

Young authors - additional texts

Austria

HAK Steyr

1, Kathi and Oliver

Hello! My name is Pussy, and as you can see on the picture at the left side, I am a little sweet cat. I live in a small town in Austria, called Steyr. My family consists of my human father Stefan, my human mother Bridget and their son Jimmy. I really like them, and I am glad that I can live such a happy, exciting life.

Today I want to tell you a little story.

A few days ago, it was a warm summer day, I was in the park with my boyfriend, the second cat of my family – but we are not in a relationship. We sat down in the grass and enjoyed the wonderful day. We talked a lot. We talked nearly about everything.

So we started to talk about the marriage of our “parents”. Long time ago they met in a disco. They started to talk and Stefan asked for Bridget’s telephone number. After some dates they started a relationship. One year later they bought a house where we live now. So their wonderful lovestory started. And our lovestory too. Today we are two years together and it will last forever.



Denmark

Norre Gymnasium

1, Bo S. Pedersen A Modern Story about a Boy and His Dog.

In a world, that is dominated by furniture’s from IKEA. In a world, that is unsafe from evil PR-members. There he life. A boy, who’s best friend is a dog. But not only a dog, but also, a boys best friend.

This is the incredible story, about a dog and his dog. This is a story, about true friendship and true love to your best friend. This is the story about, the stroke to find your best friend again and how you can be, forever young, when you know the secret about friendship. This is the story about a boy, who gets a lot of Experian’s, on his adventure, to find his, lost best friend.

(FLASCH)

“Where is Sleepii!? MOMMY where is Sleepii!?” Daniel asks.

“You have to get a new dog!” Says he’s parents.

Be prepared for, an adventure true the heart of America. On the next lines, you can read about, how the boy Daniel and he’s dog Sleepii, gets away from each other, when Daniels parents moves to the state of Mississippi and forgets Sleepii. This sends Daniel out on an incredible adventure, where he meet, a trucker, who want to

dance ballet, and a dock who can't find love. With these two new friends, Daniel fight against the odds, on his search for the lost best friend.

(FLASCH)

"What are you doing?" Daniel shouts.

"I'm going to find my passion again!" the trucker says

In the main while Sleepii also search for, his lost master, which bring him, a dangerous travel, trough the dessert and trough the rocky mountains.

(FLASCH)

"Woof!!!" Sleepii desperately bark, when he sees his master driving away from him while, he is trapped, under a fallen tree.

From the maker of: "Dear Jürgen El-Hans." and "The American Election 2008." come the story, that will make you think about your own life.

(FLASCH)

"I... I... I simply can't do it." The duck said : "No matter how hard I try, I can't find love. Every woman in the world hates me!"

Daniel thinks a little about it and answer: "I'm sure that there is a duckling, for you, out there somewhere."

"BUT I DON'T WANT A DUCKLING! I WANT A REAL HUMAN WOMAN!" the duck shouted.

During the adventure Daniel comes out for some real challenges. How will he get true the challenges? And how will he find he's friend again, in a land that is more than 9, 6 km² and covers 50 states? And will he find him again, before the dog hunters do?

Daniel is now on a hunt against time, the odds and worst of all his parents, who are searching for him. And they want him home, no matter what.

(FLASCH)

"I've got to find Sleepii, he can't survive without me." Daniel thinks before he takes his most drastic decision in his whole life. A decision that will change him forever.

(FLASCH)

"NOOO!" Daniel shouts. And the echo, repeat again and again, in the valley.



2, Ida

Freedom

The straps of my bag carve themselves further and further in to my aching shoulders. With every step I take, it hurts a bit more. In some way I like the pain. It distracts me from the thoughts. It is not because I'm a tough bloke. I mean, many people, would have given up miles ago, but it is amazing, what kind of strength it gives you to loose. What kind of determination that comes from sorrow. At last I wriggle my thumbs underneath the straps, and try to lift them so that my soar self can get a break. At once I regret this. When I don't move, when I don't

have to concentrate on just taking the next step, the thoughts come rumbling. Massive and vast, and with a crushing power, like a tidal wave. Like a huge chasm, that you cannot avoid falling in to.

I opened up the door. I was home early. You called me at work. You had never done that before. "Come home" you whispered. Begging, pleading. "Please come home". Then you hanged up. I couldn't really do anything than obey. "Hello!" I shouted, as always when I come home, but nobody answered me. Where were you? Puzzled, and with a strange, perhaps scared, look on my face, I walked out in the kitchen. If you would do it, you would do it there. You were halfway leaned against the lower cupboard, halfway lying on the floor. Naked. As vulnerable as a cub, who hasn't yet opened it's eyes. Your face was tear-streaked. I saw the bruises on your thighs, and the blisters on your lips, and the knots in your hair, and the scars on your arms. I saw the kitchen-knife in your right hand. You were staring at me, lifeless as a rag doll. Your eyes resembled big black pearls. "Rescue me from this obscenity of my mind" you whispered .

I find myself lying flat on my stomach. I must have tripped over, face-first. The red sand is sticking to my chin. I get up, without having the energy to brush it off. I'm walking on. Tentative. It is on your wish, that I am doing this trip. You had carefully sketched out a map, and written down the instructions. I stumble on, as the tears starts to press on, and I simply don't have the power, to hold them back. I cry like a child, whose dog has just been run over. It is the kind of tears you cry, during that mourning, which is without comfort. I start to yell and to scream. I curse everyone I know, blaming *them*, for her not being with me. I damn *her* mother, for leaving her when she was a kid. I damn *my* mother, for never accepting her into our family. I try the most I can, not to feel the pain that is tearing my own chest apart with guilt. *You were there.* You could have stopped her.

The day it happened.

It's blurry and foggy. My mind is darkened.

I think of it, as just another perversion of reality.

All I remember is your voice, quoting the words of the Dresden Dolls, your favourite band.

"I'm just make believing, that I have a soul beneath the surface,

Trying to convince you...

(Hey, here's a secret:)

It was accidentally on purpose"

You made me memorize them, so that I could them by heart. You also made me listen to the entire song. All the time you stared me. You wanted me to understand, that this was the way, you felt. As a Girl Anachronism. Not yet fitting in to this world. It was tiring, you said.

As you headed for the woods, the last sentence echoed in my head.

IT WAS ACCIDENTALLY ON PURPOSE!

Suddenly, I notice a tree in the horizon. It is a copper beech, and it still has its leaves. From my backpack I draw out a map, which you have made. It says, that I will know, where on the road you want it to be. So I do. I know, that this is where you would like to have your rest. I also pull out the cross, that I've made. It is wonky and rather small, but it doesn't matter. I knock into the earth, until it is fairly stable. Then I find the urn. I take of the lid, and as I reach for a bit of ash, I realize that you were right. You are the girl, who doesn't belong anywhere. "Only in death will she be free!" I scream it out loud, as I let go of the ash in my hand. Only in death will you rest! I spread the rest of you, understanding, what you have tried to learn me. I dance and clap my hands, rejoicing, because you have found peace. At last you are free like the soaring birds. I remember one of the pictures you've painted, for what seems like a billion years ago. I see that the girl is you.

3, Niklas C.O

Okay I should not have done it, why am I really here. They forced me to jump. It was as if they pushed me. I wonder if the string is holding. Is the string good enough? Try to imagine if the string breaks, I will fall directly into the sea I don't think I would survive from this height. Now I remember what they told me. "Stretch out your whole body. Be as long as possible, arms fully extended and let your head follow." Not stretch the neck or bend in the legs. Then the string could just be entangled in my legs and it would not be so good.

Honestly most of the times nothing happens. How many times do you think they do this here every day? 500 times 1000 times? It has to be experienced.

Life must be lived if I did not do it now, it would never happen. Now when I said goodbye to my family I am happy. The view is very beautiful here. Wonder whether there are sharks in the water and if there is, can they come up after me if I come close enough to the water? If there are 1000 people that splash the same place in one day, the sharks must think that there maybe is something out there that can be edible. They might think it is a bird that can't fly.

It takes lot of time this trip, it feels like an eternity to come down. The water just comes closer. I just hope the string strong were not very thick, I can wait to get away from this thing.

There is a lot of wind right here. What if I now blowing into something what if there is a stone where I am hitting? I would die very quickly.



4, Natasha Amankwaa

One picture and one sister

It was summer, actually a hot summer. I was visiting my parents, as it has been a long time, since I have seen them. They were really pleased to see me, as I was too. Without my sister it was not feeling the same coming back home. I miss her a lot, and it is much harder being in my parent's house, because the memories were getting back to me, as I was moving around in the house. While I was staring out of the window, thinking about the good times I had, with my sister, my mother came to me. She looked at my face, and then asked me, why I was so silent. I knew that she knew, why I was not in the mood to have a conversation, and I decided not to respond the question. I felt it was annoying, that she asked me the question, although I did not express it to her. In my entire life, I have always known that my mother is a strong woman, which has made her my role model. And still after this terrible accident, she keep going strong and being pleased, and I admire her, for being such a strong woman. Because if I were in her shoes, and my daughter was dead, I would assume that my whole world would go down.

Later that day, my mother went to church, and asked me to go with her, which I did not. Therefore I stayed home and prepared dinner. When I was alone in the house, I could not stop thinking about my sister. I continually saw her face in my head, with her beautiful big smile, which truly represents my sister. At the same time in my mind, the awful pictures from the accident constantly went through my head. It was almost like seeing a movie thriller that never stopped.

When my mom came back home, she had red eyes, and it was obviously that she had cried a lot. She came close to me, and stared at my face, while she was taking something up from her bag.

It was a picture in black and white. On the picture there were two young girls, around the ages of four and five years old, looking at pigs. They were holding each other, like siblings do. One of the girls did have a white rose in the hair, and when I saw the rose, it all came back to me. It was my sister, and I, at my uncle's farm, when we were younger. My mother went into the kitchen. However I was still looking at the picture, which made me start crying.

After some couple of days, I remembered that I never saw the picture again it vanished.

I think that this photograph represent the Danish values, as their values is about the family and true friendship, which comes out in this photograph. The Danish students value friendship, as one of the essential thing in life. I understand their decision, as they live in a nation, where you are save, and do not have to consider about getting poor, dead or not having an education. For example in Lebanon or Israel, I think that you would focus more about the national security in the country, as there have been wars, which has destroyed a lot of lives and families. In Denmark it is important to have someone you can trust, and know that the person would be there, if you necessitate need him or her. On this photo, you can see two people, who care and support each other. I believe that a true friendship is an important thing to have, especially in such a globalized world, where a friend always can be able to support you in complicated situations.

If I could place myself into the position of any person on the photo, I would have place myself as the little girl with a flower in the hair. Which also is the same girl, I described in my story. The thoughts would be, how much I worship my sister, and that she is my best friend in this world, and I really love to play with her. I think that she probably would have the same in mind, however we would not say anything to each other, just look at the beautiful nature and the animal world, which is in front of us. The picture with my sister and I, would take place in our childhood in the 70's, where the background described our garden, where we have pigs and chickens.



5, Mie Jensen

She had always thought of herself as a fighter. Of course it was an easy thing to do, when there was nothing to fight for. If she ever really was a fighter, was to be proven in a single moment. It was a moment where a so-called fighter, forgot to fight. She called it a weakness, but for those who sat by her bed, it was anything but that.

When the sickness came, she saw a look in the eyes of friends, and she was afraid. In one glance she felt as if life had turned her in to an unrecognisable woman. It felt as if the sickness slowly took her strength and the walls of the hospital seemed to faint into a cold white winter. She would lie awake while those who sat by her had fallen asleep. Mainly because every time she closed her eyes, she couldn't stop thinking about what could have been. You see, this woman was sick deep inside. In a place where no doctor can operate. It's a place we often build walls around, to protect us from getting hurt. This was why she would ask herself if she had forgotten to do so. She had no physical pain and she did not bleed, but that darkness deep inside had stolen the light within her eyes. She had soothed her mind with lies and she was on a tiring hunt to find a reason to survive. She had pushed, broken and destroyed every mind and every body, of those she claimed to love. What used to be filled with warmth had left a cold chill.

Once in a while she would notice their faces in the dark, which had turned into twilight. They would smile, though they were sad, and they would talk even though she would never respond. They were by the bed whenever she would have a rare moment, where a smile would conquer the lips. But all she could see was the bruises on an arm, the broken plates and the angry words. All of which had come from within her darkness.

That winter I was a doctor dressed in white, bringing her the medicine. She would carelessly fill her mouth with the clean water and swallow a pill. But when she smiled and friends around her would laugh, she would suddenly question if she truly was happy on her own, or if this was the work of the pills. Some days I would see the hint of a smile before bringing her the medicine but that was all I ever saw.

When I later returned to the hospital a year later she had disappeared. Some said she had past away, but I got my answers a few weeks later. All the familiar waiting faces from the hospital walked hand in hand with their friend, and I quietly thought to myself, who would have thought those faces would be the ones to cure her darkness.



6, Peter Bohm Sigaard Andersen

Soaring Freedom

Every morning, when the first sunbeams was bursting through the crisp, mist-filled morning painting the mountains in a beautiful orange and the hushed wind swept over the land and erased the last traces of the night, I was standing in the late summer, glancing up on the small mountain outside of my house. Up there on big oak branch sat the mightiest and most beautiful of animals. It was an eagle.

It had lived in that tree since my family and I moved in about a year ago. I have always admired that brave bird, how it just sits there watching the world, following our slow killing and disrespect for nature. It seems like it just waits for the death to knock on its door. Strong and proud like a man in a hospital fully aware about his lethal position just waiting for that final day to come. Sometimes the bird spread out its wings and flew around the block returning shortly after with the pray for the day: a mouse, rabbit or other small animal. Otherwise it just sat there with dreaming eyes. Every time I got back from school the bird greeted me with a long melancholic scream. I felt the pain, sadness and sorrow in those screams; deep inside me it raised a dream. Sometimes I found myself sitting in the garden just staring at the bird with the dreaming eyes, the eagle. I felt like we had some sort of special bond, a bond of the spirit and the heart, a bond that longed for that same thing: Freedom. Later on I saw that I wasn't the only one with that yearning. I started noticing the look in people's eyes on the bus or in the cars on the highway. Those dreamingly looks that seemed to be directed at the horizon with its changing colours that seem to be calling us be name, dragging us away from the city and our hectic business lives. The problem was that people didn't notice. One ring of a phone could drag them back, pulling them down into that ongoing routine of theirs. I suddenly couldn't find a place to find peace in this world. Everything I did seemed empty and meaningless.

Autumn had come. The leaves started glowing, the wind started rushing, and sometimes the rain was falling, tapping on our roof. One morning the eagle was missing from its branch. All that day I looked for it. It wasn't coming back. Either it was dead or it had flown on. It didn't matter anymore. In its absence I learned the biggest lesson of all. It wasn't in the nature, the wind, the sea or anywhere on earth, you would find the freedom. It was in the dreams and love, the freedom should be found.



7, Benjamin Christensen

It was a bright and shiny morning. The sun was appearing little by little in the sky, and the early morning air, was fresher than ever before. James felt the frisky air in his face, just when he woke up. The little town at the bottom of the mountain was like a ghost town at this time of the day, but James had to leave early to get to the top of the mountain before it got dark again. Though South American countries are very warm at this time of the year, it was still a little cold, when he stepped outside of the motel.

It was a half hour drive before he would reach the climbing spot. He had been on the mountain many times before, so he was familiar with the surroundings. The hills on the way up were filled with a lot of tight trees, so it was difficult to see anything other than the road. It was quite dark actually, considering how early in the morning it was. As James drove further and further up the hills, the mountain scenery got rougher and more sunlight stroke the car. Soon the trees were beginning to disappear, and you could see the big, steep mountainsides appear in front of the car. He drove off the main road, and in on a small gravel road. The road was in a pretty bad condition, worse than he remembered it, filled with small holes.

After some difficulties on the bumpy road, James finally reached the climbing spot. He stepped out of the car and looked down on the absolutely beautiful scenery. The town was just a collection of small white dots, and he could see hills far away from where he was standing.

Minutes later all his gear was set, and he climbed out on the hillside. The first time he did it, he was actually quite frightened. He didn't know much of mountaineering, but he certainly got a big rush from doing it, and he have never forgot that feeling since. That was the reason he found mountaineering so exciting, the rush you get, when you challenge yourself to try new things, like climbing a new mountain. The feeling of not knowing,

what will happen next, is meant to be experienced. But this place he knew very well, and that was important to. To have a place you know well, a place you can call your own. As he was hanging there and felt the wind in his hair and the warm sunlight on his body, he just knew that there was no place other than this. Up here, there were no loud noises like the sound of a freeway full of cars or people shouting. That was also why he did this, to get away from the everyday life, and to let the thoughts fly; to clear his mind of all bad thoughts, and to get inspiration for living the life to the fullest. And when he looked down on the fantastic scenery, the blue sky with small white clouds or the green areas with wonderful forests, he felt happy. Not only because of the beautiful nature itself, but also because he did something he found exciting.



8, Maja Fornal Lieb

Friendship

"Why is friendship important for people?" That was a question I asked myself the other day. (I'm on the picture; I'm standing between the two black people: my best friends) I'll try to answer it. Friendships are built up because of the need to have somebody by your side. Human beings are like some animals at this point. We need company, but I don't think that it is the only reason. When we grow up and are developing our identity there has to be some things we can copy. When we have a friend to support us and make us feel good about ourselves it's easier to get through the years of being teenager which can be a ruff time for some. It will also be easier to create your own identity.

Friendships are also the key solving conflicts all over the planet. Problems like racism or wars of any kind could be solved if everybody were friends. And yes I know that, this will never happen because of the multicultural globe we live on, but we could at least try to stop making prejudice out of nothing and meet the people instead. Only then you can have an opinion about them.

But remember all black people and white people are not responsible for their race's acts.

I say this because you always hear people generalize, saying that all black people looks like this and acts like this, and it's the same with other races. Fx: All Scottish people wear kilts, and all people from Greenland are never sober.

Racism occurs when people are unsure of themselves and when they don't know anything about the subject. Racism can also be hereditary. That is why one should be open to new people and have a lot of friends from other cultures. That will definitely make peace on earth and build up a healthy and strong identity.

Well we came from friendship and I think I answered some of it.

In a friendship it is important to remember to give not only take. It doesn't have to be something big or at all something material. It could be anything a small note on the table or a sweet massage to a friend how needs it. The most valuable thing you can do is to do something for a person that will help it in some way without telling that you did it. That can be very hard, because most people expect to get something in return for their effort, it is in our nature.

The feeling of being happy, I mean real happiness comes in waves. Waves that can make you feel like the king of the world. I have felt these waves while spending time with my family and friends.

I have of course also felt them when I'm alone running in the morning watching the sun rise in the horizon but they don't hit as hard, when I don't have company to share with. **Love is all we need**



9, Tabitha Burke

It all started with mum being out travelling with her work. She was in Spain and she left me at home, in charge of the house. How could she expect me not to go to the disco? That is where I met Dave. He is a gorgeous guy from my school. Some might think he is crazy. Bad influence others might call him. However, he is not any of it. He may be wicked some times, but I really like him. Of course, mum does not approve of him. She only likes little Christian boys, without the slightest bit of rebellions inside.

Back to Dave. We met at a party. It was like the expression "love at first sight". That is actually exactly, what it was. We saw each other on the dance floor at the local disco, and made eye contact immediately. We started talking, and found out that we had the same interests. After that party, we started dating. We spent every minute together. Every second, perhaps. I did not know if mum approved of him, because she was in Spain at that time. I held many parties at home, while she was gone. Dave was in every single one of them. I like the way he is so rebellious. He loves to get in fights and crash cars in the middle of the night. He might not be law-abiding or very clean; he does drugs all the time, but he attracts me. He is so fearless and brave. Mum has been like that too. She has not always been as good a woman as she is now. She has a history, which is not flawless. In fact, she has been worse than Dave and me; together.

When she was young, she had a Mohawk hairstyle, which was pink. Her leather jacket and blue striped trousers were full of safety pins. In short, she was a rebellious punk. So that is where I say, why doesn't she like me being with someone who is exactly as she was? I do not get parents.

Okay, that is not quite true. I actually know. When she was about twenty-five years old, she had near-death-experience. She had done many drugs and was in a trance. If nobody had found her, she would be dead. After that, she became a Christian. She believes that God helped her, that night.

These last few months, she has been a bit weird. She has not been paying the bills or been going to work for a while now. It is actually a bit scaring. However, before she went to Spain with her work, she was fine. She was never yelling or being too stressed, and that is all she is now. It is distracting really.

Maybe she has a fling in Spain, and she is longing for him, or maybe she has found my dad and is desperate about the thought of being with him again. Alternatively, she might just be hungry for sex and a man to be with. I do not know, but I would like to know. Maybe I should ask her.



10, Louise Gunde Milsø Eilertsen The time everything was easier

We were all playing together, every day we met and had a great day. Everyone was laughing. We lived in our own world. A totally adventure world, with princes and princesses in big beautyfull castles. When the day was over, we went to bed. The following day, we met again. Sometimes it happened that some of us was in a little fight against each other. But it was no problem, because 5 minutes later, we were all together again. Especially I remember one day very clear. It was summer holliday, me and my best friend, Mathilda got up, and cycled down to a girl called Sophie. We were about 8 years old. As the day progressed came more and more friends. We would make our own melody gram prix in her garden! We made 5 groups, and started practice. We played "The Spice Girls" in my group. We made a good choreography and took some clothes on, who looked like theirs.

When all the groups were finish, we invited the whole street and our parents. We did our little show, at Mathilda's big trampoline. All my friends were very good performers, so it was very difficult, for the people from our street, and for our parents to vote, which group there should be the winners of our little garden melody gram prix. But after a little while, and everyone had got at little piece of cake, and some coffee my mother had made, they got the results. Me and my friends were all very excited, but inside we were totally don't care about who

the winner was, because we have had a very nice day together. But suddenly Mathilda's mother, were reading the results highly. "And the winner is.... THE SPISE GIRLS". We were very happy, and made an extra number. Everyone was dancing that night. It was so fun. And everyone was happy together.

Now I am sitting here, as an old lady. And I really really miss that time! Everyone played with each other, you were totally don't care about your clothes, and no one get unfriendly. And if there was a little problem, could your parents fix it almost every time. And that time, we did not notice all the different terrible things that happened world over. Things like war, poverty, hunger and all types of different diseases. We were only knowing, how it feel to have a little influenza.

Now, we got a big responsibility at over shoulders, and at lot of stuff we should do all the time. Of course it is nice, to get older some times, because there is more freedom and so on. And got my own wonderful children, who is growing up, just like me. But sometimes I wish that I could turn back time, just for a while, and be a little girl again. Stand side by side with my best friend, and watch some pigs eat, and find it very entertaining, just because you are a little girl, who do not no any better.



Hungary

Bethlen Gabor Reformatus Gimnazium

1, Dalma Racz

Ez az osztály látszólag boldog, ennek bármi lehet az oka, talán épp ünnepelnek, lehet, hogy az iskolai évek végének közeledtét. Ők tényleg bűbajosak, látom, szeretik egymást. Pontosan tudom, milyen érzés. Emlékszem, amikor felkeltem az ágyamból az első nap, mennem kellett az új iskolámba. Idegesnek éreztem magam, mert mindenki ott volt már, akik annyira idegenek voltak számomra. Bevallom, féltem. Nem tudtam, hogy mi vár rám. De amint rájuk néztem, megláttam az arcukat: mosolyogtak, szóval nyugodt lettem. Barátságosak és kedvesek voltak hozzám. Rögtön beszélgetést kezdtem velük, és igazán meglepődtem, mert egy társaságkedvelő embereknek véltem az új osztályomat, ezt szeretem. Amikor hazaértem, magamba gondolkoztam, és rájöttem, hogy soha nem akarom őket elengedni!



This class looks so happy, maybe the reason is: they are celebrating something or maybe it is the end of the school year. They're really lovely. I can see they love each other. I know this feeling. I remember when I woke up on he first day, I had to go to my new school. I was very nervous. There were my new friends, where everyone was so stranger to me. I was scared. I didn't know, what will happen. But when I saw my class's face,

they were smiling, so I was calm. They were very friendly and kind. At once I started talking with them, and I was surprised, because everyone was sociable, and I liked it. When I arrived home, I was thought to myself. I never want to lose them!

2, Evelin Csete

Ezen a rajzon egy család van. Amikor óvodás voltam mi is rajzoltunk rajzokat. Az én rajzom mindig fura volt. Minden embernek nagy pocija volt, pálcika végtagjuk, fűszál hajuk és az arcuk szögletes volt. Mikor a szüleinknek kellett csinálni valamilyen rajzot, én az egész családomról készítettem. Az én rajzom volt a második legjobb. A legjobb barátnőmé lett. Az ő rajzán a vonalak nagyon szépek voltak és még a színezése is jó volt. Sosem ment ki a vonalon. Én mindig is utáltam színezni. Ahhoz elég sok türelem kell. Az a rajz, amit csináltam a szüleimnek most kicsit fura. Amikor szelektáltunk otthon megtaláltuk és anya megkérdezte: „Emlékszel erre a rajzra?” én meg ezt válaszoltam: „Igen. Tényleg ilyen rondán rajzoltam? Anya, hogy mondhattátok, hogy ez gyönyörű?” Tényleg nagyon fura volt, mivel az egész családomat lerajzoltam. Rajta volt apa, anya a két húgom és a bátyám. Anyukám el is tette és azt mondta, hogy ha lesz ideje, be fogja kereteztetni.



Picture by Astrid

In this drawing there is a family. I remember when I was in nursery school we also did a lot of drawings. My drawing was always a little bit strange. All the people had big bellies, sticklike arms and legs, hair like grass and their faces were squared. When we had to draw something to our parents I always made pictures about all my family. My drawing was the second best and the best was that of my best friend. She drew with very nice lines and colored it beautifully. I always hated coloring. It needed a lot of patience. The drawing which I made for my parents seems a bit strange to me now. When we selected our thing at home we found it and my mother asked me: “Do you remember this drawing?” – “Yes” I answered. “Did I really draw so ugly? How could you say to me it was beautiful?”

It was very really strange because I drew all my family. There was mother, father, my two younger sisters and my older brother in it. My mother kept it and told me one would put it in a frame if she had time.

3, Reka Vass

A képen egy ragyogó színű vörös pipacsot látok, ami egy drótkerítésen hajlik ki. Nekem ez a kép a szabadságot és a függetlensége jelképezi.

Az jutott eszembe, hogy lehet, hogy ez a pipacs magként egy csodálatos réten volt, de egyszer csak egy szél felkapta és a világ másik végébe repítette és egy zord, betonból épített világba csöppent. Miután kinőtt és virágozni kezdett, megpróbált visszajutni a természetbe és ezért megpróbált átnyújtzkodni a kerítésen, elvirágzott, de a magjait egy langyos szellő felkapta és elrepítette arra a rétre, ahonnan egykoron ő idekerült. Tehát végül elérte a célját: visszatért a természetbe.



This picture symbolizes freedom and independence for me. There is a bright-red poppy-flower in it, bending through a wire-fence.

Maybe this beautiful flower spent its seed-age on a beautiful meadow. Perhaps a wind snatched it up and made it fly to the other part of the world. It happened to drop in a strange world made of concrete. The tiny plant began to grow and later it began blooming. It made an effort to get back into nature, and bedded out of hole in the fence. After falling of its flowers another wind will come making a new seeds fly... Perhaps one of them will be able to reach the wonderful meadow again.

4, Kata Szucs

Tegnap nagyon izgultam, már régóta készültem erre a záróvizsgámra matematikából. Ez a legnehezebb tantárgy és egyben a legnehezebb vizsgám. Egész életemben a humán tantárgyakból voltam jobb. Szerintem így már érthető miért féltem ennyire. Ráadásul én voltam a legelső. Amikor beléptem az ajtón a tanárok tekintete rám tapadt. Elpirultam. Amikor kihúztam a tételt megkönnyebbültem, ez volt a legkönnyebb tétel. Nagyon örültem é végül négyest kaptam. Az első dolog, amit csináltam az volt, hogy lefutottam a partra és örömben elkezdtem ugrálni.

Yesterday I was excited about my final exam from Maths and I was learn a lot for it. This is the hardest subject for me and the most difficul exam. In my whole life I was better from arts subjects. This is the reason for why I'm affraid. I was the first. When I entered, the teachers were starring at me. When I know my thesis I felt relief, that was the easiest thesis. I was very happy and I'e got B. First of all I ran to the beach and I started jump.