

Полиглота



Pourquoi vouloir écrire un sketch à ses élèves pour la fête des langues du lycée quand on sait que la littérature française propose une multitude de textes de grande qualité ?

Tout d'abord pour les remercier de leur participation en classe et leur montrer qu'elle peut déboucher, aussi, sur des activités ludiques. Ainsi, le texte « La récré » a germé dans ma tête après l'enthousiasme créé en classe par la question « Qui auriez-vous aimé être ? ».

Ensuite parce que des textes qui touchent directement les étudiants, les rendent « acteurs en classe », peuvent faire passer plus facilement certains « messages pédagogiques ». Cela est évident dans le texte « La recette », un peu moins pour « La récré » et ses contenus linguistiques (niveaux de langue), ses jeux de mots typiquement français (le bon appart' de Napoléon), et ses références à la culture française, d'où un travail sur la langue en classe.

Enfin parce que j'aime mon métier et voir des élèves sortir de classe dans la bonne humeur et le sourire aux lèvres est un des plus beaux cadeaux que l'on peut faire à l'enseignant que je suis. Cela mérite bien que l'on consacre un peu de temps de sa vie privée pour eux !

Bonne lecture.

Jean-François Goupil

D'Artagnan , Aramis, Athos, Porthos, Tony Parker, Coco Chanel, Audrey Tautou, Edith Piaf, Le petit Prince, Jeanne d'Arc (La serveuse) , Napoléon (le Tavernier)

Les mousquetaires sont assis autour d'une table.

D'Artagnan :

Comme il est agréable

Autour de cette table

De goûter une journée

Aussi ensoleillée !

Athos

De la reine les ferrets

Nous avons retrouvés

Et comme récompense

Nous voici en vacances !

Porthos

Elles sont bien méritées

Oh là ! Bon tavernier

Après tous nos exploits

Tu sais bien que je bois !

Napoléon entre en scène

Napoléon

Et qu'est-ce que je vous sers

Messieurs les mousquetaires ?

Un petit Armagnac

Qu'apporte ma Jeanne d'Arc ?

Jeanne d'Arc, qui essuyait une table à côté, arrive

Jeanne d'Arc

Tout ce que vous voulez

Si ce n'est point le thé

De ces fichus Anglais

Que j'aimerais bouter

Pour qu'ils finissent, exsangues,

De polluer notre langue !

Athos

C'est tout à votre honneur

Poliglota

Pour moi, un jambon beurre !

D'Artagnan

Mais qui est cette belle

Au fond de la ruelle ?

Dis-moi donc, Aramis,

Connais-tu cette miss ?

Aramis

De bonne famille issue

Elle s'occupe de tissus

Quand nous étions ailleurs

Elle créait son tailleur

Elle est très au parfum

Des modes de demain.

Coco Chanel se plante devant Aramis

Coco Chanel

Ah monsieur D'Artagnan !

Je vous vois, finalement !

Vous êtes mon sauveur

Pour moi un jambon beurre !

D'Artagnan tousse... Jeanne d'Arc revient sur ses pas

Jeanne d'Arc

La beauté d'un regard
Chère madame, vous égare
Ah ! Que de préjugés !
Monsieur est Aramis
Et voici D'Artagnan
Il est vrai, moins charmant !

D'Artagnan tousse à nouveau. Porthos éclate de rire

D'Artagnan

Qu'as-tu donc, cher Porthos ?
Je vois que tu te gausse
Laisse ta place à madame
Ou le pion je te dame ! (*Et ce tournant vers Coco*)
Que pouvons – nous pour vous
Belle au parfum si doux ?

Coco (s'adressant à Porthos)

Oh non monsieur restez !
Nous sommes cinq, c'est parfait !
Ce chiffre porte bonheur.
Alors, ce jambon beurre ?

Napoléon

Il ne va pas tarder
La Jeanne y est allée
Quand on parle de cochon
Elle s'enflamme pour de bon

D'Artagnan

A propos de cochon

Revenons à nos moutons

Le Petit Prince entre en courant

Le Petit Prince

Dessine-moi un mouton

Dessine-moi un mouton !

Athos

Qui est donc ce gamin

Que je ne connais point?

Le Petit Prince

Je suis le Petit Prince

Et pour Coco, j'en pince !

Edith Piaf

(elle entre sur scène en fredonnant...)

Quand il me prend dans ses bras...

D'Artagnan

Mais qu'est donc cette voix ?

Porthos

Synonyme d'un oiseau

Sa chanson vole haut

D'Artagnan

Mais qu'est-ce que vous me dites ?

Porthos

Piaf ! De son prénom Edith

Elle n'est jamais morose

Et voit des avions roses

Le Petit Prince

Mais non ! La vie **en** rose

Tu allais à l'école ?

Porthos

J'étais toujours en colle !

Le Petit Prince

Ça s'appelle des nasales !

Porthos

Ah ? Ce n'est point banal !

Le Petit Prince

La langue sur le palais

Et l'air qui sort du nez !

Napoléon

Messieurs, un bon vin blanc ?

Nasales du restaurant !

D'Artagnan

Et qui est la donzelle

Qui est à côté d'elle ?

Coco

Pour toi, Jean-Pierre Cassel

Pour moi, Tautou la belle !

Poliglota

Tu entres dans l'histoire ?

Voilà le septième art !

Tautou

Ah ! Comme j'eusse aimé

Pouvoir interpréter

Constance Bonacieux

Qui sut capter vos yeux !

Edith Piaf

Moi pour le septième art

C'est Marion Cotillard

Qui reçut un César

Le petit prince

Moi, mon copain renard

Je l'ai apprivoisé

En dessin animé!

Porthos

Mon cheval n'entend rien

Quand Amélie Poulain

Passe, ma chère Audrey

Sur les écrans télé

Athos

Arrête ton cinéma!

Mais tu ne vois donc pas

Que c'est pour Aramis

Que se pâme la miss!

Aramis

Mes amis je m'en fiche!
C'est Milla Jovovich
Qui pour moi au ciné
Me fait vraiment flipper!

Napoléon

Si ma Jeanne vous entend
C'est à moi, chenapan,
Que vous aurez à faire
Si elle entend ces vers!

d'Artagnan

Et à propos de verres...

Jeanne (*arrivant de la cuisine avec un jambon beurre*)

Oui, qu'est-ce que je vous sers?

Coco

Enfin mon jambon beurre!
Vous avez mis des heures!
Si vous mettez cent ans
Pour servir les clients
Notre Napoléon
Fermera la maison!

Athos

Partira en exil?
Peut-être bien sur une île?

Porthos

Poliglota

Petit point sur la carte

Trouver un bon appart'!

Aramis

Et se la couler douce...

Pour moi ce s'ra une mousse!

d'Artagnan (*se tournant vers Coco*)

Ah! quels énergumènes!

Quel bon vent vous amène?

Coco

Et bien voilà, mon cher

Je suis là pour affaires

Un ballon arrive sur scène

d'Artagnan (*se levant et prenant son épée*)

Mais qu'est-ce que cela?

Serait-ce un attentat?

Tony Parker

Non ce n'est qu'un ballon

Salut Napoléon!

Et comme je suis meneur

Je veux un jambon beurre

Porthos

Mais qui est cet intrus?

Coco

Je dirais mal vêtu

Tony Parker

C'est une tenue de sport!

Mon métier je l'adore

Et on connaît par cœur

Mon nom, Tony Parker

Edith Piaf

Je l'ai vu jouer, c'est bien

Je ne regrette rien

Il avait un grand air

Un air de légionnaire

Et j'avoue toute la nuit

N'avoir pensé qu'à lui

Tony Parker

Tu as raison la même

Je n'suis pas un fantôme

Mais un sportif un vrai!

Je prends aussi un thé

Jeanne

Ah non là pas question!

Nous ici les ballons

C'est de bon rouge qu'ils sont!

Et la perfide Albion...

Passez votre chemin

Tony Parker

Pauvre de Coubertin!

Napoléon

Poliglota

Et chez nous les paniers

Ils ne sont point percés!

Tony Parker

J'ai compris je m'en vais

Porthos

C'est cela, allez jouer

Nous sommes entre gens bien

Passez votre chemin!

le petit Prince

Tu as un vol de nuit

Pour rejoindre ton lit

Coco

Alors, où en étais-je?

De pub vous parlais-je?

Jeanne

Ah non ça recommence!

Ici on est en France

C'est un bar restaurant!

Coco

Du calme mon enfant

C'est de publicité

Que je voulais parler!

Je vous couvrirai d'or

Tautou (*en regardant Edith*)

Et de lumière aussi?

Edith

Arrête donc, Amélie
De faire toujours ta belle
C'est pas d' moi, c'est du Brel !

Tautou

Si elle fait un effort (*elle montre Coco*)
Allez entrez, mille ors!

d'Artagnan

Excusez ma faiblesse
La publicité, qu'est-ce?

Coco

Un truc où des héros
Font qu'un produit est beau

Aramis

Ah, vous parlez de moi!
Mon cœur est en émoi

Porthos

Et comme à chaque fois
On a besoin de moi
Je m'assois moi aussi
Et ouvre en grand mes ouïes

Athos

Et pour vos personnages
Faut-il aussi un sage?
Si ainsi il en est

Poliglota

Je suis à vos côtés

Coco (elle s'est levée et s'est éloignée de la table)

Venez là, mes amis

Je pensais faire ainsi.

Aramis et Athos (*elle leur montre où se mettre*)

Et à côté Porthos!

Jeanne, approchez, venez

Et ces lignes lisez! (*elle lui tend une feuille et s'éloigne*)

Jeanne

Au début ils sont trois

A défendre le roi

(D'Artagnan s'approche)

Arrive un quatrième

Et déjà tous on l'aime

(Ils croisent leurs épées)

Un pour tous, tous pour un!

Tous plus un, le parfum!

(ils s'écartent et Coco arrive)

Cinq de Coco Channel

Et la vie est plus belle...

(Tous entrent sur scène, le petit Prince devant)

Le petit Prince

(il scande lentement et fort les mots. les autres derrière lui lèvent au fur et à mesure un carton sur lequel est écrit en gros le mot qu'il prononce. il lève le dernier carton)

Fais (carton 1) **de** (carton 2) **ta** (carton 3) **vie** (carton 4) **un** (carton 5) **rêve**, (carton 6) **et** (carton 7)

d'un (carton 8) **rêve** (carton 9) **une** (carton 10) **réalité** (carton 11)

(Onze personnages onze cartons)

LA RECETTE

Tamara / Jelena J.: Chapeau de cuisinier sur la tête et tablier. Une cuillère en bois

Les autres: Tabliers (elles sont autour de Tamara et Jelena, un peu en retrait)

Au centre de la scène, un peu en retrait, une grosse marmite sur une table

Sur la table, des bouteilles en plastique sur lesquelles on peut lire les mots:

MASTILO - VI TI - GLAGOL - CLAN - AKCENAT

Tamara et Jelena: Bon, les filles, vous êtes prêtes?

Les autres: Oui, on vous écoute!

Jelena: Alors tout d'abord, vous faites chauffer un peu d'encre et vous y faites revenir les sujets que vous avez choisis au marché. Attention, ne les faites pas trop cuire, juste blondir. Sinon vous êtes hors sujet!

Tijana: D'accord. Oh dis donc, tu mets beaucoup de tu!

Minja: Moi ma mère, quand elle a des invités à la maison, elle préfère mettre des vous!

Jelena: Oui, je sais, mais tu vois, moi je trouve que le vous est trop onctueux. Le tu est plus léger...

Dusica: C'est vrai, moi aussi je trouve que la saveur du tu est plus directe en bouche.

Tamara: Bien, maintenant, après les avoir épluchés , vous ajoutez les verbes et lorsqu'ils se sont bien conjugués avec les sujets, vous pouvez si vous voulez y mettre aussi un peu d'adverbes.

Todora: Le temps?

Jelena: Moi, je fais rissoler, mais ce n'est pas impératif!

Poliglota

Milica M: Tu ne mets pas de négation?

Jelena: Non, jamais! Je trouve que la négation, ça enlève quelque chose au goût.

Ana: Moi ma mère, des fois elle ne fait pas attention et elle met trois doses de négation!

Milica K: Quelle erreur!

Andrijana: Quelle horreur, tu veux dire! Cela doit être indigeste!

Tamara: Bien. Maintenant, on ajoute le complément et on assaisonne avec un peu d'articles.

Jana: Ah oui, les articles, c'est déterminant je trouve!

Jelena: Et maintenant je goûte et si c'est trop fade je saupoudre avec des accents.

Milica M: Ah, tu mets des accents graves? Moi je préfère les circonflexes, je les trouve plus épicés...

Minja: Moi, ma mère ne met que des accents aigus. Elle dit que la majorité des recettes sont faites avec des aigus.

Jelena J: Et comme ponctuation, tu mets quoi?

Tamara: Là, c'est un secret que je vous donne, les filles! Je mets des points de suspension, qui laissent un arrière-goût dans la bouche.

Tijana: Et tu l'accompagnes avec quoi, ce plat?

Jelena: Moi, je le sers avec une bonne intonation

Tamara: Moi je préfère le servir avec un peu de phonétique...

Todora: Mais dis donc, c'est une recette régionale ou nationale?

Jelena: Pourquoi tu me demandes ça?

Todora: Ben, tu n'as pas mis de complément de lieu, alors je me demandais...

Jelena: En fait, on cuisine ce plat dans beaucoup de pays, tu sais! C'est international !

Milica K: Et bien moi, tout ça, ça me donne faim!

Elles passent toutes sur le devant de la scène. Elles ont toutes dans les mains un carton retourné. D1 lève son carton au dessus de la tête et montre la lettre C.

D1(en rouge): C comme...?

Toutes les autres: Champagne!

D1 rabaisse le carton (et ainsi de suite pour les autres)

G1 (en blanc): J comme...?

Toutes les autres: Jagnjetina!

D2 (en bleu): F comme...?

Toutes les autres: Fromage!

G2 (en bleu): B comme...?

Toutes les autres: Burek!

D3(rouge): E comme...?

Toutes les autres: Eclair au chocolat!

G3 (en rouge): S comme...?

Toutes les autres: Sarma!

D4(en blanc): A comme...?

Toutes les autres: Asperges à la crème!

G4 (en blanc): A comme...?

Toutes les autres: Ajvar!

D5(en bleu): R comme...?

Toutes les autres: Ratatouille!

G5(en bleu): I comme...?

Toutes les autres: Isleri

D6(en blanc): N comme...?

Toutes les autres: Noix de Saint-Jacques!

G6 (en rouge): R comme...?

Toutes les autres: Rakija!

Poliglota

Toutes les 12 hurlent:

Bon appétit !

Elles se déplacent et lèvent au-dessus de leurs têtes les cartons. A gauche apparaît le mot SRBIJA, à droite le mot FRANCE, et la couleur de leurs polos donne les couleurs des drapeaux nationaux.

Disposition scène 1

	S	A U		T R	
	E		A1 - A2		E
L			Table		S

Disposition scène 2

		G1		D1	
		G2		D2	
	G4			D4	
	G5				D5
G6					D6

Puis, avant de lever les cartons

G3	G6	G2	G5	G1	G6	D2	D5	D4	D6	D1	D3
S	R	B	I	J	A	F	R	A	N	C	E

Jean-François Goupil

БУНТ В БИБЛИОТЕКЕ



Ученики, изучающие русский язык, в этом году переводили разные литературные тексты. Здесь, приводим отрывок из детского театрального спектакля „Бунт в библиотеке”, который ученики перевели с сербского языка. Они адаптировали текст и поставили красочный и весёлый спектакль.

Марко Кралевиц: Госпидя, какой же шум!

Безумный шляпник: Мы поднимаем восстание!

Марко Кралевиц: Какое это восстание без меня?

Моль: А кто ты, вообще?

Марко Кралевиц: Как – кто я? Это я – Кралевиц Марко!

Спящая красавица: Ооо, так боюсь! (скрывается)

Марко Кралевиц: Когда я не боюсь такой красавицы с усами и рогами, чего ты боишься?

Спящая красавица: Надо вам сказать, что это вообще не примета джентльмена.

Марко Кралевиц: Какой тут джем? Я не ем джем, я пью только вино. Я герой! Но, пусть не терять время. Против кого поднимаем восстание?

Спящая красавица: Против тех, кто разрывает нас, пишет каракулями по нас, дырявит циркулем или оставит нас в пыли и сырости.

Марко Кралевиц: Я с вами! Считайте, что восстание начинается! Где турки?

Моль: А почему турки?

Марко Кралевиц: А против кого поднимаем восстание?

Безумный шляпник: Против бесстыдных читателей.

Белоснежка: Которые нас колют, секут, зажигают!

Марко Кралевиц: Кто, турки?

Спящая красавица: Иногда не возвращают книги во время.

Марко Кралевиц: Кто, турки?

Безумный шляпник: Какие там турки? Бесстыдные читатели!

Марко Кралевиц: Значит, восстание!

Все: Восстание! Восстание! Восстание!

Гайди: Друзья! Вы с ума сошли?

Безумный шляпник: Я не знаю про них, я такой с самого рождения.

Гном Засоня: Уходим навсегда из книг!

Все: Так и есть! Так и будет!

Гайди: Вы не можете!

Марко Кралевич: Ууу, тебя спрашивать будем!

Гайди: Лучше послушайте меня.

Марко Кралевич: А кто ты, вообще?

Моль: Это Гайди.

Гайди: То что вы хотите, совсем невозможно, будет катастрофа.

Спящая красавица: Так и надо быть! Увидим этих дерзавцев, когда книги станут только бесценными кучами слов.

Гном Чихун: Раскаются они, когда не будем больше улыбаться со страниц книг.

Гном Весельчак: Давай, пойдём!

Гайди: А куда вы думаете пойти? Да, мы вне этой библиотеки не существуем. Все мы плод мечты.

Белоснежка: Но, внутри книг терпим невиданные оскорбления.

Гайди: Да, есть и этого, но больше хороших читателей. Мы не живём в книгах, а в сердцах читателей, которые любят нас.

Гном Весельчак: Всегда я хотел место в чьем-то сердце.

Марко Кралевич: Я надеюсь, что я нахожусь в сердцах героев, впрочем, не могу Мусе Кеседжийе выйти на глаза, когда вернусь в песню.

Гайди: Будьте умными. Дурные читатели нам ничего не могут. Спящую красавицу и Белоснежку не могут подурнет. Они навсегда останут красавицами в миллионах сердцах детей.

Спящая красавица: Ну, если так...

Гайди: Если закрыть глаза и напрячься немножко, вы вспомните каждого сердца, в котором навсегда вселились.

Безумный шляпник: Вернёмся?

Все: Вернёмся, вернёмся!

Моль: Друзья, кто-то идёт!

Все: Выключи свет! (все уходят позади своих книг)

Занавес



Џек и чаробни пасуљ

Џекова мати- „Немам ни цвоњка!
„Пронађи неког ловарног момка
Који ће купити нашу краву
И представи је као здраву.
Да је к'о тресак, тако му кажи,
И барем једну стотку тражи!
Али га слажи, ти имаш дара,
Да није као Библија стара.“
С'матором кравом Џек тада оде
И врати се кући исто поподне.
„Мамице драга! Погоди шта
Твој сичић носи са пијаца!
Успео сам, о благо мени,
Да је утопим по супер цени!“
Мајка му рече – „Кретену мали,
Кладим се да су те насанкали!“
Џек зрно пасуља вади из џепа
Мајка зелени, хоће да крепа.
Закука тада та јадна жена,
„Ја сам потпуно пренеражена!
Дечаче луди! Зар је Шаруља
Продата за једно зрно пасуља?“
Оте му пасуљ, викну – „Дериште!“
И завитла га на ђубриште.
Затим се прибрала и сата пола
Тукла је Џека као вола.
Користила је (казна најјача!)
Дршку од свог усисивача.
Да л'око десет? Не знам ни ја,
Зрно пасуља поче да клија.
До јутра порасте тако високо
Да му крај не види људско око.
Млади Џек рече – „Сан је ил'јава?
Боље је ово нег' бедна крава!“
Мајка тад рече – „О црних вести!
Па где је пасуљ што ћемо јести?
Нема ни зрна, о ноћне море!“
„Не!“- викну Џек, - „Погледај горе!
Погледај горе до неба плавог,
Сваки је лист од злата право!“
Дечак не лаже, истина права!
На раном сунцу се пресијава.
Тад мајка рече – „Види открића!
Мноштво дивних златних листића!“
Викну тад гласно- „Тако ми небеса!“

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK by Roald Dahl

Jack's mother said, 'We're stony broke!
'Go out and find some wealthy bloke
'Who'll buy our cow. Just say she's sound
'And worth at least a hundred pound.
'But don't you dare to let him know
'That she's as old as billy-o.'
Jack led the old brown cow away,
And came back later in the day,
And said, 'Oh mumsie dear, guess what
'Your clever little boy has got.
'I got, I really don't know how,
'A super trade-in for our cow.'
The mother said, 'You little creep,
'I'll bet you sold her much too cheap.'
When Jack produced one lousy bean,
His startled mother, turning green,
Leaped high up in the air and cried,
'I'm absolutely stupefied!
'You crazy boy! D'you really mean
'You sold our Daisy for a bean?'
She snatched the bean. She yelled, 'You
chump.
And flung it on the rubbish-dump.
Then summoning up all her power,
She beat the boy for half an hour,
Using (and nothing could be meaner)
The handle of a vacuum-cleaner.
At ten p.m. or thereabout,
The little bean began to sprout.
By morning it had grown so tall
You couldn't see the top at all.
Young Jack cried, 'Mum, admit it now!
'It's better than a rotten cow!'
The mother said, 'You lunatic!
'Where are the beans that I can pick?
'There's not one bean! It's bare as bare!'
'No no!' cried Jack. 'You look up there!
'Look very high and you'll behold
'Each single leaf is solid gold!'
By gollikins, the boy was right!
Now, glistening in the morning light,
The mother actually perceives
A mass of lovely golden leaves!
She yells out loud, 'My sainted souls!

Продајем Фићу, купујем Мерцедеса!
Стојиш ту и зијаш к'о кретен!
Пењи се брзо, зграби тај плен!“
Џек беше гибак и снаге свеже
Пео се брзо уз моћне вреже.
Пео се тако без много мука
Ал' баш кад беше при крају струка
Грозна се деси ствар, пуна страве
Чуо је недалеко од своје главе
Дубоки глас, страшан пре свега
Небеса су се тресла од њега.
Глас је викао „ФИ ФАЈ ФОУ ФОС
ЕНГЛЕЗА НЕКОГ ЊУШИ МОЈ НОС!“
Џек се уплаши ал'беше хитар
Слете низ дрво брзо к'о ветар.
„О мајко!“- завапи- „Веруј ми сад!
На нашем дрвету је неки гад!
Видех га мама! Тако ми руха!
Џина са оштрим чулом њуха!“
„Са оштрим њухом! Не балави!
Шта ли се дешава у твојој глави?“
„Нањушио ме! Стварно! Не лажем.
Енглеза је намирисао каже!“
„А како и не би!“ – мајка рече.
Па ја ти говорим баш свако вече
Да се окупаш зато што смрдиш
А ти ми стално пазар тврдиш!
Рођена мајка ти допаде јада
Због твог несносног смрада!“
„Ако си чиста, ти храбра буди,
Попни се ти уз пасуљ луди.“
„Да знаш да хоћу!“- узвикну тад,
„У старој има још снаге сад.“
Задиже сукњу она прво
И попе се уз оно дрво.
Да л' ће Џин мајку да намирише?
Да л' ће се чути ФАЈ ФОУ ФОМ више?
Чекаше тако, гледајућ' горе
Када ће речи да се изговоре
Онда одозго престаде мук,
Зачу се страшан крцкави звук.
Чуо је како џин каже јасно,
„Е ово је баш било сласно!
Мада (Бог да јој душу прости),
Вол'о би да нема толике кости.“
Џек се заплака, ко то да схвати?

'I'll sell the Mini, buy a Rolls!
'Don't stand and gape, you little clot!
'Get up there quick and grab the lot!'
Jack was nimble, Jack was keen.
He scrambled up the mighty bean.
Up up he went without a stop,
But just as he was near the top,
A ghastly frightening thing occurred -
Not far above his head he heard
A big deep voice, a rumbling thing
That made the very heavens ring.
It shouted loud, 'FEE FI FO FUM
'I SMELL THE BLOOD OF AN
ENGLISHMAN!'
Jack was frightened, Jack was quick,
And down he climbed in half a tick.
'Oh mum!' he gasped. 'Believe you me
'There's something nasty up our tree!
'I saw him, mum! My gizzard froze!
'A Giant with a clever nose!'
'A clever nose!' his mother hissed.
'You must be going round the twist!'
'He smelled me out, I swear it, mum!
'He said he smelled an Englishman!'
The mother said, 'And well he might!
'I've told you every single night
'To take a bath because you smell,
'But would you do it? Would you hell!
'You even make your mother shrink
'Because of your unholy stink!'
Jack answered, 'Well, if you're so clean
'Why don't you climb the crazy bean.'
The mother cried, 'By gad, I will!
'There's life within the old dog still!'
She hitched her skirts above her knee
And disappeared right up the tree.
Now would the Giant smell his mum?
Jack listened for the fee-fo-fum.
He gazed aloft. He wondered when
The dreaded words would come... And then .
From somewhere high above the ground
There came a frightful crunching sound.
He heard the Giant mutter twice,
'By gosh, that tasted very nice.
'Although' (and this in grumpy tones)
'I wish there weren't so many bones.'

„Цин је појео моју мати!
 Нањушио је и прогутао!
 Да смрди није да нисам знао!“
 И оста Џек са својом стравом
 Под златном циновском врежом правом.
 Промрмља тихо, „О какав блам!
 Мораћу да се окупам
 Ако се каним на дрво пети
 А да ме цин не примети
 У ствари, купање ме једино чупа.“
 Полете кући да се окупа
 Истрљао је цело тело,
 Опрао косу, опрао чело
 Опр'о је зубе, дунуо нос
 К'о ружа мирисан био је скроз.
 Још једном попе се уз пасуљ тад
 Цин тамо седеше, огавни гад
 Мрмљао је устима злокобним
 Док је Џек седео тик под њим.
 Мрмљао гласно, ФИ ФАЈ ФОУ ФИМ
 НЕ МОГУ НИКОГ ДА НАЊУШИМ!
 Џек сачека док цин не леже
 Онда се успуза уз танке вреже
 Толико злата сакупи баш
 Да одма'поста богаташ.
 „Баш се исплати бити чист!
 Одсад се купам! Окрећем лист!“

Prevod: Anita Novosel □

‘By Christopher!’ Jack cried. ‘By gum!
 ‘The Giant’s eaten up my mum!
 ‘He smelled her out! She’s in his belly!
 ‘I had a hunch that she was smelly.’
 Jack stood there gazing longingly
 Upon the huge and golden tree.
 He murmured softly, ‘Golly-gosh,
 ‘I guess I’ll have to take a wash
 ‘If I am going to climb this tree
 ‘Without the Giant smelling me.
 ‘In fact, a bath’s my only hope ...
 He rushed indoors and grabbed the soap
 He scrubbed his body everywhere.
 He even washed and rinsed his hair.
 He did his teeth, he blew his nose
 And went out smelling like a rose.
 Once more he climbed the mighty bean.
 The Giant sat there, gross, obscene,
 Muttering through his vicious teeth
 (While Jack sat tensely just beneath),
 Muttering loud, ‘FEE FI FO FUM,
 ‘RIGHT NOW I CAN’T SMELL
 ANYONE.’
 Jack waited till the Giant slept,
 Then out along the boughs he crept
 And gathered so much gold, I swear
 He was an instant millionaire.
 ‘A bath,’ he said, ‘does seem to pay.
 ‘I’m going to have one every day.’



A little found – a lot gained

It was Sunday night, and Emily was doing her every-day job. She worked as a waitress, so refilling salt and pepper, doing the dishes and stocking plates was something she got used to. But suddenly everything changed. While cleaning under the tables, she found a wallet. It was a nice, leather wallet which seemed to be expensive. Since she was all alone, Emily decided to take it home, and wait to see if someone would call. She closed the café and after ten minutes of walking she got home. Emily lived alone with her bulldog Lucy. She had a daughter who was at college, studying to become a doctor. Emily was tired so she lay in her sofa and turned the TV on. While running Lucy pulled Emily's coat and the wallet dropped out of it. By that time Emily had completely forgotten about it. She was curious, so she opened the wallet. Interestingly, there was no money inside. There was only one thing - a piece of paper. She took it out and unwrapped it. It was a plane ticket. Emily was surprised and shocked. She was looking at it for a while, and she realized it was a one-way ticket to Honolulu. As a waitress, Emily had never travelled outside England. She was too tired to think about what had just happened, so she went to bed. She expected that someone would call and ask for a wallet. However, the only person who called that morning was her boss. He said that the cafe was doing really badly, and there was less and less money every month, so he had to fire someone. That someone was Emily. As soon as he hanged up, Emily burst into tears. She was desperate. It was the worst day of her life, so she just wanted it to end. She went to bed and fell asleep right away. Emily had a dream... a dream of her mother, telling her to do it. But Emily didn't realize. What was the thing her mother encouraged her to do? She woke up, and was surprisingly happy. She wasn't sad or angry any more. After feeding Lucy, she started doing her regular household chores. While dusting, she saw a plane ticket falling from the shelf. It fell right on her mother's photo. That was the moment, Emily realized what her mother was telling her. But she still wanted to wait for a few days before making any decision. A week passed and no one called. Emily packed her things and went to the airport. Of course, Lucy was with her. She had never travelled by plane before so it was all a big shock for her. She got on the plane and found out she would be travelling in first class, so it was a comfortable 17-hours flight. When the plane landed she had no idea where to go. Emily didn't have a lot of money with her, but it was enough to afford staying in a hotel for a few days. She had been looking for a job, and eventually found it. She started working at a local beach bar. Her new boss was an old, kindhearted Hawaiian woman, Hokulani, who Emily got really close to. She didn't have kids so 40-years old Emily was like a daughter to her. As the time passed, Hokulani got really sick. Emily took care of her, but eventually she died. Emily was devastated. But there was something she didn't know about her new mother. Hokulani had millions of dollars on her bank account, and since she hadn't children, she left all of it to Emily. Emily couldn't believe what happened to her. She realized that everything had happened for a reason. It was all meant to be. At first, she didn't know what to do with so much money. But after some time she made a decision. She gave some money to her daughter so she could open her own clinic. Then she built a shelter for dogs and cats and started helping them. She donated the rest of the money to a few charity causes. Few years later, Emily married a man of her dreams and they lived happily ever after..

Dimitrije Petrović III 6

A little found- a lot gained



It was Tuesday, the same boring Tuesday as always. But for Felicity Smoak it wasn't so ordinary. It did start like any other Tuesday; she was driving to work and drinking her favourite Latte coffee. And while driving, she noticed something strange by the road. She was so curious so she pulled over. It was a big, brown, vintage suitcase. Since there was nobody to see her, she decided to open it. So she did. And when she opened it she almost started to cry. Inside the suitcase there were many family photos, a few books, a blanket, some jewelry and an envelope with a message inside. After reading it she was speechless. Actually, it turned out that a woman who had lost her husband recently left it there. Since she was old and alone, she wanted someone to hear and see the story about her family. She also wrote that she wanted someone to keep it. Felicity suddenly felt so happy and honored that she was so lucky to find it. But, she also learned something. Although she didn't find any money, she found a fortune. She found something that money can't buy. In that moment she decided to take a day off, return home and hug her husband and daughter. Now, a 73-years-old Felicity is putting her photos, books and memories into the suitcase and getting ready to leave it by the road.

Aleksandra Milovanović III 6

A loner in this world

You do not see me; you do not hear me. The walls of this room are choking me, slowly, but surely devouring my body. I try to say no, but my body says yes. I make an effort to resist and get myself together, but it's useless. I open my phonebook, I turn one, two... a hundred pages. He's gone. Gone. Slowly, I turn around myself lift my hands and stop the first taxi that comes in my way.

“Where are we going, mister? “

“Have you seen me today? “

He gave me a confused look. He was silent.

“Did you see me, or not? “ I repeat, this time rather angrily.

“No, mister. I did not see you today, nor yesterday, and I will probably not be seeing you tomorrow either. Maybe never again in my life.“

The elevator keeps clanking as it reaches the last floor. I unlock the doors to my apartment and enter. In panic, I turn everything upside down. Where is it? Where is it? Where?! I am going crazy. Where could it hide? Where?

Giving up, I again try to compose myself and remember. Why can't I find myself? There is no me in the phonebook, the taxi driver didn't know me, and I cannot see myself.

I look at my watch and realize. Right. Right. How come I didn't get that earlier? Today, I decided to hide myself from unwanted visitors, and I never realized before that the one who was unwanted was nobody but me. In these walls of pity, it is not hard to lose oneself, is it?

Jelena Andrić III 7



Once, not that far from now, there were many unsatisfied young boys and girls everywhere. They did not appreciate what they had, they did not consider themselves happy or blessed for being alive and healthy, they didn't think about people who had nothing at all, but still were thankful for the blessing called life.

There was one girl, who always wanted more not so important things in life, and never had enough of those things, and who considered herself unhappy because her parents could not afford to buy her all those things, although they were trying really hard to. She had many friends who would do everything for her, but she was taking it for granted.

One day she was on the way to school, dressed really beautifully, she had a pretty hairstyle done by her mother, beautiful nails and make-up although she did not need those. She was really a wonderful young girl. While she was walking, she was lucky or better said, unlucky to step on a leaf which made her stop walking. She took the leaf from the ground and put it in her bag.

That night, she had a dream in which she had everything she wanted, a lot of clothes, lot of cosmetics products, lot popular friends, and she could go wherever she wanted. But, every time she wanted something, she had to lie to somebody first and then the wish would come true. Everything was possible as long as she had the leaf.

When she woke up in the morning, she was confused, but hopeful about the dream. She made sure that the leaf was in the bag and went to school.

She decided to try the magic. She was on bus station when one passenger asked her what time it was. It was half two.

„Ten to two", said she, and wished for a beautiful hat like the one in store across the street. In that moment, one lady from the store came out carrying a box and put it in front of the store. When the lady came back to the store, the young girl got closer and read the sign on the box that said: FOR FREE.

She looked in the box and found the hat. She was amazed and beside herself with happiness. She took it and went back to bus station.

When she saw the power of the leaf, she started to lie to more important people and about bigger things. She had popular friends, she went to luxurious places, and she had everything she wanted - like most beautiful clothes and most expensive jewelry. Every girl was jealous of her and every boy fell in love with her.

For a while she was satisfied but she was out of control, she lied to her parents, best friends and teachers. She was losing herself in the power of the leaf.

One day her former friends passed by and she heard them talking about going to park and playing cards, and she wished they had not been mad at her. When she got home, her parents were watching TV and eating pizza and not even inviting her to join them. That started to bother her earlier, but that day she started to think about things she had lost, and she was not thinking about things she got anymore.

Then she remembered her dream and immediately opened the bag and found the leaf. She wished for everything to go back in normal and threw away the leaf.

She started to cry and then her parents came into her room and asked her what was wrong. She was relieved and she apologized to them and told them she loved them. After that, she was satisfied with every little thing in her life.

Bungee jumping



I have always been attracted by extreme sports. You have to be self-assured and very brave to take part in any of them. I don't know if I'm brave enough to try some of them, but if I had to choose, I would definitely pick out bungee jumping.

Bungee jumping is labeled as a high-adrenaline extreme sport. That is what I like about it. Jumping from a tall structure while I am connected to a large elastic cord can be a very interesting and exciting experience. Imagine jumping off the Victoria Falls Bridge. It could be the most amazing thing I've ever done as well as most dangerous. On New Year's Eve 2011, Erin Langworthy, an Australian woman was plunged into the Zambezi River at Victoria Falls, where she nearly drowned with her feet still tied together after her bungee rope snapped during a jump. Injuries happen all the time. A young man died after slamming into the ground with a rope that was too long. A very serious injury can also occur if the jumper's neck or body gets entangled in the cord. Bungee jumping has also been shown to increase stress and decrease immune function.

Although I know how dangerous any extreme sport can be, I still want to be brave enough to try any of them. I like adrenaline and risk. We should try different things in our life. You just have to be optimistic and hope that lucky is on your side. It is a pleasure to do something you thought you never could.

Ksenija Selenić I 4

Bunny Story

A beautiful sunny day came. Spring had just begun. I was really excited so I suggested my friends going for a walk. They agreed, so we decided to stroll around the river which was flowing near the park in our neighbourhood. While we were wandering and enjoying that day, my friend noticed something strange in the bush. It was a little white spot which was moving faintly and slowly. When we looked closer, we realised that it actually was a little helpless rabbit. It looked hungry and scared and we had no choice but to take it to the vet. The vet said that the rabbit would be fine but someone should take care of it, at least for a few weeks. Without much thinking I offered myself to look after this poor creature.

And now, five years later, the bunny is still with us, happier and happier every day.

Nevena Kaljević III 7

My brother

I have a brother, who is five years younger than me. His name is Stefan, although I've given him many nicknames, so I rarely call him by his name. My favourite one is Gile, but I'm also not permitted to call him by some funny nicknames, because he always gets angry. But I cannot resist not to tease him because he's so cute when he is angry. He's also very funny, and he makes me laugh every day. I could not imagine my life without him. On the other hand, there are some periods when we are arguing and at times like these I wish he had never been born. But later I regret it because he's not only my brother but also my best friend and I couldn't live without him.

Before my brother was born I was the only child. Parents used to buy me everything I wanted, take wherever I wanted to go and I had all their attention for me. When I think about it, I was like a little princess at that time.

But everything changed when Stefan was born. I don't remember it very well, but I used to help with the baby, and I wanted to be his nanny. But on the other hand, I was jealous, because parents were now paying all their attention to him. I didn't like when he was crying all the time, and I thought that I was cursed to have a brother. But later I realized that I was wrong, and thought how foolish I was to be jealous of my own brother.

Sure, there are things that are better when you're an only child. You don't have to fight over the remote controller or the computer. You get more pocket-money and parents buy you all the clothes you want. You also don't have to be considerate to your brother and you can go on all trips you want without thinking if the parents will have money for your brother's trip, too. But on the other hand you can become a spoiled brat, and not to think of anybody else but yourself. And you could be lonely, like I used to be before my brother was born.

When you have brother or sister, you know that you'll never be lonely, because they're always going to be there for you, to make you laugh or to annoy you. When you're sad they will comfort you and give you their support.

So, for me to have a brother or sister cannot be curse or anything else but blessing.

Andela Ćirić I₄

Jane's Birthday

That day was Jane's 17th birthday. She was a little bit weird, crazy girl with unusual style, different thoughts and a good taste in music. She listened to rock and metal music and she did not take her headphones off. She was a real rebel or can it be said - a real teenager?

She decided to celebrate her birthday the following weekend with friends by throwing a foam party and to stay at home with parents, grandparents and some neighbours that rainy day.

Jane did not expect anything; she knew that Sunday would be just like any other boring day.

Jane and her mom were doing housework and preparing food and cake for themselves and their neighbours who were supposed to come in the evening. Jane could not wait to go to sleep, she was tired.

After a while, surprisingly, the doorbell rang. Jane was in the middle of showering and her mom had gone to the supermarket earlier, so no one could open the door. Jane immediately jumped out of the bath, covered herself with a towel and rapidly ran downstairs. She sprang out the door and saw ... her three best friends standing on the doorstep with a big smile on their faces and with the ticket for the concert of Jane's favourite metal band Korn. That left her speechless. She was screaming frantically and she was so happy that she burst into tears. At that moment no one could really imagine how her heart was beating hard and how her body was trembling with excitement. That was the highest point of satisfaction and fulfillment that Jane had ever experienced.

Jane hugged them with disbelief but ... she forgot about the towel! While they were still hugging praising their friendship, the yellow towel ended on the floor. That was really awkward! Girls started laughing and then told Jane that she was almost naked. But Jane just said: "Who cares? Now I have the ticket for the Korn concert and the best of best friends in the world. Dreams come true. Can anyone be happier than me right now?"

Nevena Ašković III 7



Anger

I heard screaming and I walked into the room. It was a scary sight: blood on the floor and walls, knife, ripped clothes and broken glass all over the place. Behind the couch there was one man's dead body with open eyes which were watching me like it was my fault. I was frightened. In the left corner there was another dead body, but this time it was a young woman. Then I heard screaming again. I turned around and I saw a man tied up to the chair. Crying my eyes out I rushed to help him. He continued to scream and I tried to calm him down. After a long struggle I could not untie the rope and the man fainted. After a while the police came and they were asking a lot of questions, but I did not know any answers. They took that man to hospital and I had to come with them to the police station.

Everything was so serious and sad, the room, officers, everything.

"What happened last night?" one officer asked me.

"I can't remember anything. You tell me." I said impatiently.

"Did you know the two victims?"

"No, sir. I did not."

"But why were you there?"

"I don't know. I can't remember anything. I've already told you."

"Do you have anything to do with those crimes?"

These words echoed in my head over and over again and then I remembered everything. John, Jessica, Chris and I were having a party at my grandparent's old house. Everything was great at first but then we got drunk and we started to play a game of truth. I cannot remember what they said, but I know that I was furious. I started to yell, threw and broke things. I began to argue with Jessica and I pushed her away. She fell and hit her head against the table. She was dead but that wasn't enough, my anger could not go away and I killed John too. Chris was trying to explain something but I could not listen and I tied him up.

"Chris is the guy in hospital. He's my boyfriend. I have to talk to him. Please let me call him."

After second thoughts they allowed me.

He answered and he was cold.

"Chris, I need to know what happened. Tell me what Jessica said last night."

"I can't believe you killed them because of what Jessica said. You have problems and you have to treat them. You need a professional, I cannot help you."

"Please, tell me what she said." I started to cry.

"You killed our friends because Jessica has been in love with me since childhood."

He said that and he put down the phone and began to cry.

Jelena Krunic IV₇

Novi Sad



Novi Sad is one of the most beautiful cities in Serbia. It is located in Vojvodina, in northern Serbia and lies on the banks of the river Danube. Summers are warm but pleasant so if you like, you can enjoy many activities in the open air. It is easy to get round using either inexpensive blue public buses or taxis, which can be quite expensive if you are a foreigner.

What to visit?

When you arrive in Novi Sad go straight to Liberty Square. It is the largest central city square and a meeting place for locals and tourists. In the middle of the square there is the Town Hall built in Neo-Renaissance style. On the opposite side of the square, there is a tall catholic church "Name of Mary" built in neogothic style. Take a walking tour from the center to the Petrovaradin fortress. It is on a hilltop with great views of Novi Sad and the Danube River. At the Petrovaradin fortress there are the Novi Sad Museum, an astronomical observatory, some underground catacombs, the Church of St. George, restaurants and other facilities. The view of Vojvodina from that fortress is magnificent. In Zmaj Jovina Street you can find many shops, restaurants, bars, nightclubs. After exciting night life you should relax on the Strand, a beach situated on the river Danube.

Special events

Can't live without music? Then Novi Sad is the right place for you. Exit Festival is one of the most famous music festivals in Europe. It begins in early July and lasts up to 4 days. There you can enjoy a variety of music styles including rock, metal, pop, hip-hop, reggae etc. Besides Exit there are many other cultural and sports events happening not only in summer but through the whole year. So, don't miss to visit Novi Sad!

Matija Elek I 4



Kopaonik

Kopaonik is one of the largest mountain ranges of Serbia. It is located in the central part of Serbia with a small portion extending to North Kosovo. Kopaonik is the major ski resort of Serbia, and a national park as well.

Poliglota

What to visit?

Studenica monastery, Sopotani and Gradac monastery are some of the old churches and monasteries you can visit. There are also several early and medieval fortresses that can be found on the heights, including Maglic, built by Serbian dynasties. The National Park is surrounded by mountain peaks and is the location of many spas whose waters reach 88 degrees Celsius. There are also a few rivers with numerous rapids, falls and gorges.

Leisure attractions

Kopaonik is mainly a destination for skiing and snowboarding but there are various other activities, such as tennis. Other features which attract tourists are luxurious hotels and entertainment. Kopaonik has many cafés, bars and night clubs.

Special events

Big Snow music festival from March 23 to March 29 every year gathers international reggae, jazz and electronic music performers. The ski resort also has a snow park for extreme skiers and snowboarders.

Milica Vučićević I₄

Brankovina



Brankovina is a unique cultural and historical place. It is a village in the municipality of Valjevo, Kolubara district. The entire area of Brankovina was declared Historic Landmark of Great Importance in 1979 and it is protected by the Republic of Serbia.

What to visit?

The Church of the Holy Archangels, which was completed in 1830, is the endowment of Archpriest Mateja Nenadovic. It is well-preserved, and the church keeps a good church treasury in the form of a specific museum collection. It consists of church objects, church books and historical documents from the 18th and 19th centuries. Ljuba Nenadovic cottage, was built in 1826, and you can visit it as the birth-house of Ljuba Nenadovic. The Old School was built in 1833.

Leisure attractions

In the church yard you can see these old wooden houses for family gatherings during holidays. You can also buy a souvenir in the church yard. The country side is vivid so you can go for long walks and enjoy unspoiled nature.

Special events

Brankovina was home of the best-know Serbian poet Desanka Maksimovic, and because of that the festival “Desankini majski razgovori” is held there. “Oktobarski susret pisaca” is another event related to literature, and the oldest event is "Dani maline" and of course, there are many more manifestations and events.

Ana Adžić I 4

Valjevo



Valjevo is a town in western Serbia. It is the center of Kolubara district. The town is situated along the river Kolubara and has its own beauty, and it’s worth a visit.

What to visit

The National Museum is the most important institution, along with the Cultural Centre and Nenadovic tower. If you admire Art, the Modern Gallery is a perfect place for you. The Gallery has a permanent display of works of our academician Ljuba Popovic.

Leisure attractions

If you want to get away from it all, go to the river Gradac or Park Pecina, where many people spend their free time and enjoy beautiful nature. In Karadjordjeva Street and Knez Milos Street, there are many shops and boutiques, where you can go shopping or sightseeing.

Special events

“Tesnjar Evenings” is a cultural event, which is held every summer. At that time, the town is full of people, walking around and enjoying. There are various children’s programs, concerts, traditional dancing and many other attractions. A little bit of something for everyone!



Nataša Dragojlović I 4

Paris through our eyes

You have probably listened to more than a few stories about the city of love and lights, but no story does it justice. It is an amazing city full of beautiful monuments and buildings. Walking through Paris, you can see a lot of amazing things but the most popular is the Eiffel Tower. It is something that you will never see anywhere else, it is magnificent and the feeling you get when you stand on the top of it and look at the whole city is something that you will never forget. There is a place where you can also see the whole city and it is a hill called Montmartre which is most famous for the white-domed Basilica of the Sacre Coeur. You can see Paris from both of these places but we think the best way to see Paris in all its glory is to sail a boat on the river Seine. Besides these, you can also visit the Museum of Louvre. It is one of the most famous museums in the world, and it is just as magnificent as people describe it, maybe even more. You can experience all kinds of different cultures in there and find some of the best artwork. If you ever visit the Louvre and you find it interesting you should definitely go to Versailles and see what it has to offer. It is a royal castle located in Ile-de-France region of France. For the end we saved our favorite place and it is of course Disneyland. When you enter it is like a whole new world, like you are in a real fairy tale. It is unimaginable and unreal. It feels like you are living the books and movies that you were reading and watching as a kid. There are all kinds of different rides for people of all ages. If you ever find yourself in Paris, you should definitely go and check all of these places. The two of us were lucky enough to experience all of these and if you have the opportunity to do the same, you should take it.

Lina Ranković and Nina Ristović I 4



The destination I would recommend



Are you one of those who would like to go to a romantic island with your soul mate, just to relax your minds and escape from the urban reality but you cannot make up your mind choosing the destination? If the answer is "yes" we solved your problem for you:

Santorini is a beautiful volcanic island (you shouldn't worry as the volcanoes are quiet) located in southern Greece. It is a landscape of an old Greek village with white houses and blue roofs which become breathtaking every time you look at them from a different rock. You would be placed in a house like that and surely be satisfied with the tidiness and modern white furniture. Your host would be in another house but always available if you are in need of something, so that you can be calm when it comes to food and getting suggestions about the best places to visit.

Beaches are wide and sandy, but there are also many of those hidden from the public eyes if you want to be alone with your loved one enjoying the sunset and the sound of waves. Magical sunset in Santorini is a pearl in a shell of the whole island. People from all over the world come here just to see how the Sun dives into the sea. Crazy nightlife is not something that can be offered to you here, but instead of clubs there are many romantic taverns and restaurants with candles on the tables and the most delicious food of the Aegean sea.

I revealed you just a few things that this island hides. "Santorini is a Heaven on Earth", said one of the many amazed couples - it is on you to check if they were telling the truth.

Marijana Urošević III 6

Money can buy happiness

Today, it is well-known that most of us are thinking about money. Parents are trying to provide more for their children so that they can have easy life. In this difficult time for living when it's hard to find a job, we sometimes forget to think that there are more important things in life than money. It's hard when you don't have that "colorful piece of paper". You are sad if you can't buy a new toy for your child or a new dress for your wife. You become angry because you aren't rich enough.

We are all the same. In life we experience bad and good. It's normal to be jealous when you become aware that some rich people go through life without obstacles like you do. But if you pay more attention, you will see that the only difference between you and them is the fact that they are crying alone in a palace and you cry surrounded by people you love, in a small flat.

Of course, that money helps us a lot. I would be liar if I told you that it is not important to have money. We are happy when we have the opportunity to travel and do things we love. But true happiness isn't shopping every day. You can't buy real love and respect from others.

In the end, that's it about what life is. To make each day count with honest people who will be there to support you when you are on your knees, to be there when you are on the top. If you have money it's okay, good for you. That detail is there to improve your life more. If you don't have it, work hard and don't let money become your obsession, like many others let that happen.

You are the only one who can make your life good.

Ana Jerinić III 6



No magic at all

Since the day I started primary school, I have been looking for the best way to study.

When I was a little girl, I was obsessed with school. I thought it was a place where I could learn something new.

The school was a place where I could show my knowledge, and where I met most of my friends. We had a really good connection with each other, like one big family, we were there for everyone who needed help.

I was a girl who enjoyed growing up in such wonderful environment without the fear of being judged. The years went by, and it was time to go to another school.

Everything changed when I started high school, which became my worst nightmare. I heard some stories that you can use some kind of “magic” to become a good student, but I did not believe in that.

I had to stay up all night, studying, when everyone else was sleeping. It was the only time when I could concentrate on school assignments. I was awake, a few times, when sun came out, in front of my book for history or geography class the next day. I was always under pressure. Bags under my eyes were black, and I was sleepy and anxious all the time.

I did not have time for reading, and that also made me feel stressed.

Now, when I was exhausted, I wanted to know every single detail about that “magic” which could be useful.

Teachers wished for impossible, and no matter how hard I tried, it still was not enough.

I never thought about how other students look great, and how they get good grades without studying. But I decided to find out how they succeed.



So, I talked with older students. And I was shocked.

They said that the secret lies in a perfect schedule. You just have to plan your time, you have to decide when you are going to eat, sleep, study or go out. I was not very happy when I heard that because I had already had my time-table which included studying during the night, and doing every other activity during the day.

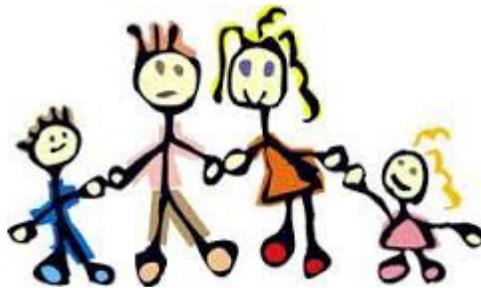
So, I had to accept the truth. They lied. There's **NO MAGIC AT ALL!** You have to study harder at night, and keep looking like a zombie during the day if you want to become a good student.

Dunja Marković II 4

Parenting

Every parent worries about his child. Some of them decided to quit their lives trying to give themselves to their children. In need to have good kids, kids that are going to be adults one day, they would do anything. In time when they were teenagers everything was different. Going out every day, partying every Saturday night were the things they could only dream of. Today everything is allowed. Employees in stores do not have a problem selling alcohol and cigarettes to under aged. Internet, news and TV will always give them information about drunken dead kids, overdosed or even murdered by another teenager. They know that these tragic ways of dying can happen to their children too. As we grow every day we listen to their advice. Indirectly parents will try to act like our friends asking questions just trying to get information about us. What we do, where we go, with who we are hanging out... They will talk about time when they were young, saying how they always were obedient and did not have all this luxury of teen life. Behind every story they tell there is a secret and we will know what it is about. Their fear of straying, losing ourselves, becoming a target of manipulation are some of their worries. They do not know that we know so many other things that are happening all the time. That we have been in a good and in a bad, met so many people. So many people they would consider as not good kids just because they are different by their look or places they go out. They should not say what is positive and negative. They should only warn us about every possible situation that could happen but don't how we are supposed to react. We need to make our own decisions, make our own the good and the bad, becoming who we want to be not who they would like to have as children. We need to live, to taste everything, to be part of everything, to make mistakes and to learn from them. We need to feel life, to get hit because there is no other way of becoming a person, becoming an adult. One day we are going to sit and remember this time and we want to remember it with a smile.

Isidora Popović II 4



People should not bring their children up to be stereotyped boys and girls



Imagine you're a girl. You have to wear pink clothes. Skirts have to be a required part of your outfit. You mustn't swear or play video games. You love to sing or play the violin, or maybe you are supposed to go to ballet or any other "girly" dance. Also, you are supposed to love flowers, butterflies, nature, and everything that society told you to love, because you are a girl, in the world full of men, and you don't have the ability to speak out. When you get older, you are exposed to another gender stereotype, like you don't need to go to college, you are supposed to be responsible for raising children, and you have to cook, and do the housework.

Do you think that everything of this is great? Because I really don't, and I can truly say that I cannot fit in with any of these situations, especially pink clothes and butterflies. But there are some women out there who can. They enjoy being responsible for their family. And that made me think about whose fault this is. Why do parents have a need to raise their children to be stereotyped boys or girls?

Now, imagine you're a boy. You have to wear blue clothes; you are good at sports or video games; you're supposed to do "dirty jobs" like mechanics, and you don't take care of children.

And now you see that males are also stereotyped. But all of these are JUST stereotypes which are expected of every male or female. Every one of us is an individual person, and you are the one who needs to fight against stereotypes.

Parents have to be parents, and they need to know what their children like. Why wouldn't you let your daughter play football, or let your son play the piano? It all depends on you when they are little. You're the one who teach them how to act, and what to do.

It doesn't matter what women and men are supposed to do or to be. The only thing that matters is to follow your wishes, no matter what gender you are.

So, do you think you are ready to be a parent?

Dunja Marković II₄

Students discover magic and keep it to themselves, but use it

As many people claimed to have seen or even been able to use magic, it is hard to believe these children who admitted having done many crimes in the past few years using magic. But, it is the only possible explanation for everything that happened.

These students are from Russia, and they were known for being violent as little kids, but they had not done anything big or terrible in that age. People from their neighborhood deeply doubt these kids had done some of the crimes that happened, but they did not have any proof for that. One day, one member of the gang betrayed them and the truth came out.

„ At first it was fun for all of us, but then it started to bother my mind and I had nightmares every night. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. I was fighting against myself and trying to keep enjoying the violence as I was enjoying it at first, but I simply couldn't", said Steve, the scared boy who has been placed in a mental institution.

He also described how everything started and he was the first one that admitted to every crime, and then every member of the gang was forced to do the same.

„ That year I had really bad marks at school, the worst ever, and my parents made me clean up the whole house including the basement. I called my friends to come and help me, and of course they came, they were curious kids who saw fun in every activity. So, as we were cleaning, some of them had a fight for fun, but then they fell on the floor and smashed it. The floor started to shine and revealed one small piece of paper. We came closer and read the text which was written on it. It said that the finder had the power to do whatever they want to the people of opposite gender. As we all were boys, it sounded really cool and useful."

At first we couldn't believe it was true, but the scientist claimed the paper was found and it was concluded that it had some sort of power.

„ There was one girl in our school, and one of us had a crush on her, but she was really popular and made fun of him because she didn't like him. We were all very mad at her, but we couldn't do anything about that until we found the magic. She was our first victim, and at first we only teased her, made her do silly things and she made herself look stupid in front of all students in school. She was scared when the magic stopped, she didn't know what was happening to her. We did that almost every day and everybody was surprised by her behaviour. We made her have nightmares, and during the day she couldn't speak at all, she wanted, but we commanded her not to. And when we stopped the magic, she kept being quiet and it was fun for all of guys but not for me. Her parents took her to some psychiatrist when it began but they couldn't help her or tell what was happening to her."

The girl, he talked about, had to stay in mental hospital and she is not allowed to have visitors because of her mental weakness.

This is not the only, and certainly not the worst crime they committed, but this is all we managed to get from the boy. We can only hope we won't be victims of some sort of magic, and scientists will do everything they can to find what is producing the magic and avert it.

Holiday gone wrong



When I was about 10 years old, I went on a holiday with my family. One day, we planned to go to a beach that was a few kilometers away from our hotel, so we had to go by car. When we arrived, we played in the sand, went swimming and sunbathed. After a couple of hours, we all got bored and hungry, so we agreed to go to a nearby restaurant for lunch. When we finished, we went back to the beach for the final swim. While I was swimming, I saw my mom and dad searching for something in the bags, but I didn't think much of it. As soon as I came closer to my parents, I knew that something was wrong. My mom said to me that they couldn't find the car key and my dad's wallet. We all started looking for it, but after a couple of minutes we realized that we had lost the key and the wallet for good. I was very scared. My parents decided to call my aunt, who lived in the same city as we did, and have her send us a backup key that we had back home. She sent the key, and it arrived later that day, so we safely got back to our hotel. The wallet and the key were never found, but we were all happy that it all ended well.

Milica Vučićević I 4

When I was little



Five years ago I went on a school trip with my classmates. I was in the fifth grade and we just wanted to have a great time. When we got there, to Novi Sad, the first thing that we wanted to do was to go to a confectionery. Everybody was eating ice-cream and I had to go to the toilet. When I came back nobody was there. I felt very nervous and ran out from the confectionery. I was standing in front of it, panic-stricken and on the verge of tears. There was nobody around me and I was scared. All my stuff was in the bus, my mobile phone was there as well. I didn't know what to do! I saw a man and I asked him to tell me if he had seen my teacher. At first, the man was laughing at me, but suddenly he stopped and asked me if I was lost. I told him that I was. I wanted to find my classmates. He took me to the police. I felt safe but the pleasant feeling didn't last long because suddenly, I heard him say to the policeman that I had stolen something from him. I knew things would go wrong. The policeman looked at him as if he had known the accusation was false. At that moment, my teacher appeared. Trust no one. It's crazy how much one person can affect you!

Tamara Adamović I 4

The Girl Ghost



It all happened 6 weeks ago. It was almost midnight. My friends George, Jack and I were walking down the dark street when suddenly we heard some loud laughter. We turned around but the street was empty. There was no car, not a person to be seen. We were about to continue our walk when we heard the laughter again. It was loud and somehow strange, unearthly. This time we were sure that it came from the nearby house which was very old and in a poor condition and more importantly it was said to be haunted. Many people believed that a ghost of a girl, who was pushed down the stairs, was still in that house. One of my friends suggested that we go into the house. We were frightened but excited at the same time so we decided to do that. We nervously opened the door and entered. It was very dark and difficult to see anything. We made only few steps and something flew past us. We all started to scream. George found a lighter and we found out that it was just an ordinary bat. Or was it ordinary?! Wasn't it a vampire bat, perhaps? We continued our haunted house adventure. We searched the house but all we found was one chest and lots of spider webs. But there was no sight of a girl. After some time we decided to leave the house. Just as we were about to open the door we heard a familiar but frightening laughter again and then the girl's voice saying:

Oh boys! Looking for me?! Ha, ha, ha... I am here... now I am here - look!

But we didn't want to look. We ran out of the house scared to death, never to return, not only to that house but to that street, to that part of the town.

Matija Elek I 4

My two suns

It is a golden thread
which connects our hands,
like the spark in the corner of your eye
where is hidden a piece of paradise.

And if the sun plunged into darkness
And the whole world breathed gloom
I would have you in a frame
Your eyes, my two suns.

Jelisaveta Adžić III 6

Hard work paid off



This time last year, I had the best day of my life. It was definitely an experience that I will never be able to forget. I waited for the postman all excited, who was supposed to bring the notice that said if I was appointed the best athlete of Valjevo. As the envelope finally arrived, I was thrilled. The mayor of Valjevo chose me the best tennis player. They invited me to a formal reception in the municipality to give me the prize and awards. Seven days after receiving the notice, I went to the municipality. The whole event took place in a huge room full of people. Cameras and microphones were everywhere and journalists were anxiously waiting for the beginning of the conference. The room was full of athletes and everyone was waiting for the host to pronounce their name. When he finally said my name, I proudly stood up and went to get my prize and to give the first big interview. Many people came up to me and congratulated me on the results. When I stood on the stage to receive my award, I heard a thunderous applause and the feeling was amazing. I think I will never forget the whole thing. All the athletes were happy and satisfied with the whole event. Parents were proud of their children, journalist were curious and everything else was well organized. I had never felt so happy and proud in my life because all the hard work finally paid off.

The best day of my life



It was the winter of 2014. The most important competition of the swimming season was coming. I was in Belgrade with my three friends and my coach. My friends and I competed in a relay race and we won our first medal on the National Championship. And now I can still feel the same fear and happiness that I felt that day. While we were walking to the swimming pool, we were so nervous, like never before. We knew that we had to forget jitters, and give our best. Hundreds of people were watching, cheering and having fun while we were walking nervously to the start. I remember that my hands were shaking and my heart was pounding so fast. When I got out off the pool, I saw my coach smiling and my friends were delighted. We won the bronze medal on the National Championship. I could not believe it! I was ecstatic, and my coach was finally pleased. A few minutes later the medal ceremony followed. The president of the Serbia Swimming Federation awarded us medals. It was the best feeling I had ever felt, and I was so proud of myself and my friends of course!

Nataša Dragojlović I 4

The Time of My Life

I often think about life like it's a circle which never ends. And the end of that circle symbolizes special moments in my life which would leave their marks on my thinking heart and soul.

But I have been waiting my whole life for that special moment and I feel like my circle will never be closed.

Sometimes I also feel lost. When will my time come? When will I feel complete? Will the time of my life depend on love, success or something else? Will that be something like enormous happiness or a feeling of excitement?

In the end, maybe I shouldn't wait for that moment. Maybe I should just live my life and my time will come, sooner or later. And what is life for if we spend it waiting for something?

Nikola Đorđić II 6

Crazy Night

It is one of those things I will never be able to forget. When I think about it, even now, after three years, I still get chills.

It was one really ordinary summer night; warm wind, clear starry sky with the full moon. My friends and I were walking on the village road, through the woods. Trees cast shadows on the road. We were joking and laughing like never before. We had no worries, we were happy that school was finally over. As we were walking farther and farther we started telling stories about ghosts, witches and vampires. Some of my friends were scared and told me to stop. I thought it was funny and continued to scare them. But suddenly we saw a big silhouette of a man, standing still.

Our conversation stopped and we stared fearfully at the shadow. No one wanted to check out who was standing there. The wind became stronger and started to move branches on the trees. The mysterious shadow disappeared. We were still frightened and didn't know what had happened. We decided to go home because we knew we had enough scary stories for that crazy night.

I'm still not sure whether it was a man or a supernatural thing. It is also possible that our minds were just playing tricks on us, but since then we haven't told any scary stories anymore.

Filip Timotić II 6

Autumn in My Town

Grey gloomy sky looms above my town. Heavy and dark clouds lean on the rooftops of every house in my neighbourhood, holding back the sunlight. The bare branches are being torn off by the cold wind and all of the living creatures go into hiding. The leaves rustle in the wind, like the nature itself is talking to you and the sounds are warning about the upcoming rainstorm.

I have never liked autumn. I have never hated it, but I have never really liked it. A lot of people don't like it. What's there to love? When the rain starts to pour, the November storm rises and blows everything that is beautiful around you.

But then, right after the rain stops, when the sun shines, there are some small moments. Small moments in time when you appreciate the nature around you. When you finally see it, you can see the colours shining through red and yellow leaves. You can smell the moisture in the air. And suddenly everything goes silent and calm, and deep down inside you can finally feel the nature. Maybe I don't like the autumn, but I do like those small moments. Small moments in time.

Nina Stanković II 6

I Killed a Man

It wasn't just a "BOOM" and that was the end of his life. No, I didn't use any weapons or a poison for that. I used something much stronger - forgiveness. Because you can't kill a poison, you either learn to live with it, or it kills you. You were that for me. Just a disease that I needed a cure for. And what's the best cure? Deleting you from my life, of course.

It took a lot of strength and painful decisions, but I made them, and when I looked back, I couldn't be more proud of myself.

I killed a memory and memories are the hardest to destroy. I don't have any doubts that the final decision was right. Because, if something hurts, you must get it out of your life. One way or another.

Iva Stevanović II 6

Pongo et Rex



Mon animal préféré est le chien, bien sûr. J'adore les animaux. Pour moi, tous les animaux sont adorables et magnifiques. J'ai deux chiens - Pongo et Rex. Rex est mon premier chien et il est le chien de race mixte. Pongo est dalmatien. J'adore passer mon temps libre avec eux. Pongo a 4 ans et il vit avec ma mère et ma grand-mère dans notre maison. Il est mon amour et je ne peux pas imaginer le jour sans lui. Il est mon deuxième chien. Quand j'avais 12 ans, ma mère voulait me faire une surprise et elle a décidé de m'apporter le petit chien dalmatien. Ce jour, j'étais à l'école et quand je suis rentrée, j'ai vu

une boîte blanche dans laquelle était un petit chien. Il était adorable. J'étais surprise et très heureuse. C'était le meilleur cadeau pour moi. Depuis le premier jour que j'ai passé avec lui, je suis la plus heureuse personne dans le monde entier. Nous nous promenons chaque jour et nous adorons passer le temps ensemble. Pongo est le membre préféré dans ma famille. Je veux recommander à tous d'avoir le chien et le meilleur ami!

Minja Cerović II 5

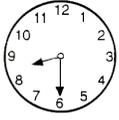


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Полиглота, број 6, јун 2015

Уредници: професори Анита Новосел и Александар Саботковски

Технички уредник: професор Радиша Ковачевић

Редакција: ученици и професори Ваљевске гимназије