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QUICK SILVER

Student's Magazine



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Introduction

This year we celebrate the 2nd edition of “Quicksilver”, the English department students’ magazine of C.N.U. It was about this time last year that the 1st number was edited. We, the students of X B, English bilingual class, are proud to have been handed down the task of carrying on editing this school magazine which aims at publishing both original pieces of our current students and memories, thoughts, advice from former students of C.N.U. What binds us is the common interest in studying English, what we have called “The love of English language and literature undercurrent”.

Keeping what has become by now a ‘tradition’ we present the main chapters of our magazine!

- “*Et in Unirea ego*” which contains articles by former students who have now accomplished careers or are attending famous universities in Europe.
- “*From minds and souls*” consisting of original pieces- both prose and poetry-written by current and former English class students.
- “*Miscellaneous*” with jokes, proverbs, limericks , tongue twisters, reviews.

What is new is the CD attached to the magazine.

To put it in a nutshell, this is what our magazine is all about: US, our likes and dislikes, interests, hobbies. Quicksilver number 2 aims at capturing the very substance whose name it bears, a fleeting moment in our high school lives, the ever changing moments that most likely will become landmarks in our never ending initiating voyage into adolescence and maturity.

I. Et in 'Unirea' ego ...

Over the years, our high school has had a lot of brilliant students who now have well-paid jobs and enviable careers. They could be perceived as role models for our lives and we surely have a lot of things to learn from them. Here are some of their life stories, especially those related to their student life and the impact both 'Unirea' and its teachers have had on them.

*Ionela Badea, graduation ceremony,
University of Birmingham, 2011*



...To "English" well or not, that is the question...

The answer? Yes, to "English" very well!

"Why?" you shall ask...

Because WE CAN! You need to know what sets us apart from the rest of the world! Don't think that speaking English well is a normal, simple thing to do. It's not, not for everyone I mean! For most of us, Romanian people, it can be the easiest thing ever and I will tell you why, but please remember that you need to use the gift you have:

Let me lose all my modesty and be the proof that Romanian people proved once again their superiority when it comes to acquiring foreign languages or anything they want to learn for that matter.

Who am I, where am I...? I shall answer those questions just to give you a glimpse of why "to English well":

I am a former student of the Bilingual English class of Unirea College, who graduated in 1999! If that hadn't happened I wouldn't have been where I am today, that is Japan, teaching English in a private university and to managers in companies like Mitsubishi and Kawasaki. "So what..." you may say... well, the "what" is the key word.

I am constantly being asked "What are you?" and Who and Where and Why... all the WH questions you can think of. People here just can't believe that us, Romanians, can be as good, if not better than native speakers. We speak with almost no accent, since no one ever guesses where I am from, and they don't even use Russia or Ukraine for their guesses, which is heart warming; we speak correctly and teach correct grammar; we know what a student faces when learning a foreign language, English in this case, and many more reasons that make us better teachers than the native speakers.

This is not to criticize the native teachers but to emphasize the level we may rise to! How to do that, you might think... Let me tell you where to start: **the Bilingual English class!!!** Why? Because it gives you the closest experience to what learning in an English speaking country is, because the Bilingual English class teachers give you a starting point on many different levels and fields, because these teachers prepare you for the greatest future experience you may ever have after you graduate, if you are willing to take that chance of course! Because of all those reasons and many more!

I never realized how valuable we can be to the world until I got here. Just think of this: a Romanian who has never set foot in an English speaking country, teaching English in Japan, one of the most developed countries in the world and being a Senior teacher in a group of native teachers! What does that tell you? WE CAN DO IT, because we have what it takes, you just need to know where to start so that you get a guaranteed success.

Japan is a life changing experience that couldn't have come true if I did not trust my choosing the Bilingual English class as a starting point for my future professional and personal development!

Use this chance you have to your benefit! Do not underestimate your own abilities that can be taken to the maximum by the wonderful teachers who run this bilingual department in Unirea College!

Doumo arigatou gozaimashita SENSEI gata! (I could never thank you enough dear teachers!)

I challenge all the students who read this letter to, first, contradict me and, secondly, find the grammar mistake intentionally made in it!

Ganbatte kudasai! (google it please)

Good luck and don't forget that you can do anything, with a little help!

See you around the world



Maria Irina Kaitar



Viorica Muntean

In 2008 I graduated the bilingual class at Unirea College as the head of promotion. This reward came after a period full of great experiences. I can't say this was only my merit but also the merit of the teachers who dedicated their time to offer us their knowledge. The time spent in a bilingual class meant more than learning or reproducing information. It was a period in which I developed myself, personally, and it also contributed to my professional future.

During this period my colleagues and I discovered interesting aspects about English and American civilization, literature, history. In what concerns the English literature, the classes about novels and poetry stimulated me to read more about English and American writers. Now, English literature is my passion and the reading of these books turned out to be my hobby. But for those classes, I wouldn't have discovered my passion.

Moreover, English classes helped me to obtain an international certificate (Certificate in Advanced English, Cambridge) which proved to be of use. When I applied for university I had to sustain an exam but due to my certificate I was eligible without taking that exam.

I've graduated European Institutions' Management at Babes Bolyai University, and now I'm studying Human Resources Management. During this period, I had the opportunity to practise my English and obtained another international certificate from Cambridge, this time a Business English Certificate Higher. In all these years, the choice I made in 2004 (the period in which I chose to attend the classes of a bilingual profile) proved to be the best option. At all my interviews for internships I had a test of English and I passed them without encountering any problems. I also happened to skip those testes because I graduated a bilingual class.

When I was in my first year of university, I even attended a conference in English. I was surprised to notice how easily it was for me to understand and express myself in front of foreign teachers. The first question I was asked was: "How comes that you speak so fluently English and some of the other participants don't?" and the answer was a simple one "I graduated a bilingual class and attended more than 5 hours of English a week.

If I were to choose again my high school, I would definitely make the same decision as I had in 2004. Not only had I improved my English but I also learned and discovered notions of paramount importance for a person who wants to know as many aspects as possible.



English language has become one of the most important languages of the world and it is not hard to see why. Considered official language of the online world (Internet), English is widely spoken across the entire globe, permeating our everyday life. I have to admit that English has permeated my life too. The following lines are not meant for an academic paper, but rather they are a way of sharing some thoughts about this language and its importance in my daily activities.

Everything started at Unirea High School where I graduated from the first French bi-lingual class that was established in the 1990s. Then I continued my education and earned a degree in French and English from the University of Bucharest, Faculty of Foreign Languages. After graduation I realized that I needed a transition period from student life to full participation in the work force. So I got a job with an American organization and at the same time I attended a master's program in Canadian Studies at the University of Bucharest. One of the main reasons for choosing this program was that it allowed me to continue to practice both my English and French.

Looking back, I can say without hesitation that the foreign languages I have studied in school have proved to be of outmost importance in my professional life so far.

Having worked with two American organizations for almost twelve years now, I have had plenty of opportunities to use and improve my knowledge of

foreign languages.

At the beginning of my career I was responsible, among other things, for translation of documents and interpretation during meetings and workshops. But later on, as I took management courses and built additional skills, I have come to use my knowledge of English (and French) to implement projects, give speeches, train other people and evaluate performance.

In my work with the Romania office of the Center for International Private Enterprise (CIPE), a non-profit organization based in the United States, I have had the opportunity to give presentations and act as a trainer in several countries such as Bosnia, Armenia, Albania, Algeria and Zimbabwe. I have also been part of the panel of judges for two of CIPE's international youth essay competitions which attracted participants from all over the world.

Foreign languages and English in particular have been very useful to me both in a professional context and at a personal level. Knowledge of English was one of the main requirements when I got hired in my first and second job. In addition, I have been able to attend courses abroad (such as those of the Institute of Organization Management, organized by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce), further my education and gain valuable information and skills for my career. Working and communicating with people in various countries in Europe, the United States and other places wouldn't have been possible without language skills.

On a personal level, staying in touch with friends who live abroad has been easy thanks to English and technology. Another advantage of language skills is immediate and direct access to knowledge and information, without intermediaries and distortions. The pleasure of discovering new authors and reading books in the original is invaluable. And searching for information on the internet has helped me expand my knowledge and better grasp the complex reality of our world. Information and entertainment options are virtually unlimited for users of foreign languages. And the glimpses we get into other places and cultures, thanks to travel, can be enriching experiences for anyone with an open mind.

That being said, I think that nowadays speaking at least one foreign language is a must for everybody, irrespective of their domain, area of interest or career path.

Carmen Stănilă



Once upon a time, about 18 years ago, a teenage girl was entering a world of magic. She was stepping into a realm called The English Language kingdom, and the absolute queen of it was a Great Lady, my English teacher, at Colegiul Național “Unirea” Brașov.

This is a story of a girl’s hard work, but of happiness too. It is a tale of great endeavour, of serious work and lots of practice, of thousands of grammar exercises and translations, of great literary discoveries and much knowledge gained. But it is, above all, a story of love and admiration. The girl simply loved her teacher. Because she was beautiful and elegant, exquisite and refined. She was intelligent and well-read and she had that rare talent of teaching others. That is why the girl decided: “I will be a teacher myself one day. An English teacher. Just like my teacher.”

And everything turned out as planned. I was that teenage girl and I am now an English teacher. I have been teaching this wonderful language for 14 years and I love doing it. I am a teacher at Colegiul Național ‘Andrei Mureșanu’ in Bistrița, a peaceful and picturesque town, where I came to live after graduating from “Babes-Bolyai” University in Cluj-Napoca. I studied English and Italian, as “Unirea” Highschool had offered me the great opportunity (at least so it was, back then, right after the Revolution) of studying three foreign languages in highschool.

I treasure the memories from highschool a lot: the English classes, the charm and intelligence of my teacher, the language itself, which revealed itself more and more with every passing day, every single little victory of mine over its traps and that general atmosphere of serious learning, done in a peaceful and enjoyable atmosphere.

I do my best these days to imitate my teacher, and I am not at all ashamed to admit it. I have kept my English notebooks from school, they were the best teaching guide in my first years as a teacher and I still find them useful now and then. And this means a lot. It means I am an English teacher because I love English, because I love the teaching job, but above all, because I loved, and still love, my English teacher. She is the portrait of the ideal teacher to me.

Thank you, teacher!

Prof. Venera Roth-Gross

Colegiul Național “Andrei Mureșanu” Bistrița

English my love” or “Writing my long story short”

“Writing a Short Story Long”. That was the name of the special “diploma” I got when I graduated the Bilingual English Class at “Unirea” High School. It is one of the diplomas I cherish the most.

“English, my love ”was the title of one of the textbooks we used during high school...

And indeed, English was my love. I have always liked how English sounds and I thought it was not a difficult language to learn. Back then I had no idea how English was about to become one of the most important assets I would ever have. It would be the language I would speak for 10 hours a day for many years.

Who would have thought that speaking English fluently would be my ticket to discovering a new world and creating my own career in the USA.

I knew that English would always be a bonus for someone who speaks it well. The music that we were fascinated by, the movies that we loved, the computer world that had started to emerge into our daily lives (1994-1998), they were all using English. Yet I had never imagined that English would be of such importance for my future life.

Currently I teach Special Education at Manning Early Childhood Center in South Carolina, USA. My job combines the responsibilities of a psychologist and a teacher at the same time. I love my job, even if sometimes it is very challenging. But knowing I am here to make a change in children’s lives makes even the most difficult days more bearable and enjoyable. I have had this position for 6 years now. It was all possible because I could speak English fluently. I also have a Bachelor’s degree and a Master’s degree in Psychology. And yet, it would not have been enough if I did not speak English fluently.

Now I need to be totally honest with you. All these would have not been possible if it was not for Mrs. Luca. She was the one who gave me the key, the right key to open the doors of opportunity. The first day at my new job, I thought to myself “God, do I speak English good enough? Will I be able to understand my colleagues and my students, who, by the way, don’t speak Standard English? Will I be able to make myself understood? Will I be able to prove I am the best one for my job?!?” Well, I was...I was able to understand everyone and also make myself understood. This was because during my first year in the US, Mrs. Luca was permanently on my mind. I could hear her voice “Accusative + Infinitive”, “Remember the rule for using IF”... and so on.

I realized then, in 2003, that the grammar Mrs. Luca taught me was the most precious asset. I have expanded my vocabulary, but the grammar I have been building everything on, is the grammar I learned in high school.

In conclusion, is English important in our days? Yes, it is extremely important. It is the language everybody speaks all over the world. It is the must have language on any good resume. It is the only language in the IT world. English is THE language that everybody should speak fluently besides their native language.

And for me, personally, English was the key, the foundation, the safety belt for my career.

Alina Cseh (Lupea)

II. From the mind and the soul

Just a human being

Today Dali's floppy clocks will get strength. Even if it's just one of those nights when I'm writing down every thought that dithers on my mind and lips, I get out of my room and start breathing fresh air. Outside, the drops are crushing devoid of pity, waiting to cover all my thoughts. Today I won't thread long fairytales, lost love tragedies or things I usually write about. Today I'll just share the first thought that is running through my head.

If God ate a part of my heart, I'm sure that He would never get enough with its bitter-sweet freshness. He would probably become a dependent and He would always want me in his plate, but he knows that if he ate me once, he wouldn't be able to have me another time... so He would leave me down here, to gain weight until my heart would be big enough to explode in a billion drops of blood.

It's just a selfish hope. It's a selfish hope that I, an ordinary girl, detached from your pattern that is standing here, in front of her white paper, writing every thought that flows out of the pen's ink on the poorly processed cellulose, will make you understand her thoughts

The floppy clocks got strength when they heard my thoughts. Even hours are no longer hours because my thoughts will never stop but now, they're taking a break, letting me fall asleep in the night's magic like a common human being... just a human being with her soul on God's plate. Today Dali's floppy clocks got strength.

Diana Ștefănescu, IX B

A blue balloon



It's not fear because I'm smiling. It's not hatred, as I'm smiling again. And it's definitely not a stupidity even though there is no rational reason for the smile.

Do you know that feeling when it seems that the conscience knows more than it appears to know, but then you realize it was an illusion hiding yet another illusion? Then, wouldn't it be logical that the two illusions canceled each other and everything remained pure, clear, real? Not necessarily, because we didn't specify whether the illusions are identical or not. But even so, they are illusions, two X, +X. To cancel each other one of them must support a – in front. This is the only way for them to be cancelled. Now... who's brave enough to accept one – instead of +?

They say that before you create something you have everything in mind, long before you start to work. Yes, your mind creates in a very short time what for the body takes a little bit longer. But is this really true? Can't the mind work together with the body? Indeed, they disagree, but they form a team and work together. It's not premeditated. Once they start, they won't stop any soon.

At first I didn't pay attention to you, but you didn't notice as you treated me with the same indifference. Maybe our eyes locked, but I didn't feel or think anything, we were both just strangers in the big group. During the first week I tried to know as many people as possible. I tried to integrate...and to be myself. So I did. Then the second week came. It was the best one. This reminds me of the reply of a friend: "Choose B as it is in the middle" (in case you do not know what to choose, B is always in the middle, even when it doesn't seem so, it's the correct answer). Considering that letter B corresponds to figure 2, I chose right.

That was the week we met. We entered the classroom, everyone had found a seat, my friends included. As I'm slower, I remained the last one, and the only free place near my friends was next to you. We greeted each other and smiled. By looking in your eyes I could hear the ocean waves that break through the silence shoreline at sunrise. And your smile was like sunrays that appear one after another ended up by tickling. My smile was the reaction caused by your appearance. We met properly this time, shared some ideas and ... then things were taken for granted. When we saw each other in the campus we smiled, later we ended up titillating each other. One evening, I was so focused on smiling at you, that I almost bumped into someone, fortunately I turned my head at the right moment. Friday ... the day we were presenting the debate. You were in the team that supported the motion, and I was the chair person. While they were speaking, some of my colleagues were trying to convince me with their looks, but my attention was captured by you. I struggled to have distributive attention. Luckily for me, I managed. Later we played volleyball along with other colleagues. In a short while you walked in the circle, close to me. And a little later the third person came and, and the situation became a bit strange. Seeing how we smiled, he began to realize what was going on between us two, but he didn't give up. When we were called out to sign up for our activities, we met again, all three of us. He asked me if I preferred you. I didn't answer anything, I smiled and I went along with others who had already left. Finally I solved the problem with him, there were just you and I left. So I thought. It was talent evening which meant that we were supposed to go to the theatre Hall. When I got there, you were already up, holding a balloon. You were looking for me. I climbed the stairs and I wondered if I could sit next to you. You replied 'of course'. In the front row there were my friends, and behind us there were yours. We played with the balloon, and then I started to tickle you, your hand took mine. The same happened with the second hand. You were stroking my arm... Now every time someone does it, I think of you and I don't like the feeling. I dislike someone stroking me the way you used to. Finally the show ended and you went home leaving me with a blue balloon. That night I fell asleep smiling.

Do you know what they say about the power of the mind? When you think too much of one thing there are two possibilities: either it becomes true or not. But what do you do when you think of two opposite things at the same time? Here +X and –X step in. Exactly, they cancel each other, but some say they sustain another statement. Trust your instinct! Who cancels this one?

I didn't expect who knows what the next day, yet I expected something. Even a 'hi'. You avoided me the whole day while he was with me and endeavored to make me feel marvelous. Sun, disco, music, dance, what more can you wish for? Definitely not to see the person you like, kissing someone else on the dance floor. But it looked I got more than I had asked for that Sunday. During the third week my friends returned home as well as a large part of the people in the campus. Disquiet sprang up and maybe even the feeling of loneliness. You didn't leave. You were still there, disturbing my peace with your inner smile and attitude. I survived, but I'm left with a question that I ask even nowadays: why? Why did you draw me on the island and then leave me alone? Although it might seem enough, the sound of the ocean and the quiet stroking rays of sunshine, it isn't. You must be there, too. Don't worry, I found the way home, but ... I think I missed something while I was walking on the island. A kiss.. which I have never experienced. Do you think you can restore it to me?

Adina Narcisa Chiş, X B

Do you wish to know the world? Look at it closely.

Do you wish to like the world? Look at it from afar.

To every human prejudice are a natural way of conservation and self-defence. We like to make opinions about people, fact or places before we encounter them or get to actually know them. It is natural to do so, no matter who we are. We do it automatically as the thoughts are running with the speed of light through our brains.

Sometimes this process helps us to avoid difficult situations or dangerous persons but other times we have fears for no reason.

The truth is that in our world almost everything is beautifully encased and we got to have a better opinion about people or situations than we should, as it is more convenient to do so and this assures us some kind of psychological comfort. Personally, I think that this is exactly what the quote is supposed to mean.

If we see only the big picture and we don't mind about the details we have a more positive perspective about the world as we don't get to see the bad, ugly parts (which we consciously avoid, of course). But if we go deep and we want to find more, if we wish to see what's beyond the wrapper we might not be so enchanted.

There is nothing perfect in the world so everything has its positive and negative sides. If we want to actually know the truth about the world we have to look at it closely and this way we shall also see the negative parts of it and take the risk of being disappointed. In my opinion, this is a realistic and safe way of thinking but it works well only as long as we are strong enough to stand every concept related to it even if we don't like them because everything and everybody has "a dark side", and more important, everybody lies.

So, if we only want to like the world and not to know it, we won't look for any other characteristics it may have we will ignore the misery, the need of people, the sadness, the lies, the wickedness of people and we will accept only what we see from outside the box, which usually represents the good and the bright side of it, the happy ending of a good-night story and this would make the optimistic point of view, or a dreamer's way of seeing things.

What is the correct way to look at the world? Which is the way we like the most? Does it make us selfish or naive? We have to decide that ourselves.



Veronica Borcea, X B



Feelings of sand

Everybody knows that the sea hides countless secrets and mysteries. Water is the symbol of life, and it has immeasurable power, being very difficult to decipher.

The seaside represents a kind of treasure to me. When visiting those marine places you are fascinated by its energy and freshness. Each drop of water purifies and refreshes my mind, thrills me and awakens my senses. I consider the seaside one of the best means to escape routine and a marvellous touristic destination. When you arrive there you feel its power to transpose you into another world, your own.

The smell it gives off is incomparable, so pure and at the same time with an unique flavour. The sea breeze offers me the freedom to dream, to fly with the seagulls and even to touch the clear blue sky. When you step on the soft golden sand you feel as if you were in a fairytale land expecting mermaids and dolphins to appear and to delight you. I frequently wonder: what hides inside a shell or in the ocean depth? But the answer is too complex to be described in words. Everything is a daydream touching gently infinity, letting the sand slip through my delicate fingers while the warm breeze touches my hair and the endless blinding sunshine refreshes my skin.

For me the seaside is like a rule I have to respect every summer and it helps me to recharge my batteries, to revive, to renew my photo album and to discover little by little some of the most mysterious places of the world. So if you want an unforgettable experience, you ought to try to enjoy the seaside atmosphere, you won't regret it!

Alexandra Minea, X B

In the pursuit of inner beauty

There was once a girl who was disappointed in people. They had always treated her badly because she was not beautiful or fashionable enough. After a really bad day, our girl came home disappointed in this world. Now she was sure that people would not accept her if they found out the truth -there was a witch with a magic globe and everything. As she was sitting in her room, crying her out, suddenly the globe started to glow brighter and brighter. She looked at it and saw how the light pointed out a window, which showed a really blue sky. Somehow she knew she could leave to a better world.

She wiped her tears away and climbed the window. Unexpectedly the blue sky surrounded her and she entered a world where apparently normal people lived. But at a closer look, she discovered that her reflection was utterly changed. Panicked, she looked in a mirror and saw herself as a beautiful and unique girl. She looked at the other people's reflections and discovered that they were completely different as well. Their reflections were very different from their physical appearance. Suddenly she realized that the people there were capable of seeing only each other's inner beauty. They could not judge anyone based on their looks. What mattered was the beauty of the soul. Superficiality was out of the way. What she loved the most was that people were smiling and being kind to her. An older woman gave her a stick and told her that it would help her to make people in real life perceive only inner beauty. She just had to take it at home, tap it three times and people would see only her inner beauty. Then she should share it with someone who could use such magic too. She promised she would do that, already having in mind another person.

Anca Spînu, VIII A

How I wish it were real



I open my eyes and found myself in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by a thick layer of fog. Slowly, I feel how the emptiness and the unusual silence of the place make my heart beat so hard that I can almost hear it. I desperately look around trying to find a light or a shape to guide me out, but my eyes are too weak to penetrate such a dense fog. I'm getting more and more scared, till the panic is so deep in my veins that it feels like a sharp cold which stabs my chest and takes my breath away. This horrible sensation becomes so unbearable that even though I'm still too scared to move away, I try to make some steps and leave it behind.

But, by the moment I try to walk, my feet just lift off the ground and I'm starting to raise. Suddenly, my body is so easy that I just float above the endless fog, which looks like a huge stretch of water now. Who knows how many wonderful things and beings were swallowed by this ocean of infinite over time? Anyway, the incredibly beautiful landscape is priceless. At a certain height, the fog is thinning a little and it reveals some low, colorful lights, which look like a puzzle. They start to move like the light of a beacon and their movement forms the most beautiful and harmonious game possible. Never have I seen such an extraordinary thing before! I wish I could fly above this paradise forever, but suddenly I hear a deafening noise, which sounds like the alarm of my clock and I'm starting to fall down with the speed of a shot bird. The thick fog doesn't even let me see the land and I don't know how much time do I have, so I close my eyes and wait... but when I open them, I'm back in my warm bed and the clock is trying to wake me up.

It was only a dream! – I yell ... how I wish it had been real!

Roxana Balint, X B

Dream become reality

Never before had I felt this overwhelming sensation, standing near a bridge, looking straight ahead and seeing nothing but silent darkness. 'Few are those who had passed the bridge' is written on a wooden board.

One step is enough and I'll be part of those few who had the courage to do something. I take a step and suddenly the light forces me to close my eyes. An old white long-haired man with a walking stick is waiting at the other end, looking at me in a very sagacious way.

With every step I take, I feel I'm breathless as if I were dizzy. I fall apart and when I open my eyes I see myself in a forest labyrinth and hear in the background the man's voice: 'You have to cover all this labyrinth and find its end. You'll see there a mirror. If you do it the right way, you'll notice a difference, but it depends on you'.

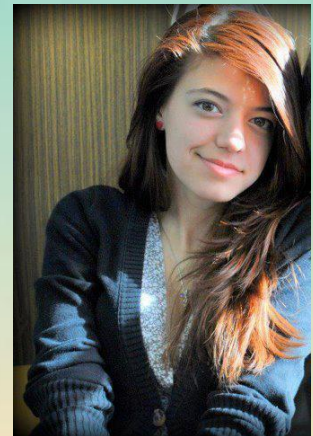
No sooner had I heard the words than I started to cover the labyrinth. I reach the end of the labyrinth. Suddenly, everything is in darkness, I see nothing but the mirror lit by a warm sun. But it's very strange that the light doesn't scatter all around, it's concentrated upon the mirror.

I get close to it, look closely and see nothing. What kind of mirror is it? Trying to discover the answer to the question, I put my hand on it and wipe it. Little did I realize at the time that it was magic. Suddenly I see myself, but I'm changed. My eyes look as if I were a lot older, my hair is longer and my hands are wrinkled. I try to say a word, but I faint.

I wake up all of a sweat, not finding my normal rhythm of breathing. I look around and I notice that I'm not in bed. What has happened to me?

I'm standing near a bridge, looking straight ahead and seeing nothing but silent darkness. Few are those who have passed the bridge' is written on a wooden board.

Adriana Muntean, X B



Maho no chikara/Majikku

The story is set in the fictional universe of Eranthaea, and follows the life and adventures of the young prince Khristian Leonek, who struggles in a land corrupted by war and desires of absolute power, where magic exists and is essential in setting the hierarchy. Eranthaea is divided into several kingdoms, inhabited by different races, each ruled by a king, but all of them have to answer to an Emperor and a Council of High Wizards. The story begins three days before Khristian is expected to be crowned as king, and to take his father's place as the ruler of Torag. Meanwhile, Arild Jestrovic, the king of Nurdoth and the arch-enemy of the Leoneks, is plotting to attack Torag right on the day of the ceremony, aided by his unlikely ally – a necromancer. With reports of a village near the border being attacked by a dragon, king Vikhor sends his trusted general, Ediron, to investigate.

The Tower of Hope was the tallest tower of the Arcer castle. Tall, grayish, marked by the weather, but with all this, it still stood lordly over the castle. It was like a sentinel of Arcer, watching every move, seeing everything that happened in the city and around it. King Leonek went up to the Tower, step by step, until he reached the uppermost room. The Chamber of Light, that was its name. The king opened the door... a door that was in contrast with the name of the room: black and gloomy like a bad omen. (...) Watching the horizon from one of the tower's windows, the king closed his eyes, feeling the soft breeze, and suddenly, all his problems seemed far away. He saw himself sitting in an orchard, under the blooming trees. The flower's fragrances were floating in the air, pervading all of his senses. He felt in his nostrils the smell of the anukas flowers, the slushy perfume of the korpuz, or the fragrance of the red erutes flowers. And besides the euphoria caused by the floral perfume, he had Arinna beside him. Honey seemed to be pouring out of her eyes, and he couldn't stop looking at her.

.....

Vertax watched from his tower Ediron's departure. He left the Grey-feather bastion on top of a proud royal griffin. The morning sun was shining, causing Ediron to shine along. Dressed in his silvery armor, the sword Sanir was hanging on his waist. The famous sword, inherited from his grandfather, was a little bended, while the hilt was shaped like two claws. In the sunlight, the sword had hues of fire. Ediron was wearing a linked hood, completing his great image, imposing respect to anyone. (...) The grahorons passed hastily over a forest, split in two by a river's flow. The shadows of the griffins were like indefinite shapes, floating over the trees. To their left, the sun was barely edging over the horizon. Ediron had no idea what to expect, whether he would find a deserted village with torched houses, or a place cluttered with blood-frenzy soldiers. He tried to free his mind from all these thoughts. (...) Suddenly, one of those soldiers lifted his head, starring right in Ediron's eyes. He grasped the hilt of his sword and took a backward step, trying to cope with the soldier's ice cold glance, which seemed to fasten him in

place. Only a few moments lasted this clash of eyes, but for Ediron these moments seemed like an eternity. The oppressive silence was only making it harder for the general to endure. A sinister smile appeared on the soldier's face, while Ediron was trying to take a quick and correct decision. All of a sudden, several noises managed to break the lugubrious silence: noises of doors opening, of weapons, of steps and war shouts. They were surrounded.

"Defend yourselves" managed to shout Ediron before having to block the enemy's first sword stroke. Two-three moves and Ediron thrust his sword deep into his opponent's wombs. The first one fell, but many more were coming towards him. The general of Torag was bravely handling his sword, slaughtering enemies left and right. Behind him, he could hear the sounds of the clash between his soldiers and those from Nurdoth. He was hearing the sound of metal striking metal, shouts of anger, of rage and the sounds of dying griffins. Ediron blocked two more strikes and, with a simple twist of his hand, he beheaded another enemy. The ghorons were valiantly trying to hold their ground, but their numbers were growing thinner with every passing moment. A clash of swords, and Sanir flew from general's hand. Ediron saw the grim sparkle of death in the sword of his enemy, who was ready to give him the final blow. The sounds of the clash all froze, same as Ediron's heart.

.....
"You want your reward" asked Arild smiling?

"Don't try to trick me" growled Kamatyan!

"Don't even try it, or you will regret it".

Arild looked at him with contempt and made a sign to Goranthur.

"Give him his earned reward".

Goranthur took out his sword, ready to strike, when he felt a burning in his throat. He couldn't breathe, and was feeling a stinging pain all over his body. Trying to protect his throat, he dropped the sword and fell to the ground. He saw one of Kamatyan's hands directed towards him, and when he tried to speak, the only thing that came out of his mouth was a rattle. Atiron tried to help him, but Kamatyan stretched his other hand towards the sorcerer, torturing in the same way. The sorcerer also fell on the ground, wriggling with pain. Arild was looking scared at the necromancer. His face no longer kept its human form. Instead, a hideous skull was staring at Arild.

RG Stana

English bilingual class, graduate of 2006

Mystery and promise

Once upon a time there was a clever king, who, one day called his three sons. "It is time for you to make your mark" he told them. "Beyond our borders there are unknown worlds full of dangers and populated by dragons and black-hearted knights. Go out and conquer it all". And so his sons left the feasts and set out across the world...

Three years later, the first son returned and the whole court came out to greet him. "What have you conquered?" asked the king. "I have killed dragons, saved innocent girls and punished black-hearted knights" spoke the son. "I have conquered land that our territories are now doubled in size". "Well done!" said the king, loudly "these new lands shall be your kingdom to rule and take care of..."

After three more years, the second son returned and the whole family came out to greet him. "What have you conquered?" asked the king. "I have negotiated with black knights and talked with dragons" said the son. "I have conquered the minds and hearts of then kingdoms and now we have fond allies all the way to the sea." "Brightly done!" cried the king "You must be my most noble lord, ambassador to those lands in my place."

After more years, the third son had still not returned yet. Three more years passed and he still had not returned. After three more years, a ragged stranger walked alone up the steps to the royal court.

The old king was the only person to recognize the stranger. He came down from his throne, embraced his third son warmly and asked "What have you conquered?"

The son smiled a broad smile.

"I have stayed with dragons and sung with the children. I have laughed with old men and cried with lonely women. I have stared at the moon and lay in the sun. I have climbed high mountains and seen distant lands of mystery and promise I have helped those in need and met magicians of the mind.

"I have lost some fear and gained some wonder. I have lost some of myself and found some of others, I tore down the walls of ignorance and found much more. And I have found my way home. I have no need to conquer and fight. There is now enough for a lifetime."

A deep silence fell over the court as the king pondered over what his son had said. "Wisely done" he said. "Because you have conquered yourself, the world and the worlds beyond shall be your playground."



Angela Toma, X B

A strange meeting

I have always been a quiet person who likes staying at home, in front of the computer or watching TV or reading something nice. For some time now I have had a habit I can't get rid of: as soon as it gets dark I go out and start walking on the sea shore, sometimes through gardens and orchards. I enjoy walking, it makes me feel free and sets my thoughts or worries in order.

The night I would like to talk about, I was turning my steps to my neighbour's orchard being tempted by a fresh smell of chocolate. As usual, no noises could be heard and there was nobody around. When I got there, a small cottage appeared right in front of me, surrounded by rich trees, decorated with wild scented flowers. wild scented flowers.



"I have worked all my life here. It's a nice, peaceful and private place, so no one is allowed to stick his nose into every corner", a thin and melodious voice greeted me. The voice went on: "You may come in; come and meet me."

I shyly passed the cottage threshold and right there, in front of me, there was nobody else than Roald Dahl himself, in the flesh. I was standing, stunned by wonder because the resemblance between him and Mr. Wonka, the owner of the Chocolate Factory, was incredible. He looked exactly as I had seen him in the pictures of his books.

Mr. Dahl was alone. Short, elegantly all dressed up, wearing a plum colour tail-coat, green trousers and grey gloves, he was impeccable. His clothes were completed by a black and white walking stick having a gold shining crown. My attention was attracted by his head, covered with a black, silky top hat and by his bright face with short, brown beard, freshly trimmed. I gazed in wonder at his searching and very happy eyes which were laughing and sending thousands of friendly rays. They were reflecting both his soul and the intelligence which gave him no peace.

The joy he met me with was so intense as if I had been his best friend. He was in a state of continuous movement and excitement: he invited me to sit down, offered a hot chocolate, asked me a lot of questions and talked about him. Consequently, I found out his fascinating life story: he was born in Wales, studied in England, then left for Africa and worked at a Shell company. He fought as a pilot during the Second World War.

I was watching him closely: he looked just like an agile panther or a little naughty, restless monkey. The attention I was granted was followed by an invitation: "You seem to be a good, wise child. Wouldn't you like to visit my Chocolate Factory?", said Mr. Dahl (or should I say Mr. Wonka?) smiling.

I accepted, trying to hide my joy and emotion, without asking him if he was inviting me to his chocolate world or to his dream land.

Mihai Cucu, XB

Love is forever

True love never dies, you can deny it but the sweet memory of the past will hunt you for the rest of your life. Love. The more you run away from it, the closer it will come to you. You may not speak a word, but your heart will always tell you who is the desired one, forever.

Love is much like a wild rose, beautiful and calm, but willing to draw blood in its defense. Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. Love is not delight in evil, but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. Love is forever. You can fall in love many times, but you can love just once. It is hard to find someone who you truly love much less to find someone who loves you as much. When the chance comes, don't ever let go.

No one is too young for love, because love doesn't come from the mind which knows your age, but from your heart, which knows no age.



Melisa Faydaver, X B

There's no place like home ... except grandma's



Once upon a time, there was a little boy. His name was Pete and he was eight. He was very sweet, and also, very handsome for his age. He had big blue eyes and black hair. He was always happy and he had an amazing laugh.

He lived in a beautiful house. His family was rich; his parents were working almost all the time. They bought him a lot of toys, books, clothes and everything he wanted. He liked his home, especially when his grandmother came to visit them. He loved her very much. When his parents saw how well they were getting on, they asked Grandma to come more often. "Of course!" she said. "It would be my pleasure."

One day, Grandma asked him to come over to her place. But Pete said: "Oh, no! I like it here! It's my home! I don't want to leave..." Grandma understood. "Well," she said, "perhaps when you are older!" His parents became really tired of working. They wanted a break. They decided to take a vacation. When they told Pete about it, he didn't want to go. He liked staying at home. But then he thought: "I've never been anywhere else besides home... Maybe is time I start travelling." And so, Peter decided to go. They were all excited about this trip.

They went to very interesting countries. They went to China, Egypt, France, Germany, the USA... But Pete didn't enjoy it that much. All he could think about was his home and, of course, his grandma. On their way home, Pete asked his parents: "Where does Grandma live?" "Why?" his parents replied. "Would you like to visit her?" "Yes! Yes, I would!"

So, they went to Grandma's place. Pete was so happy to see her... and Grandma was delighted! She showed Pete her beautiful little house, her garden and all her flowers. Pete loved it! "This house is amazing" thought Pete. "It's like the ones in the stories that Grandma told me. It's magic!" They stood there for a week and that was the first time when the boy didn't go home. He almost cried when he left, but his grandma cheered him up: "You can always come here. My arms are wide open. I'll be waiting for you, Pete." After that, she hugged him and Pete was happy again.

When they got home, the boy remembered how much he missed home. He was so happy! "I could hug all the walls I see!" Pete laughed.

That night, in bed, after his parents tucked him in, Pete was thinking about his trip. "It was a nice trip..." he thought. "But... there's no place like home! ... Except Grandma's!"

Cezara Oana Crețu, VIII A

Love story



Ever since I was born, I have grown up with a different concept of family than most people do. Instead of being born into my biological family, I was adopted into my present family. I have known I was adopted, for as long as I can remember because my parents made sure to tell me so, at the earliest age that I could understand. By adopting me and my sister into the family, my parents showed that family means love, respect and sacrifice. My adoption gave me a family to belong to and be loved by. Love is the most important aspect in any family. It can be defined in more ways than one.

Family love is the strongest type because it is unconditional. This unconditional love means that no matter what happens my family will still love me. They have shown this love for twenty years now. And after all the things I have done wrong, or done badly, my family still shows this unconditional love to me and to each other. Secondly in a family then must be respect and trust.

Trust is something that can take years to build, but can be broken very easily. By breaking trust with a family member, one is also breaking respect of the family. The two ideas go hand in hand. My parents respected me enough to tell me that I was adopted, instead of lying to me and having me find out later in life that I wasn't their biological son. This respect that my parents gave me, in turn gave me their trust. And I gave them the respect and trust that was given to me.

Without sacrifice, a family cannot be. The sacrifices that family members make for each other show the willingness to be an unselfish part of a family. Sacrifices also display the love, respect and trust in a family. I know that even though some of the time it may not seem that my parents would sacrifice anything for me, I realize that they would do anything for and everything for me and that I would do the same for them. At times it's the smallest sacrifices that make the biggest difference in a family.

Families do not have to be biological. I have a chosen family of friends who I consider to be just as close as a family. Among my chosen family, one can find love, respect, trust, and sacrifice for one another. As a chosen family we still work the same way that a given family does, by having a sense of belonging and a sense of love toward each other.

Alin Bordea, XI E

A night which changed my life forever

It was a day of summer and outside, the air was warm. The grass was singing a song about friendship, the ground was making me feel alive, one with the nature behind me. I was watching two birds which were trying to find their babies and feed them, like you had just tried to give me happiness. Is this the reason why you hadn't? Had it been so hard to find that part of "me"? Sad to know.

I was sitting on the bank of a river, trying to remember all the good moments we had spent together. There were so many words, so many feelings, so many ways to say that you loved me...

My mind was full of sounds from our love song even you had never remembered half of them. Maybe I was disappointed or maybe I was just mad on the way you left me fly near the celestial sphere and then, when I loved you the most you hurt me... But I would never forget!

In that moment... I remembered what my grandmother had always been telling me, the story of the sky: "Can you see the whole bounce of stars smiling there, little girl? Each and every one of them is one of your tears. When you start crying, they have to leave the place where they are and caress your red, beautiful and innocent cheek. You'll always have a lot of reasons to cry during the life, but you should remember that, one day, the sky can go blind without any light from its beautiful stars just because of you... and I know that you love to see them!"

Time passed away and I became a teenager but I had never forgotten the story which had helped me to go through the hardest moments of my life and made me stronger.



I was looking around and the nature was so peaceful, it felt like nothing bad could interrupt my mood of deep dreaming.

Someway, a little, red ladybug sneaked on my leg and tickled me slowly. Before I could realise that it is there, it had been reaching my belly, my chest, and, in the end, she was relaxing on my thin finger. It was the smallest insect I had ever seen... and the first time I had been looking at something like it but I was so fascinated... it was smaller than my nail but still living and enjoying her short life.

I was wondering: "How can you feel normal when you see that everything around you is way much bigger and the world seems not to be made for you? How can you feel when you see a human being killing your sister just holding it in his hand? Or when you have to fly miles and miles until you can find that sort of food you need, the one you cannot see from a big distance because... because you are too small?"

That soul was staring at me and probably didn't understanding why I was not smashing it or trying to make it go away... but that was the moment when I realised a thing which changed a big part of my life: "It doesn't matter how small we feel among the others...how helpless we look so many times... how short our life is or hard we tried to say something but nobody heard us. The most important aspect is that we HAVE a chance, a gift which cannot be returned and maybe it is harder than anything else on the earth, but this doesn't mean we can't handle it or someone is born used with it. For all of us... it is just a challenge and we have to accept it! "

Andra Cărăușu, IX B

Filtch the Troll

Once upon a distant time,
A troll was born without a sign
He was called Filtch, the only one,
Who was blue when he came to town.

The story goes that one day
Filtch left home and flew away.

He took a donkey and an axe,
And his adventure came so fast!
From mountain peak to lost abyss
He walked alone, he was a blit!
And one day he came back to town,

Dancing and singing so out loud.

His town was on a top of a cliff...

But in this joyful state of his,
He found himself falling down the cliff.

It was so high you couldn't see
The distance between land and sea.

After two days of falling down
A funny " Boom!" the trolls heard in town.

Filtch landed safe without a scratch,
But a wild duck had the last laugh

It flew into his head,
And he ended up dead.

That was Filtch, the only one,
A true legend in the troll town.

The troll so blue that was the best
But a simple duck ended his "quest".

Laments

I sometimes sit and wonder how stars got
on the sky

It might've been a fairy, that with a
darkened sigh

Shared the dismal anguish from within her
tearing cry.

or maybe a dark demon, that in his pit of
lust

threw darkness at the sky, turning light to
rust.

maybe a fair lady, who cried in awful
ways,

threw tears of dying sorrow, and shards of
hurtful days

but no one ever answered, for there was
nothing there

her tears turned into something, to which
men now can pray.

stars, guardians of darkness
who stand by sun and moon

light these trails of nightmares
in your kingdom of mourning and fume.

This path leads into death.

In the midst of shattering and breaking
In the caress of darkening woods
There lays my path, narrow and fading.

This moonlight won't remain
Stars aren't there to stay
I'll never see again.

The wind will stop blowing
Birds will chirp no more
Dreary waters will lay still
And I will be alone.

The silent moment right before
The dusk fades away
I open my eyes but
Darkness is there to stay.

Roxana Popa, X B

Black prophecy

lonely is the road we walk
desperately reaching to the gleam
of the high almighty moon
she watches shadows beam.

meaningless whispers are dancing
along
winds of cold winter days
where do those words go
words that she prays.

in her last mourning
she sees a bright light
it tells her to go as far as she can
in her search for something more
bright.

she takes a step and looks behind
with shivering eyes like the moon
it tells her to go, it tells her to search
within this world of doom.

she feels so cold, she withers away
a tragedy painted dead
but yet she hopes, and yet she dreams
but knows she dreams a lie

Decadence

As the flowers withers
She's close to her last breath
She drowns in tears of sorrow
And takes a step to death

The arch of sky is heavy
Lone footprints are no more
Her eyes become more weary
Her beat of heart is sore

You were her sun and now her light has
faded away.

You were her guide and now you've led
her astray.

The past is buried in a drift of whirling
snow

And from now on there's an absence of
hope.

Dear you,

I miss summer, I miss sun
I miss the trips and all the fun
But most of all I miss you every night,
I close my eyes and dream of my knight.
You're strong when I am weak
You give me all that I could seek.
Day and night in every dream
You make all problems look like a stream;
With one easy step I'll pass the trouble
Then I'll find happiness and you'll make it double.

Please don't stop when you're so close
Don't stop believing in this "rose":
The love we share without conditions
We think the same, don't need permissions
I write this now, as a promise I'll keep
Hoping you won't think that's too deep,
It's what I feel and what I wish
But I don't need a lucky golden fish.
I want you, and only you I need
I'm not waiting for faith to say "You may proceed!".

I'll follow my heart, I won't leave a track
I'll just get in your heart and never come back.
Let's stick to the present, no time for illusions
Let's be who we are, no mistakes or confusions.
So now I'll stop writing as too much time passed by,
And even if I'm clumsy or maybe too shy
I'll just suddenly finish this by
Saying the truth: I love YOU ...



Andra Drăgan, X B

Vernal

Hurt by acid connotation of literary
temptation,

The snowflakes never touched the
earth again.

Without love and jewels they hide,

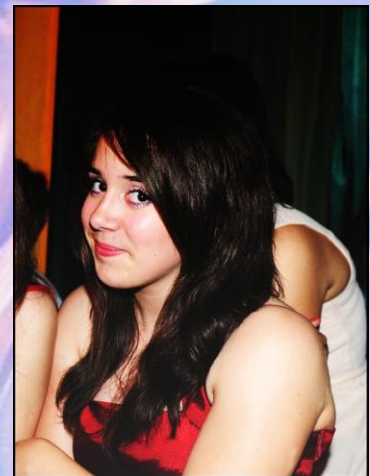
By the tide of children .

With their soft cheeks, gently
consoled by the frost

The spring's sun,

Illuminates with composure

Any reason for feast.



Diana Ștefănescu, IX B

III. Miscellaneous

Review of Inception

Imagine you live in your own world, where you could create and everything and , with a little practice, to control you creation and , more important , the ones of others. A world where you're the architect, in which you could build up anything you want, even if it's unreal: from upside down streets to mirror like scenarios from the real world.

It's that simple. Just make your ideal reality in dreams, where, with the help of the new 21st Century technology, your imagination is free to wander around.

But, what happens when this perfect world substitutes the real life? When you lose your beloved ones and everything starts to fall apart, just as in a domino game? That's the story of the main character in the well-known movie Inception, Dom Codd (Leonardo di Caprio)

Dom is a skilled thief in the art of extraction. He steals from dreams of the others precious information and valuable secrets, from deep within the subconscious. This talent cost him a huge price: losing everything he's ever loved. He is forced to do one last job, the INCEPTION-inserting an idea in one's mind-in order to be cleared of the murder charges for his wife's death, which would allow Cobb to reunite with his two children, back in the USA. Dom and his team (Yusuf, Arthur, Eames and Ariadne) think of this project to be impossible. Saito, a very influent man who can help Dom, wants to plant an idea that will cause the mark, Robert Fischer(Cillian Murphy), to break up his father's multibillion-dollar corporation for "emotional" reasons(Maurice Fischer).Dom's late wife, Mal (Marion Cotillard), haunts his own dream world, and intents on messing with his mind. He doesn't let on about this, but Dom's new architect, Ariadne (Ellen Page), figures it out. Also, she realises that he's totally controlled by Mal and he feels guilty of killing her-trying to implant an idea.

While hesitant at first, she becomes obsessed with the idea of creating new worlds as a god, and she soon kills herself, thinking she might wake up from the dream, while she was living in reality.

The most interesting idea in the movie is the action movement, which is created on the principle of the frame story. The movie begins with Dom being in Saito's dream, trying to extract from him an idea. There are three frames here: the initial one, the reality-the whole team and Saito sleeping on a train, Saito's dream-in which they were trying to get, and the architect's of the team dream. They get caught because of the architect's lack of experience and unrealistic decor in the dream he made.

For the inception to be successful, they need four levels of the dream (dream within a dream) and, of course, a good team.

When Maurice Fischer dies, his son accompanies his body from Sydney to Los Angeles. During the flight, Cobb sedates Robert Fischer with the help of Yusuf, the chemist, and the team brings him into the shared dream. At each level, the member of the team who is "creating" the dream stays behind to generate the impulse, while the other team members falls asleep within the dream to travel more deeply into Fischer's subconscious. The dreamers will then ride a synchronized series of impulses (a van plunging off a bridge, a fall between hotel rooms, and a collapsing building) to wake up to reality.

In the first level, Yusuf's dream of a rainy city, the team abducts Fischer, but they are attacked by projections of his dangerous subconscious, which have been trained to hunt and kill extractors, and Saito is mortally wounded. Because of the good quality of Yusuf's sedative, dying in the dream will send them into Limbo, a subconscious level where they will spent the whole infinite, a kind of abyss.

Eames temporarily takes the appearance of Fischer's godfather, Peter Browning, to suggest that he reconsider his opinion of his father's will. Yusuf remains on the first level, driving a van through the streets while the remaining team members enter Arthur's dream, in a hotel. Cobb and Eames turn Fischer against Browning and persuade him to join the team .

They get to the third dream level, Eames' dream, in a fortress in mountains, made by Ariadne. Fischer is told that it represents Browning's subconscious, but the team is really entering into his subconscious. Yusuf's attempts to get rid of the dangers in the first level, while driving a van, as distorted gravity effects on the second, forcing Arthur to improvise an impulse, using an elevator.

Saito dies, and Cobb and Ariadne enter Limbo to rescue him and Fischer, who gets shot meanwhile. Cobb confronts his projection of Mal, who tries to make him remain in Limbo.

Mal stabs Cobb with a knife but Ariadne shoots her. Through his confession, Cobb reaches chartasis and chooses to remain in Limbo to rescue Saito. Eames gives impulses to Fischer to bring him back up to the third-level, where he enters a safe room, discovering and accepting the idea of not developing his father's business anymore.

Leaving Cobb behind, the team members ride the impulses back up the levels of the dream. Cobb finds an elderly Saito who has been in Limbo for decades in dream time, the two help each other to remember their arrangement. This is, actually, the scene with which the movie begins. The team awakens on the flight. Cobb passes through U.S. customs and gets back to his children. He uses his spinning top totem to test reality, but is distracted by his children before seeing the result.

Anca Vârsan, X B

Limericks

An artistic male cat called Greebo,
To an evening class he decided to go.
The teacher said, "That's not right
Your page is all white!"
Greebo said, "It is a polar bear in the snow.

There once were two gents from Verona
Who both tried to telephone a
Message of love
To the same turtle love.
And in their warm hearts to enthrone her.

There once was a man named Othello
An outrageously jealous old fellow:
When they told him some lies
Quite green turned his eyes
And like a great bull he did bellow.

There once was a monarch named Lear
Whose manner of ruling was queer:
Some daughters he had:
Said they "Dad is mad-
'It's high time that we interfere.'

There once was a young girl called
Juliet:
Were she livings she'd be a fool yet-
She played dead in a tomb
Which proved her real doom
And that was the end of Miss Juliet.

There once was a girl from Kentucky,
Who never was very lucky,
She rode her bike,
Across the pike,
And came home wet and mucky

I know an old owl named Boo,
Every night he yelled "Hoo,"
Once a kid walked by,
And started to cry,
And yelled "I don't have a clue!"

There was a Young Lady of Norway,
Who casually sat on a doorway;
When the door squeezed her flat,
She exclaimed, 'What of that?'
This courageous Young Lady of Norway.

There was a Young Lady whose eyes,
Were unique as to colour and size;
When she opened them wide,
People all turned aside,
And started away in surprise.

There was an Old Man in a boat,
Who said, 'I'm afloat, I'm afloat!'
When they said, 'No! you ain't!'
He was ready to faint,
That unhappy Old Man in a boat.

Tongue Twisters

There was a fisherman named Fisher
 who fished for some fish in a fissure.
 Till a fish with a grin,
 pulled the fisherman in.
 Now they're fishing the fissure for Fisher.

If you can't can any candy can,
 how many candy cans can a candy canner can
 if he can can candy cans ?

What noise annoys a noisy oyster?
 Any noise annoys a noisy oyster,
 but a noisy noise annoys a noisy
 oyster most!

Mr. Knott and Mr. Watt on the Phone

Knife and a fork bottle and a cork
 that is the way you spell New York.
 Chicken in the car and the car can go,
 that is the way you spell Chicago.

'Hello?'
 'Who's calling?'
 'Watt.'
 'What's your name?'
 'Watt's my name.'
 'Yes, what is your name?'
 'My name is John Watt.'
 'John what?'
 'Yes.'

A skunk sat on a stump.
 The stump thought the skunk stunk.
 the skunk thought the stump stunk .
 What stunk the skunk or the stump?

A twister of twists once twisted a twist;
 A twist that he twisted was a three-twisted twist;
 If in twisting a twist one twist should untwist,
 The untwisted twist would untwist the twist

'... I'll call on you this afternoon.'
 'All right, are you Jones?'
 'No, I'm Knott.'
 'Will you tell me your name, then?'
 'Will Knott.'
 'Why not?'
 'My name is Knott.'
 'Not what?'
 'Not Watt. Knott.'
 'What?'



Anca Socaci, X B

Maths can be fun

$$\begin{array}{l} \text{Life} + \text{Love} = \text{Happy} \\ \text{Life} - \text{Love} = \text{Sad} \\ \hline 2 \text{ Life} = \text{Happy} + \text{Sad} \\ \text{Life} = \frac{\text{Happy} + \text{Sad}}{2} \end{array}$$

$$\text{Life} = \frac{1}{2} \text{Happy} + \frac{1}{2} \text{Sad}$$



Alex Constantin, XI E

$$\frac{1}{n} \sin x = ?$$

$$\frac{1}{n} \sin^2 x =$$

$$\text{six} = 6$$

Unbelievable facts about Great Britain

- The British eat twice as many baked beans per head as Americans do
- William the Conqueror ordered that everyone should go to bed at eight o'clock
 - Some 80,000 umbrellas are lost annually on the London Underground
- Although the Great Fire of London destroyed much of the city, only six people were killed
- The Queen sends a telegraph to people who reach the grand age of 100 years. The Queen has sent 100,000 telegrams to centenarians in the UK and the Commonwealth.
- The Queen sends a telegraph to couples celebrating their diamond wedding anniversary. The Queen has sent more than 280,000 telegrams to couples in the UK and the Commonwealth celebrating their diamond wedding (60 years) anniversary.
- The Queen has two birthdays. The Queen's real birthday is on 21 April and the date is a private celebration.
- Established in 1902, Ealing Studios in West London are the oldest continuously working film studios in the world.
- The Rothschild art collection at Waddesdon Manor is one of the world's most important, rivalling with that of the Louvres Museum and New York Metropolitan Museum.
- One of England's quaintest traditional event is the cheese rolling competition in Brockworth, Gloucestershire. Every year in May people chase Double Gloucester cheese down the steep Cooper's Hill. The tradition is said to have originated with fertility rites in Roman times. Other cheese rolling events exist in England, for example at the Uffington White Horse in Oxfordshire.
- The phrase "rule of thumb" is derived from an old English law which stated that you couldn't beat your wife with anything wider than your thumb.
 - No word in the English language rhymes with month, orange, silver or purple
- It is legal for a male to urinate in public, as long it is on the rear wheel of his motor vehicle and his right hand is on the vehicle
- In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes. When you pulled on the ropes the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. That's where the phrase, "goodnight, sleep tight" came from.
- The shortest war in history was between Zanzibar and England in 1896. Zanzibar surrendered after 38 minutes
- Even though being the sovereign of The United Kingdom, Her Majesty the Queen is not allowed to enter the City of London with seeking the permission of its Lord Mayor
 - In York, excluding Sundays, it is perfectly legal to shoot a Scotsman with a bow and arrow
 - Britain is the only country in the world which doesn't have the country's name in its postage stamps
 - There are more chickens than humans in England
 - Queen Anne had 17 children, all of them died before she did
 - Winston Churchill was born in the ladies toilet during a dance
 - London has been called Londonium, Ludenwic, and Ludenburg
 - Every year the average British family throws away 6 trees worth of paper.
- In England, in pubs or bars, you can have drinks but you are not allowed to **get drunk**; and in Scotland you are on the wrong side of the law if you are drunk and in possession of a **cow**

Adina Chis, X B

Did you know? ...

- Edinburgh was the first city in the world to have its own fire-brigade.
 - Scotland is considered the home land of golf.
- The official animal of Scotland is the Unicorn. The Unicorn is also depicted in the coat of arms of the Great Britain. The Unicorn is shown supporting a shield but the Unicorn is chained as it was believed during the medieval times that the Unicorn was a wild beast that could only be tamed by a virgin.
- The motto of Scotland is “Nemo me impune lacessit”, or: "No one provokes me with impunity". It is used by the Order of the Thistle and on later versions of the Royal coat of arms.
- Like Rome, Edinburgh was built on seven hills and the capital has more listed buildings than anywhere in the world.
- Scotland consists of over 790 islands (with around 130 inhabited) in addition to the mainland, including the Northern Isles, (sometimes known as the Shetland Islands) and the Hebrides.
 - Scotland is famous for its fresh water lochs (lakes) there are over 600 square miles of them. The most famous is Loch Ness where a dinosaur-like monster is said to lurk in the water but this has not been proven.
 - The shortest scheduled flight in the world is one-and-a-half miles long from Westray to Papa Westray in the Orkney Islands of Scotland. The journey takes 1 minute 14 seconds to complete.
 - In the north east of the country, girls are called “quines” and boys “louns”.
- The very first recorded appearance of the elusive Loch Ness Monster occurred in 565 AD, when a " water beast " attacked one of St. Columba's followers in the loch.
- Scotland's smallest distillery, Edradour in Pitlochry, has 100,000 visitors per year but produces just 90,000 litres of malt whisky.
- The raincoat was invented in 1824 in Scotland by Charles Macintosh, a chemist born in Glasgow. In Great Britain, the garment is still called a “Mac”.
- Scotland has three officially recognised languages: English, Scots and Scottish Gaelic, with just one per cent of the population using the latter.
- The most infamous Scottish dish is haggis, normally made with the heart, liver, and lungs of a sheep, traditionally boiled in the animal's stomach. It is not known where it originated, but a similar dish was mentioned in Greece 2,500 years ago.
- Scotland has the highest proportion of redheads in the world. Around 13 per cent of the population has red hair, with 40 per cent carrying the recessive gene.
 - The word "whisky" comes from the Gaelic "uisgebeatha" which means "water of life".
- Scotland is estimated to have been Europe's biggest persecutor of witches. In the 17th and 18th centuries Scotland put to death over 4,000 alleged witches.
 - The ironic Edinburgh greeting "You'll have had your tea?" is said to have originated with a nobleman, Mackintosh of Borlum, who in 1729 complained of the widespread habit of tea-slurping. When out visiting, he had to confirm that he had already had his tea so that he could get a glass of beer instead.
 - Edinburgh is said to be one of the most haunted places in Europe, and for good reason. It's most infamous ghost is the Mackenzie Poltergeist, the uneasy spirit of a 17th century lawyer responsible for the deaths of hundreds; he now haunts Greyfriars Kirkyard.

Anca Socaci, X B

