

"Ioan Slavici" National College

ENGLISH

MY

LOVE

May 2016



qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwer



"We are mosaics—

Pieces of light,

Love

History ,

Stars—

Glued together

With magic

And music

And words..."



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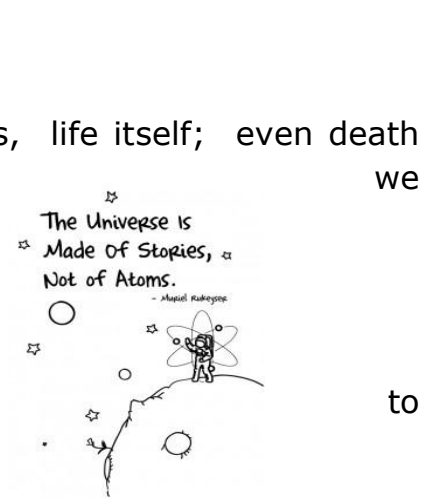
Editorial:

Searching

Everything has a beginning. Days, nights, life itself; even death has a starting point. We are made of dust and metamorphose into human beings. Have you ever asked yourself the question "What was I when I was not here?". Maybe a star, a planet...perhaps an entire galaxy. You'll never know. Even so, one thing is certain : you have strive to be amazing and create your own universe. It's simple. Oh, it's so simple to discover your soul! I have already discovered mine and I am going to tell you the story.

I was walking through the blank void, trying to find my soul. I was wondering what it looked like. A big heart? A ghost? A star? As the thoughts were running inside my head, my patience was running out . It was hiding from me. My own soul, playing hide and seek! But I was determined to catch it, to rip it apart and bring out the pieces of art. I thought that my soul was built up from ancient treasures. I was wrong. After a million years of searching, I found it...but I was not happy at all with what I saw and what appeared to be my soul. It was a small tree. A baby tree which had weak roots. It thought it must have been a joke, because I started crying, resting my head against the trunk. I fed the tree with my tears, and it started to grow quickly, until I couldn't see its end anymore. My tree is perfect. My tree is my soul and the leaves are running through my veins.

I am a free spirit and the most important thing that I learned is that you don't have to search for treasures...but make them yourself as a memory of your time spent as a human, when you will be a comet in the sky.



Leaving High school

High-school is a mystery for all of us. Sure, it was awkward at first with the new classmates and the new teachers, but I ended up loving it. I understand why everybody says that these four years are the best of one's life, alongside with university.

As time passed by, I still can't believe we are going to graduate. It seems like yesterday was the first day of school, and now it all ends. We built friendships and we laughed together, we created memories.

Nevertheless high-school was mostly about learning, doing homework, studying for tests. And while a part of me wants this stressful period to be over, the other one would never leave high school. But we have to keep moving forward and even though I truly loved it, I can't wait to go to university and to make new friends, learn new things and create new memories.

Roman Sergiu – XII C

Leaving high-school has some good and some bad parts. The good part is that if you didn't like it and you were always alone having no friends it could be a rough time. The bad part is growing up and becoming more and more responsible about everything that is around you.

When you leave high-school, you know that your childhood is over and the adult life is slowly taking over. This time of your life could be hard because everyone is confused and has to make a choice that will influence their whole future.

Prodan Patrick - XII C

There is a moment in your life when you realize that something you loved is lost. A moment like this is when some of us are leaving high-school and move on.

To be honest I think that high-school is loved by all of us and it doesn't matter which class profile you had. It's true that there are moments when you like it less but we have to remember the funny and the cool moments that you spent with the others.

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Truth be told, I don't think I realize that high-school is ending for me because if I did, there's no way I'd have this attitude anymore.

But in the end, high school was an important stage in my life. In high school I grew up and become a man that I like. If there are things in my character I don't like, I will try to fix them and become a man which my friends will be proud of.

Hatos Daniel – XII C

High school is the place where people create strong relationships with other people. I can say that I have met half of my friends in high school, this is why I regret leaving. However, I can remember many beautiful memories from high-school. For example, the first day of high school was memorable for me.

I was very nervous but excited at the same time. When I managed to meet our new class teacher I realised that she would support us to become good students. I would like to thank her and all the teachers for being there every time we needed. It is very important to have hard working teachers around you, because they really like their job.

High-school years were hard sometimes; however, having good classmates and teachers help you to be strong enough to overcome any difficulty. Now that we have to leave high-school we realize that is the time to make our next steps in life, to start a new chapter. I hope that my next step would be at least as beautiful as my high-school years.

Teodora Palcău – XII C

Objectively, I am aware of the fact that I am soon going to be leaving high school, but it doesn't really affect me at the moment because it's quite hard to let reality sink in. I do know, however, that there will probably be a time when I'm going to miss high-school, especially the teachers and the building itself.

Not every moment spent here was happy, but all of them were meaningful because four years is a long time and these years definitely have had a part in shaping me as a person.

Henrietta Banoczi – XII C

Leaving high-school will be one of the most frightening things that I will have to face quite soon.

It frightens me because soon I'll have to go to college and I'll have a lot to study and by that time I should be able to be more independent, and I hate that. I have been pampered by my mother and grandmother and I also love procrastinating, things which I won't really afford in college if I want to get good grades. I'll miss my friends the most and the quality time we spent together during high-school. However, I'm not the only one who has to go through this and I'll have to get over it; still I'm really glad that I won't have to do Maths or other subjects that I hate.

Tamas Carla – XII A

How my life will be after I leave high-school? That's the question that has been tormenting my existence since the 10th grade.

I don't really know what I will do with my life in the future. The main question about any next year is "should I go to University or should I wait another year and work to earn some money." My friends and family are all on the same page, that I shouldn't wait a year because after that I will forget the taste of studying and I will not be in the mood to go back to school.

Also leaving high-school will mean that I will have to take care of a lot of other new things and start to take life in my own hands.

Even if high-school wasn't all about good moments, I think in time I will miss it.

Pintea Andrei - XII - A

When I think that there are less than four weeks before school ends I feel sad and upset because I feel that I am losing my innocence and childhood. My real life is ready to punch me in the face and I'm not ready for this. I don't want to leave my school and my friends, but that is life, and sometimes it is not fair.

After high-school, a new life begins. A new life at college where exams

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are really hard, people are not so friendly as in high-school and a life where you are far away from home, parents and some true friends.

I think I am going to miss my high-school life, and my classmates, I only remember the funnier things that happen and the funnier and crazy things that I made, when I ran from school with the girls being afraid of tests and some teachers.

For me, the high-school years were the best and the most beautiful years of my life.

Delia Gabor - XII - A

I can't believe that high-school is over. These four years were the most beautiful years of my life. In this period I developed myself from all points of view. I found out new things about myself and I discovered what I want to do with my life. In the 9th grade I wanted to become a doctor to save people, but now I know that I am too sensitive. I can't see people in pain. In time I discovered that I'm very good at Math and I realized that I can be a great engineer.

After high-school I will go to University. I will follow my dream.

At the graduation ceremony I will cry. I don't want it, but I will. I will miss my friends and my teachers. Even if we have fought sometimes, we love each other. I hope that at our next meeting we will find that each of us has a great family and career.

Bodea Iana - XII - A

High-school is a very important period in everybody's life. We spend just four years here, but it has had a great impact in our life. High-school is like the start line, because after it we should become more responsible and do important things.

We certainly have many memories from it and we will miss it in one way or another. We made strong friendships which could last a lifetime and maybe after some years we could laugh together at the stupid things we did in high-school. We learnt lots of useful information from our teachers and they were a big support in our lives sometimes and they were really trying to help us to find our own paths.

Of course, between the beautiful things that happened during this period, there are some ugly moments too. High-school can be a very stressful place, because everybody is expecting you to do your best, but sometimes you

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are not able to do it. Every pupil will remember at least a small grade he had in high-school, or a big fight with a teacher or maybe even a class mate.

Leaving high-school is a huge step in our life because we are not sure about our future and we are frightened by the unknown.

Sabou Cyntia - XII - C

I can say that high-school was the best period of my life. I met a lot of wonderful people and learnt a lot of new things.

I can remember our first day in high-school: we were standing in a classroom without any chairs or desks, looking very strangely at each other. Our first class-teacher couldn't learn our names in two years. It's funny to remember how many times he made us laugh. Well it wasn't because he wanted to, it was just the fact he didn't speak Romanian very well.

After all, we had a good time with him. In this case, I can't say that I miss him or I was sorry after I heard he was leaving.

We had wonderful teachers. I heard from friends who were at different schools and they were complaining about their teachers. This is the main reason for me not leaving "Ioan Slavici".

The best part in high-school were all the activities, new people, new things. I really believe that I changed a lot in four years not just because I've grown, but because I had a lot of different people with different personalities around me.

I will miss all those test papers, even all the stress before exams, all my annoying classmates, [well, maybe not all of them]. I learnt a lot studying, but I think I have more experience from all those difficult moments that I've been through, that made me stronger and sometimes just opened my eyes.

At this point I can't really imagine my life not coming at school, with no papers or breaks that usually were very entertaining. I hope the future will teach me more and will be even better.

Fedorca Larisa - XII - A

As far as I am, now in life, high-school was an experience that I will, hopefully, remember. The best part about it was the breaks and the fact that I had a lot of fun with my colleagues in them. The worst part was, obviously, that it was school.

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Now, I cannot say that I am happy or sad about leaving it because this is just a part of life and life moves on, and honestly it wouldn't be a good idea to stay for a few more years and I don't intend to.

These four years were definitely some very interesting years, but high-school did not have such an influence on them.

Ghencean Mădălin – XII D

My high-school experience was both good and bad. The good moments involve the fun I had with friends I made and the new things that I learned. In the beginning I thought I wouldn't be able to fit in and I was scared because of it but it turns out that I made quite a few. I am thankful that I had the chance to meet them and I'm sure I'll remember them forever. High-school was pretty different from what I expected because it wasn't just about learning, I also had lots of fun. The school organized some interesting things such as parties and I made some pretty good memories. I am glad that I had such great teachers that thought me not only facts but also stuff that will help me become a better person.

I also had bad moments in high-school and they were, mostly, related to the people I met. I regret that I couldn't bond with all of my classmates and that there were a lot of divergences between us. Also, there were some teachers whom I didn't really like because of their attitude and sometimes we couldn't meet eye to eye.

All in all, my high-school experience had its ups and downs but I am sure in the future I will remember these moments with nostalgia and joy.

Mădălina Țuțuraș -XII D

When I found out that I was admitted at "Ioan Slavici" high-school, I expected something else. I thought that I will have a great fun here, lot of friends, the best teachers in the town.

I have friends here, but there are also people that I don't like. Not because I'm judging or something, but because these people like to get on other people's nerves.

After four years in this high-school I start regretting that I didn't get to know some of my classmates at the very beginning. It turns out the people you thought that would betray you are actually funny and friendly, then you start to hang out with them a lot and spend good time, then when you realise

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it, it's too late. The end is almost here, you have to learn and prepare for your exams and you don't have much spare time anymore.

I kept telling myself that it's not great matter the exams I will have to take at the end of high-school, but I was wrong all the time. I want to go to the college and become an engineer or at least, to work on computers. There is hope for everyone.

Clarisa Pinte - XII D

High-school was an important step in our lives. Here we learned how to choose the good way for a successful future, but we also made new friends.

Even if not at school, during high-school I figured out what I won't do in life. My profile partially describes my future. I come to mathematics-informatics profile because I've always known that I wanted to become an informatician. Here, I realised what informatics really is and I kind of liked it. I know now that I want to become a programmer or web designer.

Leaving high-school, might be a little hard because I made some relations with a lot of people. The saddest thing is that we started some friendships only in the last days at high school, when we will spread all around the country or even in other countries.

We have to find our way in life from now and decide very quickly what way we follow that means we'll have to work for our money in the future and we will have less time for fun.

Bojan Alex - XII C

Unfortunately, nothing lasts forever and each beginning has an end at some point. This is the high-school's years case too as they are coming to an end in a few weeks.

In less than a month I will have to say goodbye to my class, to my teachers and to my classmates, which makes me quite sad because during these four years we saw each other almost everyday and we did lot of things together. Even though sometimes my classmates got on my nerves, I still had so much fun and I will definitely miss the high-school days. I don't regret having to say goodbye to some teachers and also to my class teacher, because, to be honest, I've never liked her so much. However, I think she is a good person but she should smile more.

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Thinking about graduating high-school gives me a knot at the pit of my stomach because it is hard to believe that four years passed so fast. Many people think that graduating is just a tiny chapter but for me it is important. Graduating makes me feel excited, as well as frightened, because I will have to leave for university and begin a new chapter on my own.

I will definitely never forget my high-school years and I hope everything will be as great as this period was.

Adina Lăpuște- XII D



Literary Works

Everything for nothing

We hurry
continuously
without having
a destination.
We talk a lot
without saying
anything
for real.
We read
without understanding.
We write
without knowing
what we want
to transmit.
Some of us eat,
drink
bad stuff to
hurry our
deaths.
Others live
"healthy"
to postpone
a death
that they anyway
can't avoid.
And then I ask myself,
why do we still
endeavour?

Maximilian Bute, XII D

Faded Silhouettes

We wonder how the stars can shine so bright
When there's a street with no light.
How we can still be here
While someone's whispering in our ears
To go away.
Is it because they're real
Or is it just the way we feel?
Ghosts are dancing in our souls
Are we really losing control?
They stole a faded picture
That we painted when we were richer.
With a bullet full of magic:
It was tragic.

This is not where we belong;
A world that lost hope is being strong.
We keep our head up
And solve our problem with a cup
Full of little secrets and lies.
Tiny words can change a nation
Tiny words can blame a station
Where we wait for a train and time to pass
While others join a class
Where they're taught that is wrong
To write a beautiful song
About how they feel.
But all we do is stare at the ceiling
Without even feeling
How this is supposed to be.

Andreea Coțan - 9th C

Even Gods can fall in love

Eros was watching over the human world with sadly looking eyes, wondering how these plain people could be so happy when they are together. He was a member of the Gods Golden Skies, basically the whole family of gods. From Zeus to Hades, from Artemis to Athena, from Diana to Aphrodite. A whole pack of immortals with unbelievable power that were living in a temple, up in the sky, with the duty of protecting and guiding humans through their life. But unfortunately that was not suitable for him. He was never happy there, always giving happiness but never finding his own. He saw so many people in love, he has brought together so many lovers that even his heart was desperately begging for a soul mate. Yes, our brave Cupid was on the verge of starting his quest for his sweet, true love.

He sighed and began his slow flight towards the Earth. His mind was telling him to go for a walk along the lonely, sunny path in the middle of the forest, to listen the songs of birds and to feel the warmth of the sky on his creamy, soft skin. His beauty was one of a kind but nature's beauty was even more special and hard to find. His eyes were bright blue like the summer sky, his hair was blonde. Still, his appearance was quite fragile, he never seemed to be as strong as the fearful Hercules or Achilles.

His mother always said he is like a pansy, but she comforted him saying that he is also like a forget-me-not flower: he was unforgettable.

The forest was peaceful. He could feel the warmth of the wind blowing over his face, making his body become hotter and hotter. It was a pleasant feeling...he loved Terra and all of its creatures. The path was close to a river, so he could hear and even feel the crystal water and its harmonic song. The trees were full of nests with eggs, and in one of them there were two lovely birds that were cuddling against each other. But no matter how much nature tried to cheer him up, he was still depressed and his soul was still lonely.

Suddenly, he noticed something moving in front of him. He slowly crept among the trees to catch a closer look. It was... a woman, a beautiful woman. His cheeks began to burn and his eyes were widen. Could this be...love?

She was wearing a simple, white dress, decorated with a bracelet and a leaf belt. She was most likely from Athens. The city had been under the protection of the goddess for quite a while and the people were always happy and always ready to die for their city. Her eyes were bright blue, just like his and they were staring at a bird she was gently holding in her hands. Her beauty was undeniably breathtaking. However, he noticed something strange. The little bird, whose feathers were the colour of a rose, was dying.

Eros saw the pain that the bird was going through, got out from his hiding place and walked straight towards the girl, knelt down next to her. "Let me hold it, please!", he said to the girl. The young woman handed the poor little thing to Eros and in a few seconds the bird was healthy again, flying around them miraculously. "You saved her!", she said happily. "Thank you so much!" A bright smile appeared on the girl's face. His cheeks were flushed and the girl started laughing softly. "It's not funny, but.." he sighed "My pleasure. Any creature of the planet is like a member of my family...and my family is enormous". Very soon, the two of them were sharing laughs. "My name is Talyah, and your name is?" "Let's just say that...you will find out sooner or later, but for now let's just keep it like a secret under a lock whose key got lost in a sea". He knew there were zero chances to meet her again. He would search for her again anyway and he would fight for her even to the end of the world. She was the one. "I will just call you...Miracle, since you miraculously saved that little bird. So...then...nice to meet you, Miracle". He couldn't be happier, her hand was reaching for his and he accepted it, holding it softly and feeling her soft skin as well as her warm soul through it.

Both of them were looking at their hands together while their cheeks were burning. Their hearts were racing like crazy. They were gazing at each other, noticing that they both had rosy cheeks and big, wide eyes. Their bodies got closer to each other. Soon, their lips met into a soft and warm kiss. They didn't stop, not for a while, for a long while. Their bodies became tangled and the kiss seemed endless, creating an eternal atmosphere of love and sheer happiness.

They could sense it, the future, the bright future. A future full of love and passion, they knew that each of them was the other's better half. They could imagine pictures of their next meetings, of their perfect life together.

But what they failed to realize was a challenging obstacle, threatening their happiness. Will the power of the two lovers be strong enough to cope with all the troubles? Will they survive the evil that was lurking behind their back in

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the shadows of the tall trees? Will their story have a happy ending? That was not for them to know...at least not for now. 'Now' was eternal for them. This moment was all that mattered and nothing else. Not even the darkness.

Bianca Alexandra Cîmpan - 10th D



The Witch's Potted Plant

It was mid-morning – a very cold, bright day. Holding a potted plant before her, a girl of fourteen jumped off the bus in front of the Old Ladies Home, on the outskirts of the town.

There was definitely something bizarre about her because she had jumped off the vehicle without ending up with a single scratch. The plant that she was holding was a tiny bamboo-like tree with rosy flowers. Her hands were firmly grasping the pot as if it were a human heart or a fragile butterfly.

Peeking through the shattered window of the Old Ladies Home, she put the plant in front of the door and ran away as if someone were chasing her. Immediately, an old woman in her sixties with big messy hair and black bags under her icy-blue eyes grabbed the pot and slowly closed the door. Her voice could be heard from the outside as she was singing: "Oh, dear Prince of the Darkness, you shall rise higher than the moon and brighter than the sun, holding the hands of a sinner and turning them into a prayer". After casting this spell, the pink flowers of the tree turned gold, tiny particles of golden sparkle filling the room within seconds. A gorgeous little boy with blonde locks, pitch dark eyes and translucent fairy wings emerged from the plant. "Let me be embraced by your heavenly wings, my son", the old lady begged the Prince. As he did so, the woman's body started slowly decomposing, leaving a red rose on the marble floor. Her heart was trapped inside the flower's delicate petals. Little did she know that she could no longer go back, ever...

A big bloody moon had risen on the starry sky that night and wolves began howling. A sinner's big black eyes were shining in the darkness and the nature went silent.

Andreea Coțan- 9th C

She Knew He Didn't Forget

It was Christmas Eve and Amber, a ten year old girl, was sitting near the fireplace, playing with her favourite Barbie doll. She was quite sad because she was told that Santa Claus might be late this year and Amber didn't know what to think: was Santa still coming that night or was he giving

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beautiful gifts to other kids except her? She was becoming sadder and sadder as hours passed by and now it was almost midnight.

Amber was slowly falling asleep near the fireplace, next to her dolls, cuddled up in a soft warm blanket. All of a sudden, she fell into a big hole. It was dark but she could hear bells ringing. Her feet felt sore and cold. Snow? There was snow and big trees everywhere. How did she end up there?

She stood up, fixed her wrinkly pyjama shirt and started walking. At some point it was pitch-dark and she couldn't even see her own hands. While she was walking in the forest, barefoot, touching the cold and sparkly snow, she saw a big building, perhaps a hotel. When she entered it, she saw elves carrying colourful boxes, reindeer running in the hallways and a huge sparkly door that was apparently Santa's workshop. Without any hesitation she entered the workshop. Santa Claus was sitting at his golden desk, reading a pile of letters while his workers were wrapping gifts in sparkly paper.

Suddenly, Amber woke up near the fireplace, realizing it had all been nothing but a dream. She got up and took a look out the window. She saw a big figure carrying a brown bag and she instantly knew who it was.

Amber was incredibly enthusiastic when she heard the sounds of footsteps on the pebbly path.

Andreea Coțan- 9th C

An Old Memory

It all began when I found an old key at the back of the kitchen cupboard. I had completely forgotten about it and all I could remember was a distant, repressed, but definitely deep-seated memory of my childhood home which I had to leave at an early age. I still squirm when I think that I've left my mother there, never to see her again.

I took the key out of the cupboard, held it tightly in my hand and sat down on the nearest chair. I loosened my grip on the key and stared blankly at it for a while. I must've stayed there for a while, but I can't be sure since I'd lost track of time. Then, I finally stood up and decided to visit that house for the first time in decades.

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I buried the key in my pocket and stormed out of my house, heading for my car. Once I got inside, I inserted the key into the ignition, but my hand froze before I could turn it. "You can do this", I kept uttering to myself before starting the engine and driving off.

The sight of that old house was stomach-turning and I could barely muster the courage to get out of the car. I swallowed hard as I got out of the car and started walking towards the house, hoping that it was my fear that I'd swallowed earlier. I gripped the age, rusty handle of the entrance door as I felt it sending a strongly discouraging chill down my spine.

The interior was eerily familiar. It helped me recall memories I thought I had long lost as I was wandering in the living room. Suddenly, I heard a noise coming from upstairs. Oddly, it didn't startle me, so I proceeded to check what had produced it. It was a particularly light mirror that my mother used to own; the wind must've knocked it off since the window was open.

I left shortly after, feeling that my visit wasn't at all useless. I knew that I wouldn't have gained the peace of mind I have now if I hadn't decided to return to the house of my childhood.

Daniel Meszaros - 9th C

A Deathly Experience

Simon turned on the television and was amazed to see his face on the screen. He had just come home after having an undeniably extraordinary, yet arduous and stressful day despite not having had to go to work that day.

However, in the morning, it wasn't at all apparent that it would be out of the ordinary. Simon's routine went on uninterrupted until it took an unexpected turn while he was walking through a nearby park, barely aware of what was happening around him.

As he was passing the river along which the park was built, his mindless stroll was stopped by a numerous crowd of people whose faces were clearly expressing distress, concern, and shock. They had gathered to help a boy who had fallen into the river, but they were just standing there, paralysed and unsure of what to do as their unflinching gazes watched the boy's struggle.

Simon knew that the boy's fate would've been sealed if he hadn't intervened, so he quickly took off his jacket, took a deep breath, and jumped into the river without any further thought. The unbearably cold water chilled his whole body and made it extremely difficult for him to continue, but the drowning boy was only a few metres away, so he mustered the last drop of courage and presence of mind that he had and started swimming. He put his arms around the boy, but suddenly felt that they were sinking together. At one point, Simon lost his consciousness.

He came back to his senses in the park and was surprised to feel that he was dry. Unable to explain this strange phenomenon, he got up and ran back home. After seeing his face on the TV screen, he went to the bathroom and checked his clothes again. He rubbed his eyes and glanced at the mirror, which, to his horror, showed no reflection of him

Daniel Meszaros - 9th C

Bulletsⁱ

Tom woke up to the song of the birds outside his house, just as he had been doing for decades since he slowly and laboriously built his wooden house after surviving military service during World War II. He stood up from his bed and immediately opened one of the drawers of a chest he had closely guarded his whole life. There, he kept every bullet he could find since the age of nine.

One day, impelled by the overwhelming loneliness that he had been feeling ever since his wife passed away and his children moved out, leaving him alone in a house dominated by depressing emptiness, Tom decided to venture into the city. He locked his house, got into his car, and drove off into the distance.

Having arrived in the city, Tom stopped at a café and had some friendly banter over a cup of coffee with an old friend he happened to bump into. However, during his adventure, the thought that he had left his house unattended lurked in the back of his mind. It was a fear that he couldn't shake off. It made him feel uneasy and worried, so he eventually decided to head home.

By the time he arrived home, his heart had already started beating restlessly and painfully against his chest, but it skipped a beat when he saw that the windows of his house had been broken. A sense of intense dread filled his mind as he stormed into the house, driven by maddening fury fuelled by the threat of having potentially lost his treasured bullets. He didn't even notice the absence of his TV in his frantic hurry upstairs, nor did he feel the two times he tripped. In his bedroom, his trembling hands pulled open the drawer in which he kept the bullets, where he found the two remaining bullets that the burglars hadn't stolen. He gripped them tightly, pushed his back against the wall and slipped down to the floor. While sitting there, he fell asleep and didn't wake up until the next morning.

ⁱ Narrative plan inspired by the song *Bullets* by Passenger

English My Love

After this incident, Tom's already isolated and lonely life turned into a seemingly endless fight between the urge to seek company and the stubborn commitment to protect his bullets.

Daniel Meszaros- 9th C

Snapping Back to Reality

As I sat down at my desk and stared at the pile of revision notes, all I could think of was "Why me?" This was the last day before the exam, and it was no ordinary exam, they were the finals. There was no possible way I could read all that, let alone memorize it.

During the school semester I failed to focus much on learning, I dare say I didn't bother with it at all. I barely attended classes and the revision notes laying on the desk in front of me weren't even mine. These were copies of Laura's notes, the kindest friend and classmate I have. Thank God she's always there for me!

I was lying in bed, thinking back on all the stupid stuff I had done that semester. How could I have ignored school so much? Either way, I was too tired for this, a day full of studying had drained even the last drop of my energy. Time for sleep.

I woke up in the morning to the sun shining on my face. I had been too tired and forgot to pull the curtains. After turning my alarm off I hastily got out of bed and got ready to leave for school.

As I was sitting down at my desk in the tense atmosphere I could feel something would go terribly wrong, but I still had to write the exam. Shortly after handing the paper in, we received the results. I was walking down the hall with small, fast steps. My heart was ready to jump out of my chest. It was disastrous; I have failed. All the learning, my energy... all in vain.

I snapped and jumped out of bed, I was at home, the dark was still present in the room, curtains pulled. It was all just a dream!

Stefan Meszaros-9th C

Alone in the Dark

The sound of broken glass brought me to my senses. I slowly opened my eyes, peering left and right. Strangely enough, I was hearing nothing at all, the one and only thing I heard was the glass. Everything was upside down, what was going on...?

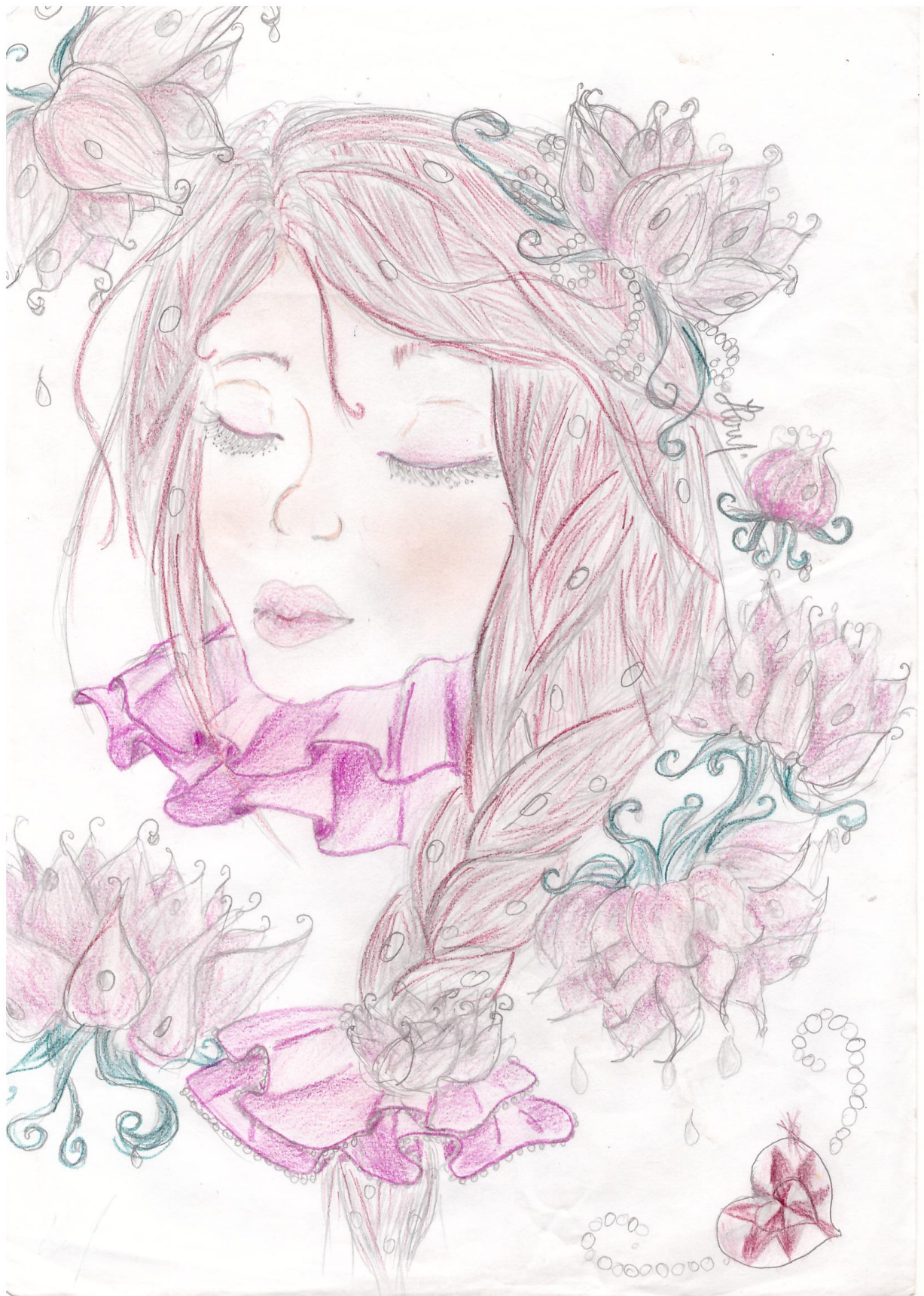
I started thinking back on what I had done earlier today. Last night I had not gotten any sleep, there was no real reason as to why, I just couldn't close an eye. My morning was a rushed one, had no breakfast. Laying in bed, browsing through my thoughts, I was almost late to work.

Having only started work at this new office, I was afraid of getting to work late during my first week. The whole block of paper I had on my desk was something, the last thing I needed. After I had left work, I remembered I had to pick up laundry. The traffic was horrible, soon enough, I ended up in a traffic jam. By now, it was already dark outside, cold wind was blowing into my car through the open window, I was tired.

Driving moderately fast on the highway, I felt alone. Even though some cars passed by, blinding me with their headlights, the road was mainly empty. My eyelids slid down completely, covering my eyes, I drifted off to sleep.

Suddenly, I woke up. I was seeing myself, from afar, it was strange, I was not breathing... I was not moving...

Stefan Meszaros-9th C



Tears Of Glass

Once upon a time, there was a little girl. A little noble girl. And the little noble girl had a little porcelain doll. She was loved. By both her family and friends, and by her doll too. They never believed that her precious doll was like a true friend for her, not just a simple toy. The doll was beautiful. A ribbon was laced around her neck, and the dress was made all of silk and pearls, but the most distinctive trait were its eyes. They were glassy, shiny, made out of jewels. She was a loved doll. Just like her mistress.

One unfortunate day, when the young mistress and her mother were walking by the lake, the doll slipped out of the girl's hand and it was gone forever. The girl was overwhelmed by grief. No one understood her pain and no one did the right thing to mend her heart, so she soon died.

At the funeral, the entire aristocracy mourned her death. She was still loved. The girl died with crystal tears which kept her cheeks red and lively even after death. It made her look alive, and just sleeping. Everyone placed all kinds of flowers on her polished marble grave. They added small drops of colour on the little white coffin, which contrasted with the gray sky and the black silk funerary robes of those attending the ceremony. Little lady Francesca had always loved lively colors, and even if they were not exactly appropriate, her close relatives knew she would love seeing herself embraced by so many colours.

After the mass, everyone left the small, royal graveyard silently. Suddenly, the top of the marble coffin was moved by a small, pale hand. The corpse of little Francesca was sleeping as something stepped inside, and placed a single flower on top. The flower however wasn't like any other ordinary flower. Its petals were sewn together with veritable pearls and jewels, held by a golden pin. White, emotionless eyes stared at Francesca's body. The doll was back. The one which Francesca had dropped in the lake behind the royal palace and was left to rot and be eaten away. But it forgave Francesca, it knew she didn't mean it at the moment she saw her lifeless body. It had made the flower out of its own dress.

English My Love

The doll curled on her mistress's body. They were going to be buried together. Together forever.

Vanessa Dari- 9th C

Sugar And Spices

Mark could never have imagined that a phone call would change his life forever. He could never have guessed that his sister would pass away so soon. Apparently, it was an out of blue heart attack. No disease, no trauma, just a lame, stupid way to die. At least she didn't suffer. Though that wasn't the big change in his life. It was actually his tiny niece who was in front of him, looking up at him with her big blue eyes. Next to her was a pink bag holding all her belongings. Mark put the phone down and crouched at her level.

"Are you alright? Are you hungry?" He didn't know what else to ask. The little girl shook her blonde head.

"I'm not, uncle. When is mommy going to be back? Daddy hasn't told me anything, he was just lying in their bedroom, with some pills next to him. He wouldn't wake up either." He stared down at her. He didn't want to break her heart, even though telling the truth would have been more responsible, but by her looks she couldn't have been any older than five, and a child shouldn't know about loss and the tragedy of death so soon, in his opinion.

"Both of them are sleeping, Sasha, you have nothing to worry about." He smiled softly to comfort her. She smiled back.

"Do you think Mr. Puffin agrees?" She pointed at a stuffed animal which was sitting on top of her pink bag, in the shape of a puffin. It even had a small red bow sewn to its neck. He scratched his chin.

English My Love

"I'm sure. Now, would you like some sweets? They will make you feel better." She grinned from ear to ear in response.

"Of course." She raced in the kitchen, leaving Mr. Puffin behind. Raising a child could be a major change in his life, but it shouldn't be too hard, right? His train of thoughts was interrupted when he heard a plate shatter against the floor.

"Ups!" Sasha's innocent voice came out of the kitchen. Mark sighed and grabbed a broom. Or not...

Vanessa Dari- 9th C

A Toy's Tale

As well as not every story begins with "once upon a time" and they're not always about princes and princesses living happily ever after, neither this one will be like that.

Adelyne.

Maybe you question yourself now who Adelyne is. No one knows. Not even herself. She only knows that she's a simple toy, a doll who doesn't know her past, present, and future either, doesn't know where she comes from or where she goes. Adelyne has spent most of her life in darkness, unknown, always asking herself the reason of her creation. Searching for other dolls, trying to find a meaning, she realised that in the darkness, there will never be anything.

Thus, in order to escape from loneliness, the journey of our little Adelyne started. Travelling around the world, under the endless sky. The oceans. People. All these fascinated her. But, even though she learned much, she still wasn't able to learn about herself. Couldn't find out anything. "I'm surely going to get some answers pretty soon", she encouraged herself each time. The journey continued. One day, she thought to herself: "Humans. These mysterious beings may know who

I am". She made several attempts, trying to make them pay attention, but poor Adelyne was just thrown out of the way, right in the mud. She tried again every day, sometimes with eyes full of tears, but all she received was pain. Disappointed, her decision was to give up, it wasn't worth it.

The first day passed, and the second too. A week, two, three... Time flew away. There was no hope in finding answers, anymore. "Silly me, how could I think I would even come across something. It would have been much easier if I stayed as I was, alone in the darkness", she said.

The little doll isolated herself in a forest, where nobody could ever find her (or at least that's what she believed). That place was so quiet, that not even birds singing could've been heard. While slowly closing her eyes for the last time, she noticed the silhouette of a human child, far away. One moment later, a poor little blonde girl appeared in front of her, with dirty cheeks, curly hair, wearing torn clothes.

"Hello, tiny doll. What are you doing here, alone in the forest? Aren't you afraid?" Adelyne couldn't say a word, she was frightened. Her memories of humans were too unpleasant for her to be able to trust them. She was tempted to run away.

"Hey, don't be scared. I won't do anything to you. I'll leave now, if that's what you want. But please, take care of yourself." The girl turns around. And leaves. Adelyne is all by herself again. It all went quiet, except this time you could hear the doll crying. She felt so weak and naïve and couldn't stop thinking about that girl: "She seemed so fragile, so helpless, just like me. Maybe she had the answers I've been looking for all this time."

So, the journey started again, this time, with the goal to find the girl. Back into the world of humans. Adelyne was yet again thrown out of the way and stepped on. Soaking in mud, she almost made her way out, but fell and couldn't get up anymore. Convinced that there was no hope left... someone took her up. It was the girl. The little doll was afraid and thankful at the same time.

"Come on, I'll take you home with me and clean you" said the girl, smiling. Adelyne didn't even remember the last time she had met someone this caring. She was worried and didn't know what to do, but also felt like everything was going to be alright.

Soon after, they arrived to a tiny house, with only two windows, a door, an improvised bed, and some old furniture. The girl put the doll on the table. Took a

ragged piece of cloth, and began to clean her, with a smile on her face. Adelyne, asked shivering: “Why are you doing this?”

“Sorry?”

“I don’t understand...”

“Trust me, I don’t understand either what you’re mumbling there, sweet doll. Now please stay quiet, I want to get you as clean as possible”. For a few minutes, everything was calm.

“Done! Now you’re like new!” said the girl with an immense smile while embracing the doll. And for the first time in her life, Adelyne felt love, even though she didn’t know what that meant.

“T..thank you”, murmured Adelyne.

“What for?”

“For saving me from those monsters.”

“Monsters? Haha, what monsters?”

“Well, you know... people. They tried to hurt me.”

“Yes, adults do that. Toys aren’t important for them anymore. When they grow up, they forget that they were children too, and only care about work, work and work again. The same might have happened to you too.”

“I... have no idea what I am and where I come from, not even If I was the property of someone before. I’ve spent all this time alone in the darkness, not knowing a thing. I don’t... I don’t have feelings either. Although I don’t know what those are. But I understood that they are really important. All I know is that I have a name. Adelyne. But I don’t know who gave it to me. That’s why I started my journey, in order to find explanations, to find myself. But the only thing I came across was pain. I didn’t think that it would be this hard.”

Everything became silent again. Adelyne was sitting on the table, gazing, while the girl was staring at the little, delicate doll. She had teary eyes. Adelyne was looking surprised as she didn’t know what was going on.

“What’s happening to you? What do you have in your eyes?”

The girl quickly wipes her tears and says:

“Oh, these? These are tears.”

“Tears?”

“Yes... Usually they appear because of sadness.”

“Are you sad? But why?”

“No... I mean yes, they are tears of sadness too. But mostly they are of joy. I’m so glad that I found you. Trust me, you’re never going to experience what you had felt... pain – even though it was my mistake”, whispered the girl.

She took the toy up, and hugged her. For the first time, a toy was able to experience happiness. For the first time, a toy was crying. Real tears. Feelings. Memories. Parents. Joy. Love. Happiness. Family. Florence. All these invaded her head. She remembered her true self. Where she comes from. Who she belonged to.

“Florence...”, said Adelyne. “Now I remember, I know everything. I know the reason of my existence. Florence... I’m your toy. We met when you were just a toddler. I was your first birthday present. We used to play almost always together and you took care of me. Always.”

“Yes, Adel...”, mumbled Florence. “It’s true. But unfortunately, it wasn’t “always”. I lost you... when I lost my parents too. I can’t say it’s hard, nor that it’s easy. What’s the most important is that I’m happy.” And so a huge smile appeared on her face.

“Finally I can feel the same as you do. I know what’s my meaning. I’m a part of you. The same as every toy should be, of its own human.”

“I know, Adelyne, I know... Believe me, I’ll never lose you again and you’ll always remain my favourite toy.”

They embraced each other once again, and didn’t move for a long time. That’s the tale of a toy, feeling love for the first time. And she was happy for the first time in her life.

Peter Greta -X G

Pauliner Tamas - XI C

Michael didn't really like adventure, but that day he had no choice.

The day started normally for him in the countryside, at his grandparents' little farm. The breakfast and the usual chores: washing the dishes, feeding the hens, cleaning the house. The monotony was killing him and Michael got so bored that he decided to read a book.

The boy went to his grandma's secret library. He looked at all the covers, but no one could satisfy him. Disappointed, he started to cry and hit the wooden shelves. A huge book fell on his head. "Ouch, stupid book!". He took it: a really huge book, heavy, black, with the title saying "The Alchemist's Guide". Michael became interested and opened it. The pages started to shine brightly as he read some sort of incantations. Something really strange was happening. Scared, the boy closed his eyes and waited for everything to end.

The book exploded.

Michael opened his eyes, but he was no longer in his grandma's room. He was flying...over the clouds...on a DRAGON! But how?! The boy nearly passed out, when the dragon flew down to a magical land.

That was the land of the Alchemists. They looked just like wizards. There were lots of them.

"Who are you?", asked one of them.

"I...I am Michael."

"Why are you laying here? Come fight wih our brothers for the sake of our territory!"

"I don't understand."

"Take this sword, young man."

Michael had no time to answer. The Hobbits, some tiny creatures, invaded the Alchemists' town. He then went with his dragon and joined the fight until nightfall, when tired and thirsty, layd on the grass, stargazing.

English My Love

“Why don’t you just stay here for a while?”, said an old man with a long, white beard.

“Oh my God! Are you Merlin?!”

“No, I’m not.”, the man replied. “I’m Hanarus and I am the best Alchemist in Alconia.

“I’ve seen you during the battle and I remained shocked. I want to teach you all that I know. I want you to be the possessor of my knowledge.”

“Have you met my grandma?”

“Your grandma...is my daughter.”

“What?”

“I want you to stay.”

“Why?”

“You’ll come in many adventures with me, little boy.”

From that day on, Michael’s life totally changed...into something magical.

Cristina Ardelean, IX D

Funny holiday

Last summer I went to Croatia on a holiday with some of my friends. We were all excited about it and we could hardly wait for it to come. So we spent twenty hours on the road, without sleeping a wink.

When we arrived in Baska Voda, it suddenly started raining. In conclusion, we couldn’t go swimming in the sea. The clouds were grey and remained on the sky the rest of the day. I felt like I was really out of luck.

English My Love

The next day it was sunny, so we decided to go to the beach. We visited the town, bought some souvenirs, ate icecream and explore the surroundings by ship. It seemed like it was too good to be true, and I was right.

Later in the afternoon we went swimming again and a friend of mine came up with an idea: “Let’s all jump in the water while holding hands!”. Man, was that a mistake! Somehow (I still don’t know how) my leg got caught into something and I fell with my face on the ground. As a consequence, all of my friends fell too because I dragged them onto the rocky ground. It caused a big “Ouch!!”.

In the end, we laughed about this funny incident. It was a holiday I will never forget.

Cristina Ardelean , 9 D



Essays

The Need Of Superheroes In A Child's Life

A special category of fictional characters, called superheroes, is frequently found in comics, TV series, and films. In most (if not all) cases, they possess abilities and characteristics greatly superior to those of humans, of which they make use to prevent and combat crime and injustice.

In life, children have to develop an identity to call their own. In order to achieve this, they look up to various beings (that are not necessarily human) and select the features/traits they admire, which they then merge with their identity and which shape their personality and attitude towards life. Since superheroes are icons of unwavering morality (and a wide range of other virtues), they are quite strong candidates for this position.

Furthermore, besides being suitable role models, superheroes also contribute to another imperative aspect of a child's life: play and entertainment. It is undeniable that children engage in play and in activities associated with entertainment for the better part of their waking hours. The pleasure and enjoyment they derive from watching superheroes perform helps their mental and emotional health, both of which are extremely important for normal, healthy development.

So, to sum it up, children need superheroes in their lives because they can act as role models and motivate them to build ambition, determination, and willpower, as well as provide them with an essential source of entertainment.

Daniel Meszaros- 9 C

The importance of learning a foreign language

Learning another language gives us the ability to step inside the mind and context of another culture. Without the ability to communicate and understand a culture on its own terms, true access is barred.

Being able to speak a foreign language is one of the most rewarding and enriching skills I have ever been fortunate enough to learn. It has allowed me to travel, meet new people and learn so much more about different places

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and traditions. In this way, it has helped me to open my eyes and my mind to everything that is going on in the world. I started learning English at the age of 7 and German at the age of 13. In my school, learning these 2 languages was compulsory, which I believe is important as otherwise not many students would have chosen to study them. For a business, it is essential to develop and sustain a strong footing in the global economy. It is better if we can understand the psychology and the language of the foreign clients.

In conclusion, I believe that speaking languages is incredibly useful in all aspects of life, and although it might be difficult to get a grasp of at first, it is always worth it in the end.

My favourite piece of music

Music puts sounds together which form through the elements of rhythm, melody and harmony. My personal favourite song is called "Gold" by Imagine Dragons. It's about a king called Midas who thought he'd have it made when he was granted the wish that everything would turn to gold at his touch. But this turned out to be his ruin when he embraced his beloved daughter and his touch left her a cold, golden statue. Imagine Dragons also seem to be criticizing our society that lives for the external show of "diamonds and rings" but can no longer tell the false from the real. To me, I feel that the song is about losing the ability to know who to trust when fame and wealth enters the equation.

In conclusion, music is a tool for arousing emotions and feelings, it is far more powerful than a language.

My favourite school subject

Education is a process of exploring the world. To facilitate learning we must have some understanding of the subject matter being explored, and the impact study could have on those involved. My favourite school subject of all time is and will always be Art.

Art is a bit like candy. We evolved to crave sugar, because it's vital for our survival but isn't easily found in nature. So there was selective pressure to turn us into sugar obsessives. Art often makes me feel connected to something "larger" than myself: something mysterious and oceanic. I least understand this aspect of art, but the craving for connectedness and mystery seems pretty universal, amongst both believers and secularists. And art

English My Love

seems poised to fill it. I've been drawing and painting since kindergarten and the teacher I looked up to most was my Art teacher. In classrooms, when the teacher asked a question, I'd never raise my hand because I'd worry I would say something wrong. All this changed in the 5th grade when Mrs. Florea became my class teacher. I still don't know how she did it – but in the kindness of her manner, in a certain way she had of asking a question and then looking directly at me as though to say, "Go on, speak up: if you're wrong, that's OK", she made me feel confident. She always used to say that

Art touches profound and personal chords: beauty, clarity, mystery, harmony, sincerity – things we don't speak about often, perhaps, but remain fundamental and largely private. She taught us about Mona Lisa, Starry Night, The Scream and many more.

In conclusion, I have learned during my school years that Art is a way of expressing and living a dream without the need of words to describe powerful feelings.

My Practical Skills

An unfortunate number of people graduate school with a lot of knowledge but little practical skills. On countless occasions, I would wonder which my best practical skill is and I came to the conclusion that drawing is the most suitable answer. I think that in general, artistic skills are highly desired because they provide you with the will of creating something ravishing. Art often makes me feel connected to something "larger" than myself: something mysterious and oceanic. I have learned during my school years that drawing is a way of expressing and living a dream without the need of words to describe powerful feelings. I usually collect my inspiration from nature, sketching breath-taking landscapes, dazzling flowers, insects and birds. I love putting effort and passion into every single detail and after I've finished my work of art, I stare at it and feel the emotion flowing through my entire body. I like hearing my drawings talking back to me, making me contemplate on my thoughts and the way of seeing the world from a distinctive perspective.

In conclusion, it can be extraordinarily important to have at least one practical skill which you can further develop in time. I think that this kind of ability can help enrich our lives in ways we've never imagined.

My Dream Career

With a little hard work, some planning, and some serious self-reflection, you can set yourself on a path towards a fruitful, fulfilling career that can provide for you and your family. One of my goals for the future is to be happy regardless of what I choose to do. I want to be satisfied with my decisions, to be able to accept and forgive, and most of all to be able to live up to the expectations I have for myself. I realize I cannot set my goals and dreams on the basis of others and I need to achieve things for myself. I will only accomplish my goal in being happy when I am able to live my life for myself and still able to provide love and support to others.

If asked what one career I would choose if I could have any job I wanted, I would have a hard time narrowing it down to just one. But one thing is for sure: I've always had a passion for Biology and Chemistry. These two were my all-time favourite school subjects and I've always dreamed of working in the medicine field, even though it takes years of studying and hard work before you are qualified to work as a doctor and even then you will be continuously learning throughout your career. They say that once you have made the decision to become a doctor, you must pursue it wholeheartedly. Demystifying the process and the profession is only the first step. The rest is up to you.

Most doctors will tell you they can't imagine doing anything else. Being a doctor is simply who they are, not just what they do. I'd love experiencing these feelings throughout the years doing what I enjoy and lead a satisfying life.

In conclusion, I strongly believe that choosing your dream job is a marathon, not a sprint and it can turn out to be a very winding road indeed, knitted together from all of our experiences into, hopefully, a career worth having.

Andreea Coțan, 9 C

From teenager to adult

What is success? Success means living life without losing the enthusiasm. Adults can learn from teens what success is only if they really try to get to know them and to discover their passions and skills.

English My Love

Adults will always say that they don't have anything to learn from the new generations. In fact, there are a lot of things they can learn from us. For example, they can learn how to use a gadget. We can teach them how to use a laptop, a telephone or how to surf the internet. We can also teach them how to dress: what kind of clothes are fashionable or what kind of shoes they should wear. Moreover, they learn what art is from teens. Even if they don't admit it, they also listen to the music that we listen to. Women can learn from their daughters how to keep up with the latest trends, while men should learn from their sons how to play video games or just have fun.

These are just some things that adults can learn from teens. One thing is for sure: they should have more confidence in us and let us help them as much as possible.

Marina Zai - 10 D

The sides of success

SUCCESS...such a big word deserves to be capitalized. Some people say that being successful takes hard work and determination. Others say that it is not such a big deal, you just need to be lucky.

From my point of view, being successful does not necessarily involve hard work or gaining much money, it's about fulfilling your desires and doing what you love. With this in my mind, I relate more to the son in our story than the father, because even if he's not the wealthiest person in the world, he seems to be content with his job and that is all that matters.

It is obvious that there is a generation gap between the generations: differences of habits, opinions and beliefs...But this gap can be bridged. For instance, it only takes a little open-mindedness and patience and the mystery of using a tablet or smartphone will be unlocked.

Older people can learn from me and my generation to do more of what makes them happy, and stop worrying for money. They need to accept other ideas, as we are different and today's generation evolves every day. After all, this is the nature of all things, the nature of evolution.

Alexandra Sabău - 10 D

Reviews

The Blessing In Our Eyes

Ever since we were born, God has been kind and has endowed us with many precious things. But one of the most important blessings given to us, which we unfortunately often take for granted, is our eyesight.

Seeing is something so precious that we cannot even imagine our life without this power in our eyes, which opens the whole wide world to us. Thanks to our eyes we can read books, letters, newspapers and we can also 'read' other people's moods and manners and we can see everything that revolves around us. This aspect reflects best in Jane Austen's first published novel "Northanger Abbey", in which the characters are fervent readers, thirsty for knowledge and new insight.

The evoked time is the beginning of the nineteenth century, the peak of the Gothic literature. Most books were written in a horrifying atmosphere and dangerous tone. Actually, our heroine, Catherine Morland spent her childhood reading Gothic novels, and in this way she finds a good friend in Isabella Thorpe. She gives Catherine a list of seven Gothic novels, which were initially thought to be Austen's inventions, until some British writers found out they do exist. Catherine also has many pleasant conversations about books with the Tilneys. Catherine is in for a big surprise when she finds out that Mr. Tilney is really keen on reading novels and that they share a deep love for "The Mysteries of Udolpho". At this point, Catherine is taken aback when discovering that men actually read novels, unlike what Mr. Thorpe told her. Books reveal to be magical and powerful, although considered by some as 'rubbish'.

Besides reading books another entertaining activity was reading and writing letters. These letters were similar to short 'novels' reflecting the lives of their authors or of their authors' family and friends. But most of all they expressed thoughts, feelings in the form of a monologue. This form of expression proved to be more sincere and true, even more unsettling than any face-to-face conversation.

Furthermore, Austen's novel "Mansfield Park" with its many instances of letters, helps us realize that most people find it easier to reveal their real

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selves in a letter. One could show their affection to someone else by writing them a letter immediately after seeing them or, on the contrary, by taking time in doing so. In this case, the addressee could read between the lines, so they could easily find out how the sender truly felt. The art of deciphering the true message of a letter clearly belongs to the nineteenth century. In one instance, what my eye read as an innocent or simple letter, the characters of the time interpreted it as an outrageous offence.

What fascinated me the most was the art of reading people, because that time was governed by emotions and intense feelings. The people were freer to express themselves. Their gestures and manners were full of meaning and sentiments, they were full of colour. And what is the most interesting thing that we can learn from both novels is that if we want to marry someone, we need to find a way to become good friends with his sister or her brother.

Alexandra Nagy, 10 D

The Last of Us

In this review, I will be talking about The Last of Us, the famous video game created by one of the most brilliant studios, Naughty Dog. The Last of Us is an action-adventure survival horror video game which was released on June 14, 2013. But let's leave this boring introduction aside and cut to the interesting part.

The story begins in September 2013 in the capital of state Texas, Austin. One moment we see a happy family, Joel with his daughter, Sarah. Next, we see Joel protecting her from a so called "infected" person. Yes, you read it right, infected. The plot of the game is represented by an outbreak of a mutant Cordyceps fungus that ravages the United States, transforming its human hosts into cannibalistic monsters. Cool right?

The Last Of Us drew from a variety of sources spanning movies, documentaries and books. Beyond the obvious Walking Dead influences, there's the general idea of environmental deterioration in a depopulated world, a concept that seems more interesting than the cliché used by every zombie movie or video game made until now, where they are represented as creatures risen from the dead, or the result of a chemical warfare held

between nations, rather than infected humans that can actually be killed even without having to shoot them exactly in the head.

Sadly, like every game and every TV show, everything can't go right in the first 15 minutes of content. Not making the audience shocked in these critical first minutes would be too boring to start off with, right Naughty Dog?
* SPOILER ALERT *

After the attempt to escape the town of Austin, which became a living hell after only a few hours, Sarah dies to a soldier who was ordered to guard the highway. Despite her father's attempt to stop the bleeding of the gunshot, she cannot be saved, leading us to a black screen, followed by the sound of a crying father and the annotation: "20 YEARS LATER", where an older version of Joel, now a survivor of the apocalypse, is hired to deliver a young girl, Ellie (later to be found out she might be the cure for the human kind) to the Fireflies, self-proclaimed justiciaries of the world. "[...] when you're lost in the darkness ... look for the light. Believe in the Fireflies."

But that is enough with the spoilers, let's see how the audience greeted this game.

The Last of Us won 36 awards and was nominated for another 18. From



the wins we can recall the BAFTA Games Award as the best game of the year 2013. The game had also won a BAFTA award for its musical score, which was handled by two-time Oscar winner Gustavo Santaolalla. How cool is that!

As for the "downs" part, there is really not much to say since there were only minorities that kept the game from being rated as a 10/10 by any game critics, being the fifth highest rated PlayStation 3 game on Metacritic, a famous site for its on-point reviews, achieving a total score of 95/100 points, based on 98 reviews.

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In my opinion, this game is a pure masterpiece, one of the best I've seen in the last few years, with an intriguing plot, and manifold adventures. But of course, I can't end this review without my personal rating, a 9.7/10, and without mentioning the only thing that bothered me about it, the fact that it's available only on the PlayStation platforms.

Bumbulucz Patrik -11 C

Fight Club

This past week I saw the "Fight Club", a movie based on the novel with the same title written by Chuck Palahniuk. "Fight Club" became a huge box office success overnight, earning more than \$100 million at its release in 1999. It has become a cult classic, many critics stating that the film is one of the most important cinematic experiences of the decade.

We follow Edward Norton's character throughout the movie and become witnesses of his development. Our hero, a nameless narrator (named Jack in the book) is the mediocre type of man. He doesn't stand out at all. He wakes up, goes to work, comes home and watches TV all night suffering from severe insomnia. His boring life only consists of collecting useless flummery, dishes he never uses or will. The most interesting aspect of his life is changing the IKEA furniture and his wardrobe every month. In a few words, he is not happy with his existence.

Everything changes when he meets Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt) during a flight. He is the man the narrator wants to be. Tyler is funny, charming, a charismatic man who knows the answer to all of his insecurities. Tyler leaves an overwhelming impression, that's why, when the narrator arrives home only to realize his flat had blown up due to a fireplace accident, he will seek help from Durden. The two men will hook up and become inseparable and create the fight club that every man in the city is so eager to be a part of. The era of fight club begins with an unusual fight between the narrator and Durden who asks him to punch his face, just for fun. No sooner had they begun beating each other than a big crowd started to gather around. And so the fight club was made. Men all across the city joined it to enjoy themselves as the club was the only way of detachment from the imprisoning rules of society. Here they felt like brave warriors who can take every hit without batting an eye. Unfortunately the club evolves into a huge and an unstoppable anarchy movement, "Project Mayham".

English My Love

The main theme of the movie is the escape from daily routine. The narrator needs Tyler to help him separate himself from corporatism, the world of mediocrity and avidity for money. Tyler offers a new way of living, the intense experience of life and self realization through the fight club not only to himself but to all men who are willing to accept his rules. Tyler shows how to let go off fear and hoe to rely "on material signifiers of self-worth".

Overall, this movie depicts accurately the book and also brings the psychological tension of the protagonist to its full potential. The characters are exceptionally developed and the actors do a brilliant job making the viewer feel their emotions. I highly recommend this film to everyone.

Hura Abel Jonathan – 11 C

The Danish Girl

The first time I heard of the book was a few months ago and I knew that would have a great impact on society and on my way of thinking. I longed to read it even if I had seen the movie before because it was a challenge to understand the book considering the theme approached by the author.

Einar and Gerda the main characters, are played in the film by the amazing Eddie Redmayne and the beautiful Alicia Vikander. The film was screened in 2015 enjoying a huge success. For me it is a combination of drama and fiction relating the disturbing story of Lili Elbe. David Ebershoff tackles a very sensitive theme in the novel, which of the first sex change operation. Everything starts with a question: What do you do when the person you love has changed? The book outlines a heartbreaking story, unique and real and follows the metamorphosis of Einar.

On the other hand, the content can be taken as a stage of transformation of the human being and we can take part in the radiance of truth about people. We can find tenderness, mystery and loyalty written in a special way. It is an exceptional novel that will leave you with many questions, even if it's taboo theme. One of my favourite quotes in the book was : "Again, there were two beings in one body. Brain was divided into two halves, conch was out of the shell. " For me this book was cruel truth, hidden from the world.

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In conclusion, I recommend this book for lovers of unique stories, who want to read new things, and read between the lines and, at the same time challenge and be challenged by preconceptions and misconceptions. Any way you look at it, this book will not disappoint you.

Cozorici Dalesia, 9D

Competition Skilled Medics

The competition of skilled medics for secondary school students from Satu Mare was organized last week by Red Cross Romania.

It was 11th May .At 9.00 o'clock on Wednesday our team made of 5 contestants left the school.We were heading for the place where the competition was held.The members of the team were : Daria,Dariana,Remus , Andrei and Alin.Other six teams were in the competition.The competition began with the tehncial test.We had to answer some questions about health .It was a multiple choice test.We had to solve the test in 15-20 minutes. At thisstage of the competition the maximum number of points you could receive was 10 points.

The members of the jury checked the special bags that contestants had .At this step of the competition the maximum nuber of points you could receive was 1 point.

After half an hour the jury decided the order of the teams by drawing lots.Our team was the third to compete.We had to imagine an accident with two victims : a child and a man.The child was choking with a biscuit and the man was unconscious and couldn't breathe and had no pulse(the man was a dummy).We saved the life of the child and of the man.Both of them were taken to the hospital for further investigations.After we had finished this practical step we waited for the results.

We received 27 points.

We won the first
place !!!

This means that we will take part in the competition of secondary school teams of the whole Satu Mare county.The next competition will be on 18th of May.I hope we will win again.

Alin Rogoian , VII

Skilled Medics

Well our day at the contest was awesome. We went there in the morning for the check-in ...after a 30 min break the writing part started. It was challenging but we studied enough to prove that we can win. At the end we found out that we got a ten and we were so happy....there are not enough words to describe the feeling. We didn't forget about the "finishing touches" that made the difference.The Great Team consisted of: Dariana , Daria , Remus , Alin and myself Andrei. We did a very good job.

In conclusion it was a day that we will never forget. After all we weren't that surprised that we won because we knew that we could do our "job" well.

Andrei Ghiriti , VII

Message from afar

From High school to University - Unexpected

Your whole life can change dramatically in a year, and never as much as in that period of freedom after high school and your first year of university. For me at least, it was an unimaginable transit... leaving the town I lived in for eighteen years, leaving my friends, family and everything I knew behind and moving my whole life to a new city in a new country.

And yet, with all of that, it was the most amazing experience I have ever had and I would do it all over again without a moment's thought.

As everybody who is probably reading this knows, high school is a stressing, sometimes boring, and downright gruelling experience for some or the best time of your life for others – but no matter which category you fall into, you all hold on to that idea of freedom, that time after you finish high school and escape the compounds all too familiar, when you break free of the routine and habit that deadens your spirit and you feel like your life is finally your own. No more parents, no more rules, no more curfews, possibly no more homework... the definition of freedom that a lot of you most likely have.

And to be honest, that is university life for me. I moved from Satu Mare to Sunderland, a city in the North-East part of Great Britain for almost nine months now. And looking back while writing this, I remember thinking that my life was going to be completely different. Never in a million years had I imagined I would be living in the UK, moving into an apartment with friends, people I met a few months prior, having a job, supporting myself and preparing to go to Japan to be a TA, teacher's assistant.

A year ago this time, I was in the 12th grade, preparing to take my BAC and while some of my classmates and friends were scared out of their minds about the future and what it would bring, I couldn't wait to get out of that confinement and start living my life. I knew I was going to be okay, so I gave little to no thought to my upcoming exams except for one, my English one, because that was my passion and it was the only one that mattered for me. The exam sessions passed swiftly and before I realised anything, I was finished and my life as I wanted it was about to start. But as you all know, Karma's a bitch and Life throws you curve balls and honestly, you just have to roll with it.

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Bottom line, I didn't get into the University I was so desperately hoping for so I resorted to my backup plan. I enlisted the services of Edmundo, and with their help I applied to three universities in the UK and got accepted in a matter of weeks to all of them. Choosing one that met most of my criteria, I filled all the necessary papers and booked my flight. Within a week I was landing in Newcastle, with no idea whatsoever of what was happening and that made me the happiest person in the world.

It was the excitement of the unexpected, the thrill of nothing being familiar and those butterflies in my stomach that told me this was going to be the adventure I had always craved but was never able to have. In a way, I am happy about all the turns of events that occurred throughout the course of my life that enabled me to get to where I am today.

University in the United Kingdom is nothing like in Romania. Through the year, me and my friends have exchanged impressions and stories about our universities in our respective countries and in no way am I downplaying the quality of education in our country but there are enormous differences between the ways people are thought here and there.

Being an English and Creative Writing major, my modules were not chosen beforehand, but instead we were given the opportunity to create our own schedules and pick out our modules based on what we wanted to continue with. Some of my modules from the first year include: Studying and Writing about Literature, Creative Writing: Narrative and Poems, Writing and Reading Narrative Fiction, Language and Culture, The Language of Fiction: An Introduction to Stylistics. And in my second year I am going to study : Literature: History, Theory and Criticism, Creative Writing and Critical Thinking, Writing Prose Fiction, Renaissance Literature, Victorian Literature, and Reading and Writing the Short Story.

All in all, my academic life is heaven on earth for an English Language lover and moreover, everyday life isn't too shabby here either.

It is as I have previously stated, a thriving life on campus if you can keep up with it, parties every night for the first two or three months and after, events for students multiple times a week ranging from religious gatherings to outdoor camping trips or bonfires on the sea shore, sports being played every day, and for me, the most important thing – meeting people from all around the world. Sunderland isn't an enormous city and yet I've met people from Egypt, Iran, South Africa, the Philippines, Ukraine, Latvia, Sweden, Congo, Russia and so many more, and the knowledge these people possess, the passion they have for learning new things and the good

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vibes and energy that they emanated are what make university life in my opinion.

So in the end, my sincere advice for all you stressed twelve grades is RELAX. Everything works out in the end. And next year this time you'll probably be in your dorm rooms binge watching Game Of Thrones or reading about Hamlet or practicing for your Anatomy course and even though it's going to be hard at times, and you'll have times when you'll want to say 'F it!', University is one of the most amazing things you'll ever experience and this time next year you'll be looking back on your accomplishments and smile knowing that it was all worth it.

Balog Andrada Iulia

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