



GIMNAZIJA
NOVA GORICA

ARC-EN-CIEL
ARCOBALENO
REGENBOGEN
РАДУГА
ARCO RAINBOW
彩虹

TUJEJEZIČNO GLASILO
GIMNAZIJE NOVA GORICA

GLASILU NA POT

»Kako hitro teče čas«, se pogosto slišimo v naših pogovorih. Res je. Ni še dolgo tega, ko smo izdali zadnje tujejezično glasilo, in že leži pred nami nova številka. Dijaki Gimnazije Nova Gorica tudi tokrat niso skoparili s svojo ustvarjalno močjo ter spravili na papir svoja doživljanja, izkušnje, sanjarjenja, kakor tudi pridobljeno znanje – vse to v enem od tujih jezikov, ki se jih učijo na šoli. Mentorji, ki smo udeleženi pri nastajanju glasila, smo prepričani, da pričujoča kreativnost naših dijakov spodbuja njihovo osebno rast ter krepi njihovo samozavest, domišljijo in estetski čut, pa tudi veselje do lastnega izražanja, s čimer se mladi ljudje tudi čustveno bogatijo. Zato se, tako kot vsako leto tudi letos, skupaj z dijaki, veselimo izida našega glasila »Mavrica«.

Urednica glasila

Renata Bone, prof.

*Deutsche
Seiten*



ROŽA JE VZKALILA NA MAJHNI BILKI

Roža je vzkalila na majhni bilki.

Svetlo rumeni listi bleščijo moje oči.

Vonj njenega nasmeha me spominja na dan, ko sva se spoznali.

Bil je začetek,

bilo je rojstvo,

moje ljubezni do tebe.

So klingt dieses Liebesgedicht auf Deutsch:

EINE BLUME KEIMTE AM KLEINEN HALM AUF

Eine Blume keimte am kleinen Halm auf.

Die hellgelben Blätter blenden meine Augen.

Der Geruch ihres Lächelns erinnert mich an den Tag, an dem wir uns zum ersten Mal getroffen haben.

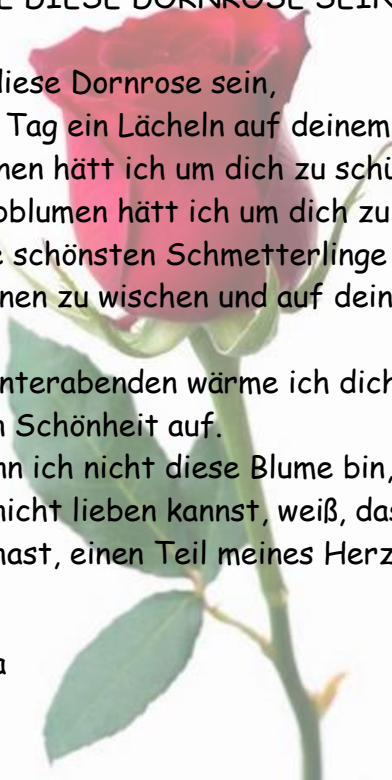
Es war der Anfang, es war die Geburt, meiner Liebe zu dir.

Anonimus, 4.a



PARALLELGEDICHTE

ICH MÖCHTE DIESE DORNROSE SEIN



Ich möchte diese Dornrose sein,
die dir jeden Tag ein Lächeln auf deinem Gesicht hinzaubert.
Hundert Dornen hätt ich um dich zu schützen,
Hundert Laubblumen hätt ich um dich zu streicheln.
Ich hätte die schönsten Schmetterlinge der Welt,
um deine Tränen zu wischen und auf dein gebrochenes Herz
aufzupassen.
An kalten Winterabenden wärme ich dich mit meiner
bescheidenen Schönheit auf.
Und auch wenn ich nicht diese Blume bin,
und du mich nicht lieben kannst, weiß, dass du immer einen
Teil von mir hast, einen Teil meines Herzens.

Anonimus, 4.a

ICH MÖCHTE DIESE GITARRE SEIN

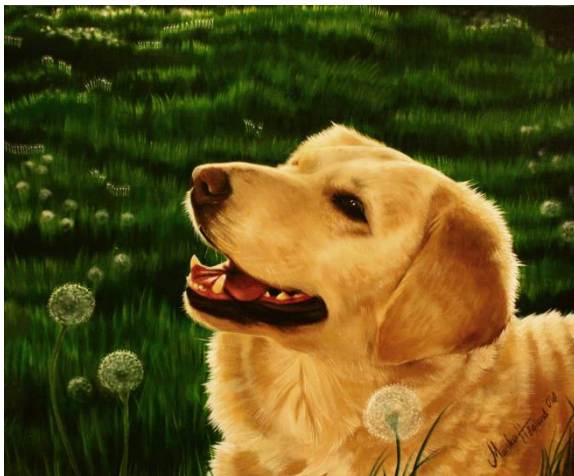
Ich möchte diese Gitarre sein
Die du so gern spielst
Sechs Saiten hätt ich um dir zu schallen
Sechs silberne und klingende Saiten
Um dir zu singen
Ich hätte die besten Pickups der Welt
Um deine Solos gut wahrzunehmen
Und Melodien bestens hören zu können
In den Stunden des Sommers könntest du mich
Mit einem Plektron von Dunlop spielen
Auf meinem Griffbrett würden deine Finger tanzen
Wie eine Eisläuferin auf dem Eis
Ich wollte ich wär diese Gitarre
Die du durch einen Verstärker von Marshall spielst
Und die mit ihren Geräuschen
Deinem Trommelfell schaden wird.

Jure Kovač, 4.a

ICH MÖCHTE MEIN HUND SEIN

Ich möchte mein Hund sein,
den ich an der Tür sehe.
Hundert Minuten hätte ich, um weiterzuschlafen,
hundert mal sechzig Sekunden
um süß zu lachen.
Ich hätte den ganzen Morgen,
um liegenzubleiben und
um das Frühstück zu essen.
Und wenn die Menschen nach Hause kämen,
würde ich sie fröhlich erwarten.
Und ich würde gestreichelt
und sie wären glücklich, mich streicheln zu können.
Ich wollte ich wäre mein Hund,
der alle glücklich macht
und der schlafen kann,
den ganzen Tag und die ganze Nacht.

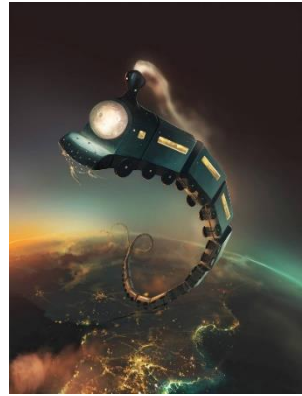
Luka Simčič, 4.a



ICH MÖCHTE DIESER ZUG SEIN

Ich möchte dieser Zug sein
Den du so liebst:
Hundert Wägen hät ich um dich zu fahren
Hundert große und klare Fenster
Um deine Augen zu erfreuen.
Ich hätte die besten Aussichten der Welt
Um dich am Morgen, am Mittag
Und am Abend zu bezaubern.
In den Stunden des Sommers könnt ich dich
In einem langen Tunnel vor Sonne verhütten
In meinem Schlafwagen möchte ich
Zur Nacht dich zum Einschlafen bringen.
Ich wollte ich wär dieser Zug
In dem du dich auf den letzten Weg begeben wirst
Und auf dem letzten Bahnhof
Von meinem Hauenpfiß noch einmal begrüßt wirst.

Luka Vižin, 4.a



Interview mit Alenka Hace, einer Bewohnerin des oberen Sočatala

In der Geschichte mussten sich die Menschen immer an die Umgebung anpassen, in der sie lebten. Die Natur gab ihnen viel, nahm aber oft viel davon mit. Es hat sich oft als unerträglicher Ausländer für fleißige und brausende Hände erwiesen, wenn er rücksichtslos Ernten, Boden oder sogar das Leben zerstörte. Aber auch schien sie wieder ein Wohltäter zu sein, wenn sie Schutz, Wasserquelle, Nahrung und Raum anbot, in dem der Mensch den alltäglichen Problemen entkommen konnte. Sogar die Bewohner des oberen Soča-Tals haben die Natur oft als Fremde empfunden, aber sie auch immer besser kennen gelernt. Der Fluss Soča hat die Einwohner hinter sich gelassen und hinterlässt immer noch ein großes Siegel auf ihnen. Ich sprach mit einem Bewohner in der Nähe des Flusses Soča aus dem gleichnamigen Dorf im Bereich des Nationalparks Triglav, etwa 20 Kilometer von der Quelle der smaragdgrünen Schönheit entfernt.

Guten Tag! Sie wohnen direkt am Fluss Soča, Was bedeutet der Fluss für Sie? Was bedeutet das Leben hier für Sie?

Grüß Gott. Der Fluss Soča ist mein treuer Begleiter von sehr jungen Jahren. Im Sommer war mein Lieblingsspielplatz trotz der relativ niedrigen Temperaturen bei etwa 9 Grad. Mein Bruder war ein echter Abenteurer. Wir hatten unser eigenes "Floß". Vom Traktorreifen nahmen wir den Schlauch, füllten ihn auf, bündelten ihn und trugen das "Floß" bis zu 2 km den Fluss hinauf, so dass wir eine tolle Abfahrt nach Hause hatten. Direkt unterhalb des Hauses gibt es kleine Schluchten des Flusses Soča, und dort mussten wir uns vom Wasser beeilen. Die kleinen Schluchten der Soča verbergen die Vertiefungen, in denen ich ging, um meine Bücher zu lesen, und niemand hat mich gefunden. Oft waren die Tröge eine Abkürzung, weil wir sie oft übersprangen haben und den Weg nach Hause verkürzten. Jetzt bewundere ich den Fluss mit großer Liebe. Ich kenne und lerne daraus und wachse ich immer wieder. Mein Blick auf ihn beruhigt mich und ich bin stolz darauf, hier zu sein und hier zu leben. Ich bin ihm dankbar.

Wie ist das Leben an der Soča im Sommer und im Winter?

Im Sommer ist es ziemlich lebhaft am Fluss; In diesem oberen Teil des Flusses gibt es keine sportlichen Aktivitäten wie Rafting und ähnliches, aber es hat unzähligen Ecken am Ufer, an dem die Besucher des Tals

sorglos die Schönheit des Flusses bewundern. Im Winter ist die Geschichte völlig anders, der Tourismus wird zurückgezogen und der Fluss geht seinen eigenen Weg.

Was bot die Soča in der Vergangenheit an, als sich die Wirtschaft hauptsächlich auf die Landwirtschaft konzentrierte? Am Fluss Soča sind zum Beispiel noch sichtbare Mühlenreste.

Die Wirtschaft am Soča-Fluss war ziemlich reich, einige Sägewerke und Mühlen waren am Fluss. In den Mühlen mahlte man hauptsächlich Mais, und im Sägewerk wurde Holz für den Bau vorbereitet. Der Fluss Soča war auch hervorragend geeignet, um Holz schwimmen zu lassen. Sie stellten oft Holz am Wasser her und warteten darauf, dass der Wasserstand anstieg, und drückten das Holz mit Hilfe von Steigeisen und Längen (ein spezielles Werkzeug zum Schieben und Ziehen) in den Fluss. Die Soča brachte das Holz zu der Stelle, wo es aus dem Wasser gezogen wurde.

Der Fluss diente auch zur Fütterung der Tiere, die Menschen fanden eine zusätzliche Nahrungsquelle, beispielsweise Fisch. Vielmals, wenn Wasser im Winter ertrank, konnte der Fisch aus den verbliebenen Becken aufgesammelt werden.

Meta Kenda, 4.a



MEINE HEIMAT

Morgenrot, das Rot, das weckt mich auf.
Vögel singen ihre Hymne klar.
Ihr Lachen, das wir täglich teilen.
Unsere Mutter, die uns fest umarmt.
Und die Blumen auf unserer Großvaters Grab.
Ein Wort zu groß, um begrenzt zu sein.

Klara Križnič, 3.a

KLEIN ABER MEIN

Du bist klein,
liebe Heimat,
aber du bist immer mein.
Du existierst nicht viel Zeit
und du hast Fehler,
trotzdem hast du viel Schönheit -
die schönsten Flüssen, Bergen und Täler.

In unsere Hand
gibst du alles,
wie Mutter zu Kindern.
Deine Kinderliebe,
unsere Heimat,
kann nichts verhindern.

Matjaž Mavrič, 3.a



MEINE GROßMUTTER ERZÄHLT

Die Kindheit verbrachte ich in Maribor. Ich lebte in Magdalen Stadtteil. Mit 7 Jahren ging ich in die Schule.

Jeden Tag stand ich früh auf und ging in die Schule. Ich hatte einen langen Weg in die Schule. Am Schönsten war es im Winter, als es schneite. Wir spielten und machten einen Schneemann. Auf einmal kam das Jahr 1941. Flugzeuge sind gekommen und bombardierten die Stadt Maribor. Manchmal versteckten wir uns im Keller und warteten auf das Ende zu kommen.

Zuerst meinten wir, dass alles nur ein Spiel war, aber Situation wurde zur Realität. Wir bekamen einen neuen Lehrer, er sprach nur Deutsch. So bin ich 4 Jahre in die »deutsche« Schule gegangen.

Wir fanden heraus, dass der Krieg begann.

NIKA VRABEC, 3.C



STILLSCHWEIGEN

Man spricht immer über alles,
Kein Thema ist Tabu,
Aber wenn es kommt zu Liebe,
Man spricht nicht über »ich und du«.

Mija Frančeskin, 4.a



MEINE FREIZEIT

Moj prosti čas je:
 gledanje filmov,
 gledališče, smučanje,
 koncert, branje
 knjige, tek,
 fotografiranje,
 plavanje, igranje
 kitare, ples, odbojka,
 poslušanje glasbe,
 računalnik.

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REŠITEV

Anže Klinec, 2.a



Unser Gedicht : Unsere Farben

Wir lieben bunte Farben -
Rosa, Grün und Blau.

Aber : Warum malen wir denn alles in Grau?

Unsere Welt ist indigo blau.
Die Farbe ist sehr tief.
Und wir können nichts dagegen tun,
Wenn alles geht schief.

Unter dem Regenbogen
Gibt es so viele Farben!
Aber es gibt auch grauen Himmel
Und es gibt auch weißen Schnee.

Im Winter gibt es Schnee
Und die Welt ist weiß und kalt.
Aber das Frühjahr ist so schön und grün
Die Blumen blühen, ach es ist so warm.

3.f, 3.g

Liebe Lehrerin!

Wir waren auf einer kleinen Insel namens La Digue.
Sie ist eine von den Seychellen Inseln.

Das Meer ist da hellgrün und blau. Die Sonne hat
stark geschienen und das Wetter war sehr heiß.

Wir haben in einem schönen Haus gelebt. Jeden
Morgen sind ein roter und ein brauner Vogel zum
Frühstück zu uns gekommen. Am Nachmittag sind
wir viel radgefahren. Am Vormittag und am Abend
haben wir am Strand gelegen, wir sind im Meer
geschwommen und haben ein Sonnenbad
genommen.

Aber die Sonne war sehr stark. Also sind wir nicht
viel zu Fuß gegangen.

Wir haben viele verschiedene Fische gesehen. Am
letzten Tag haben wir den höchsten Gipfel bestiegen.
Der Gipfel ist nur 333 m hoch, aber es war heiß und
feucht.

Viele Grüße,
Ihre Schüler von der 2.f

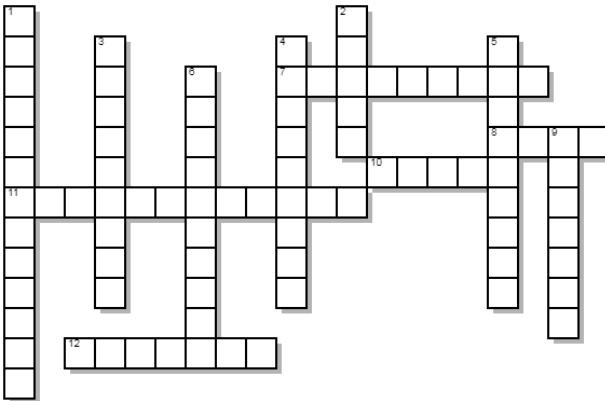
WOHNEN

HORIZONTAL- WAAGERECHT:

1. Wir schlafen in dem Zimmer.
2. Am Mittag essen wir im
3. In der kochen wir.
4. Wohnung ist im
5. In der Stadtmitte/ im
6. Sie wohnt im zweiten
7. auf dem/ auf dem Land.

VERTIKAL - SENKRECHT:

7. Im arbeiten Architekten.
8. Das Bett ist im Kinderzimmer.
10. wohnen im Studentenheim.
11. Das Sofa ist im
12. Eine wohnt im Einfamilienhaus.



Lana Pahor, 2.a



Rebus

ich → bin
??? → bist



mit
T=R



Z=N
4.5.6.7.8



R: "Du gehst mir auf den Keks"

"Du gehst mir auf den Keks"

Metka Petrič 2.a

*English
Pages*



COSMOS

Cosmos endlessness,
stars, planets,
solar systems,
Milky way, chocolate...
Wait, wait, wait,
chocolate?
Oh, I'm hungry.
Chocolate bar is on
my mind.

Lana Pahor

—2. A—



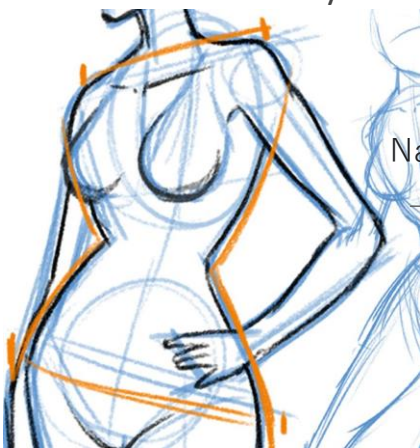
BODY IMAGE

“Body image.” These two words have recently become commonplace in the media, whether they carry a positive or a negative connotation. When you put these words together, what do they really mean? Is it security, love, and value, or do they arouse feelings of shame and a desire to alter oneself? With media telling us how to look, collecting likes based on person’s appearance and models smiling at us from jumbo screens? How are we supposed to be happy in our own bodies? Especially at our age, this very attitude can present a big challenge.

You might not realise but it is with us since our early days. Do you see yourself in that little girl playing with Barbies not knowing that those dolls are setting an ideal image of a body in her my mind at such a young age? I grew up wishing to have blond hair, blue eyes and long legs like Barbie, so I could get my Ken. This is exactly what big companies want us to think, and this is how they work. By buying this kind of toys, we are naively letting them raise people who are insecure about their body image. It starts there, later Barbies turn to girls from catalogues, commercials or social media and suddenly there we are: using tons of products to make ourselves feel “prettier” doing exactly what big associations want us to do. But it was proven that if Barbie’s physical measurements were

given to a real woman she would only have room for half a liver and a few inches of intestine. In other words, her body is simply unrealistic. It is also pretty well known about how many hours of photo shopping are spent on each and every picture published that you see. But in fact, you just want to look like them because the society tells you so.

We, the new generation, are beginning to miss the main point of beauty, which is really not about how many likes you get or how slim you are. The real beauty consists of kindness and being good to other people. Things that cannot be seen through a picture posted on social media. We are making conclusions based on looks, but they are temporary. It is our heart and our brains that will matter more and more later on in life. Therefore, take care of your body, it is the only place you have to live, love it and accept it the way it is, the way you are. As the saying goes, “a house divided against itself cannot stand,” so should you better take care of your one.



Nastja Orel
—1. C—



A BRIEF ARTICLE ABOUT CARNIVAL

Carnival, which is “pust” in Slovene, is a cheerful event, perfect for anyone who likes to express their creativity through their costume or just wants to be someone else for a day. What you do is that you basically get dressed up in any costume by your choice, you can go 'trick or treating,' attend a carnival or go on parade. The purpose of carnival is to chase winter away with masks and to welcome spring.

The date of this very holiday varies from year to year. In other words, its date every year depends on another religious holiday – Easter. In fact, carnival takes place on Sunday, which is always 7 weeks before Easter. The seven-week period is called “Lent,” that is a liturgical season of 40 days before Easter when some Christians eat less food or stop doing something that they enjoy on regular basis.

The first celebration of this holiday dates back to the pre-Christian era, when its tradition was taken over by the Romans who created more holidays like pust and celebrated them in the pre-spring season.

And now to the etymology. The word pust itself, which was known already by Primož Trubar, probably comes from the word 'mesopust' which means 'meat' and 'to fast' or 'meat' and 'to quit'. If we literally translate the

Italian word “carnevale,” we get the translation 'quit meat'. It was from the same word that the word 'carnival' was derived.

Traditional Slovenian carnival masks are:

- kurent from Ptuj
- laufar from Cerkljansko
- pozvačini from Prekmurje
- pustovi from Drežnica
- škoromati from Hrušica
- petelini from Dobropolje



The best places in Slovenia where you can go to parades and take part in a carnival are Cerknica, Ptuj, Borovo gostüvanje (Prekmurje), and Drežnica.

Last but not least, pust is not really pust without the typical desserts such as donuts, “štravbe,” and “miške.”



Nena Bučinel and Nataša Jurman

—1. C—

I've shattered your heart
And broke your bones.
I've cut your wrists
And made you bleed.
Pushed you to the ground
And made you cry.
Killed your dreams
And cut your wings.



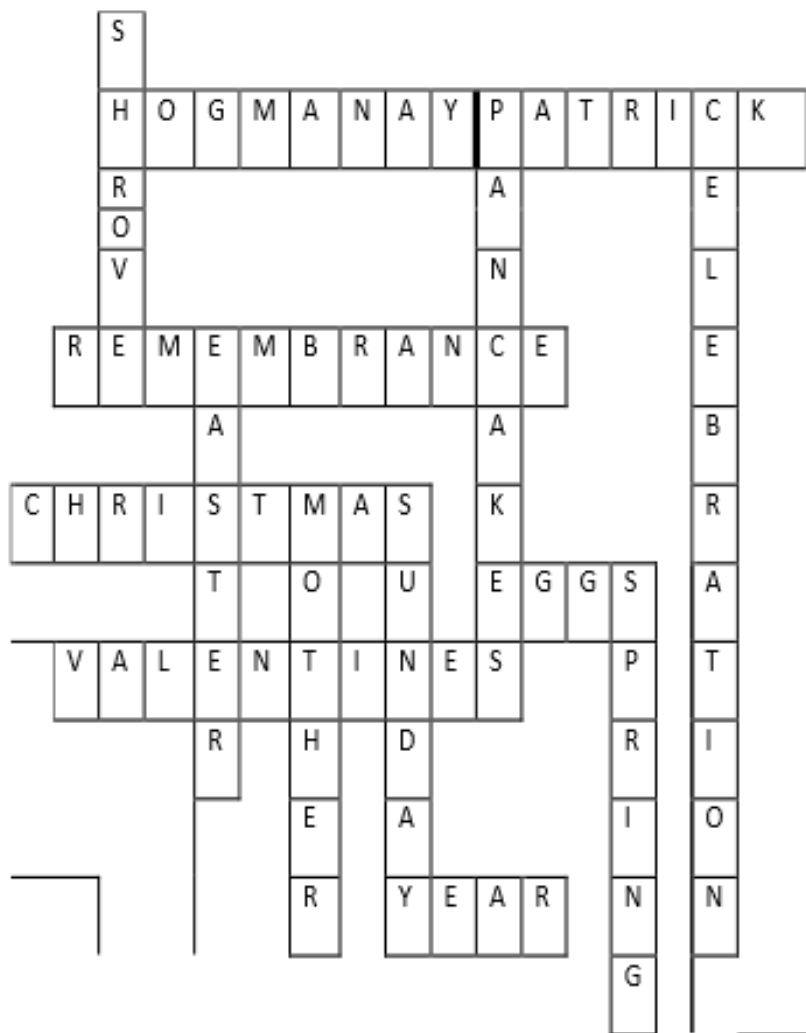
So tell me...
How can you still be alive
When I made you lose it all.
When I damaged and abused you.
When I killed every dream you've ever had.
When I made you bleed and cry.
How can you still stand as tall as you did?
How can you still stand at all?

With those broken bones
And broken heart.
What do you have?

Karin Likar

—3. F—

REŠITEV:



Maja Urdih

—2. A—

MASKS

I live in this world,
the world full of masks,
the masks of joy and luck.
But under them, there's cold,
chill and sadness of the soul,
of the unhappy soul.
Thus, I put on my mask, without delay,
and enter the following day.

Elis Ferjančič Goljevšček

—3. E—



NO MORE MIST

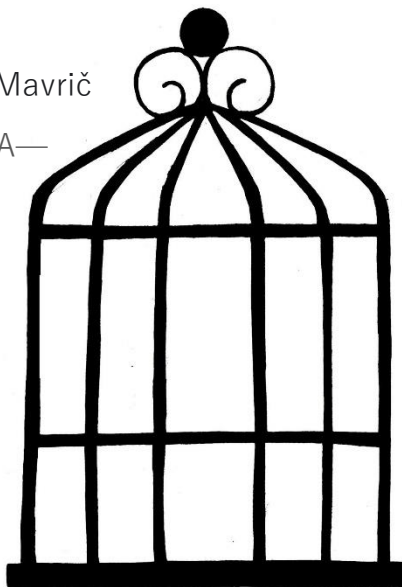
Soon we shall know
brains are waiting to show
everything there is
nothing shall we miss.

We shall eat the forbidden fruit
exposing the oldest root
banished from Paradise
thinner than the protective ice.

With no positive pain
everything will be done in vain
the Earth will become a dying star
a misty cage will morph to a small jar.

Matjaž Mavrič

—3. A—



HAIKU



fish are swimming
water flows around them elegantly
a cold, cold vast lake

Bor Remškar

—1. G—

THE REVOLUTION INSIDE ME

Tonight, it was one of those nights.

Right then and there, at that specific moment it was my time to live. I breathed in heavily and took a few steps that separated me from my mirror. When I reached it, I was paralyzed. For some moments I simply could not do anything. I was just standing there, observing that big red curtain that was covering my mirror – my escape, my only way of living and not just surviving.

I had a big dark secret. I was not depressed, lonely and tired of life as everybody used to think. I just had one problem. The only way of being alive that I knew was when I was alone in my room, staring at my silhouette in the mirror. There was something special in that numb gaze that was staring back at me. There was something about my short greasy hair and anorexic figure. It was like my silhouette was trying to deliver me a secret message, maybe a warning that it was about time I did something for myself.



To be honest, I wanted to change something. I knew that I could not live just between sunsets and sunrises. My life needed to be more than just another sad story about a

deviant boy that had lost his mind. ‘Hallucinations’ the doctors said. ‘Leave him. He does not live in the same world as we do.’ But they could not be more wrong. My mind was not completely out of that place. I had a clue of what was going on in that life. Moreover, I knew more about the meaning of life than anybody else that I knew.

I had a feeling inside my bones that told me that night was going to be different. I knew that was the right moment. It was time for me to spread my manifest and start a revolution inside me.

I stopped for a moment before summoning up the needed courage. Then I took another deep breath and exhaled the silence around me. I grabbed a curtain and pulled as much as I could. The curtain landed on the floor with a dull sound. I looked at my reflection, but I could not spot it. Instead of mine, there was a new pair of beautiful green eyes, full of life and joy. I could not help but stare. I saw her figure behind me. Small and brittle, but yet, filled with laughter. I needed just one moment to know that she would be a small catastrophe for me. In that specific, single moment, I got attached to her like Icarus got obsessed with the Sun. Too close and too intense for my life, to ever be the same again.

Gaja Živec

—3. A—

BOGEY PEOPLE

This piece of writing was written as a reflective response to the following excerpt:

During these nights, as all around me was silent - most of the neighborhood went to bed at ten-thirty - I entered another world. [...] And as I became more intoxicated and frustrated I'd throw open the bedroom window as the dawn came up, and look across the gardens, lawns, greenhouses, sheds and curtained windows. I wanted my life to begin now, at this instant, just when I was ready for it.

(Hanif Kureishi: The Buddha of Suburbia)

Everything's lame! Every day is the same, no diversity, we're all programmed in this system of life, which ends with death, as all things do. Even music sounds the same nowadays. The system forces you to seek for excitement in things that aren't really that exciting. The things you do every day, the things you need to do, even though you don't want to.

There I was, a bit lonely as usual, just finished my practice. I play basketball in the local team, we're quite good actually; last week we qualified for the state finals. Everyone was at the game, even my grandma came and she doesn't even know what basketball is; yet my dad didn't. He was working long hours – as usual. All he cares about is his work and how he makes his money. He comes home late every night; exhausted and stressed out – as usual – due to work; all he says is 'hello' and then he goes to bed. Worst of all, he doesn't even realize there's a

problem with that. It's too late now anyways for him to realize it.

I started going out every night, exploring the world by myself. I learned how to enter different worlds that were way more interesting than the one I lived in, the worlds with no system, where you were free to do what you wanted. Some may call them the worlds of intoxication but for me they are just peaceful places I enjoy. They are free, vivid and lovable, just like beautiful flowers on a warm spring morning. I couldn't stay long there, I had to go to school and school was another thing I'd had enough of. I wasn't a bad student at all but I just didn't like my classmates and other people at school. All they cared about was their grades and nothing else. No social life, no first-hand experiences, no issues that are not in the books. I was at the point in my life when I thought there was no place for me in the world, I couldn't relate to anybody, like a bird caught in the storm.



A bird, which flies freely, with no boundaries. The storm, our society, won't hurt you as long as you adapt to it. However, with that comes the limits, you're not free like you're in your own worlds even if they say so.

I hope we move to Mars soon; perhaps there are creatures whom I may find easier to understand.

M.T.

DEEP LIKE THE OCEAN

inner me is like an ocean
instead of water full of emotion

it's static yet so vivid
sometimes looking too frigid



there are so many waves
it's just the way the ocean behaves

YOUNG AND CONFUSED

What's the deal with emotions
should they be expressed, repressed
maybe shown in small proportions?

it's not the first time I've confessed
man, I really need instructions

Samra Begić

—3. C—

IGNORANCE

The most intelligent creatures
suffer from lack of empathy
they want something with different features
something with emotions and sympathy

Instead of fixing themselves
they would rather build something new
focusing on everything else
not knowing they need a different point of view

Samra Begić

—3. C—

HAIKU



no explanation
a brain washed generation
modern revolution



floating trash islands-
popular tourist attraction
what an irony



too much empathy
it's a straight up felony
selfish society



a modern debate-
what do you pour first,
the milk or the cereal

Samra Begić

—3. C—

THE SAME DAY

The same day,
different me.
We are not living
the reality.

Inhaling the lies
and exhaling the truth.
Living in paradise.
Living our youth.

Living the day
like a game we play.
Living the night
without a trace of the light.

Lost in the torture.
Lost in the pain.
Lost in my feelings,
I'm dancing in the rain.

I said the same day
different me.
I faced - I lived - the
cruel reality.

Please never again.
Rather lock me up,
And leave me there,
tied down with an unbreakable chain.

Lija Vermiglio Vremec

—1. B—



IMAGINATION

Imagine the sky.
What do you feel and why?
Imagine her eyes.
Aren't they nice?
Imagine one word,
That is sharp like a sword.
Imagine one land,
that is full of sand.
Imagine your laugh.
Imagine your better half.
Imagine one game.
Imagine one name.
Imagine a coronation,
because you're the king of imagination.



Lija Vermiglio Vremec

—1. B—

BURNING UP

Every now and again, I subconsciously find myself searching deeply throughout my messed up mind thinking there's something more to what people see taking a quick glance at my life, although I don't necessarily often get too pumped up to change my lifestyle in any way. I do kind of like it the way it is right now, no denying here.

On the other hand, most days I crave inhaling fresh air without feeling like I'm just about to suffocate. I can't help but see myself capable of being in a better headspace than in which I'm right now. Obnoxiously overthinking my current life situation drives me insane, yet here I am, once again, rethinking every single step I've made so far and whether they were made in the right direction. Waking up with the heartrending feeling of doubt must've become a regular feature to my life. If I ever did set any goal, it was always done with nothing but the intention of being reached. But then - considering my current situation, I reckon I always bit off more than I could chew.

Barking up the wrong tree is probably the only thing I've ever been good at, but is it possible that all my downfalls are somebody else's fault? Is the company of wrong people better than the company of our mind itself? After falling to pieces, can we only get fixed by somebody else?

The only way to change your life is to make changes the only things that stay the same. Think outside the box, keep

track of everything you accomplish, change your mindset. Listen up, child.

We weren't born as a solitary species as well as not with the ability to live happily when being put down by others. When reaching the point of not being able to keep going due to other people's bad influence, you must find the strength to cut those out of your life. You mustn't let yourself burn up in order to give light to others. Leaving anyone who no longer deserves you behind is definitely easier said than done, but not impossible. You have to love yourself enough to know you deserve more and to be capable of letting go. Seek for your flaws and fall in love with every single one – then, start accepting them as your specialities. Even though the feeling of loneliness tends to prevail over the right mindset, you must remember you had locked certain doors without the intention of unlocking them again. It's always better to stay lost than returning home which was never a real one.

Lina Ivana Benetič

—2.B—



FILL IN THE BLANKS

(ONE)

A disgusting smell of school cafeteria and smelly bathrooms makes me cringe hard. It's just another regular day I have to spend in this building. I'm not a type of girl who would carry a little notebook or calendar in the purse and willingly mark every day that passes by, silently counting how many days until the summer break. Too fancy and inconvenient. I'd rather have extra snacks and useless junk rolling and dodging in my black, ripped backpack. It's not like I'm happy to be in school. It's just my way of observing things.

I rush into the bathroom, my stomach feels like it is tied in a knot. The first thing that pops into my mind is that big, greasy burrito I had yesterday which was filled with way too many beans to be normal. I crawl and drag my aching body on top of the toilet seat, sighing in relief. I always regret being social and spending nights out with Luissa. She made me eat that burrito, by the way...

The school bell rings and almost throws me off the toilet. Have I really just spent the whole break struggling, endeavoring to release the contents that've been filling my stomach from that nasty burrito? I surely have. I finally stand up, feeling my body ten times lighter and shove the door open. Realising I'm already late for my

English class, I stop and check myself out. The blurred and dirty mirror isn't helping in any shape or form. Or is it? Maybe it blurs away a nasty scar and a purple bruise running above my left eyebrow. It really makes me look tougher and stronger than I actually am. Long, black hair loosely tied in a messy ponytail and a pair of green scintillating eyes stare at me. I'm happy with myself. Not too bad, not too bad... I pull my way too oversized, funky, baggy t-shirt from my pants and tighten up laces on my green boots. I really am working on upgrading my style... Just not right now.

Empty hallways and quiet atmosphere surrounding me make me realise I'm in big trouble. Innocently and humbly I knock on the door in hope for the best. Instead of getting an earbashing, I step into the class filled with enthusiasm and joy. My classmates are having the time of their lives just dancing and indulging in music. I stand there, confused as hell. Maybe a good minute passes by and finally I'm dragged by the hand. Luissa pulls me into a tight hug so my nostrils fill up with a sense of lavender and smoke. Yes, she's a heavy smoker. We dance for a bit, but I get tired and sit down in my usual place. "Hey, what's the big deal?" I yell in the hope to drown out the loud voices coming from my crazy classmates. "We're just singing, and dancing, what do you mean?" Luissa speaks and leaves me thinking how we even became friends. "Um, we are supposed to be having an English

class with our most dogged and strict teacher but instead you're acting like it's some 'get-wasted' type of party in here," I say, shaking my head. "Oh, so you haven't heard the big news yet... Miss Johnson's retired!" Luissa yells, grabbing me by my hands and trying to enthuse me. I'm in a state of shock. It's not like I care about Miss Johnson in any way. In fact I hate her. I hate her deeply. The most rooted hate I've ever felt towards anyone in my life. The way she walks, moves and looks just fills me with such unpleasant gut feeling I nearly choke. She really is old and narrow-minded. "Damn, that's something," I utter shallowly. I'm not good at releasing emotions.

(TWO)

Me and mum, lived in a friendly neighborhood surrounded by nature. I spent almost every day climbing trees, catching butterflies and other fragile insects. I was really enjoying my childhood years in peace and contentment. I remember clearly and vividly the day I came home and walked in on mum wasted and knocked out. She was bent over the table with her face gently pressed towards its surface. With my twelve year old brain I started looking for clues and reasons why she was like that. Considerably quickly I noticed empty beer bottles and pills that were lying around her and came to the conclusion. She had overdosed. I called the ambulance and waited impatiently. They came and lifted

her into the vehicle. I was grabbed by cold, unfamiliar hands and never returned. Never again have I seen my beautiful, wooden cottage in all of its glory.

The orphanage where I lived was ok. Many kids there were weird. It's not that I wasn't. It's just that I wasn't weird in such category. You feel me? They figured out my mum couldn't take care of me as she was supposed to and it was safer for me to stay there until I grow up and become stable and reasonable enough to judge whether I want to live with my mum or not. I didn't consider my mum as a 'bad mum'. I mean of course she had her flaws, but she was ok. But maybe ok wasn't enough, after all.

I lived there, went to school and led a pretty mundane existence. Anyway, I always felt a strong urge to go. I wasn't free and I missed the freedom I used to have. I ran away when I was fourteen. I ran, not knowing where I was heading. In my yellow knit pullover and a satchel hung around my shoulder, I was quite noticeable and many people stopped me to ask where I was going. I played dumb and mute. I was starting to feel the cruelty and unfamiliarity of the streets. This was a cruel, dark



place I'd got myself into. People were strangers. Happy, sad, miserable, dissapointed faces were passing me as I realised I was one of them. Just a face in the crowd. Having no idea where I was headed. Lost in the cold, bullshit world.

Because it's hard to survive and remain unnoticeable on the streets, I met people. I met guys, girls, and creatures I can't label. It was weird, but also good. Not all people are trash, after all... I met Mark. He was in his early twenties. Dark, long, straight hair, pale face, thin lips, black bags under his eyes and a kind of rapt, blurred expression in his grey eyes. His slim body and leaning posture did somehow make me want to talk to him. Because I was in desperate need of getting myself together and finally starting to look after my future, I joined him. He was my fella and we started living together. He knew people. People on the streets. I never got attached to any of them. Not even Mark. He was such a frivolous, lost human being. Not even a spark of energy filled his pale, aching body. I got my own room in this huge, cold building and lived next door to Mark. Plenty of other people lived there to. I could definitely spot the similarity. Pale, sucked up faces. As if life had sucked out all the energy and happiness that used to fill them. It's funny, how quickly I became one of them.

During these nights, as all around me was silent - most of the neighborhood went to bed at ten-thirty - I entered

another world. [...] Sometimes I felt the whole world was converging on this little room. And as I became more intoxicated and frustrated I'd throw open the bedroom window as the dawn came up, and look across the gardens, lawns, greenhouses, sheds and curtained windows. I wanted my life to begin now, at this instant, just when I was ready for it. Then it was time for my paper-round, followed by school. And school was another thing I'd had enough of. Alarm clock went off and I found myself struggling to get up. It was a rough, merciless night. My stomach was rumbling and I needed to eat badly. Slowly I dragged my unconscious body down the stairs into the kitchen. It smelled horribly and piles of dirty dishes were lying on top of the sink and were even spread out on the floor. I smiled at the thought of seeing my classmates shocked at the view of my settled, tidy, safe apartment. I lied a lot. Secrets and lies seem to be the only solution I have found so far. Opening the fridge and pretending to observe new, fresh food, was the game I was good at. With slow, lazy gesture I opened the slimy fridge door and gazed into its interior. For a growing, burgeoning creature as I was, a piece of stale, perhaps even mouldy bread wasn't the best source of energy I could consume... But it was something. And lately I've been holding onto that something just like guarding the apple of my eye. Damn... I could use an apple now.

How come I am so thin? Well I walk miles to school and then back home... I walk all the time, basically. Not to mention that I tried using a taxi once but got heavily harassed by an old Asian guy. And if you think about it, it's the least dangerous form of transport. Also keeps you fit... Bla bla bla... Can I prevent my thoughts from escaping other places and rather focus on my current situation? Yes, I'm standing in front of the principal's office. Chewing, sucking and biting my already damaged and butchered nails. Okay, maybe I'm overexaggerating but my nails are really fucked up, though. I admire and also feel slightly intimidated by people with nice, well shaped nails. It just requires some skills I clearly don't have. 'Christabel Ash!' A piercing, annoying voice almost throws me off the bench I'm currently sitting on. I flinch hard as the sound of my real, full name echoes and lingers in my ears. Nobody calls me by my real name. It's simply ridiculous. My parents probably rolling somewhere in the grass, listening to Bob Marley and strongly under green substances... Yes, that's how I picture the process of choosing my name took place. I strictly command and even force, if necessary, to be called simply 'Chris'. I think it suits me way better. If someone calls me by my real name I instantly feel a strong urge to attack them. I even remind myself to be polite and knock on the principal's door before entering. When I push open the brown, solid mahogany door, I can't believe my eyes. My eyes wander from the worried

expression on the principal's face to the police officer that's standing next to her. Finally, they stop on the black notebook that's negligently open on the desk. I instantly notice small, oblique handwriting and stickers bursting and projecting from each page. How wouldn't I? Something so close and glorious to me that has been stolen from my black backpack is now in their hands. My heart starts pounding and beads of sweat start dripping from every pore. They know everything. Like an actress I sit down in the chair next to them and finish my act. There is no point in misleading them so I might as well give them a full show. With shaky hands but with a decisive mind I open my notebook on page 52. One last time I raise my head and gaze into the principal's eyes. All her authority is gone. I've seen this look before. An expression of disbelief on Miss Johnson's face when she spotted me and her son in the car. When she saw me draped in her own white coat, which apparently, by her surprise, had a new pattern. Red stains and dots. Unfortunately, her mind wasn't satisfied with a logical idea or assumption of clumsiness and spilled ketchup at the dinner. She knew exactly what we had done. That's the reason for her retirement. Oh, well... Fear is the only thing that's surrounding the three of us now. Me, the principal and the officer. Nice audience. So I cough, clear my throat and start reading my notes from the night I committed a crime.

I just don't fit in and never have. I think nobody does because society doesn't let us. This is why I leave the building in the middle of the night and plan to do something crazy. What do people say? Make memories. Because I am indeed a blank page that's desperate to be filled up with colors. Creations that only people can make. So I walk straight ahead and confront my crush.

Somehow we've ended up in this shit together. Very enthusiastic from me to be spilling all this ink onto his lips. Would literally scream perfection if it weren't for my poor handwriting skills. How can we be filled with hope if we always try, try but never succeed. He eyes me with ferocity that almost compels me to drop my gaze... But I won't. His naive, mawkish smile spurs my imagination to the point where I lose my sanity. It's so funny how air vibrates with thick electrical pulse that's surrounding us. I jump into his car as it nearly takes off, leaving me with five nasty scars on my right leg. My modeling career distinguished. As we drive I notice how his car smells of hot plastic, aftershave and take-away chips. It's quite fascinating to see that part of him. No music and silence that makes me nervous remind me of cemetery. It's weird to be caught thinking about cemetery when you're next to the person you've desired for ages. Just to be around him makes me feel fulfilled. Satisfied. I wouldn't dare to touch him. He once touched me. I will never forget how a fingertip on my arm made my spine shake and shift. That

feeling in the lower part of my back that I can still feel if I try to set my mind to it... It's insane. I'm insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity... And he? He's just there. Standing, smiling, looking marvelous and so clean and unreachable. Maybe I'm obsessed with his innocent mind and strong potential that's so vivid and crystal clear within him. I wouldn't call it love. Stubbornness that's engraved on my mind prevents me from loving him. It's his mother, watching me everyday in the school, that doesn't let me sleep. I want to save him from her outdated, primitive mind. My soul is craving to see her from the aspect she views me everyday. To have the power and ability to finally shut her down and impose stuff she refuses to hear on her mind. Only for the sake of her son and everyone else sitting in that classroom, breathing the same air and hearing the same garbage as I do. It's a pity I don't possess the power to change blood running through his veins. We shall not say goodbye, Miss Johnson, because right now I have other plans. See, it's not you I'm worried about. What freaks me out are thoughts. Thoughts and fantasies people might have about me... They talk to me, smile back politely and give me a glance or two. And when they come home, they open their notebooks and play with simple innocent plans or just assumptions of how my neck would look sliced open, how I'd scream in a sudden urge to survive... Or plan a luxurious wedding with only few, selected guests, so no one, especially not me, will relish the bride's beauty.

Everyone has enemies. Unfortunately, I have plenty. The car I'm sitting in contains just enough oxygen not to drop dead on the spot. Sharpening my knife and cracking my knuckles, I face my crush. That makes him blush to the point where he resembles a tomato. I finally open the car door and stare deeply into my enemies' eyes, just how Mark, the failure, taught me. I try but just can't suppress the smirk twitching the corners of my mouth. In my defense I'm an actress and all the world's a stage, so inherently everything is fake. Waiting for them to make the first move, I want to break the murderous silence. It's kind of pathetic how I only utter one word that resembles my inner feelings.

Farewell.



Eva Hočevar

—1. G—

HONESTY

A word which should be a lighthouse and the highest ideal for everybody. But is it really true? Or is it just most abused word in everyday speech? Is it really honest to write a letter anonymously and let the others search for the responsible one? If you do this are you really as honest as you consider yourself to be? Are you truly decent if you gossip your students around? Find a mirror, have a look at the reflection and answer my question.

Everyone knows about the letter which came to our school and as a result some people were busy desperately seeking for the guilty one. Behaviour like that is acceptable as long as researchers know contents of the glorious letter is irrelevant. But to make sure it is really just unimportant rumour they should revise the case and figure out what has happened.

Finding out the main reason they should consider themselves as morally obliged and find those (adults) who are liable and demand them to answer for it.

On the other hand, they should fully concentrate on why the author was-whoever it was- scared that he or she did write it without signing it. This is an alarming signal the atmosphere here is toxic and dangerous. At this point we need to keep in mind the fact that in the past people wrote letters, essays and even books with wide range of pet names when they felt unsafe. Have a quick look at some examples. Primož Trubar published his works like Rodoljub Ilirski since he was not comfortable to use his own name.

In the 20th century when Europe bled because of various totalitarianisms bunches and bunches of terrified inhabitants of this continent of breath-taking beauty illegally published poems, novels and different newspapers by using pseudonyms. This was a consequence of fear, woe and misery which was spread around at that time. Just think about a large number of diaries which were written during this pitiless period—a vast majority was written anonymously and published just in order not to forget brief history as we can read in the introductions.

To summarise, being busy looking for the author is in my point of view useless. Instead, I suggest spending our precious energy searching for the responsible ones as just this will be a bright signal we do not bear cheating and will help to build a better, fearless society where no one has to feel horrified. Everything else is rubbish.

Zala Brecejl

—2. B—

Observe the world with your third eye, you'll see
None of your dreams are way too deep
None of your goals are way too high,
I've been told every one of us could touch the sky.

But we live in a life, rolled up in a lie,
all shared online, and we're all alike.
We need individuality to strike.
Am I right, or am I right?

Hooked up on electrode
With no goals in life to aim for
We're living in flight mode,
Taking place in this mess even though we deplore.

Tamara Taskova

—3. F—

A FALSE ADVENTURE

As I stepped into my old room, I was suddenly overcome with memories. Intense memories of my childhood. I wasn't a 'normal' teen as some may say. It was because I spent most of the nights in a different world.

During these nights, as all around me was silent - most of the neighborhood went to bed at ten-thirty - I entered another world. [...] Sometimes I felt the whole world was converging on this little room. And as I became more intoxicated and frustrated I'd throw open the bedroom window as the dawn came up, and look across the gardens, lawns, greenhouses, sheds and curtained windows. I wanted my life to begin now, at this instant, just when I was ready for it. Then it was time for my paper-round, followed by school. And school was another thing I'd had enough of.

I've always had an extremely vivid imagination. Most of the nights I was someone else. A completely different person. I entered a whole new world, where I did whatever I wanted. Where I was whoever I wanted. It was a kind of escape from the cage that had been my life. The world I created was my own, and no one could take it away from me, not even now. That's the beauty of it. I have always dreamed of an adventure, a life that would not be boring, a life I could actually live. I hate my regular life. But my made-up world is where I truly lived...

...and it all started one fateful night. Our ship, the Black Siren, was being attacked by the English. The captain of their ship, the Ambassador, was named James Brody, the famous pirate hunter. He had tracked down and destroyed dozens of ships, including their crews. And right now, he was at the stern of our ship.

I was just a little girl back then. My father was the captain of the Black Siren, and the best one at that. But that day I lost him. His heart had been pierced with a shot from a musket, and I was left under the arms of the world's best-known pirate – Jason Hollow. Back then he was a young man, left with a crew to lead and a little girl to take care of. I do not know how we got away from the English that day, but from then on, everything changed.

I learned to sword fight, work on the ship, read a compass, and know my way around the sea.

I loved being on the Siren, sailing into the unknown, fighting battles, taking over enemy ships. But I wanted more. I wanted wider knowledge, I wanted to see parts of land too, not just Tortuga and some other pirate places. I was afraid to bring something like that up to Jason. It would break



his heart. But I didn't intend to leave forever, so, I practised on a fellow pirate Sleazy Jones. He, was actually the smart one, and had made my decision even simpler. He told me he knew a guy on land, an old professor, who would most definitely take me in and teach me about everything. I gathered my courage and took our idea to Jason.

He did not agree at first, but I think he caved when he saw how much I really wanted this. In a week's time, I was off the Black Siren and off into the world. I was 13 at the time and I spent the next seven years in a beach house observatory with professor Vorg. He taught me all I needed to know about everything. I attended various dances and political parties, but I never forgot where I came from and eventually realised, that my heart was, after all, at sea. So, I left land behind.

I went to Tortuga to find someone who knew Jason's whereabouts. I did not have to look very hard, he was in the biggest and loudest bar there. He was looking for some new crew members. Apparently, his crew thought he was not a very good pirate anymore.

Whoever could beat his "number one" sword fighter, was allowed to join the crew council on the ship. I only observed at first, and laughed at some men who failed miserably. When the sixth man failed to beat Fish, I was done watching this depressing act.

'So, who's next?' Fish started shouting.

I put the hood of my black velvet cloak on, so they would not see I was a girl. I walked into the light and drew my

sword out. Fish was lying on the floor with my sword on his neck in a few seconds.

‘I know that style of fighting. I wouldn’t miss it anywhere’, Jason recognised my technique. ‘Emma? Is it really you?’ I put away my sword, took my hood off, and walked towards him, ‘Hey uncle Jason’. We hugged, and I don’t think he let go of me right up to when we were already on the Siren.

Most of the men on the crew council didn’t agree with me joining, because I was ‘only a girl’. That’s why I made a demonstration of what I could do. Four other crew members ended up on the floor, before they could even admit I might be able to handle the sea. I recognized some of the men. But the majority of them were ‘new’.

It was only when I was being introduced to the crew that I spotted a young boy among them. A boy somewhat my age, called Henry. I was told he was looking for his father, legendary and long-lost Billy Marsh. Jason told me Henry wouldn’t listen to him when he told him that his father had fallen into the abyss six years ago. He still believed he would find him, so he went wherever they went. I was very much intrigued by his story, plus it couldn’t hurt getting to know him since we were going to spend an indefinite time together.

‘Hi, I’m Emma’, I walked up to him.

‘Henry’, the boy spoke without even looking up. ‘You’re the one that beat Fish right, Jacks “niece”. Just a pretty girl, exactly what the crew needed. Another distraction holding us back, great’.

‘Excuse me?’ I couldn’t believe what had just come out of his mouth, ‘I’m not a distraction. I’ve spent most of my life on this ship, longer than you probably ever will, which makes me a lot more than just a pretty girl’.

‘If you really think that, then why did you leave in the first place?’

‘Asshole’, I whispered under my breath and walked away.

‘Can you believe this kid? Who does he think he is?’

We later sailed towards Shallow River, the abyss Billy had presumably fallen into. It took us weeks to get there. Meanwhile, I was a helping hand on the ship, I practised sword fighting and stayed the hell away from pretentious Henry. I understood he had been looking for his father for six years, but that didn’t give him the right to be a jerk.

We were standing on the verge of this infinite abyss. Staring into the fog, Henry started fixing up a rope for a climb down below.

‘Wowwowow, kid! Where do you think you’re going?’ Jason was surprised by his action. ‘I told you, I’m here to find my father’, Henry spoke confidently. ‘Well you can’t go down there alone, and I’m sure as hell not going’, Jason tried to stop him. ‘I’ll go’, I suddenly spoke, ‘We’ll go. Just us and we’ll be back till sundown’. ‘Are you crazy? I’m not letting you go down there. Alone. With him’. I dragged Jason to the side, ‘Don’t you want this wild goose chase to stop? We’ll go down there, he’ll realize his father is actually gone and he’ll finally stop obsessing over this. I’ll be fine, we’ll be back in no time’. Without waiting for Jason to answer, I turned around and started climbing down the rope. Henry started descending right after me.

It felt like we were climbing for ages, ‘Why are you so sure your father is still alive, anyway?’ ‘I just feel it. I can’t explain it otherwise’.

When we finally reached the bottom, we were surrounded with thick fog. I couldn’t see my own hands. Suddenly a hand grabbed mine. It was Henry. He started pulling me forward. We walked blindly for a while, until the fog started to recede. All of a sudden, Henry stopped and I almost crashed into him. ‘Why did you stop?’

There was no reply, I just saw him raising his hand, pointing towards something. I didn’t see anything at first, but then...

... but then my alarm clock went off. It was time for my paper-round. And after that, school. I was right back where I’d started. In my meaningless, boring, mundane life. I dressed in ordinary clothes, did my paper-round, got to school by bus and spent the whole day feeling lonely and unwanted. When I got home, I had chores and homework to do. And after a long, long day of being ordinary I couldn’t wait for everyone to go to sleep, so I could go back to my own world. Which was more real than the one I live in now.

Lara Vidic

—4. D—

SPRING

The sun is rising up and
snow is melting down, soon
the chilling winter will no
longer be around.

Gone will be the freeze and
left will be the trees,
as birds will start to sing you'll know
the near is spring.

As flowers start to bloom and
sun shines at high noon, the
light blue skies are clear, it's
nature you can hear.

And even though it's gone,
soon it will be back here,
forgive and forget like snow
from yesteryear.



Petar Đorđević

—1. C—

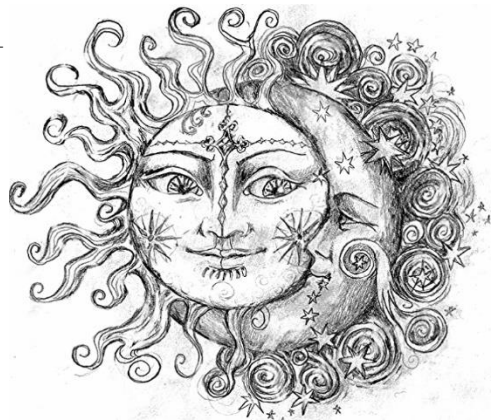
WHAT ARE THEY?

The star-
crossed lovers
since the dawn
of time. The
pair above us
hovers through
day and night.
They dance on
the sky and
with the stars
they fly.
Don't look for
them too far just
gaze upon a star.

Tina Kosovel

—1. C—

Key: the moon and the sun



THE REALITY

Exhaustion, despair,
lots of expectations... But
all for perfection.

Lea Pavlin

—1. C—



BLIND

She gave him all her smiles,
she drove a hundred miles
to see him, hug him tight,
but he kissed someone else last night ...

Don't you know, little girl?
There's so much more that you deserve...

Katarina Manfreda

—1. C—



THE EARTH

Life on Earth is fascinating as it is, with or without humans changing it. Some people say we're changing it for the better, others that we're changing it for the worse, thinking of only our needs and wishes, and I guess, everybody has their right ...

You find people who are trying to make the world a better place, but you also find people who are only thinking of themselves, and would do anything to satisfy their needs all be it to the detriment of others and nature ...

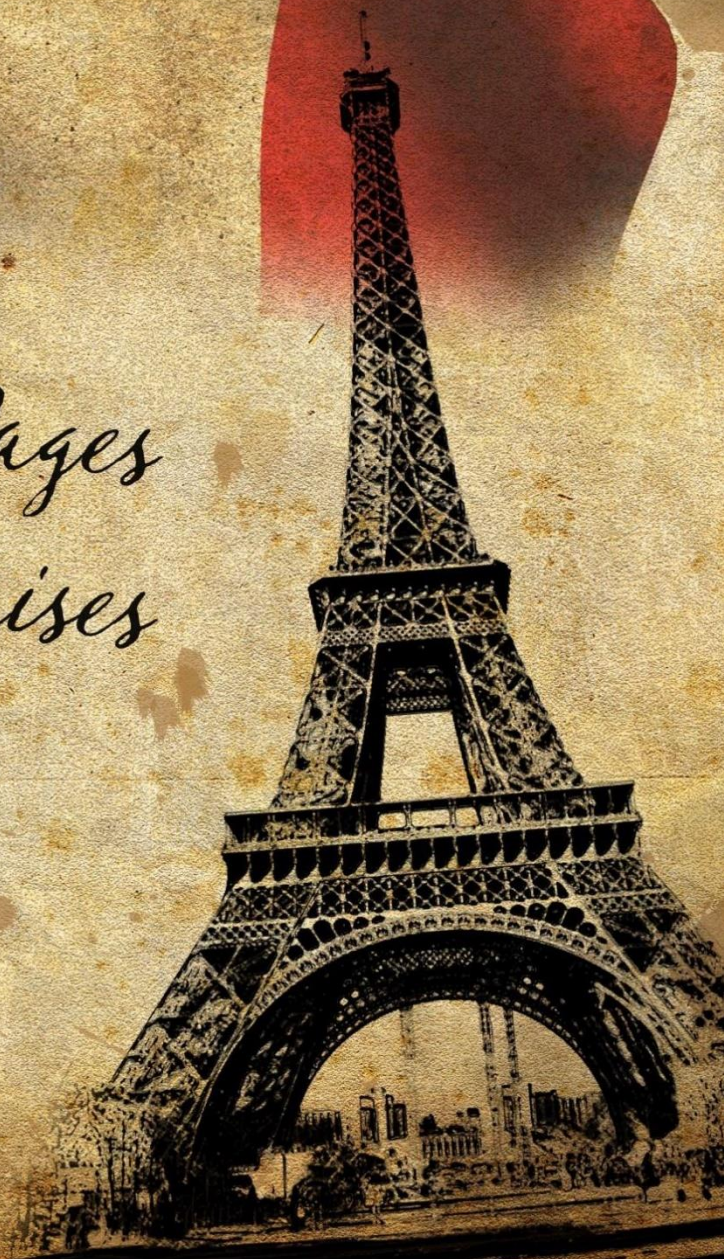
But I guess I'm not the one to talk about what's right and what's wrong. But I can tell you that the more I learn about the nature of our beautiful planet, the more it fascinates me...

There is one thought that fascinates me even more, the thought of what the world would be like after the last human would set foot on Earth... Would everything die with him, or would everything blossom like the most beautiful day of spring? Would the world still experience as much chaos as it did in recent years, or would it be a world of peace and harmony ... where every living being would do their part in keeping this peace and harmony? Nobody knows ... we can only imagine ...

Lev Žunec

—2. D—

*Les Pages
Françaises*



L'école de Jacques Carpentreau revisitée

L'école

Dans notre ville il y a
Des tours, des maisons par milliers,
Du béton, des blocs, des quartiers,
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans mon quartier, il y a
Des boulevards, des avenues,
Des places, des ronds-points, des rues
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre rue il y a
Des autos, des gens qui s'affolent,
Un grand magasin, une école,

Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans cette école, il y a
Des oiseaux qui chantent tout le jour
Dans les marronniers de la cour.
Mon coeur, mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Est là.

(Jacques Charpentreau)

Variations sur le même thème par les élèves de la 1ère C.

Dans mon voisinage, il y a
Des rues infinies, des voitures bruyantes,
Des gens qui passent, des cours,
Et je suis là à penser.

Dans ma cour, il y a
Des cerisiers en fleurs,
Des nains de jardin, des bancs, des maisons
Et je suis là à penser.

Dans ma maison, il y a
Des meubles, des parents,
Des appareils électroniques, des
chambres
Et je suis là à penser.

Dans ma chambre, il y a
Des livres, des cactus,
Des jeux de plateau
Et je suis là à penser.



Petar Đorđević

Dans ma tête, il y a
Des pensées, des rêves,
De la connaissance, des désirs,
Et puis je pense, je pense
Avec ma tête.

Dans mon coeur, il y a
L'amour, la haine,
Des sentiments
Et puis je pense, je pense
Avec mon coeur.

Dans mon âme, il y a
De la compassion, de la paix,
De la pureté, la vie
Et puis je pense, je pense
Avec mon âme.



Tina Kosovel

Dans mon village, il y a
Des oliviers, des prés,
Des vergers et des trottoirs
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans ma rue, il y a
Des maisons, des enfants,
Des familles et une ferme.
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans le centre, il y a
L'église, l'école, la poste
Et l'auberge.
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans les alentours, il y a
Des champs, des collines
Et des ruiseaux.
Mon coeur, mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Est là.

Jakob Krševan

Dans notre monde, il y a
Des gens, des visages par milliers,
Des femmes, des hommes, des enfants
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre continent, il y a
Des Slovènes, des Italiens
Des Français, des Espagnols, des Norvégiens
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre pays, il y a
Des blonds, des bruns
Des roux, des gens aux cheveux
noirs,
Des gens aux cheveux gris
Et puis mon coeur, mon coeur qui
bat
Tout bas.



Dans cette école, il y a
Des étudiants raisonnables au jour le jour,
Des beaux, des talentueux, des aimables
Mon coeur, mon coeur, mon coeur qui bat
Est là.

Nataša Jurman

Dans ma ville, il y a
Une boutique et un jardin public,
La bibliothèque et la discothèque,
L'hôpital et la cathédrale.
Il y a le cinéma et la piste d'athlétisme,
Et bien sur l'office de tourisme.

Il y a la poste, la banque et l'église,
La gare, l'école et le palais de justice.
Il y a le supermarché et le petit café, la pharmacie et la boucherie.
C'est le lieu où j'habite.

Lara Flander

Dans notre monde, il y a
Des océans, des mers et des rivières
Des continents et des milliers de pays
Et puis mon cœur, mon cœur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre pays, il y a
Des montagnes, des vallées
Des mers, des rivières, et il y a des lacs,
Et puis mon cœur, mon cœur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre ville, il y a
Des maisons et des blocs
Des parcs, des terrains de jeux et le rire des enfants
Et puis mon cœur, mon cœur qui bat
Tout bas.

Dans notre maison, il y a
Une fenêtre à travers laquelle je regarde
Je regarde le monde entier qui est étrange et beau
Mon cœur, mon cœur, mon cœur qui bat
Est là.

Anja Leban

Moi, toi, thé pour deux,
parler de nos points de vue,
tu es le ciel,
je suis la lune,
tu chantes de la musique,
j'aime la littérature.

Nous ne sommes pas pareils,
tu es mon genre de parfait,
si nous buvons du thé ou du café.

Nastja Orel



ENTRETIEN AVEC MARION COTILLARD

- Bonjour! Aujourd'hui nous avons avec nous une actrice française très bien connue – Marion Cotillard. Nous allons lui poser quelques questions à propos des saisons.

- Bonjour Marion.



* Bonjour.

- Quelle est votre saison préférée?

* C'est une décision difficile mais j'aime l'été. C'est ma saison préférée.

- Pourquoi aimez-vous cette saison?

* Parce qu'il fait beau. C'est l'occasion de passer de bons moments, de se reposer et de s'amuser. En été, je me

promène avec ma famille, je pars en vacances. J'adore les plages.

-Avez-vous un jour spécial?

* Oui. C'est le 15 août parce que c'est l'anniversaire de mon fils et nous organisons une grande fête.

- Quelle est votre nourriture / boisson préférée en été?

* Je mange de la glace à la fraise et je bois du café liégeois. C'est magnifique!

- En relation avec la saison. Quel tableau, animal, sensation vous connecte avec l'été?

* Mon peintre préféré, c' est Claude Monet, un peintre français. Son tableau *Soleil levant* me rappelle l'été. L'animal, c'est le poisson et la sensation c'est le bonheur.

- Et pour finir. Il y a un événement spécial en été?

* Absolument. La semaine prochaine je vais au festival de Cannes. C'est une tradition annuelle. Je vais présenter mon nouveau film.

- Marion, merci pour cet entretien .

* Merci à vous.

Nika Vrabec, 3.e

POÈTE AMOUREUX

Un regard dans mes yeux,
d'un léger effleurement,
il n'en faut pas beaucoup.
Quelques mots aimables
et de gentils textes –
c'est suffisant.
Je n'ai pas besoin de roses.
Je n'ai pas besoin de douleur.
Tout ce que je veux, c'est toi à nouveau.

Neja Bučinel, 3.a



MA SAISON PRÉFÉRÉE

Ma saison préférée c'est l'été parce qu'il fait très beau, le ciel est bleu et il fait un temps magnifique, splendide. C'est l'occasion de prendre du bon temps: de se reposer, de s'amuser avec ses amis, lire un livre intéressant et de se baigner dans la mer. L'été, c'est un temps pour voyager. J'aime voyager et mon désir est de faire le tour du monde un jour.

J'adore l'été parce que c'est la saison où on peut se sentir comme un oiseau libre volant au-dessus de mille histoires, parmi les corps chauds et soirées détendues avec des papillons dans le ventre. C'est le temps où le soleil mord votre visage et c'est un sentiment magnifique.

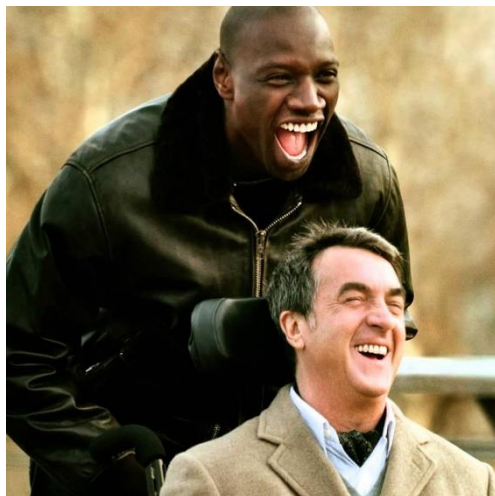
Nika Vrabec, 3.e

LES INTOUCHABLES

Chère Julie!

Que'est que tu fais? Je vais très bien. J'ai un nouvel assistant, il s'appelle Driss.

Il est très très différent de moi. Il est grand et musclé, il est d'origine africaine. Au début il a été un peu difficile. Il vit en banlieue française à Paris. Il est pauvre. La vie en banlieue est très difficile: il y'a de la violence, de la pauvreté, on est au chômage, les appartements sont petits et il y a des bandes, l'illettrisme...



Driss est courageux et optimiste, il n'est pas très cultivé, mais il est très ouvert. Nous sommes devenus amis. Nous nous promenons le long de la Seine à 4 heures du matin, nous déplaçons en voiture sportive, fumons des cigarettes et des pétards, vendons des peintures...

Ma vie est devenue très belle. Comme tu le sais, j'adore la musique classique et je préfère les sports extrêmes! La semaine prochaine nous irons faire du parapente.

Et toi, comment vas-tu?

Bisous, Phillippe ♥

Nika Vrabec, 3.e

RECETTE POUR UN NOËL PARFAIT

La liste de cadeaux de Noël,
nous sommes tous d'accord,
nécessite un massif
virée shopping.

Envelopper
et sceller les cadeaux.
Ce qu'il y a à l'intérieur
nous ne révélerons pas.

Puis l'arbre,
tout brillant et gratuit.
Chaque année c'est le meilleur
que nous ayons jamais vu.

Planifier la fête,
mêmes recettes,
toutes nos favorites,
préparées pour faire plaisir.



DÉSESPOIR # ESPOIR

Je me noie dans la tristesse,
Le désespoir s'empare de moi,
Je ne peux plus rester ici,
Ici dans cette flaque.
Flaque de tristesse.
Flaque de désespoir.
Aidez-moi,
Sortez-moi d'ici
Ou rejoignez-moi.
Se noyer avec moi.



Elis Goljevšček Ferjančič, 3.e

LA CHANSON DU COCHER

J'ai connu les arbres,
Sur ma tête penchaient.
Dans la forêt,
Grande et fraîche,
Respire avec moi.

Mon chariot se balance
Avec le rythme de mon cœur.
La capitale des tours
Est plus grande que la tour de Babel.
Blé sur chariot,
Voix sur ma bouche.
Les arbres et moi.

J'ai vu l'enfant du soleil
Dont le bras enveloppe la terre.
Les géants ses yeux boivent
Désespérément.
Au contraire, les souris
Viennent chez moi.
Cet enfant,
Chapeau de paille.
Le soleil.

À ma droite,
À travers le bois,
Il y a un homme qui pêche.
Il n'est plus là.
Je ne suis plus là.

Enej Ljubič Šinigoj, 3.e

*Pagine
Italiane*



Alcune riflessioni su quello che gli studenti della 4.d pensano del denaro e suo valore ...

I soldi sono un mezzo con cui possiamo pagare quello che acquistiamo. Senza essi una persona non può vivere normalmente, non può comprare il cibo, i vestiti, non è in grado di pagare le bollette per l'acqua e altre cose importanti per la sopravvivenza.

Penso che ci siano altre cose molto più importanti nella vita di una persona. Comunque, se non si hanno soldi, non si può vivere. Di questi tempi molte persone hanno molti problemi perché il loro stipendio è troppo basso. Il desiderio di noi tutti è di averne abbastanza per fare una bella vita e comprarsi delle cose di cui si ha bisogno.

Come ho detto, i soldi sono importanti, però non sono tutto. Tante persone sono materialiste e pensano che i soldi siano più importanti di altre cose. Io penso che senza amore, una famiglia che ti ama puoi anche avere dei milioni, però non puoi essere felice della vita che fai.

Io sono felice quando ho soldi. So, però, che il denaro può distruggere molte famiglie. Le persone a causa dei soldi diventano malvagie e egoiste. Il mondo sarebbe migliore se i soldi non fossero l'unica cosa con cui si può comprare quasi tutto. L'unica cosa che non può essere comprata, secondo me, è l'amore.

Zoja Muhič, 4.d

Lo sappiamo tutti che non si può vivere senza denaro. Sappiamo anche che con molto denaro si hanno tanti problemi. Il denaro è pericoloso. Nel mondo succedono tante brutte cose a causa del denaro.

Per me il denaro è importante, ma non è tutto. Mi piace avere del denaro con cui posso comprare delle cose. Sono giovane e mi piace avere molti vestiti e cose divertenti. In futuro mi piacerebbe trovare un buon lavoro pagato bene. Dovrebbe essere un lavoro piacevole. Inoltre vorrei viaggiare in tutto il mondo. Mi piacerebbe andare a New York, a Los Angeles, a Madrid, alle Hawaii, in Africa e in Australia. Vorrei comprare una casa grande e vorrei che i miei amici vivessero vicino a me. Vorrei anche la Ferrari Enzo, la stessa di Zlatan Ibrahimović che è il mio idolo. Questi sono solo dei sogni, però niente è impossibile.



Luka Černe, 4.d

Il denaro nel mondo di oggi è di grande importanza. Io penso che il valore del denaro dipenda da te, in quanto tu determini quanti soldi desideri nella tua vita.

Io penso che il denaro sia la chiave per sopravvivere. Inoltre ti dà la libertà e, di conseguenza, la fortuna nella vita. Non sto dicendo che senza soldi non si può essere felici, ma i soldi certamente aiutano a portare felicità.

La felicità credo derivi dal fatto che sei libero e che stai facendo le cose perché ti piacciono e non per i soldi. Penso che le macchine, le belle case, i bei vestiti portino la felicità che dura per un tempo limitato, sarai però felice veramente quando fai cose che ti piacciono.

Il mio sogno sarebbe guadagnare da dieci a quindicimila euro al mese. Oltre alla danza, di cui vorrei occuparmi, mi piacerebbe anche viaggiare, avere le belle macchine e i vestiti.

Kostja Komel Nardin, 4 D

IL MONDO IN SOFFERENZA

Il mondo è in sofferenza:
eppure i ciliegi
sono in fiore.

Il tetto si è bruciato:
ora
posso vedere la Luna.

Accatastata per il fuoco
e affascinata,
comincia a germogliare.

I ciliegi in fiore sul far della sera
anche quest'oggi
è diventato ieri.

La nobiltà di colui
che non s'affronta con l'apparenza,
ma con la vanità delle cose.

Prendiamo
il sentiero paludoso
per arrivare alle nuvole.

Žan Gal Rožer, 3^a C

Lo sapevi che...

- ogni giorno respiriamo circa 13.500 l d'**aria**?
- il **caffè** ha salvato l'Europa dall'alcolismo di massa e così ha contribuito a creare tutta l'industria e il grande standard?
- il corpo umano cambia tutta **la pelle** nel periodo di sette anni?
- il **sangue d'aragosta** è senza colore e si colora di blu quando viene a contatto con l'ossigeno?
- il **fulmine**, quando raggiunge la Terra, può avere 30.000 gradi?
- gli **esseri umani** siamo quasi gli **unici mammiferi** che possiamo muovere le nostre orecchie?
- la **giraffa** e il **ratto** possono stare senz'acqua per un periodo di due volte più lungo rispetto al cammello?
- la **lingua di cammellone** è soltanto due volte più lunga del suo corpo?



Zala Brecelj, 2^a B

PROVERBI ITALIANI

Nei dialoghi italiani sentiti in televisione o alla radio si sentono frequentemente nominare dei proverbi. Questo mi ha incuriosito perciò ne ho scelti alcuni più tradizionali che vi presenterò qui sotto.

A caval donato non si guarda in bocca

Significa che se riceviamo un regalo, anche se non ci piace, dobbiamo essere contenti già del fatto di averlo ricevuto.



Al cuor non si comanda

Significa che quando siamo innamorati ragioniamo con il cuore invece che con la testa.



Battere il ferro finché è caldo

Significa che bisogna approfittare delle circostanze finché sono favorevoli.

Chi fa da sé fa per tre

Significa che se una persona fa un lavoro molto bene senza l'aiuto di altre persone, sembra come se il lavoro fosse stato fatto da ben tre persone.



L'unione fa la forza

Significa che i problemi si risolvono più facilmente se si agisce come gruppo e non come una sola persona.



Chi trova un amico, trova un tesoro

Significa che avere un vero amico vale più che avere qualsiasi altro



tesoro.

Chi va piano, va sano, e va lontano

Significa che affrontare le cose con calma ci permette di pensarle bene e raggiungere il nostro obiettivo.

Maša Bratkič, 2^A B

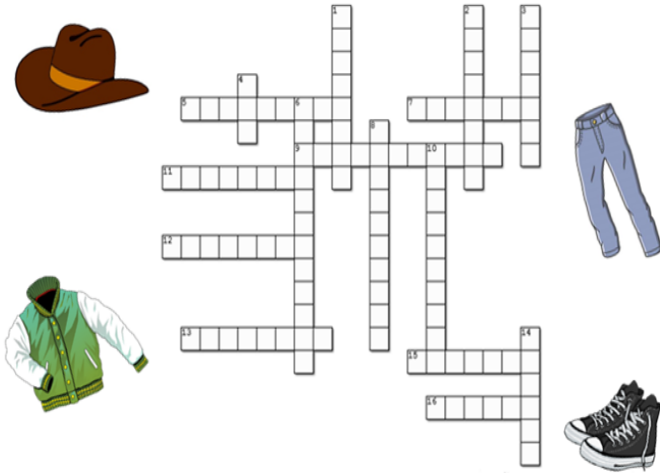
IL QUIZ SULL'HIP HOP¹

1. *L'hip hop esiste:*
 - a) dall'anno 1930.
 - b) dall'anno 1950.
 - c) dall'anno 1960.
2. *I primi stili dell'hip hop sono stati creati a:*
 - a) Londra.
 - b) New York.
 - c) Boston.
3. *L'hip hop ha:*
 - a) tre tipi.
 - b) cinque tipi.
 - c) sette tipi.
4. *L'hip hop è diventato popolare verso:*
 - a) il 1980.
 - b) il 1990.
 - c) il 2000.
5. *Al campionato mondiale 2018 nella categoria "hip hop formation" ha vinto:*
 - a) la Germania.
 - b) la Russia.
 - c) la Slovenia.

¹ Soluzioni: 1-c, 2-b, 3-b, 4-, 5-c

IL CRUCIVERBA: 2

L'ABBIGLIAMENTO



ORRIZZONTALI

5. Che tipo di gioielli ci mettiamo alle orecchie? -gli...
7. Dove mettiamo i vestiti quando andiamo in vacanza? -la...
9. Dove mettiamo i soldi? -il...
11. Che genere di popolo sono italiani?
12. Che cosa usiamo per allacciare le scarpe? -le...
13. Che cosa metti in testa quando fa freddo? -il...
15. Che cosa metti se i pantaloni sono troppo larghi? -la...
16. Cosa indossiamo quando andiamo a nuotare? -il...

VERTICALI

1. Che cosa usi per chiudere la maglietta? -la ...
2. La giacca fatta da animali. -la ...
3. Che cosa indossiamo quando andiamo a letto? -la ...
4. Che cosa ci metiamo ai piedi quando andiamo a sciare? -gli ...
6. Che cosa indossiamo quando piove? -l'...
8. Che cosa usiamo per soffiare il naso? -il...
10. Le calze alte sono dei...-
14. Che cosa indossa il dottore? - il

Ivan Poša, 4^a F

² **Le chiavi:** 1. cerniera; 2. pelliccia; 3. pigiama, 4. sci; 5. orecchini; 6. impermeabile; 7. valigia; 8. fazzoletto; 9. portafoglio; 10. gambaletti; 11. elegante; 12. stringhe; 13. cappello; 14. camice; 15. cintura; 16. bikini

I GIOVANI D'OGGI NON HANNO ABBASTANZA TEMPO LIBERO

È proprio vero che oggi i giovani non hanno molto tempo libero. Infatti, tutti facciamo parte di una società, intrappolata in uno stile di vita veloce, dove ognuno sente la mancanza di tempo, ma paradossalmente allo stesso tempo tutti ci annoiamo da morire e ci sentiamo soli.

Così come sono occupati gli adulti col loro lavoro, anche i giovani trascorrono molte ore a scuola. Non voglio implicare che ciò significa qualcosa di male, al contrario – la scuola è un ottimo posto per lo sviluppo delle abilità mentali e sociali. Ma il problema rappresenta tutto il lavoro che ci aspetta a casa, perché il sistema scolastico è diventato un posto dove diamo importanza in primo luogo ai voti, e in un secondo luogo alla sapienza stessa e alla prassi.

Un'altra cosa, secondo me più ironica, è che i bambini e gli adolescenti trascorrono molto tempo “intrappolati” nella convenienza della propria casa invece di uscire con gli amici e stare con la famiglia. Il punto di questo problema sta nel fatto che, effettivamente, la tecnologia ci ha disegnati di dentro e, di conseguenza, ci ha indebolito i genuini contatti reciproci. Così uno si sente come se non avesse tempo libero perché è occupato con i social media e con tutto quello che la tecnologia ci offre oggi, mentre la vita reale ci sta sfuggendo di mano .

A causa di tutti questi fattori costanti nella vita di un giovane si crea un sentimento che il tempo vola e che non ce n'è mai abbastanza. Per evitare questo dovremmo di volta in volta prenderci il tempo per le cose che amiamo, il tempo per l'un l'altro e per gli hobby che ci interessano davvero.

Matej Gorjup, 3^a C

LA SABBIA

*Ti nascondi sempre
e poi mi sfuggi,
non ti posso più seguire.*

*Quando mi avvicino,
mi scivoli tra le dita
come la sabbia nel deserto.*

Marlena Cej, 3^a G

La luce sopra di me,
la guardo,
lacrima sul mio viso.

Il vaso rotto.
l'acqua ovunque,
Oh, mio Dio!

Il mondo corrotto,
caos ovunque che io guardo,
la speranza rimane.

Hugo Abrahamsberg, 2^a B



GLI AMICI...

Sono le persone che non dimentichiamo mai,
non dicono mai: "Vattene dai!"

Ci stano accanto,
E ci aiutano tanto.

Se ci amano,
siamo felci sia gli uni che gli altri.
Insieme ci divertiamo,
parliamo,
e sempre ci amiamo!

Questi sono amici,
con i quali siamo sempre felci.



Neža Podbersič, 3^aG

Dammi la mano,
vieni con me
non so dove andiamo,
so solo che sono con te.

La notte più bella,
con silenzio e stelle,
ma la luna non c'è.

Pia Gerbec, 3^a C



Una piccola cosa
Per me tutto il mondo
E niente per te.

Siamo diversi
Una cosa molto utile
Se domandi a me

Samra Begić, 3^a C

Il burro o la margarina?

Saturi o trans?

Se vuoi la colazione
scegli il burro.



Aleks Stepančič, 3^a C

Non solo futuro, anzi - il mio futuro

Come ti immagini il tuo futuro? Cosa farai da grande? Dove andrai? Queste sono solo alcune delle domande dei miei amici, parenti e genitori che mi facevano quando ero ancora una bambina.

Hhmm, è difficile dire a 18 anni cosa succederà. A dire il vero non lo so ancora di preciso. Per ora ho molti sogni, sono piena di energia e vorrei provare tutto quello che è possibile. A mio avviso, la gioventù è il periodo più bello della vita. Essere giovani e curiosi significa vivere la vita in un modo perfetto.

Da piccola sognavo e immaginavo come sarebbe stato il mio futuro. Desideravo diventare medico. Da sempre volevo aiutare le persone malate curandole. Nella vita accadono cose belle, ma anche quelle meno piacevoli. Ad un certo punto dobbiamo scegliere tra migliaia di possibilità quali lo studio, e poi anche il lavoro. È difficile fare la decisione giusta. Per quello devi ascoltare il tuo cuore, e prendere la scelta migliore ...

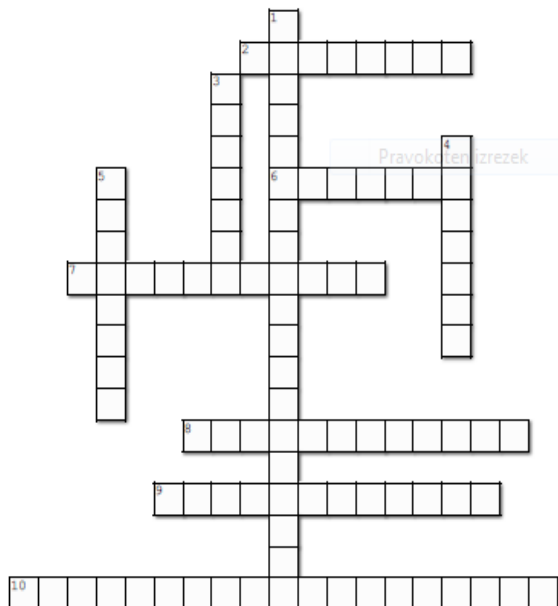
Non spaventarti se qualcosa non sarà come hai prefissato e voluto. Vai avanti, tutti i percorsi portano all'obiettivo giusto. Non dimenticare mai che la conoscenza e la sapienza è un tesoro che nessuno può toglierti. Anche la tua famiglia e le persone a te più care sono il tesoro più grande.

Le parole impresse nella mia mente sono molto semplici, ma hanno molta importanza. La mia mamma dice sempre : "*Fai quello che ami, è ama quello che fai.*" E a dire il vero, concordo pienamente con lei.

Nika Debeljak, 3ª C

Fare la spesa

Completa il cruciverba qui sotto



Orizzontale

2. Per poter fare la spesa i clienti devono prendere il...
6. Naturale
7. Fatto a mano in maniera tradizionale.
8. Maturazione, periodo necessario per ottenere il sapore desiderato.
9. Relativo all'alimentazione.
10. È un tipico salume della provincia di Parma.

Verticale

1. È in assoluto il Re dei formaggi italiani.
3. Il supermercato è diviso in...
4. Una ... di uova.
5. Una ... di cioccolata.

Tomaž Černe, 3^a C

" CHI HA SOLDI HA TUTTO "

Alcuni di noi sono più felici se guadagnano di più e se con il denaro comprano qualsiasi cosa desiderino. Ma sarà vero?



Cresciamo convinti che i soldi ci diano la felicità e che le cose ci rendano felici. Ma possiamo dire che ogni oggetto sia l'origine del nostro benessere? Ogni volta che guardiamo la televisione vediamo diversi oggetti che ci fanno pensare che siano necessari per noi e se non abbiamo soldi, non possiamo acquistarli. Così i soldi diventano la nostra ossessione e iniziamo a giudicare gli altri in base "più che hai più vali"

Il denaro non conta assolutamente niente. Se pensi ai momenti più belli della tua vita non pensi a quando hai comprato un nuovo telefono o un bel vestito, ma ti ricordi, per esempio, di quando sei andato al mare con i tuoi amici. Credo che il vero senso della felicità, non sia nelle cose, ma nelle emozioni, nelle sensazioni e nelle esperienze. Se crediamo che i soldi facciano la felicità è solo perché supponiamo che siano in grado di comprare quelle emozioni. È inutile negare che in certi casi il denaro ci aiuti a essere felici. Possiamo vivere più comodamente e non siamo preoccupati di non avere un posto dove dormire. Ma devi essere milionario per sentirti vivo, pieno di gioia o realizzato? No. Ti bastano pochi soldi. Non hai bisogno dei soldi per innamorarti o fare ridere una persona.

Credo che ciò che ci farà sorridere da anziani, non saranno i soldi, ma sarà guardarci indietro con il cuore pieno di ricordi meravigliosi.

Manca Komac 4.B

LO SPORT PARLA DELLE SUE MOLTEPLICI



FUNZIONI

Lo sport è talento, ma anche sacrificio e lavoro quotidiano. Lo sport è come la vita, per arrivare, per raggiungere l'obiettivo ci vuole impegno costante.

Io pratico lo sport dall'età di tre anni, il pattinaggio artistico è il mio mondo, il mio stile di vita. È il mio pane quotidiano, è amore e odio, è racchiuso in poche parole: obiettivi, sacrificio, vittorie, sconfitte e amicizie.

Lo sport può essere praticato singolarmente o in gruppo, senza fini competitivi o gareggiando con altri sportivi. Può essere praticato a qualsiasi età. È fondamentale per un corretto sviluppo psico-fisico, aiuta a combattere le malattie ed è un ottimo strumento di socializzazione. I bambini praticandolo imparano che ci sono delle regole che vanno rispettate. Lo sport richiede puntualità e impegno, gli allenamenti hanno degli orari quindi i bambini imparano che bisogna rispettare gli impegni presi, essere puntuali e organizzarsi con i compiti e le uscite con gli amici per poter andare agli allenamenti. Ho sacrificato molto per poter pattinare, ho vinto molte volte, ho gioito e mi sono sentita invincibile, ma ho anche perso.

Persa una gara, persa la fiducia di poter raggiungere l'obiettivo, persa la determinazione al successo. Ho vinto e ho perso, sono caduta tantissime volte, ma l'amore per questo sport mi ha sempre permesso di rialzarmi e continuare.

Non posso non pensare quindi che lo sport sia fondamentale per l'uomo di tutte le età, è una forza motrice, è un momento di socialità, permette di stare assieme agli altri, condividere emozioni e superare ostacoli e paure.

Agnese B. Castello 4^aG

**Intervista a una persona molto importante, al dottor VALTER
MAVRIČ, capo dei traduttori del Parlamento europeo**



Buon giorno dottor Mavrič e grazie della Sua disponibilità per questa intervista.

Possiamo iniziare, allora da quanti anni vive e lavora a Lussemburgo?

Ci vivo e lavoro da 14 anni. Sono arrivato qui il giorno della festa di San Nicolò nel lontano anno 2004.

Che carica copre al Parlamento europeo?

Dirigo il migliore servizio di traduzione al mondo. Lo diciamo sempre a tutti, scherzando, ma in realtà è davvero uno dei migliori servizi di traduzione perché le condizioni del traduttore qui sono le migliori. All'inizio ero a capo del reparto di traduttori sloveni, poi ho continuato ad essere a capo dei traduttori e adesso sono a capo di tutti i servizi di traduzione nel parlamento europeo

Le piace il Suo lavoro?

Molto. Questo è uno dei migliori lavori, perché sono a stretto contatto con la politica, con la giurisprudenza, con le lingue, con tutto quello che ho studiato.

Com'è una sua giornata tipica?

Il mio giorno lavorativo è uguale a quello di una persona che occupa un ruolo importante. Comincia alle nove del mattino. Per prima cosa si controllano anche i giornali e si dà importanza a cosa scrivono i giornali sul parlamento europeo poi si verificano le reazioni alle nostre traduzioni. Alle 10.30 comincio con le riunioni che hanno tematiche diverse, dalla tecnologia usata nelle traduzioni, fino ai problemi che si verificano con le novità che faremo in seguito. Dopo abbiamo il pranzo. Dopo il pranzo ci riuniamo di nuovo e visioniamo con i collaboratori il lavoro pomeridiano. Le riunioni continuano fino alle cinque del pomeriggio. Fra le cinque e le sette di sera leggo le e-mail e la posta e firmo i documenti.

Cosa pensa del fatto che l'inglese stia diventando una lingua quasi mondiale?

Certamente lo è. È la lingua più globale, ma noi in Europa incoraggiamo lo studio anche di altre lingue. Ogni cittadino europeo deve studiare minimo due lingue straniere. La lingua che si parla in Gran Bretagna è diversa dall'inglese che parliamo noi. Il nostro è più semplice (simple English). Forse in futuro si formerà addirittura un inglese europeo.

Secondo lei le lingue delle piccole nazioni hanno un futuro?

Sicuramente. In particolare se sono lingue ufficiali dell'unione europea, come lo sloveno. Questo vuol dire, che allora otterranno più validità, saranno più importanti e saranno sull'elenco delle lingue di élite e in tutte queste lingue si scriverà e si parlerà.

E vero che ha fatto l'insegnante dove e quando?

Sì. Ho fatto l'insegnante, e ancora adesso lo faccio. L'ho fatto anche da studente. Ho insegnato ai corsi per adulti l'italiano e l'inglese.

Dopo ho insegnato per un anno al ginnasio di Tolmin a studenti come voi. Poi ho insegnato l'inglese ai militari del nostro esercito per 10 anni. Così hanno potuto partecipare a missioni di pace in tutto il mondo, dove si parla anche inglese. Adesso insegno una volta alla settimana lo sloveno ai traduttori che traducono dallo sloveno in altre lingue.

Le è piaciuto fare l'insegnante?

Sì. Nell' insegnamento gli alunni, gli studenti ti dicono subito se sono contenti con il tuo modo di insegnare. Subito ti fanno sapere se lo stai facendo correttamente, è un lusso che non troviamo in altri mestieri.

Nel nostro ginnasio è da anni in corso all'interno del Progetto "Una città - due nazioni" uno scambio tra i nostri studenti e gli studenti dei licei italiani. Questo progetto ha come base l'avvicinamento di questi due popoli. Vorrei un Suo parere?

Il progetto secondo me è molto valido, vivo a Lussemburgo dove c'è il confine fra tre stati: il Lussemburgo, la Francia e la Germania. Qui sono andati oltre e hanno fondato addirittura un ginnasio sul confine fra i tre paesi. Questo ginnasio viene frequentato dai ragazzi di tutti e tre i paesi. Spero un giorno ciò possa accadere anche nel goriziano.

Dottor Mavrič La ringrazio del Suo tempo dedicatomi, posso chiederLe ancora un selfi.

Kocijančič Matias 3^aB



IL SENSO DELLA VITA



Qual è il motivo per vivere, esistere, convivere, avere successo?

Che cos'è poi il vero successo?

La formula per vivere una vita che abbia senso e che porti alla pace interiore è che ci si deve riconciliare con la vita più che con la mente.

La pace dentro ad ogni individuo porta al compiacimento di vivere insieme come in una comunità.

Il senso della vita deve essere principalmente, la serenità che emani tu e che ti fa sentire in pace con la comunità che ti circonda ed è per questo che dobbiamo essere sempre amabili e comprensivi verso i desideri e i pensieri degli altri.

Il senso della vita deve essere fare un mondo più amabile con i piccoli gesti di cortesia, il primo passo di questo lungo cammino per migliorare il mondo, lo puoi fare anche tu.

Sara Paljić 3^aB

UNA GIORNATA DIVERSA

Quest'anno gli studenti di varie scuole slovene hanno partecipato il 21 settembre 2018 alla manifestazione culturale dedicata alla pace. Questa si è svolta al castello di Cerje. Lì noi tutti abbiamo assistito alla conferenza del dottor Renato Podveršič, famoso storico sloveno e al saluto del sindaco Mavricij Humar.

La mattina di venerdì noi studenti del terzo anno del Ginnasio di Nova Gorica ci sono riuniti alla stazione degli autobus alle otto. Abbiamo segnalato la nostra presenza ai professori che poi ci hanno accompagnato sul luogo della manifestazione. Lì noi due abbiamo scelto il laboratorio di lingua russa. Per prima cosa ci siamo aggiudicati uno spazio da cui c'era una splendida vista sull'intera valle del fiume Vipava. Abbiamo preparato il nostro spazio di lavoro e così abbiamo iniziato a lavorare. Abbiamo creato due poster, scritto una poesia e disegnato anche la bandiera russa. Il tema della manifestazione era : "l'amore per la patria". Abbiamo preso l'ispirazione da noti scrittori russi, come lo Pushkin, Dostoevskij e molti altri. A questa manifestazione erano presenti anche degli studenti delle scuole secondarie superiori di Gorizia.

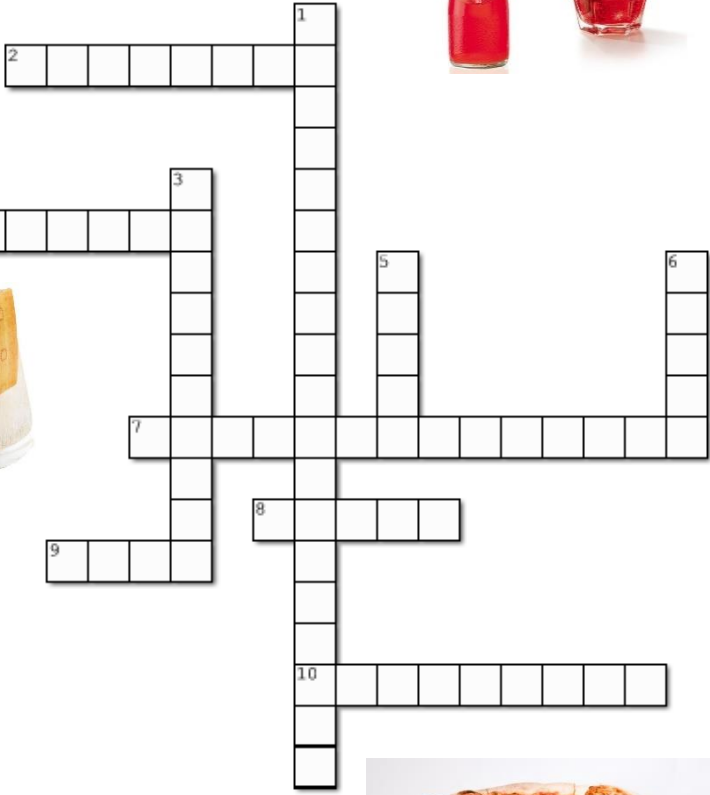
La manifestazione si è conclusa con spettacoli di danza, di canto e di cabaret. Alla fine c'è stato anche un altro discorso solenne del sindaco.



Per concludere, i nostri studenti hanno piantato un tiglio che simboleggia la pace.

Dopo aver piantato l'albero, siamo tornati a Nova Gorica e così la nostra giornata particolare e diversa è finita.

Lapajne Robi in Vuga Rok 3^aB



1. Chi è il Re dei formaggi?
2. L'Italia ha due isole: SICILIA e _____
3. Qual è la pizza più conosciuta in Italia?
4. Con che latte viene prodotta la vera Mozzarella? - Con il latte di _____.
5. Qual è il cibo più consumato dagli italiani?
6. Quante regioni ci sono in Italia?
7. Chi canta la canzone "Vita ce N'è"?
8. La bandiera italiana è composta da 3 colori: ROSSO, BIANCO e _____
9. Qual è la capitale dell'Italia?
10. Che cosa bevono gli italiani prima di mangiare?

Ermina Idrizoska 3^aB



CHI È UN AMICO?

Un amico è come un camino, dove ci scaldiamo.

è come un confessionale dove parliamo quando è difficile per noi

è una persona che conosce le nostre qualità buone e cattive e ci ama ancora

è un albero che ci dà rifugio nei giorni di pioggia

è con te anche se è altrove

è qualcuno che vuole regalare, ma non chiede

è chi conosce le tue debolezze, ma ti mostra la tua forza

è una medicina per le tue ferite e un cerotto per la tua anima

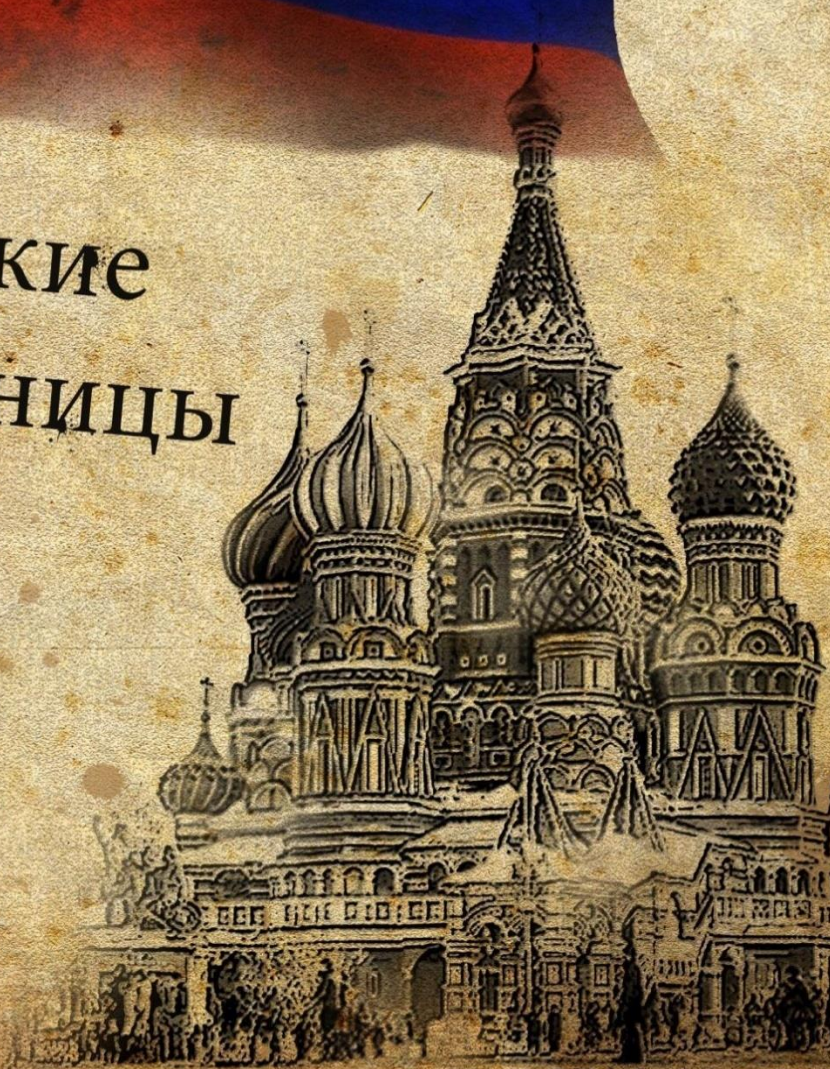
è chi ti rallegra come la luce del sole

è chi ti affascina come una bela storia

Un vero amico arriva se lo inviti e sei felice, ma se sei infelice viene da solo.

Tia Valentinčič 3^aB

русские
страницы



День мира на Церье

Ученики словенских школ собрались 21 сентября 2018 года в замке Церье. Там их приветствовали историк д-р. Ренато Подбершич и мэр муниципалитета Мирен - Костаневица г. Мавриций Хумар

В пятницу, 21 сентября 2018 года, ученики третьего курса гимназии Нова Горица собрались на автобусной остановке в восемь. О нашем присутствии сообщили профессора, которые сопровождали нас на отдельных семинарах по своему выбору. Мы решили сами на семинар по русскому языку

Когда мы достигли вершины, студенты исторической мастерской провели интервью с историком д-р. Ренато Подбершичем. Затем мы быстро занялись поиском места с великолепным видом на всю долину реки Випава.



Мы подготовили рабочее пространство и начали работать. Мы создали два плаката, написали песню и нарисовали сам российский флаг. Мы говорили о теме "любовь к родине". Для вдохновения содержания плакатов мы читали стихи известных русских писателей, а также Пушкина, Достоевского и

многих других. Позже в главном мероприятии приняли участие учащиеся третьего курса гимназии Нова Горица. Оно включало в себя танцы, пение и юмористические представления. Всё закончилось торжественной речью мэра муниципалитета Мирен - Костаневица г. Морис Хумар.

В заключение наши студенты вживили дерево Липу, которое символизирует знак мира. Посадив дерево, мы отправились обратно в Нову Горицу.

Дана Петрович, 3. ц

Попытайтесь найти 10 русских слов.

А	Х	О	Л	О	Д	И	Л	Ь	Н	И	К
К	Р	О	В	А	Т	Ь	Э	П	Ы	М	О
Л	Ф	К	Ш	А	К	В	А	Р	И	У	М
С	Т	О	Л	А	Э	Ж	А	Ф	М	С	П
Т	Е	К	А	Т	Д	И	В	А	Н	П	Ь
У	Л	О	М	В	Л	Ы	Ф	П	Ж	Е	Ю
Л	Е	П	П	З	Е	В	А	З	А	Й	Т
Й	В	Й	А	В	О	Ф	Я	Ф	Ж	О	Е
С	И	С	И	Ш	И	Й	С	Ы	О	Х	Р
Б	З	Е	Р	К	А	Л	О	С	В	А	М
Ы	О	У	Ф	А	Ы	Е	Р	С	Н	М	А
Л	Р	П	Д	Ф	П	М	Р	Е	В	Л	О

- Что говорит зубочистка ёжу?
- Смотреть автобус!

Яка Харей, 3. е

МЕЧТЫ

Послушай меня
и следуй за мной.
Скажи мне что-то,
чего я не знаю.
Когда ты один дома,
кто ты?
Посмотри на звёзды,
думай о своих мечтах.
Ваше время будет быстрым,
будь быстрым даже ты.



Хана Шевич, 2.ц

СЛОВА

Слова постепенно теряют смысл,
мир теряет цвет,
все крутятся во лжи,
смысл теряется.
И я иду,
я медленно двигаюсь
впередя,
в этом черно–белом мире,
этот мир полон лжи,
этот мертвый мир.



Элис Ферянчич Голйевишек, 3. е

В МАГАЗИНЕ

- Здравствуйте!
- Добрый день!
- Что вы ищете?
- Новый велосипед.
- Женский или мужской велосипед?
- Женский.
- Какой велосипед вы хотите, зеленый, красный, белый, черный, желтый, розовый?
- Я жочу красный велосипед.
- Вам нравится этот велосипед?
- Да, я его покупаю. Сколко стоит этот велосипед?
- 250€.
- Хорошо.
- Пожалуйста.
- До свидания!
- До свидания!



Kaja Winkler, 2.c

Здравствуй, дорогая Сара!

Как ты знаешь, я сейчас в Хорватии. У меня есть тоже много друзей. Мы отдыхаем на море. Мы много плаваем, каждый день гуляем в парке и загораем. Вечером мы смотрим телевизор. Вечером мы обычно играем в карты и в шахматы. Мы много спим и ничего не работаем. Как обычно мы снимали дом с балконом. Мы не смотрим много памятников. Мы ужинаем каждый вечер в ресторане, но обедаем дома. Я много думаю и слушаю поп музыку.

Как это по- хорватски?

Хорватия небольшая страна, но там море. Здесь вы можете отдыхать. Вы можете жить в доме, гостинице, в комнате или в квартире. Вы можете посетить многие памятники, плавать в море, гулять в разных парках. Вы можете быть там летом и зимой. Некоторые туристы катаются на лодке или на велосипеде. Это прекрасная страна для настоящего отдыха. Это был прекрасный и настоящий отдых. Мне скучно без тебя. Что у тебя нового? Как дела? Я много думаю о тебе и очень тебя люблю.

Твоя Каролина

ТВОИ ГОЛУБЫЕ ГЛАЗА

Я смотрю на твои глаза,
как на голубое небо,
они напоминают мне о море.

Я помню все моменты.

Я счастлива с тобой.

Твоя улыбка делает меня днем,
в твоих объятиях я всегда хочу быть.

С рукой в руке до конца.

Лана Першоля, 3. б

REŠI KRIŽANKO!

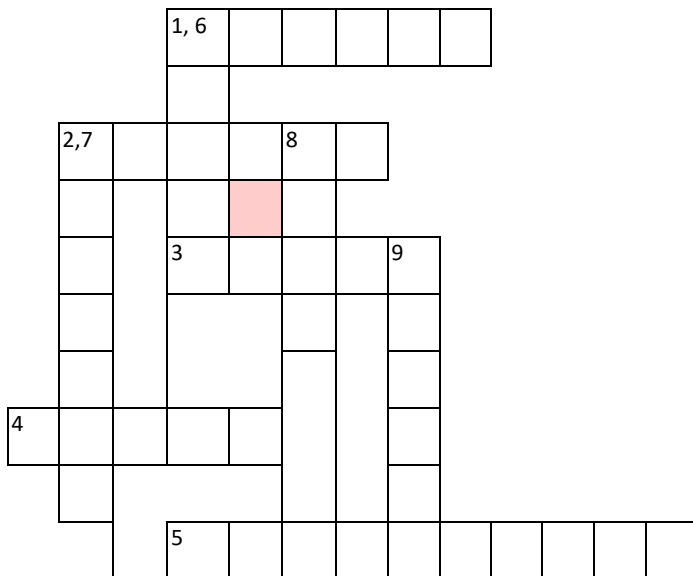
V polja vnesi besede v ruščini.

VODORAVNO:

1. KOMET
2. AVTO
3. IGRALEC
4. KROMPIR
5. ŠAMPANJEC

NAVPIČNO:

6. MAČKA
7. MILION
8. NOTA
9. RAKETA



KinkyBalerina

2. letnik

Ребус



1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8



BA = ш



1.2.3.4.5.6.7.8.9.

Высоко



+ает



K=T

#

.....



Высоко

Metka Petrič 2.a

Кто слитком высоко летает, тот низко падает.

ВИД

Вид в горизонт,
это могучее море,
это могучее солнце,
миллион этих воспоминаний,
но я здесь стою,
только смотрю,
я смотрю эти вещи,
в сердце хорошо,
я счастлива.



Ника Станич, 3.е

...

Я думаю и думаю,
но не получаю ответ.
Я представляю себя,
я признаюсь, что я боюсь?
Это жизнь, которую я хочу?
Я вообще знаю, что я не хочу?
Я понимаю, что болит слишком много,
почему слёзы не помогают?
Почему я чувствую себя смятенной?
Может быть, потому что я пошла туда,
где боль хорошо знает меня.

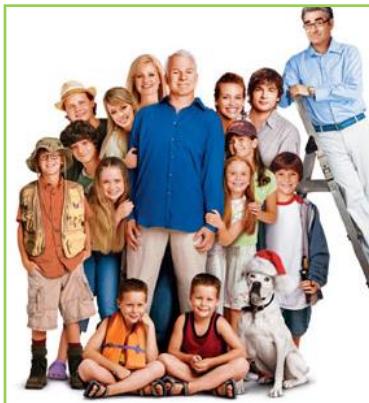


Леа Зорн, 3. б

Моя семья

Моя семья велика,
мама, папа, собака,
дедушка и бабушка.
У меня есть два брата,
дядя и тетя.
Двоюродные братья и сестры,
все весёлые.

Лана Пахор, 2. а



Его темные глаза

Его темные глаза,
темно-коричневый глаза.
Они мне лгут?
Они говорят правду?
Они меня любят?
или они темные из-за лжи ...
Его темные,
темно-коричневый глаза.
Любовь между нами,
из-за его любви,
темные глаза.

Анонимный автор

КАК МЫ ИЗУЧАЕМ РУССКИЙ ЯЗЫК...

Меня зовут Сара, я второй год изучаю русский язык в Гимназии Нова Горица. В нашем классе преподаёт очень дружеская учительница, её зовут Весна Принчич.

Мы сейчас учим новые слова о еде и напитках, а перед тем мы рассказывали, что для нас значит любовь. Наш класс уже был в России в прошлом году и также в этом году поедем туда. Мы тоже встретились с русскими, которые живут в Словении и вместе готовили пирожки.

На уроке мы много говорим, читаем и иногда смотрим фильмы на русском языке, это очень интересно. Мы тоже переводим с русского на словенский и со словенского на русский язык. Мы изучаем русский три часа в неделю и уже много знаем.

Я думаю, что русский очень интересный и хорошо, что мы изучаем этот язык. Я очень счастлива, потому что я выбрала его.

Сара Палич, 3. б

Здравствуй, дорогая Даша,

как ты живешь, какие новости у тебя?

У меня хорошо. Какая погода у вас? У нас очень холодно, дождливо. Я уже писала, что мы скоро поедem на экскурсию в Москву. Я напишу тебе программу.

»Город-музей«, »окно в Европу«, »северная Венеция«- так говорят люди о нашем красивом городе. Туристы любят город Петра Первого, его прекрасные здания, дворцы и парки. Экскурсия по нашем знаменитом городе очень интересная. Вы можете погулять по главной улице Санкт-Петербурга, по Невском проспекте, посмотреть Зимний дворец. В этом знаменитом дворце находится музей Эрмитаж. Все туристы знают здание известного Адмиралтейства в начале Невского проспекта. На Петропавловском острове находится крепость. Там в 12 часов стреляет старая пушка. Наконец, вы можете покататься на катере по нашей реке Неве и отдыхать в красивом парке Петергофа.

Я не могу дождаться встречи с тобой , чтобы повеселиться вместе.

Твоя подруга Лена

Teodora Đurđević, 2.c

Письмо подруге

**Дорогая подруга,
если ты хочешь плакать, я буду твоим
плечом.**

**Если ты хочешь смеяться, я буду твоей
улыбкой.**

Если хочешь бежать, я буду твоим путем.

**Если ты хочешь подняться, я буду твоей
горой.**

Если ты хочешь летать, я буду твоим небом.

**Если ты хочешь подругу, не важно когда, я
буду здесь для тебя.**

Тиа Валентинчич, 3. Б

Уже год
от того ты видел меня
глупые были оба
влюбились оба.

Когда я увидела тебя
ты смеялся мне
покраснение,
сказало всё.

Уже год я жду
сделать первый шаг
может быть что время уже
забыть мне о тебе.

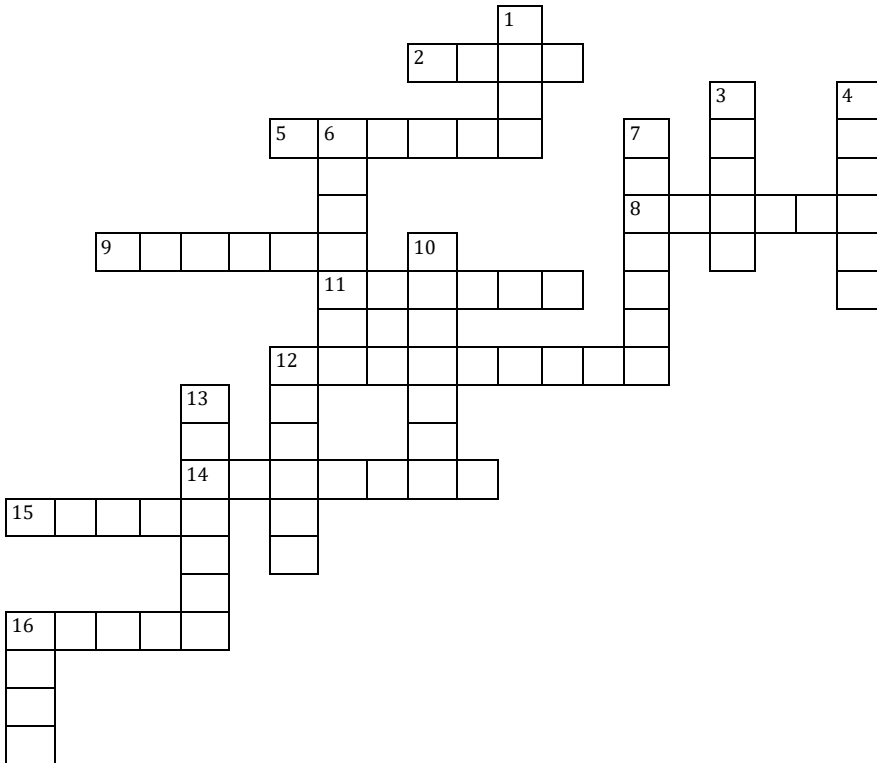
Любовь....

Мужество, страх.
Всё разрешено,
Но никто ничего не делает!
Почему?
Надежда....
Ожидание.....
Ожидание вызова,
СМС;
З ;нп.....
Ничего!

Вида Лестан, 3. е

Sara Štokelj

Ruska križanka



Poševno

- 2. krznen plašč
- 5. obleke
- 8. plašč
- 9. kostim
- 11. obleka
- 12. čevlji za tek
- 14. škornji
- 15. bluza
- 16. kapa

Navpično

- 1. krilo
- 3. čevlji
- 4. visoki škornji
- 6. pulover
- 7. copate
- 10. kravata
- 12. jakna
- 13. srajca
- 16. šal



*Páginas
Españolas*



UNA ANÉCDOTA

Tenía 4 años, era por el verano. Mi padre y yo estábamos caminando por la calle. Una mujer de igualdad artmayor edad estaba sentada en la acera pidiendo dinero. Cuando era pequeña y veía a alguien parecido a ella, sentía pesadilla y dolor pero también me daba miedo. Entonces empecé a llorar y dije a mi padre que la mujer me parecía muy peligrosa. De repente él me dio la moneda en la mano y dijo que tenía que darla a la mujer. Lo hice. Después mi padre me contó que las personas sin dinero no eran malas porque el dinero también tenía dos caras y la verdad es que todos somos iguales.

Meta Vodopívec, 3.e



UN POEMA

Cada uno para si mismo

Vive en su mundo lleno de egoismo

Andando el camino de miles de almas

Sin preguntar si sus vidas son calmas

Guerra, pobreza, ni tristeza le toca

Sigue reclamando que el mundo es bueno

Sin pensar que se equivoca.

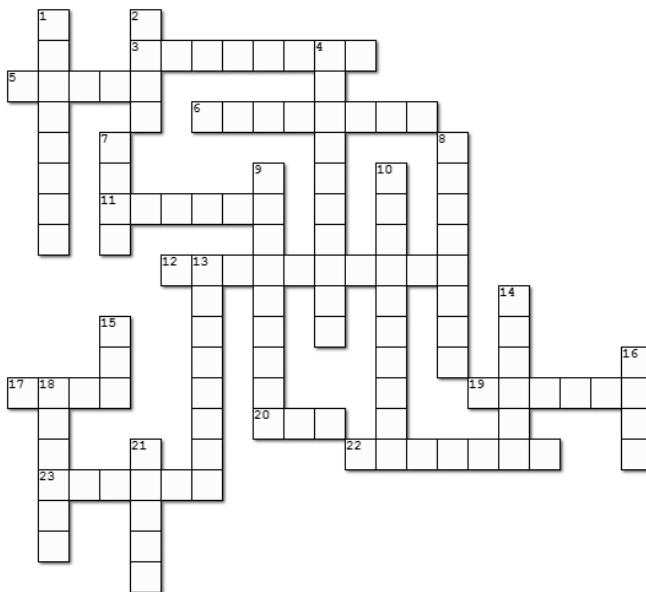
Hombre, mira en el sol que calienta a todos

La gente deja su huella en diferentes modos.



Meta Vodopivec, 3.e

CRUCIGRAMA



OPOSICIÓN:

- 3. divertido
- 8. verano
- 10. vago
- 11. negro
- 14. despedida
- 15. guapo
- 17. alto
- 21. sur
- 23. marido

FOTO:

2.



7.



13.



20.

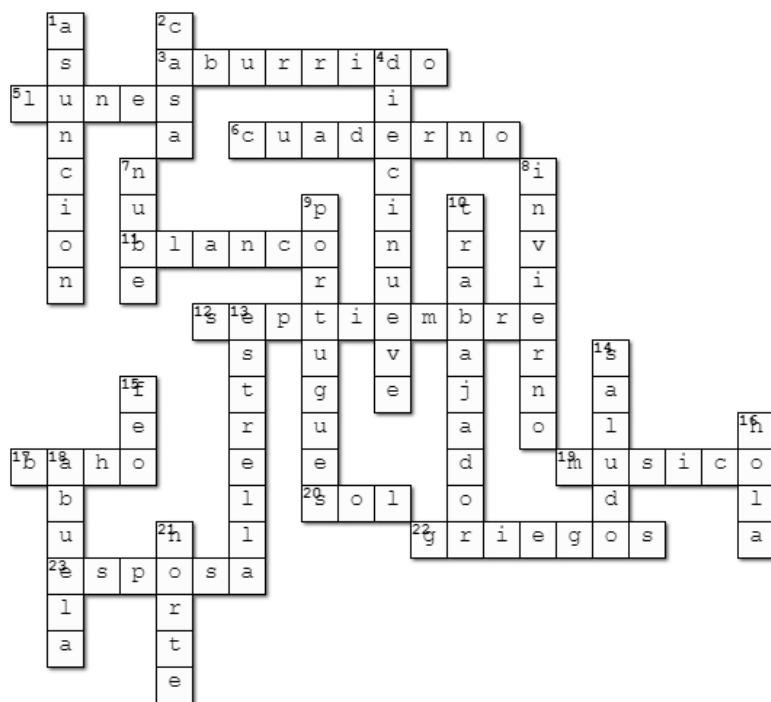


DESCRIPCIÓN:

- 1. la capital de Paraguay
- 4. el número anterior al veinte
- 5. primer día de la semana
- 6. objeto en el aula con la letra C
- 9. idioma oficial de Portugal
- 12. primer mes de la escuela
- 16. el saludo
- 18. madre de tu madre
- 19. quien toca un instrumento
- 22. habitantes de Grecia

→ ver las soluciones
en la siguiente pagina

Soluciones del crucigrama:



MI AMIGO

Este es Patrik, tiene 19 años. Cumple años en invierno. Vive en un pueblo. Habla esloveno, inglés e italiano. Tiene una hermana mayor.

Es alto y delgado. Tiene los ojos verdes y el pelo corto, liso y rubio. Lleva barba, no lleva gafas ni lentillas. Es precioso.

Es divertido porque le gusta reír. También es simpático, honesto, bastante alegre y amable, pero un poco vago y desordenado. Es muy sociable – tiene muchos amigos.

Le gusta cantar en el coro, tocar la guitarra y el piano. Su mascota le gusta en particular. Practica deporte. Sus colores favoritos son rojo y azul. Le gustan dulces.

Él es importante para mí porque me quiere y yo quiero a él.



Katrina Manfreda, 1. c

LA HABITACIÓN

Me despierto. ¿Dónde estoy? Todo lo que puedo ver es oscuridad, todo está negro. Cuando mis pensamientos se tranquilizan poco a poco puedo oír un ruido casi inaudible. Me acuerda de algo, pero no sé de qué. Cierro mis ojos de nuevo y escucho aún más atentamente. Sí, es el ruido de la calle. Si estoy concentrada puedo distinguir las voces humanas y los ruidos de los coches. ¿Entonces estaré en un piso o quizá en una casa en la ciudad? Pero estoy segura de que esto no puede ser mi casa. Sé que yo vivo en las afueras. Extiendo mi mano y parece que esta superficie en la que estoy tumbada es muy larga y fría. De eso concluyo que debo de estar tumbada en el suelo. Lentamente muevo mis piernas, después mis brazos y poco a poco me pongo en mis pies. En este momento se abren las luces. Por unos segundos no puedo ver nada, como un relámpago la luz me ha robado de mis ojos. Después veo una habitación. Ahora con la luz todo está blanco. Hay una cama blanca, una mesa de madera blanca, un armario, un sillón y una mesita de noche con un solo cajón. Esta bonito pero un poco vacío y demasiado blanco. También noto que hay una ventana muy pequeña y estrecha en una línea horizontal debajo del techo. Pero lo que de verdad me da escalofríos es la ausencia de las puertas. Mi habitación no tiene ninguna puerta por donde entrar o salir. Y con eso lo entiendo, no es una habitación, es una celda. Siento el pánico que entra en mi cuerpo pero por alguna razón nunca llega al punto culminante. Doy algunos pasos hasta la cama. Allí hay una placa con un nombre. *Ema Torillo*. Me suena familiar, como el nombre de una amiga de infancia o quizá de una prima desconocida. Estoy un poco más relajada porque ahora veo que todo esto había sido solo un malentendido y no soy yo la que está encerrada. Esto debe de ser la celda de una chica que se llama Ema Torillo, ¿pero entonces, qué hago yo aquí? De repente me siento un poco incómoda. 'Estoy en una habitación de otra...de alguien que puede ser que no quiera verme en su habitación.' Intento recordar cómo llegué aquí. No puedo recordar, lo único que veo son imágenes de algunas caras desconocidas, las luces de neón que brillan muy fuerte, como las en mi habitación y dolor en la trasera de mi cuello. Lentamente levanto mi brazo y toco la trasera de mi cuello con los dedos. No siento ningún dolor ni

encuentro ningún punto de impacto que lo pudiera causar. Confundida empiezo a dar vueltas por la habitación. Abro el armario y descubro unos tres vestidos blancos sencillos. Nada más. No hay ninguna percha ni estante. Los vestidos están puestos en el suelo del armario que sin ellos sería completamente vacío. Entonces me doy cuenta de lo que llevo yo. Corro hacia la cama y encuentro un espejo junto a la mesita de noche. Es un espejo grande y sencillo, pero me da una sensación muy rara. Me parece que este espejo me está mirando, mirando fijamente y si tuviera ojos, nunca los apartaría de mí. Toco el marco con mi mano y después el vidrio. Al principio está frío pero en algunas partes no tanto. Es como si alguien hubiera estado enfrente del espejo y todavía puedo sentir el calor de su aliento que ha calentado la superficie fría. Rápidamente arranco mi mano y presto la atención a mi reflejo. Me siento como si estuviera mirando a un extraño. Mi cabello es largo y sucio, tengo los ojos rojos con ojeras moradas, mis manos son secas y llevo el vestido blanco sencillo que vi antes en el armario. Me siento en la cama. ¿Cómo es posible que yo, Sofía Amara, siempre tan arreglada y cautelosa haya acabado aquí? ¿Por qué llevo la ropa que no es mía y cuánto tiempo llevo aquí? En este momento el pánico que se ha acumulado en mi tripa llega al punto culminante. Corro de una pared a otra y doy golpes a todo que está en mi camino. Empiezo a gritar hasta que me duela la garganta. Quiero salir de aquí ahora mismo. Cuando llego a la mesa, me paro. Con las manos temblorosas tomo un papel que ha estado en la mesa y leo: *“Me llamo Sofía Amara y quiero salir de aquí!”* ; y debajo: *“Tranquilla Ema, todo estará bien, solo quédate tranquila y te ayudaremos...”*. En este momento siento un dolor insoportable en la trasera de mi cuello y siento que algo frío está entrando en mi cuerpo. La última cosa que puedo recordar es una persona que corre hacia el espejo y las luces. Después, todo está negro y yo estoy tumbada en el suelo.

Aja Vnuk, 4.c

MI CIUDAD

Yo vivo en Nova Gorica, una ciudad joven y bonita. Está en el oeste de Eslovenia, cerca de la frontera con Italia. Es una ciudad pequeña porque solo viven 13 000 habitantes aquí, incluso en sus alrededores.

En Nova Gorica hay muchos bloques de viviendas, restaurantes, cafeterías, tiendas y dos centros comerciales grandes. Yo también vivo en un bloque que está a unos 10 minutos a pie del centro de Nova Gorica.

Hay instalaciones deportivas: un estadio, campos de fútbol, pistas de tenis, gimnasios y una piscina abierta.

Dicen que es una ciudad de jóvenes porque aquí hay muchas instituciones educativas. Hay tres escuelas, guarderías, escuelas secundarias y una biblioteca nueva y moderna.

Como Nova Gorica tiene solo 72 años, no hay centro histórico pero sí hay algunos monumentos. Hay dos plazas que se llaman la Plaza de Bevk y la Plaza de Europa. La Plaza de Europa conecta Nova Gorica con Gorizia en Italia. Está al lado de la estación de trenes.

En la colina Kostanjevica hay un convento donde está el panteón de los últimos Borbones.

En Nova Gorica hay mucha naturaleza: bosques , como por ejemplo Panovec , árboles y un parque cerca de la estación de autobuses. En mayo la ciudad es muy encantadora porque florecen las numerosas rosas.

Aquí hay todo que necesitas cada día: bancos, oficinas de correo , tiendas, farmacias y otros edificios. Nosotros solo extrañamos un cine más moderno y un hospital. Nos gustaría tener nadar también en una piscina cubierta.

Nova Gorica me gusta mucho porque es una ciudad pequeña y todo está cerca de mi casa. Podría solo haber más puestos de trabajo. Y además, Nova Gorica es muy limpia, bastante tranquila, verde y un lugar perfecto para vivir.

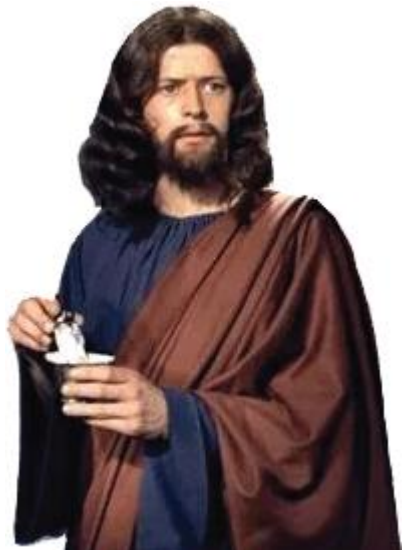
Lea Pavlin, 1.c

Una anécdota

Una vez el sacerdote vino a nuestra casa para bendecir el hogar. Esto es una costumbre que se realiza cada año . Con el agua bendita el sacerdote bendijo nuestra casa. Normalmente mi padre vertió el agua bendita en un vaso de cristal.

Era por la tarde después de la salida del sacerdote. Yo tenía sed y fui a la cocina. Aquí en la encimera estaba el vaso con el agua bendita. Yo lo tomé y después de beber el agua , empecé a reír. Mi padre me dijo que yo ahora estaba bendita y empezó a reír él también.

Leja Keber, 3.e





HUMANOS, ¿SÌ O NO?

Para una especie que se supone ser una de las más inteligentes de nuestro planeta, los humanos somos bastante ignorantes. ¿A qué nos ayudan todos los conocimientos que hemos obtenido durante todos esos años si todavía no sabemos cómo ser humanos?

Nadie me había dicho que nuestro mundo crece junto con la violencia y odio. Nadie me había preparado para todo el sufrimiento, la injusticia y terror que forman parte de nuestra rutina cotidiana. Es difícil seguir con el optimismo, carisma y solidaridad cuando ves todo lo que está pasando, cuando miras las cosas como son en verdad y encuentras todo negro y falso. Alguna vez alguien me había dicho que no hay luz sin oscuridad ni bueno sin malo. Pero reconocer lo bueno entre lo malo – eso es una cosa diferente. La ruina de humanidad empieza en la infancia, cuando en vez de decir a los niños la verdad, la ocultamos y les ofrecemos aún más mentiras para que dejen de preguntar. Así esos niños muy pronto crecen y se convierten en unos adultos desinformados y desinteresados. Los peores estereotipos pueden quedar en sus cabezas solo por un par de minutos o por el resto de sus vidas. Recuerdo muy bien cuando de niña siempre oía otros hablar de que los hombres no lloraban, con eso refiriéndose a los adultos y no a mis coetáneos. Y así me quedé como una tonta sorprendida cuando una vez encontré a mi padre llorando, con lágrimas corriendo por su rostro. Tal vez ese fue el momento cuando dejé de creer en todo lo que me decían y poco a poco empecé a dudar. La duda – ese es el arma más poderoso que destruye tus creencias, tus pensamientos escondidos y te da la oportunidad para cambiar y llegar a ser alguien mejor.

La vida tampoco me preparó para la crueldad que vive en cada uno de nosotros y espera hasta que salga y destruya todo en su camino. Después de todos estos años, todavía me quedo sorprendida y enfadada por la violencia entre los jóvenes, especialmente entre los niños. Hace un par de semanas estaba regresando a casa y bajé del autobús para continuar el camino a pie. De pronto vi a unos metros enfrente de mí a un niño de diez

años que caminaba en una manera cómica. Al principio pensaba que el chico estaba jugando y bromeando pero pronto vi que le costaba caminar . Su pierna derecha no logró tocar el suelo ni una sola vez. Me parecía raro de que nadie estaba cerca de él y así me acerqué a él con cuidado para no asustarlo. - ¿Te puedo ayudar? – le pregunté. Lentamente levantó su cabeza y dos ojos tristes encontraron los míos. – No, gracias, - respondió él y siguió su camino. – ¿Pero estás bien? – insistí yo. Se encogió de hombros pero su voz me dijo que estaba a punto de llorar. – Los chicos de escuela escondieron mis zapatos y ahora tengo que andar descalzo, - me explicó y luego cuando los dos nos quedamos sin palabra, me dejó sola sin despedirse.

En ese momento sentí dos cosas: tristeza y rabia. Estaba tan enojada que quería tomarlo por la mano y regresar a la escuela para encontrar esos chicos que le hicieron injusticia. Pero al final no hice nada, me quedé allí y la única cosa que sentí era lástima. No importa qué hagamos, a pesar de todos los esfuerzos, hay víctimas de la sociedad en todos rincones del mundo. La gente un poco diferente de la mayoría siempre será solo un juego para algunos como si ellos no fueran humanos también. Pero yo digo diferente: no importa el color de tu piel, el lugar de nacimiento, la posición social ni si eres hombre o mujer. Nadie debería ser juzgado ni por una de esas características y espero que pronto todos puedan mirar por delante del cuerpo y se concentren en una cosa muchísimo más importante – el corazón y toda la magia que hace.

Metka Kocjančič, 4.c



Si tuviera mucho dinero, solo querría viajar. Porque quiero mirar, observar, admirar la naturaleza, los edificios, las costumbres, otras culturas, la gente ...

Normalmente viajo con mi familia en coche. Vamos al mar y a esquiar casi todos los años. Todavía no hemos volado en un avión.

Hasta ahora, he volado dos veces en avión. Primera vez en el verano de 2016 a Rodas con mis abuelos y la segunda vez fue hace tres meses cuando fuimos de excursión a Londres . Mi mejor viaje fue a Rodas en Grecia. En Rodas, nos alojamos durante dos semanas en un hotel cerca de la playa de arena. Visitamos la ciudad de Lindo donde están las más hermosas playas de arena, tomamos el sol, dimos un paseo por el paseo marítimo, nadamos en el mar y en la piscina. Miramos los antiguos templos griegos y castillos en la parte superior, encima de las colinas. Quisimos visitar Petaloudes donde está la tierra de mariposas, pero desafortunadamente estaba cerrado. Yo conocí la historia de la isla del sol (Rodas) que es la isla de Helios Dios del sol. Aprendí un par de nuevas palabras griegas, por ejemplo: kliméra (buenos días), kalispéra (buenos tardes), ne (si), óhi (no), mé léne (me llamo), ijamas! (isalud!) y otras.

Me encanta conocer nuevas culturas, idiomas y lugares porque siempre aprendo algo nuevo. Quiero visitar Paris, España y las islas en Indonesia porque me fascinan bellas playas.

NUESTRO VIAJE A LONDRES

El 9 de noviembre nosotros viajamos a Londres, fue una excursión escolar. Allí nos quedamos durante tres días.

El viernes salimos de viaje y llegamos a Londres muy tarde. Fuimos a dormir inmediatamente. Estuvimos en el hotel Hilton Garden Inn. El hotel fue ordenado, limpio y el desayuno fue delicioso. Durante todos los días admiramos la belleza de la ciudad. El primer día vimos Westminster, London eye, el teatro Globe y la calle Oxford. Como teníamos tres horas de tiempo libre, fuimos de compras a la calle Oxford. Como estaba lloviendo, volvimos al hotel y luego donde salimos con amigos hasta que nos fuimos a dormir. El segundo día fuimos a Greenwich donde vimos el Observatorio Real y el Meridiano de Greenwich. Luego navegamos en el río Támesis a Big Ben que había sido reparado. Por la tarde fuimos al Teatro de su Majestad donde miramos el musical Fantasma de la ópera. El musical fue muy interesante y mágico. Tercer día observamos el cambio del Guardia y admiramos el palacio Buckingham. Luego fuimos al Museo de la historia nacional y al Museo de la historia natural. Aprendimos muchas cosas nuevas en estos museos. También visitamos el Parque de St. James y Madame Tussauds. Hay muchas figuras de cera allí. El último día visitamos el teatro Globe, la Catedral de San Pablo y la Plaza de Trafalgar que está delante de la Galería Nacional. Luego fuimos al aeropuerto y volamos a Eslovenia. Regresamos a casa el martes por la noche. Nos encantó nuestro viaje a Londres y nos gustaría poder quedarnos allí más tiempo.

Maja Gruntar y Neja Prinčič, 2.c

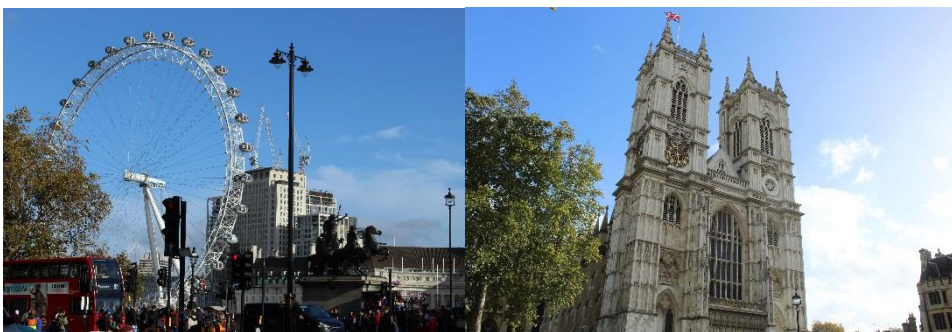


Foto: N. P.

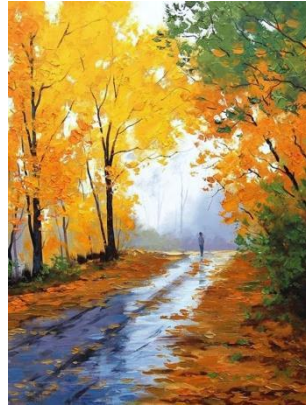
Soñar es gratis...

...porque los sueños
forman parte de tu mundo.
Son tus oportunidades
son tu presente
y tu futuro...
porque soñar es gratis.

Sabina Japic, 4.c

Solo quiero verte una vez más

Los recuerdos que tengo,
Nunca van a desaparecer
La sonrisa tuya que recuerdo,
Nunca la volveré a sentir.
Y tu voz,
No sé más
Todo lo que queda son solo cosas,
Cosas llenas de dolor
Y ahora que estoy sola,
Me muero porque no puedo nunca más abrazarte
No puedo escuchar tu voz
Y todo que quiero es verte una sola vez más.



Nika Stanič, 3.e

Sin ti

Ahora estoy aquí

Viajando entre luces

Sin sol, sin luna

Mirando algo hermoso

Mirando algo que me mata

No tiene ni un color sensitivo

Todo es negro o solo blanco

Todo es sin razón

Si tu no estás a mi lado

Si tu estás lejos de mí

Todo es sin razón

Mi corazón no puede ver los caminos

Que me llevan a decisiones correctas

Sin ti no puede brillar ni el sol

Es como que vida nunca existiera

Es como que yo no existiera más.



Nika Stanič, 3.e

UNA AMIGA ESPECIAL

Amigos presentan una parte muy importante de nuestra vida. Es necesario que cada uno de nosotros tenga buenos amigos o por lo menos un amigo especial. Afortunadamente, yo tengo una tal amiga - es mi mejor amiga. Somos de la misma edad. Nos conocimos hace 11 años en la escuela primaria porque éramos compañeras de clase. Al principio no fuimos muy buenas amigas porque las dos somos muy reservadas, pero cuando nos conocimos mejor hace unos cuatro años, descubrimos que somos muy similares. Ella es muy agradable, madura, divertida y responsable. Nos gustan las mismas cosas y escuchamos la misma música.

No nos vemos a menudo, solo los fines de semana porque ella estudia en otro lugar y durante la semana vive allí. Pero cuando estamos juntas, pasamos unos ratos increíbles: hablamos mucho, paseamos y vamos en bici, vemos películas, escuchamos música, vamos a discoteca y hacemos muchas otras cosas. Tenemos recuerdos inolvidables.



Para mí ella es una amiga muy especial porque es una persona muy buena, honesta, le puedo decir todo porque le tengo mucha confianza, me entiende y siempre me da buenos consejos. La quiero y la respeto mucho.

Stefania Yakimovska, 2.c

IMPRESSUM

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Glasilo ni za prodajo.

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