



POLIGLOTA

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THE SANDMAN



“The Sandman“ comic-book series was published between the years 1988 and 1996 in seventy- five issues by “Vertigo Comics“, a branch of “DC Comics“ which was the most read comic-book publisher of the time. It was

written by Neil Gaiman, known at the time for his dark-fantasy novels “Coraline“ and “Stardust“, and drawn by a group of shifting artists; each with their own unique style but with certain similarities that remain a constant during the entire series. The series attracted a lot of readers, even from the first issue; this is mostly due to the fact that the comic-book readers of the time were slowly getting fed up with the classical superhero/supervillain conflict and “Vertigo“ was establishing itself as a seller of oddities in the comic-book universe. And what an oddity “The Sandman“ was. Despite there already being a “Sandman“ in the DC Comic Universe, Gaiman’s Sandman was far different and far more read. This is partly thanks to the peculiar plot and partly to the way Gaiman writes. Anyone who has ever read Neil’s works will describe his writing as fantasy with occasional gothic and horror elements. The Sandman, or Dream how he is usually called, is one of the seven Endless: Destiny, Death, Desire, Despair, Destruction and Delirium. They are the oldest entities in the world, creators of gods, man and pretty much the entire universe. The Endless themselves are quite original, but Gaiman doesn’t hesitate to use elements from a variety of mythologies, religions and literature.

Main characters

Dream



Known by many names - Dream, Lord Shaper or Morpheus, he is the main character of the series, hence the name of the comic. During his imprisonment we are not given any insight into his personality or who he really is, but, upon his escape we are slowly introduced to him. He is an all-powerful and seemingly immortal being. He speaks using dated terms and archaic phrases as though he were very old, as he later turns out to be. He is

proud, serious, and meticulous about his work and is convinced that, since he is immortal, his personality cannot change. His realm is The Dreaming in which all dreams and nightmares live. Dream lives in a giant castle in which there is a library of all the books that have ever been thought of being written, with Lucien as its librarian. It is not unusual for the Endless to have pets, Dream, for instance, has a talking raven named Matthew who was actually once a mortal Greek poet chosen by Dream to become his companion.

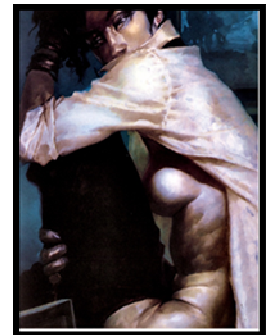
Death

Dream's older sister. She is the second member of the Endless we meet. Unlike Dream she is pleasant and warm, beautiful and full of understanding. She is not represented as a terrifying Grim Reaper, but as a goth-chic who no one can help but feel at ease with. When asked what awaits mortals after death she says that she does not know and that her job is only to lead the spirits of the dead through the darkness. Unlike Dream, Death follows the trends of the everchanging mortal world and uses slang and new-age terms in her speech. Once every hundred years Death becomes a mortal for only one day, upon the end of which she dies. She does this in order to better understand her job as Death. Her realm is shown as a small suburban flat. She has no servents and also has pets: two goldfish. She is the only member of the Endless that later gets her own mini-series – "Death: The Time of your Life" and "Death: The High Cost of Living"



Desire and Despair

Desire is cruel and everchanging like love and lust. Desire frequently switches between male and female form. She constantly torments Dream by making him fall in love with mortals, loves that are doomed to fail. Actually, Desire torments everone, she does it by making them fall in love with married people, by driving them mad with lust. That is probably one of the reasons she does not have any pets, for all people are her play-things. Desire's realm is represented as a temple in the shape of the human body spreading its arms in ecstasy. The main court in this temple coaligns with the place where a heart is situated in a human body.



Despair is Desire's twin sister. She isn't the original Despair. Something happened to the original which caused Desire to give a piece of herself in order to create a new Despair. This hints at a certain degree of mortality among the Endless. Despair is always naked, but, unlike Desire, there is nothing sensational about her body. As the personification of despair she is a masochist and she uses a sharp hook, which she wears as a ring, in order to inflict pain upon herself. Her realm is an endless dark hallway in which numerous mirrors float. Through these mirrors we see mortals caught by the feeling of despair.

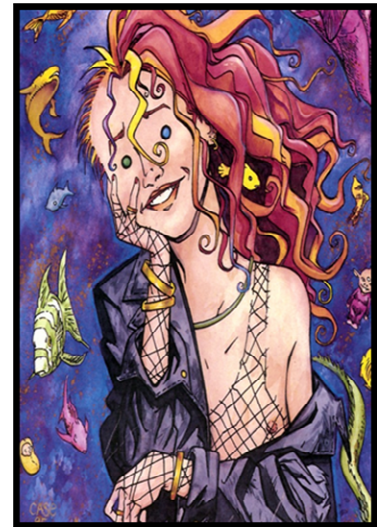
Whether they're contemplating suicide or are going through a brake-up, Despair sees it all. Her pets are a pack of rats. She lets them bite her body as another form of self-mutilation.

Destruction and Delirium



Destruction is the last of the Endless we get to meet, for, as it is explained in the story, he has left his post as ruler of his realm of destruction and has cut all ties with his siblings. The reason for his leaving, as it turns out, is his realisation that he doesn't have to govern anything, that the process of destruction will continue whether he looks over it or not. As a contrast to his appointed task, he is a poet. He writes horrible songs but he can play the sitar splendidly. We find him on an uninhabited Greek island with Barnabos, his talking dog and sole companion.

Delirium is the youngest of the Endless. She has mismatched eyes and she speaks of random things, unrelated things, making her very hard to understand. But Delirium was not always like this. She was once Delight, controlled and peaceful, but something happened, something not even the other Endless know. Delirium can force herself to be Delight again on rare occasions. When she does it her eyes turn gray and focused, but this causes her much pain for her body cannot sustain a stable environment, it can only work in chaos. Her realm is like something from a surrealist painter's canvass: an infinite world of odd shapes and forms appearing out of nowhere with a giant sundial in its center with the words "Time is broken" written below it in Latin. Her pets are anything that she creates: translucent butterflies, fish floating in mid air and an occasional elephant.



Destiny

Destiny is the oldest of the Endless. He always wears a cloak over his entire body and says little. He is blind, but his eyes see far more than those of mere mortals. With those eyes he looks into his Book which is linked to his wrists with indestructible chains. The book contains everything that ever was, is and will be. He was present at the beginning of the world and with his eyes he read the first word that ever appeared in his book – The word of Creation. After him his other siblings appear: Death with the birth of the first living organism, and consequently its death; Dream in order to create their first dreams, followed by Desire, Despair, Destruction and Delight. Destiny, despite knowing the future, never does anything to alter or reveal it, even upon being asked to by his siblings. He lives in all timelines simultaneously, making it hard for



him to discern what century it is. He lives in a dilapidated castle covered with a creeper and cobweb. In front of the castle there is a small hedge-maze to which Destiny ventures sometimes to greet his guests or to consult his book. In this realm there is no colour, everything is eternally gray and the castle is surrounded by a barren wasteland where nothing ever grows. Destiny has no pets and usually keeps his own company.

Neil Gaiman



Neil Gaiman is a British author and graphic-novel writer best known for his novels “Coraline” and “Stardust”, which were later both turned into motion-pictures. He was born in 1960 in Portchester, England. He began his writing career as a journalist. He conducted interviews and wrote book reviews until he gathered enough knowledge to start writing fantasy. His first professional short story publication was “Fearthequest” in *Imagine Magazine* May 1984. This was soon followed by his first book, the biography of the band Duran Duran, which met moderate success. He later collaborated with another fantasy writer, Terry Pratchett, on the novel “Good Omens”, a parody of the apocalypse which increased his popularity. He soon realized that the comic-book industry had a lot of untapped potential and he started by collaborating with various writers on several non-major comic-books, but he soon started writing his own graphic

novels: “Signal To Noise”, “Violent Cases” and “The tragical comedy or comical tragedy of Mr. Punch”; all of which were done with help of Dave McKean, who did the artwork and will later do all the Sandman covers. This led to Gaiman being hired by Vertigo Comics where he wrote “The Black Orchid”. After its success Neil was asked by Karen Berger, the future head of Vertigo Comics, to remake an old DC Comics character – The Sandman. Gaiman managed to create something completely different from the original. The main concept on which the plot is built are “the Endless”, although some of them, such as Death and Desire, were created with the advice from Mike Dringenberg. It is due to this that Dringenberg is credited as co-creator of “The Sandman”. Gaiman made a creative mash-up of many religions and myths along with elements from British authors, such as Shakespeare and G.K. Chesterton. It was so popular that it won more than 20 Eisner awards. After finishing the “Sandman” Gaiman wrote “American Gods”, “Anansi’s Boys” and many other award winning books.

Matija Cvetanović IV-4

ОБРАЗ ДЕМОНА В ТВОРЧЕСТВЕ М. Ю. ЛЕРМОНТОВА И М. А. ВРУБЕЛЯ

На жизнь Лермонтова оказали влияние революционные события в Царской России. Декабрьская революция и многие другие события наполнили поэта горечью и безнадежностью, и оставили глубокий след в его творчестве.

Таланту Лермонтова суждено было стать своего рода поэтическим выражением своего поколения. Его дух бунтарства и одиночества лучше всего выражается через характер Демона в одноименной поэме. Ни один образ не беспокоил поэта так, как образ Демона.

К своей поэме Лермонтов возвращался несколько раз, исправляя её содержание, но никогда не достиг конечного результата. Образ Демона развивался, менялся в соответствии с душевным состоянием поэта. Через него Лермонтов выражал себя.

Демон Лермонтова особенный и отличается от других одноименных литературных образов. Демон – синоним Люцифера, Сатаны и Мефистофеля, но только по имени, и не содержит особенности из христьянско-библейских источников. Он индивидуальный миф русского поэта.

Демон – „изгнанник из рая“, не желает разрушить существующий мир, а хочет только изменить его. Его индивидуального бунта не достаточно, и одиночество поглащает образ, заставляя его метаться, не находя себе места ни на небе, ни на земле.

Демон был изгнан из рая, выступивши против Бога и Божьего порядка, и осуждён на вечное одиночество и бессмертие. В долгих метаниях он тоскует за изгубленным раем, одиночество и жажда мести разъедают его душу, презрение к людям не покидает его. Все вдруг меняется, когда Грузинка Тамара появляется в жизни Демона. Наконец он забывает страдания, злобу, и в его жизни появляется давно забытое чудное ощущение, званное любовь. Но счастье длилось недолго – смерть забрала Тамару. Демон опять остается в одиночестве, без любви и веры, один, в своей скучной, холодной вечности и темноте мирового зла...

„И есть в мире люди, которые остаются серьёзными и трагически – скорбными, когда все кругом летит в вихре безумия; они смотрят сквозь тучи и говорят: там есть весна, там есть заря.“ (Памяти В. Ф. Коммиссаржевской - А. А. Блок, том 5. Очерки, статьи, речи)

Ходили слухи, что в 1890 году Врубель заключил сделку с Демоном, и этот союз водил его через всю жизнь. Художник пытался забыть этот образ, но всегда к нему

возвращался, тратил на него уйму времени, уничтожив свою личную жизнь, вызывая психические расстройства.

Врубель – самая трагическая личность в русской живописи. Несчастья преследовали его – смерть сына, слепота и душевное расстройство. Образ Демона занял центральное место в жизни художника, пленил и подчинил его. Картины пугали публику, но Врубель говорил: Демона не понимают – путают с чёртом и дьяволом, тогда, как „чёрт“ по-гречески значит просто „рогатый“, „дьявол“ - „клеветник“, а „Демон“ значит „душа“ и олицетворяет собой вечную борьбу мятущегося человеческого духа, ищущего применение обуравляющих его страстей, познания жизни и не находящего ответа на свои сомнения ни на земле, ни на небе“.

Первое великое полотно показало Демона со всеми людскими особенностями: внутренней борьбой, сомнением, гордостью и вечным одиночеством. Это был нетипичный образ библейского дьявола – юноша, который сидит, трагически сцепив руки, с направленным вдаль взглядом, в окружении хрустальных цветов на фоне солнечного рассвета. Художник говорил: „Демон – дух не столько злобный, сколько страдающий и скорбный, при всем этом дух властный, величавый...“

Александра Бошковић, IV-4



„Демон сидящий“, Врубель, Михаил Александрович, 1890, холст, масло. 114 × 211 см, Третьяковская галерея, Москва



IMPRESSIONS RESENTIES DANS LE VOYAGE ET SURTOUT PENDANT LES CEREMONIES A THESSALONIQUE

Aujourd'hui, les voyages ont le rôle de plus en plus important dans les vies des jeunes. L'esprit d'aventure et la curiosité perpétuelle sont des ailes qui les emmènent dans n'importe quel coin du monde. C'est pourquoi je suis allé en Grèce, à Thessalonique, poussé par le désir d'explorer le passé de mes ancêtres et le mien aussi.

J'y suis parti ensemble avec mes copains de l'école, mes profs et les anciens combattants de la délégation française. Bien qu'ils soient beaucoup plus âgés, ils parlaient avec nous comme nous sommes de même âge et la conversation était agréable pendant tout le voyage. Ils nous ont raconté tant d'histoires intéressantes et leurs expériences des voyages précédents. Mais la chose la plus importante était l'événement auquel nous devions participer au cimetière à Zeiteinlik.

Si quelqu'un m'avait dit que j'aurais participé à cette commémoration je ne l'aurais pas cru. Dans ce cimetière j'ai entendu des hymnes des pays différents, j'ai vu des larmes sincères des femmes et des hommes qui pleuraient sans honte. Tout ça j'ai senti à Zeiteinlik. Ce jour de la commémoration, le soleil brillait, tout était éblouissant, les uniformes des soldats, les gerbes, les drapeaux. J'étais très fier d'avoir porté le drapeau de mon pays et d'être présent là-bas. Les délégations françaises, anglaises, russes, comme moi, sont venues pour rendre hommage aux victimes de la première Guerre mondiale. Ces délégations, par leur présence, ont embelli mes sentiments. A ce moment-là on était tous égaux devant les victimes de la première Guerre mondiale. Tous ces braves combattants qui ensemble, percé le front de Salonique méritent d'être honorés d'une façon magnifique comme celui-ci. Des cris retentissants des centaines de personnes, de belles voix de la chorale et une belle mélodie comme si avaient réveillé les âmes

des guerriers. Tout à coup, tous ces 2000 tombes ont brillé et ont créé une scène enchantée. Sous une telle impression, je n'ai pas remarqué que dans l'intervalle, tous sont partis et seulement un grand-père, assis à côté de l'église centrale pleurait pour ses grands-pères.

Le même jour, nous sommes revenus, chacun à sa maison. En écoutant les paroles de la chanson folklorique serbe *Là-bas loin*, j'ai encore gardé dans ma tête l'image du moment de cimetière. Tous ces combattants, frères, garçons et leurs pères ne voulaient pas fuir de ma tête, comme ils n'avaient pas fui du champ de bataille. Je les en remercie. Merci à eux, parce que sans eux, il n'y aurait pas de patrie où je retournerais, ni maison où je vivrais, ni famille que j'aimerais. Gloire à eux!

Veljko Uskokovic II-3



IMPRESSIONS RESENTIES DANS LE VOYAGE ET SURTOUT PENDANT LES CEREMONIES A THESSALONIQUE

À l'occasion du 98^{em} anniversaire de la percée du front Salonique, les élèves du lycée de Valjevo ont séjourné trois jours à Thessalonique avec leurs professeurs de français au début d'octobre. Le voyage a été organisé grâce à l'amiral Henry Lacaille. Les cérémonies se sont maintenues à Zeitenlik et à Polykastro.

Nous nous complaisons dans le voyage. Nous nous sommes retrouvés le soir à l'hôtel et le lendemain avons visité Zeitenlik. C'est un grand cimetière militaire. Il contient les dépouilles de soldats serbes, français, anglais, italiens, russes tombés durant l'Expédition de Salonique lors de la Première Guerre mondiale.

Dans l'entrée du mausolée se trouve la longue route sur laquelle sont disposés les tombes des soldats serbes et de nos alliés qui ont été tués dans la percée du front Salonique. Nous marchions lentement, en lisant les inscriptions sur les tombes et en même temps nous avons rendu l'hommage. Dans la partie centrale du cimetière se trouve le mausolée. Au-dessus de ce mausolée, est construite une belle

chapelle. Sur la face frontale de la chapelle il y a une figure de l'archange Michel. Il faisait chaud et les visiteurs se tenaient droit à l'ombre des grands cyprès qui ont gardé la paix et la tranquillité. Les cyprès se dressaient contre les ennemis comme les soldats de Thessalonique. Le cérémonial a marqué par les guirlandes qui ont mis sur la chapelle.

En un moment je devenais pensive... Plus que jamais je sentais la fierté parce que je suis née en Serbie. En imaginant, j'étais touchée sincèrement par les soldats qui ont combattu pour nous et seulement dans leurs yeux et leurs cœurs était la Serbie. Ce cimetière est notre bienfait, la place de l'étonnement. Nous y sommes tous unis, les morts qui luttèrent contre les ennemis et nous qui nous battons pour l'avenir.

Lorsque nous avons quitté le Zeitenlik, nous accompagnions les chœurs et la parole de chanson Là-bas loin.

L'arrivée au centre de Thessalonique était le retour à la réalité. La plus belle attraction que j'ai vu était le square de Aristotelous qui était magnifique et plein de pigeons. Après une courte promenade, nous sommes assis sur le rivage. J'ai senti une forte odeur d'eau salée qui a détendu mon corps et m'a fait penser. Les soldats de Thessalonique étaient assis au soleil, en accumulant les derniers morceaux de force pour les combats finaux.

Le dernier jour, nous avons visité le mémorial aux cinq alliés. Cette place est consacrée aux soldats et officiers morts pendant la Première Guerre mondiale.

Nous sommes retournés pleins d'impressions et de nouvelles connaissances de notre petit pays important. Ce voyage restera inoubliable !

Anja Simunić III-5



MONSUN, DER NICHT AUFHÖRT VON „SCHREI“, BIS „DREAM MACHINE“



Erinnern Sie sich an vier Jungs, die ein Lied über Monsun sangen? Ein geschminkter 15-jähriger Teenager mit schwarzer Mangafrisur, oder sein Zwillingenbrüder mit blonden Dreadlocks?

Falls Ihre Antwort positiv ist, dann wissen Sie bestimmt, dass es um Tokio Hotel geht! Bill, Tom, Georg und Gustav erfachten die Teeniehysterie seit Jahren. Die beste Kombination der Emotexte und Pop-Rock hat diese Jungs berühmt gemacht. Vor fast 17 Jahren gegründet (als Zwillinge nur 11 waren), hatten sie 4/5 nr. 1 Alben. Über 7 Millionen verkaufte CDs Weltweit, Konzerte, die mehr als eine Million Menschen auf der ganzen Welt genossen haben. Auf dieser Reise haben die vier Magdeburger unzählige internationale Preise gewonnen. Es sah so aus, dass sie alles erreicht haben. Ich erwähne nur das wichtigste:

Konzert in Paris für 600 000 Zuschauer, dann Konzert auf dem Dach des „Kosmos“ Kinos in Berlin und schließlich Silvesterauftritt für ca. 2 Millionen (2015) in den größten Stadt Deutschlands.

Vor 7 Jahren haben sie „Welcome to Humanoid City“ Tour gemacht (waren auch in Belgrad) und dann sind sie spurlos verschwunden. Sie haben eine fünfjährige Pause gemacht.

Aber jetzt sind unsere Jungs mit ihrem neuen Album „Dream Machine“ (Traummaschine) zurück!

„Eine Traummaschine“ zu haben, ist das Gefühl, das alles bedeutet und gleichzeitig gar nichts. Wir sind in Loitsche (kleines Dorf bei Magdeburg) aufgewachsen und jeder von uns hatte seine eigene Traumwelt in der er König war“, erklärt Frontman. Fans (die sich seit 2010 Aliens nennen), fragen sich ständig, warum sich Jungs entschieden haben, Album nur auf Englisch zu produzieren? „Bill mochte überhaupt nicht mehr die zwei Versionen der gleichen Song singen, das war tatsächlich schwer zu übersetzen“.

Zurzeit ist der berühmteste Quartet Deutschlands auf einer Tour, die „Dream Machine“ heißt.

Vor genau 2 Monaten habe ich ihr Konzert in Münchener „Tonhalle“ besichtigt. Ich hatte die Gelegenheit eine von 3500 Zuschauer sein. Zuerst hörte man Bills Stimme, die: „Dream Machine nimmt uns alle ein“ sagte. Danach machte man den Vorhang zu und da kam der Lightshow. Die Musiker fangen mit den neuen Liedern an. Alle trugen verschiedene Kostüme und sahen außergewöhnlich aus. Das Konzert begann in einem Synthie-Pop Still und wenn es langsam dem Ende näherte, kamen die alten Hits an die Reihe, wie z.B. „Schwarz“, oder „Durch den Monsun“. In diesem Moment sprangen alle und sangen die Songs wie eine Hymne. Ich hatte das Gefühl, dass alle im Publikum vergessen haben, wie alt sie wirklich sind und waren wieder elf, ganz egal wie alt sie damals (2005) tatsächlich waren.

Die Bandmitglieder spielten die letzten Songs für diesen Abend und ich wünschte mir, dass dieser Augenblick ewig dauern konnte. In der Mitte vom Lied „ Stop babe“, flogen die Konfetti und ich versuchte einige zu greiffen. „Vielen Dank, München, wir werden zurückkommen! Kommt alle gut nach Hause!“, sagte der Sänger und alle vier gingen weg. Ich dachte, dass es nur ein Traum war, dass ich mich na 100-er Mal aufwachen werde. Kein Traum konnte so schön sein, wie dieser einzigartige Augenblick, als ich Sie zum ersten Mal sah!

Tokio Hotel haben eine besondere Karriere, die andere Bands nur in eine Traummaschine einsetzen können und es scheint so, dass es nie beenden wird.

„Eine Tokio Hotel Show ist eben mehr als nur ein Konzert, es ist ein Event!“

So, „Deutsche Welle“

Ana Maksimovic II-5



WHAT OVERALL CRITIQUE IS CHARLES DICKENS MAKING ABOUT SOCIETY?

Charles lived in 19th-century England, where the exploitation of children was not only permitted but was actually quite normal. Children, being twelve or even less, were made to work in factories for a small, almost miserable salary, only so that they could support their family financially.

Charles, who had experienced this himself at the age of twelve, considered this to be the biggest problem of English society. He knew that many of these children were ripped off from not only their families, but also from their fortune. Taken away at such a young age and not allowed to go to school and be educated, their fate was already sealed. There were rare cases when someone was able to overcome and escape this fate. Charles was one among them, and thankful for that, he wanted to show people what their society really looked like.

The first example of that was the life of Oliver Twist, Charles', so called, first critique of society. Oliver, being an orphan, was destined either to become a thief or a worker in a factory. He was made a thief against his will and even though many people knew of his misfortune they turned their head like he didn't exist. Here, Charles is saying that society was not unaware of the problems, which were striking many people, but was simply ignoring it. But still, he believed that there were people who thought like him and were aware of the problems in the society, which is, maybe, the reason why most of his books have a happy ending.

Also, the society of that time was obsessed with money. While those who were the poorest and lived a modest life, were actually the happiest and content with what they had, those more fortunate were constantly looking for more money and more property. Even though, Charles had criticized them he believed that in every man there is even a little bit of goodness and that they can change.

Overall, Charles' critique of the society is that the people were too greedy for money and power, that they didn't choose in what way they will get what they wanted, simply ignoring the sufferings of all around them like they didn't exist. This all, really was painful for Charles, especially the suffering of children. But even so, as I already said, he believed that every man, no matter how bad he was, can change and little by little change the society itself.



Andela Ćirić III-4

THE FALCONS



A forest, dense, wild, with a river cutting through its hills. The only sign of man a few haphazardly placed houses and a bridge – a bridge which had been built for the purposes a railway, a railway upon which no train had reached its destination.

As we said, no other sign of human life except...but...what's this? A lone wanderer has emerged on a clearing on a hill opposite the bridge. He sits down among the wild sycamores and spruces. He makes no sound. Vapour rises from his mouth to the dreaming sky. Although it is late autumn and the first snow is expected to fall in a few days, he is dressed in a woolly jumper. He shows no sign of being cold.

He looks at the picturesque landscape before him. He looks and he looks ("he must be a nature lover" one would think). He takes out the binoculars from his backpack and starts scanning the vista. He sees the evergreens impervious to the cold, the river rushing in the gorge beneath him, a lonely falcon circling the sky (what is he looking for?) and he sees the bridge.

The path on the bridge was ordered to be covered with little rocks by the long-dreamed and long-forgotten railway. The rocks were meant to subdue the fury of the mighty trains. On the bridge the wanderer sees a far more elusive bird than a falcon. He sees a girl.

A girl with hair as black as ebony and the lips of red roses in bloom. Her eyes were two vortexes that you couldn't get out of. She is alone. Her mouth also sends vapour to the sky. She reaches for her binoculars and starts gazing through the forest. She looks and she looks. She too sees the evergreens, the river and..."what's this" she thought "another picaresque soul here? This far in the middle of nothing?"

She looks at him, he looks at her. They both send vapour to the sky. She waves, he waves back. She knows the way to that clearing on the hill and he knows the path to the bridge.

There are now two falcons in the sky. They are dancing.

Matija Cvetanović IV-4

FIFTY WORD SAGAS

We have to write a fifty word story-
Wait, what? Only fifty words? Just fifty?
Yeah, dude, the teacher said so...
Jesus
Okay... You only have twenty-eight words left.
You mean we already started?
Yeah
Oh god... Fine. What should I say?
I mean, anything really
Alright... My story begins-

Sofija Ranković II-4



My two aunts, Karen and Meredith, loved to fool around with me at every wedding. They would always poke me in the stomach and say "You're next, dear". They would then shuffle off, giggling. They eventually stopped after I did the same thing to them at my grandfather George's funeral.

Teodora Mitrović II-4



Isaac replaced his records with cassettes; then he replaced his cassettes with CD's and then his CD's with Mp3's.

When his apartment flooded, his computer and everything in his collection was ruined. He then decided the only thing left to do was to sing, play guitar and make music himself.

Adriana Radovanović II-4



We had many wonderful plans for the future. But now he and they are gone. People say: "Move on... The past is gone; you have the future". But my future was supposed to be with him. The future can be only one second. The future is now. I'm scared. Go.

Bojana Topalović II-4



It was midnight when Denisse heard a noise in her bedroom closet. A few days prior, she had seen a mouse running across the room, so she hoped it was just the mouse again. She slowly got out of bed and opened the closet door. Surprise! The mouse was dead.

Natalija Mojsilović II-4



I have always resented my mother's words. Be careful. Take care. Put on a coat, it's really cold outside. Like any other human being of my age, I love adventure and hazards. One day I realized that I was growing up changing my mind. I am becoming just like her.

Dunja Pavlović II-4



A married couple is sitting on a train, sharing a lasagna while giving each other smily faces. The woman takes a sip from her husband's cup and feeling something in her stomach, falls next to her seat.

A long mustached man approaches them, feels her pulse and declares her dead.

Nada Stjepanović II-4



Jake forgot his hat, gloves and coat too. He went down the street where he thought Brook was waiting for him. But she wasn't. The cold and empty sky made him feel tired. He sat down on a bench and felt like going home... But he forgot where home was.

Sara Tomić II-4

FREUNDSCHAFT IST.....

Freunde werden nie verloren gehen,wenn sie fest im Herzen stehn!Darum,wenn du auch nicht viel hörst von mir,bin ich in Gedanken stets bei Dir.

Freundschaft ist eine Sonne, die alle Sorgen in den Schatten stellt!

Freundschaft ist, füreinander da zu sein, ohne dass man den anderen darum bitten muss.

Freundschaft ist, wenn man beim ersten Wiedersehen nach langer Zeit das Gefühl hat, sich gerade erst gestern gesehen zu haben.

Ana Adžić III-4



FRIENDS HAVE MORE INFLUENCE THAN FAMILY ON TEENAGERS

The biggest changes in our life happen during our teenage years. We change both physically and mentally. We are able to see the big picture, that we are not the center of the world but just a tiny piece. And so we ask ourselves: “Who am I?“, “Why am I here?“, and “What is my purpose?“ And then we starting looking for answers. But who has more influence in this process: our family or our friends?

In my opinion- it is friends. Teenagers, like any other human being, want to be accepted. We are social creatures and we need others. That is why we want to be a part of the group. That is why teenagers rather listen to their peers then their parents. Another reason is the fact that the parents represent authority. Teenagers want to be free so they reject any kind of authority. But

it's interesting that they are afraid of their friend's opinion. It might sound a contradiction but that's what teenagers are, because they are not yet defined as a person.

On the other hand, family still has influence on them. You can choose your friends but not your relatives. Teenagers are not able to look after themselves so they must stay with their parents whether they like it or not. And we can't forget one thing – the love a child has for its parents. Just look at teenagers with divorced or deceased parents and you will see how unhappy they are. But even though they are important, they have less effect on teenagers than their friends.

In conclusion, whether it is good or bad, friends have more influence than family. But that is not necessarily a bad thing. That doesn't mean that they will grow up to be bad people because the most important thing that defines you is your own choice.

Aleksandar Krstić III-2



FRIENDS HAVE MORE INFLUENCE THAN FAMILY ON TEENAGERS

Most people think that friends have more influence on teenagers than the family has, but I don't share that opinion. But of course, every possible topic that can be brought up has at least two points of view, and it always depends on the situation someone is in.

You spend your childhood mostly with your family. They are the ones who teach you the most important things in life. They are the ones whose opinions you unconsciously take like they came from your mind. The fact is that the child

learns the most important things in its pre-teen years, and they are spent with family. So, when that part of life is completed and you are a human being with a partly formed state of mind, friends usually can't destroy what you have already built. You know what is good and what is bad by that time. Of course, you are going to change a lot over the years, but if it has to be somebody's influence, it will be the family's.

On the other hand, some teenagers are over-worried about what other people think and they are possible to succumb to the mass, or at least people they are surrounded with.

It can also happen when the family wasn't by their side as much as it should, and now they don't really know how to behave right. And of course, they might be sad and lonely so even if they know something a group of people they are in does wrong, they will still stay in it because they don't have anyone else; and certainly don't have the strength to pursue doing what they want by themselves.

Overall, I would say that what happens in pre-teen years defines who will have the influence on a teenager when he reaches that phase. But in most cases the family is the one you let form your thoughts about a lot of things. Even if someone doesn't want it to happen, if they have a normal childhood, they will pick up things and thoughts made by their family, not someone who came in their life at some point and might go as fast as he came.

Nina Čolić III-2

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP BRING MORE HAPPINESS THAN MONEY

People say that true happiness lies in rewarding relationships, not material wealth. Do they behave like that?

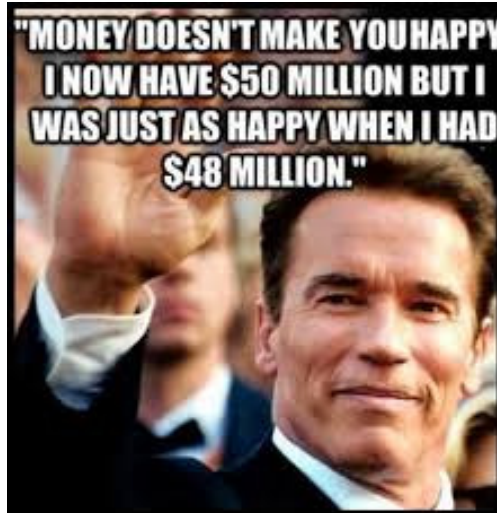
Firstly, having money gets rid of the stress of financial insecurity and provides a kind of luxury. Many people dream of being rich. They think that things which they can buy with money such as big houses, fancy cars and long vacations make them happy.

However, being rich does not mean only having money, without friends, a good relationship with family and positive mind. Material happiness is not endless and exists only while we have money. Friends and family will always be in our lives, also when we do not have money. Money is not an alive thing which talk to us, give us advice or help us in trouble.

In my opinion money cannot buy eternal joy in our lives. Money is a basic need to purchase our necessities.

To sum up, happiness is not determined by what your bank account could afford. Happiness is when you now how to appreciate the small things which life brings you.

Marija Đurđević III-6



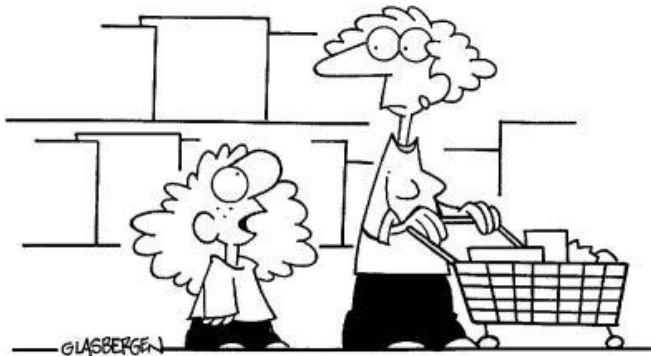
LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP BRING MORE HAPPINESS THAN MONEY

‘Money can’t buy happiness’-my parents used to tell me this every time I asked them to buy me something.

It is true that it can bring you some things so you don’t feel sad but, there are more important things than money. There is no such feeling as love -a magical whirlpool of emotions and even more important –friends. Friendships are the best relationships ever! Knowing that you have someone helping you in tough situations is priceless, it makes our lives a little less empty and grey. Having the best friend is like having a brother or a sister who knows all your secrets and who is always there for you. He is willing to help even when no one else is. Love is, on the other side, something you use to get away from reality, and to love someone means to think about him\her all day long, all night long... If you dream about that person, then you re in love, you are lucky to be someone`s dream, believe me. That means he would give you everything he has, no matter what your feelings to him\her are.

Buy love, if you can...

Miloš Stojanović III-6



"I don't know how to act my age.
I've never been my age before!"

BEING OF AGE: A CURSE OR A BLESSING?

Is being of age a curse or a blessing? Well, it depends on a person and their perspective.

For example, if the person is independent by nature, he or she will find it particularly easy to swim through the waters of life when the time comes and will be looking forward to the freedom it brings. On the other hand, if a person is particularly dependent, for

example on their parents, siblings or friends to arrange their life, they just may not be looking forward to being of age so much.

But with freedom comes responsibility. A person who doesn't build up their working habits as a teenager won't be as much of a productive member of society as someone who is used to finishing all their tasks and school work on time. It's also important for a person to be organized and able to share a house/flat with other people, for example in college. Just because you left home doesn't mean you should forget about personal hygiene and live in a mess.

So to sum it up, being of age is neither a curse nor a blessing. It can be a little tricky for someone who is not so independent or hasn't ever been away from home with friends, but as long as you have basic organization skills and respect others, you will do great and still have fun.

Aleksa Petrović III-6



FAMILY KNOWS BEST

He couldn't believe that this was happening. It wasn't supposed to be like this. Dean stood in the hallway of his home, shaking. His thoughts were wandering everywhere, anywhere, just to be far away from this place, this time. The deep voice of a policeman took him back to reality. "Accept my condolences", said the policeman, trying to sound like he cared. In fact, he didn't. No one did, except Dean. Sarah had been the only woman he had ever loved. She was smart and beautiful, her only flaw being poverty. His family were aristocratic, they owned a lot of banks and companies around the world. No member of said family had been happy when he introduced them to his fiancée. "They did this on purpose", he thought, as the policeman was still talking. The night before his family had thrown a grand party and Sarah was invited. They had been so courteous, almost sociable with her. However, Dean knew

better. They must have poured something in her drink when neither of them was looking. That's why she had had a car accident, Dean was sure. Sarah had always been a careful driver, his family were to blame for her death. However, at that moment, he was unable to do anything, he was broken. The policeman was still talking when he put down the phone and began to cry.

Jovana Tadić IV- 4

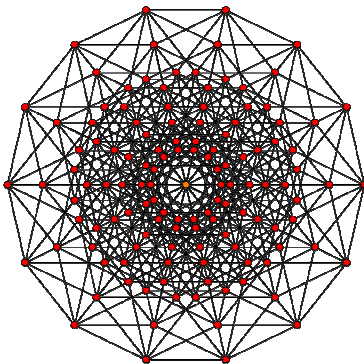
THE BEST DAY OF MY LIFE

Ah yes. The day came. The day that I had unknowingly been expecting, as my sub consciousness knew. The black hole in my soul caused by the monotone, colourless continuity of everyday state of being and routine was filled with a healthy dose of mysticism, as my soul started expanding and flourishing in every direction.

What was it that caused me to feel that way, you may ask, noble reader?

I started a project a few months before with the goal to draw a seven dimensional cube. For a human it is impossible to even see a four dimensional cube, let alone draw a seven dimensional one, but let us not get into details. My beloved cube I had spent weeks on measuring, correcting, calculating and connecting dots had finally been finished. 't was in the middle of a mundane and moth-eaten history class. As I connected the last line, I put my pencil down and looked around. The dull voice of the teacher and the whispers of my classmates disappeared. Thoughts and desires did not disturb me, as the boundaries of time started fading. A moment of transcendence as some might call it, where earthly desires seem puny and funny.

I started thinking about the people around me. Curled up in the warm coat of everyday life, their soul comfortably sitting in emptiness, swallowed by the dark of unwilling ignorance, never to feel as I at this moment.



Pride descended upon me like a sick raven, created solely for the purpose of bringing evil. But alas, emotions are something that operates beyond one's control.

As all good things must come to an end, time went back to normal, and the teacher's tiresome voice crawled back into my ears. The rest of the day I spent acting like nothing had happened. However that day I felt something new and fulfilling, and it remains one of the best experiences I've had so far.

Janko Ljubičić I-5

LA DANSE

J'ai lu que la danse était développée avant tous les sports. Ce n'était pas l'activité physique comme le football ou volleyball, c'était et restait le point de l'haute culture. Ce sport développait avec l'homme pendant des années. Et, avec le temps seulement le nom des danses était changé.

J'ai lu beaucoup de textes de ce sport et c'est pourquoi j'ai décidé d'aller à l'école de danse à l'âge de 7 ans. A mon opinion, la danse a beaucoup d'avantages. Tout d'abord, la santé est mieux. Vous n'avez pas de problèmes avec votre dos ou votre corps si vous dansez. Aussi, vous avez l'air de personne qui a de l'auto confiance. C'est pourquoi on dit que les danseurs laissent les meilleures impressions aux autres. Cependant, les autres disent que les danseurs donnent de l'énergie positive. J'ai entendu que les personnes qui font de la musique sont plus intelligentes que les personnes non musicales. Les expérimentas ont prouvé que les danseurs ont le cerveau qui est mieux développé. Je pense que tout le monde doit essayer de danser parce que de cette façon on se débarrasse du stress.

Maintenant je suis très contente de moi-même, de ma santé et en plus, je ne m'énerve plus !

Todora Djurašinović IV-5

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP BRING MORE HAPPINESS THAN MONEY

Maybe, the biggest problem of us, humans is that we cannot see the things that are in front of our eyes.

When we have bad times, problems, when all what we want is to cry, money won't speak up and tell us that everything is going to be okay. Friends know you the best, they can see you are sad, even when you smile, they can see it right there, in your eyes, that deep inside something is not okay. When you are alone in your darkest nights, money won't stay up at night to make sure that you are alright.

But, besides all that, can we live without money?

Of course, we cannot, but having a lot of money won't make us happy, maybe just temporarily. In my opinion we are too scared. Look at us, we are young and scared. Scared that we won't have enough money to live good life or that we won't find a good job. We are paralyzed by our fears. We get lost in the wrong things. We forget that the most beautiful things in life are not objects. They are people, places, pictures and memories. They are feelings and moments, smiles and the fact that we are all capable of extraordinary things.

Don't restrict yourself to money. Your life should be full of adventures, love, friends and first of all, full of happiness.

In the end, always remember what Margaret Walker says: 'Friends and good manners will carry you where money won't go.'

Mijailović Jovana III-6

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST

Click, I'm logging in. Scrolling on my facebook page, getting lower nothing but music, pictures and then his face. In my suggested friends list I see him. I see his face in the little box. I really want to keep scrolling, but I can't keep going...

Click, I see his entire profile.

Click, now I know where he lives, what music, what movies, even what food he likes.

Click, now I'm staring at his cold dead eyes. He's sitting in his white shirt, not even a grin on his face, holding a knife and cigarette in his hands.

Click, he's showing his tattoos, I'm looking at liquor at his hand and drugs on the table where my body slammed.

Click, what is this? He's holding a child. Is that smile on his face? How can hands with so much dirt on them hold something so pure. I'm not even sure.

Click, picture with a woman, I guess his wife, again smile like he lives a beautiful life.

I call him the wolf. The predator. The evil who took all of my goodness. But now I'm not sure. I just want to shout, but, click, I'm logging out.

Andjela Simic IV-4



-SCARS-

Thank you for being in my life.

Thank you for every hug, every kiss and every time you tried to understand me.

Thank you for suffering with me and stopping all my tears, even the ones that you made.

Thank you for telling me that I am beautiful, even when I thought I'm not.

Thank you for loving me the way I am, damaged, awkward and yours.

Thank you for all the things you do for me.

Thank you for all the days we spent together and I want to spend much more, only with you, forever.

Because of all those things, I'm begging you not to go.

I want you by my side, because you're my art, my universe and all I want.

I want to love you every day, to make love with your soul.

To feel all your fears, your sadness and to try to cure it like you cured mine.

I want to paint on your body, to kiss every part of you.

To tell you that I'm all just yours and to hear you're mine too.

I want to give you all I have, my body, heart and soul.

I don't need that anymore, and that's all now yours.

Maybe I'm damaged, and sometimes you say I'm crazy.

But my craziness is also yours.

I want to hurt myself and go far, far away.

But when you're here I change my mind and want to stay.

When you touch my scars and bruises they're not painful anymore.

And when you sadly ask "Does it hurt?" I don't want to do it anymore.

Andrijana Pavlović III-4

IT WAS THE BEST DAY SHE HAD EVER HAD

"You need to be louder, people in the front row won't be able to hear you!" the director was screaming at the actors. There was one girl in the audience watching the rehearsal and she wished that he was yelling at her.

She was four when her grandma took her to a live performance for the first time. She does not remember what it was about, but she remembers the feeling. Right after that she started taking acting classes. She was really good, but she did not have any support except for her grandma. And then she died. It was a terrible car accident and her grandma burnt in flame along with her dream.

It had been twenty years since the day she swore at her grandma's grave. She promised that she would not be acting for two decades. She wanted to punish herself for losing the only person that loved her.

On the anniversary of her death, the granddaughter went to see a rehearsal for her once favorite show. The director who was screaming at the actor was strangely staring at her. Then he approached her and asked to come with him behind the stage. She was frightened, but she had a good feeling, like the one she had when she was four. He escorted her to the massive wooden door with her grandma's name on it. Her eyes were full of tears. She entered the room and saw a big picture of her grandma with flowers and candles around.

Her grandma was the star of the theater, when she was younger. And since she had the same appearance as her grandma and big green eyes, she got the lead role. She was never happier in her life.

Danijela Radojević III-6





DOROTHY

Roseanne Merryweather was described by the people who knew her as a girl with her head in the clouds. One day Roseanne was daydreaming in her room and looking through the window. Her thoughts were broken by something red that sparkled amongst the fallen leaves in the park opposite her house.

Upon closer examination Roseanne discovered that the glistening red thing was actually a pair of red shoes. Having recently read “The Wizard of Oz”, she, imagining that fiction could become reality, put the shoes on her feet (they were a perfect fit!) and said the profound “There’s no place like home”, thrice, just like Dorothy.

Suddenly everything around her became a blur. She saw bits and fragments of places, but they wouldn’t hold for long. It was as if she was everywhere and nowhere at the same time, until she finally appeared in her bedroom, next to the window from which she had seen the shoes.

Roseanne, having realised that Dorothy’s story was more fact than fiction, rushed to the drawer in which she kept her photo album. From the album she then took a photo of a man and woman holding a little girl between them. They were surrounded by a lush forest and there was a waterfall behind them.

With the picture in her hands, she said her “no place like home”-s, but nothing happened, no blur came. She repeated it again and again to no end. She then thought that she had to be outside for it to work. She went to the park and said the words again and this time the blur came. The only problem was that she was back by her window – not where she wanted to be.

She then started screaming “There’s no place like home” and running around the town. Eventually the people took notice of the crazy girl yelling in the town centre and abruptly disappearing after that. As a result the police started chasing her around town.

Roseanne then started screaming random words such as “home”, “everywhere”, “here”, “there”, “love”. I can’t say which one of these words was the adequate trigger, but she finally managed to disappear from that cold hearted town, to the abashment of the police.

Roseanne opened her, before her was a forest, the waterfall and no police officers. She smiled, then laughed and then started looking around her (as if she was waiting for someone). There was no one there. She was alone.

When Roseanne eventually realised this she started crying and weeping. She was there where she wanted to be, but the people she wanted to be there weren’t. She was alone. She then took those wretched shoes that gave her false hope off her feet and threw them into the roaring water below the waterfall. She waited for something to happen. Nothing happened.

Matija Cvetanović IV – 4

WARUM LERNT MAN FREMDSPRACHEN?

Die Sprache ist nicht nur ein System von Zeichen, sondern auch ein Mittel der Kommunikation und ein Merkmal von jeder Nation. Wir sollen unsere Sprachen entwickeln aber auch die andere Sprachen lernen.

Wir können nicht kommunizieren nur mit Zeichen ohne Sprachen. Eine Sprache hilft Kultur jeder Gesellschaft zu definieren.

Sprachen führen uns in eine magische Welt der Träume und Phantasien. Es ist sicher, dass Sprache unsere Persönlichkeit verbessert.

Die menschliche Sprache ist einzigartig, weil es ein Symbolisches Kommunikationssystem ist. Jede Sprache ist ein Geschenk und wir sollen unsere Muttersprache entwickeln.

Je mehr Sprachen wir sprechen, desto mehr Anblickweisen haben wir auf die Welt. Wir sollen so viele Sprachen lernen, wie wir können, weil wenn wir eine neue Sprache lernen, lernen wir neue leute kennen und mehr über das Land und die Kultur erfahren. In der Welt gibt es 7000 Sprachen.

Ich lerne in der Schule Englisch, Deutsch und Latein.

Deutsch als Fremdsprache ist weitverbreitet in viele Schulen und Hochschulen. Ich denke, dass Englisch lernen ein Muss ist.

Kleine Kindern lernen am besten, und Kindern, die von der Kindheit in einer zweisprachigen Umgebung leben, sind intelligenter.

Die Grammatik jeder Sprache ist spezifisch und unterschiedlich. Deshalb sollen wir Grammatik lernen.

Auf anderer Seite zeigen Jugendliche Emotionen und sie sprechen nicht viel miteinander. Das hat einen schlechten Einfluss auf Sprachen aber auf diese Weise können sie eine neue Sprache entwickeln. Sie nützen verkürzte Worte und machen neue unter dem Einfluss vom Englischen.

Heutzutage haben neue Informations – und Kommunikationstechnologien den größten Einfluß auf Kultur, auf Kommunikation und auf Sprachen.

Es gibt auch Vorurteilen, wenn es um lernen von toten Sprachen geht. Das ist aber nicht richtig, weil viele „tote Sprachen“ Grundlage für viele Sprachen sind.

Wir sollen begreifen, die Bedeutung von Sprachen, weil sie sehr wichtig für Leute und für Welt sind.

Nevena Žujović II-5

DESCRIPTION OF A PLACE

Last summer, I was on Uvac Lake.

Uvac Lake is an ideal place for a relaxing holiday. It is situated in the south-west of Serbia and it takes five hours drive from Valjevo to Raškrait takes 30- minute drive from Novi Pazar to Uvac Lake.

There are many other mountains, lakes and rivers. Uvac Lake is famous for meanders. There is a wide variety of breathtaking scenery, which makes the region so attractive.

This lake is surrounded by pastures. The main profession of the inhabitants is agriculture. People grow vegetables and raise animals. They have the most quality cheese in Europe and they also have plenty of dairy products. People are very polite and hardworking.

There is the Ice cave on the river bank that you can only approach by boat .If you visit Uvac Lake, visiting the cave is a must. There are various decorations in the cave and it is very popular for visitors. This region offers day trips to suit every taste. Raška is an ideal place for nature lovers. Sailing on the lake is a fantastic experience.

Also, Uvac Lake is famous for birds, especially griffon vulture. There are a lot of forests and fertile land. Raška is an area of outstanding natural beauty.

Everyone needs to visit this region as it is quite an experience.

Aleksandra Andrić

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