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**THE**   
**ENGLISH**  
**OFFSPRING**  
#5

*spring is in the air*



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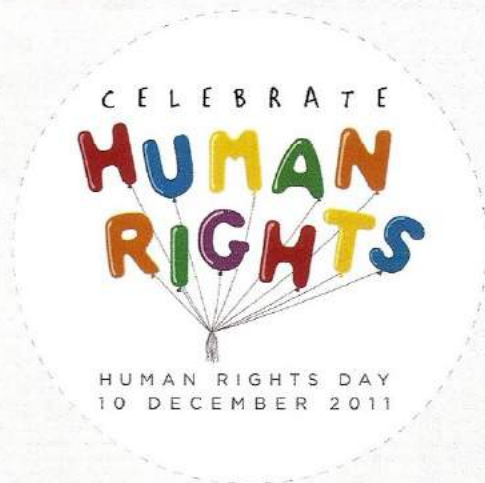
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# Understanding to Understand

Men have always been divided into categories. Nations, and the various social strata within them, have made up the bulk of history. From the marvelous city states of Ancient Greece to post-war Europe, the entire history of mankind has revolved around difference. This has, undoubtedly led to many conflicts, bloody wars which set the world back decades. The question that comes to mind here is, obviously, that of how tolerance truly factors in a world which, until quite recently, was firmly rooted in categories.

A key issue here is, perhaps, globalisation. We live in a competitive environment where it does not matter where you were born or what the color of your skin is but who you are and what you can do. To remain competitive, more and more companies have chosen to cast away prejudice and to select employees solely based on their competence and skills. It is this policy that ensures that, over the course of a lifetime, one person might wind up working in a culturally diverse environment. While in some places prejudice still runs deep, most people have begun adjusting themselves to this new philosophy by adopting the relatively new concept of tolerance. It has greatly improved upon not only the effectiveness of the workspace but also the social aspect of many people's lives. Increasingly more families are made up of members who are of different ethnicity, different social backgrounds or even different religions. Tolerance makes all of that happen. It means that if people continue bettering themselves by striving to understand this concept, than we might one day live in a world where man can truly have peace.



Understanding tolerance, though, could be said to be understanding to understand. Tolerance means to 'simply' overcome the idea of difference as a sign of inferiority, for it is just another point of view. Tolerance means to refrain from judging people solely based on their cultural idiosyncrasies, and to strive to see their own point of view. To be tolerant is to understand that different is neither right nor wrong, but simply unique.

However, there is a fine line between being tolerant to other cultures and turning a blind eye to criminal acts. While one should be able to express themselves freely, this should only be so as long as it does not infringe other people's rights. Although some cultures may be more permissive with regard to various actions, it is important that any and all activities uphold the laws of the country and the rights set forth by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

In a world where multiculturalism is becoming an increasingly important issue, tolerance is, quite literally, the oil that keeps the gears in motion. In addition to that, this very concept is a real stepping stone to a better world for all. For tolerance is THE key to peace.

**Ionuț Ovidiu Gabrovanu, 12 A**



# 10A SIBIU

This article is about the funniest, most amazing field trip up until now, the main characters being the class of X-A, along with our head teacher Mrs. Ana Durac. The place where we decided on visiting was Sibiu during the 13th and 15th of January 2012.

The field trip began with much anxiety and humor, each one of us arriving one by one, dragging our bags along. Of course the girls were struggling with the huge amount of baggage they brought along, sure of the fact that they would use every last thing they brought along.

The boys on the other hand were more practical than the rest of the lot and brought along smaller and lighter backpacks with the exception of only 1 or 2 of them who had something a bit larger than the standard rucksack. At the determined time we were all anxiously waiting for our train to arrive so we could begin our little adventure.

Everything went according to plan just as it should and we all made ourselves comfortable in the compartment that was to be our home for the next 6 hours. Each of us had something to do, some read, others ate, and others were listening to music and so on and so forth. An hour later we were all laughing and having a great time discussing different things.

Those 6 hours went by quickly and we were in Sibiu where the snow was nicely set on all the small houses there while taxis were waiting to take us to our lodge.

Chaos was present from the beginning of it all but we all made it safely to our destination where our head teacher asked us to be in the dining room so we would decide on our plan of action for the days to come.

Very happy that we made it there but also a bit tired, we unpacked and after that started visiting the other rooms just because we wanted to see our classmates' rooms and what they were doing. At the determined hour we all gathered and decided that we would go out that evening and have some pizza in the historic center of Sibiu. It started snowing outside and everything seemed absolutely picturesque as a large group of 30 schoolchildren were making their way through the center, looking for a place to eat at. Eventually we found one and it had a special name: Bufnita (The Owl). We spent some time there discussing childhood memories, making jokes and delighting ourselves with some steaming hot tea and a hot meal.

Night came soon, so that at 8:30 we were in the dining hall ready for a good time. And a good time we had. We took pictures, sang danced but by the time midnight came around, many of us preferred the comfort of our beds.

At 10 o'clock the next day we were up. After breakfast we went outside again with our head teacher. After visiting a church and the Bridge of Lies we split up between going to the local skating rink and a nice hot drink. The day went on to contain another nice meal and another night filled with laughter, card games and the ever-present music. Sunday came and we were happy and united but sad because we would be back in Bucharest in less than 6 hours.

We ate, packed our bags and then did what we knew best (and that would be having a good time). Our departure took us all by surprise when the head teacher came and told us that it was time to leave for the train station.

We finally got back home and we were all happy, united and a bit tired. We had a better time than we would've ever thought with our head teacher and bonds were made during this field trip. We are now a true collective and (of course) we can barely wait for our next opportunity to have such a good time.

**Irina Bordeianu  
Ana Maria Gradisteanu  
Timotei Pana**



The house  
as the double of its  
dweller- The Fall of the House of  
Usher

by E. A. Poe

For the Romantics, the house, as a dwelt place, not only represents a mirror, Another Self of the one who dwells inside of it, but it is also a living creature itself and thus having a symbolic value.

The duality cellar-attic gives the house the image of a vertical living creature. Thus, the house hasn't got only a body with eyes (the windows), a mouth (the door) or a voice (the creak of the hinges), but also a place of memory and reason, such as the attic, or a place of the unconsciousness which is hidden in the musty air of the cellar. The Self is synonymous with the stairs and the spirit or the soul of the house is an important part of the dweller's being:

I looked upon.....the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees.....

There is a significant symbiosis among E. A. Poe's characters and the house.

Moreover, the house has got a sacred value of intimacy, it is like a protective membrane for the divided Romantic Self. Without this protective membrane, the human being would be scattered. Poe's house has a name, like a person:

.....equivocal appellation of "the House of Usher"- an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

The house folds and even melts in the matrix of the divided personality. The fall or, on the contrary, the fulfillment of the Self is simultaneous with the fall of the house itself. At the beginning of the story, the fissure in the walls is barely perceptible, in the end, when the house falls, the characters (the twins, Madeleine and Roderick Usher) die too:

Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof .....made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction ..... While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened ...there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters.....

In Poe's story the inner crack is first rendered by the fine mould that was fully covering the house on the outside.

The interior of the human being is like a circle: once closed inside, then one should get out from oneself and the other way round. It is a mesmerizing trajectory between the inside and the outside of the Romantic being and this leads to the so-called split identity.

Fragment from Diana Tivda's  
doctoral dissertation, January 2012



# Reflections after reading Great Expectations

"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you don't fret for her?"

The question startled me, not being sure of the answer myself, even after all this time. Nevertheless, I told myself that I didn't, and that was also what I said to Biddy.

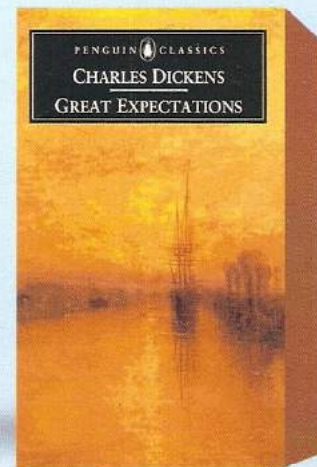
I had heard that Estelle had been living a most somber life, both by her husband's side and after his death. I don't know what has befallen her after his death, but it's peculiar, I find myself hardly caring. I can remember times when she was my heart, when my every joy or sorrow would torrent from her...

I decided to visit the old manor and, surrounded by a thick, chilling mist, wondered if she was still my heart, as when she left, gone was the struggle to win her affection, but along with it also left any feeling of true happiness.

As fate would have it, my heart had found its way near me. Estelle had chosen this very night to visit her old home. She looked very different, having lost her youth, but she was still the same, ever graceful, ever so charming. What struck me as completely alien was her gaze; sad, dull, unfitting to those once so proud eyes.

And we talked, wondering if I could once again long after her with my heart broken. The answer came in haste as I took her hand in mine, and we left the ruins together.

She would always have a place in my heart.



Mihai Tudose, 10 A



FRANK HERBERT'S

# DUNE

"It's very difficult to begin to read a novel like Dune thirty-eight years after publication. Frank Herbert's first novel of intergalactic political intrigue, Religious Mysticism, and legal drug trading gained a cult following years before it's popularity spiked to the point it's at now. Because of this there have been rabid discussions and dissections of the novel and adaptations and Tributes by such diverse representatives as headbangers Iron Maiden, Techno star-jammers Eon, Walken's muse Fatboy Slim, the great David Lynch, and John Harrison for the Sci-Fi Channel (not to mention the aborted Dan O'Bannon and H.R. Giger production that eventually evolved into Alien)."

J.C. Maçek III

The World's Greatest Critic! - <http://www.worldsgreatestcritic.com/dunenovel.html>

A book about sand (a lot of it), people with no trace of white (or black) in their blue eyes and giant sand-worms (like the ones in WoW's Hellfire Peninsula).

Like this guy, J.C. Maçek III, says, Dune is not a novel about riding giant sand-worms, eating drug-jelly and laser-gun fights only. Frank Herbert made about 6 novels in which he describes a piece of Dune's (or you may call it Arrakis) vast history.

Dune starts with the Atrides family, one of the Major Ruling houses of the Galaxy, sent away from their home planet and assigned to rule Arrakis (known by the natives as the desert planet Dune), which is the sole provider of Spice upon which all commerce is based! Spice has been a part of the diet of the entire galaxy for its "anti-geriatric qualities" for so long that living without the Spice would be definitely out of question, and isn't even a consideration in the book.

So far so good, but like in any good book (or movie), there has to be some bad guy to mess all up and make the good guy (or guys) fight to restore the balance in the Universe. The bad guy in Dune is the nasty Baron Vladimir, the leader of the House Harkonnen and who he HAS to take Dune over control, to subjugate and oppress its natives (fremmens).

Not to mention that Baron Vladimir is the brother of Leto Atrides, the leader of the Atrides house, whose love and carrying for his family doesn't stop him committing some fratricide, which makes his nephew angry enough to run away and train secretly into getting back his rightfully throne (but he wouldn't).

So it starts: a not hard to read novel, with both action and romance (balanced good enough not to bore you to death), a lot of sci-fi (because we're on another god damn planet, right?) and very much psychoanalysis (which was, for me, a very intriguing aspect of the book).

If you enjoyed the vast and amazing world of Lord of the Rings, Frank Herbert's Dune (in my opinion and not only!) will introduce you into a completely different and intriguing new world, as the one mentioned above.

Rares Lisovschi 11





# The Science of Logical Deduction

People live their lives without thinking at all about the small details and clues this world has to offer. These precious pieces of information allow us to have access to a new, hidden side of our reality. We all use them, consciously or unconsciously in our lives. Surprisingly, the percentage of those people who observe small details is a lot smaller than those who don't observe them.

You might ask yourself what's so important about small details. Well, the ones who are capable of noticing the smallest change of behavior in their co-workers are able to tell, for example, when somebody lies. Or, they can find out certain information about a person only by looking at their haircut, clothes, nails, walking style, personal hygiene and at certain key locations on their body like: eyes, thumbs or cheeks.

If you've already started to understand what I'm trying to say, then concepts like "the first impression" begin to sound stupid.

You can tell about a man that he has a long career as a pilot only by looking at his big thumb (the pressure applied on it for, let's say, ten years is going to press the soft tissue and give the thumb a distinctive look). The same goes for office workers (suit or uniform suggest a person who works indoors; back pain or a slight humpback suggests that the person sits a fair amount of time in a chair, possibly he is a computer user or a journalist, although our era suggests a computer user; constant pressure applied on the tip of his fingers give them a distinctive look, suggesting that the person uses the keyboard a lot, possibly a cheap office keyboard, because those require more pressure to trigger a computer response).

Reading people requires a lot of practice in many areas like: facial expressions, body language, psychology and a certain amount of knowledge about our world. These will grant you access to a person's true self. Going further into forensics science, you'll require knowledge in chemistry, physics, forensics psychology, etc.

When you want to read a person, you need to compare the person with ... an onion. Unlike onion, people have only four layers. The first layer is a mask representing a personality that we want others to see in order to protect ourselves from the world. The second layer is a mask that we show to friends and family. The third layer is a mask that we show to the person with whom we have an intimate relationship. And the fourth layer represents our inner self, or our dark side, our true nature. Usually we are not aware of our fourth layer. Descending from layer one to layer four, the amount of knowledge a person will give about itself will increase. The trick to breaking each layer is that you need to share personal information from the same layer that you want to breach in that person. If you tell a person that your favorite color is green, that person is going to share specific layer information to the one you disclosed (hence, he will tell you he likes red). Also, another trick to remember is that people like to contradict others. Just accuse them of something they never did and they will give you the truth on a silver platter (but this requires practice in subtlety). In order to make your job a lot easier, you should gain access to that person's house. Their personality is best reflected in their intimate environment (order or chaos, colors, book, object location, souvenirs, etc.).

Finding out whether a person is lying or is telling the truth is not hard if you specialize yourself in micro and macro expressions. Micro expressions refer to fast facial muscle contractions performed in a second or less. Their meaning is hard to detect for a beginner. Macro expressions refer to the contraction of a larger group of facial muscles. These last for more than seven seconds or so.

In a nutshell, logical deduction consists of three important actions: Observation, Knowledge and Deduction. Master them and you'll be armed with a fearsome weapon that will set the truth free in front of your eyes! (but, remember that people armed with logical deduction can also fake themselves, rendering your efforts useless, hence my belief that the idea of "first impression" is for the naive).

**Cristian Spoiala - 12 A**





# Moon Sensitive?

The human body is the most fascinating and fantastic machine in existence. But things do not only happen from the inside. There is a strong connection between the body and the outer world, especially with the natural elements. Have you ever considered the reason you suddenly become energetic? Many of us have never known about the full moon effect. It has been proved that some people are actually moon sensitive.

According to astrology, the moon's cycle can affect the way we feel about things. When the moon is full or new, people experience dramatic changes in their mood and behavior. Stress becomes a major factor and we become more sensitive to details. Also, a new moon brings with it the sense of calmness. In this moon cycle, people's emotions get back to normal, their determination will return with the feeling that anything can be accomplished, and there will be more energy and acceptance of other's ideas.

Experts say that people who suffer from a bipolar disorder commonly known as manic depressives are the most sensitive to the moon cycles.

Once you are affected by the moon, it is the waxing or waning that matters. While the moon is waxing, your energy increases. As soon as it starts waning, so does your energy. If you are a moon sensitive person or have a bipolar disorder you can chart the moon and know what time of the day you will have more or less energy than usual.

A more scientific explanation would be that the Earth's magnetic field oscillates according to the Moon's position, and these oscillations have an impact on our body on a nervous level, fact that increases the neural activity. These induces people a feeling of anxiety.

So, are you a "lunatic"?

**Mara Lavinia Andreescu, 12 A**



# A Funny Approach to the Battle of Agincourt


Some of you probably don't care much for history but if you do (or if you played Age of Empires II) you might have heard of the battle Agincourt. Here the English under king Henry the V won a decisive victory against the French although they were outnumbered 6 to 1 (and no Chuck Norris wasn't involved).

Before we start talking about the actual battle I'm going to have to introduce you to the whole shebang going on at the time.

France 1415. The high days of the 100 Year War. The French and the English have been going at it for 78 years. France is ruled by a (literally) mad king and the English see this as an opportunity to expand their domain, so they thought "Why not?" and began making plans for a new invasion.

After a not-so-stellar victory at Harfleur, Henry, who was left with dwindling numbers due to disease, decided to move on to the French stronghold of Calais to show that he is a capable king and that the right to the French throne was his. What followed isn't all that interesting, all you need to know for now is that the French decided to troll the English and block their path towards Calais.



Since the English meant business they were like  and decided to make camp there and instead of going around the blockade, go straight through. Out of fear of a surprise attack by the French during the night the king threatened to cut the ears off of anyone who would make any noise so as to not give away their position.

On the day of the battle Henry positioned his force of little under 10,000 men with the longbowmen covering the flank of the thin line of men-at-arms covering the center. The confident French laid out their force of 30-50,000 in 3 lines (or battles).

Since the French were like "I got this bro" they didn't let their archers and crossbowmen fire at the enemy thus robbing themselves of a possible victory. Instead they chose the "For death and glory!" approach, a simple attack consisting of succeeding charges.



Probably the most important factor of all this nonsense I'm writing here is not the strategies used, not the stupidity of the French, not the luck of the English, but the weather and the terrain.

While the French were deciding between escargots or baguettes the English were busy making plans on how to rob the French of every advantage they had over them. Choosing a muddy field that had been recently plowed ensuring that wearing heavy armor during the battle would be madness, placing stakes in the ground as to stop the French knights in their tracks and placing croissants at the tips of their spears so as to distract them from the battle





The battle began with the English shooting down the French (cue the arrow to the knee joke) who were rushing through the narrow corridor made by the forests of Tramencourt and Agincourt hoping to capture an English noble and hold him for ransom (because that's how you git'r done). Eventually after the English ran out of arrows and the French finally focused on the battle instead of the croissants the bro-down began. The lucky few who managed to run the length of the field in 30 kg armor through the hellstorm of arrows had the pleasure of either being bashed in the face with a hammer coming from the lightly armored and more agile English bowman, or being pushed to the ground by some other desperate Frenchman from behind (basically what we experience when trying to get on or off a metro, tram or bus in this lovely little land of ours, of course minus the warhammer in the face thing). Since the field was muddy a few lucky Frenchmen had the incredible luck of drowning in mud since it was hard trying to get up while wearing 30 kg of armor and at the same time having a few compatriots running over their bodies. Needless to say it was an absolute slaughter .

YOU DON'T SAY?

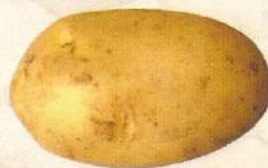


The key to the English victory at Agincourt was that they took advantage of the terrain and instead of relying on the standard approach of "I'MMA BASH YOUR SKULL WITH THIS HERE SWORD HURR DURR" they instead relied on lightly armored, fast moving infantry who were able to waltz into battle and quickly dispatch the slow and heavily armored French.

In the end the English had a loss of "at least 112 men" while the French recorded a loss of 10-15,000 men. The many prisoners taken by the English were put to the sword since they were feared to take up arms in case of a renewed attack by the French. The move was indeed a ruthless but logical one as the king didn't want to put his army in further danger for the sake of a few ransoms.

Well this is all I have to say. If this article is not to your liking then I am sorry and I ask that you take this potato as payment for trudging through this senseless rambling of mine.

Timotei Pana ,10 A





# What is 9GAG ?



9gag (stylized as 9GAG) is a comedy website based in Hong Kong and hosted in the United States. Launched in 2008, this website is best known for the recurring use of internet memes, which originate from other sites and its many users. 9GAG is at the moment the 228th most visited website, with an average of 12 million

users per day.

Although 9GAG isn't the original creator of internet memes, clever use of voting systems and fast loading times quickly brought it among the 5 most beloved comic websites. Any registered user can upload 'gags'. A gag is an image of (usually) humorous nature. Once available, these images go through a vote, on the section of the website entitled "Vote". On the "Vote" page, a user may like, dislike or comment on a gag. If a gag receives enough votes, it then moves to a section called "Trending", where users can still like, dislike or comment on the gag. If a gag gets enough positive votes (or likes) on the "Trending" page, it will then appear on the main "Hot" page.

An Internet meme is an idea that is propagated through the World Wide Web. The idea may take the form of a hyperlink, video, picture, website, hashtag, or just a word or phrase, such as intentionally misspelling the word "more" as "moar" or "the" as "teh". The funniest internet memes are all kinds of different expressive, badly drawn faces stuck on stick-men bodies, each representing real-life situations 9GAG readers might have been found in, such as Forever Alone (representing the unsocial type of teenager) or the fapping meme.



There are also other cartoon-like memes representing Barack Obama, Chuck Norris, Jackie Chan and others, on top of which 9GAG users write provocative or „intelligent" phrases meant to annoy or amuse the reader. These phrases are written in an internet-specific jargon which includes but not limits to words used in video games, such as noob, ragequit or pwn, or well-known phrases used in well-known movies.

Internet studies show us that 71% of this article's readers have, at least once, visited 9GAG. So, whether you're just looking for a quick laugh or you have nothing to do while dry-blowing your hair after a nice, hot bath, be sure to check out 9GAG!



Popescu Vlad-Radu **NOT BAD**  
Zidarescu Radu-Miha 12 a A



Do you remember those times when we used to wake up at 9:00 a.m. only to turn on the TV and watch our favourite cartoons for not less than two hours? Well ... if you don't, then you surely missed a lot.

Only to watch Pokemon, Dragon Ball Z, Duel Masters, Shaman King, Beyblade and Marcelino Pan y Vino I would set my alarm at least five times in order to be sure I would miss no episode.

For me and for many of us, these cartoon series meant more than just cartoons, they were different worlds any of us would have given anything to be part of.

The order in which they appeared is irrelevant, the only thing that really matters is their impact on our lives. All of us took the main characters in these series as life examples and dreams to fulfil. We learned what friendship, responsibility, courage, generosity and love are, we were taught to respect the others no matter what they looked like or acted like. There was value in those cartoons.



Even though they didn't exist in real life, Ash (Pokemon), Yoh (Shaman King), Goku (Dragon Ball Z), Shobu (Duel Masters), Tyson (Beyblade) and Marcelino were models for us and also heroes. They were the Prince Charming of our parents' generation. For us, they were children who seeded confidence in us, always trying to be the best and never giving up in any circumstances. They would take all risks and no matter how high the stakes were, they would accomplish what they had set their minds on: win. Some of their character traits were passed on to all of us and that is why there is no wonder generation of teenagers today will succeed in doing our best.

In conclusion, I feel the need to underline that our hearts, our minds and our deeds were influenced a lot by those drawings. Am I becoming melancholic? Although we belong to the young generation, we bitterly feel that the cartoons today are different from what they used to be like in our childhood, they are full of hatred and violence; we feel that the very young people are deprived of the right models, that they are shaped into robots lacking feelings and dominated by the seeds of destruction. They also fail to feel the beauty of life and the taste of true triumph... Who is to be blamed for this?

Our classmate, Maria Preda Corcau, builds up a world of harmony in her drawings. If you want to see more, go to:

<http://www.desenatori.ro/desenator/14535>

<http://www.ratemydrawings.com/user/temari-chan%5E%5E/&tab=1>

**Popescu Vlad- Radu  
Zidarescu Radu- Mihai, 12 A**



# Be my Valentine!

Every February we celebrate Valentine's Day by giving flowers, candy and cards to those we love. We do this in honor of Saint Valentine. You may be wondering, "Who is St. Valentine"? Time to brush up on your Valentine's history!

Legend has it that Valentine was a priest who served during third century Rome. There was an Emperor at that time by the name of Claudius II. Emperor Claudius II decided that single men made better soldiers than those that were married. With this thought in mind he outlawed marriage for young men in hope of building a stronger military base. Supposedly, priest Valentine decided this decree just wasn't fair and chose to marry young couples secretly. When Emperor Claudius II found out about Valentine's actions he had him put to death.

Another Valentine gentleman you may be wondering about is Cupid (Latin *cupido*, "desire"). In Roman mythology Cupid is the son of Venus, goddess of love. His counterpart in Greek mythology is Eros, god of love. Cupid is often said to be a mischievous boy who goes around wounding both gods and humans with his arrows, causing them to fall in love.

According to another legend Valentine was an imprisoned man who fell in love with his jailor's daughter. Before he was put to death he sent the first 'valentine' himself when he wrote her a letter and signed it 'Your Valentine', words still used on cards today.

Perhaps we'll never know the true identity and story behind the man named St. Valentine, but this much is for sure...February has been the month to celebrate love for a long time, dating clear back to the Middle Ages. In fact, Valentines ranks second only to Christmas in number of greeting cards sent.

*Valentine's Day is mentioned ruefully by Ophelia in Hamlet (1600–1601):*

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

William Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, Act IV,  
Scene 5

*In the 19th century there were some famous funny Valentine cards which go like that:*

*"Weddings now are all the go,*

*Will you marry me or no"?*

*or*

*"My dearest Miss,*

*I send thee a kiss" (addressed to Miss Jenny Lane of Crostwight Hall, Norfolk).*

*But the beautifully naïve and always fresh are the following lines:*

*The roses are red,  
Violets are blue  
The honey's sweet  
And so are you.*

**Valentine**





# The Significance of Easter in the Christian World

by Andrei Dumitrescu, 8A

For the Christian believers Easter is essential. According to the four Holy Gospels, Jesus Christ accused the priests of the Temple of being hypocrites as they taught the Holy Law of Moses to the people of Israel. So their ethical image had to be rehabilitated. But how? They would never be able to convince people that Jesus was a liar. So they plotted against Him. One of Jesus Christ's disciples, Judas, came to them and he sold him for thirty silver coins.

One Thursday night, before de Hebrew Easter, Jesus was praying in the garden of Gethsemane with three of his disciples, John, Peter and Jacob, when Judas came with the guards of the Temple to arrest Jesus. The traitor told the soldiers that whomever he kissed was the one they were to arrest. So Judas went to Jesus and before he kissed him, he said: "Hail Teacher" and Jesus answered: "Judas, would you betray the Son of man with a kiss?".

After that, they took Jesus to Annas, who was Caiaphas, the High Priest's father in law. Annas sent Christ to Caiaphas to the Temple, where they accused him of blasphemy so they took Him to Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Israel. Against his will, forced by the High Priest, Pilate ordered the crucifixion of Jesus Christ on Golgotha after he carried his cross to the site of execution.

On Good Friday, Jesus was crucified. The moment He died the wall of the Temple cracked, the sky turned black and all those who saw these miracles were convinced that Jesus was truly the Son of God.

The day after Saturday, on Sunday, the women who went to Christ's Tomb, Mary Magdalen, Ioanna and Jacob's Mary, saw an Angel who told them that Christ, the Lord of all people, had come back to life again. That day remains in the history of humanity as the day of redemption and all the Orthodox Christians celebrate it as the most important holiday, while the Catholics rank it as the second important after Christmas.



In the Orthodox Church Easter is celebrated on the first Sunday after full moon after the Spring Equinox. This rule was adopted by the Holy Fathers of the First Ecumenical Council of Nicea. The Catholic Church celebrates Easter on the Sunday before the Spring Equinox. That is why usually Easter is held on different dates by the Catholics and by the Orthodox.

In Romania there are a lot of traditions taking place during the Holy Week when people remember Christ's death and also his resurrection. The Holy Week starts on the Sunday of Flowers, when Christ entered Jerusalem and ends on the Sunday of Easter. On the Sunday of Flowers people go to Church to receive holly willow branches from the priests. On the Good Thursday night, people go to church where the Mass of the Twelve Gospels is held; priests read the twelve chapters from the Bible, which describe Christ's passions. With each chapter people make a rope knot, and at the same time they make twelve wishes, one for each knot. Every year, on the Good Friday night people gather at Church to sing Christ's Requiem. Then, the priests perform a special service dedicated to the Resurrection of Christ.

The most interesting Romanian tradition is the painting of eggs with geometrical and floral motives combined in very interesting patterns which signify the infinite, the eternal life, the road to Heaven, Christ's passions and many others.

A modern and rather commercial tradition spread all over the world which lost its religious significance is that on the Easter morning children find painted eggs and sweets brought by Easter Bunny.

For many people and in pagan religions Easter is a festival associated with the rebirth of nature and the beginning of a new cycle, with youth and with Dionysian exuberance.

For the Christian world, Easter is a holiday with deep meanings which epitomize the essence of the Christian religion, the belief that there is life after death and that man's redemption is made possible through Jesus Christ's sacrifice.

Let us rejoice over the belief in eternal life!





## British Architecture during the 17th Century—Diversity at its Best

Andrei Caraiman, 11 F

Britain has gone through many changes over the past centuries: changes in art, architecture and many more. Architectural designs over the years make us realise people's way of thinking back then. The 17th century might be the most diverse, having a whole new approach to it.

How? Well, previously, during the Renaissance, buildings started to mirror the wealth of the owners. There was a significant progress in craftsmanship. Constructions were more sophisticated, even for those who were not very wealthy. Keeping this in mind, the 17th century buildings were taken one step further. Detailed ornaments were used excessively, being described at the time as "a heap of craziness of decorations...very disgusting to see".

However, as I mentioned before, diversity reigned. It changed from the above mentioned style to a more formal one, with symmetry in planning. The reason for this is simple: noblemen had the desire that their chamber would feel as if it were their universe, and thus sitting on their chair, would feel like being at the centre of it.

All these unique pieces of architecture were done perhaps because of the Civil War, which preceded this period. And surely they are grandiose. The much regarded St Paul's Cathedral in London, for example, was established during this period. It was built as a replacement of an old cathedral, which was burnt during the big fire in 1666, and is one of the biggest in Europe.

So, as a general overview, the 17th century is a truly outstanding one regarding art and architecture. The great advantage of buildings in England is that there were few earthquakes to bring them down, so we should feel grateful that we can enjoy the sight of them now and forever.







## PINK FLOYD FOR ALL TIME



People quite often label you by the way you dress, act, eat, by the friends you hang out with, by the music you like, etc. I bet you all know the question which quite often acts like an ice-breaker : "Hey, what type of music do you listen to?" The answers to this question are different from person to person, because, essentially we are different. Whenever I am asked this question, I readily answer "I like Pink Floyd".

For those who don't know Pink Floyd, it's good to know they were an English rock band that gained worldwide success with their progressive and psychedelic rock music. Their work is singled out by the use of philosophical lyrics, sonic experimentation, innovative album art, and elaborate live shows.

The band was originally founded in 1965 and it brought together some students Roger Waters, Nick Mason, Richard Wright, and Syd Barrett. Later, a new member, David Gilmour, joined the band. They had 14 albums. The first one "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn" was launched on 4 August 1967. Then "A Saucerful of Secrets" on 28 June 1968, "Soundtrack from the Film More" on 27 July 1969, "Ummagumma" on 7 November 1969, "Atom Heart Mother" on 2 October 1970, "Meddle" ( 5 Nov 1971 ), "Obscured by Clouds" ( 2 June 1972 ) , " The Dark Side of the Moon (23 March 1973) " , " Wish You Were Here (12 Sept 1975)" , "Animals (21 Jan 1977 ) " , "The Wall ( 30 Nov , 1979) " , "The Final Cut (21 March 1983) " , "A Momentary Lapse of Reason ( 7 Sept 1987 ) " and the last one, " The Division Bell, on 28 March 1994.

Pink Floyd are one of the most commercially successful and influential rock music groups of all time. They have sold over 230 million albums worldwide, including 74.5 million certified units in the United States. The band were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 1996. Since then they have continued to enjoy worldwide success.

Why do people still listen to Pink Floyd? Why does the band still appeal to people of all ages?



Why Pink Floyd?

I'm glad that I have the chance to answer these questions. Well, Pink Floyd have a "special feature": their melody is chillingly mild and mildly cool similar to a breeze. Also, their music contains a lot of messages that were topical back then. One example is the album "The Wall" a reference to the Great Berlin Wall which was supposed to keep Germany apart.

But, still, why Pink Floyd? Well, all I'll say is that in November 1989, when in the outer space, the Soyuz 7 spaceship crew radio signalled all the Pink Floyd's tracks of "A Delicate Sound Of Thunder" album with a view to attracting any close alien intelligence and engendering the close encounter of the first kind.

The conclusion? If humans decided that aliens deserve to listen to Pink Floyd, there is no questioning their music is for all ages and for all time on earth.

**George Octav Lupu, 10 A**



# An Exercise In Style

I'm sitting in a car. Half past noon and rather hot. I'm wiping the sweat off my face with a cotton handkerchief made in Havana. Bought for me by a Mister J. He's about 50, tall, dark and civilized. Used to be a farmer's boy, a long time ago, got himself some nice muscles underneath all them clothes and fancy hats. I've known him half my life, he was on the run the first time we met and he still is in a way, his time with me hasn't done him much good. Maybe he's a little bit richer and maybe he's a little bit smarter, but all them flashy rags don't mean shit next to a brief moment of happiness. And that's why I'm sitting like a dud in the midday sun staring at the big ball above my head and thinking out loud bout Mister J. Because I'm waiting for something to happen. And that something's got itself a name. Alphonse, French immigrant turned delivery boy turned pusher. A complex individual, came to the States some 20 years ago at the wish of his dear old mother. She told the kid to get rich and get rich fast, and while he ain't rich yet, he's getting there, one step at a time.

Step 1. He brings the coke. I pay him. It's not much, just enough to make a decent living. He's looking at me, straight into my eyes as if something's wrong, it's not sadness, depression or fear, no, it's different, something different. I ask him if he's feeling well to which he nods his head, lips don't even part. That's as close as I'm getting to a good deed today. A slap on the back and I'm gone.

"Jesus Christ and Moses walk into a bar on 4th Street. Jesus orders a Tequila. Moses asks for some water. They chug their respective drinks, eyeing the barman and his pal for the night. Jesus gets up, moves closer to the Barman and shouts something about love and peace. Thing is, no one's listening, the barman's taking care of the next client and the boozers are busy with their jugs. So now he's..." Door opens. Tall fellow enters the room. Sits on a chair. Looks mean. Starts talking the talk, grumbling bout his sick family and their dead dog, shows me his empty pockets. Says I should've locked the door. I agree. There's nothing you can do once the devil finds your room. "Hey pal, wanna hear a joke?"

"There's this old story, "the embodiment of all that is holy" they call it. It's about common folks getting cheated on and raped by a church with vapid nuns in sweet chocolate braziers. I dunno if it's true or not, not my line of work, but they say there's an ounce of truth behind all jokes and legends. And tonight we're playing poker in this Korean joint downtown. Wanna play? You can make a couple bucks and buy your girl that corset she's always wanted." Satan says and smiles at me. I smile back. Everything's fine, cozy and peachy. Problem is I don't have a girl and I've never liked corsets all that much. "I was expecting something different" I say. "A hood and gun smoke? Be real." He replies to which I laugh out of fear for my everlasting soul. Everything's just peachy, yeah. I tend to ramble when things get out of control, that's my thing, I ramble on and on. Tried talking ole' Beelzebub into taking some cash and leaving the room with me in it. Well, he took my cash and left a card on the doorstep. Edward. D. Ramirez. Accountant. "Now don't you forget about that game tonight, the address is written on the back of the card." He smiles. "See you there."

It's 4 PM and I'm smoking a cigarette on my woman's porch. Her name's Janine. I go to her once a month. She's the only person I know always happy to see me and my leather wallet. Everyone else's just day-to-day filler. I kiss her on the forehead like an old man going to war, a father figure facing the big bad world or just a plain sicko with a pony-tail fetish and mucho dinero. More rambling. Lost thoughts. "Seen J?" She asks.

"Nah, I have this package for him, no clue where he's at."

"Well, there's been talk bout this big poker match. Everyone's going."

"Everyone?"

She squirms.

"My clients." Emphasis on clients as if I'm supposed to give a damn who pokes her inner beauty while I'm away.

"Yeah. Someone gave me his card, a mister Ramirez. Know about him? Tall, fat, ugly." I look for the devil's card, find it inside my back pocket. Show it to her.

"Hun, you just named half my clients." Same emphasis. Getting tiring.

"Yeah" I say, kissing her goodbye. I pass the woman a 50 and jump in my car.





Lost thoughts.

The devil's an evil bastard. I've always been told to fear the devil and I've always feared him. As a kid his name scared me almost as much as Jesus'. The only difference being that I knew the devil was outside, even as kid, yet Jesus was everywhere, his invocation always following a bad deed on my part. And that meant a spanking, or even worse, a grounding, separation from my friends and the world at large. I couldn't handle that so I ran. I've been running ever since in one form or another. Started with me running around the farm and ended with me driving this Chevy at full speed looking for J. "Where are you, man?" Teenage rebellion filling the air. Some 18 year old fuck had just murdered his girl. They had been living next door for months. The sound of them fucking kept me awake at night. Can't say I minded. That girl had quite the mouth on her. Can't say I blamed him either. If she was as much a talker as she was a moaner a fast slaughter was too good a fate. Yeah. They scraped fragments of her skull from the front door. Funny. They caged him like an animal in that police van of theirs. I'd have cried a little on the inside but there aren't enough tears in life to waste on trivial bravado. Got inside my pad, lit a cigar and let myself fall on the bed, half sleeping, half thinking about J and the magic coke bag.

I've got loads of dreams, some good, some bad. Yet on that day there was just me and my friend dubbed nothingness, playing poker, looking at the moon, passing time.

A knock on the door had woken me up, still shaking, I approached it and peeped at the dark man standing outside.

"Let me in!" He shouted. "Let me in!"

I did.

"You've got some dough?" He asks.

"How much you need? Anything for you, remember?"

"I dunno, man, you better come with me." Distressed, panicked.

"Just give me a second to change. Where we goin?"

"Some place downtown, you don't know it." To which I smile.

"Yeah, tell me more."

"More? More? What more do you wanna know? Look, man, I just need your help, I'm your friend, your brother. What's with all the questions?"

"Never mind. There's a bag of coke in my leather jacket, bought it from Alphonse yesterday."

"Yeah?"

He got his face dirty in God's powder. Now there I was, with this tall pig face all white, thinking about Satan, poker, my failed nap, teenage angst and good ole' fashion camaraderie. Boredom.

J's growing old and knowing it. Approaching 40 with no prospects or cash in his pockets. Sometimes, I think I'm all he's got. Maybe that's true, I don't know, maybe he's all I've got too. There are about 5 people I care for, me, Janine, J and two old bitches I haven't faced in years. One's my mother. The other's my wife. She's gotta be around here somewhere, God, I don't even miss her. Just have this feeling I should be giving her a call. Someday.

There are thousands of homeless kids surviving in this city, a little theft here, a little theft there and you've got yourself a pretty good life if you don't mind the constant fear and mountains of junk. At least they wash Chevys. They're about the only ones left.

I've always thought God did a good job on me. I ain't ugly and my mind works well enough. I've lived through shitty job after shitty job, drank enough milk to last me a lifetime, drank enough booze to last me even more. He gave me two good legs, God, I've ran so much, I've ran and I've jogged and I've walked my life away. And I still am in away, afraid to meet the Devil head on. Afraid to be a man and get it over with. But I've got J with me and I'm always a little saner with him around.

The Joint was a rich place for rich bastards. How did that go? Yeah, "Ben Franklin was the only man I ever loved". Bullshit.

"Hello." The devil said, placed his cards face down, and smiled.

"Hello."

"Ready to gamble?"

"Yeah."

We played at the Devil's table and took the route of the trash. Drunk and broke, we woke up in a muddy alleyway, birds singing. We were alive, God, we were alive. It's a great feeling, waking up in some sodden alleyway at 7AM, seeing your life throbbing in the gutter. There's nothing quite like it.



# History of Basketball

During a cold winter in the state of Massachusetts in 1891, a man by the name of James Naismith was applying for the job of sports teacher at the International Young Men's Christian Association (YMCA). There, physical educators Luther Gulick and Frank Peters showed James their problem: the cold winters prevented sport-lovers to enjoy themselves due to the lack of indoor sports and they asked him to invent a game that can be played indoors. And so James Naismith began writing the rules of „basket ball“.



After many rejected ideas the basic rules of Basketball were written down and the first game was played on December 21st, 1891. However, at first the game had many flaws and it took long to become the international game we know today. At first the baskets were nothing more than peach baskets nailed to the wall. They even kept the bottoms so after every hoop they would have a janitor climb on a ladder and retrieve it. Also at first people used to play with an association football which made dribbling almost impossible so passing quickly became the better way to advance with the ball. In 1892 the game's popularity grew so much that Dennis Hornerbach the editor of „The Triangle“ wrote an article on it titled „A New Game“. In 1893 basketball was introduced internationally by the YMCA movement and it has been updated with new rules and it's grown in popularity to become the international sport that people love so much.

Nowadays, basketball is an international sport played by people of all ages. The NBA founded in 1946 is in charge of the championship and makes the game public. Small championships are held everywhere at high-school level, college level, by age and of course professionals. Many variations of the game are played as well but it's only the game itself that still gives us something fun to do on cold winters.

**Theodor Nistor, 10A**





# British Humour

TEACHER: Why are you late?  
STUDENT: Class started before I got here.

TEACHER: John, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?  
JOHN: You told me to do it without using tables.

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell 'crocodile?'  
GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-I-A-L'  
TEACHER: No, that's wrong  
GLENN: Maybe it is wrong, but you asked me how I spell it.  
(I Love this child)

TEACHER: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?  
DONALD: H I J K L M N O.  
TEACHER: What are you talking about?  
DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H to O.

TEACHER: Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have ten years ago.  
WINNIE: Me!

TEACHER: Glen, why do you always get so dirty?  
GLEN: Well, I'm a lot closer to the ground than you are.

TEACHER: Millie, give me a sentence starting with 'I.'  
MILLIE: I is..  
TEACHER: No, Millie..... Always say, 'I am.'  
MILLIE: All right... 'I am the ninth letter of the alphabet.'

TEACHER: George Washington not only chopped down his father's cherry tree, but also admitted it.

Now, Louie, do you know why his father didn't punish him?  
LOUIS: Because George still had the axe in his hand.....

TEACHER: Now, Simon, tell me frankly, do you say prayers before eating?  
SIMON: No sir, I don't have to, my Mom is a good cook.

TEACHER: Clyde, your composition on 'My Dog' is exactly the same as your brother's.. Did you copy his?  
CLYDE: No, sir. It's the same dog.  
(I want to adopt this kid!!!)

TEACHER: Harold, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?  
HAROLD: A teacher



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**cărturești**  
carte, ceai, muzică, dichis

 **SITKA**

CENTRUL DE CARTE STRĂINĂ



