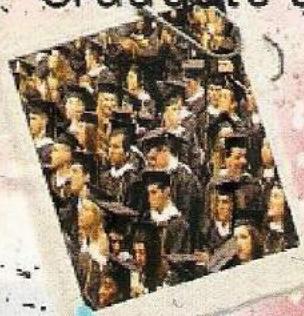


English OFFSPRING

NO.1
April 22, 2010

INFORM

Graduate's day



ENTERTAIN

Lots of fun

CHALLENGE

We dare you to
make your point

MOTTO: It is our mission to inform, entertain,
challenge and develop our students to aim high!

SPRING DAY!

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Dear Spiru,

I am writing to let you know that, although sometimes you might frown at what you see in our classrooms, in the courtyard or just round the corner, I do believe you secretly smile and understand us, the fact that we are so different and, yet so... similar to you, and so close to your dreams! We, the students of 2010, are yes, rebellious, careless, daring but it is equally true, we are free; we can think without being constrained by rigid rules and regulations, we are taught to be ourselves, to have dreams and to make them come true. Here, at "Spiru Haret" National College, we discuss and combine our ideas until they melt and become the shape of our dreams. We learn that we matter, that each of us is important, that our voices can be heard, that life is really a wonderful gift to be passed on to the others.

I am writing to tell that when we chose to come to this school it was for its reputation of openness and understanding, its humane face, its flexible disposition; people say that if you are keen on studying you have all the opportunities and if you choose to have a lot of fun this is the place where you should come by all means. And indeed, here we feel that we are free to choose.

Dear Spiru, I know that some time ago on the corridors of our school there were people such as Constantin Noica, Nicolae Steinhardt, Mircea Eliade, Grigore Moisil and many others whose greatness awes us, makes us feel small, but I feel that the seed of independence and quest is in each of us. I believe this is the precious gift you offered us. Some of us, aware of their role in our community, have already taken up responsibilities; they are involved in the youth parliament, in organizing exhibitions, proms, charity events, in writing books. We are now willing to start an English magazine to voice our preoccupations, concerns and dreams and, definitely, our love for English.

Our aim is to treasure tradition and add our contribution to it and, at the same time, give it our alternative. We would like to involve ourselves in this process, to show that we are aware both of our setbacks and of our success; we can be the mirror of the students' life. At the same time, we would like to entertain our peers but also to give them food for thought and challenge them and express our respect for the European values.

We will try our best to be your spiritual offspring.

by Cristina Lazar

Konnichiwa, folks! ☺

Okay, first of all, I want you to know that this is the first time I do this kinda things, like sharing and actually, uncovering who I really am, this way.

Anyway, when I first heard about having this opportunity, I didn't even think about it - I just bloomed out. "Yeaah, of course I wanna do it!!" and here I go with the reasons, with the beginning and all... (oh, no, chill out - it's not too much of a diary or sth. ☺)

You see, I bet all of you outta there, know how it feels to wake up in the morning, wash your face, brush your teeth and all, and then, go to the wardrobe and put on a mask which looks exactly like you, but which has nothing to do with who you really are - it's just the one "they" want you to be. And there you go - walk out the door and start being, doing those ordinary facts the same "they" bound you to do. Well, just like you, I have done all of it, but right now, I'm taking advantage of these moments to be my really self - you know, for me and for you. Yeah, you - whoever you are. ☺

So, as you can see, this corner of us (because it's not only me here, right? ☺) is something I would like you to see as... um, let's say "a third shoulder of yours" - something that reminds you there's always a place you're welcome at and, even more, a place where you'll always find somebody. Who? Me, right here - beyond your screen and all across these lines.

Maybe I won't be able do too much, you're right (wasn't that what you were thinking? :-P), but you know... it's said that "shared joy is double joy, shared sorrow is half sorrow" - so, won't you give it a try? Me, in personal, I will ☺ and the best way I can share all of these, is writing. Writing, writing and writing - it can be a poem, it can be the lyrics of a song I make up in my mind or whatever. The most important thing is that there it is. ☺

Now, for this first time I'll post you a song which I hope you'll enjoy and, why not, share opinions about.

Want a teaser? There you go - "I run for HOPE, I run TO FEEL, I run for THE TRUTH of all that is REAL" ... na, na, na, na :-> It's Melissa Etheridge - I run for life. Play this song in your headphones every time you feel life is going easy on you, taking all of your powers out - you can do it either with a pillow on you face, being all cried out or not. Just do it and trust me! Why? Because you might need it. ☺

P.S: Keep this in mind - Whatever you're willing to be, just be a good one!

With all my being,
Me

by Bianca Cojocaru

The Right to Education, the Human Right I Value Most

It all began on December 10, 1948, when the rights for every human were soundly proclaimed by the General Assembly of the United Nations. From that moment on, people would have the same rights, regardless of sex, social status or race. Of course, it was not the first document of this kind, but it was certainly the best, since everyone benefited from it, not only certain social classes. One previous attempt was the Magna Carta, signed by King John of England in 1215. It granted people the right to appeal against detention sentences.

Although I am aware all 30 Articles of the modern Declaration are equally important, my personal favorite is Article 26, which grants the right to education, allowing for the elementary and fundamental stages to be free of charge for everyone. The beneficiaries of this right are mainly the poor countries, where people could not afford to pay for their children to be educated. Lack of education had plagued the world for a long time, and the difference between a country with schools and a country without was gigantic: educated people were not only happier, but their lives were much better too. Education allows for specialization, therefore each person may choose their profession and take their own,

well-defined place in society. Education also greatly improves performance in many fields of science, but also the overall performance of an individual, as it allows people to better organize their lives and their work. I think everyone should go to schools and learn as much as they can, since this allows mankind to evolve, to step forward. This also enables people to learn about culture, art and history, and to have opinions of their own, which they can freely express at any time. All these benefits are important, but perhaps the most important education has to offer is the possibility to communicate between people, as it teaches people how to read and write and it helps them find a common language to use, the language of tolerance and understanding. Communication allows people to work in a team, reaching great results together. Education also helps people understand, accept and respect the cultural and religious differences between them as each person and country is unique and respectable.

Over the ages, the percentage of educated individuals has gradually increased. While in the Antiquity, in the Middle Ages and later only members of the Nobility or rich people had access to schools, gradual improvement was registered, and as the quality of life became better, so did the number of educated people, until everyone could learn how to write and how to read. I think it is a good thing elementary school attendance is compulsory because, in poorly developed countries, people might not know their rights well, might not know that they can learn not only about the surrounding world, but about themselves as well. Because of the poor living conditions in these countries, some people there might not even go to college either because their families cannot afford it or because they must work to earn a living. They are condemned to ignorance and darkness, to a slave-like condition. In my opinion, education brings light, understanding, openness, belief in the human values, freedom, aspiration, at the same time. It stifles egotism, ignorance, violence and hatred.

Thus, I strongly believe in the value of The Universal Declaration of Human Rights as a vital document for the welfare of all people worldwide as it enforces freedom and has greatly improved the quality of life since its adoption in 1948 and is continuing to do so today.

by Ionut Gabroveanu

Graduate's Day in "Spiru Haret" High School

Celebrated on the 12th of December, Graduate's Day has become a tradition, held even in the communist decades. People who graduated this high school, taking a stroll down memory lane, visited their old classrooms and ex-teachers on this occasion. "Spiru Haret" has a number of famous and accomplished graduates, such as Mircea Eliade, author of the history of the world's religions and much acclaimed writer, Grigore Moisil, a well-known mathematician, Ion Magheru, one of this country's most distinguished diplomats, and many others.

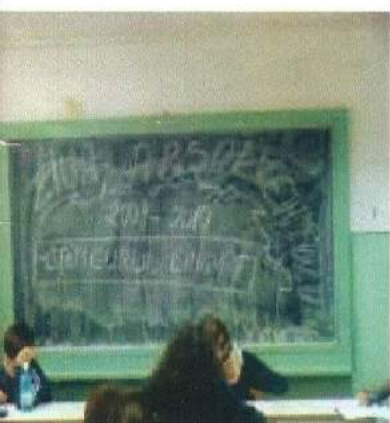
Along with the visits of ex-students of this high school, many activities (more than we could handle, anyway) have taken place. Even though there weren't any classes held, the 12th of December was truly a busy day.

It was our duty as reporters to be as omniscient and omnipresent as possible (within human limits), so we did our best. The whole day began at 9:30, with a

Romanian Language contest "Cangurul Lingvist" for primary school classes, organized by our Romanian Language and Literature teachers. The language contest was followed by a math contest, "Matematica distractiva" (there's someone we have to thank for making math fun), at 10 sharp. The unusual thing about this contest was that it was held in English, for bilingual classes especially. The contestants were paired up, and braved through 3 rounds of about 15-20 questions each. The proud winners claimed their prizes afterwards, consisting of exercise books and diplomas (and Christmas-themed chocolate, I loved the look on the faces of those who won them). After the

prizes were given, at about 11 o'clock, mathematical curiosities and problems were discussed and mathematical projects were presented. In the meantime, in the biology laboratory, a discussion and presentation were held on the theme "Medicine, between facts and fiction" (Medicina, intre vis si realitate).

Between 11:00-11:30, a play was performed by 7th grade students in Latin and Romanian, "Ad indicum Jovis" (La judecata lui Jupiter), regarding the Olympian gods. The actors were directed by Latin Language teacher Angelica Vlaicu.





In a certain classroom in the school, pictures of a trip were posted around the walls. The exposition was called "Spiristii pe drumuri de munte", organized by Romanian Language teacher Luiza Popescu.

Noon brought about a British Culture and Civilization quiz and a tea party. Serving British tea and cookies, teams of 3-4 people answered questions about the Queen's land, and also a guess-the-famous-song type quiz (who would have thought that "Yesterday" or "House of the Rising Sun" would be played?). During the BCC quiz, at twelve o'clock, the school's choir gave a performance, guided by our music teacher, Mariana Comanita.

Noica Hall witnessed a tribute to Eugene Ionesco, a great dramatist and one of the foremost playwrights of the Theatre of the Absurd at 13:00. Fragments of his work were read and performed in French. Meanwhile, a young and promising writer, Raluca Baceanu (student in the 10th grade), made her debut with "Travelling through a teenager's mind" ("Calatorii prin mintea unei adolescente"), patronized by Romanian teacher Luiza Popescu. The book takes a dive in the usual teenager's problems and thoughts: high school, music, friends, and the like.



At about 13:30, sportsmanship filled the gym hall, our proud basketball team playing against "Dimitrie Cantemir's" team. Of the results, dear readers, I sadly cannot inform you.

Half past two brought up a play in Noica Hall, "Substitute for Santa", acted by students in class IOB (I cannot tell you more about it, because, while this play was acted, your reporters were living moments of high stress and excitement because their play was coming up).



Following "Substitute for Santa", another play was acted in Noica Hall at 3 o'clock. "Not Another Romeo and Juliet Story" was written and acted by students of classes IOH and 9A (your reporters included), organized by English teacher Raluca Oproiu.



After the play had ended, so had Graduate's Day, marking another successful celebration for our long-living high school.

(The authors of this article wish to express their regret for any name misspelling or mistaken hours, because misinformation may have occurred. And we know there may be many other activities which have been left out, but as we specified earlier, we are not omnipresent)

SpirArt

AN ANNUAL MANIFESTATION OF BEAUTY AND HOPE

**“What keeps us young?
The new generations that
come and art. SpirArt is a
celebration of youth”**

Art fills our lives; ART is everywhere: in the blouse you are wearing today, in my mother's favourite vase, in your friends' playlist, in the pencil I have in my hand. ART is more or less commercial, ART is revolutionary or brings peace within, and ART reveals beauty, those memories and the fervor buried long ago in our subconscious. We only need to bring ART forms together.

Six years ago Matei Stoean, a student in a humanities class, came up with a courageous idea: to start an exhibition with paintings made by students from all the schools in Bucharest; location: the central hall of our school. Matei started the tradition which we now pride ourselves on: **SpirArt**. It was not easy at all and looking for sponsors was only one of the hardships he faced. Since then it has taken place every 12th of December. But there were not many to

support him so he turned for help to Mrs Dima, the librarian. Now there are even fewer. The only constant support has been our librarian who collects exhibits from all the participants, deposits them, displays them, looks after them, sees to the prizes, connects people, takes care of everything after the glamour of the exhibition fades away. In time, the exhibits have been diversified: talented students and, in general, all those students who have a message to voice, bring their paintings, drawings, photos or sculptures.

SpirArt has become a way to make students comfortable with art. It is meant not only for those who want to watch but also for those who want to feel life. Many drawings, paintings and photos give colour to our school for one month in winter. It is Mrs. Amarandei who helps with the layout in a professional way so that finally the combinations are a real feast for the eye and the soul. Many students express their dreams and wishes with colour, shape, shadow and light looking for a path to originality

and value. There are some students whose names are always on the list of the participants but they are not only from "Spiru Haret"; last December awards went to Sofia Zbora (5th grade) and to Victoria Georgina Mihaila (11th grade).

There are prizes which every year are awarded to the winners, but it is not this that matters most but the fact that students can speak through colour, shape and light to the other students, to parents and teachers. These young **ARTISTS** create illustrated stories or visions of life as they see it.

All you have read so far was written as a sincere and convincing plea for **SpirArt** to go on, to give us a chance to see beauty around us, to help us be better and exigent with ourselves and teach the others that we are full of life, passion and hope.

by Irina Zlotea

The Results at the English Olympiad

2009-2010

the regional phase

First Prize

- Gherghe Mihaela, 12 B

Second Prize

- Tuca Ovidiu Nicolae, 9 A
- Gabroveanu Ovidiu Ionut, 10 A

Third Prize

- Bărbulescu A.Vlad, 9 A
- Mihale V.G.Laura Alina, 10 A
- Dănilă Preda L.Ionuț Teodor, 10 G
- Ionescu D. Razvan Aurelian, 11 F

Honourable Mention

- Răgălie D.Laura Andreea, 9 F
- Manea Andrei Dragoș, 10 B
- Durgheu M. Ana Madalina, 10 I
- Olovinar Eduard Lucian, 10 I
- Urian T. Lavinia, 12 F

The English Speaking Competition

Although not yet 12, *Silvia Susai* from the 6th grade took part in the competition, age group 12-15. She had an excellent speech, you can read it in our magazine; she was awarded honourable mention from the jury.

This is the speech given by our young student Silvia Susai at the English Speaking Union competition where she challenged senior students from other Bucharest high schools.

The future is now

By Silvia Susai, 6th grade

Teleportation, new galaxies, living on Mars - no, not plots for Sci-Fi Hollywood movies, but the future as we see it. But now look again... do you think it might be the best future? It could be scientifically achieved, that's for sure. But it might not be such great future after all.

I'm Silvia, and in my speech I will show you that the doomsday disaster we're waiting for to send us into the unknown could be easily avoided.

But first, I'd like to point out why the other dynamic future we suppose will happen isn't that terrible.

Maybe 80% of all of us present here dream of moving to another planet. But why would that do us any good? It's time-consuming, because the preparations moving of people, preparing the planet - all take centuries, and it's wasting resources useable on Earth! And the conflicts countries might get into...all unwanted events.

Now, since that is cleared, we can move on to the very important subject: preventing the tragedy.

These days, one of our dearest and most needed things is rotting away, due to rarelessness.

The indifference some people have toward Earth is ruining humanity! Those who litter, don't recycle and don't care are a hindrance for those who do, maybe thinking that in few years that catastrophe will hit, or just don't have time for these things, and decide to leave it on their descendants' backs. But if we try to stop this negligence, then we could enjoy this gorgeous planet until the sun stops shining.

We need to work together, to be united in this mighty quest of rescuing Earth. And if we keep up the hard work for a couple of decades, we won't be intoxicated and killed by our own waste.

We need to understand that the effort and money we put into this isn't going to waste, but it's going to solve one of mankind's biggest and most critical problems. **Now** there's no time for second thoughts. There's no time for selfishness. But it's time for our civilization to put their foot down, and start saving the ones that can't defend themselves - the Earth, and Mother Nature!

What we need to do is start with the basics, one example being respecting the 3 Rs: Reduce, Reuse, Recycle.

Then, we need to be against destroying forests, lakes, or similar things for the building of another mall. We can't have everything mankind creation be destroyed. The effects are hazardous, and we have more than enough malls in the world.

Besides, using public transportation instead of a personal car when it isn't absolutely necessary is a good shot at socializing, and a help at saving Earth!

And much, much more.

So now that you see what damage can be done, how we could end humanity before it was meant to end, what would you choose? Would you choose to walk away, to wish that you survive until your time comes and not care about your children's future? Or would you rather start making that giant leap for mankind, by making your small step? Would you choose to wake up to reality, to confront the pain and make efforts, and be ready to see it all pay off? It's up to you to decide!

The Library



The library in our school is not just a place where you can find books. It is also a place where you can talk, relax, make friends, find advice or do a well written assignment. It is not large but it is dense. The door is always full with ads and announcements, which makes it clear it is a promising realm of knowledge, art and wisdom. The books are neatly arranged on the shelves according to clear criteria so, although they

are so many, you can easily find what you need. And, believe me, here you can find almost any book you need. Not to mention the rare collection bound in leather and written in gold letters which our librarian so proudly looks after.

Ms. Maria Dima, the librarian, is a very kind and discreet lady. There is always a smile on her face, I would say, a bitter smile, maybe because there

still are students that have never stepped in. On the other hand, I know for sure there are a lot of us who are addicted to our library. Ms. Dima likes books and believes they are alive as long as we read them and learn from them. She considers that everybody has both good and bad parts and she takes us for what we are, looking for as many as possible to come to the library.

Here are some questions I asked her recently over a cup of tea which she offered me:



Q: Since when have you had this passion for books?

A: Well... it's been in my heart since childhood. But in time it's grown. I like to learn from books, they are life itself. They make people better and wiser. Besides, they are beautiful in themselves; so colourful and fragile! They have a soul of their own and must be taken care of with love and tenderness. Only in this way will they open themselves to us.

Q: I know you do a lot of other things for the students in the school...

A: I make tickets reservations for the theatre and for the opera; I join students on such events and I also arrange and go on trips with them. Sometimes I organize book launches or exhibitions such as SpirArt on every 12th of December.

Q: What do you feel when you see that students come to the library to read a book, to relax a little?

A: It can't be described in words. Happiness, always happiness, even though sometimes they come here to skip classes. But as long as it is the library which is an alternative to a class, I believe things are still O.K.

Q: What are your future plans?

A: I would like the library to become an Info centre because this is what it should be.

by Obreja Ramona

Robyn Chaos




The first lady of dark step, Robyn Chaos, returned to Bucharest on 30th January at Fabrica Club with the jungle-duo made up of Lady Lite & Mc Marry Jane and the main promoter of Therapy Sessions Belgium, DJ Wasp. The show was opened with dement beats of Lady Lite who made music seem detached from heaven, as the aggressive beats of Drum' N' Bass were perfectly fitting Mc Marry Jane's lyrics, who's one of the best in the business.

Nevertheless the show was one hundred percent completed only when the real queen of dark step showed up on the stage getting people crazy, asking for more and more each time. So, there was no other choice for Robyn Chaos than to give her best and not only show the audience what the whole thing is about, but also amaze them with her skills and their complexity, once again.

Finally, the event finished with an after party entertained by DJ Wasp who was present at Therapy Sessions 5, next to other international DJs like "The Panacea", "Current value" and more.

Upcoming events:

- **SPRING DAY!** - Let's celebrate Europe in our school !
- **THE EDUCATIONAL FAIR** - we need to tell the future freshmen what life in Spiru is like, otherwise they will miss a lot!
- Tests, sunny mornings, term tests, coffee and Coke at the corner shop, grades, parks, late evenings, music, miniskirts, driving license and ... Messenger...what would we do without it?
- **THE PROM** - some young ladies from the 12th grades are really looking forward to it - a real fashion parade, lots of dancing, lots of crying on the shoulders of former classmates, the boys in suits just like business men, a world of glamour for only one night because soon there comes...
- **THE BACCALAUREATE** - well, that comes next, a lot of fun as well but mainly for the teachers... and then University... farewell to Spiru... hopefully you come back on the 12th of December to celebrate the day when, as students, you usually did not come ... some of you did ... some of you will...
- Some of us will have three, two or one more year to spend here at "Spiru Haret", our most beautiful years.

Spring Day for Europe 2010

Celebrate spring! Celebrate Europe! Celebrate youth and friendship!

You are invited to participate in the events organized by the English Department:

- "The world in black and white" - photography show. Join it and show us what life looks like through your eyes!
Coordinating teacher: Ana Durac
- The portrait of the EU citizen - exhibition of posters accompanied by short texts
We are all EU citizens now but what do we look like?
Date: 28.04.2010
Coordinating teacher: Dorina Enciu
- Flower and Tree planting - we make a greener city planting flowers and trees!
Coordinating teacher: Mirela Dincu



MAKE YOUR POINT

by Dragos Manea
Colegiul National "Spiru Haret"

The future; standing before us, undreamt. The future; muscled into dreams, perfected. The future; taking shape -- and yielding.

And hope - that wondrous, ineffable human quality; that great equalizer, bridging the downtrodden and the ever-privileged, uniting all in its sprawling uncertainty, in its great sweep: all that has ever been, and all that will ever be - dreams, and wishes, and fancies, of the common and of the great - bungled up together in an amorphous swirl. Not merely something akin to the divine: a coalescence of all that is great about man, his delusions and his loves. His linchpin. To shape his destiny, he must be hopeful, yet resolute. Unfazed by the vicissitudes of life, yet always able to adapt. Adamant *and* flexible.

Yet man is no stone, nor island; ever-feeling, ever-connected, always tramping through life as part of something greater than himself, always placing himself in relation to society, even as he inveighs against its ills, and cuts himself off, goes rogue, hides away awkwardly. In this rejection, a purpose is found, and the new context of his life is inextricably - perennially - tied to the object of his repudiation. In this, there is no escape.

Imagine the hausfrau: sipping coffee, ogling walls, enmeshed in memory; the doctor in his pristine scrubs, with a smile so consummate it reeks of arrogance, twitching his fingers before surgery, a wreck subdued; the singer deftly being more than man, for mere seconds, before the long, inevitable slide; some say nothingness awaits, and this may well be true - nowhere, and endless, as Larkin jotted down all those years ago - , yet the march precedes the stay, the how supersedes the why: life is important exactly because it is finite. This is self-evident. This thought, lodged in our minds, regardless of religion, acts as a sort of

driving force: in being reminded of our frailty, we find the audacity to be more than sauntering beasts - we find the audacity to be human, in all the complexity the term implies. To grow.

Man is often governed by two crucial dichotomies: what is expected of him, and what he expects of himself. In managing them, a destiny is shaped, and an inherited need to stand out, to undermine the mold, is fulfilled. Regardless of how minute the differences between us are, our uniqueness is essentially established.

And in establishing our uniqueness we begin to discover ourselves. In this, there is no escape.

The road to self-discovery may very well start with a subconscious declaration of distinctiveness; an impulse meandering

beneath the fancies of infancy, an unquiet roar urging, beseeching, telling us that there is something greater out there: a call to which we, in our primeval vagueness, are almost like patients in isolation tanks, lost and robbed of our senses.

Be, it says.

Be.

Neither become, nor mature is good enough for it. This is a strange call, an arrogant call, and what it demands is also tinged in strangeness: selfness, true selfness, free from the constraints of the mold. Our first steps on its road are, thus, steeped in uncertainty and risk. And here is where hope, forever straggling in the background, must quicken its pace, and help shoulder our hardships. For without it, all our dreams are rendered weak, and all our fancies still.

Remembrances of times past: sobs, yells, smiles, older girls, stale odors, body shapes, the provincial and the urbane, Saturday morning cartoons, my father not picking me up; and before this, mere feelings: happiness, sadness, competitiveness, anger, inadequacy, forgiveness; and before all this: my grandmother's face, its place unstuck in time, ancient and current concurrently.

And before all this: a desire not to be alone, behind my grandmother's gate, its steel almost ominous in nature, and I, fourteen years younger, separated from my friends, forlorn.

The way we tackle moments like this often determines the course of our lives; do we assent, or do we protest? Do we give in, or do we fight back? At the end of the day, on which side of the stern steel gate do we find ourselves? And has it truly been our choice?

Unfortunately, we can only do as much as the world allows, and the world itself rivals only the sea in its matron-like cruelty; its beady eyes protruding clumsily as she gawks and makes light of our lives. To live! A tough job, certainly. In the face of seemingly insurmountable drudgery, hardships of both the mind and flesh, we are told to persevere. By parents, and teachers, and lovers. It is expected of us. And usually, disappointing those we care for, dashing their hopes, is the hardest of pains, and lessons. Yet it too must be learned, and scrutinized - if we are to better ourselves, and to mature.

Imagine the child: hopeful, slightly unkempt, his mind still wobbling with ideas not yet construed; intellectually, a mess -- but so full of promise. So earnest. His is the future. His are the mistakes, and his are the lessons learned.

His is the burden of growing up.

Maturation should be a continuous process of self-betterment; we should always strive for the sky - even as we wallow in dirt; we should exist, freely, and not subservient to any creed. We should fight, and repent, and fight again. And when all the fights seem over and done, we should once more repent, and hope that they will soon resume. The recrudescence of the struggle: our morals do not devolve, but flourish, born of adversity.

Yet no such men have ever lived, and probably never will.

And what are we left with? A search for perfection? In all and everything? A desire to mend our faults by mixing our lives with those of others; their traits becoming our traits; their lives, shared freely, enriching

our own? Are we, then, just a self-conscious mixture trying our darnedest to eradicate the proffered imperfections? Keeping the good, expelling the bad?

No, we are infinitely more complex. And this is the burden we must bear.

Our fickle beliefs, our ever-changing minds, our volatile, unpredictable mood swings, our loves, our hates, our in-betweens. We are finicky creatures, prone to extremes, unable to accept the law laid down before us. Unable to simply to hang our heads, and dejectedly consent to nature's rigid rules. No - we need to tinker. We need to create.

The tangible where only specks of dust once dwelt.

Through this faculty everything is rendered possible. Spotless human ingenuity - our silent architect, accompanying us always.

Our most momentous quality - through it we separate ourselves from the feral pack; through it our humanity becomes extant.

In taking control of the world around us, we have uncovered our potential; fire may have been the catalyst all those millennia ago, but we have since expanded upon it, learned from it. Used it. As we have used everything - even ourselves. Man is the ultimate survivalist.

Imagine your hands: weathered, or pristine; in them lies the future; and not just your own. Our every action has importance - this must never be forgotten, or ignored. There is nothing as significant in this world as the common man, his actions, seemingly banal, spanning millennia; their consequences often ignored. Grandfathers of butchers or saints, clutching their hands in anticipation, gazing at their loves, still pure. There is beauty in the common man. In his benighted march, in his unsophisticated power. He is the sun around whom all of us revolve, hazily. He is crucial.

As are we all.

MAKE YOUR POINT

So, let's talk about goals. We all have them; we all make plans in order to achieve a purpose.

Whether it's about talking your mom into buying you a new toy, getting a good grade at a difficult quiz at school, getting into a good high school, getting into the university that you wanted, maybe getting a scholarship, getting a job, getting a better job, earning more money, earning even more money, starting a family, having a baby... and so on.

Undoubtedly, the list above works for most of you. The question that arises is... where does it end?

We tend to live our life from goal to goal, coming up with a new task each time we've completed the previous one. There's always something to be done, something to be improved, a new project to take on. Because projects imply to-do lists, and careful planning, and a lot of work. Which take up most of your time, not leaving any time to ask yourself questions about what really matters.

Does it ever stop? When can you say that you've reached the point when you've accomplished everything you wanted to accomplish? When do you take a break, pat yourself on the back (metaphorically) and... stop planning?

The joy of having achieved something is lost in the light of striving to achieve something better. More important. And, in 80 years'

time, you will probably look back on your life to find nothing more than a series of meaningless landmarks. The dream job, or huge paycheck, or college degree, might not seem so important if you end up alone at the end of the road.

Try to put things into perspective, ask yourself what really matters, and do your best to live a life worth looking back on. Of course, this is a goal in itself, which makes the above quite the paradox. However, it might be the only goal worth fighting for.

To wrap this up, I give you a quote by Ralph Waldo Emerson, given to me by a former English teacher in our last class together: "To laugh often and much; To win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; To earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; To appreciate beauty, to find the best in others; To leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; To know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded."

How about you? On your way to success yet?

by Mihaela Gherghe

"If I were a politician or if I were just myself – a student's views on today's world"

This is the world that we live in

Time is like the wind. you can't see it, but you can feel it. You feel it when you grow up, have kids and your kids start their own family and you're old and grumpy, your bones and joints hurt and you're not in the mood for having fun when your grandchildren ask you to play with them. But you look around and realize that something's changed. You look out of the window, at the alley you live on and you see a lot of expensive cars, but you don't mind, you're actually used to the smell of gasoline and the noise of wheels sounds familiar to you. Then you start thinking that there are cars parked on the alley and people travel by buses and airplanes, and not by carts, like they used to when you were 20 years old. You wonder where those times flew and how time just passed by you like a train. And sometimes it just happens that you miss that train, because it's true what they say. "Life won't stop and the world won't turn upside down for your grief". And one morning you just wake up and think that you're 80 years old and you didn't accomplish anything in this life, you have no joy, you have no one to spend the rest of your days with. And you realize that in time everything changes. Starting with people's perspective on life and ending with technology.

It's true, in time, all things change. And we have proof. just look back at the 80's and compare those times with our current year. There are so many differences between these two periods of time that it would probably take me a novel to write about them all. And even so, with all this new technology we don't have cures for AIDS and blood cancer, we can't stop pollution, we're in the middle of an economic crisis, and we're battling with an epidemic swine flu. And the worst part is that we aren't doing anything to stop all these things that harm us. My point is that if we don't stop these things, a part of this world will be destroyed in 10 years. However, I imagine myself living in a ten year older world that's better. I see myself waking up in the morning and actually breathing fresh air. I imagine that the world would start caring for their own kind. I see a non-poverty world, with people that afford buying a computer, have a house and a car, I see a world where all parents can afford education for their children, where all parents let their children go to school instead of treating them like garbage and forcing them to stay at home and milk the cows. I see a world where all animals have a shelter, like everybody else. Maybe I'm not a realistic person, but I like to think that we can make this world a safer, cleaner and happier place. But it's only up to us if we want to change the environment we live in. And why shouldn't we try to make this world a better place? Some people say that we should be indifferent, we shouldn't care about what's happening around us, that we should mind our own business. But all that's happening around us is

directly affecting us, even if we don't see it. Like this economic crisis. It started on a part of the globe and has been hitting all corners of the world since then. I don't have enough power to change what's wrong, but together we have more than enough power to do good. I think that's my message for the politicians.

If I were a politician I honestly think that I'd be scared. I wouldn't know what to do, because when you know that the world is relying on you and if you make a wrong move, you'll be judged harshly, you kind of panic and start thinking what to do first to make things right. But I think that I'd fight for what's good and I'd point out my ideas and I'd stand up for what I believe in. And I'd hope to turn things around, start a new age, a better one.

Yes, I know that I'm a dreamer, but I also know that I'm allowed to dream and to have my own beliefs. I've always hoped for the best and I've always fought for my rights and stood up for what I believe in. And I think that everyone should do that, every human being has rights and we're equal to each other. I think that this is the start of a better world and this is how I imagine a 10 year older world... a true fighter.

by Popa Andreea

A moonlit beach

A song once said that Heaven may be on Earth, and I found mine when I took a stroll, at about one or two a.m., on a beach. That place was Heaven, at least for the five senses. I was gazing at the sea, a silvery infinity lit up by kisses of light from the Moon, goddess of the night. Through my fingers, soft, silky sand flowed like time. The waves were gently tickling my ears, whispering a tale no one could understand. I could smell the salty, raw scent of the sea, instigating adventure, pirates and immense treasure.

The magic of that place made me feel like I needed to love and be loved, to share that place with someone. I will, someday, come back to that same place and time, with a friend and a few bottles of...

By Vlad Barbulescu

ETERNITY'S PROLOGUE

PYRE- ETERNAL DRAGON OF FIRE, THE ONE KNOWN FOR STRIKING DOWN ARKATH IN THE FINAL BATTLE. COLOR: BRIGHT RED. DOMAIN: SOTHERN THIRAGNER

ACLOS- ETERNAL DRAGON OF WATER. COLOR: LIGHT BLUE. DOMAIN: LANGAR ISLAND CHAIN.

KIYU- ETERNAL DRAGON OF ICE. COLOR: WHITE. DOMAIN: CROUTHOS ISLAND CHAIN.

LOSEIL-ETERNAL DRAGON OF LIGHT. COLOR: YELLOW. DOMAIN: CENTRAL THIRAGNER

GAROTH-ETERNAL DRAGON OF EARTH. COLOR: BROWN. DOMAIN: CENTRAL RANNARON.

TRUAN- ETERNAL DRAGON OF NATURE. COLOR: GREEN. DOMAIN: NORTHERN RANNARON.

ARKATH- FALLEN ETERNAL OF DARKNESS. COLOR: BLACK. FORMER DOMAIN: NORTHERN THIRAGNER.

ZOAR- FALLEN ETERNAL OF ARMAGEDDON. COLOR: CRIMSON, BLACK. FORMER DOMAIN: KOLIMAE ISLAND CHAIN.

VATHOROL- EXILED ETERNAL OF POISON. COLOR: DARK GREEN. DOMAIN: SOUTHERN RANNARON. CAPITAL: VARAL

"And in the heat of the battle, Pyre struck down Arkath with a fierce blow in the wing."

- Book of Eternity

PROLOGUE

When the world was still new, there were the Nine Eternal Dragons. They all decided to help shape the newly formed world and bring it alive. Loseil, dragon of Light created the sun while her twin brother, Arkath, dragon of Shadow, placed the two moons in the sky. Pyre, the Fire dragon and Zoar of the Armageddon rose volcanoes and mountains. Aclos filled in the seas while Garoth shaped two pieces of land into two continents big enough for the nine of them. Kiyu, dragon of Ice, raised several island chains from the water.

After all this was done, they left the newly created world in the able hands of Truan and Vathorol, dragons of Nature and Poison to fill it with various plants and animals. In less than a week, the Nine looked at their creation with pride.

Then the Nine created the other dragons after their form and appearance. The impetuous dragons had the ability to tear their enemies to shreds with their sharp talons, big claws and powerful spells. The dragon's scales had various colors and obeyed the Eternals unquestionably. Over time, the creators gave them more and more independence until they could have free will.

One day, Truan wanted to create a new race different from the others. That race, mankind, had the potential to be smarter than any of the other creatures, including some of the dragons. Truan gave the humans the gift of being creative and unique, and the gift of free will. All the other dragons liked Truan's new creation and accepted them. Still, Arkath and Zoar refused to work with other dragons or humans alike. So they sought to create their own (servants).

Arkath used magic to create life out of darkness. Those entities took any form they could and absorbed the magic they were created from. The Shadows, by their name, unyieldingly served Arkath. Meanwhile, Zoar took elemental essence from each and every Eternal and created his own monsters, the titans. The titans were creatures so powerful and savage that Zoar made a tremendous effort to keep them from destroying everything in their path.

The time came for the Eternals chose their domains on the newly formed land. Vathorol, Truan and Garoth settled on the western continent which was later named Rannaron. Pyre, Arkath and Loseil chose the eastern continent as their home and named it Thiragner. In the meantime, Aclos, Kiyu and Zoar settled on the island chains of Langar, Crouthos, and Kolimae, between the two continents.

Ten years later, the first Eternal Council was called. Garoth and Kiyu raised a perfectly round island in the middle of the sea. There, all nine dragons made plans for the future of the world. The dragons helped humans expand their intelligence by building towns, teaching them to grow crops or herd animals. Many of the shadows and titans were never given individual thought because they represented a danger. Some of these creatures presented the capability to think, and were personally trained by Arkath and Zoar to hold the others in line.

Almost two thousand years passed. Minor conflicts happened once in a while, but everything was solved with diplomacy. Meanwhile, the human population expanded and the dragons chose to live in dungeons, caves, cliffs, or islands, but never too far from a human settlement. In time, some of the dragons died and those who offered themselves to serve Arkath became shadow dragons. Much of their free will was taken upon revival, but their ability to think remained untouched. Sometimes, clashes between humans occurred, small revolts, riots, but the dragons always found a way to solve them without the use of force.

The only great conflict of this world was to be The Fall. It all started when the Eternal Council was called the 21st time. After discussing the development of the lands in each dragon's possession, Pyre

came with an offer to give the gift of magic to some of the more intelligent humans. They were beginning to understand it and its use, and it was only a short time before they began studying its origin. Learning them to use it would simply give them a lesson on how to use it for noble purposes. Six other dragons agreed with Pyre, thinking it was a wise decision. Zoar was the only one to openly refuse, and Arkath did not comment, being clear that he disliked the motion.

That same day, Zoar demanded that all titans should be given magic, just like humans. All other dragons did not want to fight titans in the case of a war. Much more, they did not want to fight titans controlling magic. That is why the eight dragons rejected in unison. This made Zoar think he was superior to any other Eternal. He had created something that the others feared. He thought he could lead the other Eternals, not be their equal.

In time, Zoar became more and more tainted by his vision. But an attack upon the other Eternals by himself would've been suicide. Vathorol was weak in resolve, and breaking his army right at the capital would make him a strategic ally on the western continent. But he would not suffice. He needed a strong ally, corruptible and who didn't value lives. In time, Zoar twisted Arkath's mind and persuaded him to his hidden cause. While the armies of the two assembled, the other Eternals didn't suspect a thing.

Zoar even gave magic to some of the titans and named them titan lords. He then opened three portals: one in Rannaron, right outside of Varal, one in the swampy marshes of Langar and the last on the frozen cliffs of Crouthos. He sent one of his titan lords through every portal to proclaim him Leader of All. Next, titans started flooding through the portals, destroying everything in the way. As Zoar had planned, Vathorol proposed him an alliance when he saw Varal besieged. Now the united front of titans and poison dragons advanced throughout the continent, reaching the lands of Garoth.

After several villages being exterminated on the island chains, Aclos and Kiyu rallied their dragons and human armies to face the titan threat. At first the titans overwhelmed the dragons at Norath right outside the marshes and managed to descend from the frozen cliffs on the main continent. But the battles at the plains of Limerath and the Icy Flats where the Eternals themselves lead the armies decided the future of the islands. There the titans were held at bay by the armies of men and dragons alike. After a full day of frost, flame, steel and blood the titans fell back to the portals, waiting for more of their kin.

Meanwhile, Arkath planned his move attentively. He instructed many of his most powerful Shadow magi to open Rifts all over the Thiragnian continent. Once opened, legions of other Shadows poured out of them and overwhelmed the land, absorbing life and magic from it. Pyre and Loseil were surprised by Arkath's betrayal and mounted a quick but weak defense against the incoming threat. Still, this was a moment's decision and they needed a backup plan fast. One after another, the cities of Light and Fire fell under the Shadows and their Rifts.

Thanks to Vathorol, the negotiations were lengthened enough until Garoth and Truan assembled their armies. Due to their perfect organization they pushed back the attackers, city by city, back to Varal. When Vathorol realized the tides were turning, he ordered his remaining army to strike against the marauding titans. Shortly, the Earthquake and Tempest Lords fell under the might of their combined forces, but Vathorol was wounded in battle. After the battle, Vathorol turned himself in to the other dragons, knowing he would be punished, but Truan and Garoth spared him. They assembled their remaining forces turned south to help Pyre and Loseil.

In the meantime, Kiyu and Aclos managed to defeat the Avalanche Lord and the Hurricane Lord, due to the small number of titans remaining. They took several of their fiercest dragons and most powerful human magi and raced to Kolimae. There they found Zoar and his three Armageddon Lords near the caldera of the volcano raising more and more titans from the smoldering embers. All hell broke loose when the fight began at the top of the volcano, dragon against titan. The dragons had to fend off the incoming waves of titans and the three Armageddon Lords.

At the same time, four human magi chanted a spell on the caldera of Kolimae. With the energy channeled from the Eternals that were fighting Zoar above and from the remnants of the other dragons,

they set a magical barrier on the volcano so strong that not even an Eternal could break it. But the spell did more than just obstruct the caldera. The energy that gave the titans life was trapped inside the caldera and the rest of the titans fell to the ground motionlessly. Right before the caldera was sealed, Kiyu threw Zoar inside the caldera. While the boiling magma burned out his body, Zoar's malevolent spirit was locked inside the burning flames of the volcano.

On the southern continent, Pyre and Loseil regrouped to the northern town of Steadwick. They managed to close some of the Shadow rifts, but they were losing ground fast. When Truan and Garoth arrived, the Shadow siege was upon the town. The earth dragons managed to reinforce the walls and joined the battle side by side with the light and fire dragons. The Eternals instructed the other dragons to hold that city as much as possible, and then fall back to the shore city of Xanthus only if the city walls fell. Then the Eternal dragons started their flight north. The deeper they advanced in Arkath's domain, the more they found the land darker and devoid of life. Reaching Arkath at Aronia, the real battle started.

The five Eternals fought continuously for four days, fending off shadows and trying to put a stop to Arkath's madness. In the meantime, Aclos and Kiyu reached the northern continent and reinforced Steadwick. After the siege over the city, the combined dragon armies advanced north, closing every Shadow rift in their path. On the last day, the army had reached Arkath's land. Soon, all Eternals were battling Arkath and his shadows. The shadow dragons now came to help him, and many of the allied dragons fell under their dark magic and sheer might. Two days later, Pyre managed to strike down Arkath by biting off one of his wings. There, at the remains of Aronia, they decided his fate.

Arkath's soul was thrown in an empty plane, a plane of darkness and emptiness. From his body, they created six relics of extreme power that finished the seal. Once united, they could wreak havoc or bring peace to the land, depending on the bearer's will. The six artifacts were: Skull of the Shadow, Black Flame Sword of the Shadow, Smoking Scale Armor of the Shadow, Dark Talon Crown of the Shadow, Shredded Wing Cloak of the Shadow and the Heart of Shadow. Those six relics were scattered throughout the dragon kingdoms, one in each Eternals land. The artifacts locations are now unknown to anyone but the Eternals

Upon returning to their lands, the Eternals exiled Vathorol from the council. He did not suffer the same fate as others, but betrayal was not taken easy by them. The poison Eternal was allowed to keep his land, but he and his nation ceased to co-exist in harmony with the others. Trades were now mostly restricted to them, and rarely did someone pass the borders, both him and Garoth made sure of that.

The dragons that proved valor in battle were named Overlords by the Eternals and granted immortality. The Overlords chose some of their favorite dragons and named them Overseers, giving them the power of eternal youth and incapability of death by aging.

Shortly afterwards, a pyran magus wrote the Prophecy of Origin, which foretold that "the Fallen shall arise again and a great battle shall take place. After this battle, the world will be completely changed." The magus died shortly afterwards, leaving the Prophecy as his legacy. The Eternals stored it on the Council's island.

Now it is a time of unrest, the dark forces are felt present once again. The prophecy's shadow can be felt pressing down upon everyone for more than a thousand years. Now, signs are more and more clear. Some take the obscure ways of necromancy, some kill dragons, some are looking for long lost relics. "The Fallen shall rise again!"

by Bogdan Arosculesei

It's been little over a year since I wrote it so... have mercy

Strange things happen at night

"Sleep tight, Scotty" said the mother to her child. But the boy did not respond. So his mother got a little upset. She went downstairs in the living room, where Scotty's grandfather was standing, doing nothing, or maybe meditating? He was a wise person, with a mind that many would want to have.

After Scotty's mother left his room, the boy went to the window, where he stood still, for apparently no reason. But little did he know that that scene, of him standing near the window had been set up by something far beyond anyone's knowledge. As Sir Francis Bacon once said: "knowledge is power", and as the little boy did not understand what was going on, he therefore could not control the events that were about to happen.

Meanwhile, the living room was dead quiet. The boy's mother was staring at his grandfather, while the old man was meditating deeply, carried away by his thoughts into a world where life was to be enjoyed more. Suddenly, the mother and the little boy each had a chill that went down their spine. The boy's life flashed before his eyes. His mother sensed that something was wrong and as she wanted to go check her on her son upstairs, the old man stopped her: "Please...stop! Let it be, for it will be a test that will determine the boy's life in the future...". The woman stopped, while, all of a sudden, tears started streaming on Scotty's face.

As the boy felt that he could move, he hastened downstairs to his mother. As she wanted to hug him, the boy rejected her hug and gravely said: "Mom... I have changed. I feel different." And then gave her the hug she had been waiting for. Scotty's mother was confused, but his grandfather said softly: "Don't worry, the little boy has done well..." and passed away of old age. Unexpectedly, the boy smiled and said "Don't worry mom! He will go to a better place and so will I, someday. I now understand what this was all about..."

by Andrei Caraiman

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by Andrei Caraiman

.....

The present is a second long,
The so called rest doesn't belong.
It is like a lightning blast:
Now you see it, then it passed.

Seeing our lives that pass us by
But all of this we shan't deny
It's a good reason to try
Along with Father Time to fly.

Thus I wish of you to see
What stands behind reality.
People who rush, people who run,
The ones that do not see the fun.

by Andrei Caraiman

Teachers write too...

Chimera

Wry toss of wings.

A smell of some burnt feathers
It scours again my being
Whose latent chords are waiting
For God-knows what redemption.
But wait –
A spot of thought reminds me :
It's just a flight of dreams.

Converted Sunrise/Succession

The sky wears diamonds in his hair;
On top – a perfect reddish tiara
That burns on velvet foam.
How glorious, how solemn...though
A purple streak starts groaning:
The king is dead,
Long live the king!

by Diana Tivda

Some students are trying their hand at translating British writers into Romanian and they succeed. Here is the story of a lonely woman in whose empty life there is one pleasure: to go in the park and look at the others only to discover... In our first issue... Part one

Domnișoara Brill

Deși era minunat de bine - cerul albastru era presărat cu auriu și pete mari de lumină ca un vin alb improșcat deasupra Grădinilor Publice - domnișoara Brill era mulțumită de decizia de a-și lua blana. Nu era vânt, dar când deschideai gura simțea o ușoară adiere, ca răcoarea unui pahar cu apă rece înainte de a lua o înghițitură, acum o altă frunză venea plutind - de nicăieri, din cer. Domnișoara Brill ridică mâna și își atinse haina de blană. Drăguța de ea! Era plăcut să o poată atinge din nou. O scosese din cutie în după-amiaza aceea și o scutură de praful contra moliilor, o perie bine, și readuse strălucirea în ochișorii încețoșati. "Ce s-a întâmplat cu mine?" păreau să se întrebe ochii ei triști. Oh, ce drăguți erau când îi atrăgeau privirea de pe plapuma roșie!... Dar nasul, care era dintr-un material negru nu mai era ferm. Trebuie să se fi lovit cumva. Nu contează - un pic de ceară neagră când va fi nevoie - când va fi absolut necesar... Șmechera! Da, chiar așa simțea că e. Șmechera de ea își mușca coada chiar lângă urechea stângă. Putea să o scoată, să o țină în poală și să o mângâie. Simțea o amorțeală în mâini și brațe, dar era normal de la atâta mers, presupuse ea. Iar când inspira, ceva ușor și trist - nu, nu trist, mai exact - ceva ușor, părea că se mișcă în pieptul ei.

Erau destui oameni în după-amiaza asta, mult mai mulți decât duminica trecută. Iar orchestra cânta mai tare și mai vesel. Era din cauză că începuse sezonul. Deși orchestra cânta în fiecare duminică a anului, în afara sezonului nu era la fel. Era ca și cum cineva ar cânta numai pentru familie; și nu îi păsa cum cântă dacă nu erau și străini de față. Avea cumva dirijorul o jachetă nouă? Era sigură că e nouă. Dădea cu piciorul și își flutura brațele ca un curcan înainte de a cânta, iar cântăreții își dezumflau obrazii și priveau fix notele. Acum venea o parte "fluierată" - foarte drăguț! - ca un lanț de picături strălucitoare. Era sigură că se va repeta. Și așa a fost; ridică capul și a zâmbi.

Își împărțea locul "special" cu doar alte două persoane: un om în vârstă cu o haină de catifea, cu mâinile înleștate pe un baston

sculptat, și o femeie mare și bătrână, stând dreaptă, cu un ghem pentru împletit pe șorțul brodat. Nu vorbeau. Era dezamăgitor, pentru că domnișoara Brill abia aștepta conversația. Devenise aproape expertă, se gândea, în a se preface că nu ascultă în timp ce asculta, intrând în viața altor oameni pentru câteva minute în timp ce ei vorbeau în jurul ei.

Privi pieziș la cuplul în vârstă. Poate că aveau să plece în curând. Nici duminica trecută nu fusese mai interesant ca de obicei. Un englez cu soția lui, el purtând o pălărie Panama îngrozitoare, iar ea cizme cu nasturi. Ea vorbind continuu despre necesitatea de a purta ochelari; știa ea că are nevoie; dar asta nu o ajuta să îi si capete; era sigură că o să se rupă și că nu o să îi mai fie de folos. El era foarte răbdător. Îi sugerase nenumărate soluții - rame de aur, de genul celor care se curbează după urechi, protectori la articulații. Nu, nimic nu o mulțumea. "Mi-ar aluneca mereu de pe nas!" domnișoarei Brill îi venea să o scuture bine.

Bătrânii stăteau pe o bancă, țepeni ca statuile. Nu contează, rămânea mulțimea de observat. Încoace și încolo, în fața straturilor cu flori și a rotondei unde cânta orchestra, cuplurile și grupulețele mergeau ca la paradă, se opreau să vorbească, să salute, să cumpere un buchet de flori de la bătrânul cerșetor care avea tăvița prinsă de balustradă. Copilași fugeau printre ei, năpustindu-se și răsând; băieței cu papioane mari din mătase albă sub bărbie și fetițe ca niște păpușele franțuzești, îmbrăcate în catifea și dantelă. Câte-o dată câte-un copilaș mai mic, clătinandu-se, apărea de sub copaci, se oprea, se uita și apoi de-o dată "buf", cand mama, asemenea unei cloști tinere, se grăbea să-i vină în ajutor, certându-l în același timp. Mai erau oameni așezați pe bănci și pe scaunele verzi, dar erau mereu aceiași, duminică de duminică, și - observase domnișoara Brill - aproape fiecare din ei avea ceva ce stârnea râsul. Era ciudați, tăcuți, aproape toți bătrâni, iar din felul în care priveau părea că abia au ieșit din cămăruțe mici și întunecate sau chiar - chiar din dulapuri.

SISTER-E

For many thousands of years, humanity didn't recognize the existence of the Solar System. They believed that the Earth is the center of the universe. But Galileo Galilei, Johannes Kepler and Isaac Newton developed an understanding of physics which led to the acceptance of the fact that the Earth moves around the Sun and the other planets are governed by the same physical laws that governed the Earth.

Many years had passed since the discoveries of these scientists and many other discoveries had been made. Our technology had developed, becoming a very powerful, but also very destructive machine. We did not know that technology could give us such great, yet evil and cruel opportunities. As scientists, we were always concerned about meteors, the planets and their satellites, about stars and the whole Solar System. We had always thought about how Earth would end up, but we didn't find any answers. We did not know what was going to happen. One day, we were trying to find a meteorite that we thought could hit the Earth. Our computers just went mad in a moment. What we saw through the telescope was an enormous Black-Hole. We panicked, we thought that it would suck in all the Solar System. But it didn't. Soon after the Hole had enlarged and become almost as big as Jupiter, an explosion took place. It was the first time we had ever seen such an explosion. The whole sky was red and the Solar System looked like someone had planted an atomic bomb. After all settled down, we made a discovery: a new planet was born. We didn't know whether to believe the planet was brought by the Black-Hole, or it was born after the explosion. The planet was as big as Mars and it had strange colours (purple, green and blue). We supposed that green came from vegetation and blue from water, but we weren't so sure about purple... We didn't know what to believe.

Soon after this event, we started to explore the planet. The advantage was that the planet wasn't so far from Earth. We discovered that the planet had its own atmosphere, it had rivers and seas and it also had a lot of vegetation. The purple colour came from the oil. It had mountains and hills, a big desert and, to our surprise, we even found some species of fish and animals. We called it Sister- E. We wanted to somehow populate the planet, to develop it and make it livable. We had a brainstorming and we came up with this amazing idea: create clones of the humans from Earth and make them live on Sister- E. And so we did, we took blood and DNA samples from all of the adults and teenagers. We were a huge organization on all over the Earth. The clones were growing fast and by the time they had been transported to Sister- E, they were all full copies of us. We decided to control these clones, to use

them for experiments and as organ donors. The clones were not supposed to know that Earth was populated and relationships and all sorts of connections between them were forbidden. At the moment of speaking, Sister- E is a success; it is fully controlled by us, this Scientists' Organization from all over the world. We hope for the best!

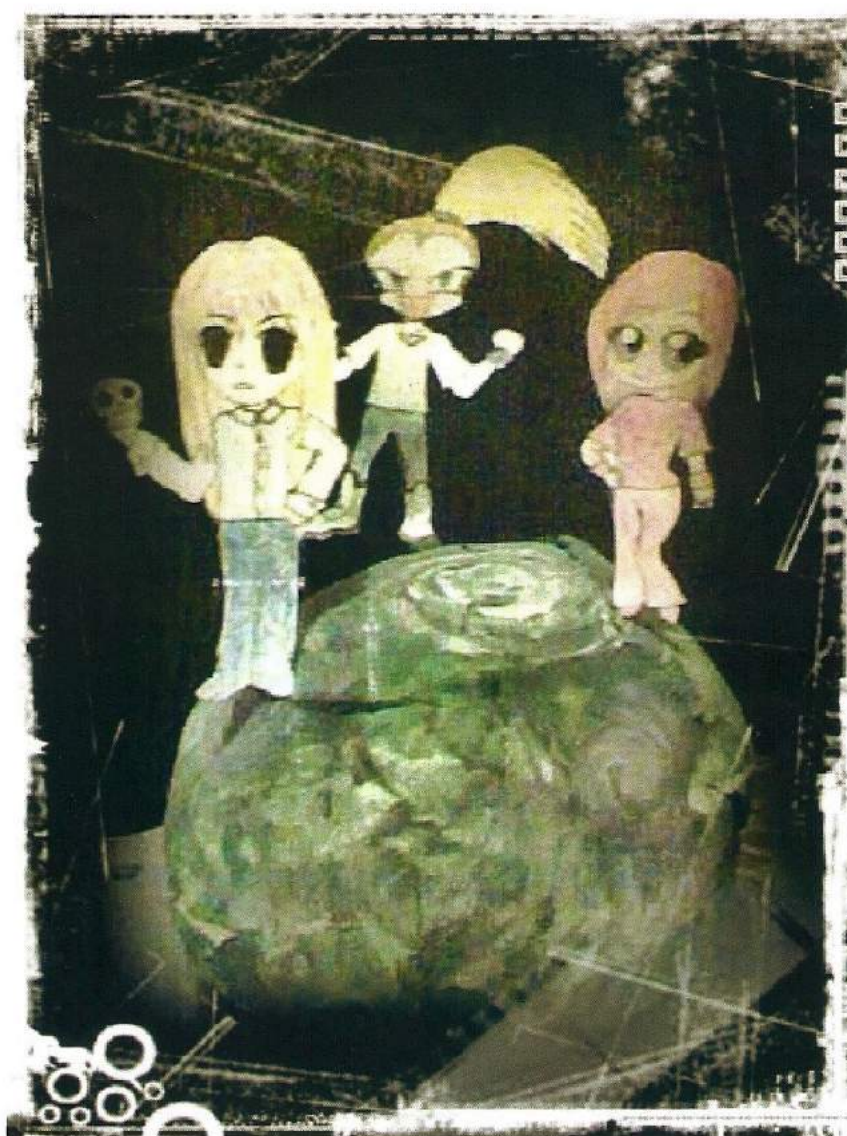
The citizens are not so well developed as the originals. They don't act as normal human beings, they are somehow like robots. They don't have feelings, or body language. They also don't have the technology that we have because of the loss of brain. When the original will die, they are controlled to die, but the clones have a particular thing, they have chips. When the chip is destroyed by the originals or by them, they will be able to act human.

The clone civilization was in some way similar to the human one. It was a complex society characterized upon agriculture, state form of government, occupational specialization, urbanism and class stratification. However they weren't as scientifically developed as humans because they weren't allowed to. During their lives they were taught not to question anything and always follow the rules. Due to this most of the traits developed were obedience, naivety, being introvert and workaholic, indifference and insensitivity. Therefore human beings made it so that they get benefit from everything even at the price of disrupting the laws of nature.

Religion Clones on planet Sister-E are led by an alleged God. They blindly follow whatever rules he stipulates; otherwise they are thrown into a volcano. In fact, this God is nothing else than a mere human; he was sent on planet Sister-E to make sure that the clones are kept in check. He never shows his face. Whenever he makes an announcement, he dresses in a white robe with a mask of sorts that covers his entire face; thus a description is quite impossible. For what one could see he is a rather corpulent man standing at around 8 feet. He is quite taken with his position; his downfall shall be harsh.

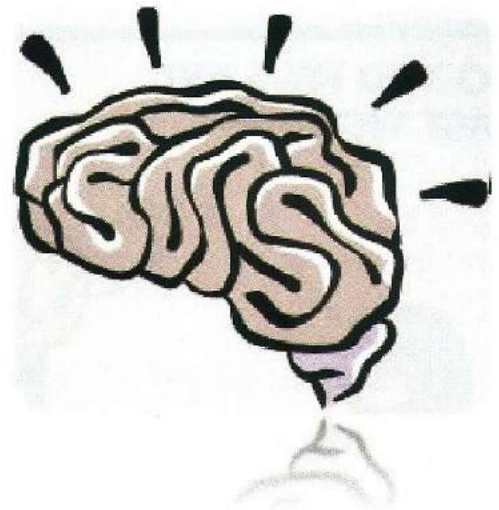
To be taken their organs the clones had to be somehow hoaxed. The streets were filled with posters which said that the Planet would destroy itself because of the lack of resources but there was one solution. Some scientists had discovered a new Planet which could be populated and which also could receive all the people from Sister-E. The space-ship which would transport the people from a planet to another could take just one man per transport so the people had to be chosen by lottery. The message on the poster sounded like that: "you may have another chance to life ", but in fact that was their chance to death.

After a few years a clone who was in a hospital discovered this bluff from some documents and she managed to escape. In a short period of time she gathered a large army of clones to fight against people. They got off their chips which were manipulating their ID-s... Finally the people were destroyed because the clones got stronger .They continued to live in peace for the rest of their life and the old Planet Sister-E destroyed itself.



by Popa Andreea, Obreja Ramona, Oancea Simona
Varna Anastasia, Mircea Marina

THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND!



CNA YUO RAED TIHS? OLN Y 55 PLEPOE OUT OF 100 CAN.

I CDNUOLT BLVEIEE TAHT I CLUOD AULACLTY UESDNATNRD WAHT I WAS RDANIEG. THE PHAONMNEAL PWEOR OF THE HMUAN MNID, AOCCDRNIG TO A RSCHEEARCH AT CMABRIGDE UINERTISY! IT DSENO'T MTAETR IN WAHT OERDR THE LTTRES IN A WROD ARE, THE OLN Y IPROAMTNT TIHNG IS TAHT THE FRST AND LSAT LTTEER BE IN THE RGHIT PCLAE. THE RSET CAN BE A TAOTL MSES AND YOU CAN SITLL RAED IT WHOTUIT A PBOERLM. TIHS IS BCUSEAE THE HUAMN MNID DEOS NOT RAED ERVEY LTETER BY ISTLEF, BUT THE WROD AS A WLOHE. AZANMIG HUH? YAEH AND I AWLYAS TGHUHOT SPLING WAS IPMORANTT!

For those 45 of you that cannot read it:

CAN YOU READ THIS? ONLY 55 PEOPLE OUT OF 100 CAN.

I COULDN'T BELIEVE THAT I COULD ACTUALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT I WAS READING. THE PHENOMENAL POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND, ACCORDING TO A RESEARCH AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY! IT DOESN'T MATTER IN WHAT ORDER THE LETTERS IN A WORD ARE, THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THAT THE FIRST AND LAST LETTER BE IN THE RIGHT PLACE. THE REST CAN BE A TOTAL MESS AND YOU CAN STILL READ IT WITHOUT A PROBLEM. THIS IS BECAUSE THE HUMAN MIND DOES NOT READ EVERY LETTER BY ITSELF, BUT THE WORD AS A WHOLE. AMAZING HUH? YEAH AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT SPELLING WAS IMPORTANT!

DO YOU HAVE ANY
LAST WORDS?

I DO.

"SAUSAGE"

CORRECT!

S A U S A G E

Word Riddle

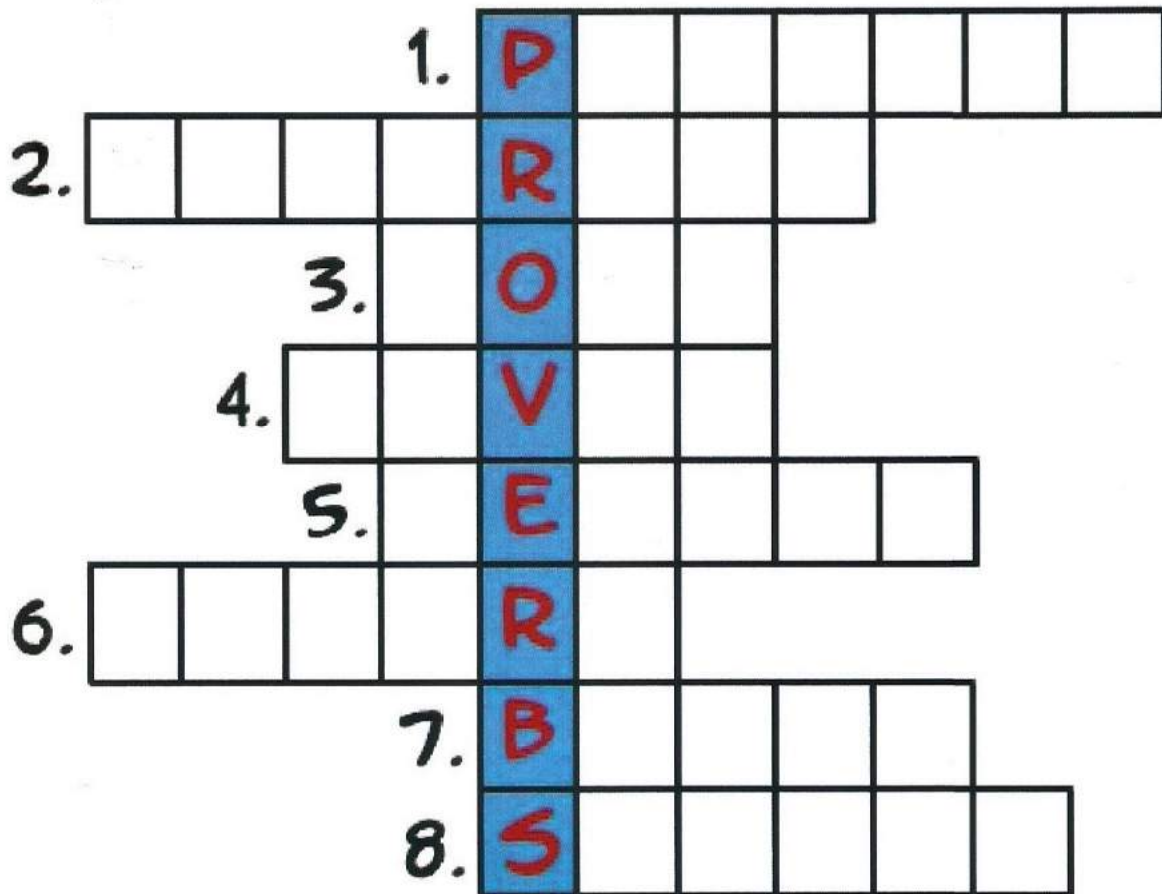
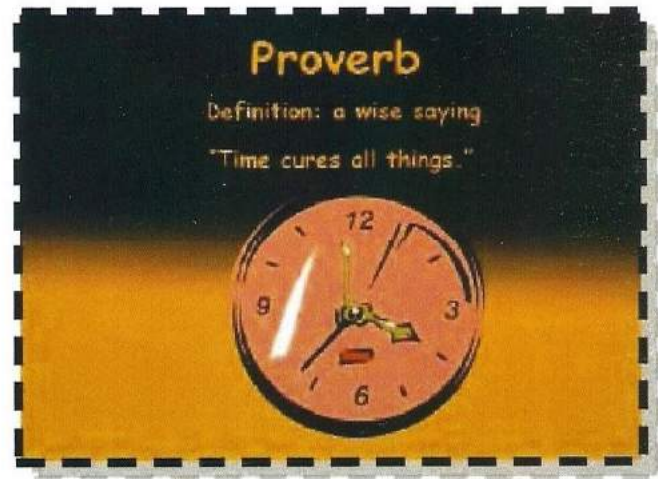
What common English word is 9 letters long, and each time you remove a letter from it, it still remains an English word...from 9 letters all the way down to a single remaining letter?

Can you guess it ?!

CROSSWORDS

... and now it's time to check your knowledge of proverbs.

- 1) Practice makes
- 2) A good turn ... another.
- 3) Not all that glitters is
- 4) A broken friendship may be soldered but will ... be sound.
- 5) ... is in the eye of the beholder.
- 6) Don't count the chicken ... they hatched.
- 7) ... of a feather flock together.
- 8) A ... in time saves nine.





The English
Mission

"It is our MISSION to inform, entertain, challenge and develop our students to aim high!"