs where they play cards, chess or listen to the records and dance. In summer they play tennis but

they seldom group for sports. In Yugoslavia as in Sweden teenagers have a lot of freedom. In Sweden even too much. Parents let them do almost whatever they want. Sometimes they can be difficult and rude but teachers understand and try to help them. In spite of all the help their problems increase. They often start taking drugs or drinking alcohol. Most of them smoke. I don't think it is good to be as free as that. Not many are clever enough to take care of themselves.

In Spain teenagers are short of freedom. School education is very strict and there are separate schools for boys and girls. Girls are not expected or allowed to go to the cinema alone. It is indecent. But everything is changing and also in Spain young people are getting more and more freedom.

I have never been to any underdeveloped country. But I learned from books or saw on TV that compared to these countries European teenagers have a nice life. They are given education and comfort while in India young people often have to die of hunger.

Petrič Vesna, 3.a

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

I was six years old when my first school day came. I was too excited and too frightened to go to school alone, so I asked my parents to go with me. Mother fastened a large bag on my back and grandmother gave me a pair of slippers and two apples. Then we went to school. I remember it was a beautiful and sunny morning and birds were singing on the trees. There were many children going the same way, some were talking happily, the others were crying.

The bell rang. I sat down at the nearest desk. Soon after the teacher came. She looked kind and she really was. I still remember her soft voice and her kind looking face. She told us what things to bring. While she was writing something on the blackboard, a girl got up and came to me. She had long black hair and blue eyes. Her name was Carmen. She wanted to sit next to me. I didn't know what to say but the teacher looked at us smiling. She let us sit together.

Carmen became my best friend and whenever I visit my grandmother I call on her. Two weeks ago I met my teacher. We were talking about everything. She had some gray hairs, but her voice was still kind and soft.

Lavrič Sonja, 4.b

AS DAYS GO BY ...

Wishes, wishes! A magic circle of wishes! But usually only a few come true. At school you naturally want to get all the best marks. It seldom happens. The problem is that you never know when your teacher is going to test your knowledge. So, learn, my dear student! In my opinion teachers must be "all-knows". They smell your bad days and they always know when to ask you questions. I often wonder how they can manage it, but I can't find an answer. It seems they look through us.

Yes, there is always something that turns you away from work.

We always have some problems. In spring we are tired, sleepy and lazy - sort of spring sickness, I should say. In summer it is too warm to learn. It is nicer to go swimming than to sit with books learning. And sometimes unexpected things happen, you may fall in love, for example.

So in autumn we are still full of summer impressions; another reason to put the learning off. When winter comes we are all a bit off colour. You know, colds and flu... When you feel a little better, you want to do all the work at once. It is impossible and so you spend your spare time skating or skiing.

In spite of all this the life goes on. Every day something new happens, something interesting, of course. And we grow older every day. A few months more and we'll leave this school for ever. We'll forget all the problems we've had at school, all our conflicts with the teachers and all these unimportant things which happen every day.

But all is remembered anyway. And I am sure that after years pass by - we'll say: "It was nice!"

Ankele Mija, 4.b

FRIENDSHIP

I think that friendship is something very valuable in a man's life. I wouldn't know this unless I had a real friend now.

Years ago I thought that I had a lot of friends but now I know that there were no close ties between us. I can say that up to this year I had no real friend and I didn't know what close friendship is. Who is my real friend? The girl whom I've known for years. I used to see her every day and she seemed to me always the same - a happy girl who is too childish for her age. Our friendship began when we were together at the seaside. At first we trusted each other everything about boys but after some time we started talking about ourselves, about our feelings. We realised soon that we think the same way about

certain things and I think that this is very important in friendship because you should find a part of yourself in your friend. I can say that she helped me to find myself. How I wasted my time before she entered my life! I used to talk about unimportant things, smoke and drink in my spare time. I am very happy because we found another way of spending our free time. Every weekend we are somewhere in **the nature**. We are dressed like poor people, because we don't feel the need to wear beautiful clothes which are often only masks behind which people hide themselves. The sun, grass, trees and flowers are all we need. And we are happy that we are together. We observe the nature and in each tree or leaf we try to find a symbol (man, rebellion...). When I come home I can't explain my experience, I only know that I'm very rich. My friend helped me that something awoke in me. For example, I never liked poetry, but now I enjoy listening to her poems. She reads poems to me and explains what I don't understand. These hours are very fertile for us.

I love her because she can attract me with her simplicity. She can't pretend or lie. I can see in her eyes what she thinks. She is also very sensitive.

Every day we leave school together. We often stay for a while in the park and talk. We are absorbed in our problems. I can tell her everything and I'm not ashamed of myself. Somebody might think that we have problems because our outlooks on the world are different. She is a religious person and I am a communist. We talked a lot about this but we didn't try to persuade each other. I respect her so I can't humiliate her faith.

I think that one must experience what real friendship is. It's not possible to tell everything you feel. There's even a danger you'll spoil your friendship if you try to explain it of course, life is happier and richer if you know that somebody needs you and is ready to share the happy and sad moments with you.

Dordević Marina, 3.c

ARE YOU SUPERSTITIOUS?

Friday the thirteenth was a dull day and to make the things worse it was raining cats and dogs. Everybody hurried home. Who on earth wants to be outdoors on a day like that? Wet to my skin I ran home from school. I was just changing, when the bell rang. With my lefthand on the zip I ran to open the door, and saw our old neighbour standing on the steps in his morning gown and slippers, without an umbrella, of course. He asked me if I could help him. He looked so miserable that I couldn't refuse. So, with a heavy sigh I took my raincoat and followed him to the garage. He pointed to his motorbike simply saying that he wanted to take it to the mechanic's to get it repaired. But he couldn't start the damn thing, as he said. I somehow guessed that I was supposed to push him on his motorbike up and down the street until it happened. I remarked faintly that it was silly to experiment in a weather like that. But he insisted and climbed on the stubborn thing. What could I do? I started pushing him along the street. This must have been something to look at. Once, twice, three times ... All our efforts were in vain. The engine remained dead silent. I was tired and wet and I apologized I had to go home. "Why can't you wait for a better day to have your motorbike repaired?" I asked him. "A better day? What's wrong with the day? It's my motorbike..." It was hopeless. Moving about the vehicle I happened to look into the tank. Goodness! It was empty. "Man, you will never start your motorbike without petrol!" Dripping like wet umbrellas we looked at each other and then I burst out laughing.

Are you superstitious? Well, I never was, but ...

Irena, 3.b

IN THE YEAR 2000

What will life be like in the year 2000?

No cars, no aeroplanes, no pollution. The nature will be free of germs, and the water in the lakes and the sea will be aseptic. And what about our food? Perhaps we won't eat meat, vegetables or eggs anymore, we might take a few tablets every day to satisfy our hunger. Instead of water we will drink plancton. We will be dressed in a strange way, too. We will forget clothes made of cotton, silk or wool and put on clothes made of some new materials or may be paper or plastic. Who knows?

In the year 2000 no one will get old. Special tablets, injections, special treatment will make us stay young and healthy.

But isn't it better to become old? Who wants to live for hundreds and hundreds years?

Rozman Andreja, 4.b

CAN ROOMS BE FRIENDS?

Only a year has passed since I got my own room. I always dreamed of a little warm shelter. When my parents got the place ready for me I simply said: "This room will be all mine." I told them that I wouldn't be happy unless it was decorated and furnished the way I liked it. So they let me do it my own way. My uncle painted the walls yellow. It makes the place light and sunny and besides it is my favourite colour. I feel happy in my room surrounded by posters, books, photographs, dolls and my little, yellow teddy-bear. I can cry here whenever I feel like crying and there is nobody to ask my why. My teddy-bear is the only witness of my blue moods. It knows all my secrets and I am sure it knows how to keep them. My room has become my best friend, my place in the sun. It is

always with me when I am happy and, when I am sad to tears. It never lets me down. It is always there when I need it, it holds all my little victories and defeats, all my love and jealousy.

It gets dark when I am sad, and it lights up when I am happy. Have you ever noticed this? If not, you do not love your room and it will never be your real friend.

Malavašič Jana, 4.b

ANIMALS ARE SOMETIMES BETTER FRIEND THAN PEOPLE

When I was a little girl we were living near a forest. In the morning birds were babbling. I liked all animals, but most of all young rabbits and deer. In winter I used to bring animals food. They were always hungry and many got frozen to death.

One day I saw a young roe in the forest. It was standing beside its dead mother. It was so small and so young. I approached it and it did not move. It let me touch it but there was fear in its eyes. My father helped me to carry the poor thing home. It was very hungry and I had to feed it. At first it was shy and frightened. It had a brown buttock and a white spot above the eyes and a lovely muzzle. It spent the whole winter on hay in our cellar.

Then the spring came and the sun was shining. By the time we had become good friends with my little roe. It even walked with me to the shop. One day I took it into the forest. All at once it ran away and disappeared. I called after her, but it didn't come back. I was so unhappy. I lost my good friend and I felt so lonely.

One morning I came out of the house and saw the roe carrying its cup. It had a white spot above eyes. I was happy when I saw my friend again, but then I knew that it would go back to the forest.

Sometimes animals may become better friends than people, because they don't know hatred and envy which kill many a friendship among people.

Mahovec Sonja, 4.b

THE STRANGLED TAP

The tap was crying. The dripping of its tears was too much for his nerves. He couldn't listen to it and so he strangled the tap. After that it didn't cry any more. But its only big, round eye was wet with tears. They tried to shed the edge, but they didn't dare to. They were getting bigger and bigger until they couldn't bear their own increasing weight any longer. When he was no longer looking, they let themselves drop into the funnel ... trembling with fear, of course. But he was at the window watching the snow flakes fall from the sky.

I was waiting to see him strangle the sky.

Žagar Mojka, 3.f

The morning wind
plays with the waves
it whispers;
take... enjoy... perceive...

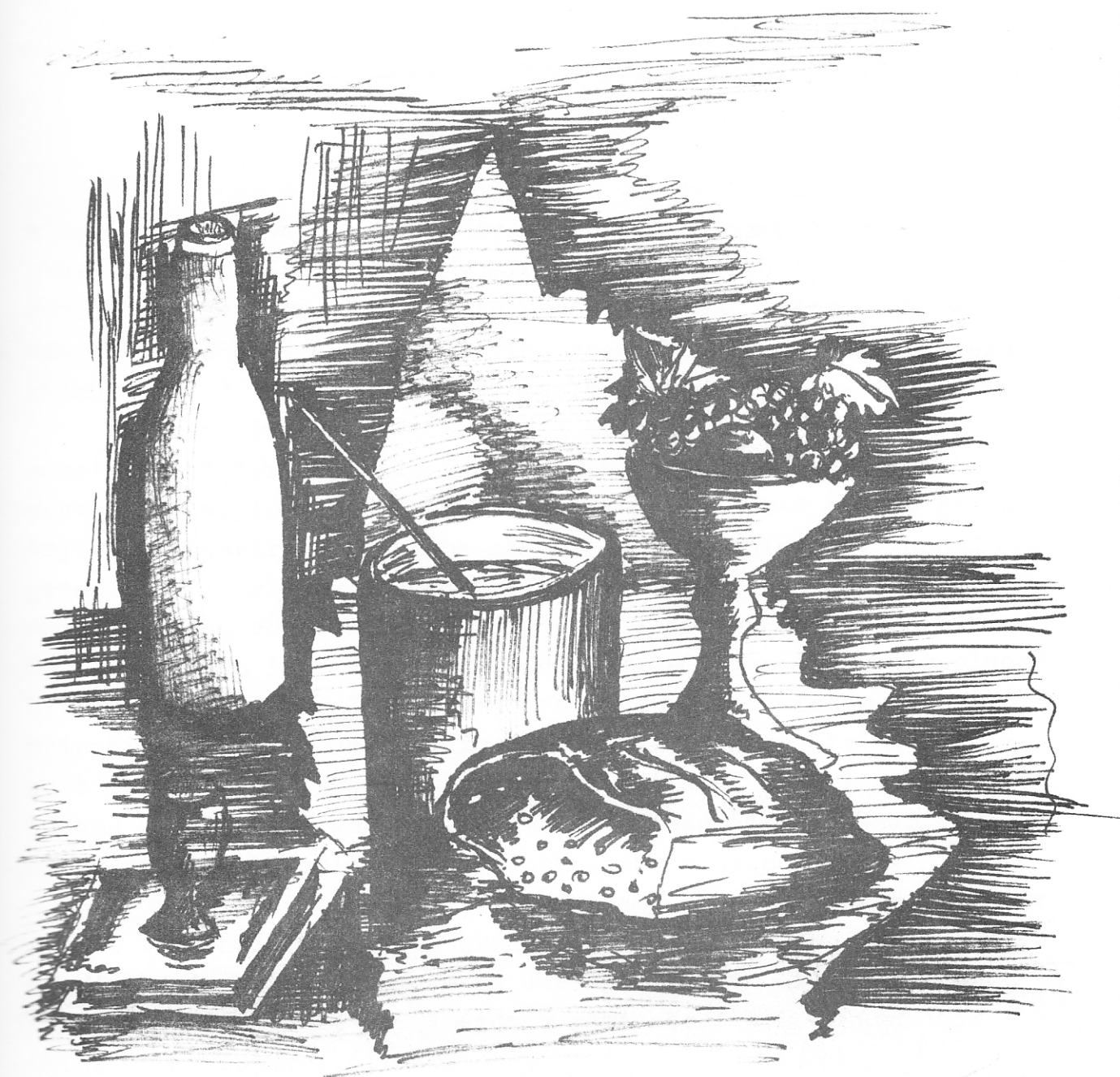
But the waves
glide off my hands
not even the tiniest drop
can stay
in deadly pale palms.
The burden has become
a cliff.

Waves keep sweetening
the cliff is dragging
me
to the bottom.

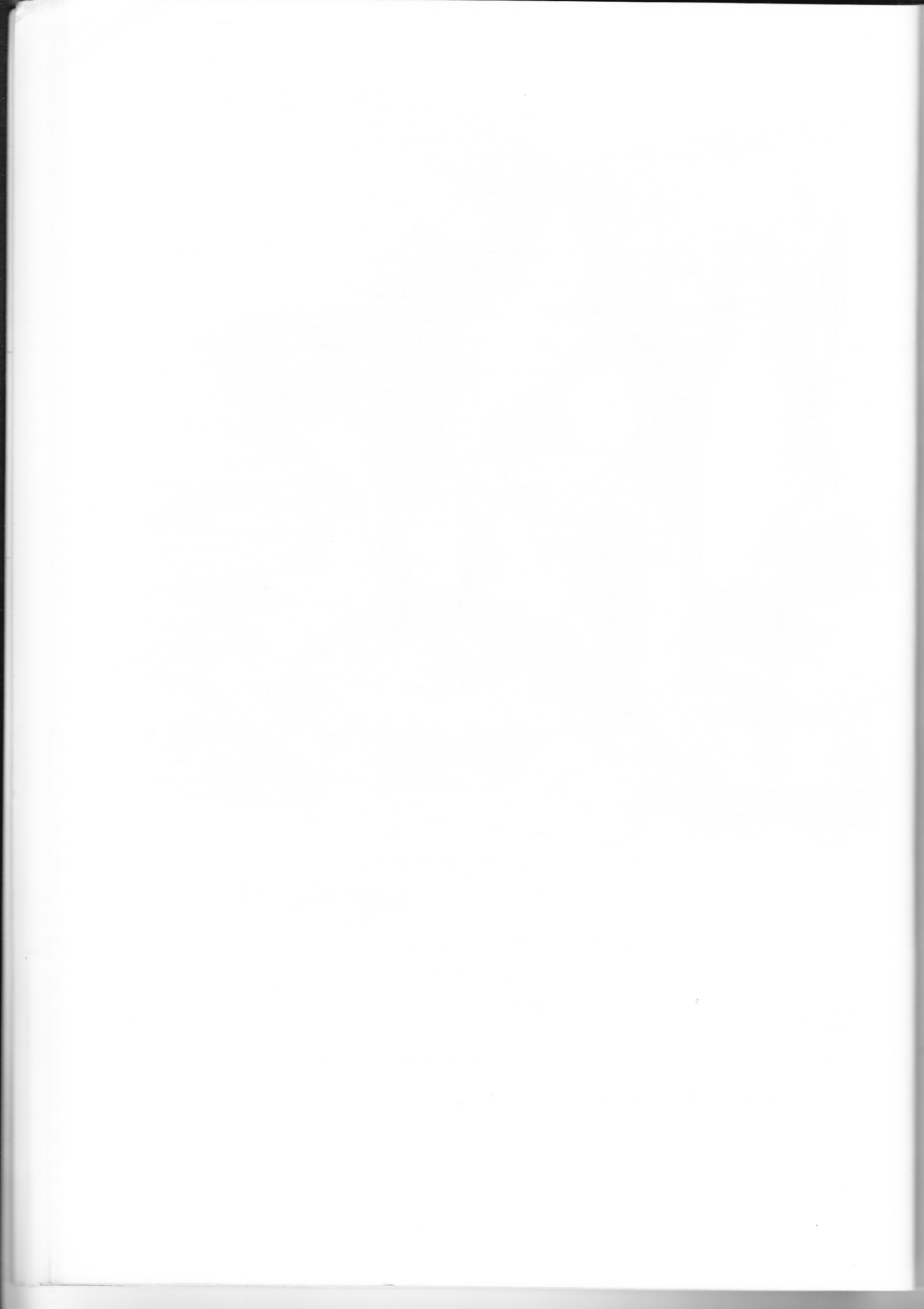
Božnar Zdenka, 2.a

ch
ne
nd

was no
g
now



Kurtz / Chae - 3F



A TINKER... A TAILOR... A SOLDIER... A SAILOR...?

When I was a little boy, I often thought about the time when I would have to choose my profession. First I took a great interest in the nature around me. I liked long walks across the meadows where I listened to birds, voices, where I watched some busy ants and flying bees and admired the flowers which started to bloom in that early spring time.

Later my interests changed. I started to dream about something higher, outside the material world, something unattainable. In the evenings I frequently looked at the stars trying to penetrate into the mystery of the universe. When I grew a little older, my parents bought me a telescope through which I could observe the unknown and deserted surface of the Moon. But this interest in astronomy faded soon and was replaced by other ambitions. I was then dreaming of becoming a famous scientist, always busy reading technical books, solving difficult problems and looking for new inventions. Next I planned to become a detective who would devote all his life to searching for suspicious people and protecting the innocent ones.

At the time of my puberty the ideas about my future career almost vanished. I passed through a crisis. My subconsciousness was full of contrasts. My only care was how to kill the time and what party to go to. I didn't care about school and didn't think of my future, either.

Now I have finally found what I have been seeking for. It is psychology. It gives you knowledge to understand the processes going on in your mind, it helps you to explore your subconsciousness and gives you a chance to get rid of complexes and get over troubles. It helps you to understand people round you and it teaches you how to help them and build up firm and healthy personalities.

And this is what our society needs, what we all need.

Ribičič Marko, 4.b

YOUR REAL EDUCATION BEGINS WHEN YOU LEAVE SCHOOL

It depends on each of us what kind of education we will get at school. Some people breathe and live only for school. They don't want to let real life touch them. And they will be shocked when they find out what life really is.

Some pupils are more aware of real life. It is often so because they are partly independant. They live separated from their parents and they must take care of themselves. They have already found out that life can be cruel and that not all the people are good. Of course, one mistake or one failure can be enough to make one more careful. But we must live with our eyes open and not close them when we face problems. People should be interested in everything. Every minute of life is precious. It can give us some new experience if only we are ready.

At school we acquire experience for our future life. We can find out what our interests are. We realize where we could achieve our best results. But an uneducated person can be succesful, too. Today we have many opportunities to learn. We have newspapers, magazines, television, radio and cinema. We make use of them every day and besides we also **have all kinds of books.**

But living in a classroom gives us many possibilities to associate with people and this makes our life experience richer.

Of course, our school education could be better. Teachers are all trying to stuff our heads with knowledge. But we can't remember everything and we don't even see the point of it. Teachers make us learn quickly and forget easily. We keep in mind only what we are interested in.

So I could say that life is our best teacher. It makes us up. Suffering and illnes can change us very much. Every problem in our life that we will overcome will make it easier **for us.** We must develop a strong personality to be able to fight the troubles of our modern life.

Tavčer Lidija, 4.b

Look -

the sea-gull flying above the sea
the flock of birds on the wire
the dog with the wounded bird
between his teeth
the cage full of parrots at the zoo
the wild duck shot dead
falling down
down

Look -

one
two
all

Božnar Zdenka, 2.a

I, TOO, AM AMERICA

I, too, am America, although I am black and without rights. I am not ashamed of the colour of my skin or my mother - mulatto or my father - negro. Damn America! In my heart I still keep the image of my birthplace. It reminds me of my happy childhood. America, you have shown your ugly face. You make us suffer, you give us no rights. Sure, we are black and damned.

I wish I could go back to my people, back to my black Africa. I wish I could smell the fragrance of the primeval life and forget all the black hours. When I hear the songs of my folk, the voice of tam-tam, the noise of elephants, I wish I could lie in the yellowish grass and forget that concrete jungle. I feel so lonely here and my best friends are far away. I am neglected and humiliated but I have done no harm to anybody. I wish I could die right now, but I can't... Things round me are killing me, but I know I can't do anything with my poor black hands.

My fellows are working for capitalists like horses. In Vietnam many offered their lives for America, but America only humiliates us. Why are we living at all....? The white abuse us whenever they can, we are good for nothing but slaves and soldiers.

We are living and dying, but there is no place for us. Sure, we are black!

Ankele Mija, 4.b

BLACK OR WHITE?

We often discuss and hear about racial discrimination. Hitler tried to make a "pure race". He had a lot of people killed, but in the end his experiments were a failure. Keeping down the coloured has been going on for a long time. The white people think they are better than the black although it is only the colour of the skin which makes them look different. We can read in newspapers or see on TV what their living conditions are like, Their living places are miserable, they can hardly find a job. Is it possible that this problem is only due to the colour of the skin? I think there must be something else. A lot of black people are very intelligent, but they never get a chance to show what they know and can. Perhaps the white are afraid of them? Perhaps they worry about their position? Racial discrimination starts with one's birth. It is born in. Children with dark complexion are isolated. A lot of teachers support this tendency, they do not object to it. So the white children are convinced they can do with their black fellows whatever they like. In America there are a lot of organizations such as Ku-Klux-Klan. But what do the government or police do? Millions of people demonstrate against this organization, against all the injustice - but this is not enough to change the situation in America. They still believe there that the black are inferior to the others and that they live only to do some dirty jobs.

Planinšek Mateja, 4.b

RACIAL PROBLEMS ONCE AND TODAY

After the American Civil War black slaves got their freedom and some democratic rights. To protest against this improvement some white extremists established an organisation which was called Ku-Klux-Klan. This organization was most successful in the South, where the plantation owners had lost their cheap labour force. This was a terrorist organization which wanted to keep negroes in constant terror. Some negroes rather chose slavery than a violent death. Some sought for escape in religion while the others joined the resistance movement and began to fight for their rights. Some of them wanted to achieve their aims by appealing to the dignity of white people and some tried with terror. Such fights and disgusting murders of negroes continued to the beginning of 1960. Someone might find such conditions incredible, but the fact that even police and politicians were members or at least protectors of the Ku-Klux-Klan made all this possible. The entire system had to be changed before they were able to exterminate that organization using medieval methods.

It is a shame that this organization still exists in a way, but it had to change the previous methods, because the mentality of people had changed, too. In one of the most developed countries in the world they simply could not let such a medieval organization operate with methods that make every human person ashamed of being a human being.

Tavčar Lidiija, 4.b

Ich bin ein Sucher
Eines Weges
Der breiter ist
Als ich.

Nicht zu schmal.
Kein Ein-Mann-Weg.
Aber auch keine
Staubige, tausendmal
Überlaufene Bahn.

Ich bin ein Sucher
Eines Weges.
Sucher eines Weges
Für mehr
Als mich.

Für mehr als mich
(Günter Kunert)

VATERLAND

Oh, Vaterland
du bist so schön,
du bist so gut.

Du bist wie eine Mutter,
die uns Brot gibt,
die für unsere Jugend sorgt.

Oh, Vaterland,
ich liebe dich!
Für dich würde ich auch
mein Leben geben.

Snoj Jelka, 2.b

AMERIKA - EIN TRAUM?

Amerika - das fortschrittliche Land, das erste in allen Gebieten, besonders in der Technik. Aber im Wesentlichen ist das ein faules Land.

Dort gibt es eine Rotte, die Rauschgifte nimmt und die Alkohol trinkt. Sie verkündigen den Verfall der Gesellschaft. Das sind meistens Kinder reicher Eltern.

Dort sind aber auch Negren, die auch Rauschgifte nehmen und Alkohol trinken. Aber sie tun das nicht, weil sie reich sind, sondern wegen des Mangels. Diese Leute machen auch Verbrechen, aber die Strafe ist nicht die gleiche. Sie sind nämlich nicht die Weißen, sie sind Negren. Ihre Haut ist nicht weiß, sondern schwarz.

Aber die Weißen haben vergessen, daß die Negren nicht freiwillig nach Amerika gekommen sind, sondern wurden als Sklaven von nach Amerika aus Afrika gebracht.



Kenji 3F

Sie leben in Amerika, getrennt von den Weißen, sie haben eigene Schulen, Busse. Manchmal werden sie erfolgreich, aber nur da3, die Weißen sagen können, da3 sie für die Negren sorgen. Auch die weiße Jugend, die manchmal so revolutionär ist, tut für die Negren nichts. Auch sie sagt manchmal: "Du, Neger!" Die Weißen lassen ihre Moral sinken, die ohnehin schon niedrig ist. Die Negren leben in Häusern, die abgerissen werden mü3ten. Sie verrichten die schmutzigste Arbeit und wenn sie es ablehnen, tritt der Ku-Klux-Klan von Sherman ein. Die Negren sind willkommen und gleichberechtigt nur an den Spielen, wo sie goldene Medaillen für Amerika gewinnen können, und in dem Krieg, weil ihr Leben nicht so wert wie das Leben der Weißen ist.

Das ist eine Trauer für ein Land wie Amerika. Aber Amerika ist nicht das einzige Land. Das geschieht auch in Groß Britannien, Deutschland und auch in Jugoslawien. Das ist noch trauriger, weil Jugoslawien ein demokratisches Land ist.

Die Negren werden allein auf den Weg des Kampfes treten müssen. Auf den Weg des Kampfes für ihre Rechte, oder sie werden immer ein unnötiger Anhang bleiben.

Štern Helena, 4.c

Nur der Mond wei3

Nur der Mond wei3
für meine Träume und Wünsche.

Dem Mond kann
ich alles sagen,
denn er spricht nie.

Nur der Mond wei3
was mein Herz sich wünscht.

Snoj Jelka, 2.b

MEINE BESTE FREUNDIN

Ich ging nach Hause und unterwegs geschah mir etwas Wichtiges. Ich wollte es jemanden sagen damit, ich noch glücklicher werde.

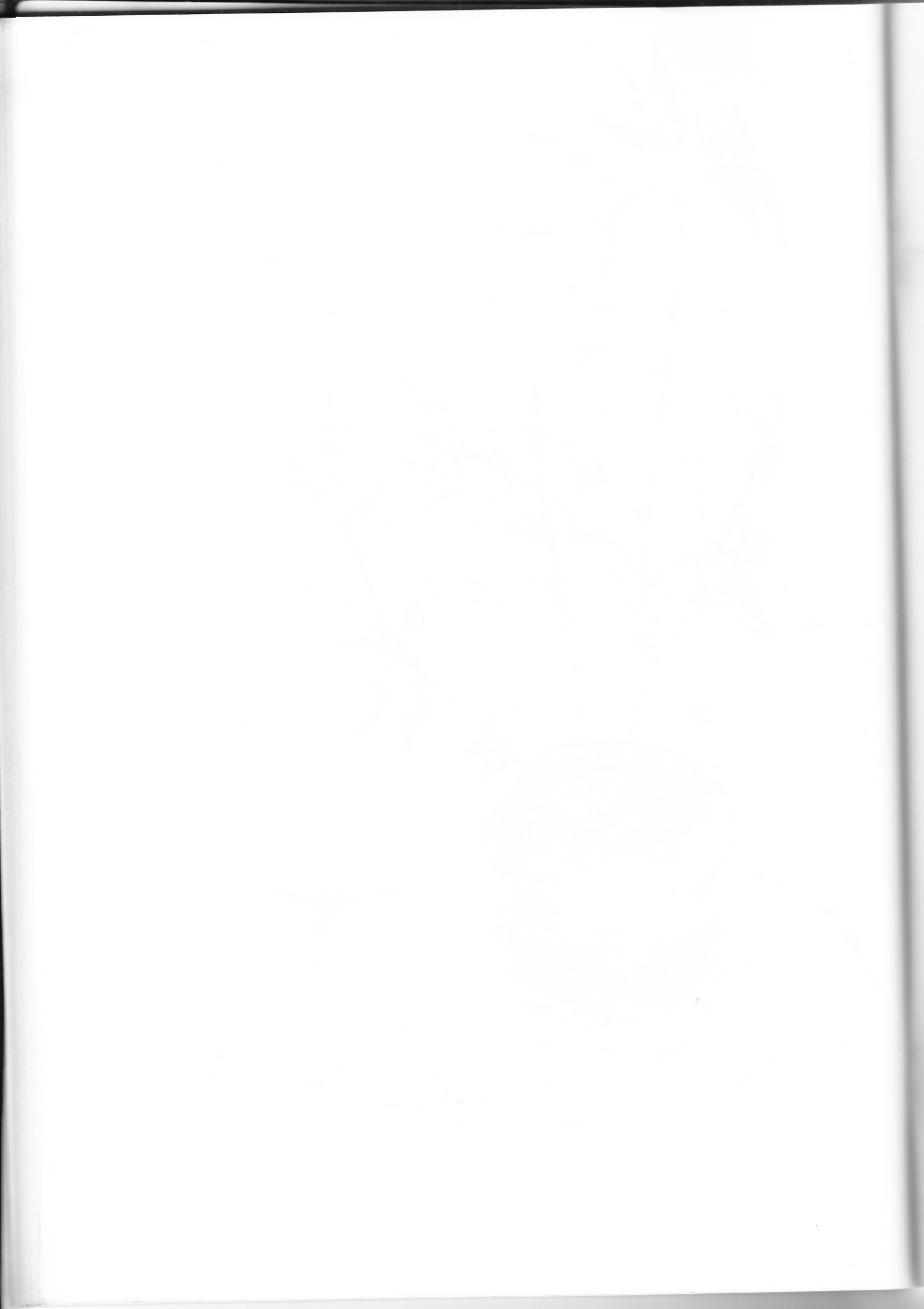
Als ich in die Küche kam, unterhielten sich meine Eltern über den nächsten Tag. Soll ich meinen Eltern sagen? Soll ich ihnen sagen? Was werden sie denken? Das ist nichts, wird meine Mutter sagen, eine Kleinigkeit, das kann jeden Tag geschehen. Nein, ich kann ihnen nicht sagen. Die beiden haben ihre Schwierigkeiten, für mein kleines Geheimnis werden sie kein Verständnis haben. Für sie ist das nichts, aber für mich ist es sehr wichtig.

Ich werde zu meiner Freundin gehen, ich werde ihr sagen, sie wird mich verstehen. Wird sie mich wirklich verstehen? Ich weiß es nicht. Auch sie hat ihre Geheimnisse. Manchmal sah ich, daß sie mir etwas sagen wollte, aber sie lächelte nur. So wie sie, kann auch ich ihr meine kleine Freude nicht anvertrauen.

Es ist spät, ich gehe ins Bett. Ich denke an meine kleine Kleinigkeit. Ich spreche mit mir selbst in Gedanken und ich fühle, daß jemand mich hört, mich versteht und daß er froh mit mir ist. Wer ist das? Die Nacht, die Dunkelheit, ja sie ist es. So wie schon vielmals bisher, kann ich nur ihr alles sagen. Sie kennt alle meine Geheimnisse. Sie teilt mit mir Freude und Trauer. Ja, die Nacht ist meine beste Freundin, ich kann ihr alles sagen und ich weiß, daß sie mir treu bleiben wird.

Keremane Nevenka, 4.b





EINE SCHÖNE ERINNERUNG

Wo ist die Zeit, als ich noch klein war. Ich erinnere mich aber noch heute ganz gut an meine ersten Spielzeuge. Heute liegen sie auf dem Dachboden. Am liebsten hatte ich aber meinen Bären.

Ich weiß nicht mehr, wie alt ich war, als ich den Bären bekam. Ich gab ihm einen Kosennamen - Bimbo. Im Frühling ging ich mit ihm auf den Wiesen spazieren. Ich zeigte ihm kleine Glockenblumen und Schlüsselblumen. Ich stellte mir vor, daß Bimbo auch den Duft riechen konnte. Ich nahm gewöhnlich eine Flasche Wasser mit. Ich spritzte den Bären mit dem Wasser auf den Kopf, damit es ihm nicht zu warm wäre. Mein Bär war gelber Farbe, seine Augen traten ihm aus den Höhlen. Er hatte eine rote Hose und einen großen Schal um den Hals. Wenn es regnete, steckte ich ihm meine zu kleine Schuhe auf. Abends nahm ich den Bären immer mit mir ins Bett. So konnte ich schneller und leichter einschlafen. Aber zuerst bekam er das Abendbrot. Anstatt Suppe bekam er Wasser, als Kartoffeln waren kleine Steine. Im Winter nahm ich Bimbo mit, als ich mit anderen Kindern rodeln ging.

Ich blieb aber nicht immer klein. Ich ging zur Schule und hatte immer viel zu lernen und viele Hausaufgaben zu schreiben. Bimbo blieb einsam in der Ecke. Ich nahm ihn nicht mehr mit, als ich spazieren ging. Jetzt sitzt er auf dem Bett. Wenn ich ihn anschau, denke ich, wie schnell die Zeit vergeht.

Ankele Mija, 4.b

EINE MUTTER WAR TRAUIG

Traurig und wie geschlagen verließ die gebeugte Mutter das Haus. Sie fühlte, daß die Tür für sie immer geschlossen bleiben wird. Sie fühlte, daß diese Schwelle des Hauses ein Hindernis ist. Demütig lehnte sie sich an einen Stamm eines buschigen Kastanienbaumes.

Wie sehr hat sie doch ihr Kind geliebt. Ihr kleines Kind mit großen fragenden Augen und blondem Haar. Obwohl ihr Kind keinen Vater hatte, gab sie ihm ihre ganze Liebe. Sie arbeitete auf dem Feld wie eine unermüdliche Biene und mit ihrem Schweiß tränkte sie die Erde. Wenn sie abends in das Gesicht ihres schlafenden Kindes sah, wußte sie, für wen sie das alles tat und daß es nicht umsonst war. Alle ihre Arbeit und Bemühen waren für ihr Kind, das sie über alles liebte. Jeden Tag erlebte sie ein wenig Glück und freute sich mit ihrer Tochter über Erfolge in der Schule.

Plötzlich war all ihr Glück zu Ende. Ihre Tochter drehte ihr den Rücken zu. Mit ihrer Heirat verließ sie ihre alte Mutter, die zu alt war zum Arbeiten. Die Tochter wollte nichts mehr von ihr wissen. Wie der Herbst verließ sie die Mutter, kalt und unpersönlich.

Die verlassene Mutter steht vor dem Haus. All ihre Hoffnung der letzten zwanzig Jahre war für immer erloschen.

Sie blieb allein, wie ein Boot im endlosen Meer, von allen vergessen.

Praznik Barbara, 4.c

UNSERE ERSTE BEGEGNUNG

Jeden Tag treffe ich viele Leute. Sie eilen nach Hause, ins Büro oder in die Schule. Man sagt, daß Menschen einsam sind, besonders alte Menschen. Alle arbeiten für Autos, Wohnungen und sie haben keine Zeit für Gesellschaft. Einmal ging ich in ein Kaufhaus. Es war Winter. Es schneite und das Wetter war schlecht. Auf den Straßen waren nicht viele Leute. Sie blieben zu Hause. Eine schöne Frau kam mir entgegen. Sie hatte moderne Schuhe mit hohen Absätzen. Ihre Schritte waren unvorsichtig, weil auf der Straße Glatteis war. Auf einmal schrie sie. Sie fiel auf die Straße.

Sie machte ein verblüfftes Gesicht. Ich wollte ihr helfen, aber sie schrie auf mich. Sie sagte, dass sie selbst aufstehen könnte. So ging ich nach Hause, aber ich war wütend. Die Frau war nicht freundlich, aber sie könnte mir ruhig sagen, dass sie keine Hilfe wollte.

Unsere Lehrerin wurde krank und eine andere Lehrerin ersetzte sie. Die neue Lehrerin war die Frau, **der** ich im Winter helfen wollte.

Barle Andreja, 4.b



37.014.77

MLADIKA

MLADIKA : glasilo...

izposojni rok 14 dni



L30236 Knjižnica Gimnazije Ledina