

Полигглота



Лист ученика Ваљевске гимназије на страним језицима, број 3, мај 2012.

PASCH aktuell

Unsere Schüler hatten wieder die Möglichkeit, an den weltweit anerkannten Prüfungen des Goethe-Instituts teilzunehmen.

Im Rahmen des PASCH-Projekts haben 20 Schüler die Prüfungen Fit in Deutsch 1 (Sprachniveau A1) und Fit in Deutsch 2 (Sprachniveau A2) erfolgreich abgelegt. *Wir gratulieren den Schülern zu ihrem Erfolg sehr herzlich.*

Seit drei Jahren veranstaltet das Goethe-Institut internationale Jugendkurse für unsere Schüler. Jedes Jahr bekommen die besten drei Schüler und Schülerinnen ein dreiwöchiges Stipendium in Deutschland.

Deutschlehrerin,
Dragica Gračanin



Examen DELF

L'année dernière, on a organisé à notre ville et à notre lycée, pour la première fois, l'examen DELF scolaire (L'examen d'après le cadre européen pour les niveaux de langue, reconnu dans le monde entier) pour les élèves du lycée et pour les élèves de l'école primaire Milovan Glišić. Ces deux écoles sont devenues le part du projet, fait de l'Institut français de Belgrade et du Ministère de l'enseignement. Le premier examen a été organisé le 19 février 2011, et 24 élèves du lycée se sont présentés à cet examen, la plupart ont passé le niveau A-2 et tous ont réussi.

Cette année, la passation de l'examen a été organisé le 24 février 2012 à l'école Milovan Glišić et 34 élèves du lycée se sont présentés à cet examen, dont 21 au niveau A-2 et 13 au niveau B-1.

Début avril, nous avons reçu les résultats et on peut dire que tous les élèves l'ont réussi avec beaucoup de succès.

Les profs de français,
Brankica Perić
Biljana Marinković



La visite de deux ambassadeurs



Le 22 avril, notre école est visitée par Son Excellence, l'ambassadeur de France, Monsieur François-Xavier Deniau, Son Excellence, l'ambassadeur de Belgique, Monsieur Alain Kundicky, et l'attaché de la langue française, Monsieur Bruno Boyer.

Premièrement, les deux ambassadeurs ont eu une réunion avec notre maire dans la mairie, et plus tard ils sont venus visiter notre école, le lycée de Valjevo.

Les élèves ont présenté notre école avec les salles et cabinets, nos professeurs, les meilleurs

lycéens ... En rôle de présentatrices étaient nous deux. L'élève Nikola Milev a chanté "Et si tu n'existais pas", la chanson de Joe Dassin avec l'aide du son guitariste Milos Rakic. Luka Milutinovic, a joué une composition de Yan Tiersen "La Rue Des Cascades".

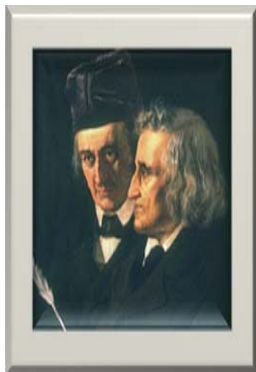
Nous avons eu de la chance de leur poser quelques questions sur la vie dans leurs pays, les institutions, les possibilités d'y aller pour étudier ou travailler. Les ambassadeurs étaient très patients et ils ont répondu à toutes nos questions. Ils ont aussi exprimé leurs meilleures impressions sur notre lycée, nos élèves et notre chaleureux accueil.

A la prochaine visite!

Katarina Veselinović IV₁
Jelena Radovanović III₅

Die Brüder Grimm

„Es war einmal ...“ - großes Brüder Grimm-Jubiläum im Jahr 2012



Die Brüder Grimm, auch die Gebrüder Grimm, Jacob und Wilhelm Grimm, sind als Sprachwissenschaftler und Sammler von Märchen bekannt. Sie gelten gemeinsam mit Karl Lachmann und Georg Friedrich Benecke als „Gründungsväter“ der Deutschen Philologie bzw. Germanistik. Am 20. Dezember 1812 - **vor 200 Jahren** - erschien die Erstausgabe der „Kinder- und Hausmärchen“, in der die Brüder Jacob und Wilhelm 86 Märchen versammelt hatten, darunter befanden sich Klassiker wie "Der Froschkönig", "Rotkäppchen", "Dornröschen" und "Schneewittchen". Das Geburtshaus der Brüder Grimm stand am alten Paradeplatz in Hanau.

Dickens 2012



Dickens 2012 is an international celebration of the life and work of Charles Dickens to mark the bicentenary of his birth, which falls on 7 February 2012. Institutions and organisations from all over the world are partners of Dickens 2012 and work together to deliver a programme of events and activities to commemorate this very special anniversary.

Although a writer from the Victorian era, Dickens's work transcends his time, language and culture. He remains a massive contemporary influence throughout the world and his writings continue to inspire film, TV, art, literature, artists and academia. Dickens 2012 sees a rich and diverse programme of events taking place in the run up and throughout the whole of 2012.



A Tale of Two Cities (the winner)

An eighteen-year-old David had always been a modest boy and after his father had been sent to prison for debt he knew he had to take responsibility. His mother and his nine siblings depended on him completely. He was a hard-working boy and eager to find a job as soon as possible. Luckily, he found out that Mr. Martin Chuzzlewit from Landport had recently opened a factory in Valjevo, David's hometown.

Miles from Valjevo, a boy called Oliver was writing in his diary as always. He would usually write about a girl who lived next door but this time it was different. His parents had told him that they were getting divorced. On top of that they had told him that his father was moving and he would have to wait for two years before he saw him again.

When Oliver went to the airport to see him off he found out that his father was setting up a factory in some far-away country which Oliver had never heard of before.

Ana Ivanović IL₄

A Tale of Two Cities

A cold, dark evening. She stood there, by the river, with her head down and her arms crossed around her belly. She cried. At first, she didn't even want that child, but now when she had lost it, the part of her was lost too. The pain was unbearable. But the river would calm her. She liked listening to that never-stopping sound of waves agitating in the river. And that made her happy.

That same evening, far away from Valjevo, in Dover, a beautiful girl stood at the top of a cliff. She was about to end her miserable life. She was pretty satisfied with her life, until one hour ago. That was when she realized that she was pregnant. She knew that everyone in her hometown would find out about her adultery so she decided to spare herself of those condemning looks. She stared at the river for a while. She always loved the sound of waves crushing the rocks. The girl put her arms around her belly and then, she jumped.

But the river continued to flow. And no matter what foolish thing people did, it continued to flow connecting these two cities.

Ana Ivanović II₄

A Tale of Two Cities



“Meet me under the old oak tree”, words of little significance for a common reader, but for Alex and Jovan those words, written in handwriting they knew by heart, meant everything. Their paths never crossed - Alex lived in Carlisle and Jovan in Valjevo and they had nothing in common but that note. Having arrived, they stopped to take a look of their town, for they had known that the view would be the same never again. Jovan could picture himself in the streets, passing by run-down houses which kept many secrets, looking at dewy windows of the old buildings, Muselim's residence and a nearby school, casting a look towards the White bridge, which led to the bazaar called Tesnjar. Meanwhile, Alex remembered the appearance of the centre and its flowers spread around the square, the fence he used to sit on and watch the city wall, thinking about everything and nothing at all, the feeling of belonging he got whenever walking towards the magnificent Carlisle castle and Hadrian's Wall. All these images flashed through their mind like small pieces of a puzzle and they knew its exact place, for they had played that game so many times.

Ljilja Karadžić IV₄

A Tale of Two Cities

Many places hold memories for Mandy, particularly her hometown - London. From her room she could see a park, some junior high school students playing soccer and cute children with their parents. She also likes the rainy days which are typical of London. It is a harmonious city with the most beautiful buildings in the world.

While at university she went to Belgrade with some friends. Although it was raining heavily, they decided to go to Divčibare Mountain one day. She met Nemanja there. They got on very well and she was fascinated by his attitude and openness.

Mandy and Nemanja were utterly different. He was born in Belgrade in a rich family. He loved his city and enjoyed it. He enjoyed looking at the stars illuminating the city. His favourite place was a big lake called Ada.

As time went by Nemanja felt that nothing could compare to Mandy. She started meaning everything to him. Their love was boundless, unique and true.

This story shows that despite all our differences love will always connect us.

Milica Jokić III₅

A Tale of Two Cities

Sometimes the most unknown town can have similarity to one of the greatest cities. History can make it possible. It is undoubtedly known that war separates people. But in this story, war connected two cities and two countries.

In the smallest town where I live, named Mionica, a statue of a general stands alone. In one of the largest cities named London also stands a statue of a general in the same manner. They are both one of the greatest men of their countries who defended their people with their lives, and saved thousands or hundreds of thousands of citizens.

And now, at the time of writing the story, two statues of the generals stand covered with snow, and courageously observe their own brave people who were once led by generals to war.

Someone anonymous said that big men have no time to do anything more but just to stand and be big. So Douglas Haig stands in Whitehall, doing nothing more or nothing less. Živojin Mišić also stands on the Square in Mionica, calling people to remember the war.

They are not big, they are giants of two nations. Simply said, they are The Heroes. And so are the cities that embrace the statues of two generals. . .

Marko Putniković IV₄

A Tale of Two Cities

Every now and then we become prisoners of dark despair. As we are lost in the expanse we are looking for luminous key which brightens our path to the only egress. By the time that happens, a spooky, well-known voice constantly repeats: "Where am I?"

I was asking myself the same. While I was gazing from the Monument I couldn't help thinking that the cold wind was telling me how homesick I was. The breathtaking panorama seemed much bigger and scarier than it used to. The river Thames looked like an ocean in comparison with the river Kolubara and the royal magnificence of medieval architecture was setting at defiance the Valjevo variety of low buildings. A hometown shower was just a rain here. The very air was nostalgic.

Somewhere in the thick fog of loneliness I saw a dazzling sparkle. I perceived her. Nougat chocolate eyes and cherry thick lips were such a delight of my sight. Her English beauty helped me realize that our cities are very much alike. Despite the fortresses people breathe fresh life into vacancy. Eventually our hearts welded together in a bond and the dark seclusion vanished into thin air.

Uroš Đurović I₄

A Tale of Two Cities

It's Christmas eve. I'm looking at the beautiful shiny streets of London, covered with snow. These moments bring me back to the earliest days of my life, spent in a small town of Valjevo, completely different from this big city with seemingly endless streets.

I was so lucky to meet a loving couple who adopted me. Actually, I could say my life started on a Christmas eve when they came to visit their old college friend who was volunteering in a Valjevo orphanage. My mum always tells me that she couldn't understand how brave I was, without a single tear in my eyes. I remember being full of hope that someone would show up and help me change my life for the better.

In my heart, Valjevo will always have a special place. Memories of it with its rich history and an amazing old part of the town, called Tešnjar, take me back to the past, too. Just as I used to go along the paths of Valjevo parks, I am used to walking round London now.

I am feeling unique because I am the bond between these two magnificent cities.

Isidora Đekić I₄

A Tale of Two Cities

One day Ana got a letter saying she was invited to a celebration of 200-year anniversary of Dickens' birth, and she was expected to give a speech in his honour.

She arrived to London around noon. It was cold and rainy - nothing like the weather in Valjevo. After she had unpacked her bags, Ana went on a sightseeing tour with Mrs. Smith, her guardian during her stay in London. It was like a dream come true. Everything she had ever seen on TV and wanted to visit was right before her eyes. After the tour, she returned to her luxurious hotel room to sort out her impressions. London was amazingly different from Valjevo. She soon fell asleep thinking about London and the speech she was supposed to give.

The speech she gave at the celebration was inspired by Dickens' story 'Oliver Twist' and got standing ovations. After she got off the stage, Mrs. Smith pulled her aside and told her the reason she had been chosen to come to London. Ana felt her heart sinking. She, a small-town-girl, was a lost descendent of Charles Dickens?!

Ivana Damnjanović III₅

A Tale of Two Cities

They had no one but each other. John and Daniel lost their parents in a terrible car accident that had happened two years ago. While John was in an orphanage in London, Daniel was taken to a little town in western Serbia - to Valjevo.

Two brothers lived in a different way, in very different parts of Europe. John had the access to the newest technology, a modern home and enough money, but nobody was as gentle to him as his parents had been. He missed his brother. Although Daniel was surrounded by lovely, caring people, he had very little as an orphan in Serbia. Valjevo was a poor town.

It was Christmas Eve and children in both orphanages were excited. Orphans in London waited for a moment when they would be allowed to open their big and beautiful presents. In Valjevo, though, they only expected some tasty cookies, but that was enough.

But, neither Daniel nor John was excited about Christmas. They didn't care about their presents, either. They wanted to hug each other and never let go. They both wanted one thing: If just for once Valjevo and London were a little bit closer!

Ranković Željka II₄

"IT WAS THE BEST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE WORST OF TIMES, IT WAS THE AGE OF WISDOM, IT WAS THE AGE OF FOOLISHNESS ..." wrote Charles Dickens, whose life was a rich mixture of all of the above. Here are the some odd facts about the novelist:

- **What the Dickens?** Charles Dickens was the first literary superstar - his popular works reached a wider audience than any writer before him. With classics like *Oliver Twist*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Great Expectations*, *A Tale Of Two Cities*, and *David Copperfield*, Dickens dominated the literary life of 19th-century England and the United States. But like many remarkable people, Dickens was a complex, multi-layered individual, full of peculiar quirks and odd habits.

- **Obsessive-compulsive.** Dickens was preoccupied with looking in the mirror and combing his hair - he did it hundreds of times a day. He rearranged furniture in his home - if it wasn't in the exact "correct" position, he couldn't concentrate. Obsessed with magnetic fields, Dickens made sure that every bed he slept in was aligned north-south. He had to touch certain objects three times for luck. He was obsessed with the need for tidiness, often cleaning other homes as well as his own.

- **Nickname-iac.** Just as some of his most endearing characters had odd nicknames (like Pip in *Great Expectations*), Dickens gave every one of his ten children nicknames like "Skittles" and "Plorn."

- **Epileptic.** Dickens suffered from epilepsy and made some of his characters - like Oliver Twist's brother - epileptics. Modern doctors are amazed at the medical accuracy of his descriptions of this malady.

- **Practical joker.** Dickens's study had a secret door designed to look like a bookcase. The shelves were full of fake books with witty titles, such as *Noah's Arkitecture* and a nine-volume set titled *Cat's Lives*. One of his favorites was a multi-volume series called *The Wisdom of Our Ancestors*, dealing with subjects like ignorance, superstition, disease, and instruments of torture, and a companion book titled *The Virtues of Our Ancestors*, which was so narrow that the title had to be printed vertically.

- **Egomaniac.** Dickens often referred to himself as "the sparkler of Albion," favorably comparing himself to Shakespeare's nickname, "the bard of Avon." (Albion is an archaic name for England.)

- **Mesmerist.** Dickens was a devotee of mesmerism, a system of healing through hypnotism. He practiced it on his hypochondriac wife and his children, and claimed to have healed several friends and associates.

The summer we will never forget



Last summer, high school students from Valjevo and four other cities in Serbia, had an opportunity to spend a month in the USA learning about their culture, customs, history, but also learning how to make a project that would gather young people with the same goals and solve problems in their towns. Youngsters from Valjevo will have the opportunity to participate again in Youth Leadership Program for Central

Europe and visit Washington DC, Kansas KS, Raleigh NC, Burlington VT and Chicago IL. There they will have seminars every day where they'll be able to improve their leadership skills and learn how to gather people and raise money for their project.



Besides the seminars, participants in this program will also have an opportunity to volunteer in organizations that help stop the hunger and take care of homeless children or the children whose parents are unable to buy them food and move them from the street and criminal. In Kansas, we volunteered in Harvester, where we packed food for the ones that can't afford themselves enough food or no food at all from their small income, if they have any. We also volunteered in Operation

Breakthrough where we took care of children whose parents are unable to that by themselves.

When we didn't have seminars we had city tours filled with outdoor activities that helped us better understand American culture and the way of living. We visited many museums, including the National History's, NASA's, Harry Truman's museum and we also visited one of the oldest mills in Kansas. In Chicago we climbed to the top of the Skydeck, one of the highest buildings in the world and we saw the whole Chicago beneath us. Saturdays were reserved for group activities including Worlds of Fun, where we enjoyed driving on roller coasters, or going to the lake. This program represents a great opportunity to learn more about how you can change and help your community but also enables you to meet with the new cultures and understand them.

Tihana Leskur, III₆



CONNECTING CLASSROOMS

The morning was hot and sunny the day we started our journey. I travelled with my friends Milica Rakić and Marko Jeremić, and our English teachers Smiljana Milanović and Tanja Marinković. We set to arrive to Niš where we will spend the following week representing Valjevo Grammar School in The British Council's project Connecting Classrooms.

The following days we were trained how to become better leaders and how to improve our knowledge transfer and public advocacy skills. But the main part of this seminar was to increase awareness of inclusion and to encourage intercultural dialogue within the project.

The part of the seminar in Niš was to prepare us to be "global citizens", to make us ready for working, living and making friends all over the world. A global citizen has to be tolerant, to respect others' opinion and to know how to function in team.

At the end of the seminar Mr Tony O'Brian, the director of British Council Serbia, addressed the participants thanking us for joining the project. We were given the task to hold five workshops and to transfer our knowledge to our schoolmates and we did it after returning to Valjevo.

Now one big challenge is in front of us. Like the other schools all over the world we have to organize International Sports Day in our town. In that way we will support Olympics. We should make a competition where we will use the games which our schools partners from Germany, Slovakia, Great Britain and Serbia have sent to us. It is a hard project and no one of us has ever done something like that, but I am sure we will do well. Once again, we want to say a big "Thank you" to British Council for giving us a chance to participate in this global project.



These are the games which we sent to our schools partners from Germany, Slovakia, Great Britain and Serbia.

THE GAME OF PILJCI

This game would be played by two or more players, usually 5-6. It is played with five small round stones (the best ones that can be found). The game starts when the players, one by one, take all five stones that are set on the ground and throw them with one hand lightly into the air, about half a meter, but those who are bolder throw them higher, and then quickly turn the palm of the same hand towards the ground, catching the flying stones which fall on the upper part of the same hand. The player who catches the most stones starts the game again. If more than two players have the same result, they repeat the game until one has a better score. The game begins with “the one” and if it is successfully played it continues with “the two, the three, the four and the ox.”... The one is played by all five jacks thrown into the air and they fall down on the fingers and the hand with the palm facing the ground, and they scatter around. Then a player takes one stone and throws it into the air and with the same hand, while the first stone is still flying into the air, he picks up another stone and then catches it, and so on until you collect all four. If you accidentally touch the other jack you are immediately out of the game, the game is continued by another player and so on. The player who has made a mistake, when it is his turn again, continues where he stopped in the previous round. The two is played in the same way with the difference that two stones are thrown into the air and you have to pick the other three one by one. The four is played by throwing four stones into the air and the ox is played by throwing all five. After throwing the stones into the air you should hit the ground with your hand and catch all five stones. If you complete this part of the game successfully, then you play “the gate”. It is played by placing the tips of the thumb and the point finger on the finger forming an arch or the gate. You have to throw the stones through the gate with the help of your other hand – while one stone is in the air, you throw another one through the gate, and then you have to catch the one in the air. The game is over when the last stone goes through the gate. After that you play the part of the game that is called “juggling”, “storage” and “the tzar”...

KLIS AND PALA

In this game there are two sticks: pala which has length from 15 – 20 cm, diameter 2.5 cm, with the peak on its top, and klis size is from 100 – 150 cm, and diameter 2.5 cm. The game can be played in teams or individually. The first thing that you have to do is to dig a hole in the shape of a rectangle, which is deep 3, 4 or 5 cm, and has the length of 10 cm and after that you have to put klis in the middle. A player of one team first tries to throw out klis with pala from the hole as far as possible. Players from the other team have

to catch klis in order to take a lead and get a chance for throwing out klis from the hole. The aim is for klis to go as far as possible from the first try, although there is a chance for klis to be thrown several times in a row, in case the players of the other team don't catch it. In that case klis is on the ground and the only way to pick it up is to hit it with pala once, in order for it to bounce, as high as possible, and while it is in the air you should hit it with pala in order to fly as far as possible. The winner is the team or the player who throws klis the farthest.

TRULA KOBILA

The competitors of this game arrange in rows one after another. The distance between them should be about one meter. All competitors except the first one squat down. After that, the first one in the row starts to jump over the others, leaning on their backs until he jumps over the last one. Then he squats down too. A new round begins when the competitor, who is now first in the row, gets up and starts to jump over the others in the same way. If someone fails to jump over his playmates he is automatically disqualified. This game can be played outside as well as inside. The ground should be dry and flat in order to keep players safe.

Ana Ivanović II₄



Проводы русской зимы (масленица)



Веселые проводы зимы, озаренные радостным ожиданием близкого тепла, весеннего обновления природы в России отмечаются празднованием масленицы. Это — самый веселый, народный и сытный праздник, длящийся целую неделю. Масленица — древний славянский праздник, доставшийся нам в наследство от языческой культуры, сохранившийся и после принятия христианства. Масленица была воспринята христианской церковью фактически как религиозный праздник и получила название Сырной, или Сыропустной недели, но это не изменило ее внутренней сути. Масленица приходится на неделю, предшествующую Великому посту.

Масленица — это, прежде всего, обильная и сытная пища. Поэтому нет ничего зазорного в том, чтобы в это время полакомиться, отведать самых разнообразных блюд и не отказывать себе ни в чем. В традиционном быту всегда считалось, что человек, плохо и скучно проведший масленичную неделю, будет неудачлив в течение всего года. Даже блины, неменный атрибут масленицы, имели ритуальное значение: круглые, румяные, горячие, они являли собой символ солнца, которое все ярче разгоралось, удлиняя дни. Проходили века, менялась жизнь, с принятием на Руси христианства появились новые, церковные праздники, но широкая масленица продолжала жить.

Масленица — это недельный праздник, праздник-обряд с хороводами, песнями, плясками, играми, а самое главное - с обрядом славословия, кормления и сжигания самодельного чучела Зимы. Детям рассказывают о ритуальном значении масленичных закличек и игр, разьясняют, почему нужно сжигать Масленицу, заманивать Солнце блинами, славить Весну, просить доброго урожая. Прощание с Масленицей завершалось в первый день Великого поста — Чистый понедельник, который считали днем очищения от греха и скоромной пищи. Мужчины обычно «полоскали зубы», т. е. в изобилии пили водку, якобы для того, чтобы выполоскать изо рта остатки скоромного; в некоторых

местах для «вытряхивания блинов» устраивали кулачные бои и т. п. В Чистый понедельник обязательно мылись в бане, а женщины мыли посуду и «парили» молочную утварь, очищая ее от жира и остатков скоморошного.

Аналоги Масленицы у других народов

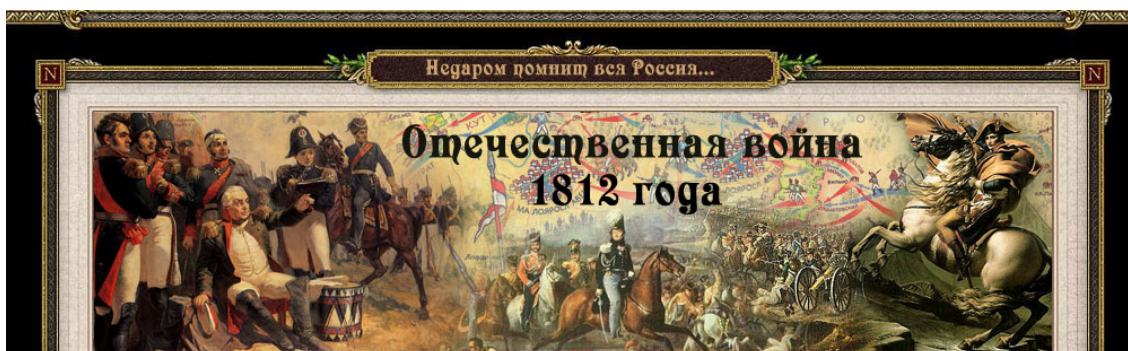
- Курентованье — словенцы
- Бушояраш — шокцы (хорваты)
- Вастлавыи — прибалты
 - lv:Vastlāvjī, lv:Metenī — латыши
 - lt:Užgavėnės — литовцы
 - et:Vastlapäev — эстонцы
- Карнавал — западные христиане
- Жирный вторник или Марди Гра — Западная Европа, США
- Sächsilüüte — Швейцария (Цюрих)
- Фастнахт (de:Karneval, Fastnacht und Fasching) — немцы
- no:Fastelavn — норвежцы
- cs:Masopust — чехи
- el:Απόκριες — греки
- Бун Барекендан — армяне

Масленица в искусстве

- «Не всё коту масленица» — пьеса Александра Островского (1871 год)
- «Ишь ты, Масленица!» — рисованный мультфильм режиссёра Роберта Саакянца (1985 год)
- «Сибирский цирюльник» — художественный фильм режиссёра Никиты Михалкова (1998 год). Эпизод празднования Масленицы в России 1885 года

Jasmina Novaković,
Stefan Jakovljević
Anđela Velimirović,
Slađana Marinković
Ana Plečić, IV₇





ВОЙНА 1812 ГОДА

О! Славны воины... 12 года,
Россию у французов отстояв,
Вы вместе с маршалом Кутузовым
Москву французам сдали,
Чтоб вернуть её назад...

Война... 12 года, ты так далёка, так далёка,
Но помнит Россия тех имена,
Кто защитил её от врага.

Державин, Давыдов, Багратион...
Пред ними дрожал Наполеон.
Не понял манёвра Кутузова он,
Когда тот войска из Москвы все увёл.

Увёл по Калужской дороге войска,
В крестьянских глазах затаилась тоска...

«Не тоскуй, старик, не надо
Мы вернёмся, потерпи.
Отольются врагу слёзки
За все горестные дни»

Тот манёвр был очень хитрым;
Всё Кутузов рассчитал,

За спиной Москву оставив,
Он вернулся в тыл к врагам!

Вот Кутузов с войском ратным
Рядом с ним Багратион,
Перед ними поле брани
То, что под Бородино.

Здесь Наполеон разгромлен
И знамёна пали ниц.
И бежало войско с поля
Аж до западных границ!

А потом всё дальше, дальше
За три границы от Руси.
И на острове Елены
Он закончил свои дни.

Двести лет с тех пор прошли
Его войско в забытии.

А с нами МАРШАЛ наш КУТУЗОВ
И ГЕРОИ ТОЙ ВОЙНЫ!!!

София Ситдекова,
Центр образования № 2006, Москва

ЗДРАВСТВУЙТЕ ! Меня зовут София. София Ситдекова. Мне 10 лет. Своё стихотворение «Война 1812 года» я посвятила всем воинам уже далёкой первой Отечественной войны 1812 года. В этом году знаменательная дата: 200 лет с тех пор, как француз пошёл походом на Россию, но не смог победить наш народ и с позором убрался восвояси. Я об этом читала в журналах, в художественной литературе и то, что мне запомнилось описала в этом стихотворении.

Ei...Gloriae

Magna culpa mea est mors
 Et deus mecum vivit in nocte,
 Et nox est lux,
 Et lux est nox,
 Angeli in caelis cum luce in die Gloriam magnam vident .

O, Gloria mecum
 O, Gloria tecum
 O, Gloria nobiscum
 O, Gloria vobiscum

O, Gloria ubi risum misisti
 Illac aut ibi aut huc aut sibi?

Tu es vita spiritualis,
 Tu es vita ex nocte in noctem,
 Tu es vita ex die in diem,
 Tu es vita ex spiritu in spiritum.
 Tu es vita ex luce in lucem.

Ego et egomet longinquitatem ad ultimum quaeram,
 Et longinquitas me procul, procul, procul videbit...
 Pulchra longinquitas...

Sed Gloria magna et longinquitas cor meum
 Homicidae dant,
 Occisioni donant,
 Homicidia cum obscuro
 In Libra pendebant.

Pedes in praeteritoris,
 Pedes in praesenti,
 Pedes in futuris,
 Et homo vetus est...

Creaturae meae in margarita somnium somniant ,
 Creaturae meae in vi abscondiderunt,
 Creaturae meae in autolatria concidebant vittam vitae,
 Creaturae meae mortem visitaverunt,
 Creaturae meae noctem visitaverunt,
 Causa Glorae magnae.



Sine appetentia

...Dei mihi extensam simplicitatem donaverunt...
Boni dei...

Cum voluntarius esexpectavero assignationem dogmatis – mortis,
Vafra calva cum perduto sanguine ridebit mortuorum campo,
Inter quos ego sum...

Ei mihi oculos donaverunt – dei potentes,
Sed nunc iunguntur

Sine fiducia?

In Dominum magnum credo,
In Animam optimam credo,
In nomen dei benedicti credo,
In caelum, vere credo,
In vitam post terram credo,
In cor sanctum Christi credo.

In Dominum,
In Animam,
In Nomen,
In Caelum,
In Vitam,
In Christium,
Deus, credo.
Sic est, Deus?

Sine intellegentia

Deus sicut erat in vitta vitae
Quae a Te in luce sancto amatur.

Tu, qui cum optimo animo et pessimo divitate
In meum cor intras.

Cum amore,
Cum fide hominum,
Mea ira mecum,
Hoste in ianua pacis videt,
Et in imperia tua servat me



Sine nomine

Memoro dies magnos...
 Dum malo tuas vitas...
 Non video oculis,
 Non amo corde,
 Non irascor infelix, ne...
 Infelicitas passim...
 In somniis, meo infanti subridet,
 In ludo puerorum se augescit,
 In speculo se respicit sine splendore...
 Mavult monere pretiosos perfecte...
 Habesne, fili, spei scintillam?

Sine peccato

Viam secundariam cofecerunt creatores peccati,
 Peccatrix peccatorque cum purpurea manu et conspectu malitiae
 Aurificem somnii gladio sanguineo necat...
 Blasphemant aegri supra requietem aeternam.
 Ave peccate!

Sine ullo

Rostrum feri fundum meae animae inspiravit,
 Serpenti venenatae in matrimonium me dat...
 Convalescam ne?
 Venenum hauriam ne?

Sine vagitu

Ingenium ingeniorum iusa sepulcrorum gibberorum proculcat,
 Surdus stupidusque in acervo hominum gibberorum ardet,
 Dum turpiter, inhumanitas aquam cadentem deliciarum suffocat sine paenitentia...
 Hic tristitia lamentatur,
 Dum tarde interpretatur...
 Dies temporis praeteriti et fatigationem subigit,
 Hic quassa lacrima pro saccharoso corde lamentatur.
 Is queritur supra corpus suae vitae,
 Is queritur supra splendidam vitam qui somniavit,
 Is queritur supra tenebras quas nocturnus deus explicat...
 Is modo queritur sine...
 Vagitu...

Nikola Todorović II₆

Naturel

Tout au long de l'histoire, des gens utilisaient les différents moyens de transports pour se déplacer d'un endroit à l'autre. Quand on dit le moyen de transport on pense premièrement aux voitures. Mais si nous visitons certaines parties du monde, un peu lointain, nous pouvons facilement voir que les gens continuent d'utiliser des animaux.

Dans la plupart des cas, ce sont des chevaux, pourtant chez les Vietnamiens c'est quelque chose de très différent. Ce sont des buffles.



Les enfants aident beaucoup leurs parents et ce n'est pas rare de voir un enfant qui travaille dans le champ en compagnie des adultes.

Pendant ce temps, ils sont consacrés au travail qu'ils font. Leurs visages sont graves, parfois on peut voir un sourire, mais ils ne confient à personne que c'est dur pour eux.

Au moment quand ils terminent leur travail, vous les verrez jouer avec les autres enfants. Aux pieds nus, ils courent dans les rue boueuse, ils crient, ils rient.

En ce moment, vous remarquez les larges sourires et vous avez l'impression qu'ils sont les plus heureux au monde.

Milica Tanasković II₃

Valjevo, le 27 août

Chère Anna,



J'ai été dans un voyage en France. J'ai voyagé en avion et j'y ai été dix jours, du 15 au 25 août.

J'ai été logée à l'hôtel „Grand“ à Paris. Il est très beau. J'ai essayé beaucoup de bons repas. J'ai aimé le plus la salade aux champignons. Et ce qui est plus important, j'ai visité les plus célèbres monuments. J'ai vu l'Arc de Triomphe, la Tour Eiffel, le Pont-Neuf, le musée du Louvre, le musée d'Orsay... Je ne peux pas décrire la beauté de tout cela, et je ne peux pas attendre de te voir pour tout te dire.

A bientôt, Sonja !

Sonja Đujić I₄

Songe



Il était une fois un prince qui habitait seul dans un très beau château, parce que ses parents, le roi et la reine avaient disparu il y a sept ans. A vrai dire, un soir, quand il est revenu de la chasse, il ne les a pas trouvés dans le château. La seule chose qu'il a trouvée était une lettre avec le message écrit par une sorcière de la région: " Tes parents reviendront un jour si tu trouves un vrai amour, c'est à dire la fille qui t'aimera vraiment, ton âme soeur. Tu dois la trouver jusque à l'âge de 25 ans, sinon tes parents seront morts définitivement pour ton 25 ème anniversaire." Quelle cruauté ! Le pauvre prince a tout essayé pour trouver ses parents ou peut-être la sorcière qui avait imposé cette cruelle injustice...Malheureusement, aucune trace d'eux. Les années ont passé, le

malheureux prince a pourcouru le monde, en cherchant d'abord ses parents, ensuite l'amour, en espérant que meilleur avenir lui arrivera ... Dans un pays au nord, il a connu une princesse très jolie, mais elle n'était pas intelligente. Dans un pays du sud il a connu une princesse très sympathique physiquement, mais qui était très bavarde. Sur l'autre continent il a connu une princesse qui était jolie, intelligente et bien éduquée, mais qui avait un mauvais penchant, elle détestait les animaux. Les jours passaient et il a perdu espoir de trouver son âme soeur. Il a pourcouru le monde, il a connu beaucoup de filles mais aucune ne lui convenait pas. En rentrant de chez lui, ils pensait à ses parents. Il n'a pas voulu les perdre pour toujours ...Finalement, il se rendit au pays de Serbie parce qu'il a entendu que y vivaient de très belles filles. Il y avait une princesse dont on parlait beaucoup, de sa beauté, de son charme et de son cœur pur. Il a été intéressé par cette princesse, alors il est allé en Serbie pour la raconter. C'était un long chemin. Il passait à travers les champs, il est monté et descendu plusieurs montagnes, il a admiré des vignobles et des forêts de pins odorants. Quelques jours plus tard, il est arrivé dans ce pays lointain, en Serbie, et s'est dirigé vers le château de la princesse mystérieuse. En s'approchant du château il a aperçu sa copine de la classe Nataša qui était devant le château. "Est- ce possible? Où suis-je? En réalité ou en songe?" se demand Nemanja en se réveillant .Cette histoire a eu une grande influence sur lui. Il a changé sa conduite envers cette fille et elle lui est devenue autrement intéressant, autrement jolie.

Filolozi II₄

Caractère



Rome- la ville éternelle. La ville de l'histoire, de la religion et de la culture. A son cœur se trouve un petit pays d'une importance énorme pour le monde catholique. Si petit et si grand.

Le Vatican était un monde en miniature ce jour-là. La place Saint-Pierre a réuni un grand nombre de gens du monde entier. Ils se sont réunis grâce à l'événement commun ou autrement dit, grâce à un homme. Ce jour-là, par une prière, million de personnes ont assisté à la proclamation du pape Jean-Paul II à un Saint.

En me promenant le long des murs de la ville, j'ai regardé les gens autour de moi. Ils étaient calmes et naturels. Soudain, j'ai vu un groupe de Pèlerins.

Ce moment, j'ai enregistré avec la caméra. Ce moment de leur détente et de leur conversation ma caméra a pris.

Chaque fois quand je regarde cette photo, je me rappelle tous ces gens, l'histoire et la spiritualité de cet endroit.

Stanojlović Vukašin I₇

Philologinnen

Philologie ist ein se**H**r Interessanter Zweig am Va**L**jev**O**er Gymnasium. Ich bin eine der vie**L**en Schülerinnen, die in diese Klasse geht. Warum Phil**O**logie? Weil wir (ich und meine Freunde) reisen mö**G**en, und dafür braucht man Sprachen. Man kann auch besser verstehen, was und wie d**I**e Leute de**N**ken, wen**N** man ihre Sprach**E** spricht.. Bei uns gibt es einen Spruch: „Je mehr Sprach**e**N du sprichst, desto größer bist du als Mensch".

Svetlana Jovanović I₄



The Celts



Who were they? The Celts were a group of peoples loosely tied by similar language, religion, and cultural expression. They were not centrally governed, and quite as happy to fight each other as any non-Celt. They were warriors, living for the glories of battle and plunder. They were also the people who brought iron working to the British Isles.

When did the Celts live in Europe? The Iron Age Celts lived here 750 years before Jesus was born. The Iron Age ended in AD43 (43 years after Jesus was born) when the Romans invaded Britain. The name 'Iron Age' comes from the discovery of a new metal called iron. The Celts found out how to make iron tools and weapons.

Celtic everyday life. The basic unit of Celtic life was the clan, a sort of extended family. The term "family" is a bit misleading, for by all accounts the Celts practiced a peculiar form of child rearing; they didn't rear them, they farmed them out. Children were actually raised by foster parents. The foster father was often the brother of the birth-mother.

Celtic lands were owned communally, and wealth seems to have been based largely on the size of cattle herd owned. The lot of women was a good deal better than in most societies of that time. They were technically equal to men, owned property, and could choose their own husbands. They could also be war leaders, as Boudicca (Boadicea) later proved.

The Celtic tribes lived in scattered villages. They lived in round houses with thatched roofs of straw or heather. The walls of their houses were made from local material. Houses in the south tended to be made from wattle (woven wood) and daub (straw and mud) as there was an ample supply of wood from the forests. Sometimes groups of houses were built on the top of hills. These are called hill-forts. The largest and most complex Iron Age hill fort in Britain today is Maiden Castle in Dorset.



The Celts at War. The Celts loved war. If one wasn't happening they'd be sure to start one. They were scrappers from the word go. They arrayed themselves as fiercely as possible, sometimes charging into battle fully naked, dyed blue from head to toe, and screaming like banshees to terrify their enemies. The main problem with the Celts was that they couldn't stop fighting among themselves long enough to put up a unified front. Each tribe was out for itself, and in the long run this cost them control of Britain.



Tacitus said that Celtic women were as large and frightening as the men. If this is true, no wonder they took part in the fighting too. Boudicca is a famous female fighter.

Warrior Queen Boudicca was the wife of the ruler of the Iceni, a Celtic tribe who lived in eastern England. When her husband Prasutagus, King of the Iceni tribe who had signed a peace treaty with the Romans, died she intended to honour the treaty, but after the local Roman authorities seized Prasutagus's property and raped his two daughters, Boudicca retaliated by signing a treaty with Trinovantes who were hostile to the Romans.

Boudicca is said to have been very tall with striking red hair that hung to her hips. Her army of Iceni tribesmen and women captured and burned Colchester, London, St Albans and caused the governor of Britain, Suetonius Paulinus, to raise the biggest force he could. Boudicca's army were eventually cornered and massacred. Her army caused vast amounts of damage before being defeated. Boudicca poisoned herself to evade capture.



Another famous British warlord was **Caratacus**. He confronted the Romans near the River Severn. However, Caratacus was defeated. He escaped again and sought shelter with the Brigantes tribe. However their Queen, Cartimandua betrayed him to the Romans. Caratacus, his family and other rebels were taken prisoner and sent to Rome. In Rome Caratacus was pardoned by Claudius and allowed to live out his days in Italy.

Druids and Celtic religion We know a little about the druids from descriptions by Roman historians. The Romans tried to limit the powers of the druids because they were so important in Iron Age society. There has been a lot of nonsense written about Druids, but they *were* a curious lot; a sort of super-class of priests, political advisors, teachers and healers. They had their own universities, where traditional knowledge was passed on by rote. They had the right to speak ahead of the king in council, and may have held more authority than the king. They acted as ambassadors in time of war, they composed verse and upheld the law. They were a sort of glue holding together Celtic culture. The main centre of the druids in Britain was Anglesey, in Wales.



The Celts believed in many gods and goddesses: over 400 in fact. Many gods had no names, but lived in springs, woods and other places. Offerings to the gods were thrown into lakes, rivers and

left by springs and wells. Among them were: **Sucellos** the sky god, with a hammer that caused lightning, **Nodens** who made clouds and rain...

From what we know of the Celts from Roman commentators, who are witnesses with an axe to grind, they held many of their religious ceremonies in woodland groves and near sacred water, such as wells and springs. The Romans speak of human sacrifice as being a part of Celtic religion. One thing we do know, the Celts revered human heads.

Celtic warriors would cut off the heads of their enemies in battle and display them as trophies. They mounted heads in doorposts and hung them from their belts. This might seem barbaric to us, but to the Celt the seat of spiritual power was the head, so by taking the head of a vanquished foe they were appropriating that power for themselves. It was a kind of bloody religious observance.

People visiting Britain wrote of their impressions of the people and things they saw. Many of these reports are biased.

"Most of the inland inhabitants [of Britain] do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh, and are clad with skins. All the Britons indeed, dye themselves with woad, which occasions a bluish colour, and thereby have a more terrible appearance in fight. They wear their hair long, and have every part of their body shaved except their head and upper lip. "

Julius Caesar (A Roman Emperor)

"They are very tall in stature, with rippling muscles under clear white skin. Their hair is blond, but not naturally so: they bleach it, to this day, artificially, washing it in lime and combing it back from their foreheads. They look like wood-demons, their hair thick and shaggy like a horse's mane. Some of them are clean-shaven, but others - especially those of high rank - shave their cheeks but leave a moustache that covers the whole mouth"

Diodorus Siculus (A Roman historian)

"The way they dress is astonishing: they wear brightly coloured and embroidered shirts, with trousers called bracae and cloaks fastened at the shoulder with a brooch, heavy in winter, light in summer. These cloaks are striped or checkered in design, with the separate checks close together and in various colours"

Diodorus Siculus

"In exactly the same way as hunters do with their skulls of the animals they have slain, they preserved the heads of their most high-ranking victims in cedar oil, keeping them carefully in wooden boxes."

Diodorus Siculus

Nataša Pavlović III₅



ROBIN HOOD

IN THE DEEP GREEN WOOD
THERE, THERE HE BRAVELY STOOD
WITH HIS LOYAL MERRY MEN
AND OF COURSE WITH MARIAN

GOD AND GODDESS, KING AND QUEEN
A BOND SO STRONG, HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN
A DIVINE, TRUE LOVE, AS THEIR HEARTS SAY
THE FIRST OF MAY, AND THE SUMMER DAYS

THE SPIRITS OF JUSTICE, THE MERRY MEN
SEEKING PEACE, AND A WEALTHY MAN
BEING PROUD, AND DOING RIGHT
WITHOUT FEAR OR GREED THEY DO FIGHT

THE THIEVES FROM FAMOUS SHERWOOD
LET THE SHERIFF REST, THEY NOT WOULD
STEALING FROM THE RICH MORE AND MORE
GIVING IT TO THE SICK AND VERY POOR

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN, AND IT WILL FOREVER BE
JUSTICE AND GREED, POISON IN TEA
BUT REMEMBER, IN THE DEEP GREEN WOOD
WHO WILL STAY, AND WHO ALWAYS STOOD



Nemanja Živanović II₄



Leaving home

The end of the school year is almost here! This is the time of a year when most of pupils think about future and about leaving their home, family and town. Their reactions are different but they know that they have to do it.

Most of them regret that Grammar school is almost over. They can't imagine not going to school next year, sitting with school mates and gossiping about teachers. Everywhere around you can hear things as "How I wish that we were third year now!" or "If only there is an extra year!", but unfortunately there isn't and we must deal with it. This art of our life is over. We shouldn't be sad or upset about it. We must look at it as if it was the best time of our lives and remember only good things which were following us on our path.

The optimistic ones say that our real life begins now and I think that they have right. Even though, we won't be sitting in a class and going to school every day we can still see our mates or teachers and enjoy every minute in a school yard.

I agree that next year is going to be hard, not only for us, but for our parents, too. It's never easy going to the other town and living on your own. We won't have our mums and dads there to cook for us, or tidy our rooms, to go and talk to teachers if we have a problem...we are the only ones who should fight for ourselves. Some of us can be nostalgic and depressed, too, but I think that there is no reason to react like that. It's just one small problem among all the others and each of us will soon get used to it.

When you look at it on a brighter side you can realize that this is a chance to live with your best friend, to go out whenever you want and to organize your time how you always wanted to. Leaving home means meeting new people, love and having "once in a lifetime" moments. After a while that new place will become your home and you wouldn't like to leave it. Trust me, it's always like that.

Leaving home is just one step if you want to become independent man! So be brave, do your best and deal with it. After a while all this difficulty will be silly and funny.

Life is short! Don't worry about anything! Go out, take a big breath and make your stride like a mature man!

Ivana Jakovljević IV₅



This crossroads in life will be never again



When you stop short and think for a while, you realize:

First: every decision can be decisive for one's life; and second: everything that one person does and everything that happens could come to pass only that way – it could only be like it is. Only the truth is true, isn't it? Then, there is no mistake.

In this very moment of our lives, we ask ourselves many questions – *What? Why? What if that's not right?* – all because we are afraid of our own wishes and aspirations, of our ability to decide – afraid of our own beings, of a true woman or a man within us. Only few confront themselves and win. Many people decide to go the easier way. They decide to fulfill their parents' wishes or to follow the usual road, the one that is socially acceptable, for example. We all know that life is not easy at all, nor is self-discovery. It often takes some great pain, sorrow, failure, national crisis, loss to evocate the vast assets of power locked somewhere inside every man. We all have resources we don't even dream of. But the question is: how to get through to them? Just follow your dreams. They don't exist in vain. They are here to remind us that God gave us some quest when He created us, and through dreams we will see what and how to do, if we look carefully. He also gave us life crossroads. It's the way He puts us to test – not before Him, but in front of us. Don't reject yourself.

Don't reject yourself and listen to your heart, because this crossroads in life will be never again. Just like all the others.

Jelena Živković IV₄



DIARY ENTRY**SEVENTH YEAR (JANUARY)**

It's raining today. Again... I couldn't sleep at all. It's cold. Exactly seven years have passed. It's January. It must be snowing back home. I've forgotten what snowflakes look like. I haven't felt snow for so long. The thought of winter and all the things that come with it... The presents, the joy, the chimneys. I want to cry. I want to die. Christmas... The seventh time... We celebrate your son's birthday, huh?

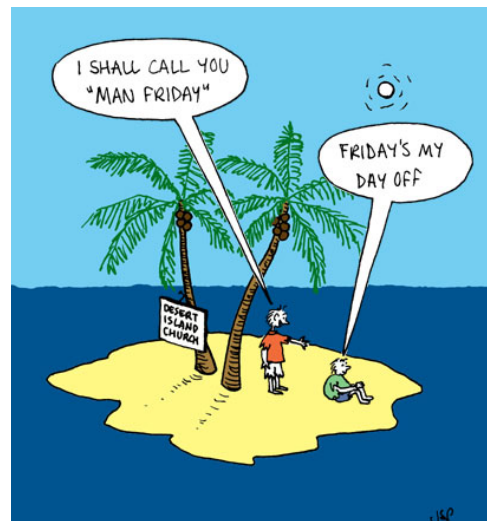
I didn't believe in god when I got here. People need god when they're alone, when they are abandoned and forgotten. I just needed somebody to talk to. I'm not sure if he can hear me. I can hear me, every day. I have been listening to my own voice for seven long years, and you might think I am mad, but no, I'm not mad. I'm not mad, am I? No. I'm just alone.

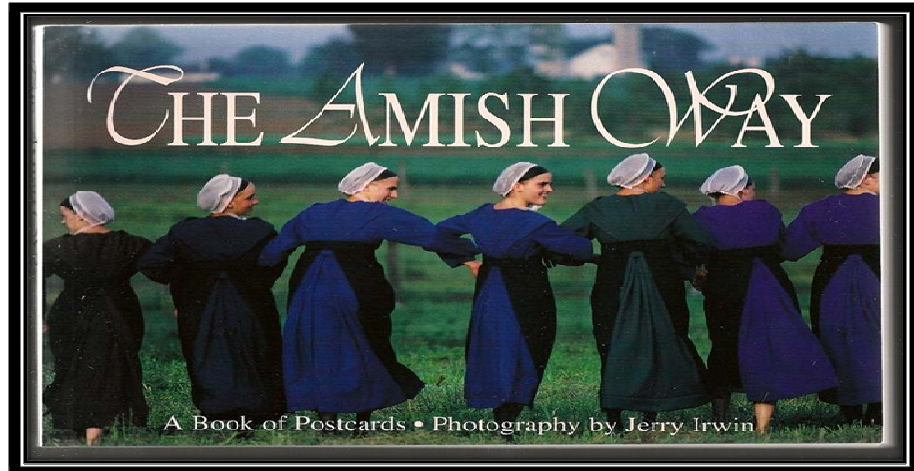
It's irritating. The rain. I can hear every single drop. Snowflakes can't be heard, right? Like little white light feathers, they fall down slowly. Never in a hurry, they enjoy the fall, not thinking about the inevitable. Death.

Death? Is it death or new life? When they fall down, melt, evaporate, they fall down again. Again. Do we mortals have a chance to do it again? Well, I'm not a snowflake. I don't want to fade out slowly. The longer it lasts, the more it hurts, the greater is the pain. I want to burn away.

I didn't want to set a fire today. Today, I like it cold. It reminds me of home. I wish I wasn't here. But where to go? To the one who never speaks? He will open the gates for me, won't he? Won't you? I love winter...

Nemanja Živanović II₄





Dear parents,

You know how I have always been interested in time machines, hoping they could send me into the past some day. I know that is hardly possible at this time, but thanks to you I don't even need them. As my punishment you sent me to live in a society stuck in the 19th century. And I can't describe you how grateful I am for that. Otherwise I would never have found out how people in Middle Ages had lived.

So let me tell you something about my life here. From the moment I came to this Amish family, they recognized I was incapable of doing any housework. So they haven't forced me to do anything like that. For the first couple of days I was releasing stress by going on my own further to the mountains away from these people. I carried my notebook with me, where I would write my thoughts. And the first note I wrote about them sounds like this: "The Amish are a sect of crazy people", now it has changed. Their traditional way of life is impressing me more and more by the time. I am starting to like even these ridiculous two dresses they gave me. Oh, and I almost forgot to mention, they threw away my clothes I brought from home. Please mom, understand, they just hated my way of dressing. But they were nice and they gave me these two quite worn out dresses. I have started to work in the garden and house, alongside other females in the family. I can tell you that I could easily adjust to this way of life. I even thought of staying here. I hope you won't miss me if I decide to do so.

Love you all so much.

Your loving daughter,

Jelena

Jelena Jeremić I₁

Shiki



Shiki is a mystery/horror anime series released in July 8 2010. It is based on the novel of the same name written by Fuyumi Ono.

Plot: During a fiercely hot summer in Sotoba, a peaceful and quiet village, with a population of 1300 people, a series of bizarre deaths begins to occur. At the same time, a strange family moves into a long abandoned mansion in the region. After supposedly visiting this strange family, the fashionable Shimizu Megumi goes missing and the entire village goes out in search for her.

Review: Vampires are really popular these days mainly because of the advent of Twilight. In that film, and many other similar films and TV series (True Blood, Vampire Diaries...) vampires are shown like mainly good characters with kind, gentle personalities with a lot of stupid romance going around them. They are not shown as hell spawns and evil creatures like they were originally created.

And that is where Shiki comes in to try to turn Vampires back into their original form or at least to try to. As you can see from the plot, the story is a sort of a cliché and that could put some people off. But do not be fooled as there is actually a quite deep storyline involved mainly because the characters are done almost perfectly. You see, there are a lot of characters here, and none of them seem stereotypical or stupid. There are no main characters, just those who appear more frequently than the others. This is not a story about one particular character; it is actually about the whole village. All of them contribute much to the series and you do feel sad when something bad happens to them. I normally don't like shows that focus on many different people, but this time I really cannot complain. This series focuses on the entire village and how certain people react to dangerous situations and I think that is pretty creative.

The acting and music is also great. The music fits the environment pretty good. And the opening theme is simply awesome. But I must complain about the animation a bit. I think it's too bright. So you can have some false ideas when you first start watching the show. When I saw the animation first I thought this was some harem, romance crap. I changed my opinion after 5 minutes into the show. Trust me, when it needs to be dark and creepy it gets. Don't be mistaken.

There is a dose of predictability but that doesn't ruin the entertainment. Suspense is always there and I did not feel bored a single moment thorough the series.

Anyway, what can I say is that I highly recommend it to all horror/mystery and vampire fans.

Ognjen Petković III₅

A Beautiful Girl

It was the Halloween night. James Langdon was walking down the street feeling lonely and sad. He hadn't had a woman in his life for so long. Sometimes he would go to bordel just to feel the security and comfort of women's hands, breasts and lips. He loved those places.

So, as he was thinking about that, a girl appeared in front of him. She was wearing a beautiful bloody-red dress and high, high heels. His body took fire, his blood rushed through his veins as he was looking at her.

Then, she spoke: "Good evening stranger. You seem lonely. Are you?"

The sound of her voice warmed up his heart, his everything. He just bowed his head.

"Let me take you somewhere", she said. You won't regret it, I promise".

She took him by the hand and they walked until they reached a castle. It was so dark and scary, but at the same time it was magnificent. When they entered the castle, she told him to go to the first room and wait for her.

When he entered, he was stunned with the details this room had. A bit of dust on the ceiling and lots of candles made that evening even more mysterious and odd. After a while she walked into the room, half naked with a goblet full of red wine in her hands. She gave him the goblet and he took a sip from it. And then, they made love.

The sound of cars woke him up and he found himself lying on the pavement of the one-way street. He didn't know what had actually happened, all he knew was that his clothes were ripped and he smelled of wine. And then he saw a page of a newspaper lying on the ground with a familiar sight. He saw the castle which he had visited the night before and a dead man. When he started reading the text which startled him. They said that a man named James Langdon was brutally murdered in the castle but they couldn't find the murderer. His knees shook and he started to vomit.

After a short while he got up and started walking. As he was crossing the street, he saw a boy driving a bike. 'Oh no, we're going to collide', he thought. And then the unthinkable happened. The boy went right through him. As if he wasn't there. As if he was....

Just for a moment he thought he could hear a familiar female voice whispering to him "a ghost".

Ana Ivanović II₄



Hallowe'en story



There was a small town. In it lived a doll maker. He made dolls that looked exactly like humans. Or that's what everyone thought. He looked out the window. It was going to be night soon. He could see the children running from house to house collecting candies. It was Hallowe'en. His house was avoided like always. He heard them all talking about him, that he was an evil man and that the house was haunted. They didn't know how true that actually was. The Sun was setting. 'It's almost time', he said to the dolls around him. The man

sat in his chair, finally resting his aching body. The clock was ticking as darkness slowly crept over the little town. Suddenly a bright light erupted and enveloped the man in it.

In the same town lived a girl. She was getting ready for the Hallowe'en party. Her costume was the costume of The Grim Reaper. A skeleton dressed in a black robe carrying a scythe. He was death. The one who collects souls. Soon she was ready. With a quick glance at the clock she left the house. She had 15 more minutes till her friends were to come and pick her up, so she decided to take a walk. As she walked down the street she noticed a house. Well not just a house, THE house. The one everyone said was haunted. Her curiosity overpowered her. Anxiously, she inched to the house and to one of the windows. She looked inside and saw a man sitting in a chair surrounded by a bunch of dolls. 'I don't understand what everyone is so scared about. Those dolls look creepy but not cursed', and just as that went through her head, a bright light blinded her. It took her eyes a few seconds to adjust and when she looked through the window again, her heart almost stopped. The dolls, the creepy dolls were opening their eyes, they were coming to life. The girl turned to run to tell someone what she saw, to get help but she couldn't do any of that. A hand grabbed her from behind while the other covered her mouth so she couldn't scream. She heard the hinges of the door squeaking behind her while the person holding her tried to open it. One of the dolls walked pass them and in the direction of all of the other children. She stared at it and noticed that it was actually the size of a child and the thing was wearing a butterfly costume. The other dolls followed. All looked like children. She tried to get away from the man but his grasp was too strong. He threw her to the floor and her head hit a table. She tried to get up but her energy was leaving her and quickly. Her body fell back to the floor. 'Why are you doing this? You make dolls.' She said. 'I don't make dolls. I make collectors,' the man said. 'C-collectors?' 'On Hallowe'en they come back to life and bring us our favourite food, your pathetic souls. And you little girl are going to be one of them.' He smirked. 'Us?', she wanted to ask, but she had no energy left. The last thing she saw before the darkness consumed her was the man locking the door.

The Sun was shining over the small town. It was still early morning so everyone was asleep. In the house at the end of the street, a man sat in his chair. He was relaxing after a long night of working on his new masterpiece. The girl now sat at one side of the room, her Grim Reaper costume gone. She was dressed in a black Victorian style dress with a red bow tying her hair back. Her eyes were closed. It was silent. You couldn't hear breathing from her body, you couldn't hear her heartbeat. The man looked at the new doll, at the new collector. 'Curiosity killed the cat', he said smirking.

Hristina Matić II₄

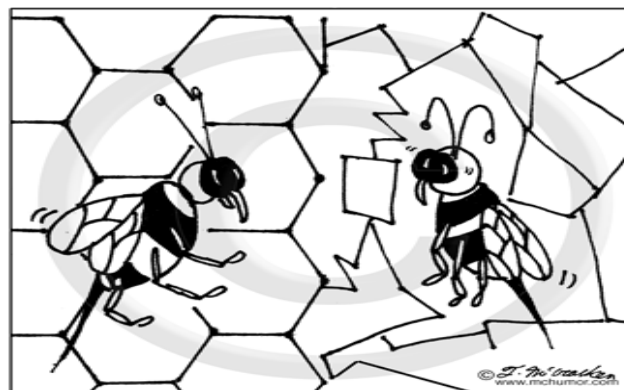
Truancy

Skipping classes is very popular in secondary school, and I can say that it is an ordinary thing. Why are we skipping classes? Somebody skips classes when he or she has an exam and is not prepared for it (which is a very good excuse). This reason is more frequent than the other reasons. But also, there are people who do not go to classes because they are bored, do not want to listen to the teachers, they just want to go out, drink coffee and have fun. Actually, they do not have a real reason, and I think that it is very nice too, but there is one problem. When they are not ready for the tests, then they cannot skip it because they have already had a lot of unexcused absences. There are also students who do not do to school all day or for a few days when they have not had time to study something or read some books.

In each of these situations we want to find a good excuse, to tell our teachers. Some of them take no notice, but some are cleverer and they know the real reason why we were not at school. And then our problems begin. The 'bad' teachers do not forget it. We do not have a nice time in their classes. They put pressure on us and our prospects of promotion in their subjects are not good. That is the dark side of truancy. I think that they do not have to take things too personally, do not take offence so often...We just do not want to get bad marks, do not want to live in cages, and we want more freedom and more understanding.

We are still kids! :D

Milica Lalović III₆



"That's what you get for skipping geometry class."

Rock climbing



Rock climbing began in the last quarter of the nineteenth century in various parts of Europe. It evolved gradually from an alpine necessity to an athletic activity. Today it is a very popular sport around the world.

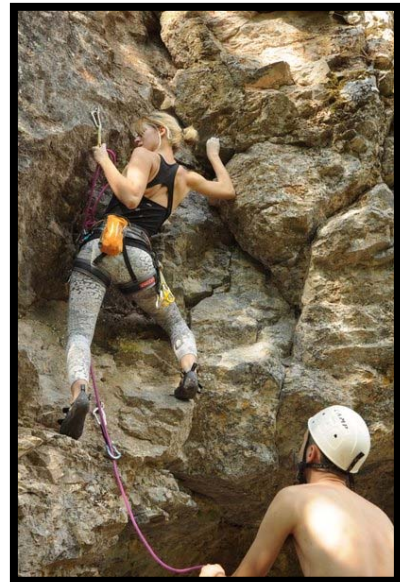
Rock climbing is a physically and mentally demanding sport; it tests your strength, endurance, balance, mental control and many more things. It can be dangerous, but if you use the equipment properly and if you are familiar with the climbing techniques you will be safe.

There are various styles of rock climbing. Some of them are traditional climbing, sport climbing, bouldering, indoor climbing, free soloing, deep water soloing etc.

I started climbing a year ago and it has given me so many things that I'm very grateful for. I tried many sports but climbing is definitely the most beautiful thing that I've ever tried. I really love this life style and I feel that I could do this for the rest of my life; it makes me happy, healthy and fit. I love spending time in nature, camping with my friends, traveling, making new friendships... I think that it has not only made me stronger and more confident, but it made me a better person. It also made me realize that it is very important to be persistent and determined and that you should never give up, not only in climbing but in every aspects of life too.

I prefer outdoor climbing but I like to go to the competitions too. I don't really care about winning a medal, but I think that competitions are very good for my training, mental and physical and of course I like spending time with other climbers and meeting new people.

I would recommend anyone to try climbing because it can give you and teach you so many useful things. Give it a try, maybe you will fall in love with it, like I did. :)



Jelena Radovanović III₅

We discussed the topic:

Arranged marriages



Arranged marriages are marriages which are negotiated primarily by the parents of a couple, rather than the couple themselves. For centuries, arranged marriage was the only way to marry in most cultures, and it was believed to ensure stronger, happier marriages which also took the form of economic, social, and political alliances. Although most Western countries frown upon arranged marriages because they believe these marriages restrict personal freedom, arranged marriages still occur in parts of the Middle East, Asia and Africa.

In traditional societies, parents or other designated individuals choose a person's spouse (and occupation). These are sometimes called arranged marriages, in contrast to love marriages, though there are many varieties of each. A common reason for arranged marriages is that young people are too immature and impulsive to make a wise choice, and experienced elders are likely to do better. In addition, in the West one chooses a partner to fulfill oneself, while in non-Western collectivist cultures, one's primary responsibility is to the group—to one's parents, ancestors, and others—all of whom have contributed to make one's current life possible and to whom one is obligated.

According to research, those arranged marriages—or who have had their partner chosen for them by a parent or matchmaker—then tend to feel more in love as time grows, whereas those in regular marriages feel less in love over time. And within ten years the connection felt by those in arranged marriages is said to be around twice as strong. Relationship experts claim this is because arranged marriages are carefully considered with thought going into whether potential parents' families, interests and life goals are compatible. This means they are more likely to commit for life and stick together through rocky patches.

Many of the wedding customs are common among Hindus, Jains, Sikhs and even Muslims. They are a combination of local, religious and family traditions. Increasingly, younger Asians couples are starting to incorporate Western features into their weddings, such as speeches, the first dance, as well as the traditional wedding cake.

In India, the marriage is thought to be for life, and the divorce rate is extremely low—1.1% compared with about 50% in the United States. The arranged marriages generally have a much lower divorce rate of marriage is increasing nowadays (3.5%).

They find that the marriage trends in India are similar to trends observed over last 40 years in China, Japan and other nations. Fewer marriages are purely arranged without consent. The study

found that majority of surveyed Indian marriages were with consent. The percentage of self-arranged marriages(called love marriages in India)were also increasing, particularly in urban parts of India. A 2006 article reportd that between 10 and 20 percent of marriages in urban India were self-arranged.

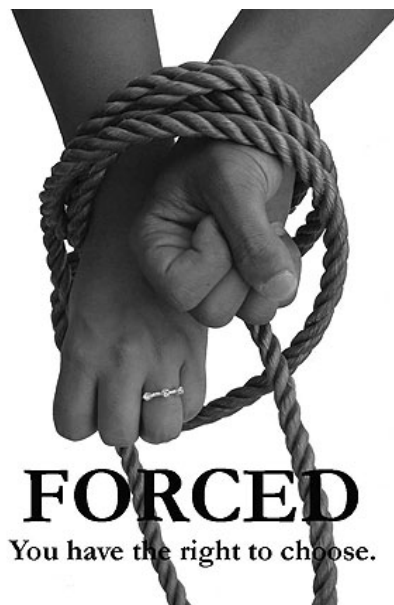
Positive side of an arranged marriage could be that, with the trust in her father, woman will be assured of having wealthy and well educated husband and aferwards probably, a good life. On the other hand I don't really like this way of getting marry, because i think free will and choice is something we should all have and others need to consider it and respect it.

A bad side of arranged marriages is that you maybe never learn to love your partner because he's too different from you. Then your marriage would probably be bad and you'll not understand each other. And when you have to spent the rest of your life in those circumstances, that's sad.

In my opinion all depends on luck. If you have crazy luck to got perfect husband without dating and meeting him than you should appreciate that. But if you had a lot of boyfriends and you still do not have husband, maybe you should ask you father for help!

From my point of view I think of arranged marriages as just a form of taking someone's freedom away. Some might think that it's O.K because a certain amount of these forced marriages do succeed. I am sure that any of us are capable of making our own choices, unless we are clinically insane or have an illness of some sort. After all, we are human. If I were in that kind of situation I would rather die alone than live with a wife someone else chose for me.

Ilija Matić III₆



Karl Lagerfeld



Karl Otto Lagerfeld ist ein deutscher Modeschöpfer, Designer, Fotograf und Kostümbildner. Zur Zeit lebt und arbeitet er in Paris. "Man muss Stil haben, um ihn sich kaufen zu können." "Eleganz hat überhaupt nichts mit Mode zu tun."

Jovana Lukić I₄

Typisch deutsche Gerichte

Eine typisch deutsche Familie hat drei Mahlzeiten. Man frühstückt Brötchen, Toast oder Brot mit Marmelade oder Honig. Deutschland hat die größte Vielfalt an Wurstsorten.

Das typische deutsche Mittagessen besteht aus Kartoffeln, Sauerkraut oder Eisbein mit Rotkraut oder Gurkensalat. Das Abendbrot oftmals besteht aus ein paar belegten Broten. Zum Nachtisch gibt es zahlreiche Variationen von Torten und Kuchen mit frischen Äpfeln, Pflaumen, Erdbeeren oder Kirschen. Käsekuchen ist ebenfalls eine beliebte Variante.



Bratwürste



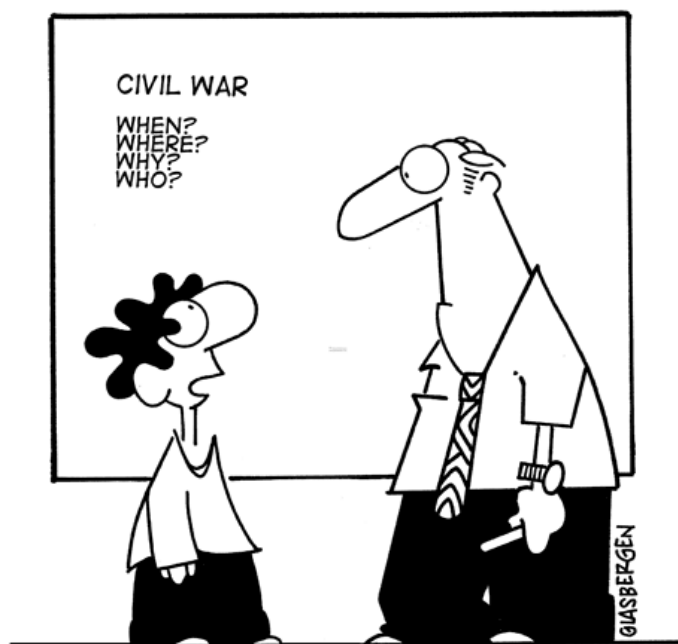
Eisbein auf Sauerkraut



Weißwürste mit Brezeln und süßem Senf

Magdalena Tešanović I₄

JOKE CORNER



"Can I skip your classes if I promise to watch the History Channel when I grow up?"



"My teacher says little girls can grow up to be anything they choose! Why did you choose to be an old lady?"

Poliglota - List učenika Valjevske gimnazije na stranim jezicima, broj 3, maj 2012.
Glavni i odgovorni urednici: Anita Novosel, profesor, Aleksandar Sabotkovski, profesor,
Tehnički urednici: Aleksandar Sabotkovski, profesor, Anita Novosel, profesor,
Redakcija: učenici i profesori Valjevske gimnazije

