



Education and Culture
Lifelong learning programme
COMENIUS

COMENIUS MULTILATERAL PARTNERSHIP LET'S KEEP THE MEMORIES ALIVE

POEMS & STORIES



"This project has been funded with support from the European Commission."

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TURKEY



POOR AHMET

Ahmet's mother and father were poor. They were living in a small house with only one room. Since his father's lungs were ill, he compulsorily retired. Ahmet finished primary school in difficulty by selling pretzel out of school time. Later by the help of his neighbor he started to work in a restaurant to do the washing up. Ahmet had taken the first step to realize his dreams. He had met the wonderful meals which he formerly used to see behind the restaurant windows. Now he had three courses a day. He had kept Uncle Veli, who was cooking in the restaurant, observing. He would learn cooking from him and he would be a cook himself, too but Ahmet would work not in somebody else's restaurant but in his own one.

Ahmet opened a restaurant in the city centre after he had done his military service. Because his meals were very delicious, the restaurant was full of customers. He was earning well.

Sometimes poor people used to come to the restaurant and eat free meal.

The waiters working in the restaurant and the customers couldn't find any sense of Ahmet's going and leaving two plates of meals to an empty table during lunch times. How would they know that they were Ahmet's present to his mother and father, whom the poverty had finished years ago? They also wouldn't be able to hear that while putting the plates on the table Ahmet was murmuring "you aren't going stay hungry any more from now on mummy and daddy. Have your meals and get yourself very full. "

FAKİR AHMET

Annesi, babası fakirdi Ahmet'in. Tek göz odalı bir gecekonduda oturuyorlardı. Babasının ciğerleri hasta olduğundan zorunlu emekliye ayrılmıştı. Ahmet okul olmadığı zamanlar simit satarak zorlukla ilkokulu bitirdi. Daha sonra komşusunun yardımıyla bir lokantaya bulaşıkçı olarak girdi. Ahmet hayalini gerçekleştirmek için ilk adımını atmıştı. Eskiden lokantaların camları arkasında gördüğü o güzelim yemeklere kavuşmuştu. Artık günde üç öğün karnı doyuyordu. Lokantada yemek pişiren Veli dayıyı göz hapsine almıştı. Ondan yemek yapmayı öğrenecek ve kendi de bir aşçı olacaktı ama Ahmet başkasının lokantasında değil kendi lokantasında görevini yerine getirecekti.

Ahmet askerden geldikten sonra şehrin mevki yerinde lokanta açtı. Yaptığı yemekler çok lezzetli olduğu için lokanta müşterilerle dolup taşıyordu. Kazancı yerindeydi. Ara sıra muhtaç insanlar lokantaya gelirdi ve bedava yemek yerlerdi.

Lokantada çalışan garsonlar ve müşteriler Ahmet'in öğle vakitleri boş bir masaya giderek masanın üstüne iki tabak yemek bırakmasına bir anlam veremezlerdi. Onlar ne bileceklerdi yıllar önce sefaletin bitirdiği anne ve babasına Ahmet'in armağanını. Hem onlar duyamazlardı ki, tabakları masanın üstüne bırakırken Ahmet'in " Bundan sonra aç kalmayacaksınız anneciğim ve babacığım. Alın yemeklerinizi karnınızı bir güzel doyurun " diye mırıldandığını.

By Ahmet ULUKAYA

LITTLE CHILD

With pearls in his eyes and pain in his heart
The little child is crying being lost in darkness
You mightn't have a house or parents
You mightn't have anybody, you might have been scorned
Whatever happens and happens
The time and the days will pass
One day might come and you might be consoled little child.

With pearls in his eyes and pain in his heart
The little child is crying being lost in darkness
You'd had various troubles making you get lost
Strangers had taken the little money you deserve
Whatever happens and happens
The time and the days will pass
One day might come and you might be consoled little child.

KÜÇÜK ÇOCUK

Gözlerinde inci, yüreğinde sancı
Karanlıkta kaybolmuş ağlıyor küçük çocuk
Belki evin yokmuş senin, anan-baban yokmuş senin
Kimselerin yokmuş senin, belki seni hor görmüşler
Ne olursa olsun, olsun, ne olursa olsun
Zaman akıp gidecek, günler gelip geçecek
Belki bir gün gelecek teselliği bulacaksın küçük çocuk.

Gözlerinde inci, yüreğinde sancı
Karanlıkta kaybolmuş ağlıyor küçük çocuk
Türlü türlü derdin varmış, dertler seni senden çalmış
Hakkın olan üç kuruşu o yabancı eller almış
Ne olursa olsun, olsun, ne olursa olsun
Zaman akıp gidecek, günler gelip geçecek
Belki bir gün gelecek teselliği bulacaksın küçük çocuk.

By Ahmet ULUKAYA

ROMANIA



Povestea mărțișorului

(după o veche legendă românească)

A fost odată ca niciodată, demult, un fecior care a apărut într-un sat ca din senin. Acest fecior era de fapt Soarele, care își luase înfățișare umană. Soarele își ascunsese adevărata identitate, deoarece îi plăcea foarte mult printre oameni, crezând că într-o zi le va putea spune oamenilor cine este și să redevină astru.

Pe acel tărâm trăia însă cel mai înspăimântător dintre zmei: la înfățișare era negru precum noaptea, iar cei trei ochi pe care îi avea reușeau foarte bine a-i descrie răutatea. Aflând despre adevărata identitate a feciorului, Haplea, zmeul cel rău, l-a pândit pe acesta și l-a răpit, făcându-l ostatic în cea mai terifiantă temniță din lume.

Din cauza faptului că răutatea și puterile sale erau nemărginite, niciun pământean nu a îndrăznit să se lupte cu acesta pentru a-l elibera pe Soare, deși lumea se întrista, își pierduse din culoare, totul în jur își pierduse vlaga, copiii nu se mai jucau, râurile nu mai curgeau, păsările nu mai cântau.

Într-o zi, un tânăr voinic, pe nume Voinea, s-a decis să facă orice pentru a salva Soarele din acea temniță. Mulți dintre pământeni i s-au alăturat în călătoria sa. Călătoria a durat mult, mai exact 3 anotimpuri, dar nici căldura aprigă a verii, nici tristețea toamnei și nici chiar apriga iarnă, nu au reușit să-l determine pe tânăr să se oprească din drumul său.

Acesta a găsit castelul lui Haplea, unde se afla și temnița, și cei doi au început o luptă cumplită, dar în cele din urmă binele a înfrânt răul. Sleit de puteri și rănit, Voinea eliberează Soarele, care se ridică fericit înapoi pe cer, redând culoare și viață lumii, dar viteazul fecior nu reușește să se bucure de izbândă și să vadă primăvara. Sângele cald ce i se scurgea din trupul rănit înroșise zăpada albă. Muri. În timp ce zăpada se topea, mici capete de flori răsăreau, erau ghiociei, vestitorii primăverii.

În semn de respect, oamenii din sat au legat de creanga copacului lângă care a murit Voinea un șnur împletit dintr-un fir roșu și unul alb. Culoarea roșie, ca sângele viteazului fecior, simbolizează iubirea pentru viață și pentru tot ce este bun, iar culoarea albă simbolizează sănătatea și puritatea acestei gingașe flori, ghiocelul, care vestește sosirea primăverii.

Respectând tradiția, an de an, de 1 Martie, tinerii împletesc doi ciucurași: unul roșu și unul alb și îi oferă fetelor pe care le iubesc sau celor apropiați, în semn de prețuire. Mărțișorul, acest frumos simbol al venirii primăverii, aduce noroc persoanelor care îl poartă. Cuvântul “mărțișor” este de origine latină, *martius*, semnificând denumirea populară a lunii *martie*. În zilele noastre, confecționarea mărțișoarelor cu răbdare și multă imaginație, este o adevărată artă.

By Andrada Alexandra Chiș

The Talisman Story

(After An Old Romanian Legend)



Once upon a time, a boy appeared in a village out of the clear. This boy was actually the sun in a human body. The sun had hidden his true identity because he liked very much staying among the people, believing that one day he would tell people who he really was.

In that land lived the most frightening of dragons: his appearance was black like the night and you could tell that he was evil just by looking into his three eyes. Finding the true identity of the boy, whose name was Haplea, the evil dragon followed him, taking him as a hostage to the most terrible prison in the world.

Because his malice and his powers were unlimited no human being had dared to fight the dragon in order to release the Sun, although the world was sad, had lost all its colors, everything seemed lifeless, children were no longer playing, rivers were no longer flowing, and the birds stopped singing.

Then, one day, a young boy, named Voinea, decided to do everything in order to save the Sun from prison. Many people joined his journey. The journey lasted for exactly 3 seasons, but neither the fierce heat of the summer, nor the autumn's sadness and not even the terrible winter could not stop the boy from his way.

He found Haplea's castle and the prison. Haplea and Voinea began a terrible struggle, but ultimately the good defeated the evil. Worn out and injured, Voinea released the Sun which rose happily back to the sky giving the color and life to the world, but the brave son couldn't enjoy the victory, nor could he see the spring.

Warm blood leaking from his wounded body was reddening the white snow. He stopped breathing and died. While the snow was melting, some little flowers began to grow their heads out, they were snowdrops and they were announcing the spring. In sign of respect for Voinea and for his brave deed, the people in the village tied two ribbons – one white and the other, red - around the tree where Voinea had died.

Red reminded of the blood that the brave young boy had lost, it symbolized the love for life and everything that was good, and the white symbolized the purity and health of the little flowers, the snowdrops, which announced the arrival of the spring. According to the tradition, year after year, the first of March, the young people make these red and white ribbons and give them to their loved ones.

This beautiful "Mărțișor" – how it is actually called - is a symbol of the spring, and it brings luck to the people who have it. The word "mărțișor" is of Latin origin - "martius" and is related to the name of the month March. Today the people manufacture these objects with much patience and a lot of imagination: it is a true art.



By Andrada Alexandra Chiș

Un prieten adevărat te ține de mână și îți atinge sufletul

Chiar dacă nu avem aceeași culoare a pielii
Suntem toți egali
Pentru că trăim pe același pământ
Și respirăm același aer.
Atunci de ce sunt războaie,
Când putem să păstrăm o prietenie
Între țări și chiar între continente?

Nu vorbim aceeași limbă
Dar ne putem înțelege.
De ce să trăim într-o lume plină de tristețe,
Când am putea să ajungem la un numitor comun?
Pentru că mâna dreaptă a prieteniei
Și mâna stângă a înțelegerii
Fac să bată ritmul inimii.

De ce să așteptăm ziua de mâine
Pentru o înțelegere mai bună,
Pentru o soartă mai bună?
Putem să schimbăm lumea astăzi,
Să ne respectăm unii pe alții,
Să spargem frontierele
Și să clădim o singură țară.

A True Friend Takes Your Hand and Touches Your Soul

Even if we have the same skin color
We are all equal
Because we live on the same ground
And breathe the same air.
Why wars,
When we can maintain a friendship
Between countries and even between continents?

We do not speak the same language
But we can understand
Why should we live in a world with sadness,
But we can try to reach a common denominator?
Because the right hand of friendship
And the left hand of understanding
Make the beating heart rhythm.

Why wait for "tomorrow"
For a better understanding,
For a better faith?
We can change the world "today"
And we can respect each other
We can break the borders
And make a unique country.

By Amalia Huluban

Amintindu-și ce înseamnă...

Emir se trezi brusc și își conștientiză trăsăturile feței. Se sperie mai mult de ce văzu cu ochii minții pe fața lui, decât de coșmarul cumplit pe care tocmai îl avuse. Îi venea să plângă, dar reuși să se abțină pentru că avea ceva mai important de făcut: să-și reamintească visul, pas cu pas.

Am reușit! Gherman ajunsese în vârful Vârfului Omu* și încerca să-l imite pe Rocky Balboa, în timpul antrenamentelor. Emir râse, deși efortul fizic era uriaș.

Am reușit, la plural? zise Emir.

Bineînțeles! Îți arde să fii sarcastic?

Abia mai pot sufla, deci...

Am chef de joacă. Hai să vedem cât de departe am urcat. Suntem cei mai înălțați oameni din România.

Stai potolit. Asta e limita. E prea periculos și nu mi-ar surâde ideea, îi spuse Emir, încercând să potolească avântul copilăresc al lui Gherman. *Prietenia este egală cu un scut și echivalentă cu o armă.*

N-ai șanse... Îndrăznesc. N-am ce face. Deși nu sunt de acord, mi-am jurat că o să te sprijin, orice ai face, îi zâmbi Emir.

Gherman păși înainte, alunecă în prăpastia de câteva sute de metri, iar Emir nu reuși decât să-i prindă, pentru o fracțiune de secundă, mâna, pe care o scăpă imediat.

Un vis prea simbolic ca să fie prevestitor. Prostii... Aripile lui pot crește cât vrea el, își zise Emir, încercând să surâdă.

Se îmbracă și ieși din casă. Urma să se întâlnească cu Gherman, la intersecția străzii Matei Basarab cu strada Mântuleasa. O intersecție aglomerată, plină de semafoare care nu funcționau.

Îl văzu de departe, îi văzu bucuria, de fiecare dată alta, datorată faptului că se întâlneau și imediat fu lângă el.

Hai să traversăm, zise Gherman.

Hai!

O mașină pierdu controlul și se îndreptă cu toată viteza către Gherman, care era cu un pas înaintea lui Emir. Lui Emir îi trecu prin minte, ca un fulger, imaginea căderii, din vis, a lui Gherman. Îl împinse cu toată puterea, știind că o să-și salveze cel mai bun prieten, dar și că el o să moară. Nu-i pasă. O izbitură dureroasă, verde rece... apoi o lumină foarte puternică și liniște...

* Vârful Omu - vârf din Munții Carpați, cu înălțimea de 2507 m.

Remembering What It Means...

Emir suddenly woke up and became conscious of his facial features. He got more frightened of what his mind's eyes saw on his face than of the awful nightmare he had just had. He felt like crying, but managed to refrain because he had something more important to do: to recall the dream step by step.

"We did it! Gherman had reached the top of the Peak Omu* and was trying to imitate Rocky Balboa during training". Emir laughed, though the physical strain was huge.

"*We did it*, in the plural?" Emir said.

"Of course! Fancy being sarcastic?"

"I can hardly breathe, so..."

"I feel like playing. Let's see how far we got. We are the highest people in Romania."

"Stay calm. That's the limit. It is too dangerous and I don't think it's a good idea", Emir said, trying to soothe Gherman's childish glow. "*Friendship is equal to a shield and the equivalent of a weapon.*"

"Not a chance... I dare. I have no other choice. Although I disagree, I swore I would support you, whatever you would do", Emir said, smiling at him.

Gherman stepped forward, slipped in a gulf hundreds of meters deep, and the only thing Emir could do was to catch his hand for a moment, and then drop immediately after.

A dream far too symbolic to be foreboding. Nonsense... His wings can grow as big as he wants them to, Emir told himself, trying to smile.

He got dressed and he got out of the house. He was to meet Gherman, at the intersection of Matei Basarab and Mântuleasca street. A crowded intersection, full of traffic lights out of order.

He saw him from a distance, he saw his happiness, always different, due to the fact that they met and was next to him in a second.

"Let's cross the street", said Gherman.

"Come on!"

A car lost control and went with full speed straight towards Gherman, who was a step ahead of Emir. Emir had a flashback with the sight of Gherman falling into a gulf, the one he had had in his dream. He pushed him with all his strength knowing that he was going to save his best friend and also that he was going to die. He didn't care. A painful blow, cold green.... then, a very strong light and silence...

* Peak Omu – a peak from Carpathian Mountains, 2507 meters high

By Ștefan Vlăduț Marian

Copiii cerului

Copilașii cerului
Mândria pământului
Ascund în mintea lor
Secretele lumii lor

Secrete bine-păstrate
În cutiuțe pătate
Bine încuiate
De fețe înlăcrimate.

Inima de copil
E poarta raiului
Unde nu poate intra
Cine vrea.

Pentru a intra,
Să ai inima
Curată ca cerul
Să simți aerul

Aerul cerului
Aerul curat
Bine păstrat
În inima vântului.

După ce-ai intrat
Vei avea sufletul curat
Să poți găzdui
Secretele lumii

The Children of the Sky

The children of the sky
The pride of the earth
They hide in their head
The secrets of their world

Secrets well kept
In spotted boxes
Well locked
By weeping faces.

The heart of a child
Is the gate of the heaven
Where not anybody
Can enter.

To get in,
Have the heart
Clean like the sky
To feel the air

The air of the sky
The clean air
Well kept
In the heart of the wind.

After you get in
You will have your soul clean
So you can host
The secrets of the world.

By Anamaria Roșu,

By Anamaria Roșu

ITALY



U' Lauriedd

U' Lauriedd è un personaggio leggendario di Ceglie Messapica. E' un piccolo folletto che vive nelle case ed esce dal suo nascondiglio quando tutti dormono. Gli piace fare scherzetti e torturare i malcapitati. Si siede sullo stomaco delle persone mentre dormono, impedendogli di respirare, e anche se cercano di svegliarsi non possono: aprono gli occhi ma non possono muoversi. Intesse trecce ai capelli delle donne ed alle criniere dei cavalli talmente strette ed impossibili da sciogliere che si è costretti a tagliarle. Picchia gli animali domestici soprattutto i cavalli, con bastoni e corde con una tale ferocia che i padroni la mattina fanno fatica a calmarli. Se qualche fortunato riesce a togliergli il cappello (un baschetto rosso), lui per farselo restituire, rivela dove sono nascosti ricchi tesori; mentre, se le vittime raccontano le loro esperienze a qualcuno, u' Lauriedd torna mentre dormono e li picchia. Alcuni testimoni raccontano della sensazione che hanno provato di notte, quando si arrampica sul letto; si sente che la coperta viene tirata giù! Ma c'è un modo per liberarsene: se si mangia un pezzo di pane mentre si è seduti sul gabinetto, lui sarà così disgustato, che non tornerà mai più! ...Oppure devi avere un gatto in casa.

U' Lauriedd is a legend of Ceglie: it is a small Goblin that lives in houses and comes out of his shelter while people are asleep, he likes to play tricks and "torture" the people who are in his way; he sits on the people's chest while asleep, making them suffocate, and even if they try to wake up they can't, they open their eyes but can't move. It made plaits to the women's hair and horses' mane, the plaits are so tight that it is impossible to loose them and the "victims" have only to cut them. He hits pets, especially horses, with sticks or ropes in such a violent way that the owners have a great work to do the following morning to calm them down. But the legend tells that he who manages to take his red beret off can become very rich because to have it back, he will tell them where to find hidden treasures; whereas if the victims tell about their experience to anyone he returns when you sleep and hits you, many people have woken up full of bruises. Some witnesses tell about the feeling you have at night when he creeps up your bed, you can feel the blanket being pulled, but there is a way to get rid of him: if you eat a piece of bread while you are in the toilet he will be so disgusted that he'll never come back again! Or if you have a cat in your house.

AMICIZIA

Amicizia è un sentimento profondo
Ci si vuol bene l'uno con l'altro
Si aiutano gli amici che hanno problemi
Si condividono
Rancori,
Dolori e
Opinioni
Gli amici sono tesori preziosi
Che illuminano il cuore.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is addep feeling
You love each other
You help friends who have problems
You share
Rancors
Sorrows and
Opinions
Friends are precious treasures
That illuminate the heart.

By: Almachiara Suma and Francesca Elia

POLAND



Friendship

Przyjaźń to więź nierozrwalna,
Która trwa do końca życia.
Nic jej zniszczyć nie może,
Bo jest nie do przebiccia!
Dla niej zrobimy wszystko,
Bo człowiek sam żyć nie umie.
Chce mieć osobę,
Która go wysłucha.
Przyjaciel to skarb,
O który trzeba dbać.
To bliska sercu nam osoba
I bardzo cenny dar.

Przyjaźń to piękny kwiat,
Przyjaźń otacza świat.
Przyjaźń osusza łzy.
Przyjaźń to ja i ty.

Bywają w życiu chwile,
Które w pamięci zostają.
I choć czas szybko mija,
One nie przemijają.
Są też osoby,
Które raz poznane
Bywają w życiu niezapomniane.

Friendship is an unbreakable bound
That last to the day we die.
To break it no-one can be found,
It's endless; it's no lie.
No man can live alone,
That's why we need a friend.
A shoulder just to cry on,
Companion till the end.
A friend is a treasure to keep,
To cherish and to care.
A person in our hearts so deep,
Sweet burden on our backs to bear.

Friendship is a pretty flower.
Surrounds us like in a wood a tree.
Friendship makes our tears less sour.
Best friends are you and me.

There are times in our lives
That are forever remembered.
And though time flies,
The moments are not outnumbered.
And there a people from heaven sent
Who cross our way
And walk with us till the end.

By Malwina Teclaw

STORY OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Nieopodal lasu, w małym domku mieszkała sobie dziewczynka. Była ona bardzo samotna. Dlatego, że mieszkała na całkowitym odludziu, nie miała z nikim kontaktu. Nie było obok niej nikogo, z kim mogłaby porozmawiać. Na imię jej było Sara. Prowadziła ona proste życie: codziennie pracowała i sprzątała swój domek. Była to bardzo ambitna i uroczą dziewczynka. Nawet nie podejrzewała, że któregoś dnia może spotkać swoją bratnią duszę albo choćby jakąś istotę, która nie byłaby zwierzęciem i umiałaby mówić.

Pewnego dnia zdarzyło się coś dziwnego. Przyjechała tam czteroosobowe grono. Rozbili namioty, wyciągnęli z samochodu bagaże. „Prawdopodobnie przyjechali tu na wakacje” – powiedziała do siebie Sara. Jeszcze w dniu przyjazdu przybyszy, Sara zakradła się i schowała za krzakiem, aby przyjrzeć się im: „Hmm... Tamtych dwoje, którzy siedzą nad wodą to pewnie rodzice. O! A tamta dwójka to ich dzieci. Ciekawe na jak długo tu zostaną...?” – powiedziała Sara. Nagle piłka, którą grały dzieci poturlała się pod jej nogi. Chłopiec biegnąc za piłką zauważył Sarę. Ta natychmiast zaczęła stamtąd uciekać, lecz on pogonił za nią... I tak zaczęła się cała historia. Bartek – chłopiec, którego spotkała Sara, oczywiście dogonił ją i wtedy się zapoznali.

Dziewczynka codziennie widywała się z Bartkiem. Chodzili razem na spacer, bawili się, zwierzali się sobie. Sara od dzieciństwa była sama, ponieważ jej rodzice zmarli, gdy miała 7 lat i od tej pory musiała sobie radzić sama. Kiedy w jej życiu pojawił się Bartek, poznała ona co to przyjaźń. Jak widać jedna niesamowita, a zarazem przypadkowa przygoda zmieniła całe jej życie.

Choć pobyt Bartka na wakacjach szybko się skończył i chłopiec wyjechał, nadal utrzymywali ze sobą kontakt. Pisali listy, chłopak także co roku na wakacje wracał w to samo miejsce. Jak prawie zawsze przyjaźń między kobietą i mężczyzną prowadzi do poważniejszego uczucia, to tak samo było w przypadku tej dwójki. Bartek i Sara zakochali się w sobie, byli bardzo szczęśliwi i już na zawsze tak zostało.

STORY OF FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE

Long time ago, not far from the forest in a small house live a girl. A very lonely girl, I should add. She had no friends or acquaintances so far she lived from the people. She didn't have anybody near her, nobody to talk to. Her name was Sara. She lived a simple life: she worked everyday clearing her small house. Yet she was ambitious and warm-hearted. Never has she expected that one Day she might meet a Real soul mate or at least some creature that wouldn't be a forest animal.

One day something very strange has happened to her. A company of four people has come to the woods. They have pitched their tents and took their language off their car. “Surely they're here for holidays” – said Sara to herself. The same day Sara decided to sneak up on the family in the bushes to look closer: “Hmm... Those two sitting by the river bank are the parents, I think. Oh! And these are the children. I wonder how long they will stay here...?” – said Sara.

Suddenly, a ball children were playing with rolled straight to Sara's feet. The boy running after the ball spotted the girl. Sara started running away but the boy chased after her. And this is how the whole story actually began for good... Bartek – for that was the boy's name – obviously managed to catch up with Sara and introduced himself.

The girl was seeing Bartek every single day. They were walking, playing, confiding in each other. Sara never had a real companion in her life for her parents died when she was only 7 years old. She had to cope with life alone. When she met Bartek, she has finally tasted true commitment and friendship. As you can see a very Simple event can change life completely.

Although holidays ended and Bartek has gone away, they stayed in touch with each other. They wrote letters and met every year at summer holidays. It often happens that a man and woman friendship grows into something more. Sara and Bartek were not the exception. Young people fell in love with each other and lived happily ever after together.

PORTUGAL



"Amor"

Não sei o que fazer
Tenho o coração em chamas
Para o acalmares
Basta dizer que me amas.

O que une as pessoas
É a amizade e o amor
Quando o sentimos,
Esquecemos a dor.

"Amizade"

Amizade é confiar
E ao outro agradar
Não podemos desiludir
Quem connosco pode contar.

Amas o teu amigo
Mas não lhe queres dizer
Guardando no coração
O sentimento até morrer.

"Love"

I do not know what to do
my heart is on fire
to calm down
Just say you love me.

What unites people
It is friendship and love
When we feel it,
We forget the pain.

"Friendship"

Friendship is trusting
And the other pleasing
We cannot disappoint
Who can count on us.

You love your friend
But don't want to say
Keeping in your heart
The feeling until you die.

The legend of Deu - la-Deu Martins

Once upon a time, in the fourteenth century, during the Portuguese wars of King Fernando of Portugal and King Henry of Castile, lived a great heroine called Deu-la-Deu Martins.

Deu-la-Deu Martins was the wife of Vasco Gomes Abreu, Captain General of the region of Monção.

Once, while the Captain General was out on a mission, serving the king of Portugal, a powerful army, commanded by General Pedro Rodriguez Sarmiento, came from Galicia and laid siege to the town, taking advantage of the temporary absence of their captain.

The town, under the command of Deu-la-Deu Martins, withstood the siege for many days. As the military resources, and food provisions were becoming scarce, and with no signs of giving up, on both sides, despair descended over them all.

After such a long siege, the Castilians were hoping to defeat the residents by hunger and fear.

In spite of the lack of resources of all kinds, Deu-la-Deu Martins, ordered that all the flour remaining inside the fortress was to be transformed into loaves of bread.

She took all the loaves of bread and threw them from the wall of the fortress to the enemy, shouting that, if they wanted more, all they had to do was to ask, because they had plenty and the Galicians were in great need of food and she wouldn't want them to starve to death.

The trick worked. Having seen so much bread, the Galicians, were definitely convinced that within the walls of Monção, there was plenty of provisions to resist for a long time, thus abandoning the siege.

Her bravery and intelligence made her a heroine and symbol of the northern town of Monção.

SLOVAKIA



The one

It took much time to say to you
How I feel and if you do
Actually I think I did know
Which way this was gonna go

It's been 10 years since that time
I've been hoping you'd be mine
I was crazy about you
Now I don't know what to do

Thought id almost forgotten
But everything had to turn
With some breaks I've realized
You and me, we should be „us“

Nearly thought I'd been just kid
But the one I wanna be with
Aint gonna be about to change
Look at us, were not that strange

If you text my heart starts beating
I was never so much freaking
I look at your name and wait
You have so much of my faith
Just a post on facebook wall
Makes me feel like you are all
Suddenly I smile and cry
At the same time, wonder why

Whatever you do I love you more
But I'm still so insecure
You said you liked me and its true
Why cant I say „I love you“??

Trying hard to make you care
Life is always so unfair
Something makes me think that we
Were and will be meant to be
I'm not really feeling well
There is something I must tell
Thinking about me and you
But there's nothing I can do

Are we at least the good friends??
Is there for me any chance??
Are we gonna be „us two“??
Really I don't have a clue..
Are you gonna change your mind??
will I someday feel alright??
Would you be happy with me??
I will try and once we'll see.

Slovak version:

10 rokov je to snád'
Vtedy som ťa mohla mať
Ja som však vždy vedela,
Keď som na teba hľadala,
že aj keď nám to raz vyjde
a skúsenosť, tá sa zide,
asi to tak nemá byť,
my nemáme spolu žiť

zabudla som na tú tvár,
ku ktorej chcem ísť pred oltár,
zdalo sa, že je to preč,
náhle však stratím reč

prvé, čo mi napadlo,
že to takto dopadlo,
nemôže byť náhodou,
len ty ma držíš nad vodou

keď viem, že si pamätáš
starý song, čo bol len náš
a túžim ťa vidieť zas,
počuť ten známy hlas
rozprávať sa celé hodiny,
patriť do tvojej rodiny,
že ma máš rád predsa viem,
no ja to nikdy nepoviem

myslím, že vieš, čo sa deje,
vážne neviem, kam to speje,
vídam ťa na facebooku,
no potrebujem záruku

snažím sa ťa zaujať,
nechcem už viac v kúte stáť,
denne píšem tisíckrát,
chceš byť však len kamarát

nezvládam to, musím prestať,
nemôžem sa takto trestať,
ďalej verím, možno raz
bude pre nás vhodný čas

no aj keď je šanca malá
a predstava dokonalá,
ako skončí tento vzťah,
to je zatiaľ vo hviezdach...

By Katarina VÍCOVA



The Guardian

She loved the rain. Loved the moments when everyone was hiding away and leaving her alone, just with the sound of raindrops falling to the ground. She loved the moments, when she could free her emotions and release the bounds of her father's expectations. At times like this, with thunderstorm blazing around her, rain falling heavily on her head and shoulders, she felt herself. She loved storms because no one could ever tell the tears on her cheeks from raindrops falling from sky as dark and lonely as her heart could ever be. No one ever heard her desperate screams and questions with no answers cried into the void.

Today was her birthday. Today she aged 17 and officially reached her adulthood. This day, every year, was the saddest day of all dark times of her life. Exactly 17 years ago her mother died right after birth. She left small baby girl to the care of her broken father unable to love anyone but his dead wife. Mother lived long enough only to give her name – name Sarah.

Sarah was the last child of an old noble clan of guardians protecting city inhabitants for centuries. The clan members were always trained in the worst possible conditions, ready to put life on the line for lives of city inhabitants, at any conditions, with no questions.

Father brought her up in very demanding and hard way. At the age of ten she was already speaking fluently seven languages, had mastered martial arts such as Wushu, Aikido or Thai box, received the best moral and spiritual education from zen master Suiten Shinushi. Despite having the best education, physical or mental, she could ever get, never once felt happy. With her difficult studies and demands of her ambitious father, she never had a chance to live childhood like other children – playing games, exchanging new experiences and chatting with friends. In fact, she knew a word 'friend' only as another word in her wide-range vocabulary, meaningless just like everything else in her desperate existence. Despite difficult years of adolescence, she had grown up into precocious, gentle and sensitive, but still powerful young woman, incredibly sharp and astonishingly beautiful. Her thoughts were usually calm, her behavior to others always very polite and respectful.

According to teaching of her master, she always tried to help others around her. Always getting into fights, protecting the weak, the helpless or the ill, she was never told a word of gratitude or appreciation. People gazed at her when passing them by, gossiped about her or even got scared and ran away. Sarah was very lonely, but on the outside she could never show her emotions. She was missing something very important in her life. And that was a friend.

Now, like many times before Sarah was standing on the edge of mountain reef, soaking in the rain., looking down on the city on the other side of the river flowing underneath her feet, thinking of her life. „I was born to protect you, people. That was destined to be meaning of my life. I've risked everything I had for your lives so many times. Did anyone even notice my existence? Only after your children were killed, your women raped and men killed by murderers' and thugs' raids, whole city caught in endless fights, that me and my family kept away from your homes for so long, after all this you would realize that there has been somebody protecting you. We never got a word of acknowledgement, never were told any thanks. We did this for you, without reward. And yet, no one seems to notice us as people. We protect your lives. We bear the burden of your safety on our shoulders. How can anyone bear such weight? Alone..“

Lost in her thoughts, Sarah could barely hear sounds of the storm roaring violently around her. Standing on the edge of mountain cliff, through thunderstorm she caught a voice, calling to her. „Who is it? No one in trouble, Thank God. That person is shouting on me. It is probably that old paranoid watchman from Hoggres' estate on the other side of the river. Every time I go up here to have a small peace of mind, he shouts at me and calls me names. He is actually the only person that had ever spoke to me out of my clan.“

Suddenly the ground disappeared and load of loosened rocks collapsed down along with Sarah. The water from heavy rains washed ground from underneath her feet. As she was rolling down the steep cliff, she lost control over her body.

The fall lasted forever. Her body was uncontrollably rolling down right into the violent and deadly river stream. She knew it, there was no escape. Her figure was now mere puppet in Fate's hands. It crashed onto the falling rocks, knocking Sarah unconscious, just for another hit to wake her with another wave of unbearable agony, immobilizing her body. For the first time in her life, she could not organize her thoughts. Her mind was chaotically running, her thoughts were desperately looking for explanation, why did her life have to finish so soon. Sarah was so convinced that she would die, that she stopped strangling and left her body to the hands of god. Last thing she had memorized was heavy fall into the water.

Sarah was actually a child of destiny. Fortunately, river water was in motion, foamed and soft, but not fast enough to kill. If it was still, the hit would definitely be severe for Sarah. She was also lucky for a person standing nearby, watching her falling along with the collapsing mountain cliff.

When Sarah came to her senses, first thing she felt was pain pulsing in her head, right arm and leg. 'If I am dead, I should be in a state with no pain, no physical feelings, only thoughts or emotions. At least if master Shinushi was right. She tried to concentrate her thoughts on small dot of light in the distance 'Probably the "light" or

“tunnel“ in after-life state. Something suddenly interrupted her focus. It was a voice. Her mind started analyzing it immediately. It was slightly muffled, Sarah could not understand words clearly. Voice was quite low, very gentle, calming. ‘Are the angels already calling on me to follow them? Well, there’s no other way now,’ She tried to move towards the voice, but pain in her limbs had returned her quickly back into state of unconsciousness.

Awakening again, Sarah was now completely calm. Trying to move very slowly, pain dulled her senses again. She realized, that she is still alive. To make sure, she tried to move fingers on her hands and feet. ‘All moving, good’ she thought. With few broken bones, but still breathing, suddenly realized how comfortably despite all pain is she feeling. She was lying on something soft, her body was warm and her wounds were treated. Opening eyes, she was blinded by intense bright light coming from outside of the window. When her eyes got used to the light flowing into the room, she found herself lying in a bed, placed in a bedroom combined with kitchen. The room was small, furnishing was very humble and simple, but everything was organized, clean and thorough the room was a smell that she could not identify. It was very warming and pleasant smell, gave her feel of peace, safety and comfort. Next to the bed was a wooden chair, a wooden box filled with medical supplies, and an empty cup from tea.

At the door materialized a figure of a man. Suspicious as always, Sarah prepared herself for a fight. Evidently, she was in miserable conditions for a fight. Barely dressed in a large flannel shirt, with broken leg and arm, cracked ribs and still shaky vision, against a well-built, healthy male, obviously well-trained. Fortunately, he did not look like he was going to attack. Actually, in his eyes was reflected great ease. Next impression he had made on her was very positive. She looked over his figure, dress, face contours. He was quite young, she could not tell him more than 20 years. He had about three inches long brown hair, color here and there drawn out, also his skin was sun-tanned, most likely he was spending long hours in the sun. His body showed signs of hard work and training. Looking at him closely, she considered his looks very attractive. He was tall, wide-shouldered, with muscular figure. Taking notice in every feature, analyzing every limb movement, she suddenly felt her suspicion leaving and her mind was now opened to new feeling: attraction. Suddenly she realized that she had been staring at him for a long time since he entered the room. She looked away, ashamed by her behavior. An awkward silence was broken by his voice.

“So, you’re finally awake. You were unconscious for more than two days, I was worried if you were okay, sleeping all the time! How are you feeling now?“ Sarah, stunned by kindness and care in his voice, could not manage to tell out a voice. While Sarah remaining speechless, he continued: “My name is Shade Callen. Three days ago, I saw you standing on the cliff. The rocks were loose and cliff could collapse at any time, I kept on shouting on you standing there, but you probably didn’t hear me because of the storm. After I saw you rolling down, I thought you were.. Girl, I thought you were dead! No one should have survived such fall, and yet you have only minor injuries. You gotta have hell of a guardian angel, girl! What’s your name, by the way? And What the hell were you doing up there in a storm like that? Where are you from?“

Sarah listened carefully to his low, smooth voice and realized considerable resemblance to the voice softly calling on her in her dreams. ‘Funny, I thought of angels calling me from heaven, yet I have one on earth standing in front of me.’

“My name is Sarah.“ she fell quiet again, expecting him to talk more, but Shade (The name was cut right out for him) did not say anything. He grasped a chair, twisted it backwards and sat on it with backrest between his legs, right in front of Sarah, looking at her face-to-face. With the soft look in his eyes and care mirrored in his face, she broke down the armor of chill and for the first time in presence of other person broke out crying.

Suddenly she felt all the sadness she had carried with her whole life, emotions suppressed deep within her soul, unspoken prayers and unsolved problems surfacing, painfully bursting out, with hot, bitter tears rolling down her face and falling to the ground. She had finally found a person who cared about her.

Sarah told Shade everything. About her life, her family, her attitude to people and people’s attitude to her, her fears she never wanted to tell out loud, her hopes hidden deep in her heart, everything that had ever brought her suffering, tortured her and caused her pain. Finally she had found a person to talk to.

Talking from early afternoon until late night left her voice hoarse and gravel. Though Sarah was exhausted by sudden emotional outburst and continuous living-through the most difficult moments in her life, for the first time in her life, she felt happy.

She had finally found a friend.

By Maria KARABOVA

LITHUANIA



Meilė ir dilgėlė

Ėjo Meilė vieniša ir nusiminus,
Žydėjo dilgėlė žolėj parimus.
Išvydo Meilė grožį gėlės tosios,
Nušvito Meilei nemari širdis dėl josios.
Kaip susitinka mylimųjų akys horizonte,
Ar mėlyna žydrynė laukus juosia,
Taip ši būtybė, išsiilgus prieglobsčio ramaus,
Priglusti panorėjo prie augalo brangaus.

Bet nesuprato dilgėlė tos meilės paprastos,
Jos nemylėjo niekas niekados.
Abejingumu gydžiusi žaizdas,
Pražudė Meilės lūkesčius, svajas.

Love and the Nettle

Lonely and gloomy Love was walking,
Depressed nettle was blossoming in grass.
Love saw the flower sobbing
And the sight touched Her heart.

As eyes of two young people meet
Or the blue sky embraces fields,
This lonely creature for a shelter yields
And dozes by frail nettle's feet ...

But the nettle didn't understand such simple feeling,
She hasn't ever dared dreaming
That treated wounds will heal
And Love will meet someone for real.



Byra ašaros kaštonais

Nubyrėjo mano ašaros rudais kaštonais.
Kas surinks nuo grindinio žaizdas?
Taip kaip vienuolis celėje žegnojas,
Taip ir aš tikiu – paims jas kas.

Dabar jos guli trypiamos praeivių...
Nejaugi niekam tų kaštonų nebereikia?
Išnyktų mano ašaros į praeitį anos
Karčiai svaiginančiosios meilės pabaigos...
Kai rudenėjant medžių lapai geltonuoja,
Jie teikia man šviesių vilčių...
Nusišypsok... Pakelk nuo grindinio kaštoną,
Gal būtent taip nušluostysi man ašaras nuo praeities kančių.

Tears fall like chestnuts

My tears are falling as big as chestnuts,
Who will raise the wounds from the ground?
Who will understand what they found?
But I believe someone will pick them up.

Now a passer - by is stamping my tears...
Does anyone the sob of a chestnut hear?
I know my tears will disappear
But my bitter and dizzy love will never come here.

By Aiste Lukseviciute

