



# JAZYKOVÝ KVET 2023

Vlastná tvorba ~ Own Creation

e-knižka

## JAZYKOVÝ KVET 2023

### Vlastná tvorba | Own Creation

Zbierka textov súťažných príspevkov z kategórie vlastná tvorba (VT) v projekte Jazykový kvet Klasik v rôznych jazykoch – angličtina, nemčina, ruština a španielčina. Autormi textov sú žiaci a pedagógovia základných a stredných škôl.

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# JAZYKOVÝ KVET 2023

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# I.

## THE LIFE OF A HOCKEY PLAYER

I. AJ P–P VT ~ Peter Valach, Mgr. Jozefína Romanyszynová  
CZŠ sv. Michala, Volgogradská 2, Michalovce



Everyone thinks that the life of a hockey player is easy. But today I can show you that it is not.

First you have to learn how to skate. And believe me, it can take a lot of time. Then, you must know the rules. You can't play hockey if you don't know how to do it. There are so many rules like you can't fight with other players or you can't hit the puck with your hands or legs.

When you learn to skate and you know the rules, you can start playing hockey. But every day you have to get up very early and train hard. And you must be fit and strong, too.

In winter we practise on the ice. I wake up at 5 o'clock in the morning and have a training at the hockey stadium. Then I go to school and in the afternoon I have another training. In summer we train, too. But we do not train at the hockey stadium. We run in the playground or go to the gym and lift weights. We must build strength and speed.

At the weekends we usually have a match. Sometimes we play at home, sometimes we go to another city. On the bus we can have so much fun. We play games and we make fun of each other. When we arrive at the place, we get dressed and go to play. Every time we score, I do a funny ice dance. I am a goalkeeper and when we win, everybody jumps on me. It's really funny. When I play well, I get the price for the best player of the team. That makes me very proud and happy! I hope I can be a professional hockey player one day.

## МОЯ ДЕТСКАЯ МЕЧТА

I. RJ P-P VT ~ Auróra Vasilenko ~ ZŠ, Belehradská 2, Košice



Когда я была маленькой, я получила музыкальную шкатулку. Вот эту розовую с крутящейся балериной. Слушая её нежную мелодию я представляла, что я балерина. Мама зачесала мне волосы в пучок, я надела фатиновую юбочку и танцевала. Все игрушки в комнате были моей публикой. Это был мой детский мир. Однако у меня была ещё одна мечта, я очень хотела увидеть настоящий балет. Однажды родители приготовили мне сюрприз, взяли меня на постановку балета Снегурочка. Я была очарована балеринами в белых юбочках. Они были прекрасны. Танцевали нежно как феи, кружили на сцене, крутили пируэты. Я не могла оторвать от них глаз. После спектакля, когда мы вернулись домой, я надела свою юбочку и танцевала на носочках. Родители были поражены. „Ну смотрите, какая балерина у нас дома. Мы должны купить ей балетные туфли,“ сказал папа. И потом с мамой тихо о чём – то говорили. На следующий день случилось что – то неожиданное. Мама взяла меня в балетную студию. Мы вошли в огромный зал, кругом были зеркала. Балерины разогревались у станка, пробовали балетные позиции и прыжки. Танцевали на пуантах, репетировали новую хореографию. Я была взволнована и чувствовала себя как в сказке. После тренировки я тихонько проскользнула в гримёрку. Там было шумно. Балерины переодевались и побегивали босиком. Тогда я заметила, что у них на пальцах мозоли и синяки, где – то до крови потёртая кожа. Одна из балерин плакала о боли. Я была в шоке. Неужели балерины должны так страдать, чтобы танцевать балет? Я не могла поверить, что танцевать на пуантах так больно. Ведь они двигались так легко и улыбались. Домой я вернулась задумчива. „Что с тобой, тебе не понравился урок? Ты не хочешь больше танцевать балет?“ спрашивал папа. Я только опустила голову и молча ушла в свою комнату. Перед собой я видела деформированные пальцы и слёзы балерины. Если это цена за балет, я не хочу так страдать! Не хочу посещать уроки балета! Но что скажут родители? Поймут ли меня? Они, наверное, будут разочарованы. Я немного волновалась. К счастью, у меня замечательные родители. Всё поняли. Поддержали меня и предложили заняться народными танцами. И так я уже 5 лет танцую в фольклорном ансамбле. Мне это очень нравится. Танцую для удовольствия и это самое важное. И балет? Он останется только моей детской мечтой и эта музыкальная шкатулка с балериной всегда будет напоминать мне о ней.

## II.

### LITTLE MISTAKES

II. AJ P-P VT ~ Beatrice Damborská ~ ZŠ, Benkova 34, Nitra



Hello,

My name is Sarah and everlyb 7oh, i am sorry, let me start again.

Hello,

My name is Sarah and evrelyb 7everybold 7e v e r y b o d y, everylbody.

You know what, I don't need an introduction. In short, everybody always 7and now I say it right ! Nevermind. People always told me that not all things would go the way I want, and that I shouldn't have big dreams, because I would be disappointed if I didn 't fulfill them. And so I became the person with no big goals.

We are having a dance performance today and I have a big stage fright. Right now I am trying to relax. My best friend Jessica is talking to the costume maker, probably complaining about how uncomfortable her costume is. She looks at me and then she comes to me. „Hey Sarah, why are you sitting here so sadly ? she asks me. „Oh, I am just scared. I 7 probably forget half of my lines and ruin everything. „You ? And ruin everything ? Sarah, you are amazing. There is no reason for you to be scared ! „, There is a reason, and I am not amazing ! Jessica just rolled her eyes, she knows I use to be like this, we have been friends since we were in the first grade. Even though that she never agrees with me and always tries to make me believe more in myself .

It's time ! our drama teacher screamed , a bit too loud. I would be very surprised if at least half of the theater didnt hear it. I still have some time to prepare, because my role is the last one in this play.

As the curtain went up, I took a deep breath and stepped out. Story was going smoothly, but a few mistakes happened. Miriam forgot part of her dialogue, so she improvised. Audience didn 7 notice anything, she really has good improvising skills, but for us who were training with her it was obvious. Jazel stumbled over the table, but masked it well. And it became my time to say my lines.

The stars are shining brightly

The moon is going dark

My heart is beating lightly

It is time for new start

As I was talking, in my mind I was thinking about how everyone is able to be calm after all these mistakes and capable to mask it perfectly. I couldn't do that.

King and Queen are awaiting

Everyone is here

All people are celebrating

The new hero, it's me

When I finished, the lights slowly started to turn on again and everybody was clapping. They didn't look like they noticed when we messed up. Or they just didn't want to look like that.

However, this is a school appearance, or I am just paranoid. I stopped believe in myself and my abilities and gave up on my dreams. Jessica was right ! I need to believe more in myself.

And I am going to start today !

And now, it's time for the party ! Jessica is already waiting for me.

see you next time, -Sarah

I closed the diary. This was the only thing I ever wrote in it. That appearance changed my life, after that I left the drama club and started to do things I always wanted, but thought I am not capable of, like writing books. I was living in thought that I couldn't be a writer, because I had no fantasy, that's what people always told me. And after that, I gave up and totally underestimated myself. But I am glad that I realized my mistakes. I am a famous writer now and I am sure that young me would be proud. You will always find people that are against you, but you should just ignore them and don't let them stop you like I did. So next time, when you will be doing something, just raise your head and say you can do it. Because you can. I could too.

## THE STORK

(A little story of William and mother's love)

II. AJ Drama VT ~ Mgr. Nikoleta Ďurášová & Mgr. Eva Petrášová  
ZŠ, ČSA 15, Moldava nad Bodvou



### *Music*

#### *INTRODUCTION: (a story teller)*

Dear friends!

There is light and there is dark. There is more to stay about LOVE. LOVE looks not only with eyes but with the mind, soul and there is a mother above all..... HM... and in this story, there is a mother living in a small village belonging to the royal crown. And... This mother, this ordinary lady loving books, the lady, who knows, that there are some souls being great, achieving greatness a mother waiting for a white messenger.

Let us tell you a little story from one dark night.

### *Music*

MRS. S: Oh LORD!!! (*Coming to the stage, ready for bed wearing pyjamas, cap on her head, bare feet, holding a lantern, there are 2 angels who are rolling their eyes*)

ANGEL 1: OH LORD!

ANGEL 2: OH LORD! AL MIHGTY!!!! (*together*)

MRS.S: Oh LORD!!! (*Towards the audiences*), IF you just all know how much I love books... (*Smiling*)... you all should know, (*sitting down*), (*very happy, crossing one leg over the other one, take one book and happily going through the pages*). Oh .... this indescribable smell and this beautiful rustling of these papers, just holding them.... OH GOD, what an amazing English habit. Oh yes!!!!

MR. S: (*coming to the stage*) Oh ... again my dear wife, again, again, these foolish habits of yours. But mine?!.... Wine, cigars (*with a dance move*), Oh



yes...Wait ... by the way?! Do we have cigars here in the 16th century England?  
Hm?

MRS.S: Probably not yet my dear .... But just follow your lines written in your scenario... my love!

MR. S: *(he walks around, suddenly stops)*: DAMM IT!! Those books of yours! What do you have of them?!

MRS.S: *(going through the pages, not looking at him)*, New worlds, love and hate, heaven and hell, reality and romance, but „ABOVE ALL “*(dreamingly)* „ I CAN DREAM “, You have the floor my dear! *(máš slovo)*

MR:S: Oh yes! You are just dreaming and I .... then I cannot eat our dreams!

MRS.S: Of course, my dear! But YOU! Do not dream anymore and that’s why, there is something missing ... HM... LOVE! My dear!

ANGELS1,2: *(together)* LOVE! *(gently)* ALLELUIAH!!!!

### ***Music***

MRS.S: My dear husband

MR. S: I’m all ears

MRS.S: HM, ...As I was in my book, suddenly.... There was a strange noise ... KNOCK .... KNOCK.....KNOCK (musicians), I looked out the window ...in our yard! What do I see?! A STORK. “AN ORDINARY ENGLISH STORK, “maybe flying from London, having a break in our yard. Can you imagine? Looking at me with those wonderful black eyes, opening its beak. Oh ... dear! I know it straight away! The 3rd time, here we go again. My dear John in bath, hot bath, sleeping and snoring like hell.

MR. S: *(angrily)* My lips are seeled... I’m leaving

MRS.S: *(as she puts her socks on)* KNOCK...KNOCK, that’s how my dear John knocked on my heart and said YES. I KNOCKED on his heart as well. And we were in love again.... I dragged him out that hot bath..... Oh, dear John!

*(shouting at him, he is behind)*. Remember! As we promised to love each other till the end!

ANGELS 1,2: AMEN

**Music**

MRS.S: *(quietly)*...and here we are 9 month later, expecting our William, and believe me, WILLIAM -the soul, who will fly free.

ANGELES1,2: ALLELUIAH!!!

MRS.S: *(she goes to the old chest, looking for something), (John is coming back, looking at the audience)*

MR. S: Two days ago *(pointing at his wife)* my dear wife was tidying up.... see ... My beloved wife... Nothing unusual, right? I have got used to it, cleaning, shouting, cleaning cooking. Well ... women *(looking at his wife again)* But my wife....! Looking for some properties. What for?

MRS.S: *(she takes out the goblet)* BE OR NOT TO BE? *(Taking out the crown)* KING LEAR *(putting the crown down), (she continues)*. A little DONKEY A MINDUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, *(taking out the red stockings)* TWELFTH NIGHT

MR. S: *(thinking, turning towards his wife)* Oh ... What about .... I would prefer: TAMING OF THE SHREW or let me just see...MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. That should suit you much better my dear, more logical into woman's world.

MRS.S: *(she turns around)* That would suit you ... your world... But anyway! I have some male logic in me! *(She finds an inkpot and a bird's feather)* Oh! There it is! HM... I found them at last! It will be a boy, at 3:00PM *(softly, dreamingly)*, writing with this. He will write about English, Irish history, about Verona, which I love so dearly *(she gets up, walks to the table elegantly, put everything on the table, looks at her watch)*. At 3:00 PM you'll be born, you will be with us and you'll write all your life...Oh my dear WILLIAM... *(touching her belly)*

MR. S: *(she's putting things back to the chest)*

ANGEL1: Writes...

ANGEL2: And writes...till he drops death...

BOTH: ALLELUIAH!!!

**Music**

STORY TELLER: As 2 days passed, the STORK was nowhere to be seen but the life went on in this ordinary village...but SUDDENLY the angels came back

*(Angels coming back to the stage)*

**Music**

MRS. S: Dear angels. *(Praying before going to bed)*

ANGEL1: ALLELUIAH!!! *(Out of tune)*

ANGEL2: ALLELUIAH!!! *(Out of tune)*

MRS. S: *(strictly looking at them, then quickly)* SHUSH ...go to bed ...both of you ...  
*(yawning and saying)* ONE MORE DAY .... *(Taking a little pillow, goes to bed)*

ANGELS1/2: *(taking the feather, the inkpot from the table), (MR. S is coming back, looking at the audience)*

MR. S: King Lear, Hamlet, and What's that about Verona? And? By the way... Where this Verona. Oh LORD!!! How does she come up with these things? How does she know it's a boy? At 3:00 PM? How? She's driving me crazy *(he looks at the angels, whistles to them, asking them to come up to him)* I order you to write this!!!

ANGELS1: *(taking out the white paper, writing on the back of the other)*

MR. S: William Shakespeare, English writer, actor and a playwright, born as the 3rd child of 3 to Mary and John Shakespeare, his father was well-know in Stratford. Oh yes, well-know.

ANNA: MR. Shakespeare...*(shouting)* MR. JOHN your lady. It's the time. *(Angels go back to heaven, running away from the stage)*

ANGELS1/2: We have to go now...

MR. S: Where to?

ANGELS: To heaven, home...

ANNA: MR. JOHN.... Fine TIK-TOK.... Your lady wife!?

MR. S: What about my lady? ANNA What? And you two *(angels)* are going nowhere. BOTH OF YOU STAY HERE!!!

ANNA: Oh MR. JOHN. The STORK is back, just landed in your yard again.

MR. S: *(looking at his watch)* Oh Dear! Now... at 3:00PM *(rushing away)*

MRS. S: *(coming to the stage)* *(in pain)* walking up and down

ANNA: *(nervously after her)* My lady, do not worry... you can do it no problem easy-peasy, lemon squeezy.

ANGELS1/2: *(closing their eyes, not wanting to see)*

MRS. S: *(to ANNA)* Anna.... but today, the world will change, today is a special day...

ANNA: Hm, let my just say... Maybe you are right... see even the STORK came back dressed beautifully *(someone throws a scarf at the stork)*

MRS. S: See even stork knows. So, Anna let's go let William be born ... let's create the history...

ANNA: So, my dear lady, let's go... *(they both leave)*

ANGELS1/2: *(folding their arm and start to tell the "STORY")*

ANGEL1: Once open a time...

ANGEL2: In English kingdom of Elizabeth the 1st. Far away from London a boy called William was born ...

ANGEL1: AT 3:00 PM

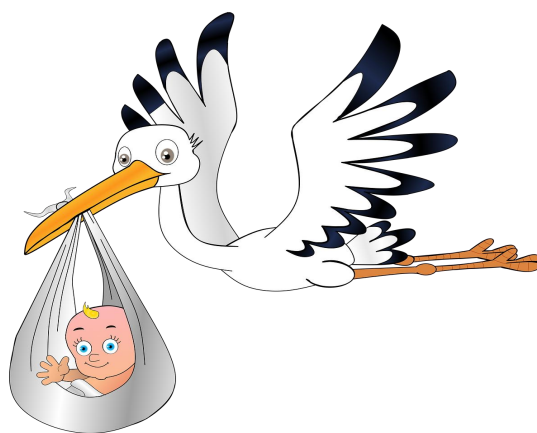
ANGEL2: AT 3:00 PM

**Music**

ANGELS1/2: William Shakespeare was born with blessing of his mother and loved by his parents so let him live and create the world of stage where love plays an enormous part. *(After that, everyone come back to the stage)*

STORRY TELLER: Ladies and gentlemen!

We are all born into this world with our parent's strength. They believe in us, they love us... they create a world for us... So let's be thankful to all of our parents. And as the STORK would say: "Till next time, somewhere in this wonderful world, we will meet again."

**Music**

## ODE TO NETURE

II. AJ P-P VT ~ Mária Anna Gergel'ová ~ ZŠ, Benkova 34, Nitra



I look at the stones that pave the path,  
gentle raindrops drum on my nose.  
beautiful rainbow takes a sunny bath

I hug the trunk staring into the crown  
It's so beautiful in the moonlight!  
I felt as the tree asked me for help.  
Those words cut through the cold night.

Loving humility is reflected in my face,  
I got there, to the green peaceful space.  
I walked singing silent tones in the cold air.  
bellflowers were decorating my hair.

Golden yellow dandelions  
lay down on the grass  
and they turned their yellow heads  
towards paradise.

Just think, who would not be happy !  
when the bright sun warms  
when clear water flows in the stream  
in mysterious silence just a gentle breeze blows.

Pure spring water flows down the hill,  
a few flowers on the river surface glime  
now all my troubles are far and clear  
I want to write an ode, right here

The trees prey in their enormous calm,  
provide shade and shelter for all of us.  
When the forest wakes up and wet dew falls,  
magical sparks fly from my eyes.

When the fragrance of the trees  
mingles with the meadow's smell,  
connected in a common breeze  
my soul wants to write poem

I know so well what people do  
I can't change it just alone  
I want to talk to the trees and moon  
I am still staring to the crown 𐄂



## HOW I MANAGED TO SAVE THE CAT

II. AJ P-P VT ~ Mariam Mansour ~ CZŠ sv. Michala, Volgogradská 2, Michalovce



Friday, 25th June

Dear diary, today was a really special day because I rescued a cat. It is a long story, so let me start right from the beginning.

It was an ordinary Friday morning. Just like any other before. I turned off my alarm o'clock and slowly got out of the bed. I went to the kitchen and grabbed something to eat. Straight after that I got dressed, took my school bag and rushed to school. Luckily, I got there just before the bell rang. „At least it's finally Friday,“ I thought to myself. And in the blink of an eye, the school was over and I could go home and start enjoying my weekend. As I was approaching our flat, a message came from my friend. He had some things to do, so he asked me to go out with him. I texted him back saying that he could count on me. And that's when all the crazy things started to happen.

On the way to meet him I saw a little cat. It looked like it needed help. As I wanted to help it, I ran to the shop to get some cat food and water. Anyway, when I tried to feed it, I realized there was something wrong with it. The cat would not eat anything because its mouth was bleeding. So I quickly called the people from the animal shelter and when they came, they took the cat to the nearest vet and they even asked me to go with them.

At the veterinary clinic, they asked me a bunch of questions to find out how it happened. In the end they came to a conclusion that the cat itself was fine, but its mouth was simply bruised from fighting some other cats in the street. So they prescribed it some antibiotics. And then all of a sudden I started to realize that the cat had nowhere to go. I did not want it to end up in the street again, so the choice was obvious. I thanked the vet and took the cat home.

And how did it end? Well, my mom yelled at me at the beginning. She said that if I kept saving more cats, we could easily open an animal farm. But after a day or two, she loved the cat as much as I did. So she decided that we could keep it.



## THE MAGIC CHRISTMAS

II. AJ P-P VT ~ Marek Vranec ~ ZŠ, Staničná 13, Košice



Hello, my name is Marek Vranec. I attend the 5th grade at Staničná Primary School in Košice. As everyone, I believed in Santa. Until recently. Children at my age start wondering whether Santa really exists. All my classmates say the presents we get are from parents. I always had a chance to see Santa's helpers only... I read various books and even there it says that there is no life at the North Pole. You could imagine how disappointed I was. Because of my great relationship with my grandma I did not hesitate a minute to talk to her about my discovery. She decided to tell me her story: When I was a little girl, I was about 10 like you are now, I also doubted the existence of Santa. The night before Christmas Eve I was determined to stay up until the next morning. I said to myself if I managed to stay up, I would be able to see the truth. It was just for a little while I happened to close my eyes. Suddenly there appeared a beautiful and magical Christmas wonderland in front of me full of Christmas elves. They were singing Christmas carols and were running up and down rushing to the town square full of people. I found out that today was the day when Santa was about to come and give someone the first Christmas present. So I decided to join the crowd and wait. Christmas lights, wonderful smell of gingerbread cookies, Christmas music and cheerful people were everywhere. All of a sudden a little girl standing right next to me shouted: „Look! He's here! He's coming! I can see his sleigh!“ And there he really was. With Rudolph and other reindeer pulling the sleigh packed with Christmas presents. The sleigh was simply breathtaking, jingle bells at the sides. Everyone was cheering, clapping everytime the reindeer moved. There was joy in their eyes. I couldn't understand why they were so joyful. I did not hear anything special and I still couldn't see Santa. Suddenly one of the jingle bells fell off and started rolling. It stopped right in front of my feet. I picked it, put it close to my ear and shook it very carefully. Nothing happened. That little girl next to me looked at me with excitement and said: „Isn't it the most beautiful sound in the world?“ I was surprised as I heard nothing! All of a sudden there HE was! Santa in all his glory! He was completely different from Santas I remembered from school or from the shops. There was something in his eyes. He whispered: „You just have to believe! Only the ones who believe are able to hear the sound of jingle bells.“ After a little while I closed my eyes and said to myself: „I believe. I believe.“ I looked at Santa. He smiled nicely and nodded. I've just realised that something has changed. I felt

really warm and peaceful. I looked at the jingle bell in my hand again and...the sound I heard was simply amazing. I have never felt such happiness and joy in my life. Then my siblings started shouting: „Santa was here!“ „Oh no! I woke up in my bed. It was nothing but a dream! So is it morning already?“ All sad I came down to our Christmas tree. There were lots of presents indeed. But! If you believe me or not, the last present I found was signed by...S. I opened it as fast as I could and there it was. The jingle bell. My jingle bell! I could not believe my own eyes but yes! There it was! I took it and with little hope shook it. The jingle bell made the same beautiful sound as the one in my dream. My younger siblings were delighted by the sound they heard and were happy with me. On the other hand, my parents looked at us sadly and said: „Oh, It’s broken but don’t be sad, we’ll try to fix it.“ At that very moment I knew that my jingle bell was special and magic. My parents just stopped believing. I wonder when? Actually after some time all my brothers and sisters stopped believing and could not hear that wonderful sound of jingle bells anymore. But my grandma can hear the jingle bell even till today. And she is 60 already. When she told me this story, I wanted to see and hear that jingle bell. She gave it to me with the words: „Don’t forget what is the most important. You just have to...“..“believe“ I added hastily. I put it really carefully close to my ear and shook it gently. And guess what? .. Thank you for your attention!



## THE STORY ABOUT A LITTLE PLANET

II. AJ P-P VT ~ Adela Zvalová ~ ZŠ, Benkova 34, Nitra



In the calm of universe,  
there governs a quiet.  
But just when you strain your ears,  
you can hear a cry .  
That is a cry of one planet,  
we all know its name  
It has a very big trouble,  
for that it's sad today.  
The sun hears it cry,  
he asks why it is sad.  
And it said this planet:  
„To help you I will try.  
The planet silently answers,  
„people will destroy me in time .  
And then the sun understands,  
but it hasn't ideas.  
„Just tell people what's the matter ,  
said its neighbour, planet Mars.  
I don't think that it will change,  
little planet wasn't sure.  
Then Mars answers: That is true,  
so asks another planet too.

„I'm Venus, prittier than you,  
but I real don;t know what to do.

„I m fast, I'm Mercury,  
I can't help you,excuse me.

„I'm the biggest, Jupiter,  
I'm big but not clever ;.

„I' m Neptun, god of sea,  
but this is so hard for me.

In the calm of universe,  
there governs a quiet.

But just when you strain your ears,  
you can hear a cry .

Wait, said the stars:

we hasn;t ideas.

You can't help it!

But the planet had a hope,  
that all the people will stop...

And that future will be happy...



## LICHT IN DER HERZ

II. NJ P-P VT ~ Adam Daniel Donoval ~ ŠpMNDaG, Teplická 7, Bratislava



Als ich dich zum ersten Mal gesehen habe,  
eines wusste ich,  
dass ich mich in dich verliebt habe,  
ich muss an dich denken abendlich.

Du bist mein einziger Sonnenschein,  
schickst mir Licht zur Nacht und zum Tag,  
niemals lasse ich dich allein,  
weil ich dich immer bei mir fühlen mag.

Wie die Blume ihre Blätter,  
brauche ich dich zum Atmen jede Zeit.

Am Morgen am Abend,  
du bist grundsätzlich nicht so weit.

Jedes Mal wenn ich dich sehe,  
mein Herz brennt nur für dich.

Ich sage mir, dass ich schon gehe,  
aber heimlich hoffe ich, du liebst auch mich.

Meine Liebe zu dir ist unendlich groß,

sie wächst wie ein Baum,

sie schwimmt zu dir wie ein Floß.

O sage mir! Was ist die Liebe?<sup>[1]</sup>

In einem Wort die Welt?

Ein Traum ohne Ende.

Das hat mein Herz erzählt.

Ich kann nicht wissen, was du denkst,

Ich will nur hoffen, dass du mir einmal dein Herz schenkst.

Ich bin bereit deine Liebe anzunehmen,

und wie mit einem Geschenk mit dir zu leben.

Ich warte gespannt auf deine Antwort

Deshalb schreibe ich nur einen Satz:

Ich liebe dich, du bist mein Schatz.



## EIN BLÖDER TAG

II. NJ P-P VT ~ Daria Komar ~ ŠpMNDaG, Teplická 7, Bratislava



Eines schönen Tages stand Josephine auf und nach 10 Minuten erinnerte sie sich:

„Ich bin doch bei meinem Bruder in Wien!“

Sie nahm schon zum zweiten Mal an einem Ballet-Workshop in St. Pölten teil. Deswegen wohnte sie in der Zeit bei ihrem Bruder in Wien und reiste jeden Tag nach St. Pölten. Also die Reise kannte sie schon perfekt.

An diesem Tag war Josephine pünktlich. Sie stieg aus der U-Bahn aus und wartete auf ihren Zug. Sie hatte noch Zeit, es war 10 Minuten vor der Abfahrt. Aber nach 20 Minuten stand sie immer noch auf dem Bahnsteig. Plötzlich hörte sie eine abscheuliche Stimme:

„Eine Information zu Railjetexpres 623 nach München Hauptbahnhof, Abfahrtszeit 8 Uhr 37. Dieser Zug fährt voraussichtlich 40 bis 50 Minuten später ab. Grund dafür sind Personen im Gleisbereich.“

Also wartete sie noch eine Stunde. Sie wird zu spät zu dem Workshop kommen, fiel ihr ein. Aber es hatte keinen Sinn zu heulen. Nach einiger Zeit stieg Josephine in einen anderen Zug ein, der auch nach St. Pölten fuhr. Dieser war aber zweimal langsamer als der erste. Nach langen 40 Minuten stieg sie in St. Pölten aus. Und plötzlich war ihre Laune wirklich zerstört. In St. Pölten war ein großer Regenschauer und Josephine hatte nur ein T-Shirt an. In einer Sekunde war sie total nass.

„Schrecklich,“ dachte sie. „Ich bin ganz nass und jetzt muss ich mit 2,5 Stunde Verspätung in die Ballettschule gehen?“

Sie wusste nicht, was zu tun, also rief sie ihren Bruder an und fragte ihn, was sie machen soll. Er sagte ihr: „Mach, was du willst!“

Sie entschloss sich wieder zurück nach Wien zu fahren. Also wartete sie noch eine Stunde auf den richtigen Zug und kam glücklich bei ihrem Bruder an. Der Tag war fast vorbei und sie reiste die ganze Zeit nur hin und zurück. Was wird dazu ihre Mutter sagen?

# III.

## BORDERS OF THE WATER

III. AJ P-P VT ~ Kristína Ďuricová  
Gymnázium V. B. Nedožerského, Matice slovenskej 16, Prievidza



I always thought that existing and  
simply just trying to live in this society,  
where everyone can be anyone,  
everyone has a choice and  
everyone's vision of the world is different,  
would never give me an actual possibility or  
even a chance to fall in love.

Yeah, love,  
one of the things that has been stuck with us  
ever since we started existing  
and whose point and idea have never changed,  
it's existence has never become pointless.

I don't know for how long but I know  
that this constant feeling of a tightened stomach,  
imagining that my body's falling off a cliff,



not seeing any end of this eternal space,  
waiting for that final moment of falling into the water,  
crashing its borders and being in a relieved peace,  
has been haunting me for a while.

Then on one day, I saw this breathtaking person in front of my eyes,  
breathtaking in their own way,  
me getting absolutely amazed by their presence and  
my quiet passion slowly started spreading inside of my lungs.

It's really fascinating to have the ability to see  
how we, people, members of the human kind,  
are naturally all living  
inside our own soul locker,  
being all different and unique, yet still the same.

The things that I was feeling were happening inside of me,  
simply weren't able to be described by  
any wise book, any meaningful words  
or even sounds or movements.

I tried to get my soul attached,  
to see if we would connect like a puzzle,

and words were trying to spit out of my mouth,  
to see if I can catch their lovely eyes.

I could just imagine feeling their soft heartwarming lips,  
touching mine, begging in a satisfying agony,  
my senses were becoming stronger,  
almost as strong as a wild animal,  
living in the dark and chasing for something  
that would satisfy it.

A moment that could feel like a whole eternity  
was now physically getting into my mind  
and with every breath, I gasped,  
deeply paralyzed by their power.

I kept on forgetting my name while  
our breaths were pressing against each other,  
their wholeness was filling me with their  
freezingly warm lips.

For those asking, how could lips be freezingly warm?  
Well simply as much as love can be beautifully ugly,  
happily tragic or maybe even unrealistically realistic.

Now I came to conclusion of  
not knowing if my words were right or wrong,  
not knowing if they deserved it or not,  
not knowing who was the real angel or devil,  
who tore us apart.

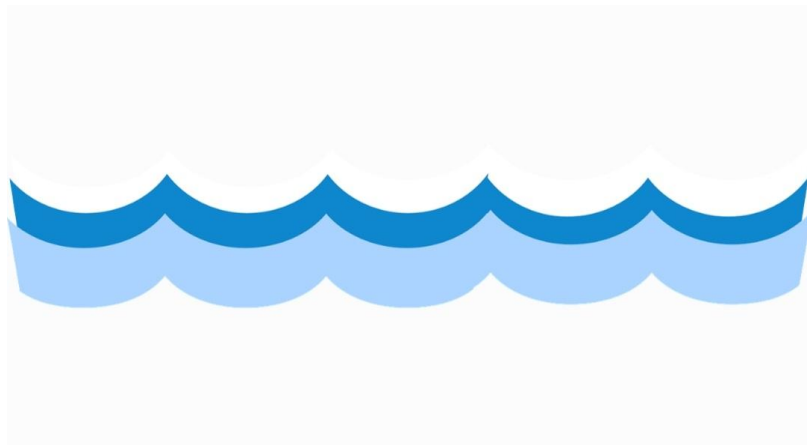
A whole balloon was filling up inside my body,  
not knowing when it would explode,  
and when suddenly it's limits were reached,  
I knew that there was no cure to stop it.

All the anger, sadness, happiness, sickness, madness  
was running out of me as a  
huge scary storm, not seeing its end.

I realized that for the whole time,  
they were consuming all parts of me  
as a simple piece of cake,  
devouring them, enjoying the feeling of a satisfied stomach,  
not truly caring about their meal.

Then one day on which my sore soul couldn't take it anymore,  
I finally did let go of their hungry jaw, ran away,  
not being able to turn back, knowing those wounds and scars  
they created will never fully heal again.

Now I am slowly crossing this brand new road with caution,  
starting to fill a brand new glass with water,  
falling into a totally new space,  
realizing I've finally reached the water.



## HAUNTED BY THE PAST, SAVED BY THE PRESENT

III. AJ P-P VT ~ Terézia Kowalská  
Gymnázium arm. gen. L. Svobodu, Komenského 4, Humenné



Do you remember how i ran my fingers through your hair?

I still feel the warm breeze coming from the west

your lips were so soft

we didn't kiss but I imagine that we did

I imagine everyday how soft your lips would be

the only thing left is my fantasy

since the thought of having you in my arms seems forbidden

since the world doesn't want me to be with you

I want you to remember me vividly as someone you cared about greatly

I will try to forget about your lips

but I will always remember you as someone who was forbidden to touch

my hand getting lost in your shiny hair

was the best sensation I have ever felt

what pains me the most is that you never looked at me

the way I looked at you

I saw entire universe in you

but I was merely one shining star in yours

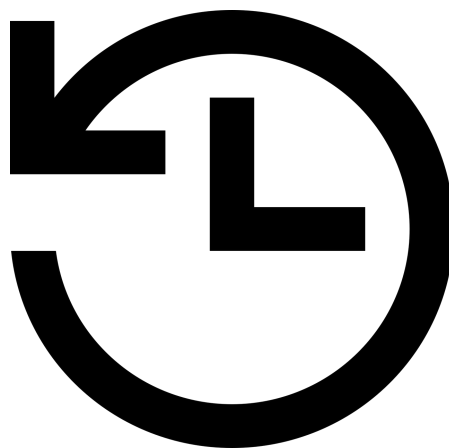
but it's alright

it was destined to be

so forget my touch and remember me

the love we shared that night  
it bloomed beautifully, it aged, it withered  
we almost forgot about each other that winter  
I have no right to complain  
I should just let it all ache  
this precious thing becomes  
nothing  
nothing  
nothing  
it disappears just like a feather in distance  
but the aftermath will be stuck in my stupid brain forever  
an eternity of emptiness  
an eternity of nothingness  
a blissful moment that has vanished  
a blissful disaster  
will I accept the fate I have?  
will I accept the fact that I might be the creator of my own fortune?  
is there any will to discover happiness once again left?  
and then  
I woke up  
I felt  
essential  
as if I'm needed in this room  
as if I'm needed for the balance

even when I'm blue  
even with a broken heart I am a creation of energy  
once tingling deep in the root of this earth  
now a mass, a materia  
with bleached hair and confusing eyes  
I took a deep breath and said to myself:  
I'll disappear once and my nonexistence  
will be as much needed as my common existence  
so why should I feel guilty about  
the present taking a hold of me  
and NOT  
regretting the past?



## MODERN AGE SICKNESS

III. AJ P-P VT + ~ Max Balický  
Gymnázium arm. gen. L. Svobodu, Komenského 4, Humenné



I haven't been here for that long

Haven't even seen a falling star

Haven't noticed how waves swim with water

Haven't gotten yet that far

Yet I've seen more than I've thought

I've seen the darkness behind the wall

All consuming yet still behind the window

Almost tasted shadow of a fall

Youth of today falling of the edge

Each day I see the struggle of a modern day

Too much good can hurt a man

Leaves a generation with thoughts of black and gray

That kills the color of the spring in May

The dark truth is we forgot how it looks

View the sounds of summer through screen

Just hearing the warmth of the sun



Not to remember the true life giving beam

A beam of light

A beam of night

Can't even recognize the true beauty of life

All these words put on a paper

With an average metaphor, soaking dry

Just and only an expression

Of what the world has left behind

I want to see you laugh

Oh how I want to see you smile

For the things we have

For each other, please just one more time

Show me we're not doomed

Prove I'm not just a dreaming nobody

Tell me the world's gone mad

Please tell me it's worth running

I see now the waves on the sea

Only hit rocks with force I can't comprehend

I so want to believe

This isn't the road that we have ahead

If not then let me see the star

Star that's heading far away

To the world that isn't gray

A world where I can forever stay

I haven't been here for that long

Yet I feel like I've opened my eyes

You can say I'm crazy

But I'm tired of all the lies

That we have a future ahead

Thriving of vibrant color palette

And love amongst people who never thought to be holding each others hand

I beg you all, just please stay kind

Cause this is the only way to gain what we left behind

Please kiss and hug and show me the love

In a world that seemingly forgot.

## I WRITE ON OCCASION

III. AJ P-P VT+ ~ Laura Čurillová ~ Evanjelické gymnázium J. A. Komenského, Košice



I write on occasion,  
on occasion that I know what I'm feeling,  
on occasion that my life has meaning  
when I see you smile and laugh,  
knowing I did that  
lifting the weight of the world off of your shoulders  
piece by piece  
until I have the complete puzzle

I write to try and release things, people, memories  
I convince myself it helps  
and that I'm over it  
but deep down I know that every single pen stroke  
is an excuse to not let you go  
and hold on just a little while longer

people think it's silly  
that words on paper can't help you heal  
when it feels like too much to feel  
because how could something so dead make you feel so alive?

there are moments  
when I can't write a single line  
and the feeling rests casually in my spine  
as I try to convince myself that I'm fine

but as the clock strikes nine  
in this little heart of mine  
I know something's wrong

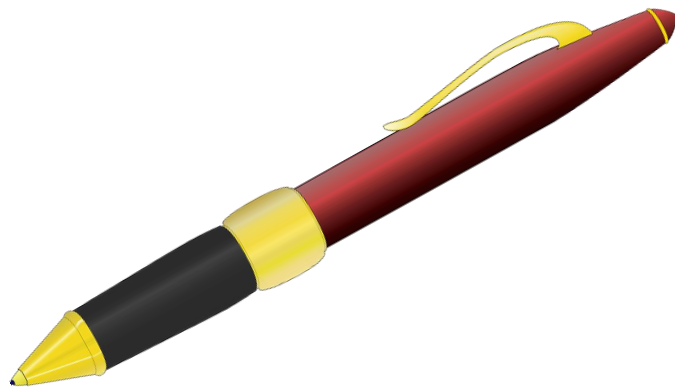
I sometimes wonder  
if I'm the only one  
who feels this way  
when the night is young  
and the moon beams high  
serenading to the stars  
shining bright, oh so bright  
knowing their purpose in life

maybe it's in the human nature  
to wonder and ponder  
over thoughts and words not yet written  
to think of the unthinkable  
and imagine what life could be

is this really all there is?  
this and nothing more?  
this godforsaken world where we all crave connection  
but all we get are faces on a screen  
this world where we are constantly surrounded by hundreds of people  
yet still feel like the odd one out  
sticking out like a sore thumb  
not alone, but lonely

I like to think  
that our purpose is simply to make each other laugh  
to make people smile and little children giggle  
maybe our whole potential should be wasted on looking at rainbows and sunsets  
writing bad poetry on a freezing Tuesday morning  
with a cup of coffee in hand  
and listening to people tell the same story over and over again

I write on occasion  
I write on occasion I feel something real  
something honest and worth sitting down,  
taking my pen and writing these lines,  
I write when I have something to say  
so hear me.



## THE TRUE TRAGEDY OF PARENTING

III. AJ P-P VT BIL+ ~ Ema Drábeková ~ Gymnázium, Golianova 68, Nitra



I think the true tragedy of parenting is the fact that you will fail. No matter how hard you try you will always inevitably fail at some point. That doesn't mean that you shouldn't raise a kid, as much as some people really should not. It also doesn't mean that your child will hate you, or that you are a horrible human being and neither that people have bad rooted in them at all times. They do not. Humanity isn't named after humans for nothing after all. People do hold grudges and wrong inside them, yes, however that is exactly what's needed for inner balance. That's why I wouldn't be so bold in saying that evil and wrong doings are human nature because they are not.

At the end of the day you cannot be just good or only bad, there always will be both because nobody is perfect. Not all the time at least. What even is perfection anyway? Just a bunch of social standards? Perfection itself is a pretty tricky concept if you ask me. But children need that theoretical perfect parent to grow up and be that theoretical perfect people we desperately want them to be. Since humans are so set on perfection being the unreachable standard we all pretend to reach, just to fit in a little more. I think we as a society should start accepting that the perfect people and the ideal world doesn't exist, and frankly, will never exist. We should be more focused on the imperfections of the world and of our own, positively, of course, and even though I don't think we should romanticise them and make them the new perfect ideal, embracing them and maybe for starters simply accepting them would be a huge step forward.

Acceptance. Nothing more. Nothing less. Perhaps that will lead us to better peace of mind and will mislead us from the path of mistakes that anxiety of not reaching the perfect ideals of society led us to. Perhaps that will make us better people and in the end better parents. Perhaps that will be of help in raising even better people who can perhaps make the most of the existence they've been given. Which perhaps can divert our slow but steady ride to the destination of destruction that we created for ourselves. And perhaps all that isn't anything more than a wishful thinking. But perhaps...

## ИСПОВЕДЬ ЛЕТ

III. RJ P-P VT ~ Sophia Anežka Málíková ~ ŠpMNDaG, Teplická 7, Bratislava



Я королям и подданным врозь пою.

У меня было их сердце каменное

на прошедшие годы я посмотрю,

дерево красоты вдалеке сильное.

Я ненавидела систему, но понимаю,

исправляюсь со своими темными мыслями.

Я реальность создаю, но на нее влияют

смотрю издалека и не за что прощать им.

Я говорю, ищи золото, оставь надкушенное,

понять все это, предпочитаю понять черное.

Я страдала из-за травмы нанесённую дереву,

но охраной, защитой, я нужным домом буду.

Я поняла все, на что жаловалась,

этот блеск может окружать гнилой,

но идея народа была сердечной и благородной.

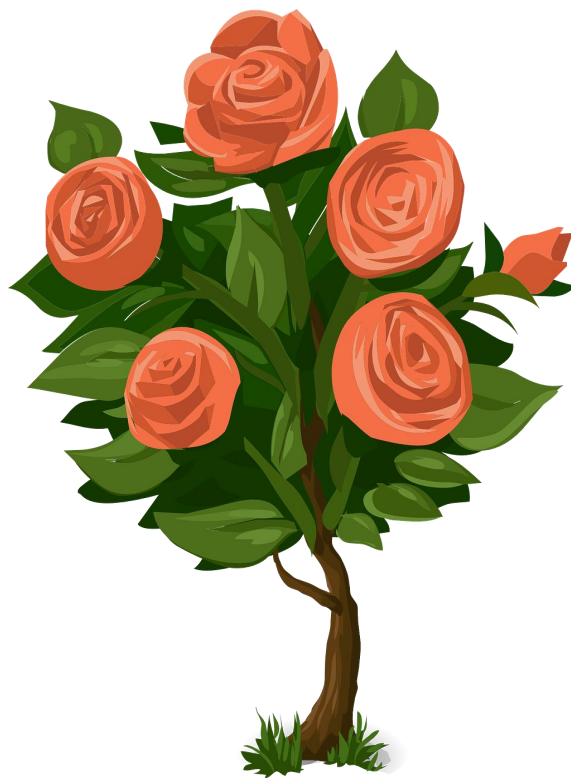
То, что было обещано, должно было быть правдой.

По морю сердечных капель обещание плыло.

Нужно начать все на чистых листах.

Сказать ли нам без прошлого нет будущего,

помнить не теряется во временах.





## MI MUNDO DULCE

III. ŠJ P-P VT+ ~ Laura Popadič Alvarado  
Gymnázium V. B. Nedožerského, Matice slovenskej 16, Prievidza



“¡Golo! ¡Sina! ¡Venid aquí ahora mismo!” gritó el señor don Melozo. “¿Por qué no tenéis recogido el cuarto? ¿Sabéis que no podréis salir hasta que no se recoja?”

“Pero por favor, papá, no seas así...” exclamó Sina, “luego lo hacemos. Lo prometo.”

“No, ahora, o si no, no salís,” dijo su padre.

“Pero ¿cómo sabes que.....”

“¿No has oído? ¡El cuarto, luego salir! A sí que te toca. Yo me voy,” respondió Golo.

“¡Nada de eso! Él que tiene desorden eres tú. Así que a recoger tú también,” oponió Sina.

Sina y Golo son gemelos. Pero no se tienen mucho amor. Siempre andan peleando entre ellos o con los demás. En todo encuentran un motivo para enfrentarse. Peleaban por la comida, por el asiento delantero del coche, por los deberes, ni siquiera al ver la tele no dejaban de discutir.

Como cada año, llegó la Navidad. Las calles estaban llenas de mercadillos, luces brillantes y olor de chocolate caliente. Del cielo caían suavemente copos de nieve y formaban una capa blanca, cual crugía debajo de los pies. La nieve tocaba las mejillas como los besos de mariposa de un ángel. Todos estaban haciendo preparativos para el festivo navideño.

En la casa de los Dulceros no era excepción. La madre, la señora Dulzura, estaba decorando el salón y montando el árbol de Navidad. El padre, el señor don Melozo, limpiaba nueces para los dulces navideños y como siempre, Sina y Golo peleando. Esta vez por qué dulce hacer.

“¿Hacemos polvorones?” preguntó Sina.

“No, ni hablar. Hacemos el roscón de reyes. Va a ser mejor y nos gusta a todos,” opinó Golo.

“¿Qué quieres decir? ¿Que mis pasteles no nos van a gustar o qué?” se ofendió Sina.

“Sí, algo así, sólo que no quería decirlo tan directo.”

“No es verdad. ¡Tú eres el primero en comértelos!”

“No es cierto. ¡Tú te adelantas y a mí no me dejas nada!”

“¿Qué pasa aquí?” entró la señora Dulzura a la cocina.

“Sina y yo no nos ponemos de acuerdo. Ella quiere polvorones y yo el roscón,” explicó Golo.

“Podemos hacer los dos y también mazapanes. No hay que pelear por eso. Tiempo y ganas hay.”

Puso villancicos y manos a la obra. Pasaron la tarde juntos y se dieron cuenta de que al trabajar todos en equipo se podía hacer más, que estando peleando y enfadados. La abuela también ha venido para ayudar. Con éxito terminaron el día y los gemelos quedaron muy cansados, pero contentos de que se ha hecho todo lo que querían. Así encontraron una manera de pasar el tiempo juntos en paz, en armonía y disfrutando del espíritu de la Navidad.

El día de Nochebuena, los padres tenían que salir a terminar los últimos recados. Sina y Golo se quedaron en casa y tuvieron una gran idea. Con la ayuda de la abuela han hecho muchos pastelitos, dulces y turón, para que lo puedan repartir a los niños pobres que no podían tener una Navidad como ellos.

Al llegar los padres se sorprendieron mucho, pero estaban muy orgullosos de sus hijos y la bondad de sus corazones. Decidieron ayudarles tanto como podían. El señor Melozo se disfrazó de Papa Noel y Sina y Golo de duendecillos, entonando villancicos, se dirigieron al orfanato cercano. Al llegar, los niños se alegraron mucho, porque no se esperaban la gran sorpresa. Repartieron dulces a todos los niños. Niñas y niños, altos y bajos, alegres y tristes. Para ellos era la primera Navidad donde alguien se acordó de ellos. Ese año fue inolvidable para todos.

A Golo y Sina les cambió la vida. Encontraron la pasión de ayudar a los demás y el disfrutar de hacer pastelitos. Pasaron los años y gracias a su bondad y rica repostería se hicieron muy famosos. La gente los amaba. Así que se motivaron a abrir una repostería llamada GOLOSINA. Han sido reconocidos por todo el mundo, porque garantizaban calidad en el buen producto y un sabor delicioso y exquisito, único en toda la región.



## AB MORGEN, AB JETZT

III. NJ P-P VT ~ Alexandra Spitzkopfová ~ Gymnázium, P. O. Hviezdoslava, Dolný Kubín



Alle Gedanken die,

in mir tanzten, immer.

Naja, es war nie einfach,

Allein zu sein in meinem Zimmer.

Zuerst nur ein Wunsch,

nicht mehr allein zu sein.

Eine Hoffnung,

dass ich auch mal sehe den Schein.

Weg von mir waren,

alle Gelegenheiten.

Ich stand hier und verpasste,

alle weltlichen Schönheiten.

Weg zu fliegen,

Weg zu laufen.

Es immer für mich schwierig war,

mehr lustige Zeiten zu kaufen.

Ich lernte so viel,  
während ein paar Monaten.  
Aber mich immer bewachten sie:  
Angst und ihre Soldaten.

Ich bin hier und jetzt,  
das sage ich mir jeden Tag.  
Ich stelle mir die Frage,  
ob ich es alles wirklich mag.

Alles symmetrisch,  
Chaos, das endlich hinter mir ist.  
Aber Menschen mich oft fragen:  
“Sagst du uns endlich, wer du bist!?”

Ich wollte etwas positiv,  
nach langer Zeit beschreiben.  
Aber von dem ganzen Stück,  
blieben hier nur Scheiben.

Die Sonne kann scheinen,  
der Regen ist heute vorbei.  
Ich muss mich konzentrieren,  
ich schaffe es nicht nebenbei.

Ich will mir sagen,  
es ist nicht unmöglich alles zu schaffen.  
Leider verwende ich fast nimmer,  
die korrekten Waffen.

Schluss, Ende.

Ich bin hier für mich allein.  
Es war immer ein Geschenk,  
zu genießen dieses komplizierte Dasein.

Ich kann fliegen.

Ich kann hier bleiben!

Stark genug sein!!

Ich werde mich nur nach vorne treiben!!!

Ich kann schreien.

Ich sehne mich nach starken Beinen.

Ich bin nicht beschämt zu sagen,  
jetzt ist die Zeit für Weinen!

Bei mir stehen die Menchen,  
die ich so viel schätze.

Ich weiß, dass ich mehr bin,  
Als nur eine Krätze.

Ich will mich zum Beispiel,  
bei meiner Freundin bedanken,  
die mich leitete,  
durch die unleichten Gedanken.

Auf nummer sicher spiel' ich nie.

Mein Herz ist gerade noch rot.

“Haha, Leben, was sagst du jetzt?!”

Ich bin immer noch nicht tot!”

Ich weiß, dass es es wert ist,  
noch einen Moment zu warten.

Alles wird gut und,

Meine Tagen warden noch mal morgen starten.

Ich will aber nicht so lang warten,  
heute hat auch noch ein paar Stunden.

Ab jetzt bin ich frei,

bald auch heile ich meine Wunden.

