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Preface

What makes a good story? “Be brief”, says Ernest Hemingway. Use short words, says George Orwell. “Keep human! See people; go places”, says Henry Miller. All this is good advice, but maybe we should take one more hint, given by the mystic and philosopher Celaleddin Rumi, called Mevlana, who came to Konya in 1229: Be tolerant. Let your tolerance be as wide and as deep as the sea. It is in this attitude that you should look upon the narrations written by pupils from schools in Finland, Germany, Hungary, Poland, Slovenia, Slovakia, Spain and Turkey in the course of the multilateral COMENIUS project “Countries and Stories”, between 2012 and 2014. Not all of these texts are stories in the strict sense of the word. Not all of them are literary masterpieces. But if you read them in an open-minded, tolerant way, which also means reading between the lines, you may discover a lot in them. Reading some of the Finnish texts you may experience what love of home and nature means. Have you ever noticed before how much inspiration may come from a small closed railway building? What stories may lie hidden in pictures? Some German pupils have tried to awaken them. The abundant wealth of Slovenian and Hungarian folklore shines through the stories from these countries. Poland and Turkey may not have so very much in common at first sight. But the idea of spiritual strength that one may draw from religion - is it so very different in the narrations about Saint Benedict and the Festival of Sacrifice? What makes a girl from a small country like Slovakia dream of the wide open prairies of America? And why is it that carnival and San Isidro the Labourer are at home both in the small Bavarian town of Bogen and in far-away Spain? Why can such a local figure as the Hermit of Bogen inspire writers from so many countries? These are just a few of the discoveries one may make in our little book of stories. But there is much more. Try for yourself. Whenever you take this modest collection into your hands you may find out a little bit more. Or, as Rumi said: Come, come, whatever you are, come again!

Alfons Kitzinger, coordinator

Chapter 1: Festivities throughout the year



Waiting for Christmas

Preparation for Christmas is said to be the most beautiful and peaceful period of the year. As winter is coming the days are getting shorter and people's mood changes. We enjoy sitting by the fireside and being in an atmosphere of intimacy. There is no evening without talking about the forthcoming Christmas and the birth of Jesus.

Our village puts its best clothes on: there are Christmas lanterns, colourful lights in the shop windows, on trees and bushes and in the windows of the houses.

There is a nicely decorated pine tree in the village centre which is called "Everybody's Christmas Tree". By this tree preschoolers show their nativity play. It is a play about the birth of Jesus Christ.

In former times children between six and fourteen and even adult men (sometimes more than ten) went from house to house and they sang Christmas carols. They knocked at the doors and asked, "May we praise The Lord?"

The hosts said, "Yes." The men entered the house and sang. Unfortunately this tradition has stopped.

Our churches are also delightful at Christmas. The bright, shiny ornaments and light garlands create a festive mood in the churches, where everybody may find calmness.

Our village is a peaceful, calm and quiet place. I like living here. I am proud of growing up in Nyíraczád, Hungary.

Vanda Kupecz





The holiday of love

Christmas means a big pleasure every year for all of us. For these few days we forget all our problems, get rid of our burdens, and we tune in to the holiday of our Saviour. Children can't wait for Christmas, because at this time the family is together, and the busy parents also come home from work.

Of course, we are waiting for Christmas because of the presents, too.

My granny told me that they didn't celebrated Christmas in the way we do it now. They were poor, and they never had a Christmas tree, because only rich people could afford to have one. They also replaced candies with pieces of lump sugar wrapped in foil. This lump sugar showed the difference between poor people and rich people.

But they all were happy. They got pumpkins, apples, and nuts as presents. Before Christmas they went to the church at dawn to pray and prepare for the birth of Baby Jesus. After mass, children went from house to house to play the traditional nativity plays and to chant.

Today we don't celebrate Christmas as it was done decades ago. Streets are full of Christmas lights and music is heard from the shops. We still preserve our family's traditions though. We come together in our house, and we go to Christmas mass from there. We are Catholic family, my mother is Greek Catholic, my father is Roman Catholic, so my sister Blanka and me are Roman Catholic too. To respect my parents' different religions, on the first day we go to the Greek church, and next day to the Roman Catholic church for mass. After mass we come together again for Christmas supper and open the presents.

For a lot of people Christmas means buying very expensive presents. According to me, and as my grandmother's example shows, people can be happy without expensive presents. I spent one of my favorite Christmases without any presents. My mother had been taken to hospital with childbed fever, and she stayed there for six months. It was not sure whether she would survive childbirth. Blanka was a premature baby just as I had been. Blanka, that tiny baby of the size of an upper arm, was cared for in an incubator and the doctors were fighting for her life. It was supposed that this year our family would not be together. My father did not dare to tell me that my mother might be allowed to come home though, because he knew I would be disappointed if it weren't true. I really missed my mother, because it was half a year that she had been away from home and at hospital. When on Christmas Day my mother appeared holding Blanka in her arms, we all were so very happy. We decorated the Christmas tree together and that year Blanka was our present under the tree. It was one of the dearest Christmases of my life.

At Christmas this year we were very happy, we decorated the tree with straw ornaments, light garlands and with little red sweets. My sister got puzzles, and many other things, while I got only clothes. We were both delighted. Every year my grandmother and my aunt celebrate Christmas with us, which makes this holiday so delightful.





Christmas in Nyírac nád

At Christmas we celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ. The greatest delight at Christmas is when the family comes together.

In the past, before Christmas, women and girls made fondant candies and wrapped them. (Fondant candy is a type of sweets traditionally associated with Christmas in Hungary. It is usually made of fondant, covered by chocolate and wrapped in shiny coloured foil.) They decorated the Christmas tree together, with garlands made of popcorn and prunes, hung on fondant candies and candles. After Epiphany (6th January), when they took the decorations off the tree, candies were given to children.

My great-grandmother told me that the nicely laid table was also a special experience, because it was rare, only on holidays. Special dishes were cooked: chicken soup, stuffed cabbage, roast meat they brought forward sausages, crusts of pork from the pantry. They put on their best clothes and according to Hungarian tradition the Christmas presents were put under the Christmas tree. They were not expensive gifts, but nutmeg, apples, dolls or tin soldiers.



Easter in Nyíracsad

Easter is one of the main celebrations of Christians. At Easter we remember the death of Jesus Christ and his return to life. We celebrate that He redeemed us from sin and with his resurrection He defeated death.

In our village Easter is celebrated for eight days and after Easter Monday there is an Easter period for some weeks.

Our family members are Greek Catholic. Before Easter we make a confession to prepare our soul for Resurrection. From Ash Wednesday to the day before Easter we fast for forty days. During this period, which is called Lent, we do not eat any meat on Wednesdays and Fridays. Sometimes Lent is difficult to keep, especially before Easter holidays when delicious food smells in the kitchen.

A week before Easter Sunday, on Palm Sunday, Jesus entered Jerusalem where He was given an ovation. We consecrate catkins and enter the church in procession on this day. On Holy Week there is not a special ceremony on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in the church. Maundy Thursday is the memorial day of The Last Supper and of the establishment of Holy Communion. So we go to church.

On Good Friday, the day of the Crucifixion of Jesus Christ, we do not listen to music. All the people in our village mourn over the loss of Jesus.

On Holy Saturday we have a very long service in the church. It is the most complicated but the most beautiful ceremony of the year.

On Easter Sunday we celebrate the rising of Jesus Christ from the tomb three days after his crucifixion. In the morning Christians take a basket with sausages, ham, hard-boiled eggs, a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine to the church to have them consecrated. Wine symbolizes the blood of Jesus Christ and eggs are a symbol of family togetherness. We eat eggs together with the members of my family in order to find our way home if we should get lost in the world.

Easter Monday is a funny, exciting day. According to a Hungarian tradition boys visit their relatives and friends. They tell a short, sometimes a funny Easter rhyme or a poem. Then the boys sprinkle women and girls with perfume or water. I do not really like this day but my younger sisters enjoy it very much. They put on their prettiest clothes. They offer sandwiches and cakes and give painted or chocolate eggs and bunnies to boys.

Judit Szűcs



Lili Bůte



Veľká noc – kresťanské tradície a víťanie jari

Prvý jarný deň je dňom rovnodennosti, čo znamená, že všetci na Zemi budú mať rovnako dlhý deň ako noc. Kresťania majú každý rok na jar svoje zvyky a tradície. Ich najväčším sviatkom je Veľká noc, ktorej dátum sa každý rok mení. Začína sa po prvom splne, ktorý nasleduje po jarnom slnovrate. Príprava na Veľkú noc je obdobím pôstu, ktorý začína na Popolcovú stredu a trvá 40 dní. Počas týchto dní sa kresťania zdržiavajú zábav, hodovania, majú sa duchovne obnoviť a zamýšľať sa nad svojim životom.

Oslavy Veľkej noci našich starých rodičov sa od tých súčasných trochu líšia. Málokto už dnes obchádza svoj dom s uhlíkmi, aby odohnal zlé sily, alebo sa pred sviatkami okúpe v studenom potoku. Pravdaže, šibanie dievčat vrbovými prútmi, oblievanie vodou či zdobenie kraslíc ľudia dodržiavajú dodnes. Zachovala sa aj tradícia, že ľudia na Zelený štvrtok, deň pred Veľkým piatom, zvyknú jesť len zelené jedlá a veľa rezancov, šúľancov a dlhých cestovín. Hovorí sa, že keď budeme jesť dlhé rezance, urodia sa aj vysoké klasy a bude dobrá úroda. Na Zelený štvrtok sa robievala aj veľká očista všetkého. Bielili sa domy, umývali sa ľudia aj zvieratá, všetko muselo byť nové a pripravené na prichádzajúcu jar.

Najväčším sviatkom pre kresťanov je Veľký piatok, kedy si pripomínajú ukrižovanie Krista, nekonajú sa sväté omše, v kostoloch sa spievajú pašie – spievané evanjelium o ukrižovaní Krista. V tento deň bolo kedysi dovolené jesť len chlieb a vodu, bola zakázaná akákoľvek práca, najmä práca so zemou a dotýkanie sa jej. Kresťania veria, že v tento deň sa veľmi dobre hoja rany.

Na Bielu sobotu večer sa začína oslava Kristovho vzkriesenia, rozoznejú sa zvony na znak, že Kristus vstal z mŕtvych. Po večerných bohoslužbách sa po prvýkrát po štyridsaťdňovom pôste mohlo konzumovať mäso a v niektorých regiónoch aj mlieko, tvaroh, vajíčka a syr. Na veľkonočnú nedeľu by mala rodina jesť pri jednom stole, kde je hojnosť jedla. Na dedinách ľudia zvyknú jesť jedno rozkrájané vajíčko, z ktorého si každý člen rodiny musí dať aspoň kúsok. Vajíčko je symbolom zárodku nového života a na žiadnom stole nesmie na tieto sviatky chýbať.

Na Slovensku máme tradíciu veľkonočného pondelka, kedy chlapci a muži šibú dievčatá so šibákom upleteným z vrbového prútia, aby boli zdravé a svieže a polievajú ich vodou, aby boli mladé a krásne po celý rok. Používanie vody je symbolom očisty, ktorá zmýva všetko zlé. Pri šibaní hovoria rôzne riekanky napríklad:

Šibi-ryby
Šibi-ryby, masné ryby,
kus koláča od korbáča,
k tomu ešte groš,
aby bolo dosť.

Šibi-ryby, rybičky,
ja som chlapček maličký,
šibem zhora, šibem zdola,
aby dievka pekná bola.

Každé vyšibané dievča dá chlapcovi mašľu na jeho korbáč, maľované vajíčko, ktoré samo pripravilo, alebo čokoládové vajíčko a ponúkne ho tradičným jedlom – šunkou, zemiakovým

šalátom a nejakými koláčikmi. Chlapci sa potom pýšia krásnymi vyzdobenými šibákmi a dievčatá sa tešia, že budú krásne a zdravé po celý rok.

Sabína Lacušová and

Paulína Trenčanská

Easter in Slovakia

How do Slovaks celebrate Easter? In each region differently, but everyone looks forward to the first day of spring. It is the day of vernal equinox, which means that day and night are equal, approximately 12 hours long, for everybody on the Earth. Every year Christians have their own traditions and customs in springtime. Easter is the most significant holiday for Christians. The date of Easter changes every year. It starts after the first full moon which comes after the spring solstice. Preparation for Easter is a time of fasting, which begins at Ash Wednesday and lasts for forty days. During these days Christians should refrain from having fun and feasting and they should be spiritually renewed and think about their life.

Celebrating Easter by our grandparents in the past and our celebrating now are slightly different. Hardly anybody circles his house with live coals to chase away evil forces or bathes in the cold stream before Easter. Needless to say that traditions like whipping girls with hand – made willow whips, pouring water on girls or decorating eggs are kept by people until present. People also maintain the tradition that on Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, eat only green food and also a lot of noodles and the kind of long pasta. It is said that when we eat long noodles the corn will grow high and there will be bountiful harvest. In the past people used to do the big cleaning of everything. They were cleaning and decorating their houses, they were washing themselves and even animals, everything in the farmstead must have been prepared for coming spring.

Good Friday is the greatest holiday for Christians. They commemorate the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. The services are not held in the churches on this day, but there are sung Passion plays, (Gospels about the crucifixion of Jesus Christ). On this day in the past it was allowed to eat only bread and water. It was forbidden any work in the garden, particularly to touch the soil. Christians believe that on this day the wounds heal very well.

On Holy Saturday evening the celebration of Jesus Christ resurrection starts, the bells are ringing and it means that Christ raised from death to life. Forty days after fasting, after the evening services people could eat meat and even milk, curd cheese, eggs and cheese in some regions. There is a custom that on Easter Sunday the family should eat at the same table full of delicious meal. In the villages people are used to eating one sliced egg for dinner and everybody in the family must have a slice of it. Eggs are symbols of rebirth and fertility and they must not be missing in any table at this holiday.

In Slovakia there is a tradition of Easter Monday, when boys and men whip girls with hand – made willow whips to keep them healthy and fresh and also pour water on girls to keep them fit and pretty all year. Using water is a symbol of cleaning which means the water washes away all evil. Boys, whipping the girls, say different rhymes.e.g.

Šibi-ryby, masné ryby,
kus koláča od korbáča,
k tomu ešte groš,
aby bolo dost'.
Šibi-ryby rybičky,
ja som chlapček maličký,
šibem zhora, šibem zdola,
aby dievka pekná bola.

Each whipped girl puts a ribbon on the boy's whip. Girls give the boys decorated eggs or chocolate in return. They also offer the boys some traditional food – ham, potato salad and some cakes. After that the boys are boasting with their whips beautifully decorated with ribbons and girls are happy they will be gorgeous and healthy all year long.

Paulína Trenčanská

Sabína Lacušová



The Burying of the Double Bass

What does Carnival -“Fašiangy“ (in Slovak language) mean and what is typical for this period in Slovakia? Burying of the double bass – anyway, what actually is it?/ So I had to think of these questions a few weeks ago, when my parents, sister and me took part in an event of “The burying of the double bass“in the country in the village where we have our own garden and regularly go there for the weekends. We also made a lot of friends there and they just invited us into parting with Carnival season.

On Saturday we got in the car and on one - hour journey I have learnt from my mum about this tradition a lot. Carnival season is the period from Epiphany until Ash Wednesday. It is the most abundant period of the year. For this period there are typical hoedowns, feasting, entertaining providing with food and drink,/ wine and dine /.

Nowadays , these customs are kept only in some regions of Slovakia and they are maintained by members of the folkloric groups to remember traditions of our ancestors to young people.

Contrary to the villages, the different balls take place in towns, thus people also entertain themselves.

The Carnival parade is usually around the village, stops at the homes of those citizens who want to welcome the celebrating people in. People in the parade sing typical carnival songs, folk music is played and boys dance with the girls. Moreover carnival masks are essential in the carnival parade. There are traditional masks of bears, “turoň“ (something like a bull),goats, horses representing male power. Hilarious masks cheer up the villagers. After that, in return, participants of the parade are given delicious sausages, bacon, eggs and home made friedcakes (something like doughnuts) but much better or “fánky“ – also fried but very fragile / shortcrust pastry/.

The burying of the double bass has been a tradition at the end of the carnival season. The bass, which amused people and played in dance during the carnival period on hoedown/ dancing is taken bassist and it cannot cheer up people anymore. This “funeral ceremony“ is parting with the bass because the period of fasting-Lent is coming. Dancing and hoedowns will be forbidden for a certain time. For that reason burying the double bass is the final option to have fun before the long period of fasting before Easter.

My mum told me a lot, so when we arrived in the village, in spite of the wet weather, the carnival parade has already passed the streets. Some older people were dressed up in folk costumes and so the girls from the folk group Vážinka. Small children were wearing carnival masks. As we were watching the parade, it aimed towards the stage. People were singing the typical song “Fašiangy, Turice, Veľká noc ide.“ Then the man dressed like a priest and some acolytes were telling the stories they experienced with the bass, they mentioned all the places they were with it and praised how beautifully it played for them to dance. They did not forget to mention the various humorous stories which happened in the village. Hereupon they begged forgiveness of the Lord to give them an abundance and protect them. At the carnival dancing people parted with the double bass and stored it away to rest until Easter.

Finally my family and me also could taste some of the carnival goodies like butchery specialties or friedcakes. The adults could warm up with mulled wine and we, children with hot tea. It was an interesting day, therefore I wanted to share this story with you.

Last of all I would like to say that Carnival rounds had also a sense because people wished good wishes to their homes and it would be great to keep this custom for now. e.g. let love and forgiveness be your permanent guest.



Christmas

Christmas is one of the most important holidays in Poland. It lasts three days, from the 24th till 26th of December. The first day is called Christmas Eve – the centre of celebrations in the Polish tradition. On the next two days of Christmas we don't go to school or work.

The preparations for Christmas in Poland start quite early, for some people already in November.

In towns and cities streets are decorated with lots of colourful lights and beautiful decorations. It makes them look like a fairytale town. We clean our houses and decorate them with various adornments. We pay special attention to decorating the Christmas tree. It can be real or artificial. My family usually has a real Christmas tree. I like its smell. We always have many glass balls, lights and sometimes even candy and snowflakes. At the top of the tree we put a golden star. The most difficult task before Christmas is of course buying presents. Shops are full of people and it is hard to choose the best present for our relatives and friends.

In the Polish tradition, Christmas Eve is the most important day of Christmas. Everybody should fast and wait for the great supper in the evening. Women usually spend most of this day in the kitchen because they have to prepare all the dishes for the supper. In Poland, we have twelve traditional dishes – fish prepared in many different ways, mushroom soup, cabbage with mushrooms, fish soup and stewed dried fruit. My favourite Christmas dish is borsch with dumplings. I also like sweet noodles with poppy seed, and herring. All these dishes appear on the table decorated with a festive white table cloth. Under the cloth we put some hay to remember Jesus.

The supper begins in the evening, when the first star appears in the sky. It is a symbol of the Bethlehem star that led three wise men to the place where Jesus was born. The whole family gathers around the table and one of us reads a fragment of the Bible.

Then, we start sharing the Christmas wafer and expressing wishes to each other. We wish each other all the best, health, happiness and wealth.

Then, we can finally sit at the table and taste all the delicious dishes. It is also a Polish custom to prepare an extra place setting for an unexpected guest.

After supper we open gifts from Santa Claus. If there are little children in the family, one of the men usually dresses like Santa and pretends that he has just come with a big bag full of presents. He often asks children to sing a song or say a short poem for him before he gives them a present. Everybody talks and laughs. We sing Christmas carols and listen to them.

At midnight everyone goes to church for the midnight mass called "Pasterka". This is how we celebrate the birth of Jesus.

The other two days of Christmas are not so full of traditions. Children play with their new toys that they got from Santa Clause. Families gather in one house for dinner and spend these days together. We go to church and talk a lot. Christmas is definitely my favourite holiday in the Polish tradition.



Michał Nadratowski



My Family Christmas

Hello, I'd like to tell you about our Christmas and the Christmas traditions we have in our family. Christmas is one of the most important festivals in our family. Christmas Eve is celebrated on December 24th in Finland.

In my family there are mum, dad and me. A couple of days before Christmas we fetch the Christmas tree, take it in the house and start decorating it with beautiful balls and ribbons. We also bake and maybe prepare some Christmas dishes in advance.

When Christmas evening comes we put candles and lanterns out in the yard, so that it looks really beautiful. Then we go in and dad starts heating up the sauna for us. We watch Christmas programs on TV. At Christmas they also show concerts of well-known Finnish singers on TV.

Now it's time for sauna. Sometimes we have a pretty little lantern in the sauna to create some Christmas atmosphere. It's wonderful to warm oneself in the sauna on cold winter evenings. We usually spend a long time in the sauna. Sauna is a Finnish invention (at least we like to think so), a small room which is heated up to 80-100 degrees.

After the sauna bath we distribute the presents and open them. Everybody gets presents, even the pets. Father Christmas also visits us sometimes.

Then it's time for Christmas dinner: carrot casserole, swede casserole, Karelian stew, potatoes and other traditional Christmas dishes. We've made the food on the previous evening with mum.

Later in the evening we eat chocolate and look at our presents more closely. I play with my cat who has got new toys, and I also give her some treats. We light candles and just spend some wonderful Christmas time together.

This is what our Christmas is like.

Jonna Pellikka





Husking corn

Decades ago, husking was one of the most important autumn tasks. It was enjoyed by young and the old. The task also shortened long autumn evenings. The whole family would gather and strip the husks with joy. They gathered corn, i.e. maize, and transported it home with carts and cows. Then they put the corn into the barn, where they distributed the corn on the floor. When it got dark, the people began gathering at the house. They sat down around the corn, took a corn cone and then removed the leaves. They threw the empty cones into baskets. To make the work more interesting people sang, asked each other riddles or told jokes. Often, the owners would invite an elder person who was good at story telling. People just loved to listen to stories. This is one that is connected with corn:

In our village, there lived a grandfather and a grandmother who took care of two boys, Franc and Jožef. Like all the children in those days, they went to school and helped their parents or grandparents in the afternoon.

One day, grandfather and grandmother were husking corn. They did this after they had finished the work outside and in the stable. As there was much corn, the grandparents asked their grandchildren to help them. Perhaps Franc and Jožef liked to work, or they just helped because they had to. If children did not obey their parents or grandparents, they had to kneel on corn seeds. Kneeling was the most common punishment of those times. But one day, Jožef and Franc refused to work. As they did not want to work, they were punished and had to kneel on the corn. An hour passed and then their grandma asked if they were going to work and obey in the future. Jožef and Franc did not like to be commanded and refused to work. So they knelt for one more hour and then their grandma asked them, if they had enough. They kept on kneeling. Their legs began to hurt, they were hungry and tired. After three hours their grandma asked them if they had made up their minds. They said they would have kept on kneeling if they hadn't been hungry. They got up and they had impressions of the corn in their knees. They ate, washed themselves and went to bed. They knew that they would have to kneel again because of their behaviour. Perhaps it is better to listen to and obey the parents, than to object.

While husking corn people believed that the person who finds a red husk will have good luck. Children also enjoyed husking corn. They made dolls and moustaches. When the work was finished, everyone had dinner that the housewife had made.

Nowadays, all the work is done by machines and only memories of old days remain.

Karmen Godina

Martina Korošec



An unusual Christmas

December was coming and thus also Christmas. Up to that moment we had always had snow for Christmas, but that year it hadn't fallen yet. We celebrated all the past Christmases in peace and harmony. We sat around the fireplace on Christmas Eve and set up the nativity scene and decorated the Christmas tree that we had cut down in the forest. Meanwhile snow was falling. Especially children were very happy about the snow. But that year there was no snow and no cold temperatures. We had warm, southerly weather. Children worked hard at school from September to December, got good marks and were awaiting the snow. On 24th of December we did our chores in the morning, then went and chopped down a tree to have it ready as a Christmas tree. We were awaiting our relatives from Australia who would visit us every year for Christmas, since they don't have snow in Australia. Everyone was looking forward to the visit. At five o'clock the parents picked up the relatives. Before dinner, we decorated the Christmas tree and set up the nativity scene. My mother and I prepared dinner. We had a wonderful dinner in a wonderful festive atmosphere. At eleven pm we walked to midnight mass in Črenšovci. When it had finished I hoped that it would be snowing. However, it did not. I was very sad and I went to bed. I could not sleep for some time. In the morning, on Christmas morning, I got up first to see the presents. But there were none. How weird?! But then my parents surprised me with lots of presents. At that moment it also began to snow. Thus all my worries were solved and I learnt that one should never worry too much and never despair.

Nuša Šantl



Sacrifice means to approach Allah

(A story about the Muslim Festival of Sacrifice)

I woke up to the magnificent calling of prayer. What a peaceful tune it was. Suddenly an idea that interrupted my sleep came to my mind. Today was a religious festival. I went to the kitchen with fast steps. The kitchen was full of the odor of pastry. My mother was in front of the oven both waiting for the pastry and reading the Koran (Muslims' holy book). My father and brothers had gone to morning prayer. My mother looked at me over the Koran, she smiled and said; "Good morning." Her voice was full of joy. I thought that this joy was because of the festival and the Koran. I said "Good morning" too and listened to the Koran for a while. When she finished reading, I asked whether there was something to do or not. There was a lot of work. We would pour syrup on Baklava (a kind of traditional Turkish dessert), sweep in front of the house and the garden, tidy the house, dust and take the tables to the garden. I started doing the housework. By the way I realised that my father and brothers were late because the Morning Prayer had already finished. I asked my mother and she said that they were at the Festival Prayer. I was worried because I didn't want them to go buy sheep without me.

While I was sweeping the garden, I was startled by the voice of the car. They were my father and brothers. I ran and helped them carry the packages. They had bought something for the house. As soon as I went into the house, I ran to my room. I wore my red velvet dress hung outside of my wardrobe's door and brushed my hair. I was ready. I went near my sisters. They were ready too. They were holding packed gifts to give them too. Everybody would give and wouldn't I? The salon of the house was full of people. My uncles, their wives, sisters, brothers, my aunt, my father and my mother, everybody was hugging themselves with a smile shadowing their lips, kissing each other's hands and tips were circulating. My sister and I, starting with my grandmother, celebrated everyone's feast. We took our gifts and tips. When the exchanging of festival greetings finished, we started to set the table. The smell of fresh pastry, cookies and the cake made you hungry. After breakfast, my father and uncles would go to buy sacrifice. I wanted to go with them. My father agreed. I took my bag immediately. There was something such as carrot and sugar in my bag to give to the sacrifice.

When we arrived at the sacrifice bazaar, I held my father's hand, because it was very crowded. I was staring at a lamb that I fancy. Realizing this, my father took me near the lamb. While I was fondling the lamb, my father looked at me with love. He asked "Do you know why the sacrifice animal is cut?" I didn't know enough. So I waited for my father's speech. He was smiling and started to tell me; "When Prophet Abraham was alive, he hadn't got any children with his wife Sare. So Sare gave permission to her husband to get married to Hacer. Hacer gave birth to Prophet İsmail. But with the birth of Prophet İsmail, it aroused jealousy among the women as a result of their ambitions. Prophet Abraham with the command of Allah took Hacer and their little son Prophet İsmail to Hicaz. In those days, the Mekke City wasn't established yet. While he was leaving, he gave them a waterskin of water and some dates, Hacer said; "Oh, Abraham where are you going, leaving us in such a lonely and lifeless place? Has Allah commanded you to do this?" Prophet Abraham said "Yes, Allah has commanded this." Then Hacer accepted this and remained silent. Prophet Abraham prayed to Allah to make his race continue. By the way, when their water had finished Hacer ran between Safa and Merve Hills seven times to find water. When she returned, she saw that the Zamzam was running under the feet of tiny İsmail. She enclosed the water and obtained its dispersion. A good group of people passing took permission from Hacer and settled near Zamzam. When these events had occurred, Prophet İsmail was eight or nine years old.

Prophet Abraham had been reminded to sacrifice Prophet İsmail by three nights' of sequential dreams.

-“Yes, but why?” I asked. My father continued telling;

-“As an old man, Prophet Abraham had said that if he should still have a son he would sacrifice his son for Allah. But he forgot his promise. So Allah reminded him of his promise.”

-“Allah is tenderhearted and merciful, isn't he? He won't make Prophet Abraham sacrifice his son.”

-“Yes, my daughter. Our God is so tenderhearted and merciful. Prophet Abraham went near Hacer and Prophet İsmail, and wanted İsmail from Hacer and asked her to have İsmail dressed with the most beautiful clothes. On the way, Prophet Abraham told of the promise he had given to Allah and said that he ought to sacrifice him for Allah. Prophet İsmail said, “Oh, my father I hope that you'll find me patient and obedient.”

-“Why?”

“As you know, my daughter, a promise is very important for a Muslim. Allah rewards those people who keep their promises and who really believe in İslam. He sent a sheep from heaven by the way of Cebrail and said that they had to sacrifice this sheep. Since then, sacrificing in every Zilhicce month we have showed our devotion to Allah,” my father finished his speech.

I sobbed. “But, it is too sweet. Will its throat be cut now?”

My father laughed:

“Don't worry” he said. “It's not old enough to be cut. Allah gave a duty to every living being. This sheep, too, has its destination. And meat is required nourishment for the human body. Don't worry! People will be careful, so it won't feel pain. It is ensured to die in the most comfortable way. Furthermore, to kill it in such a way will be healthier. We treat it well. It is fondled, loved, given its favourite food, and water. Sacrifice shows our devotion to Allah.”

My uncles came near us with a goat. It was a multi-coloured, fat and sweet goat. We put the goat into the car and set off towards our home. When we came home, we gave some salt and some water to the goat. I went inside to help my mother. The saying “Allahu Ekber (God is great)” was heard outside. I smiled and said, “I hope Allah will approves of this.” I was sure that it didn't feel pain. Allah wouldn't give permission for any living being to feel pain, would he? He wouldn't injure any Muslim living being without a purpose, would he? This is Islam, isn't it?

Selcen Betül Arabacı





Zwanzig Meter mit der „langen Stang“
(Eine Außensicht-Innensicht-Geschichte)

Nun lag es an Josef, die Riesenkerze auf dem letzten steilen Stück den Bogenberg hochzuwuchten. Vom Stadtplatz aus war sie nun schon eine gute Viertelstunde unterwegs – aufrecht und unversehrt bisher. Gott sei Dank! Denn wenn die Kerze fiel, von diesem Aberglauben war keiner frei, dann drohte Unglück. Josef fühlte die neugierigen Blicke der Schaulustigen in seinem Rücken. Soeben hatte ihm Max die schwankende Stange übergeben. Gerade noch rechtzeitig, denn Max war völlig außer Atem. Sie, die Holzkirchner Burschen, hatten zwar alle fleißig trainiert, aber letzte Sicherheit gab es nun mal nicht. Zum Glück war es ein schöner, sonniger Pfingstsonntag und fast windstill. Das war das Wichtigste. Und schließlich waren die anderen auch noch da, um den Stamm schnell zu stützen. Also los! Josef packte mit der Linken unten den Fichtenstamm, mit dem Tuch in der Rechten umklammerte er oben das Wachs. Mit großen, stampfenden Schritten ging er den Berg hinauf. Trotz aller Anstrengung begann Josefs rechter Arm zu zittern. Max, der neben seinem Freund herlief, feuerte ihn an und so fasste er neuen Mut.

Zehn Schritte! Wie lange die doch dauern können! Plötzlich fühlt er wieder die Blasen in der linken Hand und den Durst, der ihm die Kehle zuschnürt. Je matter Josef wird, desto schneller gehen seine Gedanken: Komm, das packst du! Du bist schon so weit gekommen, jetzt kannst du nicht aufgeben! Jetzt bist du im Mittelpunkt und du trägst die Verantwortung. Du machst deinem Dorf keine Schand'! Noch ein paar Stapfer, aber nun weiß Josef: Ich kann nicht mehr. Schnell, Franz, trag du! Josef ist stolz auf sich, aber völlig ausgepumpt. Zum Glück kann man sich auf die anderen verlassen. Vielleicht, dass ich nochmal anpack', denkt der Josef, wenn's oben um die Kirch' geht.



Natalie Schießl

Nadine Herod

Twenty metres with the long pole

(A story about the Bogenberg pilgrimage, combining exterior and interior views)

Now it's up to Josef to carry the giant candle up the last steep stretch to Bogenberg. From the centre of the city, it has already been underway for a quarter of an hour – upright and intact for now. Thank God! Because should the candle fall, according to superstition, no one will escape from the impending bad luck. Josef could feel the curious onlookers watching his every move. Max had just handed over the wobbly pole to him. For now Max was on time, because he was completely out of breath. The lads from Holzkirchen have all diligently been working out, but there isn't a safety net anymore. Luckily, it was a beautiful sunny Pentecostal Sunday and there was hardly a breeze. That's what matters. And finally, the others were also there to help set up the pole quickly. Let's get on with it! With his left hand, Josef seized the bottom of the spruce tree trunk; and with a cloth in his right, he clutched the wax. He stomped his way up the mountain in long strides. Despite his efforts, Josef's right arm began to shake. Max, who was walking beside his friend, encouraged him and thus Josef gained courage once again.

Ten steps! It can take such a long time! Suddenly, he felt blisters again in his left hand, and how parched his throat was. The more exhausted Josef becomes, the faster he thinks, "Come on, you can do this! You've already gone so far, you can't give up now! Now you are halfway there, and this is your responsibility. You will not bring shame upon your town!" A few steps later, Josef realizes, "I can't do this anymore. Hurry Franz, you carry it!" Josef is proud of himself, but completely beat. Luckily, you can always count on the others. "Maybe I'll carry it again," thought Josef, "when we walk around the church."

Natalie Schießl

Nadine Herod



Beim Volksfestauszug

(Eine Außensicht-Innensicht-Geschichte)

Es ist ein schöner Augusttag, leicht bewölkt, nicht zu heiß, als Korbinian Sattler mit seiner Frau Margarete und seinem Sohn Lukas auf den Schultern über den Straubinger Stadtplatz geht. Festlich, in ihrer Tracht, marschieren sie mit all den anderen zum Volksfestplatz. Gut gelaunte Zuschauer stehen links und rechts auf dem Bürgersteig und bewundern die feschen Trachtler und die Festkränze, die sie hochhalten. Auch die zehnjährige Lisa geht heute mit ihrer Mama und ist stolz auf ihr Dirndl, die Haube und das Körberl und vor allem, dass alle klatschen.

„Heut is‘ zünftig“, denkt sich das Liserl. „Ich bin doch mindestens so schön beinand wie die Mama. Überhaupt sag‘n d‘ Leut immer, dass ich ihr gleichschau‘ wie abg‘malt. Es war doch gut, dass ich ihr g‘folgt hab und bin mitganga in den Geiselhöringer Trachtenverein. Der Papa hat’s scho auch woll’n, aber folg‘n tu ich eigentlich lieber der Mama. Bei der weiß ich immer glei‘, was’s meint. Manchmal streit‘ i scho a a wengerl mit ihr, aber net so vui wie mit‘m Lukas. Der is‘ heut‘ überhaupt dreckfad. Angeblich tun ihm die neuen Schuh‘ weh. Dabei is‘ er bloß zu faul zum Laufa. Da wär‘ i ned so geduldig als wie der Papa. Der lacht bloß und tragt ihn, trotz dem sauern G‘friß, das der Lukas schneid‘t. „Uih, schau! Da drüb‘n steht der Xaver von meiner Klass‘! Der macht Aug‘n! Des g‘freit mi fei‘, dass mi der heut‘ siegt, wo i heut‘ doch so sauba z’sammg‘richt bin.“



Magdalena Konieczny

The Gäuboden Fair* parade

(a story combining exterior and interior views)

It is a fine day in August, a little bit cloudy and not too hot. Korbinian Sattler with his wife Margarete and carrying their son Lukas on his shoulders is walking along the town square of Straubing. In their beautiful traditional costumes they are happily marching in the festive parade towards the site of the fair. From the pavements high-spirited spectators are watching them, admiring the marchers in their splendid dress and the wreaths they are holding high. 10-year old Lisa, too, is marching today with her mummy and she is proud of her local costume, her cap and her little basket, but above all of the applause they are getting.

*'What a lovely day', Lisa thinks. 'I'm at least as nicely dressed as Mummy. And people keep saying that I look exactly like her. It was a good idea after all to join the Geiselhöring** Folk Club together with her. I must admit that it was also Daddy's idea, but generally I listen more to Mummy, because with her I always know what she means. Well, sometimes I also quarrel with her a bit, but not as much as with Lukas. He is such a bore today. It's because his new shoes hurt him, he says, but I think he is just too lazy to walk. I wouldn't be as patient with him as Daddy. He just laughs and carries him, in spite of the sour face that Lukas is making.*

Oh, look! Over there I spot Xaver, my classmate. His eyes are wide open in wonder. I'm really glad that he can see me here today, when I am so beautifully dressed up.

*second largest beer festival in Bavaria after Munich's 'Oktoberfest' **place near Straubing

Magdalena Konieczny



Meine Tage in Brüssel

Eine Geschichte über Europa sollen wir schreiben? Da trifft es sich gut, dass ich in diesem Jahr in Brüssel war, dem Hauptsitz der EU. Dort fand nämlich der Kongress der Flüssiggaswirtschaft statt und mein Papa hatte da einen Messestand. Ich war auf der Fahrt dahin ziemlich aufgeregt, da ich das erste Mal dabei sein durfte. Was würde mich erwarten, wie läuft so eine Messe ab?

Als wir in Brüssel ankamen, haben wir uns sehr bald auf den Weg zur Ausstellungshalle begeben. Es gab ja viel zu tun, denn der Stand musste aufgebaut werden. Um das Messegelände betreten zu dürfen, mussten wir uns erst einloggen und bekamen einen „Steckbrief“ zum Umhängen mit Firma und Namen. Lustig war, dass ich als Mr. Steger geführt wurde. Dann begannen wir mit dem Aufbau. Wir hatten ein Modell eines Firmengeländes mit Tanklager dabei, um das eine Märklin-Eisenbahn fuhr. Nach ca. drei Stunden waren wir endlich fertig.

Nun machten wir uns auf den Weg zum Hotel, da wir am nächsten Tag früh raus mussten. Am Morgen war ich total gespannt was nun passieren würde. Nachdem wir gefrühstückt hatten, ging es endlich los. Als wir den riesigen Raum betraten, war ich sprachlos. Überall gab es kleine und große Stände, aus allen europäischen Ländern. Nun gingen wir zu unserem Ausstellungsplatz und räumten noch ein paar Sachen aus, die mein Papa sicherheitshalber noch nicht hingestellt hatte.

Anfangs blieb ich noch bei meinen Eltern, machte mich aber schon bald auf, eine Erkundungsreise durchzuführen. Meine Erkenntnis: Ich war das einzige Kind weit und breit! Trotzdem wurde es mir nicht langweilig, denn so ziemlich jede Firma hatte kleine Werbegeschenke, die etwas mit ihren Produkten zu tun hatten, die ich meistens geschenkt kriegte. Auch andere Länder wie Indien, Japan und Arabien waren zu Besuch auf der Messe. Oft unterhielt ich mich mit Vertretern anderer Firmen, teils auf Englisch, teils auf Deutsch. So verliefen drei Tage hintereinander.

Den letzten Tag vor der Abfahrt hatten wir frei und besuchten den historischen Marktplatz und sahen uns dort um. Eine japanische Reisegruppe war total beeindruckt, als sie den Platz betrat und kam aus dem Staunen gar nicht mehr heraus. Wir konnten auch nicht widerstehen, die guten Brüsseler Pralinen zu probieren. Nun machten wir uns mit dem Auto auf den Weg nach Hause.

Als Zwischenstopp war das Atomium geplant. Schon als wir in den Parkplatz fuhren, sah man das Bauwerk majestätisch zwischen ein paar Bäumen stehen. Es war so gebaut, dass ich dachte, es fällt jeden Moment um!

Das Atomium wurde nach dem Zweiten Weltkrieg zu einer Weltausstellung gebaut, die verkörpern sollte, was verschiedene Länder schon konnten, so eine Art von Angeboten. Es sollte nach der Ausstellung wieder abgerissen werden, existiert aber immer noch. Es ist 102 Meter hoch und wurde von André Waterkeyn und Jean Polak entworfen.

Von ganz oben hatte man eine tolle Aussicht. Nach der Besichtigung des Gebäudes ging es wieder zum Parkplatz und wir fuhren nach Hause.

Meine Erkenntnis: Es ist wichtig, andere Sprachen zu beherrschen, damit man sich mit Leuten aus anderen Ländern verständigen kann.

Tilman Steger



My Brussels Days

You want me to write a story on Europe? Fine. That suits me well. Because this year I have been to Brussels, the EU capital. A congress of the liquid gas industry was being held there, and my dad was responsible for one of the exhibition stalls. On the way to the fair I was quite excited, because it was for the first time that I was allowed to go there. What was expecting me? What's happening at such a fair?

Having arrived at Brussels we went to the exhibition hall. There was a lot to do because we had to set up Dad's stall. For getting permission to enter the exhibition area we had to check in first. We got identity cards with the name of our company and our names on them, which we had to wear around our necks. It was funny to read my name as "Mr. Steger". Then we started setting up the stall. We presented a model of our industrial site with all the gas tanks. A 'Märklin' miniature railway was running around it. At last, after three hours, our stall was completed. Then we went to the hotel, because we had to get up early on the following day. I was totally excited as to what would happen. After breakfast we set off.

When I entered the giant exhibition hall I was speechless. All across the hall there were big and small stalls from all sorts of European countries. We went to our stall and set up a few more things which Dad hadn't wanted to leave there overnight. At first I stayed with my dad, but soon I set out for exploration. I was the only child all around. But I didn't feel bored, because nearly every company had little gifts and gadgets to advertise their products. And most of them I got for free. Also countries like India, Japan and Arab countries were present at the fair. Sometimes I could chat a bit with representatives of all these companies, partly in English, partly in German.

Three days went by in this way. The day before leaving was free for us. So we had a look at Brussels' historical market square. A group of Japanese tourists was there, admiring the square. They were absolutely flabbergasted. And then we couldn't really resist trying the tasty Brussels chocolates.

We got into our car to drive home. But we had planned to stop in between at the *Atomium* monument. Driving into the car park we saw the giant structure towering above the trees. It looked as if it might tilt any moment. The *Atomium* was erected after World War II for a World Exhibition to show the capabilities which some countries had already reached. So, in a way, it was for showing off. It was supposed to be demolished after the exhibition, but it's still there. It's 102 metres high and was designed by André Waterkeyn and Jean Polak. From its top we had a smashing view. And then we drove home.

There's one thing that I have learned: It's important to know foreign languages so that we may communicate with people from other countries.

Tilman Steger



Zum Christkindlmarkt

(Eine Aufeinander-zu-Geschichte)

Die Schneeflocken fallen mir ins Gesicht und der Schnee knirscht unter meinen Füßen. Ich bin auf dem Weg zum Straubinger Christkindlmarkt. Endlich bin ich am Stadtplatz, wo der Christkindelmarkt stattfindet. Jetzt muss ich mir nur noch den Weg durch die Menschen, die an den Ständen stehen, zu dem riesigen Christbaum, der in der Mitte des Marktes steht, bahnen, denn dort treffe ich mich mit meiner Freundin.

Das Licht der elektrischen Weihnachtsdekoration flackert in mein Gesicht, als ich mir durch die schneebedeckte Straße den Weg zum Christkindlmarkt bahne. Von weitem sehe ich die schön geschmückten Stände und den großen, bunten Tannenbaum, unter dem ich mich mit meiner Freundin treffen werde. Ich schlendere an den hell erleuchteten Hütten vorbei.

Es ist schon fünf vor sieben Uhr abends, ich muss mich beeilen, denn wir treffen uns um sieben Uhr. Ich gehe an einem Stand vorbei, an dem Glühwein und Kinderpunsch verkauft werden. Der süße Duft steigt mir in die Nase und dann noch der Duft von Lebkuchen. Lecker!!! Der Nächste hat warme Wollsocken zu verkaufen und in diesem Moment fällt mir auf, dass ich sehr kalte Füße habe. Egal! Vielleicht später! Endlich der große Christbaum, ich sehe Marie-Sophie schon unter dem Baum stehen.

Ah, dieser Geruch von Zimt und Glühwein! Der Schnee unter meinen Stiefeln knirscht. Wie schön warm sie sind! Da kommt auch schon Maria in ihrer roten Jacke. Wenn ich sie so sehe, muss ich daran denken, wie ich letztes Jahr um diese Zeit bei ihr im Krankenhaus saß und hoffte, dass die Chemos wirken würden. Sie hatte Hautkrebs. Damals waren ihre Augen so leblos. Wenn ich sie jetzt zwischen Lebkuchen und Zuckerstangen sehe, ist das alles vergessen. Wir umarmen uns eine Zeit lang. Seitdem sie den Krebs besiegte, haben wir uns leider etwas aus den Augen verloren, doch es tut gut, jemanden zu haben, auf den man sich verlassen kann.

Wir schlendern durch den schön geschmückten Markt, trinken Punsch, hören schöne Weihnachtslieder, kaufen uns warme Mützen und haben viel Spaß.

Wir hören noch die Melodie des Stadtturm-Glockenspiels, dann machen wir uns auf den Weg nach Hause. In Marias rotem Peugeot hören wir das Lied „Santa Baby“.

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree,
For me.
I've been an awful good girl, Santa Baby,
So hurry down the chimney tonight.

Eva-Maria Prommesberger

Lena Seebauer



Towards the Christmas Market

(A tale of two friends)

Snowflakes are landing on my face and the snow is crunching under my feet. I am walking towards the Christmas Market in Straubing. I have finally arrived at the central square, where the market is being held. Now I only must work my way towards the giant Christmas tree in the middle, through crowds of people standing at the stalls. There I am meeting my friend.

The electric lights of the Christmas decoration are flickering in my face as I am trudging on the snow-covered street to the Christmas Market. In the distance I can already see the beautifully decorated stalls and the tall, bright Christmas tree under which I will find my friend. I am strolling along the wooden huts with all their bright lights on.

It's already five to seven p.m.. I must hurry, as we have agreed to meet at seven. I am passing a stall where they are selling mulled claret and children's punch. I breathe in their sweet smell and the scent of gingerbread. Delicious!!! The next stall offers woollen socks. Just at this moment I realize how cold my feet are. Never mind! Maybe I'll get some socks later. There's the Christmas tree at last. I spot Marie-Sophie waiting under it.

Ah, this lovely scent of cinnamon and mulled claret! Snow is crunching under my boots. How nice and warm they are! And there's Maria coming in her red jacket. Seeing her like this, I remember me sitting at her hospital bed last year, hoping so much that chemotherapy would help. She was suffering from skin cancer. Her eyes were so lifeless then. When I see her now between gingerbread and candy bars, all this is forgotten. We hug and embrace each other for quite some time. Since she defeated cancer I haven't seen her so much really, but it is good to know somebody one can rely on.

We stroll through the beautifully decorated market, drink some punch, listen to the Christmas songs, buy some warm woollen caps, and enjoy all the fun.

We listen to the chimes jingling from the Watchtower, then we set off for home. In Maria's red Peugeot car we listen to the song "Santa Baby".

Santa Baby, just slip a sable under the tree,

For me.

I've been an awful good girl, Santa Baby,

So hurry down the chimney tonight.

Eva-Maria Prommesberger

Lena Seebauer



Carnaval de Badajoz

El Carnaval de Badajoz es, sin duda, todo un evento de turismo regional orgullo de Extremadura. Está considerado uno de los tres mejores carnavales de España. Esta fiesta hace de la bonita ciudad extremeña, todo un despliegue de colorido en que tanto habitantes como turistas se unen a la celebración con sus disfraces, y que está destinada por su atractivo e importancia a convertirse en una fiesta de interés turístico nacional. El Carnaval, nuestro Carnaval, cuyo nacimiento se remonta a la historia de los tiempos, ha llegado hasta nuestros días con la vitalidad de una fiesta en permanente transformación, capaz de seguir seduciendo a miles de pacenses que se involucran en su realización y vistosidad.

El aumento de murgas y comparsas, el esfuerzo que realizan en el diseño y confección de trajes, en coreografías, en puesta en escena, en letras y ritmos es tan original, que la palabra asombro se queda corta.

Después de la celebración de la Fiesta de las Candelas, se inicia el esperado concurso de Murgas, que concluyen el Viernes de Carnaval, con una alegre conjunto de comparsas que desfilan por la ciudad, y llegan hasta la llamada Plaza de España en donde tendrá lugar la inauguración del carnaval con el Pregón que es representado por algún personaje popular de la ciudad.

El domingo, el gran desfile de Comparsas atrae a personas de todos los rincones de Extremadura. Así, durante estos días, el espíritu del Carnaval se apropia de la ciudad, luciendo decorada para el efecto y con música y disfraces para celebrar los días que se sucederán con la magia y alegría del carnaval.

Desde el sábado de carnaval, hasta el martes de Carnaval, toda la ciudad estará en medio de la alegría y los concursos que se premiarán el martes, cuando también se celebra el famoso Entierro de la sardina, dónde se consumen los deliciosos platos de la gastronomía extremeña como los pinchitos con vino y las sardinas asadas. El martes concluye la fiesta con la entrega de premios en el Paseo de San Francisco.

Esta carnaval, es sinónimo de Badajoz, de ciudad, de pueblo, de gente, de vecinos, palabras todas estas, términos, conceptos, argumentos que también indican participación, popular, tradición, historia, compromiso, algarabía, barullo, diversión, diferencia, grupo, comunidad, convivencia... Hacen que cada año sea más especial.

Natalia Sanabria Murillo





Las carrozas de San Isidro Labrador

El 15 de Mayo, día del santo San Isidro labrador, patrón del campo, se celebra una romería en su honor. El día comienza muy temprano. Apenas amanece, se escucha los cantos de las carrozas que la pasean por las calles del pueblo, para terminar en el atrio de la ermita de la Virgen de Gracia donde la presentan y cantan las canciones que llevaban preparando muchas semanas. El instrumento más utilizado en las carrozas son las castañuelas y las letras de estas canciones a diferencia de los carnavales no llevaban criticas sino que suelen llevar peticiones para el campo, como agua en época de sequía, buenas cosechas, suelen pedir por las gente del pueblo, por los emigrantes...

Estas canciones son elaboradas por gente del pueblo que suelen tener muchos sentimientos y plasman muchos recuerdos de años atrás. Una vez que acaban de cantar, las carrozas suelen ir hacia la finca donde se celebra la romería que actualmente es "La Deshilla", donde se reúnen con familiares y amigos para pasar un día agradable de campo.

En estas finca esta la pequeña ermita de San Isidro, dónde ese día se ofrece misa en su honor y después la carrozas vuelven a desfilar y cantar para serán puntuadas por un jurado. Durante el día se celebran varias actividades relacionadas con el campo, como destreza en la conducción de tractores, concursos del tiro al plato, exhibición de caballos...

Algo muy típico en esta romería, cuando la economía lo permite, es una corrida de toros (novillada) y una vez que acaban estas corridas se suelta una vaquilla para los aficionados y todo esto acaba con una verbena en la pista de La Deshilla.

Una de las tradiciones más importante de este día son sus carrozas, aunque con el paso de los años hay menos.

El proceso de elaboración de una carroza es económicamente cara y lleva mucho trabajo. Comienza por buscar una cochera dónde se va a realizar todo el trabajo y el remolque dónde se va a realizar el montaje.

Se empieza haciendo la estructura con tablas y tabicones. Seguidamente se forra con cartones que anteriormente se han recogido de las tiendas, después se cosen los cartones para darles forma a ciertas figuras. Todo esto va forrado con flores que anteriormente se han tenido que hacer con papel de seda y desojar. En este proceso colaboran padres, abuelos, tíos, vecinos... porque la cantidad de flores es inmensa. Todo este proceso esta guiado por una persona que es el encargado de diseñar la carroza y dirigir su montaje. Los componentes de la carroza suelen ir vestido con el tema que represente ésta. Estas carrozas pueden llegar a tener de longitud entre 8-12, y de altura puede llegar alcanzar 4 metro o más.

La persona encargada de componer las letras es la que la ensaya a diario, como por ejemplo esta estrofa:

- Apenas nace la aurora y en Santa Marta se oye cantar, son las mozas de este pueblo y olé, que a San Isidro y olé vienen a honrar.

La recompensa de este trabajo es, cuando llega este día, poder subirte a la carroza a pasear y a cantar.



Alba Silva Trejo

Un cambio en mi vida: algo inesperado

Es maravilloso que en la época en la que vivimos haya personas que ayudan a otras sin recibir nada a cambio y en algunos casos poniendo su vida en peligro. Pero el mundo es así, hay personas malas, pero también las hay muy buenas que están dispuestas a colaborar en organizaciones para la ayuda de los más necesitados.

Gracias a esta labor un conjunto de personas vinieron a mi país, me acuerdo de ellos como si fuera ayer el primer día que estuvieron aquí. En el momento en el que se bajaron del autobús me di cuenta de que los rumores de que iban a venir unas personas a ayudarnos eran ciertos.

El primer día los recibimos por todo lo alto invitándolos a degustar nuestras comidas típicas y a conocer las costumbres del poblado. Esa misma tarde una chica rubia con unas trenzas me dijo si no me dolían los pies y yo le dije que no porque ya estaba acostumbrado a andar así. En ese momento ya supe que los próximos quince días no iba a estar desatendido.

Dos días después me encontré con la misma chica y me dijo que me iba a ver el cuerpo por si tenía alguna herida o enfermedad. Tras la revisión, me dijo que estaba muy sano pero aún así, me curó los pies porque tenía algunas heridas. Además, me dijo que me iba a hacer un regalo que me encantaría. Pasaron unos días, no me acuerdo si tres o cuatro, y la chica me dio una bolsa en la que había unos zapatos. Me encantó el detalle que tuvo conmigo. Me dijo que me merecía este regalo por lo bien que me había portado. A partir de ese día ella fue como mi mejor amiga porque se portaba muy bien conmigo, me regalaba cosas, me contaba cuentos, etc.

Fueron pasando poco a poco los días. Todos estábamos aprovechando cada día como si fuera el último. Hasta que un día nos enteramos de que pronto iban a volver a su país. Nada más enterarme de la noticia pensé en regalarle algo, ya que ella se había portado muy bien conmigo. Pensé en hacerle una pulsera con los materiales que encontré en el poblado. La pulsera quedó preciosa y al día siguiente se la di. Ella se puso muy contenta y me dijo que por qué se la había regalado. Yo le dije que se la regalé porque me había enterado de que se iban a ir pronto. Me contestó que faltaban dos días para que se fueran pero que no se lo dijese a nadie para evitar problemas.

Esa misma noche la vi y empezamos a hablar como de costumbre. Esa noche la recordé siempre porque me dijo que todavía no conocía mi nombre. Yo le dije que no. Entonces ella decidió ponerme uno: Tom. Ella se llamaba María.

Llegó el último día, María me llamó para despedirse de mí y me dijo:

- No sé cuándo pero nos volveremos a ver.

Todos nos despedimos de ellos llorando y con cara de mucha tristeza.

Tras varios meses, mientras yo estaba jugando con mis amigos, me llamó el jefe del poblado y me dijo que tenía una carta para mí en la que ponía:

“Hola, Tom. ¿Te acuerdas de que te dije que nos volveríamos a ver? Has de saber que me enteré de que no tenías padres y estuve averiguando como tenerte cerca de mí y decidí adoptarte. Te escribo esta carta para que sepas que dentro de una semana voy a por ti. Prepara lo que te quieras llevar y está preparado el jueves por la tarde que te vienes a España conmigo.”

Jesús Rodríguez Domínguez

Chapter 2: Special places, landmarks and legends



La fiesta

Sonaba música clásica interpretadas por unos magníficos violinistas que daban luz y color a aquella maravillosa noche que prometía mucho. En la fiesta estaban los mejores catadores de la comarca, también había celebridades como el rey, el presidente de España.... Aquello era para nosotros algo increíble porque iba a demostrar que éramos grandes y que muy pronto nos convertiríamos en los líderes mundiales en exportación, aunque tenía un presentimiento, algo no iba bien.

En un momento comenzó la presentación y a la hora de mencionar al presidente para que saliera a presentar el cava, no apareció. Todo el mundo estaba perplejo. „Por qué no aparecía“

Fuimos a su oficina y un chillido ensordecedor salió de nuestras bocas. El presidente de la empresa Vinova, Francisco José Hernández, estaba muerto con un cuchillo clavado en el pecho

La gala se suspendió y lo que parecía ser una exitosa noche fue uno de los mayores desastres de la empresa. „Pero quién había matado a Francisco José“ „Por qué lo habían hecho“ Todo era inexplicable en aquel momento y lo único que haría la policía y la guardia civil sería nada.

Al día siguiente vinieron cuerpos de seguridad e investigadores al lugar del crimen a buscar pruebas. Parecía difícil encontrar alguna pista de ese crimen tan sorprendente y a la vez despiadado.

En la empresa todavía no nos creíamos la muerte del jefe.

Los policías se marcharon pero, de inmediato, llegó una carta que decía: “Esta muerto, sí, y nunca sabréis quién soy yo, así que dejad de buscar porque nunca me encontraréis.

Nos quedamos de piedra cuando Julián mi compañero leyó la carta en voz alta. La comentamos entre todos. Ya no nos podíamos fiar de nadie pues cualquiera podía haber matado al jefe para convertirse él en el nuevo presidente. No dejamos que nadie saliese del edificio. Nos quedamos a dormir allí y cerramos las puertas para que nadie se marchase; si alguien lo hacía tendríamos motivos serios para sospechar de él.

Yo sabía que era inocente y que no cometí aquel crimen, permanecí allí para averiguar quién había sido el asesino. Yo, un simple empresario, ahora se convertiría en el mejor detective de todos. Yo, Manuel García, sería el que desenmascarase al autor.

Poco a poco empezaron a ocurrir sucesos relevantes para el descubrimiento del criminal.

Un día encontré en la habitación un pelo, lo cogí y me lo guardé. No quería que nadie más lo encontrase se me planteaba el problema de que no tenía medios para saber de quién era ese pelo y no podía salir de la casa porque si no el inocente se convertiría en el principal sospechoso y estaría en el centro de todas las miradas.

Cada pista era importante, cada prueba relevante y yo no me podía permitir que los demás descubriesen mi pelo. Se me ocurrió la magnífica idea de que la policía vendría de nuevo y entonces yo le entregaría el pelo al sargento para que lo investigase y con suerte podría aportar nuevas datos a la investigación y así poder vengar al Sr. Hernández.

De repente se produjo algo increíble, inesperado, una llamada de alguien desconocido: el mismo que nos amenazó con la muerte a todos si seguíamos investigando lo sucedido.

El criminal estaba asustado porque parecía creer que ya sabíamos de quién se trataba.

„Pero por qué estaba el criminal temeroso?“

Todos estábamos inquietos pero todavía seguíamos sin saber quién era el culpable. Aquella noche no pude dormir porque solo le daba vueltas a lo mismo, a la misteriosa llamada de aquel hombre.

A la mañana siguiente vino la policía y le entregué el pelo para descubrir de quien era.

Después de aquel movido día, la policía nos llamó y dijo que el pelo pertenecía a un tal Greshart Menhart, un siervo del todo poderoso presidente de Italia, accionista de una de las mayores empresas mundiales de cava, fichado por diversos delitos.

Menhart fue detenido y se inició una investigación para averiguar si lo había hecho solo o si había sido mandado por alguien. Todos volvimos a nuestras casas, más tranquilos sabiendo que había un sospechoso que seguramente no había actuado solo.

Meses después se inculpo al presidente italiano y a Menhart por el asesinato del Sr. Hernández y nosotros sacamos adelante el cava de la empresa Vinova y nos convertimos en los líderes del mundo mundial y lo más importante fui nombrado sustituto de Francisco José Hernández. Conmigo empezó una nueva era.

Eduardo Aragüete Gamero

The party

It was to be a great day. In fact it was to be the greatest day in the annals of the company, as we were to present our new sparkling white wine with which we wanted to win a spectacular victory and gain big sales. It was a most promising night and our president's house was bustling with celebrities.

There was classical music all around, performed by grand violinists who gave a magnificent light and colour to that wonderful night that promised so much. The best wine tasters of the region were present at the party, and there were celebrities: the King of Spain, the Prime Minister ... For us it was an amazing event because it would show our greatness and that we would soon become the world's export leaders. Still I had a feeling that something was not going well.

The presentation was about to start, but when the president was asked to appear and to present the cava, he did not turn up. Everyone was puzzled. Why didn't he appear? We went to his office. A deafening scream came from our mouths. The Vinova company president, Francisco José Hernández, was dead with a knife in his chest. The gala was cancelled and something which had appeared to be a successful night turned into one of the greatest disasters of the company. But who had killed José Francisco? Why had he done it? Everything was inexplicable at that time and the only thing that the police and the civil guard would do was nothing.

The next day the police and investigators came to the scene of the crime look for evidence. It seemed hard to find some clue to the startling and yet ruthless crime. In the company, we still couldn't get used to the idea of the boss' death. The policemen left, but immediately afterwards a letter arrived. It said: "He's dead, yes, and you will never know who I am, so stop looking for me because I will never be found.

We were shocked when my partner Julian read the letter aloud. We all discussed it. We could no longer trust anyone because anyone could have killed José Francisco to become the new

president. We didn't allow anyone to leave the building. We spent the night there and closed the doors so that no one could leave, and if someone left we would have serious reasons to suspect him.

I knew I was innocent and that I had not committed this crime; I remained there to find out who the murderer was. Me a simple businessman, would now become the greatest detective of all. I, me, Manuel García, would be the one who would unmask the killer. Gradually incidents relevant to the discovery of the criminal occurred.

One day I found a hair in the room, I took it and I kept it. I did not want anyone else to find it. But the problem that I had no way of knowing who that hair belonged to arose, and I could not leave the house because then me, an innocent man, might become the main suspect and I would be at the center of all suspicion.

Each clue, each relevant test were important, and I could not let others know about the hair. I got the brilliant idea that the police would come back again and then I would give it to the police sergeant to investigate it and hopefully it could provide new data to the investigation so that Mr. Hernandez would be avenged.

Suddenly there was something amazing, unexpected, a call from a stranger - the same stranger who had threatened us with death if we kept on investigating what had happened. Obviously the criminal was scared because he seemed to believe that we knew who he was. But why was he scared? We all were worried, but we still did not know who the guilty one was. That night I could not sleep because that mysterious man's call rambled around in my head.

The next morning the police came and I gave them the hair to find out who it belonged to.

After a busy day, the police called us and said that the hair belonged to some hitherto unknown Greshart Menhart, servant to the all-powerful president of Italy, shareholder in one of the world's biggest companies of cava. He was on police records for various crimes. Menhart was arrested and an investigation was launched to find out if he had killed on his own impulse or if he had been hired by someone else to do it. We all returned to our homes in a much calmer mood, knowing that there was a suspect and that most probably he had not acted alone.

A few months later the Italian president and Menhart were charged with the murder of Francisco José Hernández. We went on with the Sparkling White Wine Vinova Company and became the world's leaders, and, most important, I was appointed Francisco José Hernández's successor.

With me being president, a new age started.

Eduardo Aragüete Gamero



Vacaciones inolvidables

Aquellas vacaciones serían inolvidables, algo me lo decía.

Spain

Comenzamos nuestro viaje a las cinco de la mañana. Nuestros ojos estaban casi cerrados del sueño que teníamos. En estas vacaciones íbamos solo mi padre, mi madre, mi hermano y yo. En otras ocasiones, las habíamos compartido con nuestros abuelos y tíos.

Nuestras vacaciones se dirigían a Isla Cristina (Huelva). Nos hospedaríamos, en un apartamento situado en la calle Espada. Las cuatro horas de viaje se pasaron rápido. La mitad del viaje permanecí dormida. Cuando llegamos, el estómago me empezó a rugir. Mis padres decidieron parar a desayunar en un restaurante. El lugar era grande y con muchos “desayunadores”, como los llamé aquel día. Me pedí una media blanca y un zumo de piña.

Después de desayunar nos fuimos al apartamento. El apartamento tenía un baño, un comedor, una cocina, una habitación, un patio, una terraza y una habitación para la lavadora. Algo me llamó la atención: un cuadro hecho de piecitas de puzzle, cuyo dibujo era de unos perros. Llamé “intocable” a aquel cuadro porque me sentaba en el sofá que había debajo y creía que se iban a caer las piezas encima y, además, pensaba que a la dueña del apartamento le había costado mucho hacerlo y que debió de tener una tranquilidad para completarlo, por eso le tuve respeto durante todos esos días.

El salón comedor, era el centro de todas las habitaciones. Las demás habitaciones eran normales. Después de colocar las cosas, nos dirigimos a un restaurante de comida rápida donde mi hermano y yo nos hicimos amigos de Paco. Paco era el jefe del restaurante, un señor muy simpático y con una gran sonrisa para los niños. Él nos sirvió la comida que pedimos para llevárnosla a casa.

Después de comer, vino la hora de la siesta, hora que, en todas las casas españolas, es respetada por todos. Yo no suelo dormirla pero esta vez sí; estaba muy cansada del viaje.

Tras la siesta nos dirigimos a la playa en coche. Para entrar en la playa había unos muelles que teníamos que pasar. Cuanto más caminaba, las chanclas se me llenaban de arena cada vez más: ¡me daba una rabia!

Sentada en mi toalla esperé a que mi hermano guardara todas sus cosas para poder ir a bañarnos. Vi que un hombre paseaba con una carretilla y gritaba: “¡Pipas, pipitas, señoritas; sólo a treinta céntimos! ¡Coca colas!” Me entró sed aunque inmediatamente estábamos en el agua. Nos bañamos y después decidí con mi cubito ir a recoger conchas con mi madre. Trajimos el cubo lleno. Nos sentamos en la toalla mientras mi padre y mi hermano jugaban al tenis playa. De pronto vi que una niña se acercó y me dijo:

-Hola. Me llamó Alba. ¿Quieres jugar conmigo hacer castillos de arena?

Mi madre me dijo que podía ir. Me lo pasé muy bien con Alba. Era simpática y agradable.

Sobre las ocho nos fuimos para casa. Nos duchamos. Mi madre hizo la cena. Cenamos y nos fuimos a dormir.

Al día siguiente desayunamos y dimos una vuelta por Isla Cristina. Después de dar esta vuelta por Isla Cristina, nos fuimos a la playa.

Esta vez, no estaba Alba. A lo largo de la tarde, un grupo de niñas y niños jugaron a fútbol. Una niña se me acercó y me preguntó si quería jugar. Mis padres me dejaron jugar y yo no me iba negar Me lo pase bien. Después nos fuimos para el apartamento. Nos duchamos y nos arreglamos. Al cabo de dos horas, salimos de paseo.

Cenamos en un restaurante llamado “La gola” donde hubo un detalle muy curioso que captó mi atención. Había una pequeña pecera con unas pequeñas tortugas. Y me di cuenta de al lado de aquello había pajitas. Yo no sabía por qué estaban allí las pajitas. Nos sentamos en una mesa donde cenamos. Yo tomé de postre sandía y cuando me tomaba el postre un niño se acercó a la pecera con una pajita y le dio en el caparazón a la tortuga. Pobre tortuga-pensé Al salir del restaurante, nos dirigimos a dar un paseo por las calles de las tiendas de Isla Cristina. Todas las cosas que veía para niños pequeños se me antojaban para Candela, mi prima que acababa de nacer en Mayo.

Al acabar el paseo, nos pasamos por una heladería. Yo me pedí un helado muy gracioso con forma de pingüino de vainilla. Los helados de vainilla son mis favoritos. Al acabarnos los helados nos fuimos para el apartamento.

A la mañana siguiente fuimos a un parque. El parque estaba muy bien cuidado. Allí actuaba un mago. Decidimos sentarnos para ver la actuación. Uno de los números que me quedó boquiabierto fue cuando adivinó el número que pensaba una señora mayor. Ese día no íbamos a ir a la playa pues decidimos ir a un mercadillo por la tarde. En el mercadillo había todo tipo de tiendas. Nosotros compramos unas cuantas postales para enviárselas a nuestros familiares. La de mis abuelos por parte de padre era de una playa de Isla Cristina y la de mis abuelos por parte de madre era de la otra playa. En Isla Cristina, en total hay tres playas. Solo había visitado una, y esperaba visitar las otras. Después del mercadillo, fuimos al apartamento y escribimos unas cartas y las postales y las enviamos por correo. Yo le hice adornos a las cartas con sombrillas de la playa, soles, conchitas y, en otro folio aparte, dibujé a los vacacioneros (nosotros).

Después, fuimos al apartamento. Ayudamos a mi madre a hacer la comida. Comimos y la siesta. Cuando nos despertaron de la siesta, fuimos al videoclub y alquilamos una película, *Alvin y las Ardillas*. Cuando acabó la película, mi madre hizo la cena. Y, al acabar de cenar, fuimos a una plaza para ver actuar a una orquesta.

La orquesta se situaba en medio de una plaza. Y alrededor había una feria del libro. Me compre un libro sobre historias sobre brujas. La orquesta tocó una de mis canciones favoritas la BSO de *Titanic*. Después fuimos a tomarnos un helado. Como me gustó tanto el helado de pingüino del día anterior, me compré otro igual y decidí guardar los botes como recuerdo para guardar algunas cosas o usarlos como lapiceros. Nos tomarnos los helados sentados en un parque. Nos quedaban dos días para irnos de Isla Cristina.

A la mañana siguiente desayunamos y fuimos a hacer la compra. Desayunamos en el “bar de Paco”, como lo llamábamos mi hermano y yo. En la hora de la siesta, se me ocurrió la idea de hacerme un collar con una de las conchas y le haría otro a mi madre, a mis abuelas y a mi prima. Durante la siesta hablé con mi prima y me dijo que le encantaba la idea de que le hiciera un collar con una concha. También me contó que había personas que antes de abrir el agujero para entrar el cordón a la concha la adornaban con brillantina, con cola de pegamento repartiendo bien las bolas de las pulseras... Como hice tantos, se me acabó el pegamento. Pensé guardarla para hacer otra manualidad cuando tuviera pegamento pero, cuando mis padres se despertaron de la siesta, me dijeron que no me preocupara, que me comprarían otro para que pudiera seguir haciendo collares. Pensé que podría hacer muchos collares y venderlos en las tiendecitas que ponemos algunas niñas en verano en la ermita. Lo vendería a veinte céntimos o a cincuenta céntimos.

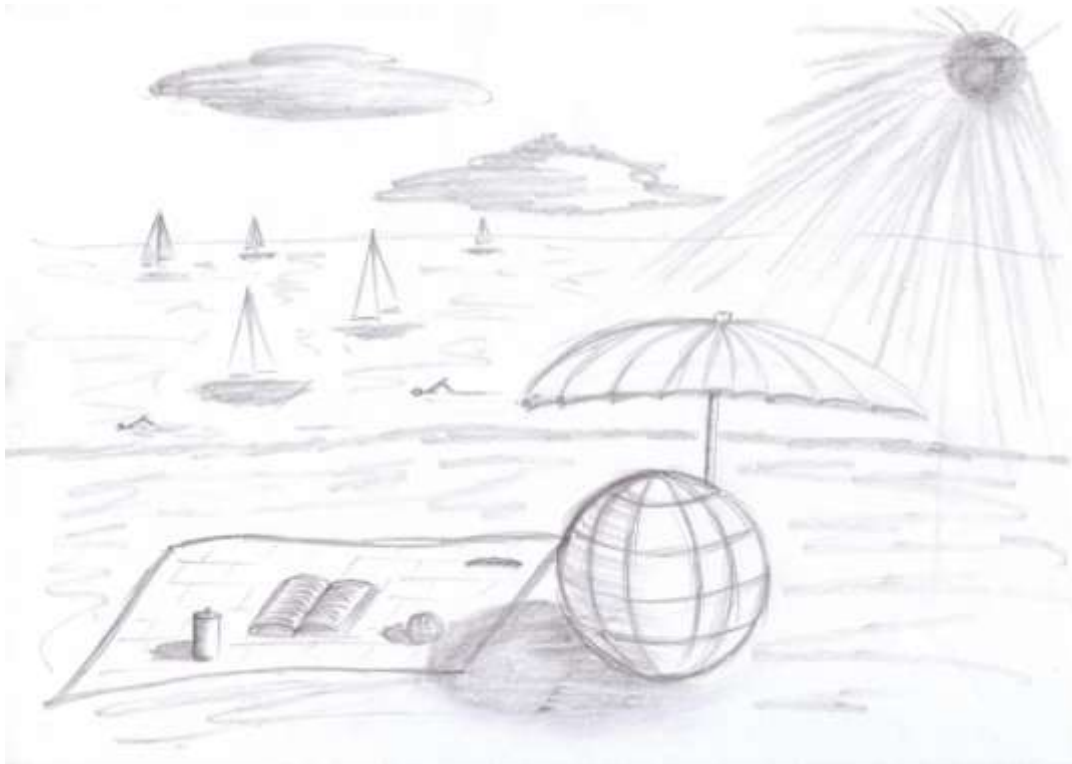
Esa tarde fuimos a otra playa. Esta era más grande y con mucha más personas. Nos costó encontrar sitio pero lo logramos. Me tocaba echar un partido de tenis con mi padre: si le ganaba jugaría contra mi hermano. Mi padre me iba a dejar ganar y mi hermano también. Luego estuvimos haciendo sudokus.

Llegamos al apartamento, nos arreglamos y fuimos a un restaurante para cenar. Este restaurante estaba llenos de muchos “cenadores”. Como casi todos los días me tome mi helado de pingüino esta vez de chocolate y vainilla. Y además, fuimos otra vez a la feria del libro, esta vez no había orquesta. Mi madre se compró un libro y yo otro. Esta vez era de perros y gatos. Dimos un paseo por Isla Cristina...

A la mañana siguiente fuimos a la tercera playa. Era más pequeña que las otras... Ya por la tarde volvimos a Santa Marta. El viaje se me hizo interminable. Llegamos con muchos recuerdos para todo el mundo .Para mis abuelos, tíos, vecinos.

Me encantó ir de vacaciones a Isla Cristina. Conocer a tanta personas como conocí: a Alba, a Paco, a los niños y niñas con lo que jugué al fútbol. Fue inolvidable.

Belén Gamero Mesa



Unforgettable Spanish Holidays

These holidays would be unforgettable, something told me so.

We started our journey at five a.m. Our eyes were almost shut because we were sleepy. This time we were just my father, my mother, my brother and me. On some other occasions, we had shared our holidays with my grandparents and aunt and uncle.

We were on the way to Isla Cristina (Huelva). We would stay at an apartment placed in Sword Street. The four hour journey went by quickly. I was asleep half of the way. When we arrived, I heard my stomach rumble. My parents decided to have breakfast in a restaurant. The

place was big and there were many people having breakfast inside; I called them breakfasters. I ordered a toast and some pineapple juice.

After breakfast, we went to the apartment. It had a bathroom, a living room, a kitchen, a room, a patio, a terrace and a laundry room.

Something attracted my attention: a picture made of little jigsaw pieces, which showed some dogs. I labeled that pictured “untouchable” because when I sat down on the sofa below, I thought that the pieces would fall down on me, and I also thought that the landowner had made a great effort to assemble it. Besides, a lot of patience is required to work on a task like that, for that reason I showed a deep respect for the picture during all those days.

The dining room was in the middle of the apartment. All other rooms were nothing special. After unpacking we went to a fast-food restaurant where my brother and I made friends with Paco. Paco was the restaurant owner, a very nice man who showed kids a wide smile. He served us the food we had ordered to take away.

After lunch, nap time came. This siesta time as it is called in Spain is respected by all. Although I’m not used to sleeping during siesta I did it this time because I was very tired after the journey.

After siesta time we headed to the beach by car. To reach the beach we had to go through a dock. The longer I walked, more sand got into my sandals. It made me so furious!

Sitting on my towel I waited for my brother to keep all his stuff before going swimming.

I saw a man with a wheelbarrow who shouted, ‘Sunflower seeds ladies! Only 30 cents. Cokes!’ I felt thirsty although we would immediately go into the sea.

We swam and after that I decided to take my bucket and collect shells with my mother. We brought the bucket back full of shells. We sat down on the beach towel while my brother played beach tennis.

Suddenly I saw a girl coming close to me and she said to me:

Hi! My name’s Alba. Do you want to play with me? We can build a sandcastle. My mother let me go. I had a great time with Alba. She was nice and pleasant. At about eight p.m. we went home. We had a shower. My mother cooked dinner, we had it and went to bed.

The following day we had breakfast and toured Isla Cristina. Then we went to the beach. This time Alba was not there. Throughout the afternoon, a group of boys and girls were playing football. A girl came to me and asked me if I wanted to play. My parents let me play. I enjoyed myself. Then I went to the apartment. We had a shower and got ready. After two hours we went for a walk.

We ate at a restaurant called "La Gola" where there was a curious detail that caught my attention. There was a small fish tank with small turtles. And I realized that close to it there were straws. I didn’t know why those straws were there. We sat at a table where we dined. I order watermelon for dessert and when I was having it a boy approached the tank handling a straw and he hit the turtle's shell. Poor turtle, I thought.

Leaving the restaurant, we went for a walk through the streets of Isla Cristina where shops are concentrated. All the things I saw for toddlers fancied me for Candela, my cousin who had just been born in May.

At the end of the walk, we had an ice-cream. I ordered a very funny penguin-shaped vanilla ice-cream. Vanilla ice-creams are my favourites.

The next morning we went to a park. The park was very well kept. There was a magician acting there. We decided to sit to see the performance. One of the acts which left me speechless was the one in which the magician guessed the number an old lady had thought of. That day we were going to go to the beach because we had decided to go to a flea market in the afternoon. In the market there were all kinds of stalls. We bought a few postcards to send to our family. My paternal grandparents' postcard showed a beach in Isla Cristina and my maternal grandparents' postcard showed a different beach - there are three beaches in Isla Cristina. I had only visited one, and I hoped to visit the other two. After visiting the street market, we wrote letters and postcards and mailed them. To decorate the cards I drew beach umbrellas, suns, shells and on a separate sheet of paper, I also drew the "holiday-makers" (us).

In the apartment we helped my mother to do the cooking. We ate and had a nap. When we woke up, we went to the video store and rented a movie, "Alvin and the Chipmunks". When the movie ended, my mother made dinner. After dinner, we went to a square to listen to an orchestra.

The orchestra was placed in the middle of a square. And around it there was a book fair. I bought a book of stories about witches. The orchestra played one of my favourite songs: Titanic. Then we went to have an ice-cream. As I had liked the penguin ice-cream so much the day before I ordered it again and decided to keep the container as a souvenir to keep a few things in it or to use it as a pencil-holder. We had the ice-creams sitting in a park. We had two days left on Isla Cristina.

The next morning, after breakfast, we went shopping. We had breakfast at "Paco's bar", as my brother and I called it. At nap-time, I got the idea of making a necklace with shells for myself and to make one for my mother, my grandmothers and my cousin. During nap-time I talked to my cousin and she told me she loved my idea of making a necklace with shells for her. She also explained to me that there were people who, before opening the hole to enter the string through the shell, they adorned it with glitter, and spread beads on it using glue... As I made many necklaces, I ran out of glue. I thought of keeping the shells to make some other crafts when we would again have glue but when my parents woke up from the nap, I was told not to worry, they would buy me more glue so I could go on making necklaces. I thought I could make many necklaces and sell them to girls at the stalls they put in summer at Hermitage.

I would sell them for twenty or fifty cents. That afternoon we went to a different beach. This was bigger and there were many more people on it. We struggled to find a place and finally found one. I had to play a tennis match with my father and if I won I would play against my brother. My father would let me win and my brother, too. Then we were doing sudokus. We arrived at the apartment, got ready and we went to a restaurant for dinner. This restaurant was full of arbours. Like almost every day I had my penguin ice-cream, this time it was chocolate and vanilla. And we also went back to the book fair, this time there was no orchestra. My mother bought a book and so did I. This time it was about dogs and cats. We went for a walk on Isla Cristina ...

The next morning we went to the third beach. It was smaller than the other ones... In the afternoon we returned to Santa Marta. I found the journey endless. We brought many souvenirs for everyone. For my grandparents, uncles, aunts, neighbours.

I loved going to Isla Cristina on holiday..To meet as many people as I met: Alba, Paco, the children with whom I played football. It was unforgettable.

Belén Gamero Mesa



Mi promesa

Todo aquel sacrificio lo creía imposible sin ti.

Escalar y cruzar el mundo sin ti.

Todavía te recuerdo, cuando estabas sentado en tu vieja silla blanda y nos recitabas poemas de Miguel Hernández. Recuerdo el poema "El niño yuntero" y tus palabras y el dolor que expresabas al decirlas, con el humilde calor de la chimenea en aquellos fríos y nevados días de invierno.

Hace un año que te fuiste. Desde pequeño, me enseñaste a que la toalla no se tira antes de intentar hacer algo. Un día hicimos un pacto, recuerdo que estabas sentado en tu silla, que todavía permanece intacta desde que tú te fuiste. Estabas viendo un documental sobre el Kilimanjaro, aún recuerdo tus entusiastas palabras:

-Tinhon, quiero que hagas un pacto conmigo -me dijiste

-Dime, abuelo-contesté

-Quiero que escalemos el Kilimanjaro juntos y con la toalla aferrada al cuello para que no se nos caiga aunque no podamos más.

-Por supuesto, los escalaremos, querido abuelo-te contesté.

Y ahora que sé que tú no estás y estoy sólo, a mi mente se viene una pregunta: "Podré hacerlo sin ti? Por supuesto que escalaré el Kilimanjaro, todos sus rincones y lo haré por ti."



Llevaba en mi mochila todo lo necesario, pero, especialmente guardé con cuidado y mimo, una foto tuya, para que cada mañana al despertar supiera por qué estaba allí y por qué debía luchar.

Empecé a caminar, llevaba mi canción preferida y motivadora. Cada paso que daba, tu imagen me hacía aferrarme más a nuestro pacto. Ya llevaba mucho tiempo escalando y tenía que

descansar, miré hacia un lado y vi una cueva. Decidí adentrarme en aquella misteriosa cueva. De repente, vi a una mujer de una baja estatura, sus ojos se clavaron en mí.

-Fuera de aquí.-me dijo.

-Me llamo Tinhon y soy un escalador. ¿Me permite hospedarme aquí esta noche?

-¿Por qué escalas esta montaña joven?-me preguntó,

-Hace tiempo, hice un pacto con mi abuelo, escalaríamos el Kilimanjaro juntos pero mi abuelo murió y yo deseo escalar el Kilimanjaro por él - contesté,

-Puedes quedarte, pero mañana tendrás que proseguir tu escalada.-me contestó

Aquella noche, antes de irme a dormir recité un poema de Miguel Hernández para que no encontrarme tan sólo y sentirte un poco de ti a mi lado,

Al día siguiente, empecé mi escalada le di las gracias a aquella buena mujer cuyo nombre no supe y seguí escalando. La cumbre se acercaba más y cada vez hacía más frío. De repente, en un saliente, vi a una loba dando a luz, necesitaba ayuda. La cogí en brazos, extendí mi polar y la puse encima de él. Al cabo del rato, dio a luz a tres cachorros: dos hembras y un macho,

Proseguí mi escalada, pero esta vez no iba sólo la loba y sus cachorros me acompañaban. Les agradecía su compañía. Por la noche los cachorros se dormían en mis brazos mientras les recitaba un poema de Miguel Hernández.

Siempre he pensado que aquella mujer sin nombre y aquellos animales eran simplemente muestra de tu presencia que me ayudaron en mi propósito.

Belén Gamero Mesa



Výlet na Bratislavský hrad

Bolo pekné sobotňajšie ráno. Sedela som práve pri televízore a pozerala jednu z mojich obľúbených relácií, keď mi mamina oznámila, že sa pôjdeme pozrieť na jednu z najkrajších dominánt nášho mesta – Bratislavský hrad. Veľmi som sa potešila. Hrad bol len nedávno zrekonštruovaný a je naozaj krásny a nezvyčajný. Pripomína totiž prevrátený stôl.

Na výlet som zavolala i moju najlepšiu kamarátku Dominiku. Keďže to nie je až tak ďaleko, vybrali sme sa pešo. Cestou sme sa zastavili i pri Dunaji, kde sme kfmili labute. Pri bráne hradu sme si kúpili pohľadnice, ja a Dominika aj „ušaté“ čiapky. Samotná prehliadka hradu netrvala dlho, no bola veľmi zaujímavá. Dozvedeli sme sa, že jeho história je veľmi bohatá, no najväčšiu slávu zažil počas panovania Márie Terézie.

Podobne ako iné hrady na Slovensku i Bratislavský hrad je opradený mnohými legendami. Najviac na mňa zaúčinkovala tá, v ktorej sa spomínal panovník Žigmund Luxemburský, keďže len nedávno sme sa o ňom učili na dejepise. Podľa legendy prikázal Žigmund z obavy pred husitami bratislavskému županovi Štefanovi Rozgoňovi, aby vykonal stavebné úpravy na hrade. Rozgoň rozkaz poslúchol. Avšak okrem prác, ktorých účelom bolo opevnenie hradu, dal vykopať na hrade i studňu. Keď sa ľudia, ktorí studňu vykopalí, začali domáhať zaslúženej odmeny za prácu, nechal ich Rozgoň zabiť, a to veľmi krutým spôsobom. Najskôr im kat odťal ruky a následne ich zhodili zo skaly. Rozgoňova žena však bola veľmi jemná a dobrá, preto sa nevedela zmieriť s tým, čo jej muž vykonal. A tak sa až dodnes jej duch túla chodbami hradu vždy počas splnu mesiaca.

Po vypočutí tejto legendy mi behali zimomriavky po tele. Našťastie, keď sme vyšli na nádvorie, bolo vonku ešte príjemne teplo. Na Štefana Rozgoňa a jeho ohavný čin sme zabudli i vďaka kofole, ktorú sme si dali v neďalekom bufete. Pozreli sme si i fotky vo fotoaparáte, ktoré sme stihli počas dňa nafotiť. Boli zábavné. Najmä tie, kde máme s Dominikou na hlavách čiapky s ušami.

Výlet sa teda vydaril. Hrad som navštívila už veľakrát, či už s rodičmi, kamarátkami alebo v rámci krúžku Po stopách minulosti, kde sa dozvedáme viac o histórii Bratislavy, no vždy ma vie očariť.

Lucia Wadingerová

A Trip to Bratislava Castle

One nice Sunday morning, I was sitting in the living room and watching one of my favourite programmes on TV, when my mum told me that we were going to visit one of the most beautiful and prominent landmarks – Bratislava Castle. I was really excited and very pleased. The castle had been recently reconstructed and now is really gorgeous and unusual. Anyway, it reminds me of an upside down table.

I called my best friend Dominika to come with us. Since it is not so far from our house we walked. On our way we stopped by the Danube River to feed some swans. At the castle gate we bought some postcards and Dominika and I also bought a big-eared hat. The tour of the castle itself did not last long, but it was very interesting. We learnt that its history is very

rich. However, its glorious days were during the reign of Maria Theresia. Like other castles in Slovakia, Bratislava Castle is emblazoned with many legends. The legend that impressed me most was the one about Sigismund of Luxembourg, since we have recently learnt about him in our History lesson. According to the legend Sigismund ordered Bratislava's administrator Stephen Rozgon to reinforce the castle, because he was afraid of the attack of Hussites. Rozgon obeyed the ruler's order. However, he had not only reinforced the castle, but he also had a new well dug. When the workers who dug the well demanded the well-deserved rewards for their job, Rozgon had them executed in a very cruel way. At first a headsman cut their arms and then they were thrown off the cliff. Rozgon's wife was a very sensitive, gentle woman. She was never able to come to terms with her husband's horrible act, and her ghost has been wandering along the corridors of the castle until today, usually during the full moon.

After listening to this legend, I had goose bumps. Luckily, when we came out of the castle to the courtyard, the weather was still warm and pleasant. We got Stephen Rozgon and his wicked act out of our minds with the help of kofola, which we got at the snack bar nearby. The trip was super! We had fun going over photos taken during our trip. We especially liked those photos where Dominika and I were wearing the funny big-eared hats.

I have visited Bratislava Castle many times in the past. Sometimes with parents, sometimes with friends, or with a study group called "In the footsteps of History". But I am always enchanted by it.

Lucia Wadingerová



A year at Puruvesi Lake

” Kesälahti I love
its smiling face in Karelia.
The clear sky and waters are in my eyes.
A new dawn in Kesälahti,
a moment like eternity.
I find a shoulder to lean on
this is where I belong
this is where I stay.”
Ari Koskela

Finland, a country of thousands of lakes. A country famous for Nokia and Angry Birds. And Kesälahti, which I call home. It is a little village between two lakes, close to Russia. People in Kesälahti are friendly and everybody knows each other. Kesälahti has many kinds of artists. There are singers, drawers, painters and poets. That is my idea of Kesälahti.

Lake Puruvesi is one of the two lakes surrounding Kesälahti. Puruvesi means a lot to me, because I live by its shore. This lake, the clearest lake in Finland, is so beautiful that I want to write about it.

In the autumn when nights are getting darker and leaves in trees change colour Puruvesi is also beautiful. Its shores are full of colour: green, yellow, orange and red. It is wonderful to watch the sunset from a cliff. Sometimes it's calm, or the autumn storm rises, sheet lightning lights up the sky. Boats floating at Hummonselkä (open water) dragging lures.

Winter is quiet at Puruvesi. At best the ice is one metre thick and the pile of snow can be as much as one and a half metres. Snowmobiles are speeding along sledge routes, fishermen are fixing nets under ice, some are hauling seine nets. Saimaa ringed seal has been spotted at Puruvesi waters a few times, but the number of seals there is getting smaller. People exchange their hellos while they are winterfishing, and sometimes even the skiers, skaters and particularly ice fishers go and buy fish from the men seine fishing.

On a dark winter night you can see hundreds of stars on a clear sky. At full moon, it is almost as light as on a cloudy day. Snow is glistening and it crunches under your feet. Even at -25°C you can still stay warm if it is not windy and you are properly dressed.

After the dark winter finally spring is coming. Snow starts melting, birds are singing and willow trees will have catkins. Spring is full of holidays: there is May Day and Easter. The ice starts melting in Puruvesi as well. Finally seagulls, swans and other birds are returning from the south. Coltsfoot appear from under the snow. The ice melting is slow but eventually the ice breaks into small pieces. The floating pieces of icicles sound like jingle bells.

It is summer at last! There are leaves in the trees and flowers blooming. Water is warm and every one who can get into the water, does so. The holiday village at Ruoke and Mäntyrinta are flocking with people from all over Finland, even from Russia and Germany. Kesälahti and Puruvesi become alive as summer dwellers return to their cottages.

Summer starts at Midsummer. It is the time of white nights and many stay up all night. At Midsummer people burn bonfires and may go boating afterwards.

The weekend after Midsummer we have Muikkumarkkinat – a fair at a local inn. People sell clothes, jewelry, wooden objects, whatever. A trolling competition, called the Puruvesi Salmon Championships is organized the same time with the fair. Only rowing boats are allowed when fishing. Fishing parties from across Europe take part in the competition and the number of boating parties can reach nearly 500.

Puruvesi is a big lake which attracts many holidaymakers and fishermen. Puruvesi has many islands and people go fishing, mushroom picking, berry picking or spend the night at the shores of the islands. Puruvesi and Kesälahti are a place to spend summer or a place to go fishing for many people, but for me, they are home.



Helmi Tynkkynen



Along the railway

Railways take people far to the south and even further to the north. A train coming from the north runs through hundreds of kilometres, goes through switches at Joensuu and from Joensuu all the way to Helsinki. Between these places the ride red-white or the green-white eco-cars stop, barely humming, at Kesälahti Train Station.

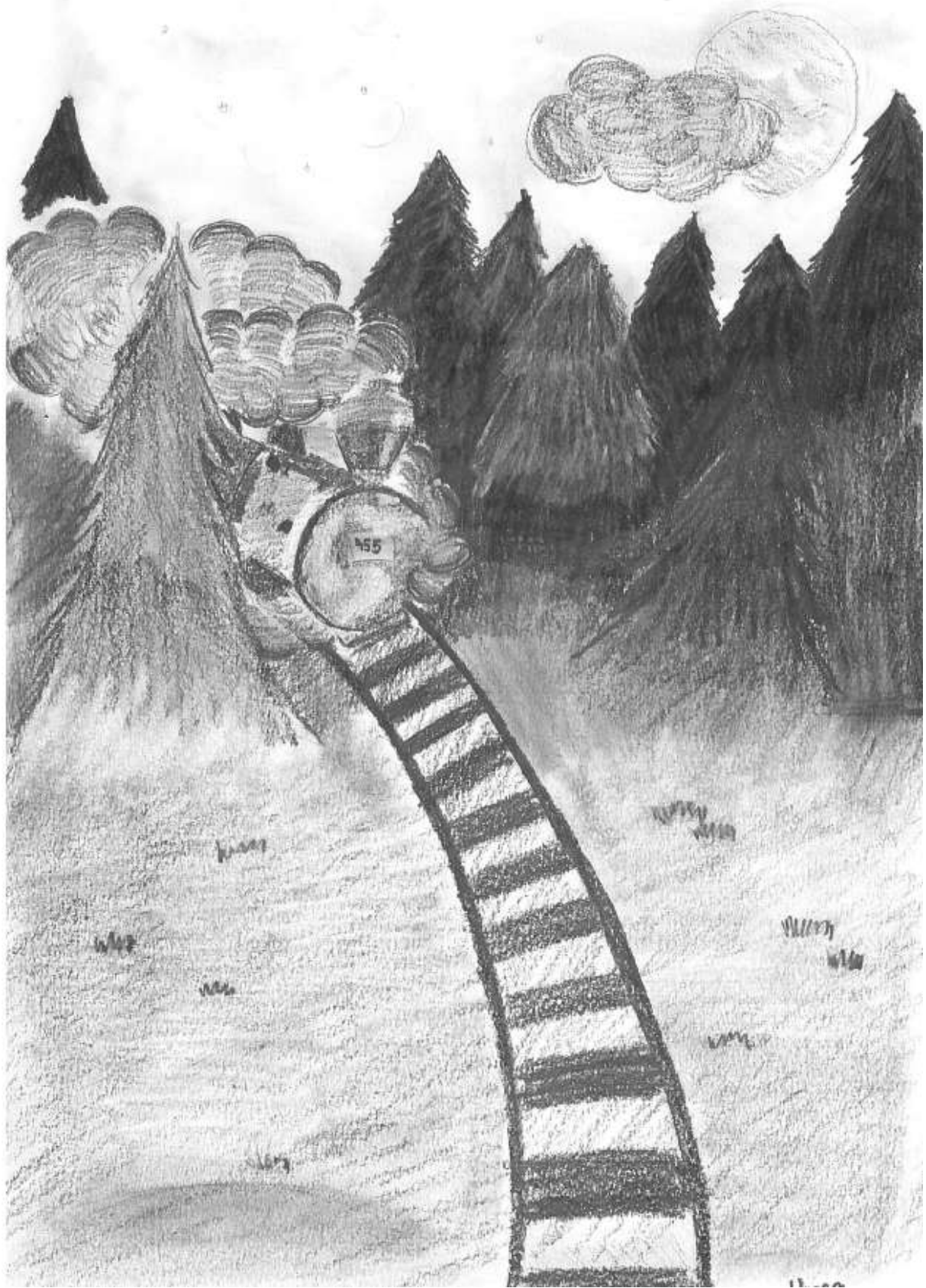
Kesälahti Train Station was opened for goods transport in December 1966 and for passenger transport a year later. And even though Kesälahti is part of Kitee now, trains stop at Kesälahti anyway. The station isn't far from the centre of Kesälahti and it takes about ten minutes to get there by foot.

An old, cracked asphalt road takes the passengers to this station. The ground at Kesälahti Train Station is sad grey gravel that moves under your shoes, crunching. There is a small, grey station building in the middle of the graveled yard. It's never open, and the doors are always locked and a resident might wonder why someone built this kind of building for our small train station. The building seems even more unnecessary with its locked doors but at least you can get shelter there from the rain. Once the station building was red. It wasn't open even then and didn't seem any more useful than it is now.

When the train stops at Kesälahti Train Station, you see only a grey building and there is pine and spruce forest as far as you can see. In the yard a couple of cars are waiting, probably waiting for home-comers or bringing new passengers. In the winter there are some lights and the forest around is completely dark. Many undergraduates leave from Kesälahti to the cities, where they study. It is easy to come home for a weekend when you can easily get to your own train station.

For me Kesälahti Train Station is very important, although it isn't very beautiful, significant or pleasing in any way. But for me and many others it is a place where you can easily get away from or come to Kesälahti. Even cities that are far away are close because of the train station. Trains that stop at Kesälahti Train Station go far north and south, mile after mile closer to the world.

Julia Issakainen





My Kesälahti home

I'm from Kesälahti. Being from Kesälahti isn't just living here. It's a feeling of home, warmth, community and love.

Living in Kesälahti means safe and familiar people. I can't go to a store without meeting people I know. I know that if there was an emergency, I could ask anyone and get help immediately. My own best friends are from Kesälahti too; we have known each other since kindergarten. Our parents are friends as well.

Living in Kesälahti is a home and a summer cottage. It's also the shore at our summer cottage, nature and water. I love summer holidays at the cottage with father, lazy mornings with no rush and long nights in the sauna. I also love our two lakes, Lake Puruvesi and Lake Pyhäjärvi. The most important sign of the spring is when ice melts from the lakes and we turn our boat around. The first boat ride in the spring, freezing water drops on cheeks and the warm sunshine. The early birch leaves, "mouse ears" and all the green is always a miracle. I love spring the most because I was born in April. I'm a child of the spring.

Living in Kesälahti is a village with hundreds of people who come here to their summer cottages. It's a walk across Sovintola Bridge and Muikkumarkkinat. Muikkumarkkinat is a tradition, a place where you meet friends, drink coffee with pancakes and buy long liquorice cables. I can't even remember my first time in the middle of salesmen and familiar faces, it has been a tradition for so long and it will continue to be so. I won my first, real handbag in a lottery for two euros at Muikkumarkkinat. The purse was orange with blue, green and white flowers. Now that I am fifteen years old, the same people are still there, selling raffle tickets for two euros. The main prize is still the gorgeous bee-hat, which I wanted so badly but never got it.

Living in Kesälahti is about music. It's a string concert in a church on a dark winter evening and Lavatanssit in Rajavaara on summer Tuesdays. Music is love for Kesälahti and its poetry. Many musicians from professionals to music teachers and us, the new generation, get the spark to sing and play music from here, from our roots. Kesälahti is art in every form.

I don't know what life has in store for me, where it will lead me. But I know that I will miss Kesälahti wherever I go. The feeling, the people and the events. And whatever will happen, I know that I can always come back here to the people I love. They say home is where the heart is. My heart is in Kesälahti.

- Some background information to explain the underlined cultural-based or local words used in the text.

Lake Puruvesi and lake Pyhäjärvi

Kesälahti is situated between the two crystal-clear lakes of Puruvesi and Pyhäjärvi. Lake Pyhäjärvi is one of the biggest lakes in North Karelia and it's one of Finland's best lakes for fishing with a lure. Lake Puruvesi is one of Finland's clearest lakes, it is perfect for swimming, fishing, boating and ideal for diving. Lake Puruvesi is known as fishers' paradise where fish and fishing competitions are plentiful around the year.

Sovintola is a charming old wooden school, which nowadays has a handicraft shop, a café and a second-hand book store. Every Saturday people go there to sell homemade rye bread, Carelian pies and all sorts of pastries.

Muikkumarkkinat, (Vendace fair) is a big event, where companies and people come to sell and show their products. It's the biggest event in Kesälahti. The same weekend there is a big fishing competition, *Lake Puruvesi Salmon Championships*, the largest and best-known trolling competition which is resolved by trolling two lures on a rowing boat for 24 hours in Puruvesi lake. The winner will be the next "Salmon King". Lake Puruvesi is also well known for its vendace, the delicious local fish, pan-fried vendace is naturally served at the fair.

Lavatanssit at Rajavaara.

For some, "lavatanssit", open –air dancing is a Finnish summer tradition at its best. In Finland there are dancing houses and pavilions which are only open in the summer. People can travel long distances to get to the most popular dancing pavilions, were they can dance well into the night: waltz, tango, and a Finnish version of fast foxtrot. Dancing itself is the main attraction but good bands and popular artists are equally important for the enthusiasts. Both women and men get a chance to go in search of dance partners, and special dance floor rules apply.

Metrilaku

Unlike the word suggests (metri = a meter) laku (= liquorice), one piece is not one meter long but more like 70 cm. Metrilaku belongs to Finnish fairs and summer venues just as sure as grilled sausage with ketchup and mustard.



Mouse ears, as we call the first small birch leaves in May, the leaves will grow and change colour into a darker green towards June.

Picture: Veera Matikainen. Kesalahti, Finland

Susanna Haverinen



Roland

Fall in love with Warsaw

I would like to invite you for a walk through Warsaw. Close your eyes and let's go! We will start our journey in Old Town, where we can see birds and other stone animals, which decorate old houses. There is also a lion in the market and a bear in front of one of the churches. The legend says that once upon a time the last of them was a prince, who became a stone because of unrequited love. He is still waiting for his chosen one to save him with a kiss. We discover all these things moving through the great smells of Polish cuisine which issues from many restaurants. We can try such classics a roll with mushrooms, tubes with cream or ice creams. These taste great!



At that moment we are living Old Town and heading for Krakowskie Przedmieście. We pass Royal Palace and just next to the Zigmunt's Column we have a charming view on the eastern part of the city. When we are moving forward we pass historic churches and President's Palace. In Warsaw there are many great places, which are much better if you keep in mind that capital was an huge ruin. But now it is beautiful. Next stop on our trip is Palace of Culture and Science. Let's lift to the 30th floor. In the elevator we can meet lady, who's job is to ride up and down. On the 30 floor we can enjoy the view on all sides of the world. I have to say that's nice feeling. In our rocket (this is how the citizens of Warsaw call this building) we have the Museum of Technology. Exhibits connected with electronics, automotive and industry surprise and entertain. I have so many things to show you... Maybe let's go back near the Royal Palace. When it's getting dark it becomes a magical place and fountains park is turning in to the amazing show. So many lasers, coloured lights, water flows... Wow you must see it. We have one more thing to visit. It is the Copernicus Centre of Science and

planetarium. It can be shock for you, but visiting Centre for four hours is not enough to see all attractions. The numbers of experiments are enormous and my favorite is platform which imitate earthquake. It's creepy and amazing in the same time. In the planetarium you can feel as the captain of a space ship. Outside the Centre you can watch outdoor cinema. During the night you should take a walk on our lovely lighted bridges. Next to one of them is standing National Stadium, on which Euro 2012 matches were played. After such a long walk you could have a little adrenaline. Paintball in the old factory, riding go-karts, kayaks on the Vistula- your choice. All these things in my beloved city. Come and visit us, you'll love it too!

An interesting place in Warsaw is called "Łazienki królewskie". Beside the main entrance stands the world's most famous Fryderyk Chopin's monument. Because of the amazing plants and many animals, this garden is the favourite place for walking of Warsaw people. The palace standing on the island is one of the most beautiful and priceless relic of the classicism period. For me, the greatest thing about this garden is possibility of making picnics, swimming on the gondolas and watching peacocks running on the garden lawns.



These are the tubes of cream, you can buy them in every pastry shop and Café in the Old Town.



This is the Palace of Culture and Science, it is located on the Parade Square. Concerts, fairs, exhibitions and other events are organized here. Inside you can find a library, bookstores and universities.



Main attraction for the youngest is Warsaw Botanic Garden. Zoo is a wonderful and unique place. It's one of the last bastions for endangered species and also space of silence and peace

for people. In my opinion family trip to the zoo is a great lesson. I can learn amazing and fascinating things about animals from all over the world. The funniest place is the monkeys cage. I can watch different kinds of apes doing silly things for hours.



These are fountains. In the evening you can see shows, lasers, and other animations.



This is the Old Town Square.



The legend of Szapary Castle

In the centre of Múraszombat there is a beautiful castle, which was once owned by the Szapary family. At that time Count János was bringing up his little children György and Maria alone because his wife had died some time ago. After some years the Count got married again, but the children did not like their new stepmother.

Near the castle there lived a poor. The father was a shepherd and worked for the Count. Their only treasure was their son Peter.

In the evenings Maria often went for a walk because behind the castle. At the end of a path there was her mother's grave. One day as she was walking on the path, she saw a pond. When she arrived, she noticed a boy who was throwing stones into the lake. He was Peter. She went close to him, sat next to the boy, but they did not say any word for a long time. Finally Peter broke the silence. He told Maria that she was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. When Maria was looking into Peter's blue eyes she fell in love with him. From that evening on they met every day and each day a flower began to bloom on her mother's grave. They had been lovers for half a year when Maria told their love to his father but his father refused to accept it.

Maria became eighteen years old and his father told him in a tone which allowed no reply: 'You have to get married with Prince David.' She ran away, crying and crying. When Peter found her, she told him about her father wish. Maria wanted to run away with Peter but the boy rejected her idea. Peter was thinking about them and their love and said: 'You have to choose the Prince. I cannot provide such a life as the prince can.'

The day of the wedding arrived. Before the ceremony Maria went to her mother's grave and died of a broken heart. As Peter got to know what had happened to his love, he began to cry and was crying until he sank into a deep sleep and died, too. In his hand there was a piece of paper with a message, 'I will love you forever'. When the message was found, it crumbled into dust and the wind blew it, into the little pond. All of a sudden the lovers' pond changed into the pond of life. Maria's nurse hurried to the pond, drew water from it and gave some to the lovers. At that very moment Maria and Peter came to life again. The flowers on her mother's grave began to bloom and her father gave his blessing to the lovers.

They had a great wedding and lived happily ever after.





Outlaws in Nyíraczásád

In 2012 we celebrated the 700th anniversary of our village. Many events happen in a habitation within seven centuries. Our village was ravaged by the Tartars, commanded by the Turks. Its inhabitants were decimated by epidemics. Official records preserve these facts.

People have left more exciting and more interesting stories for us. The most famous and the most wide-spread legendary stories are about the world of outlaws.

There were good hiding-places for the outlaws in the surroundings of Nyíraczásád: the forest of Guth and the marshy territories. People thought that the outlaws did justice to poor peasants. They stole animals from rich people and then they shared them or sold them. They were respected as heroes and people helped them.

Though we haven't got authentic information about outlaws, we have to accept their personality as real because of the poems written about them.

The composition of an outlaw group:

- leader, he was the boss
- old boy, he was the right hand of the leader
- fighter, he had a good knowledge of brawl
- shooter, he was the best shooter
- dogcatcher, he got the dogs to be quiet while they stole the animals
- messenger, he brought the news

There are old outlaw names in our village: Brown, Angel, Rose and Wonder. My surname is Brown too.

There was an outlaw boy named Peter Brown who was hanged in 'Atsád' steppe. Many people think this Atsád is Nyíraczásád.

Among the outlaws the most famous and the most notorious was Alexander Rose. He had got distant relatives in Nyíraczásád. Old people say his brother, Emeric Rose is buried within the boundaries of Nyíraczásád.

One day he visited them when he was in runaway. He left his horse in the Botanical Garden. (His relatives' descendants live nearby nowadays.) He was unwilling to enter the house for food and drink, because he wasn't sure about how to escape. The family was surprised at his horse's horseshoes. They were put on inversely. He said: 'Nobody knows if I come or go.'

There are more stories about those events when he was in Zrínyi Street. One day he escaped by opening the roof of a house, because he was running away from the local police. In 1869 Alexander Rose was caught and sentenced to death. He lived in captivity for nine years. Then he died in the prison of Szamosújvár.

People in Nyíraczásád know many songs and poems about outlaws. Every summer we have an Outlaw Song Festival and Outlaw Days.

On these days old times are reborn: Today's 'outlaws' are wearing authentic clothes and weapons and are riding on horseback through the village. Many songs are sung about these popular heroes.

Anna Brown, Gabriella Pintye



Gabriella Pintye



Bea Macsi



What was happening in those days

It was the year 1947 when something unbelievable happened. A legend came into being that is still remembered by the old people. Stefan was walking home from the Lendava vineyards where he had drunk a cup or two. While thus walking, he passed the Black Forest, where he heard a strange murmur. He wondered how there could be wind in such lovely weather. Out of curiosity he went deeper into the forest, to see what was happening. Suddenly he saw a great light. It made the birch crowns even whiter. Then he saw the Virgin Mary. He was shocked and ran home in fear. He told his family about his adventure, but they did not really believe him, as he was not really sober. The next day, Stefan led the family into the Black Forest to show them the tree and Mary. However, they could not see her. Only the tree tops were shining in the sunlight. Most people believed that this story had only happened inside Stefan's head. Many made fun of him and said they had also seen something. But it wasn't the Virgin Mary, it was the donkey that she had once been riding. But destiny played another trick. Some months later, lightning struck into the very same tree. Thus more people believed in this legend. Some decades later, they built a small chapel and a monument near the tree.

But seeing the Virgin Mary was not the only supernatural thing that happened in the past days. In those days, many people believed in witches. They thought they were most active at night, especially when the men went home very late in the night.

One evening Janci was cycling home from his lover in Crensovci. It was midnight when the witches spotted him. They watched him for some time. When they saw that he was not completely sober, they grabbed him and his bike and threw him into a little river. He got out and ran home. He almost knocked the door to pieces and he scared his parents. Of course, he told them the whole story, also that he had left his bike in the river. In those times, a bike was a valuable thing that not everybody could afford and Janci's parents were really angry. This bike was a gift from his uncle in America. The next day they went and searched for the bike. They found it in the end, however, they did not find any proof that the witches had played a trick on Janci.

The witches were also often involved in different problems with the cattle. In the summer of 1938 the economic situation in our area was very hard. There was an economic crisis and the first to feel it were the farmers. Micka's husband Stefan was a wealthy farmer. He made a lot of money selling eggs. However, Micka and Stefan came into troubles when for a whole week none of the hens laid any eggs. They needed the money desperately because of their loan, so they had to act immediately. Micka found it strange that their neighbour Ana had so many eggs. Thus Micka accused Ana of witchcraft. At full moon Micka went to Ana's house and stole her washing rag. She burned it at midnight and smoked the hens with the smoke of this rag. Micka's expectations were fulfilled and for a couple of days, each of Micka's hens laid three eggs. Some believed that this didn't happen because of witchcraft. They believed that the hens got scared of the smoke and started to lay eggs, so that Micka would never smoke them again.

Lana Ritlop



Güzel konya

Babam, Konya'ya gidiyoruz, deyince ; “ Neden deniz ve plajı olan bir yere gitmiyoruz diye düşündüm.

Babamın söylediğini pekiştirmek istercesine,

“-inan Berilciğim Konya kadar güzel bir şehir göremezsin.” Dedi.

Babamın dediklerine inanasım gelmedi. Ama yapacak bir şey yoktu. Ailemle birlikte konya'ya doğru yola koyulduk. Yol boyu yüzüm hep sıktı. Arabadan indiğimde gözlerime inanmadım. Doğal bir güzellik benimleydi. Yemyeşil ve bakımlı bir şehirdeydim. Etrafımı seyrederken babam:

“Dünyanın en iyi düşünürünün yanına gitmeye ne dersin ?”dedi.

Babamın ne demek istediğini pek anlayamadım. Çok güzel tarihi bir yere geldik. Müze gibi bir yerdi. Şaşkınlığımı gizleyemedim.

“-Ooo ! Düşünürün evi ne kadar büyük .”dedim. Babam kahkahalarla güldü. O anada benim jeton düştü.

Öğretmenim bahsetmişti. Mevlana dünyanın en iyi düşünürlerinden biriydi. Hoşgörü onun en önemli özelliği.

Müzeyi gezdik. Evlana hakkında bilgiler edindim. Babasının yanına gömüldüğünü öğrendim. Her yer turist kaynıyordu. Müzeden çıktığımızda öğlen olmuştu.

“-Açıktım.” Dedim babama.

“-Etli ekme yiyelim o zaman .”dedi.

Bir lokantaya girdik. Ben ekmeğin içine te koyacaklar sandım. Ama öyle değildi. İncecik çıtır çıtır ekmeğin içinde domates, maydanoz ve kıyma vardı. Tadına bayıldım. Kendimi zorlayarak porsiyonumun hepsini bitirdim.

Akşam,

Babam :

“-Semazenlere gidelim.” Dedi. Anlamaz gözlerle babama baktım. Babam az sonra anlarsın der gibi baktı. Kendimi farklı bir ortamda buldum. Seyretmesi çok keyifliydi. Sağ eli gök yüzüne, sol eli yere bakıyordu.

Babam:

“-Semazenler ibadet ediyorlar .” deyince çok şaşırdım. Babam ibadet düşüncesiyle dönüyorlar diye ilave etti. İçim çok rahatladı. Yorgunluğum yok oldu gitti.

Semazenlerin gösterisi bitince otelimize döndük. Konya'ya gelmiş olmaktan dolayı çok mutlu oldum. Birde tatilde eğlenmek için deniz ve kumsal gerekmediğini öğrendim.

Tarihi ve doğal güzelliği barındıran Konya'yı görmekten çok mutlu oldum.

Umarım sizde gezersiniz Konya'yı...

Aybüke Gökçen Uysal

Beautiful Konya

When my father said that we were going to Konya, I thought, “Why are we not going to the sea and a beach?”

Perhaps my father wanted to reinforce his words, for he said,

“Believe me, my lovely Beril, you can’t see a city as beautiful as Konya”.

I wasn’t convinced by my father’s words. But I couldn’t do anything about it. We set off with my family to Konya. I was speechless the closer we got to Konya....

I couldn’t believe my eyes when I got out of the car. Natural beauty was all around me. It was a very green and stately city. I looked around. My father asked, “What about going to see the best philosopher in the world?”

I couldn’t understand what my father meant.

We came to a very beautiful historic place. It was like a museum. I couldn’t hide my astonishment.

“Wow! What a great philosopher’s house,” I said.

My father laughed loudly.

My teacher had mentioned him. Mevlana is one of the most important philosophers in the world. Tolerance was his most important concern.

We visited the museum. I learned a lot of things about Mevlana. I learned that he was buried beside his father. There were a lot of tourists around. When we left the museum, it was noon.

“I’m hungry,” I said to my father.

“Let’s eat meat with bread (Etli ekme),” he said.

We went to a restaurant. I supposed they would put some meat into a slice of bread, but it was nothing like that. There was some minced meat, some tomatoes, some parsley on a very thin slice of bread. It was very delicious. I ate it all.

In the evening, my father said, “Let’s go to the whirling dervishes.”

I looked blankly at my father’s face. His eyes said that I will understand in a few minutes.

I found myself in a different place. It was very enjoyable to watch them. They had their right hands to the sky, and their left to the ground.

When my father said that the whirling dervishes are praying, I was surprised.”They are whirling around with thoughts of worship,” my father added. I felt at ease. I forgot my fatigue.

When the whirling dervishes' ceremonies had finished, we went to our hotel. I was very happy to be in Konya. In fact, I was completely wrong about Konya. I was no longer prejudiced. I learned that holidays don’t necessarily mean sun and sand.

I was very happy to have seen the historical and natural beauties of Konya. I hope that some day you will visit Konya too.

Aybüke Gökçen Uysal



Elif'in ödevi

Merhaba, bugün öncelikle size kim olduğumu söylemeyeceğim. Zaten benim kim olduğumu öğreneceksiniz...

Çok uzun yıllardan beri yaşıyorum. Hatta milyonlarca yıl...

Ben var olduktan sonra üzerimde neler oldu neler. Şimdi tanımadığınız, adını bile bilmediğiniz hayvanlar yaşadı üzerimde. Çeşit çeşit ağaçlar, çiçekler, böcekler, sinekler... Dahası insanlar yaşaya geldi günümüze kadar. Savaşlar çıktı, sudan sebeplerle. Bazı milletler beni terk etmek zorunda kaldı. Sonra çok sonra Türkler geldi. Türklerin davranışları, inançları bir farklıydı. Üzerimde Selçuklu Devleti'ni kurdular. Beni de başkent yaptılar. Başkent olmanın güzelliğini doyasıya yaşadım. Her şehre nasip olmayacak bir ayrıcalıktı.

Derken Osmanlılar beni de sınırları içine aldılar. Başkent olmayı kaybetmişim ama bilim ve kültür şehri olmuşum. Nasıl olsa bir başkent her zaman başkentti. Ben de kültür başkenti olarak sonsuza kadar yaşayacaktım. Osmanlılar da dağıldı. Devletleri yıkıldı ama Türkler beni yine terk etmedi. Kurulan Türkiye Cumhuriyeti'nin önemli bir şehri olarak yaşamaya devam ediyorum.

Benim kim olduğumu anlamış olmalısınız artık. Adım Konya, ben Konya'yım. Üzerimde herkes huzur içerisinde yaşıyor. Nice tarihi olaylara şahitlik ettim. Efsaneleşmiş nice olaylar gördüm, geçirdim. Ha! Bir de Mevlana var. O benim her şeyim. O yüzden hoşgörür şehirylim.

Elif, öğretmenin verdiği Konya konulu ödevi bitirmişti. Ertesi gün sınıfta yazdıklarını okudu. Öğretmeni Elif'in yazdıklarını çok beğendi. Daha çok yazması gerektiğini tembihledi.

Polen Özdere

Elif's homework

Hello! First of all, I won't tell you who I am. Anyway you will learn who I am.

I have been living for many years, even thousands. After my birth, what happened? Animals that you've never heard of lived on me. Different kinds of trees, flowers, insects, flies..... Moreover people have survived until today. (Mankind has survived until today?) Unnecessary wars broke out. Some nations went into extinction. After a long time, the Turks came. Their behaviour and beliefs were different. They established the Seljuq Empire on me. They made me a capital city. I lived beauty of being a capital city entirely. (I had the honour of being a capital city.) It couldn't be safe in every city.

Just at that moment, the Ottoman Empire annexed me. I lost my title as capital city. But, I became a city of culture and science. Anyway, a capital city is always a capital city. I will always live as a cultural city too. The Ottoman Empire fell. But the Turks didn't leave me. I became an important city in the established Turkish Republic.

You may recognize me now. My name is Konya. I'm Konya. Everybody on me lives in peace. I acted as a witness to several historic events. I experienced a lot of which became legendary. Well, there is also Mevlana. He is everything to me. Therefore I'm a city of tolerance.

When Elif had finished her homework, about Konya, she gave it to her teacher. The next day, she read her homework out in class. Her teacher liked Elif's homework very much. The teacher recommended that Elif write a lot.

Polen Özdere



Leyla'nın Konya gezisi

Aylardan Hazirandı. Okullar henüz tatil olmuştu. Leyla karmakarışık duygular içindeydi. Okulların tatil olmasına sevinirken, öğretmen ve arkadaşlarından bir süreliğine olsa yarı kalacağına üzülüyordu.

Sıcak bir Pazar akşamında, anne ve babasıyla birlikte oturuyordu. Konu dönüp dolaşp tatilde nereye gidileceğine geldi. Leyla her sene olduğu gibi deniz kenarına gitmeyi düşünmüyordu. Masum bir kedi bakışıyla babasına döndü :

“-Babacığım, bu yıl tarihi güzellikleri olan bir yere gidelim.” dedi.

Leyla'nın anne ve babası birbirlerine bakıp kaldılar. Leyla'nın bu isteğinin nedenini bile sormadan, babasının teklifi geldi.

“-Konya'ya gitmeye ne dersin ?”

Leyla babasının teklifine sevinç çılgınlıkları ile cevap verdi.

“- Evet! Evet! “

Leyla Konya'yı görecek olmanın sevinciyle yerinde duramadı. Biran önce Konya'ya gitmeyi istiyordu. Belgesellerde gördüğü yerleri görecek olmanın heyecanını yaşadı.

Babası Hasan Bey :

“-Haftaya Konya'ya gidiyoruz. ”dedi.

Annesi hazırlıklara başlarken Leyla internetten Konya ile ilgili araştırmalarına devam etti.

Bir hafta sonra...

Altı buçuk saat süreceK Konya yolculuğu, Kütahya garından başaldı. Tren raylarının çıkardığı seslere, Konya hayali eşlik etti. Yolculuğun ne zaman geçtiğini anlamadan kendilerini kalacakları otelde buldular.

Biraz dinlenmenin sonunda Konya'da yaşayan akrabalarını ziyaret ettiler. Babası akraba ziyaretinin önemini ve dindeki yerini anlatan cümleleri kulağında Mevlana Türbesine

(müze) gittiler. Yeşil kubbe ve müzedeki eski eşyalar Leyla'nın dikkatini çekti. Mevlana'nın yaşadığı dönemdeki elbiseler ne kadar farklıydı. Biran kendini o yıllarda hissetti. Annesi Hatice Hanım'ın

“-Hadi gidiyoruz.” uyarısıyla kendine geldi. Türbedeki manevi hava onu rahatlatmış ve Konya'ya olan sevgisi artmıştı.

Babası Hasan Bey:

“Şimdi Sille'ye gidiyoruz. “dedi.

Leyla gördükleri karşısında etkilendiğini gizlemiyordu. Tekrar gitmek hatta defalarca Mevlana'nın manevi huzurunda bulunmayı düşünüyordu.

Konya'nın yerleşim alanının bittiği yerde Sille başlıyordu. Tarihti, tarih ötesiydi. Yüzyıllar öncesi kültürün eserleri birlikteydi. Çok önemli kiliselerle, camiler yan yanaydı. Sille'deki mağaralara girdiler. Sonrada doğru Sille barajına. Tarihi ve tabii güzellikleri birarda doyasıya yaşadılar.

Artık dinlenmek için otele gitme zamanıydı. Leyla yeni günde göreceklerinin merakıyla gittiği uykusunu Mevlana Türbesi süsledi.

Yol uzadıkça uzadı. Bazen bir yılan gibi kıvrıldı. Yol kenarındaki camiler dikkatini çekti. Ne kadar çoktu? Birde yol kenarındaki çeşmelerden buz gibi akan sular çok güzeldi. Nihayet karşısında kocaman masmavi Beyşehir gölü uzanıyordu. Bu büyüklükte başka bir su gölünü olmadığını babasından öğrendi. Balıkçıların tuttuğu balıklara baktı uzun süre. Sazan, Levrek ve adını bilmediği balıklar vardı.

Öğle yemeği balıktı. Lezzeti ve tadına doyum olmuyordu. Yolcu vapuru ile gezi etkileyiciydi. Göl içindeki adalar görülmeye değerdi doğrusu. Beyşehir'deki Eşrefoğlu camii son ziyaret yeri oldu.

Bir sonra ki gün..

Alaattin Tepesinde başladı. Camiler, müzeler, türbeler ve medreseler derken gün akşam oldu. Konya'nın gezilecek çok yeri varmış diye mırıldandı.

“-Hele Meram “ dedi annesi. Babası hasan bey iplikçi camisindeki sütunlara takıldı kaldı.

Yemek mi? Tabi ki etliekmek...

Kütahya'ya dönmek için yola çıkarken Leyla çok mutluydu. Bir başka sefere tekrar Konya'ya gelmek düşüncesiyle yolculuk sürdü.

Zeynep Özcan

Leyla's Konya trip

It was June. School had just been let out. Leyla had mixed feelings. She was very happy because of the holiday, but at the same time she was also sad because she wouldn't see her teacher and her friends for a while.

On a hot Sunday evening, she was sitting with her mother and father on the balcony. The subject kept harping on holiday. Leyla didn't think about going on holiday by the sea that year as they normally did. She turned to her father and looked at him like an innocent child.

“Daddy, this year, let's go to a historical and beautiful place,” Leyla said.

Leyla's mother and father were nonplussed. They didn't even ask for the reason behind her desire. Her father offered, “What about going to Konya?”

Leyla answered her father's offer with a cheer.

“Yes! Yes..”

Leyla was so excited to see Konya. She had always wanted to go to Konya. She was excited because she could see the places she had seen in documentaries.

Her father, Hasan Bey, said, “Next week we will go to Konya.”

When her mother started to prepare for the holiday, Leyla went online to do some research on Konya.

A week later...

The trip started from Kütahya train station and it took six and a half hours. Her excitement for Konya accompanied the sound of the rails. They couldn't understand how the journey ended. (They couldn't believe how quickly the journey was over.) They found themselves in

front of the hotel. They rested for a while and then they visited their relatives who were living in Konya. They went to the Mevlana museum during which her father's voice spoke of the importance of visiting relatives and of religion. She was interested in the green tomb and old things in the museum. Mevlana's clothes were very different. It seemed like she was living in that time period. She was once again in the 21st century when she heard her mother's voice, "Let's go." She was relaxed because of the spiritual atmosphere. Her love for Konya increased.

Her father, Hasan Bey, said, "Now, we are going to Sille".

Leyla did not disguise how impressed she was by Konya. She wanted to go to the Mevlana museum again and again.

They reached the first buildings of Sille. They comprised all ages of history. Throughout the centuries, historical artifacts were brought together. The most important churches and mosques were together. They visited the caves in Sille. After that they went to the Sille dam. They experienced both natural beauty and history at the same time.

Time to go to the hotel to rest. Leyla had wonderful dreams.

The next day, they decided to go to Beyşehir. The road got longer. Sometimes it snaked along. At the side of the roads, there were a lot of small mosques. Drinking from fountains at the side of the road was very wonderful. At the end of the day, they saw the large blue Beyşehir Lake. Leyla learned from her father that there wasn't fresh water lake such a large. (Leyla learned from her father that it was the largest freshwater lake.) She watched the fisherman and caught fish for a while. There were carp, sea bass and also fish that she didn't recognize. They ate fish for lunch. It was very delicious. The boat trip was very impressive. The islands of roses were spectacular. The Eşrefoğlu Mosque was the last place they visited. Leyla was very happy because of this trip.

The next day....

In the morning they started from Alaeddin Hill. They visited mosques, museums, tombs and madrasas in the evening. She murmured, "There are a lot of places to visit."

"Especially Meram", said her mother.

Lunch? Etlı ekmeđ, of course!

Leyla was very happy when they went back to Kütahya. She decided to come back to Konya another time.

Zeynep Özcan



Am Samstag beim Untern Wirt

(Eine altbayerische Außensicht-Innensicht-Geschichte)

Am Samstagabend, gleich nach der Stallarbeit, trifft sich der Sepp mit seinen Spezln Hansi, Karl und Franz beim Untern Wirt. Dort sind sie natürlich als Stammgäste bekannt. Mit der Zigarett'n im Mund hockt dann der Sepp beim Bier – man kennt ihn nicht anders. Und wie immer hat er's faustdick hinter den Ohrwaschl und den Kopf voller Witz' und Flausen. Der Hansi, der schon nicht mehr ganz nüchtern ist, schließlich hat er schon die dritte Mass, wettet mit dem Franz immer um ein paar Markl. Meistens geht es um ein Thema wie: „Wetten, du schaffst es nicht, zwei Mass innerhalb von zwei Minuten auszutrinken.“ Da brauchen sich die Herrschaften nicht zu wundern, wenn sie dann am nächsten Tag nicht aus den Federn kommen und das kreuzbrave Eheweib vielleicht ein bisserl laut wird. Den Karl, unsern Jüngsten und Schüchternsten, hätten wir fast ganz vergessen. Natürlich hat auch er schon seine guten sechzig Jahre auf dem Buckel, aber um ihn muss man sich besonders kümmern, denn seine Frau daheim hat ein bisserl die Haare auf den Zähnen und meistens hängt der Hausseggen schief. Und deshalb ist der Karl froh, wenn er samstagabends beim Untern Wirt sitzen kann.

Wie immer ist die Wirtsstube voller Zigarettenrauch, fast nicht zum Aushalten. Aber dem Sepp ist das wurscht und er zündet sich noch eine an. Was wird er wohl diesmal seiner Alten sagen, warum er erst so spät nach Hause kommt? Die wird auf ihre alten Tage auch immer ekelhafter und fangt wegen jeder Kleinigkeit einen Streit an, wo es doch sein gutes Recht ist, nach der harten Bauernarbeit am Samstagabend ein, zwei Mass zu trinken. Am besten wird's sein, denkt sich der Sepp, er sagt, dass seinem Bauern eine Sau verreckt ist und dass sie's haben notschlachten müssen. Das dauert halt seine Zeit, bis in die Nacht hinein. Ob sie's aber glaubt, seine Theres? Wahrscheinlich nicht – außer vielleicht er bringt am nächsten Tag eine dicke Blutwurst mit. Die gibt's zur Not beim Metzger. Da wird ihm gleich wohler, dem Sepp, und er lacht und juxt und trinkt weiter mit seinen Spezln. Schließlich schlägt er ein Kartenspiel vor und die andern sind gleich mit dabei. Der Sepp hofft natürlich auf einen guten Gewinn, schon wegen der Unkosten mit der Blutwurst. Wenn doch die Theres auch Bier trinken und Karten spielen tät, denkt sich der Sepp. Dann gäb's gleich nicht mehr so viel Streit. Denn wo er nun schon mal auf den Siebziger zugeht, mag er nicht immer wieder die alten leidigen Sachen debattier'n.

Nadine Herod

Natalie Schießl



Saturday night at the Lower Inn

(A story of two perspectives from old rural Bavaria)

Right after working in the barn on Saturday evening, Sepp got together with his mates Hansi, Karl, and Franz in the Lower Inn. Of course, everyone knows they're regulars there. With a cigarette in his mouth, Sepp settled in with a beer – that's just how he's always been. And as always, he's a sly old dog with a head full of jokes and nonsense. Hansi who isn't exactly sober anymore, after all, he's just had his third litre of beer, always bets Franz a couple of marks. Usually the bets are things like, "Bet you can't drink two litres of beer in two minutes." No one would be surprised if the next day, the two of them were unable to get out of bed, and if the good Christian wife raised her voice. We almost completely forgot about Karl, the youngest and the shyest amongst us. Of course, he already has sixty years under his belt, but we have to take extra care of him, because his wife has a bit of a sharp tongue, and most of the time they bicker. And that is why Karl is happy when he can sit at the Lower Inn on Saturday nights.

As usual there's a horrible stench of cigarette smoke in the air, but Sepp doesn't care and he lights himself another fag. What could he tell his dear wife as an excuse for coming home so late tonight? Somehow she's getting nastier and nastier in her old age and starts quarrelling for no reason at all. Isn't it his good human right to drink one or two litres of beer after all the week's hard farm work? It might be the best, Sepp thinks, if I told her that all of a sudden one of the farmer's pigs had been dying, so they had to do some forced slaughter. This, of course, takes its time until late into the night. But will she believe it, his dear wife Theres? Probably not, unless perhaps if he gives her a big blood sausage from the pig. He can get it at the butcher's, if need be. Having come across this idea, Sepp feels much better and he laughs, cracks his jokes and goes on drinking with his mates. Finally he suggests a game of cards,

and all the others readily agree. Of course, Sepp hopes to win, because he will have to pay for the blood sausage. It would be much better if Theres, too, liked drinking beer and playing cards. Then they wouldn't quarrel that much any more. Because now that Sepp is approaching his seventies he is sick and tired of going through those old quarrels again and again.

Nadine Herod

Natalie Schießl



Sepperl und Peppi

(Kindheit auf dem Lande früherzeiten, dargestellt in einer Außensicht-Innensicht-Geschichte)

Dem Sepperl und seiner Schwester, der Peppi, ist langweilig, sterbenslangweilig sogar. Heute ist der erste Ferientag. Sie haben der Mutter beim Himbeerpflanzen im Garten geholfen und nun soll es Obstkuchen geben. Aber wie lang ist doch so eine Backzeit von einer guten halben Stunde! „Und dass ihr mir ja nicht aus Neugier vorher die Backröhre aufmacht’s“, hat sie die Mutter extra noch ermahnt. „Sonst fällt der Kuchen z’samm und ihr kriegt’s was auf die Finger.“ Zwischendurch was spielen, dazu haben sie auch keine Lust. Denn Peppi hält von Sepperls Spielideen überhaupt nicht viel. Der Bruder ist ja auch erst sechs, also ein ganzes Jahr jünger. Und so lutscht der Sepperl halt am Daumen und stiert ins Leere. Ob nicht gar die Schul’ manchmal lustiger wär’ als die fade Kuchl? Und die Peppi macht ein Gesicht voller Grant. Die Hände bleiben trotzig verschränkt. Am liebsten würde sie einschlafen, wenn sie nicht gar so sauer wär.

„Noch ganze zehn Minuten!“, denkt sich Peppi und überlegt, ob sie nicht doch einen Blick in die Backröhre riskieren soll. Was soll schon groß passier’n? Was die Mama sagt, muss doch auch nicht jedes Mal stimmen. Noch eine weitere Minute kämpft Peppi gegen die Neugier. Auf einmal kann sie den Duft des Kuchens riechen, so dass ihr Magen knurrt. Nun zählt sie schon die Sekunden, versucht sich abzulenken und nicht dran zu denken, wie gut der Kuchen da drin im Ofen sein muss.

Magdalena Konieczny



Sepperl and Peppi

(A story of two perspectives from a traditional rural Bavarian childhood)

Sepperl and his sister, Peppi, are bored, bored to death in fact. Today is the first day of their holidays. They helped their mother with raspberry picking in the garden, and now there should be fruitcake. But waiting a half hour has never felt so long! “And make sure you don’t open the oven early out of curiosity”, said their mother as an extra precaution. “Otherwise the cake will collapse and you’ll get a slap on the wrist.” They also had no desire to play a game to pass the time, because Peppi doesn’t quite like Sepperl’s games. After all, her brother is only six, and a whole year younger. And so, Sepperl sucks on his thumbs and stares off into space. Is school sometimes more interesting than the boring living room? And Peppi makes a sour face. The hands remain defiantly crossed. Ideally, she would be asleep, if she weren’t so angry.

“It will be ten more minutes”, Peppi thinks. Shouldn’t she risk a quick glance into the oven, after all? Could it do that much harm? What Mummy says needn’t be the absolute truth all the time. Peppi goes on fighting curiosity for one more minute. All of a sudden she has the sweet smell of the cake in her nose and her stomach begins to rumble. To pass the time Peppi starts counting the seconds and she tries not to think about how good the cake baking in the oven will taste in the end.

Magdalena Konieczny

Chapter 3: Stories based on visits to partner countries

Comenius meeting in Germany



Historia Benedykta

Kiedy zwiedzaliśmy Bogen słyszałam różne historie tego miasteczka i jego okolic. Ale kiedy nasz przewodnik Alfons powiedział zbliżamy się do Klasztoru w Oberalteich poczułam, że spotka mnie tam coś niezwykłego.

Nagle stanęliśmy w bramach klasztoru. Budowla z zewnątrz niby taka jak inne. Nic nadzwyczajnego, ale podchodząc bliżej poczułam dziwny powiew. Miałem wrażenie, że ktoś mnie obserwuje. Ostrożnie wszedłem do środka, nagle zakręciło mi się w głowie. Ktoś mnie przytrzymał. Podniosłem oczy i spotkałem się z oczami jakiś rzeźby. Kto to? – pomyślałem. W tle słyszałem historie, w tamtej chwili nie wiedziałem o kim. Figura z wejścia głównego ciągle na mnie patrzyła, jakby chciał mi coś przekazać. Zacząłem wiązać fakty historia i rzeźba. Tak ten gość, który wpatrywał się w moje szeroko otwarte oczy - to święty Benedykt. To on chciał mi przekazać historię swojego pobytu w tym Klasztorze. Stałem pod jego ołtarzem i skupiony słuchałem opowieści.

Niedaleko od pustelni Benedykta znajdował się klasztor. Po śmierci przełożonego zakonnicy obrali jego następcą Benedykta. Ponieważ jednak klasztor nie cieszył się najlepszą sławą, Święty przyjął ten urząd dopiero po długim naleganiu. Nie trwało długo, a zakonnicy zaczęli żalować swego wyboru, gdyż Benedykt z całą surowością przestrzegał reguły zakonnej i dobrych obyczajów, czego oni nie byli zwyczajni. Wkrótce za namową szatana postanowili go zabić. Postawili więc przed nim podczas obiadu kielich wina zaprawionego trucizną. Gdy Benedykt pobłogosławił wino, kielich pękł. Z pękniętego kielicha wyłonił się wąż, który jest symbolem szatana. Benedykt przepędził szatana. Następnie, zawołał wszystkich zakonników i powiedział: "Bracia mili, co chcieliście uczynić! Wszakże wam mówiłem, że moje obyczaje z waszymi się nie zgodzą; szukajcie sobie przeto innego przełożonego, gdyż mnie mieć nie możecie. Niechaj was Bóg ma w swojej opiece". Opuściwszy klasztor, pozostawił trucieli i udał się na swe pierwotne miejsce i znowu wiódł surowe życie pustelnicze.

Przyznajcie sami smutna historia. Benedykt chciał im pomóc. Co prawda był surowy, ale zarówno wobec siebie, jak i mnichów. Nie zasłużył na taką karę, ani też podstęp jaki wymyśli zakonnicy.

Wokół zapanowała straszna cisza. Benedykt nadal na mnie patrzył, ale jego wzrok był już inny, taki spokojny i cierpliwy. Czułem, że jest zadowolony, że poznałem jakiegoś historyka. Chociaż przez chwile mogłem poczuć to co on, a może oczekiwał, że coś skomentuje. Ja tylko spoglądałem w jego oczy i podziwiałem go za odwagę, silną wolę w przestrzeganiu twardych zasad.

Jeszcze przez chwile stałem nieruchomo przed figurą Benedykta, wyobrażałem sobie tego węża wyłaniającego się z kielicha, ale siła wiary Benedykta była większa niż ten okropny gad.

Gdy już opuszczaliśmy klasztor uświadomiłem sobie, że to wcale nie św. Benedykt opowiadał mi tę historię, a był to nasz przewodnik Alfons. Alfons opowiadał z entuzjazmem o benedyktyńskiej regule, a mnie wydawało się, że to sam Benedykt do mnie przemówił.

Przygoda z Bogen zakończyła się. Naśladowców św. Benedykta można znaleźć wszędzie np. w Warszawie. Był wielki, bo mimo upływu lat jego kult nadal żyje i wielu ówczesnych zakonników go naśladuje i przestrzega jego reguł.

Jego historia z klasztoru w Oberalteich na długo zostanie w mojej pamięci. Myślę, że powinniście zobaczyć ten klasztor, bo przeżyjecie tam niesamowite wrażenia. No dobrze już kończę, ale zamknijcie oczy i co widzicie pęknięty kielich Benedykta z trucizną. Ja tak. Mam wrażenie jak bym tam był i to wszystko widział na własne oczy.

Mateusz Sulima



Benedict's story

When we were visiting Bogen, I heard various stories about this city and its surroundings. But when our guide Alfons told us that we are approaching monastery in Oberalteich I felt that something unusual will happen to me. We suddenly stood in monastery's gates. The building from outside looked like many others. Nothing unusual, but coming closer I felt very strange

breeze. I had an impression that somebody was watching me. I went inside very carefully and my head was spinning. Somebody grabbed my arm. I stared up and I faced any sculpture's eyes. Who was that? I thought. I heard stories in the background and at this moment i did not know about whom. The sculpture from the main entrance was staring at me all the time as if it wanted to tell me something. I started to refer to the facts: the story and the sculpture. Yes, this guy that was staring at my wide open eyes was the Saint Benedict. He wanted to tell me the story of his stay in this monastery. I stood in front of his altar and focused I listened to a story.

There was monastery not far from Benedict's hermitage. After the death of a superior the monks chose Benedict for the successor. Saint accepted their choice after long insistence, because the monastery was held in disrepute. It did not last long when the monks started to regret their choice, because Benedict very strictly obeyed the rules and good customs what the rest of the monks were not used to. Soon talked into by satan they decided to kill him. They put in front of him a poisoned wine goblet during lunch . When Benedict blessed the wine, the goblet broke. From the broken goblet a snake appeared that is symbol of satan. Benedict chased away satan. Later on he called all the monks and said "Brothers, what did you want to do! I told you that my customs are not in line with yours. Find yourself another superior, because I am not at your service anymore. Heaven help you". Leaving the monastery he left poisoners too and headed to his place where he lived his strict life.

You can admit yourself it is a sad story. Benedict wanted to help them. He was strict both for himself and for the monks. He did not deserve such a punishment and a trick invented by the monks.

There was a horryfying silence around. Benedict was still watching me, but his gaze was something different, so calm and patient. I felt that he was satisfied to make me know his story. I could feel for a moment what he felt and perhaps he awaited me to comment on this. I looked at his eyes and admired him for his courage, strong will in obeying strict rules.

I stood still for a moment in front of Benedict's sculpture imagining this snake from the goblet but Benedict's power of faith was far larger than this awful reptile.

When we were leaving monastery I made myself clear that was not Saint Benedict who told me this story but our guide Alfons. Alfons narrated with enthusiasm about Benedict's rule and it seemed to me that Benedict himself addressed me.

The adventure in Bogen came to an end. Imitators of Saint Benedict you can find all over the place for example in Warsaw. He was great, because his cult is still alive and many of the monks pretend to be like him and obey his rules.

His story from monastery in Oberalteich will stay for a long time on my mind. I think you shoul visit this monastery, because you will experience there unusual impressions. It is almost

over but close your eyes and what can you see: broken Benedict's goblet with poison. I can. I am under impression as if I was there and saw this all with my own eyes.

Mateusz Sulima



Bogen Bert'te muhteşem gezi

Sabah erkenden uyanmış yanında kaldığım ailenin mutfağına yönelmişim. Onlar çoktan kahvaltıyı hazırlamışlardı. Önce elimi yüzümü yıkadım ve kahvaltıya oturdum. Arkadaşım Josephine'yle üzerimizi giyinip durağına gittik. Ardından okul servisine binip okula doğru yola çıktık. Beni okulda Türkiye'den birlikte geldiğim öğretmenim ve arkadaşlarım bekliyordu. Onlarla ve diğer guruplarla birlikte Bogen Berg Tepesine doğru yola çıktık.

Bogen Berg Tepesi eğimli ve dik olduğu için arayla çıkmamız zordu. Bu nedenle bizde yürüyerek çıkmaya karar verdik. Yolda giderken bir kilise gördüm. Terk edilmiş ve eskiydi. Ardından yolumuza devam ettik. HZ. isa'yı anlatan taşlar dikkatimi çekti. Onunla ilgili bir olay bölüm bölüm taşlara işlenmişti ve tepeye varınca son buluyordu. Bir süre yürüdükten sonra tepeye vardık. Tuna Nehri'nin manzarası harika görünüyordu. Nehrin birkaç fotoğrafını çektikten sonra ağaç ve çiçeklerin içinden geçerek kilisenin yanındaki müzeye vardık. Müzede Bogen Berg'in ve eski yaşamın Tarihi'yle ilgili kalıntılar vardı. Onları inceledikten sonra kiliseye yöneldik. Kilise çok güzel ve görkemliydi .Ziyaretçilerle birlikte kiliseyi gezmeye başladık. Kilise eskiydi. Biz kiliseyi gezdik. Hristiyanlar buraya gelerek hacı oluyorlardı .Burada yaşayan insanlar çok şanslıydı. Çünkü Tuna Nehri'nin müthiş manzarası karşısında bu güzel kiliseye her zaman gelme şansları vardı. Kilisede mum direğine sarılmış çok uzun ve ağır mumlar gördük. Olağan üstü bir güçle taşınarak buraya koymuşlardı. Duvarda ki resimlerde çok güzeldi. Kilisenin duvarlarında onlarca resim vardı. Bu dini resimleri insanlar kendi istekleriyle bağışlamışlardı. Oradan yan taraftaki bir odaya gittik. Odada yüzlerce mum vardı. İnsanlar birer tane mum yakıp dilek tutuyorlardı. Bende bu güzel manzarayı fotoğrafladım.

Gezi bittikten sonra hep birlikte mola vermek için bir kafeteryaya gittik. Herkes bir masaya oturmuştu. Bende arkadaşlarımla ve öğretmenlerimle bir masaya oturdum. Birlikte kahve siparişi verdik. Tuna Nehri'nin ve sevimli uğur böceklerinin içinde kahvemizi yudumladık. Burada yaşamak müthiş olmalıydı. Bu manzara karşısında ve uğur böceklerinin arasında kim ibadet edip yaşamak istemezdi ki? Her yerimize şirin uğur böcekleri kondu. Yeşil doğanın ve Tuna Nehri manzarasında kahvelerimizi bitirdik ve artık ailelerimize gitme zamanımız geldi. Ağaçların müthiş manzarasıyla ormandan aşağıya yürüyüş yaptık. Güneş yavaş yavaş batıyordu. Meydanda toplanıp ailelerimize dağıldık. Biz orada yabancı ailelere vermişlerdi. Arkadaşımla ve babasıyla eve geldik. Bir şeyler yedikten sonra oyunlar oynadık. Şu an günlüğümü yazıyorum. Bu müthiş yeri ve manzarayı hiç unutmayacağım...

A wonderful trip to Bogenberg

I woke up in the morning and went to the kitchen. They had already prepared the breakfast. Firstly I washed my face and hands and then joined with them in the breakfast. My friend , Joshepin , and I put on our dress and went to the bus stop. After that we got on the school bus and set out to school. My friend and my teachers who came here with me were waiting me at school. We set out to Bogenberg Hill with them and the other groups.

Bogenberg Hill was very steep and sloping. Therefore we couldn't go there by car. So we decided to go up on foot. While we were walking up to the hill, I saw a church. It was forsaken and old. After we went on walking to the Hill. I drew attention old stones which were telling Jesus. An event which is related with Jesus is embroidered on the stones section

by section and it was ending at the top of hill. After we walked for a while, we arrived the top of the hill. The scenery of Danube was looking wonderful. After we took a few photos of Danube, we passed through trees and flowers and we arrived the museum which is near by the church. In the museum there were lots of things about old lives and history of Bogenberg. After we examined them we went towards to the Church. The church was very beautiful and magnificent. We visited the museum with the other visitors. The church was old. When Christians came here, they became pilgrim. The people who live here are very lucky. Because they have chance to come to this church which has wonderful Danube scenery? In the church we saw very long poles which are wrapped with wax. They were very heavy. They were put and carried with extraordinary power to here. The pictures on the walls were wonderful. There were lots of pictures on the walls of the church. People donated these religious pictures to the church voluntarily. After we went to the other room next to this. There were hundreds of waxes. People lighted candles and made a wish. I took photos of this interesting place.

After tiring trip we went to the cafeteria. Everybody found a table for themselves. I sat a table with my friends and my teachers. We ordered coffee. We looked at Danube and sipped our coffee. Everywhere there were a lot of ladybugs. They were wonderful. Living here should be wonderful. Looking at this scenery and living among these ladybugs and pray with these who doesn't want to live with these? Cute ladybugs landed on everywhere of our body. We finished our coffee with wonderful scenery and cute ladybugs. And it was time to go to our host families. We walked down through trees. At the end of the road we joined with host families. With my friend and her father went back home together. After eating something, we played games with her. Now I'm writing my diary. I never forget this wonderful trip and scenery.

Polen Özdere



The Hermit of Bogen

A long time ago a Benedictine monk lived in the middle of a little forest near a village.

The people often laughed at him because of his simple life and clothes. However, they feared him, too, and usually avoided him. At that time the monk moved deeper into the forest where he made friends with every animal.

He began to build a little hut. As he needed some timber, he went to cut down trees. After a short walk he found the biggest tree and began to fell it. While working he did not notice the animal trap next to him and in an unguarded moment he stepped into the trap and his leg became entangled in the tree. The axe in his hand began to swing and it went into his nose. He screamed with pain, even the grazing sheep in the neighbouring meadow were scattered in all directions when they heard it.

The shepherd got his crook and ran after the sheep. When he got to the forest, he noticed the hermit hanging on the tree with the axe in his nose. The shepherd rushed to the tree, cut off the hermit from the tree and pulled the axe out of his nose. The next moment the hermit began to shout with pain and said, 'It was so painful what you were doing!' The shepherd got mad at hearing these words because he had just wanted to help before getting back his sheep. 'Stop shouting!' he said angrily. 'If you don't, I will put the axe back into its place.'

At this the hermit remained silent but he wanted to show that he was grateful to the shepherd. Although he was scared he began to summon the sheep because he was the friend of every animal.

As soon as the sheep had been gathered, he went back to the wood. The shepherd was sorry for the hermit so he and some people from the village decided to build a shelter which became a Benedictine monastery later.



Beatrix Macsi



V Bognu

Vsako leto se naša šola udeleži raznih projektov. Tudi letos je tako. Eden izmed takih projektov je tudi projekt Comenius, v katerem je naša šola sodelovala že kar nekajkrat. Prvo srečanje letos je bilo v Bognu v Nemčiji. Za udeležbo na tem srečanju sva bili izbrani jaz in moja sošolka. To nama je dalo dodatno motivacijo in voljo za učenje tujega jezika angleščine in učenja na splošno. Zadnji teden pred odhodom nisva odštevali samo dnevov temveč tudi ure. Končno je napočil dan odhoda. Obe s sošolko sva bili pri šoli že zelo zgodaj, da sva se poslovili od vseh na šoli. Usedli sva se v avtomobil in se z dvema učiteljema odpeljali dogodivščinam naproti. Naša prva postaja je bila na Dunaju kjer smo imeli odlično kosilo, ki nam ga je pripravila sorodnica naše učiteljice. Po okrepčilu smo se odpeljali do letališča, oddali kovčke in si ogledali letališko poslopje. Prosti čas na letališču je minil zelo hitro, saj sva obe s sošolko komaj čakali let. Vkrkali smo se na letalo. Za naju s sošolko je bila to vznemirljiva izkušnja, saj sva obe leteli prvič. Med letom so nas postregli s sendvičem in pijačo. Kar naenkrat se je letalo začelo spuščati, namreč prispeli smo v München. Tam je bilo letališče še večje. Vzeli smo naše kovčke in se počasi odpravili na drugi konec letališča, kjer nas je pričakal učitelj Alfons in učenci ter učitelji iz Poljske. Počakati smo morali le še učence in učitelje iz Turčije. Vendar jih ni in ni bilo iz letala, zato smo se odpravili na avtobusno postajo, kjer pa se nam je avtobus odpeljal pred nosom. Torej nam preostalo drugega, kot da smo počakali naslednji avtobus. Ta nas je odpeljal do železniške postaje, od koder smo se odpeljali z vlakom. Čakala nas je samo še naša zadnja postaja. In to je bila železniška postaja v Bognu, kjer so nas pričakali naši gostitelji. Z njimi smo se najprej na kratko spoznali in odpeljali v naš novi dom. Po prihodu domov sem se takoj odpravila spat, saj je bil za mano res dolg in naporen dan. Naslednji dan smo morali vstati zares zgodaj in se z gostitelji odpraviti v šolo. Tam nas je najprej učitelj Alfons vse lepo pozdravil in nam razkazal šolo. Na to smo se z tamkajšnjimi učenci odpravili k pouku. Sledilo je kosilo in pohod na bližnji hrib Bogenberg. Za nas štiri, s tem mislim mene, sošolko, učiteljico in učitelja, ki nismo navajeni hribov, je bil to precejšen zalogaj. Na vrhu Bogenberga je bil razgled zares enkraten. Ogledali smo si muzej Bogna in cerkev. Po poti po hribu navzdol smo se ustavili v restavraciji in si privoščili sladoled ali pa topel čaj. Ob vznožju hriba so nas pričakali naši gostitelji. Ob prihodu v naš začasni dom smo imeli malo več časa, da se bolje spoznamo z našimi gostitelji. To noč smo bili zelo dolgo pokonci, zato je bilo naslednje jutro še težje vstati. Tudi v petek smo se pripeljali v šolo z našimi gostitelji, se peš odpravili do mestne hiše, kjer smo se spoznali z tamkajšnjim županom. Naredili smo tudi skupinsko fotografijo.

Po končanem obisku pri županu, smo se s vlakom odpeljali v Straubing. Ker smo pa že bili zelo lačni, smo opravili kosilo v grški restavraciji Delphi. Imeli smo tudi nekaj prostega časa za nakupovanje. Proti večeru smo se spet z vlakom odpeljali nazaj v Bogen k našim gostiteljem. Sledila je sobota, ki mi poleg nedelja bila najboljši dan. V soboto smo namreč šli v Pasau. Zjutraj smo se dobili na železniški postaji in se skupaj odpeljali v Pasau. Nato smo se peš sprehodili do cerkve, v kateri smo kasneje poslušali orgelski koncert. Tudi ta dan smo imeli prosti čas, ki pa smo ga skoraj vsi porabili za nakupovanje. Pa odličnega kosila v restavraciji ob reki Donavi ne smem pozabiti. Najbolj zanimiva stvar tega dne pa je bila zagotovo vožnja po reki Donavi. Tudi ta dan se je počasi približal koncu in že je bil čas, da se odpeljemo nazaj k našim gostiteljem.

Nedelja je bila dan, ki smo ga celega preživeli z našimi gostitelji. Jaz in moja gostiteljica sva se najprej najedli, uredili nato pa se z družino odpravili na izlet. Šli pa smo v Glasdorf in pa na odlične slaščice. Naš projektni teden se je počasi bližal koncu, namreč napočil je že ponedeljek, naš predzadnji dan v Bognu. Ta dan so na šoli za nas goste pripravili kratek program, v katerem so nastopali šolski orkester, pevski zbor, Turški učenci in plesalke. Za

spomin je vsak gost dobil majhno darilce, ki nas bo vedno spominjalo na ta projektni teden. Še zadnjič smo se odpeljali z vlakom v Straubing in imeli prosti čas za nakupovanje.

Ta dan je bil zame zelo dolg, saj sem še ob prihodu iz Straubinga morala spakirati vse moje stvari nazaj v kovčke in se dobro naspiti. Sedaj pa se je naš projektni teden zares zaključil. V torek ob pol enajstih nas je pred šolo čakal avtobus, ki nas je odpeljal do letališča v Münchnu. tam smo se le še poslovili od naših prijateljev in počakali na naš let. Na letališču na Dunaju nas je počakal učiteljičin stric, teta pa je ta čas za nas spekla pico, ki nas je nasitila, da po poti domov nismo bili lačni.

Okrog pol desetih smo prispeli domov, k našim družinam. Tega srečanja v Bognu zagotovo ne bom pozabila, saj je bilo preveč lepih trenutkov. Pri tem pa mi bo zagotovo pomagala moja gostiteljica iz Bogna, s katero si še vedno dopisujeva.

Martina Korošec



In Bogen

Every year, our school participates in different projects. This year it is the same. One of these projects is also the Comenius project, in which our school has worked a few times. The first meeting of this project was in Germany. In the town called Bogen. I and my classmate were chosen to go to this meeting. We were very happy.

Finally, the day of departure came. My classmate and I were in school very early and said goodbye to all the friends at the school. And then we sat in the car and started driving. Our first longer stop was in Vienna where we had an excellent lunch prepared by aunt of our teacher miss Katja. After lunch we drove to the airport, checked-in our luggage and checked out the airport building. Free time at the airport passed very quickly, because me and my classmate both couldn't wait to see Bogen. We boarded the plane. For me and classmate, it was the first flight in our lives. After 30 minutes of flying they served us a sandwich and a drink. Suddenly the plane started to descend and we arrived in Munich. There was even a bigger airport. We took our suitcases and went slowly to the other end of the airport. There we meet with Mr Alfons, teachers and students from Poland. We still had to wait for the students and teachers from Turkey. After almost 1 hour of waiting we found out, that the Turkish flight was late. So we went to the bus station, where we waited for a bus. Then we drove to the railway station, and then with the train to Bogen. In Bogen at the railway station our host were waiting for us. After arriving home I immediately went to sleep, because it was a very long day for me. The next day we had to get up really early and then drive with our hosts to school. At the beginning Mr Alfons welcomed us and showed us the school. Then we went to the class with the students. This was followed by lunch and a hike to a nearby hill Bogenberg. For the four of us, me, my classmate and two teachers from Slovenia, who are not used to hills, it was a little bit hard. The view on the top of Bogenberg was truly unique. We visited the museum and the church on Bogenberg. On the way down the hill we stopped at a restaurant and ate some ice cream and drank hot tea. After driving to our temporary home, we had a little more time to chat with our hosts. That night I was awake very long, so it was even harder to get up the next morning. Also on Friday we drove to school with our hosts, then we visited the City Hall, where we met with the Mayor. We also had a group photo taken.

After a visit to the mayor's, we drove by train to Straubing. Because we were already very hungry, we had lunch at the Greek restaurant Delphi. We had some free time for shopping. In the evening we went back to Bogen again by train. And already it was here Saturday. On this day we went to Passau. In the morning we drove by train to Passau. Then we walked on foot to the church, where we later listened to an organ concert. That day we had free time too. The most interesting thing about this day was absolutely the journey by boat on the Danube. The day was almost finished and already it was time to drive back to Bogen. Sunday was the day we spent together with our hosts. At first I and my host had lunch, and then we went to the Glasdorf. There we ate very good cakes.

Our project week was slowly ending and it was Monday all ready. This was the last day in Bogen. At school the hosts prepared a short program for us, the school orchestra, choir, dancers and the Turkish students performed. They prepared a small gift for each of us. The last time we went by train to Straubing and had free time for shopping. This day was very long for me, because after I had come from Straubing I still had to pack my bags and get a good sleep. But I didn't sleep well. Now, our project week really ended. On Tuesday, at half past eleven we were waiting for the school bus, which drove us to the airport in Munich. There we said goodbye to our Polish friends and waited for our flight. At the airport in Vienna our teacher's uncle was waiting for us and drove us to the teacher's aunt,

which made some pizza for us. With full tummies we drove back to Slovenia. Around half past ten we arrived home.

I will surely not forget this meeting in Bogen, because there were too many beautiful moments.

Martina Korošec

Comenius metting in Hungary



BULUTLARIN ÜSTÜNDEN MACARİSTAN'A

Haftalardır beklediğim gün sonunda geldi. Bugün Macaristan'a gidiyorum.

Yetmiş sekiz gündür bu anı, bu saati hatta uçağa bineceğim günü dakika dakika hayal ettim. Her gece bu hayalle uykuya daldım.

İki haftadır yaptığım hazırlıkları tamamladım. Son kez valizimi kontrol ettim, her şey tamamı. Bu geziyi bir kompozisyonla kazanmıştım. Yine bu ödülü de bir kompozisyonla anlatmalıyım. Benim gibi diğer arkadaşlarım da heyecanlı, mutlu ve biraz korkuyla karışık duygularla uçağımıza bindik. Diğer yolcuları bilmem ama ben Budapeşte'ye bulutların üstünden uçuyordum.

Budapeşte Havalimanı'na inişten sonra altı günümü yanlarımda geçireceğim aile ve Lili'yle tanışmak için üç saat daha beklemem gerektiğini biliyordum ama ben sabrımı da çoktan bitirmiştım.

Lili'yle tanışmak ve onları tanımak çok güzeldi. Onu, ailesini sanki yıllardır tanıyormuş gibiydim. Onu asla unutmuyacağım ve bir gün onu da Konya'da ağırlamaktan onur duyacağım.

Gezi boyunca aklımda kalan bir yerden bahsetmek istiyorum. Bu ülkenin ve bu şehrin tarihi eserleri açısından çok zengin bir kültüre sahip olduğunu gördüm. Kahramanlar Meydanı'nı hayatım boyunca gideceğim diğer şehirlerdeki tarihi eserlerle karşılaştırmam imkansızdı. Bence ülkemizde ve Konya'mızda bu meydanın aynısını görmek bizleri mutlu eder diye düşünüyorum.

Budapeşte'de birçok böyle garip yerler gezdik. Hiçbiri beni Kahramanlar Meydanı ve Kale kadar etkilemedi. Kahramanlar Meydanı'nda ülkesi için savaşan askerlerin heykelleri vardı. Buralarda Macar tarihi, Türklerle diğer dünya ülkelerinin yaptıkları savaşlar ve anlaşmaların tarihi kalıntılarını görmek mümkündü.

Rehberimiz; "Parlamento Binası'na gidiyoruz." deyince açıkçası buradan ayrılmak istemedim. Buranın tarihi havası beni çok etkilemişti. Parlamento binası ise buraya gelmeden önce izlediğim belgesellerdeki binadan daha büyük, daha güzel ve daha gösterişliydi. Bu binanın dünyada ikinci büyük parlamento binası olduğunu öğrenince şaşkınlığımı gizleyemedim.

Kısa bir yemek molasından sonra Macaristan'ı kuşbakışı olarak görebileceğimiz kaleye çıktık. Bu tarihi eserde Türk ve Macar tarihini birbiri içinde gördüm. Etkilenmemek elde değildi. Kaleden ayrılırken son kez döndüm ve baktım. Restore edilmemiş hali de muhteşem heybetiyle Macaristan ile olan tarihi bağımızı kulağıma fısıldar gibiydi.

İtalyan restoranında yediğimiz yemek, bana Türk mutfağının, dünya mutfağına bedel olduğunu böylelikle bir kez daha anlama fırsatı sağlamıştı.

Altı gün sonunda kardeşim gibi benimsediğim Lili ile vedalaşırken hem hüznü hem gururlu hem de yorgundum. Havaalanına yaklaşırken uçak sesleri bana ailemi, okulumu, vatanımı çok özlediğimi haykırır gibiydi.

Döndükten sonra fotoğraflara bakarken öğrendim ki annemin okul yıllarında verilen başarı ödülü bir dolma kalemmiş. Ben ise yurtdışı gezisi ile yeni bir kültür, yeni bir ülke

görmüştüm. Bunu bana okulum yaşattı. Ben orada olmaktan, o okulun öğrencisi olmaktan çok ama çok mutluyum ve gururluyum.12 yaşında farklı bir toplumu tanımak bir ayrıcalıktır.

Zeynep Özcan

Over the clouds to Hungary

The day expected for weeks has finally come.I am going to Hungarian today.

I have dreamt this moment,this hour,even this day that I get on the plane,minute by minute for seventy eight days.

Finally,the day has come.I 've finished the preparations lasted for two weeks.For the last time I've controlled my suitcase,everything is okey.I had a chance to go this trip thanks to a composition competition.Again I should tell this prize with a composition.With my excited,happy and a bit worried friends like me,we got on our plane.I didn't know what other passenger thought but I flew to Budapest over the clouds.After landing to Budapest,I knew that I had to wait for meeting Lili and the family that I will stay with for six days,but I had already lost my patience.It was very nice to meet with Lili and to know them.I felt as if I had been familiar with them for years.I'll never forget her and one day I'll be honoured with hosting her in Konya.

I want to mention about a place that I'll always remember during the trip.I've understood that this country and this city had a very rich culture on the point of historical arts.It was impossible to compare the Heroes Square with the other places'historical arts that I will visit in my life.In my opinion we will be happy if we see this square in our country and Konya.

We visited such interesting places in Budapest.I wasn't impressed with any places like Heroes Square and the Castle.There were statues of soldiers who had fought for their countries in Heroes Squares.It was impossible to see Hungarian History and some historical ruins of agreements and wars of the Turkish and the other world countries.

I didn't want to leave this place when our guide said to leave to go to The House of Parliament.I was impressed by the historical atmosphere here.The House of Parliament was bigger,more beautiful and more attractive than the documentaries I had watched before coming here.I was shocked when I heart that this building was the second House of Parliament in the world.

4After having a short break for lunch we went to a castle that we can see Hungarian panaromic.In this historical art I was that Turkish and Hungarian history intertwined.It was impossible not to get impressed.Leaving there I turned fort he last time and looked at the castle;even in the not restored shape magnificent majesty,it was as if whistling the historical connection with Hungarian to my ear.

The food we had eaten in a Italian restaurant ensured me to understand that the Turkish dish is the best in the world.

At the end of the six days,while I was leaving Lili,as I thought my sister,I was unhappy,proud and tired.Approaching to airport,the voice of planes was like shouting met he desire of my family,school and country.

After returning Turkey,I've learnt that the success prize of my mother in her school days was a pen.But I've met a new culture and a new country with this abroad trip.My school ensured met his chance.I'm happy and proud of attending this school and being the student of it.It is a big privilige to meet a new culture at the age of 12.

Zeynep Özcan





Rajat ylittävää ystävyyttä

Lokakuussa 2012, kuudennella luokalla ollessani opettajani tiedusteli, olisiko luokallamme Unkarin matkasta kiinnostuneita oppilaita. Olin itse asiassa jo aiemmin päättänyt, että jos minulla olisi mahdollisuus lähteä Comenius- hankematkalle, olisin innoilla mukana. Päätin siis ilmoittautua mukaan matkalle.

Matkalle lähtö jännitti paljon. Oikeastaan minua jännitti kaikki muu paitsi lentäminen. Vanhempanikin jälkikäteen myönsivät käyneensä yhtä kovaa taistelua jännitysten ja pelkojensa kanssa kuin minäkin. Järki voitti pelkoni ja totesin, että edessäni olisi ainutlaatuisen loistava mahdollisuus. Valintaani helpotti perheemme tuttava, jolla oli aiempaa kokemusta Unkarista. Hän kertoi, että unkarilaiset ovat hyvin vieraanvaraisia ja ystävällisiä. Hän myös sanoi, että turhaan huolisin, unkarilainen perhe tulisi ensin lellimään minut pilalle ja sen jälkeen pitämään minua kuin omanaan.

Niin siinä kävikin. Asuin viikon perheessä, jossa oli ikäiseni Adel. Lisäksi perheeseen kuului neljä vuotta häntä nuorempi pikkusisko ja vanhemmat. Adel asuu Nyiracsad nimisessä kylässä. Samassa perheessä kanssani asui puolalainen tyttö Wiktorina. Tavattuamme toisemme kemiaat välillämme kohtasivat täysin. Viikon aikana välillemme syntyi syvä ystävyys.

Kiersimme viikon ajan tutustumassa Unkarin tärkeisiin nähtävyyksiin, unkarilaiseen koulumaailmaan, kulttuuriin ja elämänmenoon. Päivät olivat pitkiä, retkille lähdettiin jopa aamu kuudelta ja perheisiin palattiin joskus vasta kello 23 tienoilla. Pääsimme tapaamaan mm. piispaa ja tutustumaan katolilaiseen kirkkoon ja uskontoon. Unkari teki minuun vaikutuksen hienoilla tutustumiskohteillaan. En osaa nostaa mitään nähdyistä kohteista yli muiden. Matka aivan kaikkiaan oli hyvin mieleenpainuva. Matka antoi todella paljon rikkaita muistoja. Jos matkan ja sinne pääsyn antia laittaa jollain tapaa järjestykseen, niin arvokkainta oli se mitä tapahtui järjestetyn ohjelman ulkopuolella.

Minun ja Adelen kohdalla kävi huikea tuuri. Myöhemmin keväällä Comenius- hankkeen väki kokoontui Kesälahdelle ja ollessani Unkarissa sain tietää, että Adel pääsee tulemaan luoksemme silloin. Tämä tieto vain vahvisti ystävyttämme. Yhteydenpidosta tuli liki päivittäistä. Adel oli luonamme keväällä ja hän alkoi heti puhua, että meidän pitäisi tulla koko perheellä vierailemaan heidän luonaan. Lupasimme silloin, että tapaisimme vielä. Ja niinpä sitten syyslomalla matkustimme vierailulle Unkariin. Nyt odotamme vieraita Unkarista ja toivon, että tapaaamme tulevaisuudessa vielä monia kertoja. Hankeissa tavoitellaan aina jotain pysyvää jälkeä ja Comenius- hanke on taatusti jättänyt pysyvän jäljen ystävyuden muodossa kahteen perheeseen, Suomessa ja Unkarissa.

Elli Haverinen

Friendship across the borders

In October 2012 when I was in sixth grade, my teacher asked if there were any pupils who were interested in a journey to Hungary. Actually I had already decided to volunteer if I had a chance to take part in a Comenius meeting. So I said yes.

When I was leaving, I was very excited. I was a bit scared of everything else but flying. Later my parents admitted that they had been just as excited and scared as I was. My mind

overcame my fear and I realized that I had a wonderful opportunity in front of me. A friend of our family who was a bit familiar with Hungary made my choice easier. She told us that Hungarian people were very hospitable and friendly. She also encouraged me not to worry. The Hungarian family would first spoil me and then treat me like a family member.

And that's what happened. I spent a week in Adel's family. Adel was of my age. She also had parents and a little sister who was four years younger. Adel lives in a village called Nyiracsad. A Polish girl Wiktorina lived in the same family with me. During one week we became very good friends.

We got to know the most important Hungarian sights, the local school, Hungarian culture and lifestyle. The days were long. Sometimes we woke up at 6 a.m. and came back at 23 p.m. We met the bishop and got to know the Catholic Church and religion. I was very impressed. I can't say which was the greatest sight. The whole journey was unforgettable. I got so many great memories. Maybe the most valuable thing was what happened outside the organized program.

We were so lucky, Adel and me. Later in spring there was a Comenius meeting in Kesälahti and I found out that Adel could visit us then. This made our friendship even stronger. We were in contact with each other almost every day. Adel was at our place and started to talk that maybe our whole family could visit them. We promised to meet again and in the autumn holidays we travelled to Hungary. Now we are waiting for guests from Hungary and I hope that we'll meet many times in the future. In every project the goal is to establish something permanent that will stay after the project is finished. The Comenius project has certainly succeeded in this way and has created a permanent friendship between two families in Finland and Hungary.

Elli Haverinen



Môj najzaujímavejší zážitok zo stretnutia Comenius v Maďarsku.

Ráno som sa zobudila v očakávaní, aké bude počasie. Zima nie a nie odísť. Ešte pred dvomi dňami bol na poliach sneh a tiež poriadne fúkalo. Verili by ste, že je polovica marca? Ja a moji traja spolužiaci sme boli už piaty deň v Nyíracsad v Maďarsku na stretnutí partnerských škôl Comenius a slniečko sa na nás usmialo iba včera v Budapešti. Mne sa však najviac páčil dnešný program. Ráno nás autobus vyzdvihol pred školou, zastavili sme sa po učiteľov v Debrecíne a po necelej hodinke veselého rozprávania v autobuse sme prišli do Soto - skanzenu maďarskej dediny. Dedina bola prázdna, ale predstavovala som si, ako to asi mohlo vyzeráť pred takými sto rokmi. Zaujímavé chalúčky, kostol, škola a dokonca aj požiarňa stanica. V jednom z tých domčekov sme mali výtvarné dielne a maľovali sme veľkonočné vajíčka, ktoré sme si mohli zobráť domov. Páčilo sa mi to. Naučila som sa novú techniku maľovania kraslíc. Toto však nebol jediný program v tento deň, čakalo nás veľmi významné stretnutie s biskupom v Nyíregyháza. Prijal nás v jeho súkromnej kaplnke, ktorá bola vyzdobená honosne, žiarivou zlatou farbou, ale on vystupoval veľmi skromne a priateľsky. Páčilo sa mi, že hovoril anglicky a ja som mu rozumela. Určite každý z nás sa na chvíľu zamyslel nad jeho prívetivými slovami.

Neskôr poobede na spätočnej ceste z mesta sme sa zastavili v zoo. I slniečko sa ukázalo spoza oblakov a sprevádzalo nás po zoo. Ja s mojou kamarátkou sme si pozreli vodný svet a pavilón opíc. Najviac sa nám páčili hravé tulene, naozaj sme sa nasmiali na ich kúskoch, ktoré vystrájali. Čas nám ubehol veľmi rýchlo a už sme sa tešili na rozlúčkový večierok v Nyíracsad. Nevedeli sme, čo na nás čaká. Pozreli sme si hudobno-tanečné predstavenie a potom to prišlo. Tanečníci nás vyzvali, aby sme sa naučili tancovať čardáš.

Všetci, decká aj učitelia rôznych národností, sme tancovali čardáš a výborne sme sa bavili. Veľmi sa mi to páčilo. Bola to úžasná zábava. Celý deň bol skvelý a ja som ľutovala, že na druhý deň sa vraciame domov, i keď som sa už tešila na svoju rodinu. A viete čo? Aj obloho bolo ľúto. Večer začalo pršať.

Lucia Tesárová

My most interesting experience from project meeting Comenius in Hungary

In the morning I woke up with expectations what the weather would be like. Winter does not want to go away this year. There was snow in the fields even two days ago and the wind was blowing hard. Would you believe that it is mid-March? It was the fifth day of our staying in Nyíracsad in Hungary at the project meeting Comenius and the sun gave us a smile only yesterday in Budapest.

However, I enjoyed today's programme the most. We have been taken by coach outside the school in the morning. We picked the teachers up in Debrecen and after less than an hour of cheerful chatting on the bus we arrived in Soto – open air museum of Hungarian village. In the village no one lived, there were empty houses, but I imagined how it would look about a hundred years ago. Attractive cottages, a church, school and even fire station. In one of those cottages we had a creative workshop and we decorated Easter eggs there, that we could take with us. I really liked it. I have learnt a new technique of decorating eggs. This was not the only programme on this day. We were looking forward to a very meaningful meeting with

the bishop in Nyíregyháza. He warmly welcomed us in his private chapel, which was decorated splendidly with bright gold colours, but he acted very modestly and friendly. I was very pleased, that he was speaking English fluently and I understood him a lot. Definitely each of us, for a while, has thought about his kind words. Later in the afternoon on the way back to Nyírac nád we stopped in the zoo. My friend and me were watching Water World and monkey pavilion. We loved the playful seals the most and we really laughed at their party pieces which they were making for us. Time has passed very quickly and we were looking forward to the farewell party in Nyírac nád. We had no idea what was waiting for us. We watched a musical and dance performance and then it started! The dancers asked us to learn how to dance csardas. Everybody, kids and teachers of different nationalities, we all were dancing csardas and we were having a great time. Actually, I enjoyed dancing so much. It was stunning fun.

All day was brilliant and I regretted to return home next day although I was happy that I will see my family. And guess what? The sky was sad too. It started to rain in the evening.

Lucia Tesárová



Mahnimo jo na pot

V nedeljo, 17. 3. 2013, ob enajsti uri smo se odpravile na pot: Staša, Niki, učiteljica Melita, Mateja, Vesna in jaz. Zjutraj pred šolo smo se poslovile od svojih najdražjih, naložile kovčke v kombi, nato pa se odpravile na pot v Nyiracsad.

Pot je bila precej dolga, saj smo se peljali nekje okrog šest ur. Seveda pa pot ni bila dolgočasna, saj je bila na kombiju vesela družba in prijetno vzdušje. Pa smeha tudi ni bilo preveč. Med potjo smo si prav tako lahko ogledali lepote Madžarske. Še posebej pri nas, učenkah, je bila nestrpnost velika, saj se nismo morale čakati prihoda v Nyiracsad. Najprej smo v Debrecenu odložili učiteljice, nato pa se še slabih štirideset minut peljali do našega cilja. Naenkrat pa smo učenke zagledale dolgo pričakovan Nyiracsad. Tam so nas že tudi čakale naše družine gostiteljice. Midve s Stašo sva stanovali pri družini Terdik. Tisti večer sva se najprej družini predstavile, razpakirale stvari in v kuhinji naju je že čakala topla kokošja juha in dunajski zrezki.

Naslednji dan smo si vsi skupaj šli ogledat Nyiracsad, njihovo šolo in okolico. Vaščani verujejo tam v tri vere: romsko, reformatorsko in grško-katoliško vero. Med sprehajanjem po vasi smo si ogledali še tudi lokostrelstvo na konju, ki je hobi učiteljice angleščine v Nyiracsadu in njene družine. Potem smo se še lahko malce razgibali v telovadnici, kjer smo igrali odbojko proti madžarski ekipi. V šoli pa nas je tudi čakala pogostitev, kjer smo lahko poskusili njihovo tradicionalno sadno juho.

Naslednje jutro (v torek) smo se odpravili v Egger – eno izmed večjih madžarskih mest. Tam je sledil ogled cerkva, gradu in univerze. Sledil je še ogled goric in kleti, kjer hranijo znano madžarsko vino.

Med vožnjami smo se že spoznavali z učenci iz drugih držav. Najbolj smo se družile s Špankama Diano in Gemmo, nekaj besed pa sem tudi izmenjala z Lukasom iz Nemčije. Pri družini gostiteljici smo si veliko povedali o običajih Slovenije in Madžarske ter se še za povrh kaj pošalili. Na tisti dan sta naj še obiskali Niki in Virag, pri kateri je stanovala Niki. Tudi takrat smo se veliko smejale, ker smo Marti in Virag skušale naučiti nekaj slovenskih besed.

V sredo je napočil dolgo pričakovan izlet v Budimpešto. Vstati smo že morali ob šestih zjutraj, saj je pot do Budimpešte trajala dolgo. Ko smo prispeli tja, smo si najprej malo razgledali okolico. Nato smo šli v nekakšen grad in seveda Trg herojev. Sledilo je kosilo v italijanski restavraciji, kjer smo se spoznali z učenci iz Turčije. Nato smo si še ogledali notranjost največje cerkve v Budimpešti. Seveda smo tudi videli parlament in nakupovalne centre. Potem smo si še ogledali znamenito katedralo, ki je zgrajena na hribu, in iz nje imamo čudovit pogled nad celotno Budimpešto. Pri tej katedrali smo se lahko tudi pokrepčali s kürtis kolacs-em. Vodička nam je tudi razložila, da se mesto Budimpešta deli na dva dela: na Budim in Pešto. V mestu Budim lahko vidimo bolj cerkve, trgovinice itd. Mesto Pešta pa je bolj namenjeno stanovanjem in hišam. Ti dve mesti loči reka Donava, povezujeta ju pa dva mosta. Enega je celo konstruiral slavni arhitekt Eiffel. Vožnja je bila precej zanimiva, kajti spoznavali smo se tudi s slovaškimi učenci.

Domov smo se vrnili precej pozno, zato ni bilo veliko časa za preživetje z družino gostiteljico.

V četrtek je sledil izlet v Nyigerhazo, kjer smo si ogledali okolico, semenišče in živalski vrt. Kosili smo v tamkajšnji osnovni šoli. Po ogledu Nyigerhaze smo šle z Niki in Stašo še na prijetno druženje z ostalimi učenci v picerijo. Sledila je še zaključna prireditev v šoli, kjer so

se učenci predstavili z igranjem na citre. Lahko smo pa tudi izkusili naše plesne sposobnosti, saj smo plesali čardaš.

V petek smo šli še na zadnji izlet v Debrecen, ki je drugo največje mesto na Madžarskem. Tam smo si ogledali muzej in protestantsko cerkev. Na koncu smo še lahko šli po nakupih v nakupovalnem centru Forum. Takrat smo se tudi poslovili od učencev iz Slovaške. Ob prihodu domov sva s Stašo obiskali Niki in njeno družino gostiteljico.

Doma pri družini je napočil čas pakiranja kovčkov za odhod v Slovenijo. Zvečer pa nama je še Marti izročila darila, kot zahvalo za bivanje pri njih. Takrat sem prejela mamino dolgo pričakovano »piros papriko«.

Naslednje jutro smo se morali posloviti in se odpraviti nazaj na pot, čeprav bi še vsi najraje ostali tam za kakšen teden.

Hvaležna sem, da sem lahko bila dejavna na mobilnosti in spoznala veliko prijateljev po celem svetu. Seveda je bilo zelo lepo tudi pri družini gostiteljici in upam, da bomo še naprej ostali v stikih.

Lana Ritlop



On the way

On Saturday, the 17th of March 2013, at eleven o'clock we started our trip to Hungary: Staša, Niki, teachers Melita, Mateja, Vesna and I. We said goodbye to our loved-ones at our school, put our luggage into the van, and then set off to Nyiracsad.

Our journey was quite long, as we travelled around six hours. Of course, it was not boring. There was a good atmosphere in the van. There was also quite a bit of laughter. During the way we saw some of the beauties of Hungary. We could hardly await our arrival in Nyiracsad. First we stopped in Debrecen, where our teachers left us, and then travelled for about 40 more minutes to our goal. Suddenly we came to Nyiracsad. There our host family were waiting for us. I and Staša were staying at the Terdiks. That evening we introduced ourselves, unpacked our luggage and there was a delicious chicken soup and a Wiener schnitzel waiting for us.

The next day, we all travelled to Nyiracsad, where we got to know the school and its surroundings. There are three religious present among the people: Roman-Catholic, Protestant and Greek Catholic. During the walk in the village we also saw archery on horse, which is actually a hobby of the English teacher in Nyiracsad and her family. After that we did some sports in the gym and played volleyball against the Hungarian students. After that we tried the traditional fruit soup.

The next morning (Tuesday) we went to Egger – one of the biggest Hungarian cities. There we saw churches, a castle and a university. Then followed an examination of vineyards and vine cellars, where Hungarian vine is kept.

During the ride we got to know the students from other countries. We talked the most with Diana and Gemma from Spain, and I also exchanged some words with Lukas from Germany.

At the host family's house we talked a lot about traditions in Slovenia and Hungary and made some jokes. We also got a visit from Niki and Virag, the girl whose house Niki was staying at. We had a lot of fun, because we tried to teach Mart and Virag some Slovene words.

On Wednesday we went on the long awaited trip to Budapest. We had to get up at six o'clock, because the way to Budapest is quite long. When we got there, we first looked at some sight, visited a castle and the Square of the Heroes. Lunch at the Italian restaurant followed, where we also got to know the students from Turkey. We also saw the biggest church in Budapest. Besides this, we saw the parliament and some shopping centres. We also visited the cathedral on top of the hill, from where all Budapest can be seen. There we were offered kürtis kolacs. The guide explained that the city is divided into two parts: Buda and Pest. In the city Buda there are many churches, small shops, while in Pest there are more houses and flats. The cities are divided by the river Danube, while they are connected by two bridges. One was constructed by the famous architect Eiffel. The ride was interesting, as we also got to know the Slovak students.

We got home rather late, so there was no time to be spent with the host family.

On Thursday we went on a trip to Nyigerhazo, where we visited the seminary and the zoo. We had lunch at the local primary school. After doing sightseeing in Nyigerhazo we all went to a pizzeria. After that there was a festivity at school, where students presented themselves with playing on the cither. We also tried dancing the traditional folk dance csardasz.

On Friday we went on our last trip to Debrecen, the second largest city in Hungary. There we saw a museum and a Protestant church. At the end we were allowed to go shopping in the shopping centre Forum. There we said goodbye to the Slovak students. In the evening I and Staša visited Niki and her host family.

Back at the host family's house I had to start packing my luggage for my return to Slovenia. In the evening Marti gave us presents. I got the "piros powdered pepper", which my mum was awaiting at home.

The next morning we had to say goodbye and go home, although I wanted to stay a week or so longer.

I am grateful to be able to go on this mobility and to have the opportunity to get to know new friends around the world. Staying at the host family was wonderful and I hope we will stay in touch.

Lana Ritlop



Mi viaje a Hungría

Fue una sorpresa verme involucrada en un proyecto que solamente conocía a través del tablón de anuncios, sin imaginarme el trabajo, la ilusión y el esfuerzo que todo eso con lleva por parte del colegio.

Me vi arrastrada por una mezcla de sentimientos cada vez que tenía que escribir una historia. La ilusión crecía y, cada día que pasaba, ansiaba más llegar a Hungría. Estaba muy impaciente y cuando por fin llegué supe que iba a ser una experiencia inolvidable.

Nos acogieron de una forma extraordinaria, llevaban tanto tiempo esperando nuestra visita que se volcaron en hacernos pasar unos días mágicos. La relación con los finlandeses, alemanes, turcos, eslovenos, eslovacos, polacos y los propios húngaros fue extraordinaria. Desde el primer momento nos sentimos cómodos, seguros y totalmente integrados en la familia.

Me sorprendió como se relacionaban entre ellos, la poca efusividad que mostraban, la gastronomía tan particular, adaptada al clima al igual que las casas y todos sus edificios.

Tenían un respeto y casi una veneración a las personas que habían luchado durante años por su independencia, digna de admiración.

Otro punto a tener en cuenta es su religiosidad y el respeto que tienen entre las diferentes religiones existentes en el país.

Para terminar me gustaría animar a todos los que tengan la oportunidad de salir al extranjero lo hagan. Es realmente cuando te das cuenta de la variedad de pensamientos y cultura, lo enriquecedor que es y lo que nos ayuda a relacionarnos con los demás. El viaje a Hungría del proyecto Comenius fue todo un éxito por lo que no puedo terminar sin dar las gracias a mis dos compañeros y especialmente a Isabel Capelo, Vicente Valero y Juan Carlos Moreno.

Gemma Rivera Mangas

Comenius meeting in Finland



A Game of Thrones

The early silence was broken by the rattle of chains. Three armed guard escorted the convicts in the semi-darkness. The majority of them walked slowly towards the gates amid painful groans and hopeless sighs, familiarizing themselves with the thought of death. The last spark of hope made some of them try to rip off their chains with loud howling.

A healthy man might have been able to tear them off, but for the starving, emaciated, ulcerated, pitiful convicts even raising a glass caused horrible pain. Nothing could be done. They didn't know why they were to be executed. Maybe it was for the bloodthirsty, power-mad king's amusement. It was dawning. All the people of the castle and the town gathered around the place of execution in the centre of Savolinna. Their monotonous murmur was disturbed by the screams of those who would soon be widows and orphans. The convicts had already lined up. The execution started. The first convict's hands were tied tightly to the stake and the fire was lit. The shrivelled body was more and more lapped by the flames. Meanwhile, three young men, Jouni, Leevi and Seppo were about to get ready in a dilapidated house on the fringes of the town. Jouni, the blacksmith's son, had just been orphaned.

- Shall we go? - Jouni asked the others.

- Of course. Will you bring the pickaxe and the torch?

- Yes, Seppo, the spade, please ...- Seppo passed it and Jouni started digging. After a few metres, the spade knocked against a wooden object. It was a trap-door. Jouni lifted it and jumped down.

- Come on boys! - Seppo followed him, but Leevi was not sure whether the tunnel was safe. After some persuasion he followed, though. It was semi-dark and only the torch was lighting in the narrow tunnel. Jouni led the way, he wasn't afraid. He was encouraged by the feeling of hate towards the King. Ever since he could remember, he had hated the King. Two months earlier, the King's men had barged into the smithy and carried off his father. He was thrown in prison and executed on the same day. His mother had already died and six children had been orphaned that day. Jouni, the 17-year-old boy, was the youngest of his brothers and sisters. He was the family's darling. Both his character and his appearance were different from the others. The whole family had blonde hair with green eyes while his hair was black, and his eyes were brown. His dad, his mother, and all his siblings were calm-tempered and peaceful, but he was hot-headed and high-spirited. He felt such an antipathy towards the King as he had never felt towards anybody. His father's execution increased this hatred. He was ready for any deed to break his rule. Slowly, they had reached their destination.

- Here we are boys! - said Jouni- Seppo, the pickaxe, please!

He began to hit the wall as hard as he could, but no matter what they did, they could not break the castle walls. All three got down to work and began to hit what they thought was the weakest point of the castle. Finally, a piece of rock moved.

That's it! – said Leevi and he crawled first through the hole into the castle, as he was the smallest. He had entered the archives on the other side of the wall. While the others tried to climb in as well, Leevi found some keys among the documents and tried to open the door, but it was dark in the room and he couldn't find the right key. He started to panic. Then Jouni and Seppo passed through the hole in the wall. Jouni stepped to the door and tried to open it, his nose caught a strange, but familiar smell. He found the source of the smell. It was a barrel of gunpowder

- Leevi, do we have fire?- he asked

- A little. - he said and he handled the torch to Jouni.

- Great! Listen boys! After the door opens, we have one or two minutes to get to the King's hall. So, we have to hurry. Do you understand me?

- Why? We cannot even open the door and...- said Levi all surprised.

- Boys, back! - Jouni shouted.

- What? Ouch! My God! What's he doing? Jouni, what....?- Leevi was totally confused.

He first took a glance at Jouni and then at Seppo.

- Five, four, three, tw...

- Seppo, what's he doing?

- He'll explode a bomb. - Seppo whispered.

- Nooo, he is totally crazy! - Leevi shouted, but Seppo covered his mouth. The bomb exploded and the door was blown to pieces.

- Don't shout! Come on, hurry up!

The sound of the explosion echoed through the castle. The guards launched toward the basement.

- We have to hurry, they are coming! - Jouni said.

The voices and steps of the guards were approaching. The three boys were running desperately through the musty corridors. They were turning to the right when a guard passed in front of them. Leevi got frightened and almost started shouting, but Seppo covered his mouth. Again:

- Don't!

They continued running, or they would have continued if Jouni had not fallen. While the others helped him to get up, a guard appeared behind them. He wanted to sound the horn when somebody knocked him over the head.

- Who? Jouni.... You? Seppo? Ouch, who is it? - Leevi was confused again... Oh my God, who is there? - Leevi whispered and fainted. Well, he was a faint-hearted child.

- Well, he is dead. - said Seppo totally calm.

The guard sprawled on the floor like a piece of rag and a shady figure was staring at the boys.

- Why did you help us? Are you a friend or an enemy? – asked Jouni while he was trying to wake up Leevi.

- A friend - said a glossy woman's voice – but I'm asking you, what are you doing here?

- First of all, who are you?

- My name is Susanna, but it was me who asked first.

The boys told her the story from the beginning.

- Yes, he is really cruel, I don't like him either. If you do not mind, I'll join you.

- Leevi began to wake up.

- What has happened? Boys...- and then he glimpsed the tousled Susanna whose shape was like a lion's. - Who is she? Ouch! - and he fainted again.

- Great, and now, what will we do with him? Seppo, do you have some water? - asked Jouni.

- Of course, there is only...!.... No, I haven't.

- I know a place where we can find water - Susanna said.

- Great! I'll go with you, Seppo, take care of Leevi.

- Right.

When Susanna stepped out from the corridor, Jouni could take a closer look at her. At first glance her figure and shape was that of an ordinary girl. She was wearing a purple skirt with a torn grey top which had been white before. Her shoes were worn-out. Her round face was framed by tousled, strawberry-blonde locks. Her grey eyes made her glance even more distanced and cold. Jouni stared at her, and the girl noticed that.

- Come on! Are you coming? - Susanna asked him reproachfully.

Jouni came around.

- I'm coming.

Suzanna set out of the corridor and Jouni followed her. They passed some guards but weren't noticed. At the end of the corridor Susanna stopped and said:

- Great. Here we are. Would you do something?

- Of course!

- Come here! Look upwards! Do you see that hole?

- Yes. - Jouni said and he stared at the ceiling.

- Your task is to lift me. I'll climb up and throw you a rope.

- Right.

Jouni lifted Susanna; she climbed up and threw down a rope. Jouni climbed up and got into a bright room. Susanna opened a door at the end of the room. So much light rushed into the room that Jouni thought he was dead and in heaven. He stepped next to Susanna and a beautiful sight met his eyes. The door overlooked the lake around the castle. The sun was just rising.

- So, here is as much water as you may like.

- There is, and how beautiful it is. - said Jouni staring at the sight.

- Jouni!!! Did you forget why we are here? This isn't a pleasure trip. There's Leevi still – Susanna said somewhat rudely.

- Yes, of course, of course- he said and tore a piece off from his pants and soaked it in water.

- Great! We can go!

When they returned, Seppo was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

- Thank goodness! They've arrived. I was worrying that you had been caught. And can you imagine how many guards have been walking around? Every time they were coming, my heart was pounding in my throat. I was thinking about how I can carry away this blessed boy.

- How's Leevi? - Susanna asked.

- Miserable. Just look at him!

Susanna looked at the fainted Leevi whose mouth was widely open and a fly was dancing around it.

- Phu, boh, boh!- Susanna chased away the fly.- Jouni can you give me the rag?

The boy gave him the watery rag while he was looking at her. Because of the girl's icy look, his blood froze in his veins. He liked Susanna more and more, which was even more frightening for him. Despite his will, his glance rested on the girl. Susanna put the rag on Leevi's forehead and he shook his head. Some minutes later he woke up.

- Ouch, ouch, ouch my head is aching! I had a strange dream. A girl saved us from a guard.

- Hihihhi, what a funny girl! - and then he saw the unconscious guard on the floor.- Ahhh!

- Calm down Leevi! There's no problem. She is our friend. Susanna.

- Oh, okay. Hi! I am Leevi. – he introduced himself.

- Yes, I know- Susanna was giggling and he looked at Seppo, then at Jouni. The boys burst out laughing. Leevi didn't understand anything.

- I don't want to know what I looked like while I was unconscious. Hopefully not like this guard here.

All of them were looking at the open-mouthed guard, who might not have been an intelligent person at all. They started to laugh all at once.

- Did the guards find us? Did they notice us? - Leevi asked.

- What do you think? - Seppo was laughing. - If it had happened, would we still be alive?

Leevi was lost in thoughts.

- But if we do not leave, sooner or later they will find us, - said Susanna.

- Yes, we have to reach the Kings' hall as soon as possible.

- Oh, to the Kings' hall! I know a short, safe and even secret way.

Everybody was gazing at Susanna.

- How do you know these secret corridors? - Jouni asked- Do you live in the castle?

- I can say, yes - Susanna was smiling.- Follow me!

They left the narrow, dark corridor and stood in front of the second door. Susanna looked around and stepped in. The door hid a simple staircase. She did not go upstairs but turned right and pushed the second rock from the left, in the fourth line. The wall began to move and a smaller hole appeared. They were approaching the Kings' hall.

- I hope there is no fire in the fireplace- Susanna said.

- Why? Fire is good. - answered Leevi stupidly.

- Because this way leads to the fireplace of the Kings' hall.

- Susanna! I am getting afraid of you. How do you know that? - asked Jouni.

- I'll tell you when the time comes. - answered Susanna mysteriously. – Here we are. Great. The fire is not burning and only the guards are here.

The four climbed out through the fireplace unnoticed. Jouni arrived last. The others asked the guards where to find the king. The guards answered that after the execution in the morning he needed some rest and had gone to bed. He was in his bedroom, and it was forbidden to talk to him. While Susanna, Leevi and Seppo were talking to the guards, Jouni found something in the fireplace. There was a small box among the bricks. He put it under his arm, asked the others to go, and they returned to the secret staircase.

- Look what I have found! It surely hides the key to a great secret. - Jouni said and tried to open the small box. Some minutes later he succeeded.

- Just old papers.- Leevi shouted angrily.

- Give me those worthless papers! - said Jouni. He started to read the papers, which were letters in fact. The King's letters. As Jouni was reading his face became more and more distorted. After reading the letters, he stood up and said:

- Seppo, Leevi please go out from the city and tell the people to gather around the scaffold at noon.

- These people won't go there, Jouni. We have to give them a reason.

- This is the King's command. Tell them.

- Jouni, if the King finds out, he will hang us. - Seppo protested against the idea.

- It isn't your problem. Go!

Seppo and Leevi went to rally the people.

- Susanna, what's the time?

- The bell has just rung eleven.

- Perfect. We need some guns. Don't you know a secret armory by chance? - asked Jouni.

- As you mention it - maybe...

- No, no, no! Now I'm really afraid of you. I was joking.

- I know one. - said Susanna and looked in the direction of the prison.

Susanna grabbed Jouni's hand and dragged him towards the prison.

- And now, we are going in.

- Right, but what about the guard?- Jouni asked

- Listen!

Susanna stepped next to the guard. She said something to him and they came closer to his face as if...

- Oh my God, what is she doing? – Does she want to kiss....

But at that moment Susanna hit the guard with her head. Jouni's jaw dropped. The guard collapsed and Susanna took his keys.

- Come on!- she said and smiled at Jouni. He noticed that she was more beautiful when smiling.

- I cannot believe it. How did you do that? How can you be such a professional? - asked Jouni in disbelief.

- Well, it's some personal talent - the girl laughed.

Susanna opened the prison door. A whiff of dirt, urine and rotting smell assaulted them. They walked among the convicts whose number had become less because of the execution in the morning. And then, they stopped in front of a single cell.

- Elias! - shouted Susanna. I need your service.

The cell's room opened and a bald-headed, toothless man came forward.

- Ah, it's you, darling. What do you want from me?

- I need some guns Elias.

- O, when do you need them?

- Today, at noon, they should be taken to the place of execution - secretly. Is it possible?

- Of course, sweetheart. I'm sending them.

And Elias returned to his cell. Some minutes later he came back with three huge bags.

- Here they are, honey. I have already sent the others.

- Thank you Elias, goodbye!

Susanna and Jouni took up the bags and set off. The bells were ringing. It was noon. The scaffold of Savonlinna was crowded, like in the morning, during the execution. Jouni saw familiar faces.

- Leevi, Seppo! You did a great job. When I give you the sign, hand these out to the people. – Jouni climbed on the scaffold.

- People! You have received the news that the King has summoned you to the place of execution. But it is not true. The King knows nothing about this. The crowd growled. But please, stay here and listen to me. Today some letters have come into my possession which

may have grave consequences for the whole history of Finland. They have turned out to be our King's confidential correspondence with the Russian and the Swedish kings. He is betraying our country and asks them for war. He asks them to attack our country and is willing to give Finland voluntarily to the Russian or Swedish invaders, for which treason he expects to be richly awarded. There is famine in our country, dozens of people are executed every day because for the King's amusement. Thousands of Finns have become orphans. We are losing our families, fathers, parents; we are starving while the King encourages the enemy to start a war against us. People, do we need this king?

The crowd began to move and some of them began to shout: "Down with the King!" And the townspeople agreed that the king had to resign.

- People - shouted Jouni – Let's outsmart the King! He is sleeping. Occupy the castle silently! You'll get guns from us. Do everything you can. Everything! For our country! For Finland!

- Yes! Finland! Our country! – echoed the crowd.

The people of Savonlinna penetrated into the castle. Jouni got in through the secret tunnel and opened the gates. Susanna followed him. When she arrived, she saw that the King was still sleeping.

- Look Susanna! Here's your chance- Jouni whispered and touched the knife in his pocket. - He killed my father, made me an orphan and he does not care about our country! He has betrayed our country!

Jouni was raising his hand and wanted to stab the king, but Susanna suddenly shouted.

- No! Please, Jouni. Don't kill him!

- Why not? I thought you were on our side.

- Yes, I am but, but, but...

- What? Why? Here is the chance to take revenge, but you don't allow it. Why not?

- Because... he is my father. My name is not Susanna. My name is Elli.

- What? Susanna! Or Elli, it doesn't matter. – Jouni was shocked. Suddenly he burst out: - You're a traitor! A liar. I don't want to see you anymore. I was about to fall in love with you. Now I hate your very guts.

Elli burst into tears and collapsed on the floor.

- Jouni please! Listen to me! I don't like the way he is ruling the country. That's why I joined you. I was downcast when I realized that he is corresponding with our enemies. It would be much better if he weren't our king. But I love him, because he is my father. Minutes passed in total silence. Only Elli's crying and the murmuring of the crowd broke the silence.

- Susan... Elli! Do you really think so? - Jouni felt sorry for the crying Elli.

- Yes. I'll help you but please, do not kill him.

- All right. But on one condition. You are going to wake him up and tell him that he has got a guest. When he comes out, some people will catch him and we'll teach him a lesson. Right?

- Yyyes.- sobbed Ellie.

Jouni left the room. He told his plan to the people.

- Right, the King is here! - he shouted.

Elli led her father to them. Jouni made it clear to him that he would tell the truth to everybody if he did not admit everything to the people, and he would kill him. Because the King feared for his life, he told everything. The people were disgusted. They were in revolt.

- He is not our king anymore! Take him away. - the people of Savonlinna were shouting.-
Throw him into prison! Let's exile him.

- People of Savonlinna! Which decision do you prefer? Prison or exile?

- Exile! Away with him! - the judgment was clear.

The king and his wife were sent into exile while Elli and Jouni distributed half of their wealth among the people. They released the innocently imprisoned people.

- That's all well and good but Savonlinna and the whole country is without a king. Who'll be the new king? - asked the tailor of the town.

That was the big question. Everybody was thinking about it when a four-year-old boy said:

- I think this man should be King, the man who gave bread to my mother and released daddy. That kind man there, Jouni.

All Savonlinna agreed. They chose Jouni to be their king. A few minutes later Jouni asked Elli to step out to the balcony where the crowd was celebrating them.

- Friends. Oh, what a weak word. My friends!- his words were followed by cheering.- My friends! We haven't got a queen yet. This girl is the daughter of the previous king. When she realized that we were fighting against her father, she didn't tell him, she was on our side. She saw that her father was no good ruler of the country. He cheated us, Finnish. She repudiated her father and fought for Savonlinna and the whole country. Elli!- and he turned to her.-
Would you help me to rule this wonderful country? Will you help me to make these amazing people happy? Will you be Queen of this country?

- Yes! - the crowd was cheering.- It's my honour, my King.

- No, no, no Elli! My friends! No 'my King' or the like. I invite you to look at me as the simple son of a blacksmith, as your friend.

Leevi and Seppo had just come back because they had been putting the previous king on board of a boat. So they didn't know that Jouni now was King.

- Jouni, bro, it was great! You should receive an award for it.- said Leevi leaning on Jouni's shoulder.- But it would not have been successful without us.- he laughed.

A maid was coming and bowed to Jouni and Elli.

- Three cheers for the royal couple! Thank you, Jouni! Thank you Elli- she said.

Leevi was totally confused.

- What? Oh, but isn't she Susanna... and how can you be King? Oh, ouch, it's that feeling again...- and he fainted.

Seppo looked at Jouni first and then at Elli and they burst out laughing.

- Well, yes. He has always been a faint-hearted child,- Jouni said laughing.

Finland's new King was Jouni and her Queen was Elli. It was the golden age of the country. The Finnish people have been happy ever after.



Horváth Adél



Finlandiya gezisi

Finlandiya gezisinde benim ilgimi çeken pek çok şey oldu. Çok şey öğrendim. Finlandiya'nın çok güzel bir ülke olduğunu anladım. Ayrıca okulları çok güzeldi.

Finlandiya'nın en çok beğendiğim yönü doğal güzellikleriydi. Neredeyse her yer ağaçlarla kaplıydı. Bu yüzden çok güzel bir havası vardı. Konya'da veya genel olarak Türkiye'de, bu havayı bulmak mümkün değil.

Doğal güzelliklerinin yanında Dünya'nın en büyük ahşap kilisesi, Olavinlinna Kale'si çok güzeldi. Kalenin üç kulesi vardır. Şu anda kalede dini eserler sergileniyor.

Evleride çok hoştu. Türkiye'de yedi sekiz katlı evler bulunurken orada en fazla üç katlı evler bulunuyor. Yedi sekiz katlı olan binalar ise genellikle iş merkezleri. Çok katlı evler olmadığı için de sokaklar çok güzel görünüyor.

Okulları ise ayrı bir güzellikteydi. Oldukça büyük bir okulda eğitim gören iki yüz elli öğrenci var. Bu büyüklükteki okulda iki yüz elli öğrencinin olması çok şaşırtıcı bir şey. Sınıflara ayakkabılar çıkartılarak giriliyor. Her dersin sınıfı var. Bu sınıflar da çok güzel. Ayrıca okul, gerçekten de çok temiz. Bahçelerde nöbetçi öğretmenler bulunmuyor. Çünkü kimse çöpleri yere atmıyor. Açıkçası böyle bir okulda okumak isterdim.

Finlandiya'da pek çok şey ilgimi çekti, fakat bunların arasından iki tanesi çok güzeldi.

İlgimi çeken ilk nokta, pet şişelerin sokağa atılmaması için, her pet şişenin arkasında bir fiyat yazması ve bu pet şişeyi verince o parayı almamızdı. Bu uygulamanın Türkiye'de de yapılmasını isterim. Böylece çevre kirliliği oluşmaz. Yerlerde pet şişe göremeyiz. Engelli kardeşlerimiz için de kapaklar birikir.

İlgimi çeken ikinci şey de sandalyelerin birbirine bağlı olarak kurulması ve çıkmaması. Türkiye'de de okullardaki sandalyeler bu şekilde olursa kimse sandalyeleri teker teker çıkartıp yerleştirmek zorunda kalmaz. Hepsini birlikte yerleştirir. Bu da işimizi kolaylaştırır.

Bu geziyle Finlandiya'nın tek kelimeyle mükemmel bir ülke olduğunu anladım. Türkiye ile kıyasladığımda çok farklı bir ülke olduğunu anladım. İleride İngilizce konuşmayı ilerletip, tekrar gitmek isterim.

Numan Kayan



A trip to Finland

I was interested in a lot of things in Finland and I learned a lot. I realized that Finland is a beautiful country. In addition their schools are wonderful.

The most impressive thing about Finland is her beautiful nature. Almost everywhere there are forests. Therefore the air is so clean and fresh. We couldn't find this kind of weather in Konya, not even in the whole of Turkey.

In addition to nature, the biggest wooden church in the world in Kerimaki and Olavinlinna Castle were wonderful. The castle has three towers. Now, in this castle religious works are exhibited.

Their houses were nice. In Turkey there are apartments. Our apartment houses generally have seven or eight floors. Generally high buildings are used as business centers. But in Finland we only saw three-floor apartment houses. Their streets look very nice because of all those cottages.

The schools were beautiful in a different way. There were only 250 students in the school, which had three different parts. I was surprised. They came into the school in their socks. It was unbelievable for us. For every lesson there was a different classroom, and the classrooms were so beautiful. Besides The school was so clean. There were no teachers on duty in the garden and the halls. Nobody threw rubbish on the floor. Obviously I would like to be educated in this kind of school.

In Finland I noticed lots of interesting things but two of them I found especially remarkable. Firstly, on all the water bottle the refund price is writte. Therefore nobody throws these

bottles on the ground. They give them back and they receive money for this. In this way we can prevent environmental pollution. So we won't see empty bottles on the floor, and we can collect the bottle caps for disabled people.

Secondly, the chairs in the gym were interesting. They could easily be transported and were joined together by an interesting system.

With this trip I realized that Finland is a perfect country. It is very different from Turkey. In the future I would like to improve my English and visit Finland again.

Numan Kayan



Anxious about Finland

I was very happy when I heard that I could go to Finland.

I have never been abroad, I have never flown on an airplane. That was my first such trip. Before leaving Poland I tried to imagine Helsinki, Moomins, Finnish food. I was afraid my English wouldn't be good enough. Luckily it wasn't true. I understood everything. My first sentence which I said to my teacher was that Finland is such a beautiful place. What I liked best in Finland was sauna. I thought I had only one chance to use it, but I was surprised when Elli said that Finns regularly relax in sauna. She explained that All Finnish people have saunas in their homes. At first Adele, Elli and I sat in the sauna for just ten minutes. It was amazing. We didn't run to the lake, the way Finns usually do, because unfortunately there was no lake near the farm. Next days we spent much more time in the sauna. It was what I enjoyed most – time spent in traditional sauna, with a large furnace. It was really great. I kept looking at the thermometer, which showed at least 80 degrees and we were ran to Pyhäjärvi – a wonderful lake. It was a strange feeling to run fast to a huge cold lake. I thought I might get a heat shock, but I felt invigorated. It is a pity that in Poland there aren't saunas in all the houses.



Agnieszka Kozłowska



Poklad fínskeho lorda

Bol krásny slnečný deň a tak sme sa rozhodli s Júliou, Katkou a Rosou ísť na piknik do lesa. Obdivovali sme les, fotili prírodu. Po nejakej chvíľke sme našli lúku, a tak sme sa rozhodli rozložiť deku. Mali sme zeleninový šalát .

Keď sme dojedli, tak sme sa zbalili a pokračovali sme . Mysleli sme, že to už nemôže byť lepšie, ale bolo to až príliš dokonalé na to, aby to bola pravda. Rozpršalo sa. Tak sme hľadali miesto kde by sme sa mohli skryť pred dažďom. Išli sme ešte hodný kus cesty. Až do chvíle keď sme našli zrúcaninu starého hradu Karhu Linna. Schovali sme sa tam a prečkali dážď. Keď sa vyjasnilo, poobzerali sme sa bližšie a našli sme starý denník. Otvorili sme ho a v bolo v ňom napísané

„ Kto keď slnko je nad obzorom na tento hrad zájde, ten stratený poklad isto iste nájde.”

V túto ročnú dobu tam slnko zapadá o šiestej, tak sme si rozložili deky a dojedli sme šalát. Keď sme ho dojedli, bolo akurát šesť. Hľadali sme, čo by nám mohlo pomôcť, ten poklad. Zrazu sme si všimli, že tenký lúč svetla, prenikajúci cez otvor v stene, dopadal presne na kameň v strede zrúcaniny. Zodvihli sme ho a pred nami sa zajagala stará tenká a kovová rukoväť. Vytiahli sme ju aj s pokladňou, na ktorej bola pripevnená. Nebola veľká ale bola zamknutá. Kľúč bol pripevnený k tomu kameňu, ktorý bol na nej položený. Otvorili sme ju. Bola tam zlatá socha medveďa. Vzali sme ju a ešte v ten večer sme ju zaviezli do múzea. Dozvedeli sme sa, že je stratená už viac ako 150 rokov a že ho schoval lord Kantavat a aj ten denník bol jeho.

A tak sa z obyčajného výletu sa stalo hľadanie pokladu a zo štyroch neznámych dievčat hrdinky.

Simona Belanová

The Treasure of the Finnish Lord

It was a beautiful sunny day when my friends Julie, Kathy, Rosa and I decided to have a picnic in the forest. As we were walking along the path in the forest we admired its beauty and took several photos of the lovely scenery. How magnificent it was! After a while we came to a meadow so we decided to stay there and put a blanket on the grass and eat a vegetable salad which we had prepared at home. We were chatting a lot and when we had finished our meal, we packed our things and went on walking. We thought that it could not be better but it was too perfect to be true. Suddenly it started to rain so we were looking for a place to hide from the rain. We were walking a long way until the moment when we found the ruins of the old castle Karhu Linna, which is Bear Castle. We hid there and waited for the rain to stop. When it became sunny again we looked around and we found an old diary. We opened it and there was written:

"One who goes to this castle when the sun is above the horizon will definitely find the lost treasure."

At this time of the year the sun sets at six there, so we decided to eat something and wait until six o'clock. After a while it was almost six, so we looked around to find something to help us discover the treasure. Unexpectedly we saw a thin beam of light penetrating through

a fissure in the wall. It fell exactly on a stone in the middle of the ruins. We picked it up and a thin old handle glittered before our eyes. We pulled it out together with a box to which it was attached. The box was not big, but it was locked. Fortunately the key was also under the stone, so we opened it. There was a golden statuette of a bear. Excited, we took it and gave it to the museum that very evening. We learnt that it had been lost for more than 150 years and that it belonged to Lord Kantavat who hid it and the diary was also his.

So, in the end our ordinary trip had turned into a treasure hunt and four unknown girls became heroines.

Simona Belanová



Vse te saune

Za tretjo mobilnost smo se odpravili na vzhod Finske, v majhno občino z 2500 prebivalci. Vas je oddaljena 350 km od Helsinkov in 15 km od ruske meje. Ime občine je Kesälahti. Mobilnost je bila od 11.5.2013 do 17.5.2013.

V soboto, 11. maja 2013 ob 5.30 uri smo se odpravili izpred šole v Budimpešto z kombijem. Vožnja je trajala kar nekaj ur. V kombiju smo se že z Davidom in Juretom naveličali. Ko smo prišli na letališče smo komaj hodili, ker so nas bolele noge od neprestanega sedenja. Na letališču smo čakali kar dve uri. Ob 11.30 smo vzleteli z letališča. Ob vzletu me je preplaval strah. Že ko sem bil majhen, sem govoril, da nikoli ne bom letel z letalom. Pa se je to vendar zgodilo. Strah je bil prisoten vso pot do Finske. Najhuje je bilo, ko je letalo prosto padlo. Takrat so se mi roke potile. Z vsakim kilometrom v letalu sem se počutil bolj domače. Hrana na poti do Finske se mi ni zdela dobra, vendar je nisem poskusil. Vendar ne obžalujem. Tudi stewardese so bile zelo prijazne. V primerjavi z vožnjo z avtomobilom je malo strašljivo. Vendar bolje je leteti na kratke razdalje kot pa na dolge, npr. v Ameriko. Vožnja z letalom je trajali dobri dve uri in pol. V Helsinkih smo pristali okrog 15. ure, vendar je Finska v drugi časovnem pasu, zato smo morali uro poriniti naprej. Ko je pri nas bilo 1 je bilo na Finskem 2 ura. Na letališču smo spoznali Slovake in Madžare ter učitelja s Finske. Bil je res razburljiv dan. Potem smo šli do avtobusa, kjer smo čakali Špance, ker so bili na drugem terminalu. Nato smo se vsi skupaj odpravili do Kesälahtija. Vožnja je trajala pet ur. Isto je, da se vozimo po desni strani ceste. Na poti smo naredili postojanko v gostilni, kjer smo imeli kosilo. Hrana je zgledala drugačna kot v Sloveniji, vendar je bila okusna. Pili smo brezalkoholno pivo, ki je bilo dobro. Lahko bi pili tudi mleko. To se mi je zdelo zelo čudno. Mleko pri kosilu! Glede reliefa lahko rečem, da je podoben našemu v Prekmurju. Vendar v Prekmurju nimamo toliko jezer, le redka. Po kosilu smo se vrnili v avtobus in se odpeljali v Kesälahti. Na avtobusu nismo govorili z nikomer. Bili smo sramežljivi, ker nismo vedeli kako bodo odeagirali. Pozno zvečer smo prišli do hotela Karjalan Kievari, kjer smo spoznali naše gostitelje in se odpravili na domove. Jaz sem živel pri družini Kiljunen. Imeli so leseno hišo. Hiša je lesena zato, ker je lesa na Finskem veliko in so ga tudi zato uporabili. Bil sem presenečen, ker so lesene hiše v Prekmurju zelo redke. Vendar je to značilna finska hiša. Osrednji prostor hiše je dnevna soba in kuhinja združeno. Tukaj je tudi kamin. Če gremo naravnost skozi vrata, pridemo v dnevno sobo. Iz dnevne sobe pridemo v kopalnico. V kopalnici je tudi savna. Če gremo iz osrednjega prostora v nasprotno smer, pridemo do spalnice in dveh otroških sob. WC je desno od vhoda. Hiša je kar precej velika. Tudi družina je bila bolj premožna, kar sklepal po Applovem prenosniku in tabličnem računalniku. Zelo težko je pisati s finsko tipkovnico. V hiši v glavnem živi štiričlanska družina, ki ima dva otroke. Mlajši brat od mojega gostitelja je igral električno kitaro. Rad je poslušal metal glasbo, ker je v sobi imel CD-je od največjih metal skupin. Drugače so vsi bili bolj tihi in so le malo govorili. Skupaj s Turkom sva se nastanila v skupni sobi. Po eni uri pa sva se odpravila spat.

V nedeljo smo potovali v Punkaharju. Tam smo si ogledali Lusto forest museum, kjer smo videli gozdarsko mehanizacijo. Ta muzej je bil nenavaden, ker v Sloveniji takšnega muzeja ni. Mogoče zato, ker mi lesa ne uporabljamo toliko za hiše kot oni in ga je več na zalogo kot pri nas. Mi uporabljamo les bolj za kurjavo, oni pa z njim gradijo hiše. Po ogledu muzeja smo se odpravili na obisk srednjeveškega gradu Olavinlinna. Grad stoji na otoku. Z kopnim ga povezuje plavajoči most. Grad je zgrajen na skali. Del gradu je obnovljen, del gradu pa še obnavljajo. V gradu je bilo življenje v srednjem veku zelo čudno, npr. majhna družina raztreščena v tako velikem gradu. To bi bilo zelo čudno. Živeti je bilo malo težko, če pogledamo dejstvo, da grad stoji na otoku. Kako so v tistih časih prišli preko? Mogoče s čolni

ali ladjami kot na Bledu, vendar to je zelo malo verjetno. Če se vrnemo k življenju, so imeli vse za preživetje tudi več mesecev naprej. Grad je bil mrzel v zimskih časih, v poletnih tudi, vendar je za poletni čas to dobra lastnost. Saj vroče jim ni bilo. Blizu so imeli jezero in so se lahko kopali v poletnem času, ki je zelo kratek. Grad je zelo zapleten s stopnicami, tako, da bi se lahko zgubil kot v labirintu. Dejstvu je tudi, da je ta otok, na katerem je zgrajen grad, skala. Po ogledu gradu smo imeli malo časa. Takrat smo si spili in pojedli. Odpravili smo se k Največji leseni cerkvi na svetu. Cerkev je visoka 37 m, dolga 45 m in široka 42 m. V cerkvi je lahko sedelo 3000 vernikov, ki so prišli k maši. Cerkev je bila zelo mrzla, da smo se kar tresli. Po ogledu cerkve smo se vračali domov. Ustavili smo se v Harjunportti, kjer smo imeli kosilo. Restavracija je bila zelo lepa, hrana pa okusna. Na poti domov v Kesälahti smo začeli spoznavati nove prijatelje. To se je nadeljevalo še drugi dan.

V ponedeljek, 13.5.2013 smo imeli najprej dobrodošlico v šolski telovadnici. Otroci iz nižjih razredov so peli in plesali. Bil je zanimiv dan. Ta dan smo se tudi predstavili vsem učencem šole in gostom z drugih držav. Sledil je ogled šole, kjer sem se spoprijateljil z Benediktom in Eduardom. Bili smo razdeljeni v skupine. Šola je razdeljena na tri zgradbe. Imajo veliko učilnic in zanimiv krožkov in dejavnosti, ki jih mi nimamo. Po ogledu šole smo spoznavali vas. Razdelili so nas v skupine. Hodili smo po vasi, odgovarjali na vprašanja in si pridobivali točke. Vse skupine smo se spet zbrale na šolskem hodniku. Šli smo pisat zgodbe o naših prvih vtisih. Bili smo utrujeni od hoje. V učilnici smo si odpočili. Pisali smo eno uro. Nato smo se odpravili domov k družinam. Pri družinah smo lahko počeli, kar smo hoteli. Midva s Turkom sva se odpravila ribarit. Najin gostitelj je ulovil ribo. Ribarili smo v čolnu na jezeru blizu njihove hiše. Sledila je savna. Jaz sem prvi šel v savno. Bilo je zelo vroče, da se se kar potil. Mislil sem si, da se bom zadušil, ker je bil zrak tako topel. Ko sem vdihaval ta vroči zrak, sem čutil, kot da bi mi usta gorela. Vendar sem v savni zelo užival. Savna je iz lesa, v njej pa je več lesenih klopi. V kotu je peč, ki segreva posebne naravne kamne. Nato na kamne zlivaž vodo in nastaja para. Ti se začneš vedno bolj potiti, dokler nisi cel moker, da s tebe teče. Po savni sem se ohladil z mzlím tušem. Za mano je v savno šla vsa družina. Imel sem tudi čas, da sem se pogovarjal z družino preko Facebooka. Imeli smo video klepet. Vsakokrat je bilo za večerjo nekaj dobrega. Pozno zvečer sem šel spat. Zaspati je težko, ker je ponoči svetlo. Svetlo je zato, ker Sonce odide tako nizko pod obzorje, da je zaradi učinkov ozračja tudi ponoči svetlo. Že je bil četrti dan mobilnosti na Finskem.

Prišel je torek. V torek smo se odpravili v Joensuu, kjer smo si ogledali tekmovanje Skills Finland. Naša pot se je nadaljevala do gostilne, kjer smo imeli kosilo. Glede hrane lahko povem samo, da je bila okusna. Nikoli ni bila »ogabna«. Po kosilu smo imeli prosti čas. Šli smo po trgovinah in smo si lahko kupili, kar smo hoteli. Ugotovil sem, da je vse na Finskem dražje. Skupaj z Juretom in Davidom smo hodili iz trgovine v trgovino, vendar nikjer nismo nič kupili. Po končanih nakupih smo se skupaj zbrali pred kulturnim in turističnim centrom Carelicum. To je muzej, ki govori o preteklosti te pokrajine. Bil smo naveličani, noge so nas bolele in hoteli smo čimprej oditi domov, kjer se lahko uležemo v posteljo.

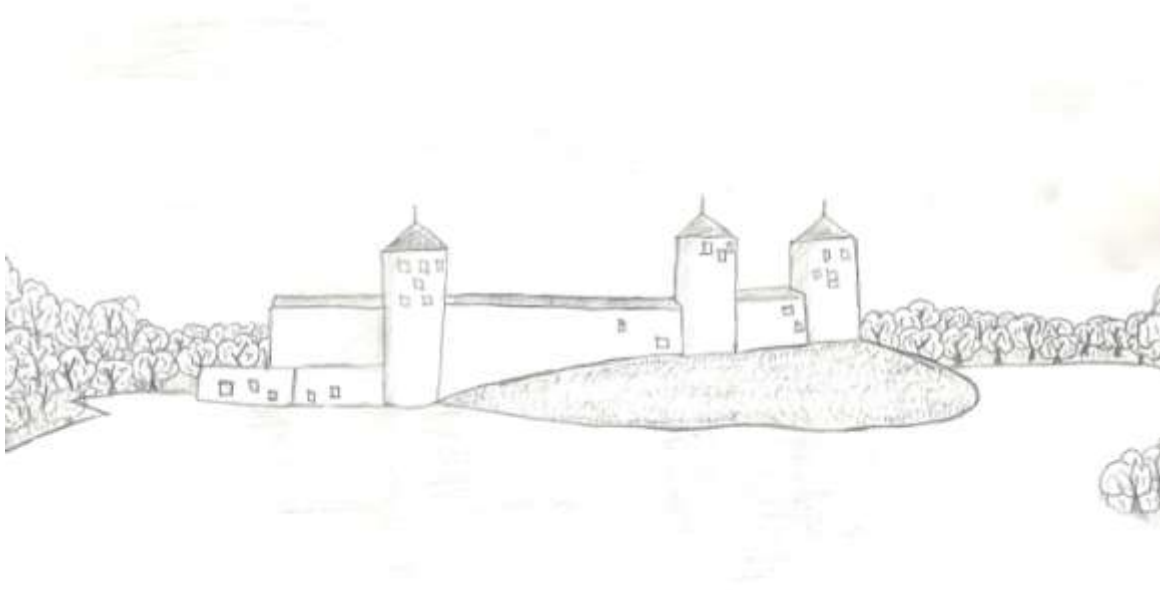
Najlepši dan je bila sigurno sredo. Najprej smo obiskali srednjo šolo Kitee, kjer smo lahko igrali na inštrumente in si zamislili šolo s petimi zvezdicami. Na srednji šoli smo imeli tudi kosilo. Po kosilu smo se odpravili v telovadnico srednje šole, kjer smo igrali hokej in nogomet. Bili smo žejni in potili smo se. Sledil pa je bolj zanimiv izlet po jezeru Pyhäjärvi. Trajal je štiri ure, vendar je bilo na poti po jezeru zelo hladno. Bili smo oblečeni, kot bi bila sibirski zima. Na ladji smo se zabavali z novimi prijatelji z drugih držav. Vendar je prihajalo še nekaj boljšega. Zvečer smo v šoli imeli disko. Tam smo plesali, divjali, pili in se zabavali. Vendar zabave je bilo hitro konec in dneva tudi. Ta dan sem spet šel v savno. Tokrat je bilo bolj vroče kot prvič. V savni je bilo 100°C, da je z mene kar tekkel znoj. Bilo je tako vroče, da sem komaj dihal. Tisti dan smo jedli tudi klobase, ki so jih spekli na vročih kamnih v savni.

Klobase so bile zelo dobre. Problem je bil, da jaz nisem bil lačen. Mobilnost se je približevala koncu.

V četrtek, predzadnji dan na Finskem, smo imeli koncert v šolski telovadnici. Ta dan smo gostje iz tujih držav predstavili svojo državo. Eni so plesali, drugi peli, tretji brali, četrti naredili film. V glavnem smo tisti dan videli košček različnih držav, različnih kultur, različnih narodov. Na koncertu je zaigral deveti razred, ki prireja koncerte in zbira denar za zaključni izlet v Nemčijo. Koncert se je približeval koncu. Dobili smo majhna darila s strani šole. Nato smo se odpravili na kosilo. Tam smo se najedli do sitega in se za eno uro odpravili k pouku pri našem gostitelju. Ura je hitro minila in tako je spet sledilo pisanje zgodb o vtisih na Finskem. Med pisanjem so naši prijatelji vrteli glasbo, si pisali SMS-e. Nadzorovala nas je učiteljica, ki je bila v sosednjem razredu. Ko smo odpisali smo se odpravili na igrišče. Tam smo se pogovarjali, poslušali glasbo, tekmovali med seboj itd. Vendar se dan za nas še ni končal. Zvečer je bilo še zadnje skupno druženje. Lahko smo šli v savno, se kopat v mrzlo jezero. Spekli smo si klobase na ognju in jih pojedli koliko smo hoteli. Vendar dan ne traja večno. Na domu sem pospravil svoje stvari v kovček, pripravil obleko za naslednji dan in odšel spat.

Nastopil je petek, dan poslavljanja, ko so tekle solze iz oči učencev in celo mater. Bili so zelo žalostni. Prišel je avtobus in odpeljali smo se na letališče. Španci so odšli že dan prej. Na letališču smo drug drugemu dali svoje elektronske naslove, številke, imena od Facebooka in šli vsak v svojo smer. Tako je ta teden minil, vendar prijateljstvo med nami je ostalo.

Dominik Majcen



All those saunas

Our third mobility was to the East of Finland, to a small community with 2500 inhabitants. The village is located 350 km from Helsinki and 15 km from the Russian border. The name of the village is Kesälahti. The mobility took place from 11th Mai to 17th Mai 2013. On Saturday, 11th Mai, we set forth from our school at 5.30 by a van. Our destination was Budapest. The journey took several hours. In the van, I, David and Jure got bored soon. When we arrived at

the airport our legs ached from the constant sitting. We were waiting for two hours at the airport. We started our flight at 11.30. I was really scared at that moment. When I was younger, I always said I would never fly by plane. But it happened nevertheless. I was scared all the way to Finland. The worst thing was the turbulences when the plane seemed to fall. My hands were sweating. But with every kilometre I felt more comfortable. The food on the plane did not seem tasty, however, I did not try it. I do not regret this. The crew was very pleasant. Compared to a car drive, flying by plane is a bit scary. The flight to Finland was nevertheless better than flying a long distant flight, for instance to America. It only took two and a half hours. We landed in Helsinki at around 3 o'clock pm, however, Finland lies in a different time zone. We met the representatives from Slovakia and Hungary and the Finish teachers. It was a very interesting day. Then we went to the bus, where we waited for the Spanish representatives, who arrived at another terminal. On the way to Kesälahti we stopped to have lunch. The food was different than in Slovenia, but it was very tasty. We drank alcohol-free beer which was very good. We could have also drunk milk. This seemed strange. Milk for lunch! Finland looked very much like our country, except for all the lakes. These are very rare in Prekmurje. After lunch our journey continued. On the bus, we did not speak to anyone, we were very shy. Late in the afternoon we came to the hotel Karjalan Kievari where our host were waiting to take us home. I was staying at the family Kiljunen. They had a wooden house. The Finish houses are made of wood, because there are so many forests in Finland. I was surprised, because in Prekmurje, wooden houses are very rare. However, this was a typical Finish house. The main part of the house is the sitting room and the kitchen. There is also a fireplace in this room. Then, there is also the bathroom. In the bathroom, there is a sauna. Then there is the master bedroom and two children's rooms. The house was quite big. It seemed the family was well situated, judging by Apple laptops and some tablets. By the way, it is very hard writing with a Finish keyboard. The typical Finish family has got four members, two children. My hosts younger brother played the electric guitar. He liked to listen to metal music, which could be seen in his big CD collection. Otherwise, all the members were very quiet and spoke little. My host was also a host for a Turkish boy. We stayed in the same room.

On Saturday, we travelled to Punkaharju. There we saw the Lusto forest museum with lots of forest mechanisation. It was a very unusual sight, for there are no such museums in Slovenia. Maybe, it is because wood does not play such an important role as in Finland. In Slovenia wood is used for heating, while people build houses from it in Finland. After the museum, we went to visit the medieval castle Olavinlinna. The castle is located on an island and connected to the land by a bridge. The castle is built on rock. One part of the castle is restored, while the other part is still being worked on. The life in middle ages must have been strange – a small family living in such a big castle. Surely, it was also a hard life. How did the people cross the river, to build the castle? Maybe by boats like in Bled, but this is not likely. They had to have all their provisions in the castle, to last for more months in case of an emergency. The castle was cold in those days, especially in the winter, however, in the summer this was a good characteristic of the building. At least, they were not hot. The lake was very near, so they could have a bath, however, the summer period is very short in Finland. In the castle, there were so many stairs, one could get lost. After the tour, we had some time in the castle. We ate and drank a little. Our next stop was the oldest wooden church in the world. It is 37 metres tall, 45 m long and 42 m wide. There is space for 3000 people inside. The church was very cold. The journey back home was very interesting, because we began to get to know other people. This also continued the next day.

On Monday, 13th Mai 2013, we had a welcome ceremony in the school gym. The younger students danced and sang. It was an interesting day. We, the guests, also introduced ourselves

to the students of the host school. A tour of the school followed, where we made friends with Benedikt and Eduardo. We were divided into groups. The school is made up of three parts. There are many classrooms and interesting clubs and after school activities, that we do not have. After that we got to know the village. We got different questions and were answering them and gathering points. Tired from walking, we wrote down our first impressions. We were writing for an hour and then went back to the families. Together with the Turkish boy we went fishing. Our host caught a fish. We were fishing in a boat in the lake near our host's house. The sauna followed. It was the first time I went to sauna. It was very hot. I thought I was going to suffocate, as the air was so hot. When I inhaled the hot air, my mouth felt like if it was going to burn. But I also enjoyed sauna very much. Sauna is something special. Like so many things in Finland, it is made of wood. There are more benches inside. In the corner, there is an oven, which warms special natural stones. As you pour water over these stones, the water humidifies. People start to sweat and are shortly entirely wet. After sauna there follows a cold shower. The whole family went to sauna with me. After the sauna the dinner followed, which was very good, as always. Then I went to bed. It is very hard to sleep in Finland, because it is bright during the night.

On Tuesday we went to Joensuu, where we watched the Skills Finland competition. Then we had some delicious food again. After lunch we went shopping and soon found out, that things are more expensive in Finland. Jure, David and I went from shop to shop, but we did not buy anything. Then we gathered again at the cultural and tourist centre Carelicum. It is a museum about the history of the country. The most interesting day was Wednesday. We visited the middle school in Kitee, where we could play some musical instruments and imagine a five star school. There we also had lunch and later played hockey and football. Next on our schedule was the trip on the lake Pyhärjärvi. It lasted for four hours and it was quite cold on the lake. We were dressed very warmly. Again we made some new friends from foreign countries. But the day was not over yet. I went to sauna again, but this time, it was much hotter than the first time. I even had troubles breathing. Later we ate sausages, which were baked on hot stones in the sauna. The sausages were very delicious. The mobility was coming to an end.

On Thursday, the day before the last, there was a school concert in the gym. The guest students also presented our own countries. Some dances, the others sang and some showed a film. We could see parts of different countries and cultures. The last song was performed by students of the ninth year, who arrange concerts and thus gather money for their final trip to Germany. We also got small presents from the school. We had another hour to spend at our host families. It passed very quickly and again we wrote stories about our impressions about Finland. Our friends played music, wrote text messages. The teacher who looked after us, was in the classroom nearby. After writing, we went to the playground. We talked, listened to music and were competing against each other. In the evening we spent some more time together. We could go to sauna and swim in the cold lake. We baked some sausages in the fire and ate as much as we wanted. But the day did not last for ever. We packed our suitcases at home and went to bed.

On Friday, we said our farewells and there were some tears in the eyes of children and even mothers. We were very sad. A bus came and drove us to the airport. The Spanish left a day earlier. We exchanged our e-mails, numbers and Facebook information. The week has passed, but friendships remained.

Dominik Majcen

The Comenius meeting in Spain



V areni

Lep sončen dan, ki se je odvijal v Seville, so spremljali kriki iz arene, kjer se je odvijala bikoborba. Teh tukaj ni bilo nikoli dovolj. Sonce je pripekalo in z očmi sem iskala senco. Ker je nikjer ni bilo, sem se počasi odpravila naprej. Lahko bi sicer šla v areno, ampak se mi res ni ljubilo gledati enih in istih obrazov, ki se imajo za nekaj več. Mestna gospoda ter njihovi otroci, ki so tukaj samo zaradi tega, ker doma gospodinje pospravljajo. Vseeno, če dobro pomislim, je v areni senca. Zavzdihnila sem in se odpravila do vhoda. Bi lahko prišla notri brez dovoljenja? Varnostnikov ni bilo nikjer, zato sem hitro smuknila notri. Na "hodniku" je bila senca in bilo je malo bolj hladno kot zunaj, zato sem se ustavila. Iz arene se je spet slišalo navijanje, vendar me, po pravici povedano, to ni zanimalo. Nisem se imela namena premakniti ven iz tega zatočišča, dokler se igra ne konča. Upala sem samo, da me ne bodo dobili kakšni varnostniki, ker se mi potem ne bi pisalo dobro. Naslonila sem se na steno in se počasi usedla. Iz žepa sem si vzela majhno ogledalce ter se pogledala. Pot mi je tekla po čelu in bila sem cela rdeča v obraz. Sovražila sem takšne vročinske vale, bilo mi je preprosto prevroče. Najraje bi se vrgla v morje, vendar ga ni bilo nikjer v bližini. Počasi se mi je zdelo, da se ohlajam, naenkrat pa mi je spet postalo vroče. Slišala sem korake in glas. V tem trenutku sem si zaželela, da bi bolj vadila teči, ker v tem res nisem bila najboljša. Dvignila sem se in se dokaj hitro pognala ven iz hodnika. Nisem se dobro znašla v arenah, zato sem kar lahko pričakovala, da se bo to zgodilo. Izgubila sem se sredi vsega in spet sem slišala korake in enak glas. Stisnila sem se k steni v upanju, da me ne bo opazil. Bilo je temno in nisem imela pojma kje sem. "Kaj imamo pa tukaj?" presneto. Zelo dobra poteza. Bravo jaz. "Jaz... em.. sem se... izgubila..?" če bi bila varnostnik ne bi verjela sama sebi. "Lahko poveš po resnici, ali se pa ne bo končalo dobro za tebe." Zavila sem z očmi. "Noter sem prišla brez dovoljenja, ja, ker mi ej bilo vroče. Dovolj?" vstala sem in imela sem namen, da bi se počasi odpravila. "Nikamor ne greš, gospodična. Nekaj se bova zmenila." Ošvrknila sem ga z očmi. "Jaz ne bom nikomur povedal, da si ti tu, ampak ti ne smeš nikomur povedati, da sem jaz tukaj. Zmenjeno?" "V redu, ampak zakaj si tukaj, če smem vedeti?" zavzdihnil je. "Če se usedeš ne bo nič hudega, veš?" počasi sem sedla in ga pogledala, koliko sem ga pač v tej temi lahko. "Moj oče je bikoborec in me je privlekel s seboj. Spodaj v areni je. Veš, meni pa ni ravno preveč do tega, da bi mogel stati spodaj v areni in čakati, da se bik kam zažene. To mi ni preveč všeč." Prikimala sem, vendar dvomim, da me je videl. "No, meni pa gre na živce ta gospoda, ki mora prva videti, ko se kaj dogaja! Vsak dan jih moram prenašati in jih gledati, zato se mi res ne ljubi hoditi na te bikoborbe. Pa še v areni ni sence. Zato sem vedno raje na hodnikih, ali se pa potikam okoli po mestu. Starši so oboževalci bikoborb in so tukaj vedno, ko so lahko. Res ne vem, kaj je tako zanimivega na bikih ali pa bikoborcih. Če mene vprašaš, je to mučenje živali. Ubogi biki. Bikoborci se pa tam nastavljajo kot neki klovn-borba sploh ni zanimiva, razen, če bik prebode koga." Utihnila sem, ker se mi je zdelo, da mogoče malo preveč govorim. "Ti pa rada govoriš, kajne? No, dejansko sva na enakem... razen tega, da mora moja mati ostati doma. Drugače je pa prav tako velika oboževalka bikoborb. Res ne razumem, kaj je ljudem tako všeč pri tem. Nogomet je boljši od tega." Iz arene se je spet slišal krik. "Upam, da so koga prebodli... ne vem, jaz nisem zainteresirana za športe in podobne stvari. Vse mi je dolgočasno. Najraje ležim doma in spim, če ne spim, potem pa grem na živce komurkoli iz naše hiše." nekaj časa sva bila v tišini. Moram priznati, da sem vedno mislila, da so otroci, katerih starši so bikoborci, veliko bolj naduti. No, saj mogoče so, ampak on ni. Ne bom rekla, da mi je všeč, je pa v redu človek. "Ali tvoj oče pričakuje, da boš tudi ti takšen bikoborec kot on?" "Več ali manj... ampak mene ne

vleče to. Veliko bolj me zanima nogomet in podobni športi. Najraje bi šel na čisto drugo celino in ponovno začel z vsem, vendar to ni mogoče. Vsaj ne, dokler sem mladoleten in pod vplivom očeta." Malo sem se zamislila. Dejansko se mi je smilil. "Si poskušal to dopovedati tudi tvojemu očetu? Da ti je veliko bolj všeč kakšen drug šport, ne pa bikoborba?" "Ne in niti ne bom poskušal... ne spleča se." Iz dvorane se je slišalo navijanje množice. "Ne vem, kako ti gledaš na to, ampak mogel si boš izbrati svoje. Jaz bom pa počasi šla, drugače se bodo doma drli name." "Hvala, da si me poslušala..." "Marzia." Sem mu hitro odvrnila. "No, lepi te je bilo spoznati, Marzia. Če se še pa kdaj vidiva, mi pa reci kar Alejandro."

Nina Petković



In the arena

It was a nice sunny day in Sevilla, which was accompanied by the screams from the arena, where a bull fight was taking place. People never had enough of these. The Sun was scorching down on the Earth and I was looking for a shadow. As there was none to be found, I continued my way. I could have gone to the arena, but I was not in the mood to watch the same faces over again, whose owners thought they are something better - the city gentlefolks who were there, because their maids were cleaning their houses. On the other hand, there was shadow in the arena. I took a deep breath and went towards the entrance. Could I go in without permission? There were no guards to be seen, so I quickly slipped inside. There was a

deep shadow and it was cooler than outside, so I stopped. A loud cheering could be heard from the arena, but it did not interest me much. I had no intention of moving from the cool shadow until the games were finished. I was hoping that no guards would find me, for it would not end well for me. I leaned against the wall and slowly sat down. I took a small mirror from my pocket and took a look at myself. Sweat was running down my forehead and my face was red. I hated these hot spells, it was simply too hot. I wanted to jump into the sea, but there was none near. First, it seemed I was cooling down, but then it got hotter again. I heard steps and a voice. In that moment I wished I had practiced running more, as I was not the best in the discipline. I rose and ran down the hall. I was not used to arenas, so I might have expected what followed. I got lost and then heard the steps and the voice again. I pressed against the wall in hopes that no one would notice me. It was dark and I did not know where I was. "What do we have here?" A very good move. Congratulations to myself. "I ... er ... got lost ...?" If I had been the guard, I would not have believed me for a second. "You can tell the truth or it will end badly for you." I rolled my eyes. "I came into the arena without permission, because it was too hot outside." I got up and wanted to leave. "You're not going anywhere, miss. Let's make a deal." I looked at him suspiciously. "I won't tell anyone you're here, but you mustn't tell anyone I'm here either. OK?" "Ok, but, why are you here?" He sighted. "If you sit down, nothing bad will happen, you know?" I slowly sat down and tried to see as much as could be seen in that darkness. "My father is a bull fighter and dragged me along to the arena. He's down in the arena. But I don't like bull fighting very much." I nodded, but I doubt he could see me. "And I don't like the gentlefolk, who have to be the first to see what is happening! I have to bear their sight every day, so I don't want to go to bull fights to look at them again. And there is no shadow in the arena. So I am rather here in the hall, or I wonder in the town. My parents love bull fights and are always here. I really can't see what is so interesting in bull fights and bull fighters. If you ask me, this is animal torture. Poor bulls. The bull fighters pose like some clowns and the fight isn't interesting at all, unless the bull pierces somebody." I stopped talking, because I thought I might be talking too much. "You really like talking, don't you? Well, actually we're in the same position, except my mother has to stay at home, although she is a big fan of bull fights. I really don't see, why people like them so much. Football is much better." There was another scream from the arena. "I hope somebody got pierced ... I don't know. I'm not very interested in sports. Everything is boring. I prefer lying at home and sleeping. If I don't sleep, I nag somebody in the family." We spent some time in silence. I have to admit, I always thought that the children whose parents were bull fighters were more snobbish. Perhaps they are, but he wasn't. I can say I liked him, but he was a nice person. "Does your dad expect you to become a bull fighter like him?" "More or less ... but I'm not interested. I'm more interested in football. I would like to go to another continent and start over, but that's not possible. At least not, while I am still under aged and under my dad's influence." I got absorbed in thought. I actually felt a bit sorry for him. "Have you tried to talk to your dad? Have you told him, you like other sports more than bull fighting?" "No, I haven't and I won't. It's not worth it." Loud cheering could be heard from the arena. "I don't know what you think, but you will have to fight for your wishes. I must go, otherwise I will get scolded at home." "Thank you for listening ..."
"Marzia," I said. "It was nice meeting you, Marzia. If we meet again, call me Alejandro."

Nina Petković



Carmela

(Eine Außen-innen-Geschichte)

Hell scheint die spanische Herbstsonne auf die Feria de los ganaderos, das Fest der Viehzüchter in Zafra. Sie scheint auf eine kleine Gruppe, eine Mutter mit ihren Kindern, Carmela und Pablo. Bei ihnen stehen zwei blonde Frauen, bestimmt keine Spanierinnen, und gegenüber ein braunhaariger Mann, der ein Foto von ihnen knipst. Carmela lächelt zwar, fühlt sich aber nicht recht wohl, denn sie schmiegt sich fest an ihre Mutter. Vielleicht ist ihr der Fotograf nicht ganz geheuer, der große Mann mit seinem Bart. Oder sie ist ein wenig schüchtern, vielleicht schämt sie sich etwas vor den Fremden. Müsste sie aber gar nicht, denn sie hat wie ihre Mutter ein wunderschönes Flamenco-Kleid an und eine große rote Rose im schwarzen Haar. Ihr Bruder macht einen eher entspannten Eindruck. Auch die blonden Frauen wirken ziemlich locker, haben ja wahrscheinlich Urlaub. Jetzt ist das Foto im Kasten und alle gehen weiter. Nun wirkt Carmela froh. Wie spannend doch so ein Foto sein kann.

Ich bin auf unserer Feria in Zafra, das ist eine Stadt in Westspanien. Ich hab' mich so gefreut. Meine Mamá und ich haben unsere schönen Tanzkleider angezogen, meins ist grün mit Blumen drauf. Das meiner Mamá ist gelb mit weißen Punkten. Wir sehen wunderschön aus. Mamá hat mir auch noch eine riesige Rose ins Haar gesteckt. Auch mein Bruder Pablo sieht gut aus in seinem besten Hemd. Neben uns stehen zwei blonde Frauen, und ein Mann mit Bart will uns fotografieren, aber warum? Ich kenne die Leute nicht, die eine Frau spricht wenigstens Spanisch, das hab' ich vorher gehört. Die Leute sind mir irgendwie fremd und nicht ganz geheuer. Sie lächeln anders als wir. Ich drücke mich fest an Mamá. Ich will nicht so nah neben der Frau stehen, die mir was Nettes sagt, doch ich antworte nicht. „And cheese!“, höre ich den Fotografen, was heißt das schon wieder? Ein Klick und das Foto ist aufgenommen. Hoffentlich kann ich jetzt weg. Schließlich sind wir hier auf keiner Foto-Show.

Eva-Maria Prommesberger

Lena Seebauer



Carmela

(A story of two perspectives)

The Spanish autumn sun shines brightly on the Feria de los ganaderos, the fair of cattle-breeders, in Zafra. It shines on a small group, a mother with her children Carmela and Pablo. Beside them there are two blonde women, who surely aren't Spanish and a man with brown hair is standing in front of them and is taking a photo. Carmela is smiling but she doesn't feel much at ease, but clings closely to her mother. Maybe the tall bearded man with the camera seems strange to her. Or perhaps she is a bit shy and feels embarrassed by the strangers. She shouldn't though, as she is wearing such a beautiful flamenco dress, just like her mother, and a big red rose in her black hair. Her brother seems to be more relaxed. The blonde women look relaxed, too. They seem to be on holiday. Now the photo has been taken and the group moves on. Now Carmela is happy. How exciting such a photo may be.

I am at our Feria in Zafra, that's a town in the west of Spain. I have been so glad. My Mom and me are wearing our pretty dance dresses, mine is green with flowers on it. Mom's is yellow with white dots. We do look pretty. Mom has pinned a huge red rose into my black hair. My brother Pablo looks cute, too, in his best shirt. Next to us there are two blonde women and a bearded man, who wants to take a picture of us. But why? I do not know these

people. One or the women at least speaks Spanish. I heard it before. But somehow they seem strange to me. Their smiles are different from ours. Therefore I hold on to Mom. I don't want to stand so close to this woman. She says something nice to me, but I don't reply. 'And cheese', I hear the photographer say. What again does this mean? There's a click. The photo has been taken. I hope I can go now. After all this is no photo-session.

Eva-Maria Prommesberger

Lena Seebauer



Askerim

İlk görev yerime gelmiştim.Etraf çok sakin görünüyordu.İspanya ordusunda bir askerdim.Askerlik mesleğini çok seviyordum.Asker olmak içinde çok çalışmışım.Merida şehrinde görev yapıyordum.Merida'nın ortasından büyük bir nehir geçiyordu.Merida çok büyük bir şehir değildi.Yeni yeni gelişmekte olan bir şehirdi.Merida'nın ortasında ki bu büyük nehrin kıyısında büyük bir kule vardı. Bu kule benim görev yerimdi. Bu kule de, gemilerin ne taşıdıklarını öğreniyordum.

Artık mesleğimi iyice öğrendim.Buda beni çok mutlu ediyordu.Hergün nehirden yüzlerce gemi geçiyor.Bu gemilerin hepsini teker teker kayıt altına almak çok zor oluyor.Bazen bu meslekten sıkılıyorum. Hergün başıma farklı farklı olaylar geliyor.Annem ve babamla aynı evde kalıyorum. Her gün başımdan geçen olayları bıkmadan, usanmadan anneme anlatıyorum. Bir gün Afrikalı insanları taşıyan gemi nehirden geçiyordu. Biz de hemen durdurduk, anladık ki insan kaçakçılarıymış. Başka bir günde, Amerikan donanma gemisi geçiyordu. Geminin üzerinden dumanlar çıkıyordu. Biz durdurmaya çalışıyorduk ama gemi durmuyordu. İnsanlar gemiden atlıyordu. Hemen sahil güvenliğe haber verdim ve gemiyi limana götürdüler.Durmamasının nedeni geminin motor dairesinde yangın çıkmasıydı. Gemi kullanılamaz bir durumdaydı. İspanyol itfaiyeciler yangını çok hızlı söndürdüler ;ama fayda etmedi.

Evlendim; bir tane oğlum oldu.Bana hergün ne yaptın bu gün neyaptın diyordu.Onu çok seviyordum. Bir gün sokakta oynarken , hayatını kaybetti. O günden sonra hayatım mahvolmuştu. Bende dalgınlıklar oldu. Bu durum en fazla işimi etkiledi. Bazı gemileri görmeyip kayıt altına alamadığım zamanlar olmuştu. Komutanlarım bu durumlar karşısında beni azarlıyorlardı ve bu son olsun diyorlardı. Ben birkez daha kayıt tutmayınca beni çok sevdiğim mesleğimden attılar. Ben artık nasıl geçinecektim. Bu arada annem evi temizlerken sandalyeden düşüp ayağını kırdı.Yeni bir işe başladım. Turistlere hediyelik eşya satıyordum. Çok iyi para kazandım bu işten. Bu işi yaparken İngilizce öğrendim. Buraya gelen turistler çok zengin oluyorlardı. Daha sonra hediyelik eşya almak için Türkiye'ye gittim. Oradan onyedili koli hediyelik eşya aldım. Türkiye'de döner diye bir şey yedim.Çok hoşuma gitti. Nasıl yapıldığını öğrendim ve Merida'da bir dönerci dükkanı açmaya karar verdim. Çok iyi bir işim vardı.Dükkanında bir doğal gaz sızıntısı varmış.Birgün sabah dükkanın kapısını açıp , ışığı açtığımda dükkan birden alev aldı.Yetkililer dükkanında bir doğal gaz sızıntısı olduğunu söylediler. Döner dükkanı da bitti. Hayat artık çok zorlaştı. Kredi kartının borçları eve haciz getirdi.Bu durumda karım beni terk etti.Ben de sokaklarda yaşamaya karar verdim.O günden sonra Merida sokakları benim evim oldu.

Abdurrahman Büyükketenci



I'm a soldier

When I came to my first place of duty, the surroundings looked very quiet. I was a soldier in the Spanish army. I loved being a soldier. I had worked very hard to be a soldier. I was on duty in a city, Mérida. There's a river running through Merida. Merida wasn't a big city then. It has been developing recently. There is a big tower on the shore of this great river in the center of Mérida. This tower was my place of duty. From this tower I had to find out what the ships were carrying.

I learned my job very well. This was making me happy. Every day, hundreds of ships were passing. It was hard to record all these ships one by one. Sometimes I was bored by my profession. I was faced with different events every day. I was staying with my father and my mother at our home. I never got tired of telling my mom about all the events that I had lived through the day.

One day, a ship that was carrying African people came sailing along the river. We stopped it immediately. We realized that they were trafficking human beings. On another day, an American warship came along. Heavy smoke came from the ship. We tried to stop it but it didn't stop. People were jumping from the ship. I informed the coast guard immediately and they tugged the ship to the harbor. The reason why the ship didn't stop was that fire had broken out in the ship's engine room. The ship was out of control. Spanish firemen put out the fire as best they could; but it didn't help.

I married; I had a son. He kept asking me every day, "What do you do today? What do you do today?" I loved him very much. One day while he was playing in the street, he died in an accident. From that day on my life became bitter. I became absent-minded. It influenced my

work. Sometimes I didn't take proper notice of the ships and sometimes I didn't record them. My superiors reprimanded me and they said, "This is the last time we have put up with it". When I forgot recording a ship once again, they discharged me from my job that I had loved so much. How did I get on then? Meanwhile, while my mom, who was cleaning the house, fell off the chair and broke her leg.

I started a new job. I was selling souvenirs to tourists. In this job, I earned quite a lot of money. While I was working this job, I learned English. Tourists who come here are quite rich. Later, I went to Turkey to buy souvenirs. I bought seventeen parcels of souvenirs from there. I ate something they call döner in Turkey. I liked it very much. I learned how they made it and I decided to open a döner shop in Merida. I had a great job. I used compressed natural gas in my shop. One day when I opened the shop door and turned on the lights, the shop suddenly caught fire. The authorities found out about the natural gas and closed my shop. Life became very hard then. Because of my credit card loan, the bank confiscated my home. Under these circumstances my wife left me. I decided to live in the streets. From that day on, the streets of Mérida have been my home.

Abdurrahman Büyükketenci



Marcelino, chleb i wino

„Marcelino, chleb i wino”- jest pogrzejającą opowieścią o chłopcu sierocie. Historia rozpoczyna się, kiedy zakonnicy biednego, spustoszonego przez wojnę klasztoru znajdują niemowlę porzucone przed drzwiami w XVIII – wiecznej Hiszpanii.

Zakonnicy pokochali dziecko. Czując, że potrzebuje matki, bracia próbują znaleźć mu dobry dom. Po daremnych poszukiwaniach rodziców chłopca, mnisi zdecydowali, że mała sierota pozostanie z nimi w klasztorze. „Każdy zakonnik będzie jego matką i ojcem” – oznajmił jeden. Byli oni łagodnymi, troskliwymi ludźmi. Zakonnicy nazwali i ochrzczili dziecko imieniem po świętym, który miał tego dnia swoje święto(obchodził imieniny) – Marcelino. Każdy brat uczył go jak się modlić i innych umiejętności takich jak czytanie, pisanie, matematyka itp. Mnisi uczyli i chronili go z wielką miłością, ale czasami byli zakłopotani jego pytaniami i czynami, Marcelino robił sobie żarty z braci.

Wyrósł na ciekawego świata, błyskotliwego chłopca o głębokich uczuciach.

W pewien sposób zmienił ich życie. Zakonnicy troszczyli się o niego, ale on nie miał swoich przyjaciół, był samotny i tęsknił za matką.

Pewnego dnia grupa akrobatów, która przejeżdżała koło zakonu, zgubiła chłopca, który wypadł z wozu. Bracia wzięli go, pomogli mu i został z nimi przez pewien czas. Marcelino chciał się z nim zaprzyjaźnić, ale za bardzo się różnili. Kiedy akrobaci przyszli zabrać Emanuela, patrząc na jego więź z matką, Marcelino widzi jak bardzo mu jej brakuje. Przez kilka dni Marcelino był bardzo smutny. Spotkał Emanuela ponownie podczas jarmarku we wsi. Od tamtej pory bawił się bardzo często ze swoim wymyślonym przyjacielem, z którym zawsze rozmawiał.

Pewnego dnia idzie na strych i widzi pośród cieni, naturalnych rozmiarów krucyfiks. W swej naiwności i dziecięcej fantazji, myśli, że figura Chrystusa jest prawdziwa i został dotknięty widokiem smutku i cierpienia na jego twarzy. Marcelino przynosi figurze jedzenie. Ręka wyciąga się po dar i głęboki głos dziękuje małemu koledze. Był zadowolony, że znalazł nowego przyjaciela.

Marcelino był zafascynowany Jezusem, ale współczuł mu. Przynosił mu chleb

i wino każdego dnia. Kiedy dawał swoją ofiarę posąg cudownie ożywał

i przyjmował dar. Jezus dał mu przydomek MARCELINO CHLEB I WINO. Poruszony darem wiary chłopca, Jezus zaspakaja największe pragnienie Marcelina, aby połączyć się ze swoją matką. Marcelino pragnął zobaczyć matkę Jezusa, Błogosławioną Dziewicę Marię i swoją własną matkę. Chrystus powiedział, że chce go wziąć w ramiona, mówi mu, aby zasnął i Marcelino umiera szczęśliwy.

Zakonnicy są świadkami cudu patrząc przez szparę w drzwiach na poddasze

i wchodzą dokładnie w czasie, gdy zmarły Marcelino jest skąpany w niebieskiej poświacie. Posąg wraca na swoje miejsce na krzyżu, a Marcelino jest pochowany w lochach kaplicy i czczony przez wszystkich, którzy odwiedzają rozkwitający zakon, który zamienił się w sanktuarium. Od tamtego dnia

w Hiszpanii jest obchodzone święto dla uczczenia go.

Marcelino, bread and wine

“Marcelino, bread and wine” is a heart-warming tale of an orphan boy.

The story is set in eighteenth-century Spain, where the monks of a poor war-ravaged monastery found an infant, abandoned on their doorstep.



The monks fell in love with the baby. Feeling that it needed a mother, they attempted to find a good home for him. After a futile search to find the boy's parents, the friars decided the little orphan would stay with them in the monastery. "Each monk will be his mother and his father", they proclaimed. They were gentle, caring men. The monks named and baptized the child after the saint of the day – Marcelino. Each monk taught him how to pray and other skills like reading, writing, maths etc.

The friars educated and protected him with great love but sometimes they were puzzled by Marcelino's questions and deeds. Sometimes he played jokes on the friars.

He grew up to be a curious, bright boy with deep affection. In a way, he changed their lives. The monks cared for him well, but he had no friends of his age and was lonely and he missed a mother.

One day, a group of acrobats passed the monastery. They lost a boy, who fell out of a cart and got badly injured. The friars took him and helped him and he stayed with them for some time. His name was Emanuel. Marcelino wanted to be his friend, but the two children were very different. When the acrobats came back to take Emmanuel, Marcelino found himself yearning for a mother, as he observed the deep bond Emmanuel shared with his mother. For several days Marcelino was very sad.

He met Emmanuel once again during a fair in the village. Then Emmanuel was gone, but he stayed in Marcelino's mind.

From that time on Marcelino often played with his imaginary friend and kept talking to him.

Then one day, Marcelino climbed up to the attic and he saw there, within the shadows, the awesome shape of a life-sized crucifix. In his naïveté and childish fancy, he thought the figure of Christ was real and he was touched by the look of sadness and suffering on his face. Marcelino fetched some food for the figure. A hand reached for the gift and a deep voice thanked the little fellow. He was pleased that he had made a new friend. Marcelino became fascinated by Jesus, but felt sorry for him. He brought Jesus bread and wine every day.



As he gave his offering, the statue miraculously came to life and accepted the gift. Jesus gave him the nickname MARCELINO BREAD AND WINE. Moved by the boy's faithfulness, Jesus granted Marcelino's deepest wish, to be reunited with his mother. Marcelino wished to

see Jesus' mother, the Blessed Virgin Mary, and his own mother. Christ asked him to come into His arms, he told Marcelino to sleep - and Marcelino died happily. The monks witnessed the miracle through a crack in the attic door, and burst in, just in time to see the dead Marcelino bathed in a heavenly glow. The statue returned to its place on the cross, and Marcelino was buried underneath the chapel and has been venerated by all who visit the now flourishing monastery, which was turned into a shrine.

From that day on there has been a festival in Spain, commemorating Marcelino.

Zuzanna Pudlo



In Santiago de Compostela

Hello, My name is Konstanvcja Obidzińska. I am twelve years old. I live in Warsaw in Poland. I dreamed to visit Spain. My dream came true this year.

I flew to Spain for a trip. It was my first flight. It was wonderfull as I expected. An airplane landed in Madrid. After few hours I spent in Spain capital I went to hotel. Next day, early morning we took bus to Santiago de Compostela. A journey took almost 6 hours. I admired rugged Spanish landscape through bus's window.

Santiago de Compostela is the beautiful town, situated North-West Spain in A Coruña province, 35 km from Atlantic Ocean coast.

I wanted to visit Santiago de Compostela cathedral very much. There is Saint James (one of apostles) grave. The town was founded in 813 A.D. The king Alfons II built sanctuary. The cathedral has been built for 600 years.

The sanctuary is the destination of the Way of St. James, a leading Catholic pilgrimage route originated in 9th century. Way of St. James starts in many towns in Europe. There are a lot of hostels along the Ways of St. James. In 1986 Councile of Europe announced Way of St. James as very important cultural element of Europe. In 1993 Way of St. James was nominated the UNESCO World Heritage Site.

I bought the The Scallop Shell, emblem of St James, worn by pilgrims.

Then I saw the Old Town which was nominated the UNESCO World Heritage Site. There were many old houses, palaces and square Praza de Espania, one of the most beautiful square in Spain. I am very happy that I could visit Spain. I could come back there soon.

Konstancja Obidzińska



Život koňa

Z madridského letiska sme zamierili do Santa Marty. V autobuse bolo horúco. Otvorila som si okno a oviaľ ma príjemný vánok. Vonku už neboli žiadni turisti ani budovy, len rozsiahle olivovníkové polia a kopce roztrúsené v diaľke za nimi...nádhera.

Po chvíli autobus spomalil a my sme prechádzali okolo malého stáda koní. Ten pohľad mi pripomenul tri úžasné roky, ktoré som strávila v Amerike a mojich najlepších priateľov, ktorých som tam mala – kone. Stiahla som žalúzie, zatvorila oči a šťastná začala snívať o mladej odvážnej kobyle Storm...

Som kobyla a narodila som sa v stodole v Apalačských horách. Keď som mala dva roky, mala som problémy so svojimi prednými kopytami kvôli bahnu. V tej dobe môj majiteľ, pán Maxann, bol chudobný a starý muž, ale ja som ho takého mala rada.

Moja cesta začala, keď som videla, ako pán Maxann vedie ľudí, ktorých som nikdy predtým nevidela. Mali perie vo vlasoch a jelenie kože na chrbte. Hneď som vedela, čo to znamená – čas na predaj!

Bola som tak vzrušená. Premýšľala som, či si ma vyberú a oni si ma vybrali. Dúfala som, že sa budú lepšie starať o moje kopytá než pán Maxann.

Potom ako ma kúpili, dali mi na hlavu ohlávku. Nikdy predtým som žiadnu nemala. Pripevnili mi na ňu lano a priviazali ma okolo ďalšieho koňa, na ktorom niekto jazdil. Bolo to trochu divné, ale vzrušujúce.

Keď sme boli v polovici cesty do kmeňového tábora Cherokee, uvedomila som si, že moja matka nie je so mnou.

Spýtala som sa koňa vedľa mňa: „Prečo nemôže Ruby, moja mama, ísť s nami?“

„Je príliš stará, tak ju nechceli kúpiť. Nepýtaj sa ma prečo, lebo ja neviem,“ odpovedal kôň.

Na sekundu som sa zamyslela: „Rodina by mala zostať spolu, tak prečo nás oddelili?“

Aj keď som cítila, že to nebolo fér, bola som stále veselá, pretože som videla farebné stromy, ľudia zbierali jablká, černice, egreše a maliny. Milovala som hlavne vôňu jablák. Pripomenulo mi to jesenné dni, ktoré trávim jedením jablák s mojou mamičkou.

Keď sme konečne dorazili, cítila som pulzujúcu bolesť v kopytách. Nemohla som to vydržať! Začala som vyhadzovať zadnými nohami a kričať. Zrazu som uvidela dievčinu, ktorá bola odlišná od ostatných.

Prišla ku mne a snažila sa ma upokojiť: „Wow, dievča, čo sa deje?“

Všimla si moje kopytá a zavolala na svojho otca: „Potrebujem tu pomoc!“

„S čím môžem pomôcť?“ odpovedal jej otec.

Neznáme dievča ukázalo na moje kopytá. Otec sa chopil akcie a vypýtal pre mňa liečivé rastliny od ženy, ktorá pribehla z týpi blízko tábora.

Mala 10 kusov žltých, oranžových a zelených liečivých kvetov. Obviazala ich najprv okolo prvého kopyta a potom aj druhého. Bolo to nepríjemne, ale aspoň ma už kopytá až tak neboleli.

Skúsila som zaspáť, ale nemohla som prestať rozmýšľať o mojej mame. Bola v poriadku? Bolia aj ju kopytá tak ako mňa pred niekoľkými minútami? Trvalo mi dlho, kým som zaspala.

Ráno ma zobudil ruch prichádzajúci zvonka. Videla som ľudí nasadať na kone. Začala som cítiť nervozitu. Nevedela som, čo sa deje.

Opýtala som sa koňa vedľa mňa, ktorý spal: „Čo sa deje? Čo robia?“

„Presúvame sa na iné miesto na zimu,“ kôň odpovedal, „balia sa a hovoria o tom, čo budú robiť so žriebätkami.“

Bola som osamelá, pretože som bola ďaleko od mamy. Nechcela som sa ďalej presúvať. Snažila som sa myslieť na dobré veci ako napríklad mať kamaráta a ľudí, ktorí na mne budú jazdiť. Po týchto myšlienkach som sa cítila lepšie. Keď boli všetky kone pripravené, mohli sme vyraziť. Po chvíli začalo snežiť. Brrr, bolo mi zima. Vedela som, že ak chcem prežiť, nesmiem zastať. A tak som kráčala.

Našťastie tam bola Hazel. Múdra stará kobyľa, ktorá mi pomohla pokračovať v boji. Ona ma povzbudila.

"Cítim sa ako tvoja náhradná mama. Povedala by som, že sme si veľmi blízke."

Keď sme konečne dorazili, bol mráz. Ponáhľala som sa do stanu, ktorý mal vo vnútri ohnisko.

„Konečne! Nemohli ísť jednoducho skratkou?" povedal som naštvane, „skoro som zmrzla na smrť!"

"No, oni nepoznali inú cestu, ktorou by sa sem mohli dostať." Odpovedal iný kôň v stane.

Keď som išla spať, opäť som premýšľala o mame. Bola som smutná, pretože ma od nej vzali preč. Dúfala som, že ju znova uvidím.

Na druhý deň som bola vyvedená zo stanu. Bola som prekvapená, pretože jedno dievča z kmeňa, ktoré sa volalo Dabrah, dalo deku na môj chrbát.

Bolo to veľmi nepohodlné.

Chcela ísť na mne jazdiť, a tak ma osedlali.

„Ale nie, to snád' nie je pravda," pomyslela som si. Sklopila som uši dozadu, ale už bolo príliš neskoro.

Ďalšie dievča menom Safiya vysadla na mňa. Snažila som sa ju zhodiť, ale držala sa pevne. Po asi piatich minútach boja som ju poslúchla. Povedala mi, aby som sa pohla, a tak som išla. Ona bola ale ťažká!

Zavolala na Dabrah: „Vezmem ju na jazdu. Dobre?"

Debrah odpovedala: „Iste, prečo nie?"

Keď sme boli vonku na jazde v Black Creek, počula som zvuk. Bolo to strašidelné. Keď som sa otočila, videla som zviera v kroví. Mala som dojem, že to zviera ma pozoruje a snaží sa ma dostať. Potom sa zastavilo, pozrelo sa na mňa a odrazu sa začalo pohybovať smerom ku mne.

Zaerdzala som: „Pomôžte mi niekto! Niečo ma prenasleduje!" Začala som cválať po poli. Safiya nechtiac zo mňa spadla a snažila sa ma chytiť. Začala som cválať, pretože jej kroky som počula stále za sebou, a preto som si myslela, že to zviera ma prenasleduje. Zastala som vedľa vysokého stromu s kvetmi vanilkovo-bielej farby. Safiya ma konečne chytila a začala ma biť. Nechápala môj strach. Myslela si, že ja sa len zabávam. Mňa to naozaj bolelo. Chcela som ju uhryznúť, ale neurobila som to.

Keď sme sa vrátili do tábora, Safiya sa stále na mňa hnevala. Podala ma Debrahe. Ani nepovedala, či som dobrý jazdecký kôň alebo nie.

Debrah sa spýtala: „Čo sa stalo? Urobila si niečo zlé? Nevadí, stále si dobrý kôň." Debrah začala zo mňa dávať dole deku a sedlo. Potom ma premyla teplou vodou. Videla som ako sa Safiya blíži. Vystrašila som sa. Zmláti ma?

Povedala Dabrah: „Budem zajtra jazdiť na Búrke, na tej tvojej vystrašenej kobyle.“

V noci som sa rozhodla utiecť. Nechcela som, aby mi zase Safiya ublížila len preto, že som sa zľakla psa. Prebudila som kobylu spiacu vedľa mňa. Volala sa Diamond.

Spýtala som sa jej: „Hej. Si hore?"

„Áno, čo sa ma chceš opýtať?" odvetila.

"Vieš, ako ujsť od tohto kmeňa? Nechcem, aby ma Safiya znova udrela ako dnes."

Diamond odpovedala: „Nie, neviem. Myslím si však, že ťa znova už neudrie."

Tú noc som sa rozhodla zostať. Chcela som veriť, že Safiya sa upokojila a nebude znova šaliet. Nemala som už strach, že ma zbičuje.

Diamond pokračovala v našom rozhovore: „Mimochodom, ako sa voláš?"

„Volám sa Búrka. Som silná frézka kobyla. Narodila som sa na farme a zobrali ma od mojej mamy," odpovedala som.

Na druhý deň som videla ako Safiya ide ku mne. Bola som pokojná. Po niekoľkých minútach som bola osedlaná, ale kým ma sedlala, uvedomila som si, že je vlastne milý človek. Bolo to milé dievča so šťastným životom. Nebola som si istá, či jej život bol vždy šťastný, pretože sa vedela ľahko nahnevať.

Počas jazdy sme striedali cval s pomalou chôdzou. Vzala som si trochu sladkej zelenej trávy, preto ma slabo buchla, aby mi povedala, že nemám jesť. Sklopila som uši dozadu a začala jesť. Potiahla ma za moju uzdu. Snažila som sa jej povedať, že som nemala žiadne raňajky, ale nefungovalo to. Zosadla zo mňa a potiahla ma preč od trávy.

Potiahla som naspäť a ona mi šibla tenkou palicou na zadnú časť môjho tela. Človeče, to páli! A tak som zastavila.

Uvažovala som: „To nemôžem mať len trochu trávy? Oh, vidím. Je znova naštvatá!" Ona sa naozaj začala hnevať, a to viac než včera. Videla som letieť ruku.

„Ach, nie! Už zase!" Zakričala som. Bolo príliš neskoro. Udrela ma veľmi silno.

Keď sme sa vrátili do tábora, bolo veľmi slnečno, takže som sa začala potiť. Safiya ma odsedlala, potom mi dovolila pripojiť sa k stádu koní blízko stanov.

Hazel pokojne povedala: „Nasleduj svoje srdce, ale ak chceš vedieť, choď na sever. V noci choď podľa hviezd. Za denného svetla pozeraj na zelený mach na stromoch a skalách a tvar mraveniska.“

"Ďakujem," usmiala som sa.

"Veľa šťastia!" povedala Hazel s očami a ušami smerujúcimi na mňa .

Keď už všetky kone spali, vykradla som sa zo stáda .

Začala som utekať smerom na sever. Mala som strach, ale bola som šťastná, že mierim domov .Hovorila som si: „Je tu čím ďalej väčšia tma, poďme ďalej."

Zrazu som videla veľkú bielu loptu, ktorá mierila ku mne. Vedela som hneď, čo to bolo. Hádajte! Bola to

SNEHOVÁ BÚRKA !!!!!!!!!

Začala som panikáriť. „Čo budem robiť? Skryjem sa v jaskyni? Nie! Nie je tu kam sa schovať," pomyslela som si. Mala som len jednu vec, ktorú som mohla urobiť. Musela som ísť cez tú snehovú búrku.

Aký bláznivý nápad, ale išla som stále ďalej.

Bolo pre mňa ťažké brodiť sa v hlbokom snehu. Bolo mi zima od toľkého snehu na mojej srsti a bála som sa, že to nezvládnem. Už toho bolo na mňa príliš. Bola som unavená z boja so snehom a vetrom. Lahla som si na bielu zem a čakala som ... spala som ... a zase ešte trochu čakala.

Konečne. Snehová búrka prestala v dopoludňajších hodinách. Aj keď som chcela ísť domov, nemohol som sa pohnúť.

Napadlo mi, či nie som mŕtva a či chýbam Ruby, Hazel a Diamond tak, ako oni chýbajú mne. Aj keď prešla len polovica dňa, stále som ležala a prežívala najtmavšie a najčernejšie momenty môjho života. Stále som tam ležala.

Druhý deň som pocítila teplé slnko na chrbte. Uvedomila som si, že väčšina snehu sa rozpustila. Podo mnou bola tráva. Bola som prekvapená, že po takej zasneženej noci vidieť slnko. Pozrela som sa hore. Tam to bolo. Teplo jari padalo na moju srst'. Vstala som, trochu si pobehala a potom som sa vrátila k miestu, kde som spala.

Bola to krásna lúka, kde som zaspala. „Budeš mi chýbať, "zlaté" miesto. Ďakujem za záchranu môjho života. Dám ti svoju dušu, keď umriem. Ešte raz ďakujem," zvolala som s obrovským pocitom šťastia.

Potom som išla rovno domov. Tam to bolo! Môj sladký, sladký domov s mojím priateľom a rodinou

Behom a s obrovským úsmevom na tvári som vbehla do stajne. Bolo jasné, že som bola šťastná a vzrušená.

Hneď ako som vstúpila do stajne, zarazila som sa. Uvedomila som si, že niečo nie je v poriadku. Zašepkala som: „Moja mama! Kde je moja mama!?" Bola som v šoku.

„Je to v poriadku, malá. Tvoja mama bola predaná nášmu susedovi Buckovi. Už veľmi dávno. Je to milý muž," povedal jeden kôň zo stáda upokujúcim hlasom.

Pozrela som sa na susedov dom a zbadala som ju. Ten kôň mal pravdu. Bola tam. Začala som sa k nej približovať po špičkách. Bola rada, že ma vidí.

„Nemala by si byť s čerokézskym kmeňom?" spýtala sa ma.

Odpovedala som: „Áno, ale chcela som byť s tebou."

Prišiel muž. Bol to Buck. Zobral ma k pánovi Maxannovi.

Buck sa spýtal: „Nemá Ruby žriebätko? Videl som tam stáť toto roztomilé.

„Áno, má. Jej meno je Búrka. Myslím tým toho koňa, čo držíte.“ Pán Maxann ukázal na mňa.

„Predal som ju čerokézskemu kmeňu, ale asi utiekla.“

Buck odpovedal: „Môžem si ju nechať? Chceme, aby boli spolu.“

„Určite, môžete si ju nechať. Veď už mne nepatrí.“ Ukončil Maxann ich rozhovor.

Konečne som bola späť s mojou naozajstnou rodinou, domovom a so stádom, v ktorom som sa narodila. Moja mama bolo šťastná a ja tiež.

Na druhý deň dovolil Buck jednému dievčaťu menom Zuzana na mne jazdiť. Nepokúšala som sa ju zhodiť. Buck povedal, že som najlepšia jazdecká kobyła na učenie a moja mama je dobrá kobyła na jazdenie pre malé deti.

To bola moja cesta späť ku mojej mame. Som rada, že môžem s ňou stráviť zvyšok môjho života.

Zuzana Šáteková



Storm's Journey

We left Madrid airport and headed for Santa Marta. It was warm in the bus. I opened the window and there came a lovely breeze in. There were no more buildings or tourists outside, just vast flat fields of olives, with hills scattered behind them...beautiful.

After a while our bus slowed down and we passed a small herd of horses. I recalled three amazing years I spent in America, and my best friends there – horses. I pulled the window-blind down, closed my eyes and started enjoying my daydream about a young brave mare called Storm....

I am a horse, and I was born in a barn in the Appalachian Mountains. When I was two years old, I was having trouble with my front hooves because of mud. At that time, my owner, Mr. Maxan, was a poor and old man, but I liked him that way.

My journey started when I saw Mr. Maxan leading people that I had never seen before. They had feathers in their hair and deerskin on their back. I knew what that meant right away, selling time!

I was so excited. I wondered if they would pick me, and they did. I hoped they would take better care of my hooves than Mr. Maxan did.

After they bought me, they put a halter on my head. I had never had one before. Then, they clicked on a lead rope and tied it around another horse someone was riding. It was kind of odd, but it was exciting.

When we were halfway to the Cherokee tribe's camp, I realized my dawn, which was my mother, wasn't with me.

I asked a horse next to me, "Why couldn't Ruby, my dawn, come with us?"

"She is too old, so they didn't want to buy her. Don't ask me why because I don't know," the horse replied.

I thought for a second, "A family should stay together, so why are we being separated?"

Even though I felt it was unfair, I was still cheerful because I saw colorful trees, people picking apples, blackberries, gooseberries, and raspberries. I loved mainly the smell of apple. It reminded me of the fall days that I spend eating apples with my mommy.

When we finally arrived, my hooves were in a lot of pain. I couldn't take it! I started to rear and scream. Then, I saw a girl that was different from others.

She came up to me and tried to calm me down, "Wow girl, what's wrong?"

She noticed my hooves right away and called her dad, "I need some help here!"

Her dad replied, "What shall I help you with?" He took an action and asked for some jewelweed for me. There was a woman who came running from a tent near the campfire.

She had six pieces of yellow, orange, and green healing flowers. Then, she tied the flowers around the first hoof, then around my other one. It was uncomfortable, but at least my hooves didn't hurt that much.

When I was trying to go to sleep, I couldn't stop thinking about my dawn. Was Ruby okay? Are her hooves hurting like mine were a few minutes ago? It took me a long time to fall asleep.

In the morning, I heard people talking and mounting horses. I started to feel nervous. I didn't know what was going on.

I asked the horse that was sleeping next to me, "What's going on? What are they doing?"

"We are moving to another place for winter," the horse replied, "They are packing-up and talking about what they are going to do with the colts." I was lonely because I was far from my mom. I didn't want to move any further. Then, I thought of good things, like getting a friend and people riding me. Those made me feel better about moving. When all the horses were ready, we were set to go. After a while, it started to snow. Brrr, I was cold. I couldn't stand up, but I had to continue moving.

Fortunately, there was Hazel, a wise old mare that helped me keep fighting. She encouraged me.

"I feel like your foster dawn. I would say we are very close."

When we finally arrived, it was freezing cold. I hurried in a tent that had a campfire in it.

"Finally! Can't they just make a short cut?" I said angrily, "I almost froze to death!"

"Well, they didn't know another way here," replied another horse in the tent.

Then, when I went to sleep, I thought about my mom. I was sad because they took me further away from her. I hoped to see her again.

The next day, I was led out of the tent. I was surprised because one girl from the tribe named Dabbrah put a blanket on my back.

It was very uncomfortable.

Then, they wanted to ride me, so they started to put the saddle on my back.

"Oh no, it's not happening," I thought. I put my ears flat, but it was too late.

Another girl named Safiya mounted on me. I tried to buck her off, but she held on tightly. After about five or ten minutes of fighting, I followed her directions. She told me to walk, so I walked. Man, she was heavy!

She called out to Dabbrah, "I will take her out for a trail ride. Okay?"

Debbrah responded, "Sure, why not?"

Then we were out on the trail ride called The Black Creek trail ride, I heard a sound. It was scary. When I turned around, I saw an animal in the bushes. I had an impression that the animal was looking for my and trying to get me. Then, it stopped, looked at me, and started to move toward me.

I neighed, "Someone, help me! Something is chasing me!" I started to canter across the field. Safiya accidentally fell off of me and tried to catch me. I started to gallop because her feet made a sound, so I thought that the animal was chasing me. I stopped next to a tall tree with vanilla-white flowers. Safiya finally caught me and started to hit me. She didn't understand my fear, and she thought I was just fooling around. It really hurt, and I wanted to bite her, but I didn't.

When we arrived back at camp, Safiya was still angry with me. She handed me to Debbrah. She didn't even say if I was a good riding horse or not.

Debbrah asked me, "What happened? Did you do something bad? Whatever, you are still a good horse." Debbrah started to untack me. Then, she washed me with warm water. I saw Safiya coming. I got very scared. Was she going to beat me up?

She told Debbrah, "I'm going to ride Storm, your scary-cat horse, tomorrow."

At night, I decided to run away. I didn't want Safiya to hurt me again just because of me being scared of the dog. I shook and woke the horse sleeping next to me. She was named Diamond.

I asked her, "Hey. Are you awake?"

"Yes, what do you want to ask me?" she replied.

"Do you know how to escape from this tribe?" I said, "I don't want Safiya hits me again like she did today."

Diamond responded, "No, I don't. But I think she is not going to hit you again."

That night, I decided to stay because I wanted to believe that Safiya would calm down and wouldn't freak out again. I wasn't worried anymore that she was going to hit me.

Diamond continued our conversation, "By the way, what's your name?"

"My name is Storm. I'm a strong Fresian mare. I was born on a farm and I was taken from my dawn," I responded.

The next day, I saw Safiya about to approach me. I was calm. After a few minutes, I was tacked up, but when she was doing it, I realized that she was actually a nice person. She was a sweet girl with a happy life. I wasn't sure if her life was always happy because she got easily mad.

When we were on the ride, she started to canter. Then, we slowed down to a walk. I took a bit of sweet green grass, so she slapped me a little to tell me not to eat. I put my ears back and started to eat again. She pulled on my mouth piece. I tried to tell her that I didn't have any breakfast, but it didn't work. She mounted off of me and pulled me away from the grass.

I pulled back, and she slapped me really hard with a thin stick on my rear end. Man, it stung, so I stopped.

I wondered, "Shish, can't I have just some of the grass? Oh, I see. You are getting annoyed again!" She was actually getting angry, and it was more than yesterday. I saw the hand coming.

"Oh, no! Not again!" I screamed. It was too late, and she slapped me too hard.

When we arrived back at camp, it was very sunny, so I started to sweat. Safiya untacked me, and then she let me join the herd of horses near the tent.

When Safiya was gone in the tent, I asked Hazel, my foster mom, "How can I escape from this tribe to get home?"

Hazel said calmly, "Follow your heart, but if you want to know, go north. At night, follow the stars. In daylight, look for the green on trees and rocks, or shape of ant nests."

"Thank you," I smiled.

"Good luck!" Hazel told me with her eyes and ears pointed toward me.

When all the horses were asleep, I sneaked out of the herd.

I started to go to the north. I was scared, but happy to be headed home.

I told myself, "It's getting darker, let's get moving."

Suddenly, I saw a big white ball heading towards me. I knew what it was right away. Can you guess what it was? It was a....

SNOWSTORM ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I started to panic. "What am I going to do!?! Hide in a cave? No! There was no place to hide," I thought. There was only one thing I could do that was almost impossible. I had to go through the snowstorm.

What a crazy idea, but I kept on going.

It was hard for me to walk in the deep snow. I was cold from all the snow on my fur, and I was scared because I thought I wouldn't make it! I couldn't take it anymore because I was tired of fighting the wind and snow. I laid down on the white ground waiting... sleeping....and waiting a little more.

Finally, the snowstorm stopped in the morning. Even though I wanted to go home, I couldn't move.

I wondered if I was dead or not, and if Ruby, Hazel or Diamond missed me as much as I missed them. Even though it was the middle of the day, I still laid down in the darkest, blackest moment of my life. I was still there.

The next day, I felt the warm sun on my back. I realized that most of the snow melted. There was grass under me. I was surprised to see the sun after such a snowy night. I looked up. There it was, the warmth of spring falling to my fur, making me shed. I stood up, ran around a little, and then went back to where I was sleeping.

It was a beautiful meadow where I ended up sleeping. "I will miss you, 'golden' place. Thank you for saving my life. I will give you my soul when I die. Thank you again," I cried of enormous happiness.

Then I went straight home. There it was! My sweet, sweet home with my friend and family....

I galloped in the barn with a huge smile on my face. You could tell I was happy and excited.

The first thing I noticed was that there was something different. I whispered, "My dawn! Where is my dawn!?" I was shocked.

"It's okay little one. Your mom has been sold to our neighbor, Buck, a long time ago. He is a nice man," a horse from the herd assured me with a calm voice.

I looked over to the neighbor's house, and I saw her. The horse was right. She was there. I started to tiptoe to my dawn. She was happy to see me.

"Aren't you supposed to be with the Cherokee tribe?" she asked me.

I answered, "Yes, but I wanted to be with you." A man came. It was Buck. He then brought me to Mr. Maxann.

Buck asked, "Does Ruby have a colt? I saw this cute girl hanging out there."

"Yes, she does. Her name is Storm. Well, I mean the horse you're holding," Mr. Maxann pointed at me.

"I sold her once to a Cherokee tribe, but I think she has ran away."

Buck replied, "Can I keep her? I'd like them to stay together."

"Of course, you can keep her. She doesn't belong to me anymore." Mr. Maxann ended the conversation.

Finally, I was back with my real family, at my real home, and with the herd I was born in. My mom was happy and I was too.

The next day, Buck made a girl named Zuzana ride me. She loved me. I didn't even try to buck her off. Buck said that I was his best school horse of all, and my mother was the best horse for little kids to ride.

That was my journey to get back to my dawn. I am happy that I can spend the rest of my life with my mom Ruby.

Zuzana Satekova

Comenius meeting in Slovenia



Príbeh z Portoroža

Jedno krásne nedeľné ráno sme sa zobudili a rozhodli sme sa, že sa vyberieme na výlet do Portoroža. Je to prímorské mestečko neďaleko Lubl'any.

Naraňajkovali sme sa, umyli a vyrazili sme na cestu. Trvala tri hodiny a počas nej som sa dozvedela mnoho zaujímavostí o Slovinsku. Okrem toho sme s mojím hosťiteľom Tilenom počúvali hudbu, slovenskú a aj slovinskú. Veľa sme sa nasmiali, keď sme sa dozvedeli, že máme kopu slov takých istých a teda každý sme rozprávali svojím jazykom, pričom sme si takmer bez problémov rozumeli. Keď sme po dlhej ceste dorazili do Portoroža, boli sme príjemne prekvapení, aké krásne počasie nám vyšlo. Išli sme na prechádzku k mólu, kde sme sledovali more a počúvali šum vln. Cestou na trhovisko sme stretli známych a s nimi sme sa chvíľu rozprávali. Keď sme prišli na trh, bola som užasnúta, akí boli všetci milí a srdeční. Dokonca jedna zlatá slečna mi dala zľavu, keďže som u nej nakúpila veľa vecí. Bolo krásne sledovať príjemnú vianočnú atmosféru, ktorá vrela v každom z nás. Keď sme nakúpili, šli sme pohľadať reštauráciu, v ktorej by sme si všetci pochutili. Po dlhom hľadaní sme konečne našli jednu starú pivničku, kde varili slovinské špeciality. Popri čakaní na jedlo som sa dozvedela niečo zo súkromia svojich hosťiteľov, o ich láske, o tom, ako sa stretli a zaľúbili. Tiež mi povedali, že kedysi dávno bol Portorož mestom lásky. Ľudia sem chodievali kvôli tomu, že história vraví, že každý, kto prejde cez mólo a hodí do mora papierik so svojím menom, nájde presne o 365 dní svoju pravú lásku.

Neviem, či sa táto legenda zakladá na pravde, ale už len zo zábavy som i ja hodila papierik so svojím menom do mora. Uvidíme, čo sa stane o 365 dní.

Simona Mináriková

A Story from Portorož

One beautiful Sunday morning we woke up and decided to go on a trip to Portorož. It is a small town near the sea not far from Ljubljana.

We ate breakfast, washed up and left for our trip. It took us three hours to arrive during which I learned many interesting things about Slovenia. Other than that, together with my host Tilen, we listened to Slovak and Slovenian music. We had a good laugh when we found out that we have a lot of words in common, so each one of us spoke in our own language and we understood each other almost without any problems. When, after a long trip, we arrived in Portorož, we were pleasantly surprised to have such beautiful weather. We went for a walk to the pier where we watched the sea and listened to the sound of the waves. On our way to the market we met some friends and talked to them for a little while. When we arrived at the market I was amazed at how everybody was so friendly and kind. One of the pleasant ladies even gave me a discount since I bought a lot of things from her. It was nice to see the wonderful Christmas atmosphere that was burning in each one of us. Once we had finished shopping we went to look for a restaurant where all of us would enjoy the food. After looking for a long time we finally found an old cellar restaurant where they prepared Slovenian specialties. While we were waiting for the food I learned something about my hosts, about their love, how they met and fell in love. They also told me that long ago Portorož was a town of love. People used to come here because a tale says that everybody who walks on the pier

and throws a piece of paper with their name into the sea will find their true love exactly in 365 days.

I don't know if this legend is true, but for fun at least I too threw a piece of paper with my name into the sea. We will see what happens in 365 days.

Simona Mináriková



Môj prvý deň

V živote je len pár nezabudnuteľných a neopakovateľných zážitkov. Mne sa takýto jeden zážitok vryl do pamäti. Rozhodla som sa písať o ceste do Slovinska a o prijatí do mojej náhradnej rodiny, ktorú som si veľmi obľúbila.

Zraz sme mali pred školou, kde nás očakával mikrobús. Nastúpili sme doň a vyrazili sme na štvorhodinovú cestu. Sprvu sme len tak mlčky pozerali z okna, no neskôr sme sa začali zhovárať a cesta ubiehala rýchlejšie. Ani sme sa nenazdali a už sme boli na maďarských hraniciach. Kúsok za hranicami sme mali chvíľu prestávku na rozohýbanie stuhnutých svalov po dlhej a únavnej ceste. Napätie stúpalo každým jedným kilometrom, ktorým sme sa približovali na určené miesto. Predstavovali sme si, ako to tam môže vyzerieť, keď v tom sme už zazreli školu. Vystúpili sme z mikrobusu a čakali, kým si po nás niekto príde. Vo dverách som uvidela milé dievča s pokojne vyzerajúcou mamou. Hneď mi padli do oka. Keď som sa dozvedela, že práve k tejto rodine idem, takmer všetko napätie zo mňa opadlo. Rozlúčila som sa so svojimi učiteľkami a spolužiačkami a vybrala som sa so svojou náhradnou rodinou nevedno kam. Obzerala som si okolité domy a hádala, v ktorom z nich budem bývať. Zabočili sme k trojposchodovému bielemu domu, z ktorého sa šírila príjemná vôňa. Počula som štekot psov, ktorý sa niesol tichou ulicou. Keď som vstúpila do domu, zazrela som mačku, ktorá pokojne ležala na stoličke a premeriavala si ma pohľadom. Zrazu ku mne prišiel vyšší pán a priateľským hlasom predstavil svoju rodinu, ktorú tvoril on, jeho žena a dve deti. Vzápätí ma posadil k hojne obloženému stolu. Navečerala som sa, neskôr ma odvedli do mojej izby, v ktorej bola manželská posteľ, TV, stolička, nočný stolík a obrovská skriňa. Cítila som sa veľmi príjemne. Niekoľko ľudí zaklopal na dvere a do mojej izby vstúpilo dievča, s ktorým som mala stráviť najbližší týždeň. Sadla si vedľa mňa na posteľ. Chvíľu sme sa na seba pozerali, ale po pár sekundách sme sa pustili do reči. Čas plynul a ani som si neuvedomila, že sa zhovárime približne dve hodiny. Okolo polnoci sme si popriali dobrú noc. V tmavej izbe som si ľahla a premietala si v mysli, čo som v prvý deň pobytu zažila. Usporiadávala som si myšlienky, očakávania, pocity. Zavrela som oči v očakávaní, čo prinesie nový deň.

Sabina Lacušova

My First Day in Slovenia

In life there are only a few unforgettable and unique experiences. One such experience has been embedded in my memory. I have decided to write about my trip to Slovenia and about how I was welcomed by my host family, which I have come to love very much.

We met in front of our school where a minibus was waiting for us. We got on it and left for the four hour drive. At first we just looked silently out of the window, but later we started to talk and the long drive went much faster. Without even noticing we found ourselves at the Hungarian border. Just beyond the border we had a little break to stretch our tight muscles after the long and tiring drive. Our excitement grew with each kilometre that we got closer to our destination. We tried to imagine what things would look like there and at that moment, we saw the school. We stepped out of the minibus and waited until somebody came for us. In the doorway I saw a nice girl with a calm-looking mother. Right away they caught my eye. When I found out that they were my host family, almost all the tension fell away from me. I said

goodbye to my teachers and classmates and left together with my host family to I don't know where. I looked at the surrounding buildings, guessing which one I would be living in. We turned towards a three-storey white building from which a pleasant scent was emanating. I heard dogs barking, the sound was carried down a quiet street. When I entered the house, I saw a cat eyeing me as it was sitting calmly on a chair. All of a sudden a tall man came to me and with a friendly voice introduced his family to me which was made up of him, his wife and two children. Afterwards, he took me to a table abundant with food. I ate dinner and later they showed me to my room, which had a double bed, TV, chair, nightstand and an enormous closet. I felt very comfortable. Somebody knocked on the door and a girl, with whom I was to spend time for the next week, entered my room. She sat next to me on the bed. For a while we just looked at each other, but after a few seconds we started talking. Time went by and I didn't even realize that we had been talking for about two hours. Around midnight we said goodnight to each other.

In the dark room I lay down and replayed in my mind what I had experienced on the first day of my stay. I collected my thoughts, expectations and feelings. I closed my eyes in anticipation of what the new day would bring.

Sabina Lacušova



Slovakia

Sunday Ice skating

On Sunday , December 8th , I woke up. At first I got scared because I did not wake up in my bed, but in a kind of strange room. Suddenly I realized that I was in Slovenia.

I had breakfast with my host family – Aljosa, Tjasa and their mother. After that I got dressed and all morning we played board games together and a card game called Uno. Then we had lunch and afterwards we decided to go ice-skating at the rink in Murska Sobota. Since it was quite warm outside, about four degrees above zero, we did not go to ice rink in the sports hall, but we stayed outside.

Immediately when we were coming I saw my sister. She had already been at the rink with her host family. Our host families had agreed on a common programme for that day. At first we borrowed skates. Mine were all orange and that really matched my winter coat, because it was orange too. My parents have bought me that coat recently. At once I headed to my sister and her host family. There I met my sister’s host Dominik, his siblings and parents.

More and more people came to the rink to skate. My sister and me were skating slowly because we had not skated for ages. Later on we tried to skate all around the rink and we really had a great time. We were happy but we could not see our friend Tjasa skating. In fact she could not skate, but somehow we managed to persuade her to try it. Of course it was not without some falls and small bruises. However, at the end of the day she ice-skated quite well and we could be proud of the good job we had done – we had managed to teach her how to skate. We enjoyed spending time together. It passed so quickly and before long we had to say goodbye to my sister and her host family. Before leaving Murska Sobota we went to a confectionary to have some hot chocolate. It was delicious. The rest of this amazing day I spent with my Slovenian friends and their mother playing games and talking to each other in English. We had a lot of fun.



I really enjoyed this day and I was happy I could go to Slovenia. The memories in my heart, the photos we have taken, will always remind me of that beautiful day.

Zuzana Holotňáková



Skoki narciarskie

Mam na imię Łukasz i jestem uczniem V klasy. Po szkole dużo czasu poświęcam zajęciom sportowym, które są moja pasją. Gram w piłkę nożną, trenuję karate. Bardzo lubię też oglądać zmagania sportowców w telewizji. Jedną z moich ulubionych dyscyplin są skoki narciarskie. Bardzo lubię oglądać ten rodzaj sportu, ponieważ przynosi wiele emocji.

Polska ma wielu wybitnych skoczków, którzy biorą udział w Mistrzostwach Świata w skokach narciarskich. Najlepszym z nich jest Kamil Stoch. Obecnie jest mistrzem świata i mistrzem olimpijskim.

Na Słowenii również jest wielu wspaniałych skoczków narciarskich, na przykład Robert Kranjec, Peter Prevc, Jurij Tepes, Jaka Hvala i Jernej Damjan.

Jedną z najbardziej znanych skoczni narciarskich w Słowenii znajduje się w Planicy. To mamucia skocznia i odbywają się tam najważniejsze mistrzostwa. Słoweńscy skoczkowie trenują tam codziennie. Odwiedziłem to miejsce z moim przyjacielem, mieliśmy też okazję oglądać skoki treningowe. Najdalszy skok wykonał Peter Prevc. Moim zdaniem najlepszym słoweńskim skoczkiem narciarskim jest Jurij Tepes. Nie był w najlepszej formie podczas treningu, ale za to był najbardziej przyjazny, podszedł do nas, chwilę porozmawiał, dał mi autograf i pozwolił mi przymierzyć swój kask.

Marzę o takiej karierze jak Kamila Stocha. Niestety, mieszkam w Warszawie i nie mamy profesjonalnej skoczni. Kiedy Kamil był dzieckiem, śnił o złotym medalu olimpijskim. Oczywiście w tym czasie to był żart, ale faktycznie się udało. Jego marzenie spełniło się w Soczi i stało się prawdą.

Kiedy byłem mały śniło mi się, że jestem skoczkiem i biorę udział w Zimowych Igrzyskach Olimpijskich w Warszawie. Ja i Kamil Stoch byliśmy wśród najlepszych czterech skoczków. Wszyscy skoczkowie skoczyli bardzo daleko, a poziom konkursu był wysoki. Wreszcie przyszedł czas na mój skok. Gdy siedziałem na belce, byłem bardzo zestresowany. Wiedziałem, że wiatr nie był dobry, ale ruszyłem. Pojechałem z prędkością około 110,55 km/h. W końcu przebiłem się przez chmury i poleciałem. Podczas lotu widziałem całą Warszawę. To było cudowne. Zrozumiałem, że zrobiłem to dla mojego kraju, dlatego poleciałem dalej niż inni. Mój wynik wyniósł 270 m, drugi zawodnik skok skoczył 240 m.

Moje lądowanie było bezproblemowe. Zrobiłem to, jak orzeł. Wszyscy wiwatowali na moją cześć. Dostałem maksymalną liczbę punktów za ten skok.

"Łukasz Cegliński jest mistrzem olimpijskim!", brzmiało to cudownie. Podczas ceremonii medalowej byłem bardzo dumny z siebie. Stałem pomiędzy dwoma wielkimi, polskimi skoczkami, którymi byli Kamil Stoch i Adam Małysz. To był doskonały wieczór, a turniej najlepszy w historii Polski. Niestety, mój budzik zadzwonił i zdałem sobie sprawę, że to wszystko to był tylko sen.

Łukasz Cegliński

Ski Jumping

In Slovenia there are a lot of magnificent ski jumpers, for example Robert Kranjec, Peter Prevc, Jurij Tepes, Jaka Hvala, Jernej Damian.

I really like watching this kind of sport it causes lots of emotions.

Polish ski jumpers take part in the ski jumping world championships. The best of them is Kamil Stoch. He is presently champion of the world and Olympic champion.

One of the most famous ski jumps in Slovenia is at Planica. It's a mammoth jump and the most important championships take place on this jump. Also Slovenian ski jumpers train there every day. I was there with my friend. We visited it all and watched training jumps. In my opinion the farthest jump was by Peter Prevc. In my opinion the best Slovenian ski jumper is Jurij Tepes. He wasn't at his best then, but he was most friendly. During training he came to us and asked about my name. After that he gave me an autograph and let me try on his helmet.

I dream of such a career as Kamil Stoch's. Unfortunately, I live in Warsaw and we don't have a professional ski jump. When Kamil was a child he was dreaming of an Olympic gold medal. Of course at that time it was a joke, but he actually made it. His dream was fulfilled in Sochi. His dream has become true.

When I was a child, I dreamed that I was a ski jumper and took part in the Winter Olympics in Warsaw. Me and Kamil Stoch were among the best four jumpers. All jumpers jumped very far and the level of competition was high. Finally came time to my jump. When I was sitting on a beam. I was very stressed. I knew that the wind wasn't good but I started. I went at a speed of about 110.55 km/h. Finally I pierced through the clouds and flew. While I was flying, I saw the whole of Warsaw. It was wonderful. I understood that I did it for my country. So I flew further than the others. My score was 270 m, although the jump was 240 m.

My landing was without any problems. I did it like an eagle. Everyone was shouting. For my landing I got maximum points.

"Łukasz Cegliński is an Olympic champion!!!" It sounded great. During the medal ceremony I was so proud of myself. I stood between two great Polish jumpers, they were Kamil Stoch and Adam Małysz. It was a perfect evening. It was the best contest in history. Unfortunately, my alarm clock rang and I realized that it was all just a dream.



Łukasz Cegliński

Comenius meeting in Turkey



Potovanje skozi čas

Bilo je tistega sončnega jutra. Odpravljali smo se na izlet. Vozili smo se po gorah, vzpetinah in rečnih dolinah. Pripeljali smo se v Kapadokijo. Tista stanovanja so me prevzela. Po obisku Jabolčne cerkve sem tavalala v enem izmed njenih predelov. Po kakih strahovitih petih minutah sem padla v luknjo. V luknji, ki je bila obdana z temo sem zagledala rdeč ognjen obris. Ta obris me je pripeljal do zgodovinske Mošeje v Konyi. V Mošeji so me obdajali menihi, ki so častili svojega boga. Klanjali so se mu na veličastnih preprogah. Tam so bili le možje in mladeniči. A naenkrat me je eden od njih grobo prijel za roko. Zvlekel me je do luknje v zidu in me potisnil vanjo. Nahajala sem se v hodniku teme in ognja. V tistem trenutku nisem vedela kje sem in do kam me bodo privedli ti ognjeni žarki in švigajoči komet. Začelo se mi je vrteti in zaspala sem. Po strahoviti uri sem se prebudila pred neko sobano. Ta sobana je imela majhna vratca splazila sem se skozi nje. V sobani je bila nega čudna velika stvarca. Na njej je pisalo TIME MACHINE. V tistem trenutku nisem vedela če sanjam ali se mi to res dogaja. To sem preizkusila s poizkusom. Prijela sem se za nos in tako sem ugotovila, da je to resničnost. K meni je pristopil možakar. Predvidevala sem, da je on moj ugrabitelj. Molčala sem. Sedla sva se v časovni stroj. Vrtela sva se z njim v pisanih barvah. A kar naenkrat sva padla izven. Možakar je bil precej prijaznejši kot pred časom. Znašla sva se še dlje v preteklosti. Nahajala sva se sredi njihovega tradicionalnega plesa. Ta ples izvajajo le mladeniči in možje. Oblečeni so v bele plesne obleke. Roke so položili na prsni koš in se vrteli. Plesali so s pomočjo njihove tradicionalne glasbe, ki so jo izvajali možje na vogalu. Inštrumente so si izdelovali kar sami. Po tisti glasbi so zasrbele pete tudi mene in lesni ritmi so me odpeljali do bazarja. Tam so stale majhne stojnice (bazarji) na njih so pa bili izstavljeni lončeni izdelki, nakit, rute... Okoli bazarjev je stala množica ljudi, ki je barantala za nižjo ceno določenega izdelka. Ugrabitelju sem se tu na bazarju na mojo srečo izognila. Prodajalec z lončenimi izdelki me je povabil v njegovo delavnico. Tam mi je predstavil svojega dedka, ki izdeluje te prečudovite izdelke. Preizkusila sem se v njegovem delu a sem to delo reje prepustila njemu. A naenkrat se je lončena posoda razbila in njeni drobni razbiti delci so poleteli v zrak. V zraku so se začele ustvarjati razne prečudovite oblike vaz. A ena je bila posebej posebna saj je na njej pisalo moje ime. Bila sem osupla. Moj ugrabitelj se je spet prikazal in me posadil na stol v časovnem stroju. Sedaj nisva več bila tako daleč v preteklosti. Pripotovala sva v leto 1953, ko so odprli muzej v čast Ata turka. Ogledovala sva si muzej, ki se je nahajal v glavnem mestu Turčije v Ankari. Po ogledu muzeja sva se še sprehodila malo okoli njega. Ta muzej je ena najlepših stavb kar sem jih videla. Na dvorišču sva srečala žive stražarje, ki ta muzej stražijo. Straža se zamenja vsako uro. Eden od stražarjev me je odpeljal nazaj v Kapadokijo. Moj ugrabitelj pa se je od mene tam v Ankari poslovil. Tudi midva sva potovala s pomočjo časovnega stroja. V tistih stanovanjih v Kapadokiji so se skrivali kristjani pred Turki. Med njimi so bili tudi otroci. Ti so bili tam z strahom pred Turki. Saj niso hoteli postati sužnji za plemiče. Kristjani so ta prečudovita stanovanja ustvarjali že pred več kot 4000 leti in so ustvarjena vse do našega obiska. Naenkrat je svet začel postajati moten. Ugotovila sem, da znova potujem v času. Po dolgi dogodivščini sem se le vrnila k svoji skupini. Spomine obujemo vsak dan znova!

Teja Kolar



Travelling through time

It happened on that wonderful sunny morning. We went on a trip. We drove over mountains, hills and river valleys. We came to Cappadocia. The housings took my breath. I also visited the Apple Church and wandered into one of its remote corners. Then it happened. I fell into a

hole. I was falling for five minutes through the black hole surrounded by a ring of fire. When I finally stopped I was in the mosque in Konya. There were monks who were praying to their god. They were bowing their head towards the magnificent carpets. Only boys and men were there. Suddenly one of them got up and grabbed me violently by the hand. He dragged me to a hole in the wall and pushed me inside. I was in a hallway darkness and fire. A comet was circling around me all the time. I started to feel dizzy, I fell asleep. Probably an hour passed and I woke up in front of what proved out to be a great hall. It had a tiny door and I crawled through it. There was a strange big thing in the hall. On it, there was a sign which said TIME MACHINE. In that moment I did not know if I was dreaming or if everything was real. I immediately put it to a test. I grabbed my nose really hard and found out it was real. The same man as before came to me. I stayed silent. We sat down into the time machine. We were spinning in a colourful surrounding. The man was friendlier than before. We went into the past. We found ourselves in the middle of their traditional dance. It was performed by boys and men. They were dressed in white dresses. They put their hand on their chests and span around. They were dancing to traditional music performed by a group of men on the corner. The instruments were homemade. I also started dancing and the music brought me to a bazaar. There were small stands there where clay products, jewellery, carves were put to display. There were lots of people around the stands who were haggling over the price. I lost my kidnapper here and was invited into the potter's shop. He introduced his grandfather who made wonderful products. I tried to make a vase myself, but I rather left the work to the potter. Suddenly a bowl broke and its pieces flew through air. In the air different shapes started to form. A special vase was amongst them and it had my name on it. I was stunned. My kidnapper found me and took me back to the time machine. We travelled to the year 1953, the year when the Atatürk museum was founded. We took a look at the museum, located in the capital city of Turkey, Ankara. After the tour, we took a walk around the museum. It was one of the most beautiful buildings I had ever seen. In the courtyard there we real soldiers guarding the museum. They changed every hour. My kidnapper said farewell and one of the soldiers came to me. Now he took me back to the time machine and we travelled back to Cappadocia. We travelled back to the caves in which the Christians were hiding from the people of the Ottoman Empire. There were children among other people and all were very scared. They did not want to become slaves for Ottoman nobles. The cave housings were built 2000 years before Christ and are still standing nowadays. Suddenly everything started to get blurry and I realized I was moving through time again. The journey ended and I was with my group again. I cannot stop thinking about my adventure.

Teja Kolar



My school years in Konya

My father was a Sufi and a famous poet and philosopher. One day he got a letter from the dignified Sultan. I remember it well because that day was an important day for me. I had become 14 years old.

I thought the letter was on official business because it was authenticated by the Sultan's gorgeous red and golden seal. Two Spahi soldiers with horses brought it. When my father opened the letter he smiled and said to me: "Pack, my son." "What is that letter about? Where are we going? Why do we go there?" I asked curiously.

But he didn't answer. He was just smiling under his nose.

We were packing for hours, but we could take only the most necessary things. We started on our way with eight camels and five horses. I rode my favourite camel. His name was Naughty. It wasn't an accidental name because he was similar to me.

We arrived in Konya after four days. As I was greatly interested in history, I had read a lot about this place. I knew that I could see lots of interesting things there. At last my father told me the Sultan had made him headmaster of his school in Konya. It was an immense success because that school was very famous, even in far-away countries.

Around Konya the land was bare and stony. The inhabitants lived in simple stone houses. But their mosques were rich in decorations. People were very religious. When they heard the muezzin's song for praying they retired to pray. They did it five times a day.

Life in the school was tiring and busy. We got up early in the morning and we prayed for a long time. After breakfast we learnt about the Koran. We had to learn many texts by heart. The writing lesson was the most difficult. We had to practice the splendid letters all the time. The lazy students got punished, the hard working students were given more time for games. My favourite subject was Music. We were dancing a whirling dance to beautiful tunes. I liked it very much.

I learnt well and I was praised by my teachers. Sometimes I got raps on my knuckles, though. My father was happy and he was very proud because after my successful exams I was promoted to dervish. Then a new chapter started in my life.



Anna Barna



Bilgina pomsta

Náš príbeh sa začal, keď sme sa v jeden deň rozhodli s kamarátmi navštíviť nejakú pamiatku. Nevedeli sme presne, kam pôjdeme, no potom dostala Rida nápad, s ktorým všetci súhlasili. Vydali sme sa teda do paláca, ktorý bol neďaleko mesta. Pri veľkej bráne sme našli kovovú doštičku. Zotrela som špinu a prečítala, čo bolo na nej napísané. Bol tam rok 1888. Zaklopali sme na bránu a v bráne sa otvorilo malé okno. V ňom sa objavil zvráskavený starý pán a opýtal sa, kto sme. Mustafa nás predstavil a starý pán nás pozval ďalej. Šli sme teda za ním.

Starček mal oblečený tamojší turecký kroj, čo bolo veľmi zvláštne, lebo také sa tu už dávno nenosia. Predstavil sa ako Harun. Zaviedol nás do paláca, kde tu pred jednou miestnosťou zastal, otvoril dvere a prizval nás dnu. Vošli sme a pred nami sa objavila priestranná miestnosť. Povedal, nech si sadneme a šiel urobiť čaj. No my sme zostali prekvapene stáť a pozeráť. Obdivovali sme krásu, ktorá nás obklopovala.

Medzitým Harun uvaril čaj a doniesol nám ho. Posadil sa a chvíľu si nás obzeral. Potom znenazdajky začal rozprávať príbeh. Bol o sultánovej dcére Bilge, ktorá sa dostala k moci. Nikto z obyvateľov ju nemal rád, pretože kto jej odporoval, toho dala zavrieť do hladomorne. Tak ubiehali roky krutej nadvlády. Bilge zhromaždila vojakov, ktorí ju poslúchali a boli na jej strane. Chcela totiž ovládnuť celý svet, ale to sa jej nepodarilo. Raz, v jednu noc presne na spln, sa jej jeden chudobný poddaný rozhodol pomstiť za jej krutosť a zavraždil ju. Legenda hovorí, že v každý spln sa objaví v paláci a straší tu. Keď Harun dorozprával, všetci sme na neho udivene hľadeli a nechápali sme, prečo nám to všetko hovorí. Mustafa, ktorý bol z nás najodvážnejší, sa opýtal, či sa tu už naozaj niekedy objavila, alebo to je len legenda. Starý mužiček sa pousmial a odvetil, že sa o tom môže presvedčiť dnes.

Pozreli sme sa z okna. Na oblohe sa práve zjavil mesiac. S hrôzou sme sa otočili ku starčekovi, no ten tam už nebol. Rýchlo sme sa postavili. Vtom začala strašná búrka. V okne sa objavila ženská postava, ktorá sa k nám približovala. Tušili sme, že to bude Bilge a bez váhania sme vybehli z miestnosti na chodbu. No i tu nás prenasledovala. Otočili sme sa a chceli sme ísť druhou stranou, lenže žiadna chodba tam už nebola, bola tam iba stena. Bolo nám jasné, že Bilge sa chce pomstiť za svoju smrť. Už bola tak blízko, vyťahovala spod košele dýku, keď vtom mávla rukou a udrela.... Zrazu sme sa prebudili a zistili sme, že to bol iba sen. Bolo ale divné, že všetkým sa nám sníval ten istý sen, v tú istú dobu, preto sme sa dohodli, že na to radšej zabudneme. Palácu sme sa odvtedy vyhýbali veľkým oblúkom.

Shania Paulíniová



Bilge's Revenge

Our story started on an incredible day, when my good friends and me decided to visit an old palace. At first we did not precisely know where to go but then Rita got an idea and we all agreed with her.

After a while we set out for our trip to visit the palace near the town. While approaching it, a crazy idea occurred to me. What about those ruins near the palace? Since we were very brave fellows, we carried out the idea at once. Suddenly we saw a large gate and when we looked around, we found a metal plate. I wiped the dirt off and there the year 1888 was engraved. It didn't seem too strange, so we knocked on the gate and somebody opened the small window in it. It was a wrinkled old man who asked us, „Who are you, and what do you want“? Mustafa introduced us and the old man politely invited us in, so we followed him.

It was bizarre somehow that the old man was wearing a Turkish costume which seemed very old –fashioned. People do not wear this kind of costumes anymore. He introduced himself as Harun. He was leading us to the palace when suddenly he stopped in front of a room and then opened the door and invited us in. A spacious room appeared before us. He offered us to sit down and went somewhere to make some tea. We were astonished by this place, looked around and couldn't believe that there was such a large and beautiful room in such an old ruin.

Meanwhile Harun had got his tea ready. He brought it to us, sat down and watched us for a while. Suddenly, he started to tell us a story. That story was about a sultan's daughter, called

Bilge. When she became the ruler of the country, nobody liked her, because she was very cruel. Anybody who resisted her was thrown into a dungeon. The years of her cruel rule went by and Bilge gathered a lot of soldiers who followed her anywhere and protected her. She wanted to conquer the whole world but she didn't succeed. One night, the moon was full, a poor villain decided to take revenge on Bilge for her cruelty and he killed her. A legend says her ghost still haunts the palace whenever there is a full moon. When Harun finished telling his story, we looked at him in astonishment. We couldn't understand why he was telling us about this, so Mustafa asked him if he had ever seen her. The old man gave a faint smile and said, "You can make sure of that tonight."

We looked out of the window. The full moon had just risen in the sky. We turned to the old man in horror, but he wasn't there anymore. We rose quickly, but at that very moment a terrible storm started. A woman's figure appeared in the window and she was getting closer to us. We suspected it was Bilge and without losing a second we ran out of the room to the hall. However, she was following us. We turned round and wanted to escape to the other side, but the hall disappeared and there was just a wall in front of us. It was clear that Bilge wanted to take revenge on us for her death. She was so close and already she was drawing her dagger from her shirt, when suddenly she waved her hand and hit... At that moment we woke up and realized that it was only a dream. But it was strange that we all had had the same dream at the same time, so finally we agreed it would be better to forget all of it. Since then we avoided the palace like the plague.

Shania Paulíniová



Begegnung zweier Großmütter

Frau Demiralp: Hallo, Frau Caner!

Frau Caner: Hallo, Frau Demiralp!

D.: Woher haben Sie denn dieses schöne Kleid?

C.: Aus dem kleinen Laden „Welt der Mode“ bei der Adnan-Hadiye-Sürmegöz-Schule. Dort ist heute einiges los. Gäste aus Europa sind gekommen.

D.: Oooh ja, ich weiß schon. Meine Enkelin Emine hat ein deutsches Mädchen bei sich aufgenommen.

C.: Wirklich? Verstehen sie sich gut?

D.: Ich denke schon. Sie kichern, lachen und reden viel miteinander, aber alles auf Englisch. Ich verstehe nur wenig. Oh, da hinten kommen sie ja. Emineeee! Hier bin ich!

Emine kommt.

Emine: Hallo, Großmutter, schön, dass du mich abholst!

C.: Hallo, Emine, wo ist denn deine Gastschülerin?

E.: Da hinten. Die große mit den blonden Haaren. Sie heißt Sandra.

C.: Mmh, das klingt ziemlich deutsch. Dann wünsche ich euch mal viel Spaß. Was macht ihr denn heute noch so?

E.: Danke! Wir besuchen noch Onkel Abdullah, den Töpfer, der in Sille eine Werkstatt hat. Meine Eltern gehen gerne zu ihm. Er ist ein großer Künstler, aber auch ein ziemlicher Spaßvogel. Er schmeißt einen Klumpen Lehm auf die Töpferscheibe, fährt mit den Händen mal hierhin und mal dorthin, als wollte er den Lehm massieren, und bevor du mit dem Schauen fertig bist, hat er schon die schönste Vase gemacht. Es sieht alles ganz leicht aus. Einmal hat er mich auch das Töpfern probieren lassen. Aber es war eine ziemliche Katastrophe. Ich war schnell von oben bis unten schmutzig und aus dem Lehm wollte auch nichts Vernünftiges werden. Doch dann hat mir Onkel Abdullah die Hand geführt und wir haben zusammen eine schöne Schüssel gemacht. Er hat sie im Ofen gebrannt, bemalt und ich habe sie dann zu Kurban Bayramı, dem Opferfest, bekommen. Vielleicht macht er auch

was Schönes für Sandra.

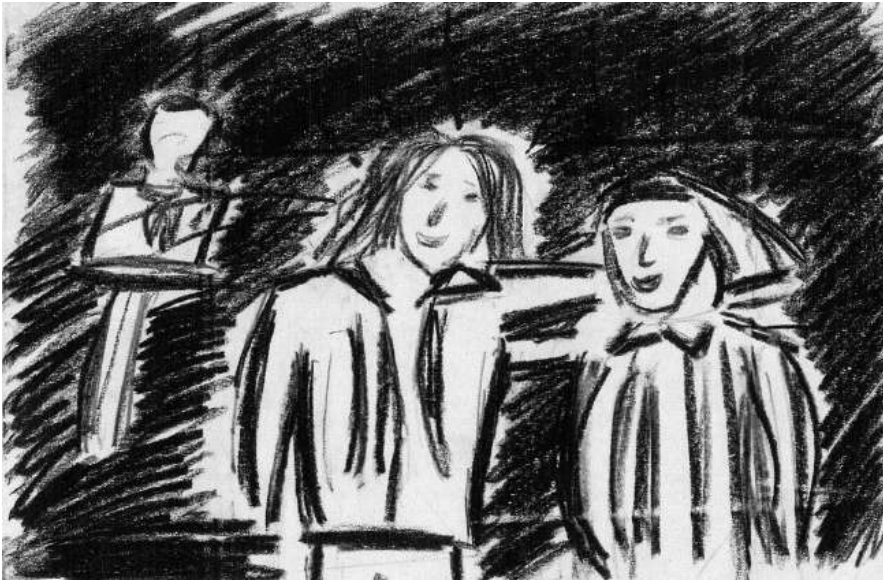
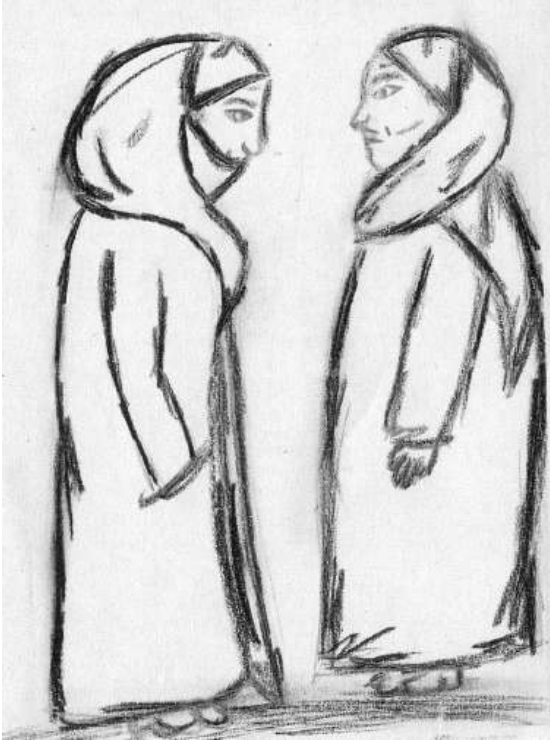
D.: Ganz bestimmt! Bitte sag ihm schöne Grüße.

E.: Mache ich, Großmutter. Gehen wir? Auf Wiedersehen, Frau Caner, allaha ısmarladık.

C.: Güle, güle.

Helena Röhn

Hannah Schuster



When Grannies Meet

Mrs Demiralp: Hello, Mrs Caner.

Mrs Caner: Hello, Mrs Demiralp.

D.: Where did you get this lovely dress?

C.: In that small shop “World of Fashion“, which is near Adnan Hadiye Sürmegöz School.
There’s a lot of excitement going on there. Guests from Europe have arrived.

D.: Oh yes, I know. My granddaughter Emine is hosting a German girl.

C.: Oh, really? Do they get along well together?

D.: I should think so. They giggle, laugh and talk a lot, but it's all in English. I don't understand much of it. Oh, here they are coming. Emineeee! Here I am!

Emine is coming.

Emine: Hello Grandma, it's so nice of you to pick me up.

C.: Hello, Emine, where's your host?

E.: Down there. It's that tall fair-haired girl. Her name is Sandra.

C.: Well, that sounds rather German. I hope you are having fun together. What are you going to do today?

E.: We are visiting Uncle Abdullah, the potter, who has got his workshop at Sille .

My parents like seeing him. He's a great artist, but also quite a funny chap. He will throw a lump of clay on his potter's wheel, will fondle it here and there, as if he were giving it a massage, and before you have started watching properly he has already made the most beautiful vase. It all looks really simple. Once he let me try it myself. But it was a complete disaster. I got dirty all over, and the clay wouldn't get into any reasonable form. But then Uncle Abdullah guided my hand with his and before long we had made a wonderful pot together. He baked it in his kiln, painted it and gave it to me as a present for Kurban Bayramı, the Festival of Sacrifice. Perhaps he will make something beautiful for Sandra, as well.

D.: Most surely he will. Please give my regards to him.

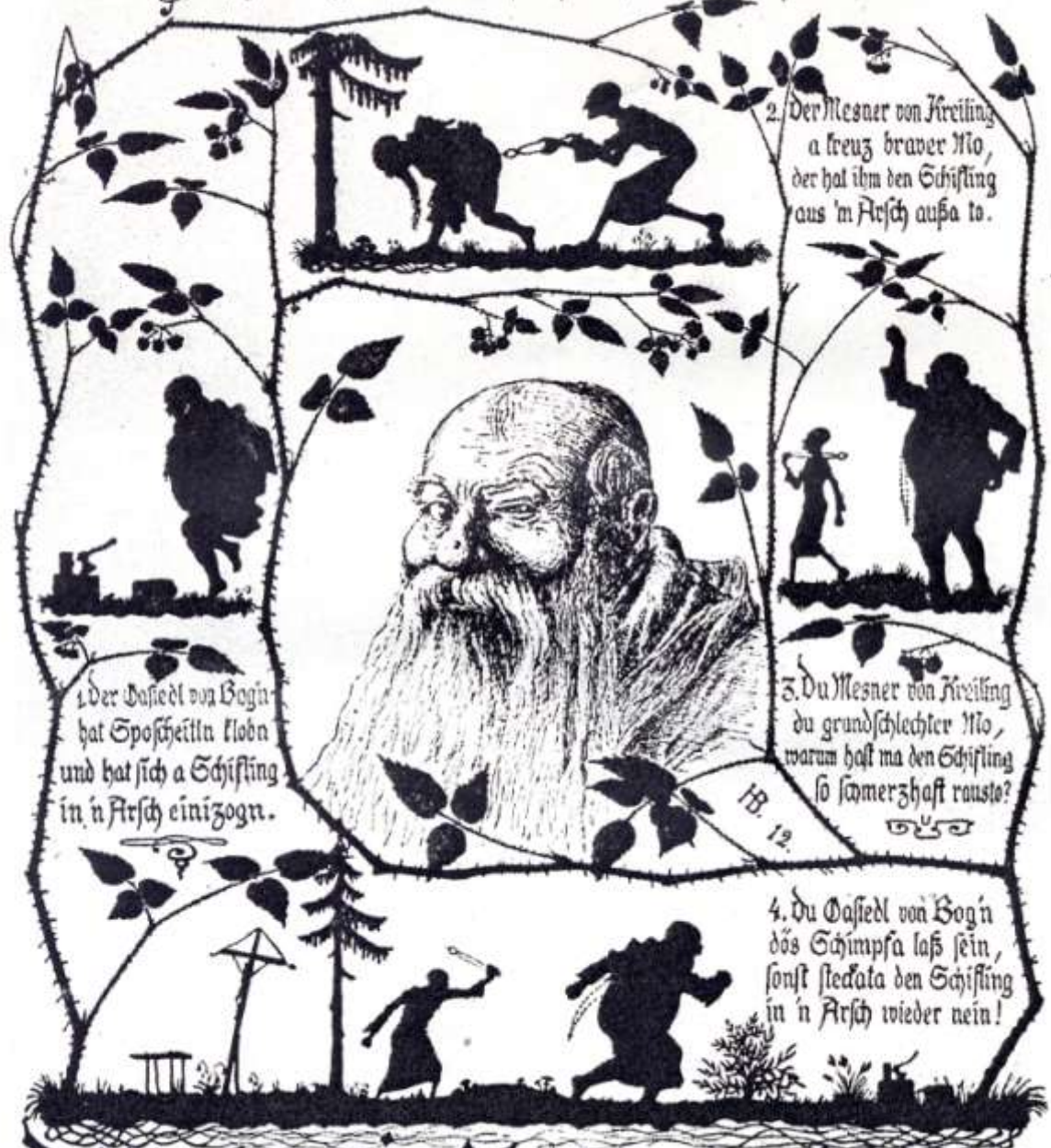
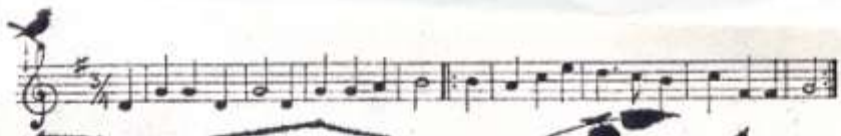
E.: I won't forget, Grandma. Shall we go? Goodbye, Mrs Caner, allaha ismarladık.

C.: Güle, güle.

Helena Röhn

Hannah Schuster

Attachment: The Hermit of Bogen



1. Der Gassiedl von Bog'n
hat Spofsheit'n klob'n
und hat sich a Schiffling
in 'n Arsch einizogn.

2. Der Mesner von Kreiling
a kreuz braver Mo,
der hot ihm den Schiffling
aus 'm Arsch aufsa to.

3. Du Mesner von Kreiling
du grundslechter Mo,
warum hast ma den Schiffling
so schmerzhaft rausto?

4. Du Gassiedl von Bog'n
dös Schimpfa laß sein,
sonst stedata den Schiffling
in 'n Arsch wieder nein!

Der Gassiedl von Bog'n

Original Bavarian version

Da Oasiedl vo Bog'n
hod Schposcheidl klobn
und hod se an Schiefeng
en'n Orsch einizogn.

Da Mesna vo Kreiling,
a kreizbrava Mo,
dea hod eam den Schiefeng
aus'm Orsch außado.

Du Mesna vo Kreiling,
du grundschlechta Mo,
woarum hosd ma den Schiefeng
so schmerzhaft rausdo?

Du Oasiedl vo Bog'n,
des Schimpfa lass sei,
sunst scheckata den Schiefeng
en Orsch wieda nei!

English version

The hermit of Bogen
has split some chip
and torn a splinter
in his backside so deep.

The sexton of Kreiling,
a very good man,
extracted the splinter
so softly he can.

You sexton of Kreiling,

you very mad sheep,
why are you extracting
so roughly the chip?

You hermit of Bogen,
at once stop to rail,
because I will put in
the splinter again.

Spanish version

El ermitaño de Bogen,
cuando cortando leña estaba,
una astilla en su trasero,
profundamente se clavaba.

El sacristán de Kreiling,
que un buen hombre era,
con cuidado y esmero
sacó la astilla fuera.

¡Oh sacristán de Kreiling!
¡mala oveja descarriada!
¿Por qué la astilla sacaste
de manera tan despiadada?

¡Ermitaño de Bogen!
deja de ofender
o la astilla en su sitio
la vuelvo a poner.

Turkish version

Bogen keşişi
Biraz odun kırmıştı ve
Parçalardan biri
Sırtına feci şekilde saplandı.

Kreiling'in zangocu
İyi bir adamdı
Parçayı olabildiğince yavaş çıkardı.

Sen Kreiling'in zangocu
Sen çok çılgınsın
Odun parçasını neden o kadar hızlı çekiyorsun.

Sen Bogen'in keşişi
Öncelikle azarlamayı bırak
Çünkü odun parçasını yerine geri koyacağım.

Polish version

Pustelnik z Bogen
rąbał drwa
aż nagle jedna z ostrych drzazg
utkwila mu w pośladku.

Kościelny z Kreiling,
równy gość
wyciąga z pupy mnicha ość,
a idzie mu to gładko.

- Baranie z Kreiling –
słyszysz wszak
- wyciągasz z pupy ość nie tak!

Pustelnik rozżalony!
- Marudo z Bogen –
rzecze więc
- Kiedy cię słyszę, to mam chęć
Pchnąć drzazgę w drugą stronę!

Slovenian version

Puščavnik iz Bogna
je cepil les
in dobil trsko
globoko v svojo zadnjico.

Mežnar iz Kreilinga,
zelo dober mož,
je odstranil trsko
nežno kot je le mogel.

Ti, mežnar iz Kreilinga,
ti zmešana ovca,
zakaj odstranjuješ
trsko tako grobo?

Ti puščavnik iz Bogna,
takoj se nehaj posmehovati,
če ne, bom takoj
vstavil trsko nazaj.

Slovak version

Pustovník z Bogenu,
štiepal drevko,
a jednu triesku,

si zarazil do zadku.

Kostolník z Kreilingu,
veľmi slušný človek,
ten mu tú triesku,
zo zadku von vytiahol.

Ty kostolník z Kreilingu,
ty z gruntu zlý človek,
prečo si mi tú triesku,
vytiahol tak bolestivo?

Ty pustovník z Bogenu,
Tie nadávky si nechaj,
inak ti tú triesku,
pichnem znova do zadku.

Finnish version

Bogenin erakko
pilkkoi puita
ja sai säleen
syvälle takapuoleensa

Kreilingin suntio
hyväntahtoinen mies
poisti säleen
niin hellästi kuin voi

Sinä Kreilingin suntio
senkin hullu
miksi niin kovaotteisesti
poistit säleen?

Sinä Bogenin erakko,
lopeta heti parjaaminen
tai laitan säleen
takaisin takalistoosi