



is an internal view about the sustainable education,  
provided mainly in English language  
at "Virgil Madgearu" Economic College from Ploiești,  
Prahova district



is a serie of interviews, sometimes with ourselves,  
a mixture of feelings & perspectives  
gathered into a periodical

**1<sup>st</sup> Issue/2017**



is a 2017 spring vision of a teacher and some students  
turned into reality late in September

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## **International Practice Enterprise Trade Fair for students- Prague, March 2017**

by Lucian Toma- former 11th E3

Retrospection:

### **One day to go until our first competition.**

We were a little bit nervous, but kept thinking positive.

Me and 2 other mates against 130 teams from around the WORLD.

The competition of trade fair took place in Prague, in March 2017, and gave us the opportunity of 2 other trips in Budapest and Vienna. It was amazing to see how beautiful the WORLD really was.

**The first day** of the trade fair was a great surprise. At the beginning we thought we were supposed to create the stand. But after only 5 minutes our teacher told us that we were supposed to be dressed up and fully prepared for the competition itself.

We rapidly went back to our venue by bus, and got ready in 5 minutes.

Though in rush, everything went well and we performed as planned.

**The second day** of the competition began. We did our best to be ... the best team.

**Finally** we were in top ten of 130 teams. It was very rewarding because Prague Practice Enterprise Trade Fair for students was our first contest of this kind. We truly hope to return and be in the top 3 teams next year.

All in all, it was a pleasure FOR me to meet so many friendly and interesting people at this competition. I also had a great experience in learning things connected to my speciality as well as in communicating in English all day long. I've learnt how needy was to practise communication in a foreign language, especially in English and I promised myself to do something about it.

I really intend to go again in the 12th grade, if possible.

## Buds in Macedonia

by **Andrei Iulian Filip**, former 9th I

In August 2017 our college assembly, "Mugurelul", accepted the challenge of being involved into "Zdravko Bahar" international traditional dance festival from Macedonia.

When I left Romania, I did not know much about the country we were going to. Arriving in Ohrid, I discovered a new place, completely different from my expectations: all seemed very old or demolished so my first impression was not the best. However after a few days I started to notice the beautiful things out there. Maybe not everything was restored, but the view and the people turned that country into something gorgeous. We were walking and the best view was on the shore of Ohrid Lake. The water was of a wonderful turquoise and it felt as it was inviting you to have a bath. When the day of the festival came, everyone was prepared; the dancers were in the best shape for the show. The parade began and it seemed as if the folk dances and songs from different countries were combined perfectly to make a wonderful evening. One by one, each country performed at high standards so we grew eager to impress. When our turn came my dream started. We were representing both "Virgil Madgearu" Economic College as well as our country, so I felt very proud.

Our performance was highly appreciated so we felt pleased with ourselves and still energetic for a late party.

It was a pleasant experience with beautiful people and even more beautiful memories.

I really wish to repeat it.



## Turkish Delight

by **Miruna Ana Stoica**, former 9th S6

With all the rumors about muslim countries, at first I didn't know what to expect when expected to get involved into a bilateral project in Turkey. However, it only took five minutes to realize that everything I heard was false: the Turkish children were all fun and open-minded, so we all had a good time.

We stayed in Sinop, which is the safest and friendliest place I've ever been to. The place we were booked at was nice and quiet, and conveniently placed close to the dock and all the other restaurants and shops.

We went to some of the most important monuments and places of the city, learned about their culture and their language. We also visited each other's schools and explored our cultural differences. We had quite a lot of boat and cruise trips, both in Sinop and Istanbul. We had swimming, sight seeing tours of the city, parties and more events. We also had enough free time, which we spent either at the beach, playing board games, going karting, eating weirdly looking desserts or shopping.

We had traditional nights, both in Romania and Turkey. We danced, cooked, and even put on a play. We spent two days in Istanbul, one of the largest and vibrant cities of the world. The smell of sweets from the Grand Bazaar will forever stay with me. We also had time for the Spice Bazaar, because we couldn't leave without a present for our parents and friends at home.

I'm not completely sure how, but living with some of my colleagues was incredibly beneficial for my social-life. Since my freshman year of high school was fairly awkward and uncomfortable, I was a bit scared of spending so much time with people I never spoke a word at school. But we went on really well, and now I'm actually excited for the new year to start.

I would like to have something bad to say, something that would make this experience more realistic, but I've got nothing.

We took care of each other, we shared and built new friendships. It was truly amazing, and if I had any doubts about it before, now I'm counting the days till next year's trip.

## ***I Need Not Go-*** Some Hardy

by **Alexandra Pătrășcioiu**, former 9th S2

I have always had one huge fear throughout my lifetime: the fear of speaking and expressing myself in public. I couldn't handle the fact that I had to show my ideas and opinions in front of a crowd and I had nightmares just by thinking about the idea of "speaking out loud". In middle school I thought that drama and public speaking were not for me...until in high school, when "Shakespeare" Festival shew up.

It was my first time ever participating in a project like this. Finally, someone offered me the chance to express my feelings and be myself without being judged! To be honest, I was pretty skeptical about this and I thought that everything was going to turn into a huge disaster. But, with a little bit of work from me and my classmates, the experience turned into a positive one.

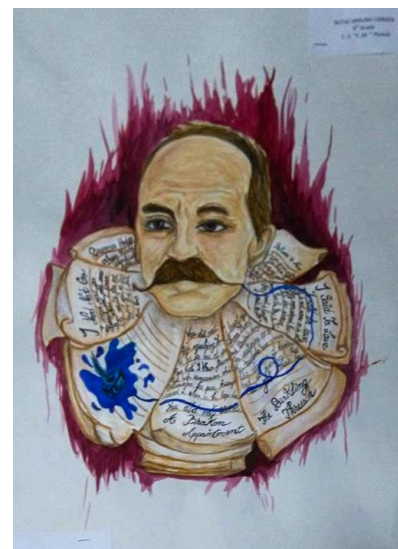
I arrived at the festival with huge expectations and fears, I knew that everybody worked hard and everything we did called some appreciation. When our turn finally arrived my mind was going places, but I pulled myself together and did it.

I couldn't believe I'd succeeded in facing my biggest fear. I didn't think I would get this through and recite a poem in front of judges and a crowd, but I knew that my lovely "half" would help me no matter what, for our reciting moment was carried on by two: Iulian Gabriel Gavrilă, a colleague from another classroom, in the 9<sup>th</sup> grade, and I. We had chosen 3 poems and put them that way as to turn their stanzas into a reciting unit, made of questions and answers.

Even though I first thought that some of our work needed a little bit more acknowledgment it was a pretty great experience and I was really proud of what we performed on the stage.

This project made me understand that team work and bonding with people really mattered and everything that I did shaped my personality and turned me into a person of "the future".

Poster made by **Miruna Butac**, former 9th I  
Thomas Hardy at "Shakespeare" Festival 2017



## Do Speakart!

by **Gabriel – Iulian Gavrilă**, former 9th I

Well, I'm not very good at writing, I think, but I really want to write this, so here I am. Enjoy my confession!

It all started like 2 months after my first high school year had begun and my English teacher asked me and my classmates if someone would like to sign up for a contest called "Speak out! ". Everything seemed pretty challenging so I said to myself (and not only 😊) "Why not? ".

Then my teacher started to do some practicing with me and the other contestants and she saw some potential in me. I felt encouraged so every time she'd come out with a contest or any other sort of competition I wanted to go for it...

Actually, it was pretty fun, I mean, I skipped some classes 😊 and met new people, especially a pretty girl 😊. Well, it didn't last for she was already involved in a relationship, so never mind.

Some mates may say that contests are boring and useless, but sometimes the thrill and the emotions you go through are just amazing. I mean, I had great fun at a contest about English poetry when I felt I was a part of a group of six (5 competitors and a girl called to take photos). It was great to be all together though from different classes. I was there for reciting, making a mix pair with a colleague from the 9<sup>th</sup> S2; 2 others were for a ppt presentation, and another one for a poster.

But by far my favorite competition was "Speak Out! " because I had the chance to express myself, to show my opinion. I had a pretty good speech, even though I forgot my script and had to improvise the entire monologue.

I really recommend to all my readers to overcome their comfort zone and ask their teachers to let them participate in any sort of competition, and also, if there is an English teacher reading this, I really beg you to look for interesting topics for your students, because none of you would regret it.

It is just too awesome to put down how funny, entertaining, and motivating it is.  
Don't forget to always try something new!!!!



## REtelling NICHITA

<b>Cântec (Despărțire de o vîrstă)</b>	<b>Song (Breaking up with an age)</b>
<p>Totul ar fi trebuit să fie sfere, dar n-a fost, n-a fost așa. Totul ar fi trebuit să fie linii, dar n-a fost, n-a fost așa. Ar fi trebuit să fii un cerc subțire, dar n-ai fost, n-ai fost așa. Ar fi trebuit să fii un romb subțire, dar n-am fost, n-am fost așa.</p> <p>Iarbă, pietre, arbori, păsări voi sunteți cu totul și cu totul altceva. Mă privesc, m-aud, m-adulmec și îmi pare că visez.</p> <p>Totul ar fi trebuit să fie sfere, dar n-a fost, n-a fost așa. Totul ar fi trebuit să fie linii dar n-a fost, n-a fost așa.</p>	<p>Everything should have been spheres, but it wasn't, wasn't like that. Everything should have been lines, but it wasn't, wasn't like that. You should have been a thin circle, but you weren't, weren't like that. I should have been a thin rhombus, but I wasn't, wasn't like that.</p> <p>Grass, stones, trees, birds You are totally something else. I see myself, hear myself, sniff myself and I feel like I'm dreaming.</p> <p>Everything should have been spheres, but it wasn't, wasn't like that. Everything should have been lines, but it wasn't, wasn't like that.</p>

**Prof. Corina Popescu**

<b>Comunicare</b>	<b>Communication</b>
<p>Se-neacă pe apa solzoasă lumina, zeule mare! Acum, chiar acum, când citești tu, cititorule, cuvintele acestea viața mea curge în fața ta și viața ta curge în fața cuvintelor mele. Se-neacă pe apa solzoasă lumina.</p>	<p>On the scaly water, there is drowning the light, great god! Now, right at this moment, when you, reader are reading these words, my life is flowing in front of you and your life is flowing right in front of my words. On the scaly water there is drowning the light.</p>

**Prof. Corina Popescu**

<b>Poezia (volumul "Necuvintele")</b>	<b>Poetry ("Unwords" volume)</b>
<p>Poezia este ochiul care plânge. Ea este umărul care plânge, ochiul umărului care plânge. Ea este mâna care plânge, ochiul mâinii care plânge Ea este talpa care plânge, ochiul călcâiului care plânge. O voi, prieteni, poezia nu este lacrimă ea este însuși plânsul, plânsul unui ochi neinventat, lacrima ochiului celui care trebuie să fie frumos, lacrima celui care trebuie să fie fericit.</p>	<p>Poetry is the eye that cries. She is the shoulder that cries, the eye of the shoulder that cries. She is the hand that cries, the eye of the hand that cries She is the outsole that cries, the eye of the heel that cries. Oh you, friends, poetry is not a tear she is herself the crying, the crying of an uninvented eye, the tear of the eye of the one that has to be beautiful, the tear of the one who must be happy.</p>

**Sanda Alexandra, former 10<sup>th</sup> S2**

## Cîntec (volumul " Dreptul la timp")

Tu ai un fel de paradis al tău  
în care nu se spun cuvinte.  
Uneori se mișcă dintr-un braț  
și cîteva frunze îți cad înaintea.  
Cu ovalul feței se stă înclinat  
spre o lumină venind dintr-o parte  
cu mult galben în ea și multă lene,  
cu trambuline pentru săritorii în moarte.  
Tu ai un fel al tău senin  
de-a ridica orașele ca norii și de-a muta  
secundele mereu  
pe marginea de Sud, a orei  
când aerul devine mov și rece  
și harta serii fără margini,  
și-abia mai pot rămîne-n viață  
mai respirînd, cu ochii lungi, imagini.

## Song ("The Right to Time" volume)

You have a kind of paradise of your own  
where no words are told.  
Sometimes there is a motion of an arm  
and a few leaves fall in front of you.  
With the oval of the face there is stood inclined  
towards a light coming from one side  
with plenty of yellow in it and plenty of laziness,  
with springboards for the divers into death.  
You have your own serene way  
of raising cities like clouds,  
and of moving seconds forever  
on the Southern verge, of the hour,  
when the air turns purple and cold  
on the map of the vergeless evening  
and I can barely stay alive,  
still breathing, with the long eyes, images.

**Popa Bianca, former 10<sup>th</sup> S2**



## Dimineață marină

O dungă roșie-n zări se iscase  
și plopai, trezindu-se brusc, dinadins  
cu umbrele lor melodioase  
umerii încă dormind, mi i-au atins.

Mă ridicam din somn ca din mare,  
scuturându-mi şuvițele căzute pe frunte, visele,  
sprâncenele cristalizate de sare, abisele.

Va fi o dimineață neobișnuit de lungă,  
urcând un soare neobișnuit.  
Adânc, lumina-n ape o să-mpungă:  
din ochii noștri se va-ntoarce înmii!

Mă ridicam, scuturându-mi lin undele.  
Apele se retrăgeau tăcute, geloase.  
Plopai mi-atingeau umerii, tâmpile  
cu umbrele lor melodioase.

## Marine morning

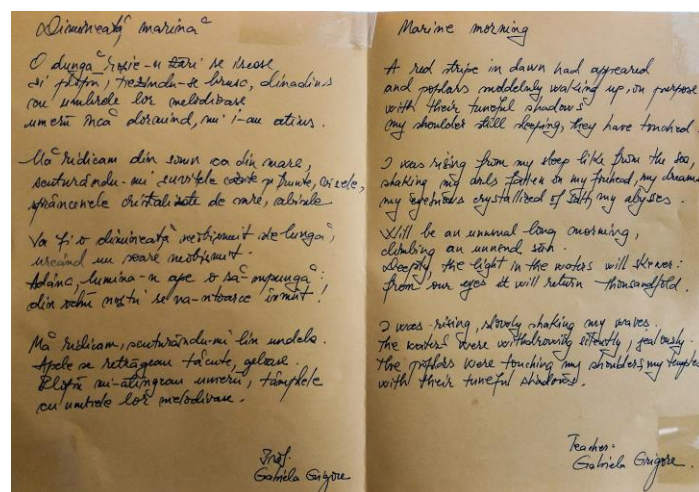
A red stripe in dawn had appeared  
and poplars, waking up suddenly, on purpose  
with their tuneful shadows  
my shoulder still sleeping, they have touched.

I was rising from my sleep like from the sea,  
shaking my curls fallen on my forehead, my dreams,  
my eyebrows crystallized by salt, my abysses.

Will be an unusually long morning,  
climbing an unusual sun.  
Deeply, the light in the waters will skewer:  
from our eyes it will return thousandfold.

I was rising, slowly shaking my waves.  
The waters were withdrawing silently, jealously.  
The poplars were touching my shoulders, my  
temples  
with their tuneful shadows.

Translated by Gabriela Grigore- teacher



## Semnal

Încet! Mergeți încet!  
Nu vedeți? Piatra e obosită.  
Ea doarme. Doamne, ea doarme.  
Piatra e foarte obosită.  
Îndepărtați caii!  
Și tu, ce faci acolo, tu...  
Cu tine vorbesc! Fii atent!  
Face prea mult zgomot răsărirea aceasta de soare  
Piatra e obosită.  
Să tacă luna răsărind!  
Aveți grijă, faceți tăcere. Tăceți!  
Piatra e obosită.

## Signal

Slowly! Walk slowly!  
Don't you see? The stone is tired!  
She is sleeping. Oh, God, she is sleeping!  
The stone is very tired.  
Take the horses away!  
And you, what are you doing there? You ...  
I'm talking to you! Pay attention!  
This sunrising is making too much noise  
The stone is tired.  
Let the moon be silent while she's rising!  
Be careful, don't make any noise! Silence!  
The stone is tired.

Translation- Bianca Dumitrache, Ionuț Ilie, former 10<sup>th</sup> I



<p><b>Ce bine că ești</b></p> <p>E o întâmplare a ființei mele și atunci fericirea dinlăuntrul meu e mai puternică decât mine, decât oasele mele, pe care mi le scrâșnești într-o îmbrățișare mereu dureroasă, minunată mereu.</p> <p>Să stăm de vorbă, să vorbim, să spunem cuvinte lungi, sticloase, ca niște dălți ce despart fluviul rece în delta fierbinte, ziua de noapte, bazaltul de bazalt.</p> <p>Du-mă, fericire, în sus, și izbește-mi tâmpla de stele, până când lumea mea prelungă și în nesfârșire se face coloană sau altceva mult mai înalt și mult mai curând.</p> <p>Ce bine că ești, ce mirare că sunt! Două cântece diferite, lovindu-se, amestecându-se, două culori ce nu s-au văzut niciodată, una foarte de jos, întoarsă spre pământ, una foarte de sus, aproape ruptă în înfrigurata, neasemuită luptă a minunii că ești, a-ntâmplării că sunt.</p>	<p><b>How good that you are</b></p> <p>There's a chance of my being and then, the happiness within me is stronger than me, than my bones which you gnash in a hug always painful, always wonderful.</p> <p>Let's talk, let's talk, let's say long, glassy words like chisels which separate the cool river in the ardent delta, the day from the night, basalt from basalt.</p> <p>Take me, happiness, upwards, and smash my temple to the stars until my long drawn out and endless world turns into a column or something else much taller and much sooner.</p> <p>How good that you are, what a wonder that I am! Two different songs, hitting and blending, two colors that have never seen each other before, one from the very bottom, turned to earth, one from the top, almost broken in the cold, like no other battle of the wonder that you are, of the happening that I am.</p>
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Translation- **Irina lordache** , former 10<sup>th</sup> S1

<p><b>Pușca</b></p> <p>Pușca este alcătuită din trei părți: partea de sus, partea de mijloc, și partea de jos.</p> <p>Partea de sus este compusă din: partea de sus a părții de sus și partea de mijloc a părții de sus și partea de jos a părții de sus. Partea de mijloc este compusă din: partea de sus a părții de mijloc și partea de mijloc a părții de mijloc și partea de jos a părții de mijloc.</p> <p>Partea de jos este compusă din: partea de sus a părții de jos și partea de mijloc a părții de jos și partea de jos a părții de jos</p>	<p><b>The shotgun</b></p> <p>The shotgun is made up of three parts: the upper part, the middle part, and the bottom part.</p> <p>The upper part is made of: the upper part of the upper part and the middle part of the upper part and the bottom part of the upper part. The middle part is made of: the upper part of the middle part, the middle part of the middle part and the bottom part of the middle part.</p> <p>The bottom part is made up of: the upper part of the bottom part and the middle part of the bottom part and the bottom part of the bottom part.</p>
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Translation- **Andrei Surlaru**, former 10<sup>th</sup> S1

<p><b>Cântec de dor</b></p> <p>Mă culcasem lângă glasul tău. Era tare bine acolo și sânii tăi calzi îmi păstrau tâmpile.</p> <p>Nici nu-mi mai amintesc ce cântai. Poate ceva despre crengile și apele care ți-au cutureierat nopțile. Sau poate copilăria ta care a murit undeva, sub cuvinte. Nici nu-mi mai amintesc ce cântai.</p> <p>Mă jucam cu palmile în zulufii tăi. Erau tare îndărătnici și tu nu mă mai băgai de seamă.</p> <p>Nici nu-mi mai amintesc de ce plângeai. Poate doar așa, de tristețea amurgurilor. Ori poate de drag și de blândețe. Nu-mi mai amintesc de ce plângeai.</p> <p>Mă culcasem lângă glasul tău și te iubeam.</p>	<p><b>Song of longing</b></p> <p>I had slept next to your voice. It was so good there and your warm breasts were keeping my temples.</p> <p>I don't even remember what you were singing. Maybe something about the branches and the waters that have haunted your nights. Or maybe your childhood that died somewhere, under words. I don't even remember what you were singing.</p> <p>I was playing with my palms in your curls. They were so unwilling and you weren't talking to me anymore.</p> <p>I don't even remember why you were crying. Maybe just like that, because of the twilights' sadness. Or maybe because of the dearly and of the kindness. I don't even remember why you were crying.</p> <p>I had slept next to your voice and I loved you.</p>
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Translation- **Iulia Georgiana Ilie**, former 10<sup>th</sup> S3

<p><b>Poezia</b></p> <p>Poezia este ochiul care plânge. Ea este umărul care plânge, ochiul umărului care plânge. Ea este mâna care plânge, ochiul mâinii care plânge. Ea este talpa care plânge, ochiul călcâiului care plânge. O, voi, prieteni, poezia nu este lacrimă ea este însuși plânsul, plânsul unui ochi neinventat, lacrima ochiului celui care trebuie să fie frumos, lacrima celui care trebuie să fie fericit.</p>	<p><b>The Poetry</b></p> <p>The poetry is the eye that cries, It is the shoulder that cries, the eye of the shoulder that cries. She is the hand that cries, The eye of the hand that cries. She is the instep that cries, the eye of the heel that cries. Oh, you, friends, The poetry is not a tear, It is the cry itself, The cry of an uninvented eye, the tear of the eye of the one who must be beautiful, the tear of the one who must be happy.</p>
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Translation- **Ana Duțu** , former 10<sup>th</sup> I

<p><b>Poem</b></p> <p>Spune-mi, dacă te-aș prinde-ntr-o zi și ți-aș săruta talpa piciorului, nu-i așa că ai șchiopăta puțin, după aceea, de teamă să nu-mi strivești sărutul?</p>	<p><b>Poem</b></p> <p>Tell me, if I were to catch you one day, and kiss the sole of your foot, wouldn't you limp a bit, afterwards, fearful of crushing my kiss?</p>
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Translation- **Ioana Costache**, former 10<sup>th</sup> S6

## Viața mea se luminează

Părul tău e mai decolorat de soare,  
regina mea de negru și de sare.

Țărmul s-a rupt de mare și te-a urmat  
ca o umbră, ca un șarpe dezarmat.

Trec fantome-ale verii în declin,  
corăbiile sufletului meu marin.

Și viața mea se luminează,  
sub ochiul tău verde la amiază,  
 cenușiu ca pământul la amurg.  
Oho, alert și salt și curg.

Mai lasă-mă un minut  
Mai lasă-mă o secundă.  
Mai lasă-mă o frunză, un fir de nisip.  
Mai lasă-mă o briză, o undă.

Mai lasă-mă un anotimp, un an, un  
timp.

## My life is lighting up

Your hair is more discoloured by the sun,  
my queen of black and salt.

The shore has split up with the sea and followed you  
like a shadow, like a disarmed snake.

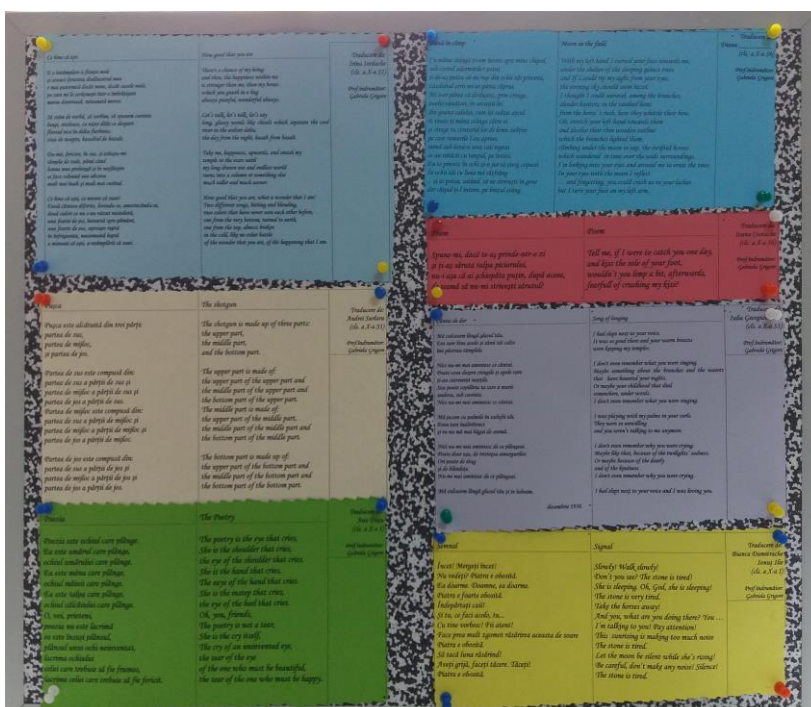
Phantoms of the declining summer are passing by,  
sailing boats of my marine soul.

And my life is lighting up,  
under your green eye at noon,  
grey as the earth may be at twilight.  
And how am I running, leaping and flowing.

Let me one more minute.  
Let me one second.  
Let me one more leaf, one more grain of sand.  
Let me one more breeze, one more wave.

Let me for one more season, one more year, one  
more time.

Translation-George Alin Popescu, former 10<sup>th</sup> I





N-ai să vii	You will not come
<p>N-ai să vii și n-ai să morți N-ai să șapte între sorți N-ai să iarnă, primăvară N-ai să doamnă, domnișoară.</p> <p>Pe fundalul cel albastru din al ochiului meu vast meteor ai fost și astru și incest ai fost, prea cast.</p> <p>Uite-așa rămânem orbi surzi și ciungi de un cuvânt. Soarbe-mă de poți să sorbi "S" e rece azi din "sunt".</p>	<p>Grow not living neither deads Grow not 7 among fates Grow not winter neither spring No more lady, little thing.</p> <p>On the blueish blink eyed sight you've been heavenly moonlight, trail of comet and a star, you've been incest (sweet so far!)</p> <p>This is how we ended blind deaf or crippled by a word. Sip me if you can somehow "B" is "Being" much colder now.</p>

English interpretation- Corina Cristescu- teacher

Frunză verde de albastru	Green leaf of blue
<p>Și-am zis verde de albastru, mă doare un cal măiastru, și-am zis pară de un măr, minciună de adevăr, și-am zis pasăre de pește, descleștare de ce crește, și secundă-am zis de oră, curcubeu de auroră, am zis os de un schelet, am zis hoț de om întreg, și privire-am zis de ochi și că-i boală ce-i deochi. Frunză verde de albastru, mă doare un cal măiastru, că am zis doar un cuvânt despre întregul pământ, și de bine-am zis de morți și de șase-am zis la sorți, și am zis unu de doi</p>	<p>And I said green of blue, it hurts me as a majestic horse, and I said pear of an apple, lie of truth, and I said bird of fish, unclenched of what grows, and the second I called hour, rainbow of aurora, I said bone of a skeleton, I said thief of a rightful man, and sight I called of eyes and its illness is the evil eye. Green leaf of blue, it hurts me as a majestic horse, 'cause I said only one word about the entire Earth, I talked well about the dead, and of six I said at random, and I said one of two,</p>



și zăpadă de noroi,  
 și am vrut să fac cu gura  
 focul ce-l făcea arsura  
 că n-am fost trezit, că dorm  
 pe un cal cu șa de domn,  
 alergând pe-un câmp de noapte,  
 de la unu pân' la șapte -  
 de la șapte pân' la zece  
 mi-a căzut o viață rece,  
 de la frunză pân' la umbră  
 mi-a căzut o viață dublă  
 ca pământul și cu lună,  
 noaptea când stau împreună.  
 Și-am zis verde de albastru,  
 mă doare un cal măiastru,  
 pe care mă țin călare  
 cu capul la cingătoare,  
 cu călcâiul la spinare  
 și cu ochiul în potcoave,  
 și cu inima-n silabe  
 de mă duc mări, mă duc  
 ca toamna frunza de nuc,  
 ori ca iarna frunza albă  
 de la floarea de zăpadă?  
 Frunză verde de albastru,  
 mă doare un cal măiastru,  
 potcovit pe lună plină  
 cu miros de la sulcină,  
 înhămat pe soare plin  
 tot cu miros de pelin,  
 și ținut de gât cu mine  
 tot în dragoste de tine,  
 că mi-a fost crescut pe umăr  
 de din doi în doi un număr,  
 tot din trei în trei o iarbă  
 și din patru-n patru-o salbă,  
 și din cinci în cinci un pom,  
 și din șase-n șase-un om.

and snow of mud,  
 and I wanted to make with my mouth  
 the fire that burned  
 because I wasn't up, I was sleeping  
 on a horse with a saddle for a lord,  
 running on a field of night,  
 from one to seven –  
 from seven to ten  
 a cold life fell on me  
 from the leaf to the shadow  
 a double life fell on me  
 like the Earth with the Moon,  
 the night when they sit together.  
 And I said green leaf of blue,  
 it hurts me as a majestic horse,  
 on which I keep on riding  
 with my head at girdle,  
 with my heel at the back  
 and with my eye at the horseshoe,  
 and with my heart in syllables  
 if I'm going big, I'm going  
 like the walnut leaf in autumn,  
 or like winter's white leaf  
 from the flower made of snow...  
 Green leaf of blue,  
 it hurts me as a majestic horse,  
 shod on a full moon  
 with the smell of meliot,  
 harnessed in full sun  
 still with the smell of wormwood,  
 and held by the neck with me  
 still in love with you,  
 because it had grown on my shoulder  
 from two in two a number,  
 still from three in three to grass,  
 and from four in four a necklace,  
 and from five in five a tree,  
 and from six in six a man.



English interpretation –  
**Anei Mihai Robert** - former 12<sup>th</sup> A3





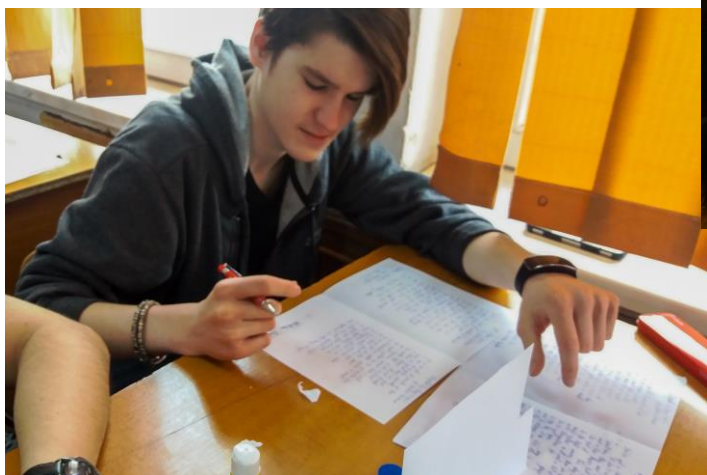
## Bocet

Nu mai dași pe la icoane,  
d-aia te-ai pierdut, loane...  
Singur ți-ai făcut dreptate  
cu cuțitul pe la spate,  
de-ai belit la drumul mare,  
cum trecea, pe fieșcare...  
Nu-ți șterseseși din făptură  
cașul încă de la gură  
Hămeșit cum fuși de foame  
te-ai crezut haiduc, loane.  
Curvele de tot ce sunt  
te-au fost legănat în cânt;  
Tot te-au încălzit cu dor  
și dulceața vorbelor...  
Și te-ai potrivit la șoaptă,  
minte crudă și necoaptă,  
calea-n codru de-o luași  
plin de visuri și de cași  
Dară iarna n-o știui,  
nici ce-abate vântul șui...  
...Treispe lupi te-au încolțit,  
foamea de și-au izbăvit  
și te-au încălzit cu dinții  
carnea ta și ochii minții,  
de te duci cu pași desculți  
legănat în treispe burți.

## Groan

You stopped praying to the icons  
that's why you got lost, John...  
On your own you found justice  
with the knife behind your back,  
robbing on the tracks  
every person passing by...  
You didn't wipe off  
the cheese from your mouth  
Famished, you were hungry  
you saw yourself an outlaw, Johnny.  
The whores as they are,  
they comforted you in a song  
They warmed you up with love  
and with the sweetness of their words...  
And you believed in the whispers,  
raw and unripe mind,  
gone on the forest road, you'd chosen  
full of dreams and cheese  
But you didn't know the winter  
Or the blowing wind.  
...Thirteen wolves cornered you,  
hunger they did conquer,  
and they warmed you up with their teeth  
your meat and eyeballs,  
thus you go bare-foot  
rocking in thirteen bellies.

English interpretation- **Dragoș Andrei Stoica**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I



<p><b>Ea</b></p> <p>M-aş înveli cu cerul şi aş dormi dus, dar piroanele stelelor mă fac Isus.</p> <p>M-as preface mort, cum munţii se prefac, năvălitor în lume şi dac, mi-aş pune braţul drept pe sub ceafa de femeie, dar în braţul meu cel drept scânteie de capul ei pletos şi blând, pe arcu alor ceruri comentând, suav şi blând.</p>	<p><b>Hers/ She</b></p> <p>I would cover myself with the sky and I'd sleep, but the stars' nails turn me into Jesus.</p> <p>I would play dead, like the mountains do, invading the world and Dacian, I would put my right arm under a woman's head but in my right arm there was a spark because of her tousled and gentle head, on the bow of other skies remarking, suavely and gently.</p>
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English interpretation - **Robert Tudorache** – former 11<sup>th</sup> I

<p><b>Vitraliu</b></p> <p>Umbra ta, lovindu-se de ziduri, iar se sparge-n cioburi colorate. Oh, de-aceea m-ai zărit în stradă adunînd pierdutele-i pătrate.</p> <p>Şi s-o fac la loc, în ceasul nopţii, peste geamuri ți le-aşez cu grijă , verzi, albastre, galbene şi roşii , încoifate–n creştet cu o sprijă.</p> <p>Când te vei trezi, lipiţi de geamuri arlechini din sticle colorate vor lăsa prin ei să-ţi cadă–n braţe soarele, mereu la jumătate.</p>	<p><b>Stained glass</b></p> <p>Your shadow, bumping into the walls , is breaking into colorful pieces again. Oh, that's why you saw me in the street gathering its lost squares.</p> <p>And trying to put it back together, in the midnight hour over the windows I carefully lay them for you, green, blue, yellow and red, crested on the top of the head with a support.</p> <p>When you wake up glued on the windows colorful glass harlequins will let themselves to fall in your arms the sun, always at half.</p>
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English interpretation - **Adriana Gabriela Iacovache**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<p><b>N-ai să vii</b></p> <p>N-ai să vii şi n-ai să morţi N-ai să şapte între sorţi N-ai să iarnă, primăvară N-ai să doamnă, domnişoară.</p> <p>Pe fundalul cel albastru din al ochiului meu vast meteor ai fost şi astru şi încest ai fost, prea cast.</p> <p>Uite-aşa rămânem orbi surzi şi ciungi de un cuvânt. Soarbe-mă de poţi să sorbi "S" e rece azi din sunt.</p>	<p><b>You won't come</b></p> <p>You won't come nor will you die, Won't grow seven among fates. You won't winter nor will spring, Won't be lady, little miss.</p> <p>On the blue skyline in my vast eye you were meteor and star, and a pretty chaste incest.</p> <p>This is how we end up blind deaf and crippled by a word. Sip me if you can still sip "A" is cold today from "am".</p>
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English interpretation - **Elena Andreea Barlaboi** - former 12<sup>th</sup> A3

<p><b>Aeroport în seară</b></p> <p>Aer despărțit de aer cu o aripa de roz metal, strigăt rupt în șuier și în vaier de-o potcoavă de argint, de cal. Mor piloții pe chitare înnorate, alungite-n vid cu elicele lovind în corzi barbare dând cu pumnul-n porți ce se deschid.</p> <p>Între timp trag seara peste mine doborând în somm helicoptere, vrăbii, vulturi, avioane, nori de ploaie, parașute și lichide săbii, ce, lovind în coasta mea, se-ndoaie între timp, trag seara peste mine și despart cu trupul, - ora, ziua, luna și ce-a fost el însuși, totdeauna.</p>	<p><b>Airport in evening</b></p> <p>Air divided by air with a rosy metallic wing, shout broken in whistle and in the groan of a silver horseshoe, of a horse. Pilots die on cloudy guitars, elongated in void with propellers striking in barbarian strings punching gates that open wide.</p> <p>In the meantime I pull the dark over me, striking down helicopters in my sleep, sparrows, eagles, planes, rainy clouds, parachutes and liquid swords, that by clashing with my rib, they bend meanwhile, I pull the evening over me and I separate with my body, -the hour, night, month and what he's always been, evermore.</p>
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English interpretation - **Andrei Viorel Badea**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I

<p><b>Râu de frumusețe</b></p> <p>Nu spun că a fost un noroc că te-am născut. Spun numai că a fost o minune.</p> <p>Caută să nu mori iubita mea, Încearcă să nu mori dacă poți.</p> <p>Mie mi s-a dus viața, ție ți s-a dus norocul.</p> <p>Nu spun decât atâta, că noi doi am trăit pe globul pământesc.</p>	<p><b>River of beauty</b></p> <p>I don't say it was luck that I gave birth to you. I only say it was a miracle.</p> <p>Try to stay alive my lover, Try to stay alive if you can.</p> <p>My life has faded Your luck ran out.</p> <p>I only say this much the two of us lived on Earth.</p>
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English interpretation - **Alexandra Frânculescu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<p><b>Nod 13</b></p> <p>N-am să știu niciodată când am trăit, de ce am trăit am să uit cum uită ochiul spart, lumina. Țin încă în mână un ciob de amphoră al cărei vin l-am băut chiar eu și al cărei lut e chiar mâna mea. Văd un vulture marin, dar poate că eu sunt văzut de el, poate că el vede un vultur marin.</p>	<p><b>Node 13/ Knot 13</b></p> <p>I never know while living, why I lived I'll forget. As well as the broken eye forgets the light. I'm still holding in my hand a shard of amphora whose wine I drank myself, and whose clay is actually my hand. I see a marine eagle but maybe I am seen by him instead, maybe he sees a marine eagle.</p>
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English interpretation - **Maria Daniela Bană**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<p><b>Cavaler al florii de cireș</b></p> <p>Chip de cireașă mușcată de un elf zburând tot timpul într-un alt miraj visat.</p> <p>Sanda pe care mi-o ncalța un zeu în salt pe inorogul cel înalt și însetat.</p> <p>Și voi veni să mă prostern mai mult rănit și mult invins,</p> <p>Când ai să bați pe un cadran etern un nor mai alb și mult mai mult care a nins.</p>	<p><b>Knight of the cherry flower</b></p> <p>Image of a cherry bitten by an elf flying at all times into another mirage of dreams.</p> <p>Sandal which a god put on my foot in a leap on the tall and thirsty unicorn.</p> <p>And I shall come to bow truly hurt and truly defeated,</p> <p>When you will fall on an eternal dial a whiter cloud and so much more which just snowed.</p>
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English interpretation – **Paul Iulian Voicu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I



<p><b>Invizibilul soare</b></p> <p>Mari parașute coborau în ocean capsula. Noi stăteam ca niște cuvinte alcătuind unii lângă alții un înțeles de frază o vorbire întrupată a unei mari ființe.</p> <p>Norii erau pleoape zdrențuite dezvelind mereu albastrul iris și portocaliul.</p> <p>Atunci am simțit cu toții că începuse să răsară marele, invizibilul soare.</p> <p>Cuvintele ni se aprinseră cu flacăra înceată și înaltă.</p>	<p><b>The invisible sun</b></p> <p>Big parachutes were going down into the ocean the capsule. We stood like some words forming one beside the other a meaning of a phrase, a speech incarnated of a great being.</p> <p>The clouds were ragged eyelids revealing always that blue and orange iris.</p> <p>Then we all felt that the big, invisible sun started to rise.</p> <p>The words lighted with a slow and high flame.</p>
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English interpretation - **Diana Popescu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3



<p><b>Nu mai pâlpâie</b></p> <p>Nu mai pâlpâie nicio pasăre, nicio stea Cerul a obosit deasupra ta. Hai, Nichita, strânge-ti pleoapa de pleoapă, strânge-le. Amurgul curge pe lângă ochii tăi uimiți de parcă-ar vrea să vă priviți unul altuia, sângele.</p>	<p><b>It stopped shining</b></p> <p>There are no birds, nor stars that shine The sky has gotten tired above you. Come on, Nichita, shut your eyelid of eyelid, tighten them. The twilight is flowing by your amazed eyes as if it wants you to look at each other's, blood.</p>
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English interpretation - **Lidia Neagu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<p><b>Viața mea se iluminează</b></p> <p>Părul tău e mai decolorat de soare, regina mea de negru și de sare.</p> <p>Țărmul s-a rupt de mare și te-a urmat ca o umbră, ca un șarpe dezarmat.</p> <p>Trec fantome-ale verii în declin, corabiile sufletului meu marin.</p> <p>Și viața mea se iluminează, sub ochiul tău verde la amiază,  cenușiu ca pământul la amurg. Oho, alerg și salt și curg.</p> <p>Mai lasă-mă un minut. Mai lasă-mă o secundă. Mai lasă-mă o frunză, un fir de nisip. Mai lasă-mă o briză, o undă.</p> <p>Mai lasă-mă un anotimp, un an, un timp.</p>	<p><b>My life illuminates</b></p> <p>Your hair is more faded by the sun my queen of black and salt</p> <p>The shore cut out off the sea and followed you like a shadow like a disarmed snake</p> <p>Decaying ghosts of the summer are passing by the sheep of my marine soul.</p> <p>And my life illuminates under your green eye at midday gray like the ground at twilight. Oho, I run and jump and flow.</p> <p>Bear me one more minute. Bear me one more second. Bear me one more leaf, one grain of sand. Bear me one more breeze, one more ripple.</p> <p>Bear me one more season, one more year, and a while.</p>
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English interpretation - **Teodor Eduard Nedelcu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I

<p><b>Colindă în doi</b></p> <p>Uneori ai dreptate și aceasta mă tulbură și mă face nefericit. Uneori mă ai pe mine însingurând cifra unu. Uneori ne vine să murim cu moartea altora. Alteori ne vine norocul în casa noastră goală. Astfel ne trăim noi doi, singuratecii trăiții de alții, cum raza rece de la steaua polară niciodată nu atinge zăpada de la pol.</p>	<p><b>Carol in Two</b></p> <p>Sometimes you're right, and that disturbs and saddens me. Sometimes you have me making one the loneliest number. Sometimes we wish we would die With the death of others. Sometimes luck finds us in our empty home This is how we loners live lived in by others like the cold ray of the polar star never touches the pole's snow.</p>
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English interpretation – **Andreea Cătălina Stan**, former 12<sup>th</sup> A3

Muzica	Music
<p>Deodată au venit pe sub copaci. Duceau cu ei o chitara care lăsa în seara o umbră grea, triunghiulară.</p> <p>După aceea au început să cânte și melodia a întins spre tine brațele ei reci.</p> <p>Eu mă uitam în pământ, în miezul pământului, să te zăresc când ai să treci.</p> <p>Melodia întindea spre tine brațele ei feline, brațele ei reci, și n-am simțit când te-a-mbrățișat cu îmbrățișarea pe care uneori ți-o dă înserarea, electric și-ntunecat.</p> <p>Melodia ospăta din tine cum ospătează dintr-o pradă o forfotă de raci.</p> <p>Deodată au plecat de sub copaci. Duceau cu ei o chitară cu o umbră grea, triunghiulară, smulsă din seară, ruptă din seară.</p> <p>Când mi-am întors spre tine chipul văzui doar un schelet ce-l lustruia nisipul.</p> <p>O, draga mea, iubita mea, femeia mea, bine-ai venit dintotdeauna. Ți-am sărutat arcada, sternul, osul suav ce-mpodobește mâna, scheletul clipei străbătând eternul...</p>	<p>Suddenly they came from under the trees. They were carrying a guitar with them which left in that evening a triangular, heavy shadow.</p> <p>Then, they started to sing and the melody was reaching towards you her cold arms.</p> <p>I was looking down in the middle of the ground to see you when you'd pass.</p> <p>The melody was reaching towards you her wild and cold arms, and I didn't feel it when it embraced you with the hug, which sometimes the evening gives you, electric and dark.</p> <p>The melody was feeding from you as it feeds from a prey a cast of crabs.</p> <p>Suddenly they leave from under the trees. They were carrying a guitar with them with a triangular, heavy shadow, ripped from the night, broken from the night.</p> <p>When I looked back at you I behold only a skeleton polished by the sand</p> <p>Oh, my dear, my love, my woman welcome forever. I kissed your forehead, your breast bone your pleasant bone that adorn your hand, the skeleton of the moment crossing the eternal...</p>

English interpretation – **Gabriela Harcan**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3



## Frunzișuri

Se-apropie aniversarea frunzelor lovite  
de ploaie  
Amintirea întâmplărilor mele  
vine din viitor, nu din trecut  
Deci spun: se vor dărâma mari frânghii de  
ploaie  
prin aerul umed care ne-a-nfășurat  
însărările.

Inima, inima, planetă misterioasă,  
suflete, suflete, aer prin care se-apropie  
imaginile tale tandre, puțin fluturate  
de respirația mea.

Se-apropie aniversarea frunzelor lovite  
de ploaie,  
aniversarea pietrelor de caldarâm în care  
potcoava lunii va izbi, când voi trece  
ridicat în șa  
aniversarea bicicletelor rezemate de zid,  
aniversarea numerelor de licean purtate la  
mâneacă  
Dorințele, dragostea...

Inima, inima, planetă misterioasă,  
pe care mi-ar fi plăcut să trăiesc și să mor.

## Foliage

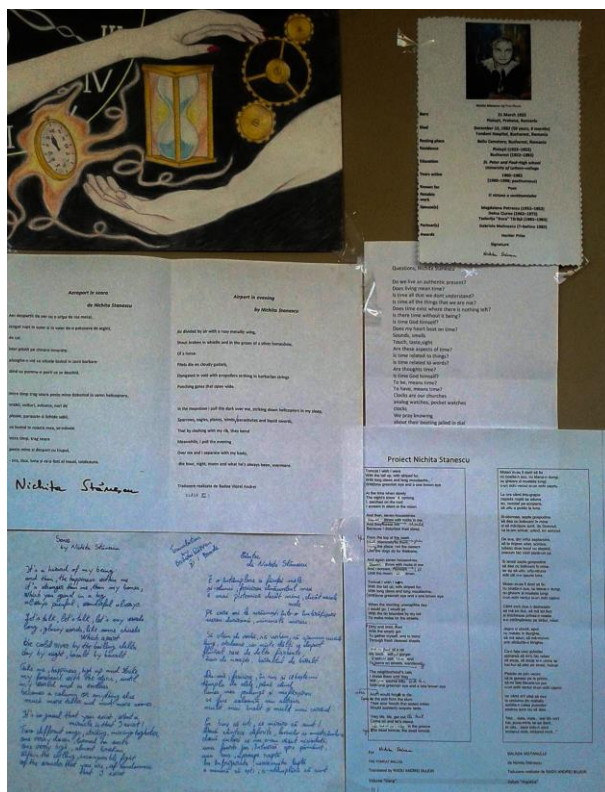
The anniversary of the rained on leaves is  
approaching  
The memory of my events  
is coming from the future, not from the past.  
So I say: big ropes of rain  
will demolish  
through the damp air which roped up  
the falling of night.

Heart, heart mysterious planet,  
souls, souls, air through which it approaches  
yours tender images, a little waves  
by my breathing.

Are drowning near the anniversary of the leaves  
stricken by the rain,  
the anniversary of the rocks of cauldron in which  
the moon's horseshoe will hit, when I pass  
upright in the saddle  
anniversary of bicycles leaned on the wall  
anniversary of the numbers carried on sleeves of  
a student  
The wishes, the love...

Heart, heart mysterious planet,  
where I would have liked to live and die.

English interpretation - **Ana-Maria Ursea**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3



<p><b>Zicere</b></p> <p>Orice om prost este o grație. O, tu, abundență de colivii! Inimă tu, felină pramatie, pândind peste tot colibri.</p> <p>Ce noroc, păsările cântătoare stau la locul lor agățate în cui. Ce noroc, fiecare are pasărea lui.</p> <p>Fiecare om prost e o grație groasă pentru stelele căzătoare. Astfel se face că ele se lasă numai când sună ora de culcare.</p> <p>Atunci cerul rămâne neprivit și fiecare stea de capul ei, - iar cine nu a adormit are dreptul la o pasăre cântătoare, la două, la trei ...</p>	<p><b>Prophecy</b></p> <p>Any stupid man is a grace. Oh, you abundance of cages! You heart, bad cat lurking everywhere for the hummingbirds.</p> <p>With luck, the singing birds staying in their place dangling on a nail. What luck, everybody has his bird.</p> <p>Any stupid man is a thick grace for the shooting stars, Like so they pretend to fall just when the bedtime calls</p> <p>When the sky remains unwatched and each star on its own - and who has not fallen asleep is entitled to a songbird, or two or three ...</p>
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English interpretation – **Loredana Tudor**, former 12<sup>th</sup> A3

<p><b>Tinerii</b></p> <p>Se sărută, ah, se sărută, se sărută tinerii pe străzi, în bistrouri, pe parapete, se sărută într-una ca și cum ei însuși n-ar fi decât niște terminații ale sărutului.</p> <p>Se sărută, ah, se sărută printre mașinile-n goană, în stațiile de metrou, în cinematografe, în autobuze, se sărută cu disperare, cu violență, ca și cum la capătul sărutului, la sfârșitul sărutului, după sărut n-ar urma decât bătrânețea proscrisă și moartea.</p> <p>Se sărută, ah, se sărută tinerii subțiri și îndrăgostiți . Atât de subțiri, ca și cum ar ignora existența pâinii pe lume. Atât de îndrăgostiți, ca și cum, ca și cum ar ignora existența însuși a lumii.</p> <p>Se sărută, ah, se sărută ca și cum ar fi în întuneric, în întunericul cel mai sigur, ca și cum nu i-ar vedea nimeni, ca și cum soarele ar urma să răsară luminos abia după ce gurile rupte de sărut și-nsângerate n-ar mai fi în stare să se sărute decât cu dinții.</p>	<p><b>The Young people</b></p> <p>They kiss, ah, they kiss, they kiss each other young people in the streets, in the coffee shops, on fences, kiss themselves continuously as if they are only some extension of the kiss.</p> <p>They kiss, ah, they kiss among the passing cars, in subway stations, in cinemas, buses, they desperately kiss , violently, as if at the end of the kiss, after the kiss only the outcast, old age and death would come.</p> <p>They kiss, ah, kiss those thin young people and in love, so thin, as they ignore the existence of bread in the world. So in love, as if they ignore the existence of the world itself.</p> <p>They kiss, ah, they kiss as they are in the dark, in the safety of darkness , as if no one could ever see them, as if the sun would rise shiny only after the bleeding mouths broken by the kiss would be able to kiss only with teeth.</p>
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English interpretation - **Elena – Raluca Berbec**, former 12<sup>th</sup> A3 Grade

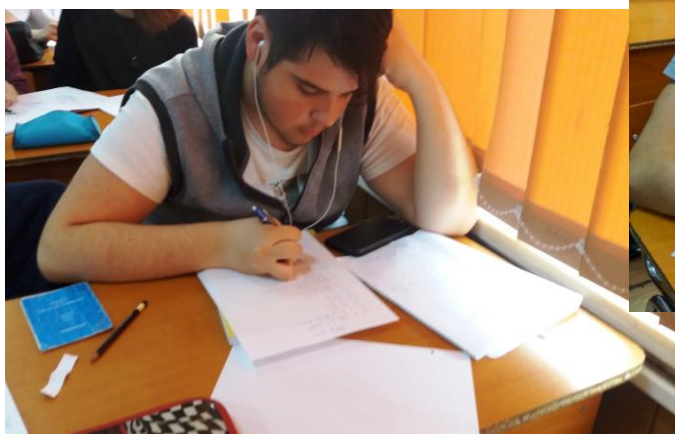


<p><b>Tu plutești...</b></p> <p>Tu plutești ca un vis de noapte deasupra sufletului meu. Îți sprijini tâmpla de inima mea ca de o piatră roșie, și aștepti să-ți spun numele tuturor lucrurilor pe care eu am isprăvit de mult să ți le mai spun. Gura mea este în tăcerea cea mai desăvârșită încălinată ca mătasea unui steag într-o zi fără vânt. O, nu pleca nicăieri! Îmi voi rupe inima cu un singur gest al mâinii, ca să răsară durerea care știe, numele durerii ca să răsară dragostea mea de bărbat care știe numele tău ciudat, de femeie.</p>	<p><b>You float...</b></p> <p>You float like a night dream above my soul. You lean your head on my heart as on a red stone and wait to tell your name of all things which I finished a long time ago to tell you. My mouth is in the longest silence limp like the silk of a flag on a windless day. Oh, don't leave me! I will break my heart with a single move of my hand, to raise the pain that knows the name of all the pains so my manly love can arise that knows your strange, womanly name.</p>
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English interpretation - **Andrei Iulian Dumitrescu**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<p><b>A șaptea elegie</b></p> <p>Trăiesc în numele frunzelor, am nervuri, schimb verdele pe galben și mă las pierit de toamnă. În numele pietrelor trăiesc și mă las cubic bătut în drumuri, cutreierate de repezi mașini. Trăiesc în numele merelor și am șase sîmburi scuipați printre dinții tinerei fete dusă cu gîndul tot după leneșe dansuri de ebonită. În numele cărămizilor trăiesc, cu brățări de mortar înțepenite la fiecare mîină, în timp ce îmbrățîșez un posibil gălbenuș al existențelor.</p>	<p><b>The seventh elegy</b></p> <p>They live in the names of leaves, I have ribs I turn green into yellow and I let my self fall perished by autumn. I live on the names stones and I let myself cubically beat on the pavement of the roads scoured by the speedy car. Living in the name of apples I have six seeds spat through my teeth to the young girl who's lost in thought after lazy ebonite dances In the name of bricks I live, with stuck bracelets of mortar on each arm, while I embrace a possible yolk of existences.</p>
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English interpretation - **Andreea Monalisa Clinci**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I



Rugăciune	Prayer
Iartă-mă și ajută-mă și spală-mi ochiul și întoarce-mă cu fața spre invizibilul răsărit din lucruri.	Forgive me and help me wash my eye and turn around my face to the dawn of invisible things.
Iartă-mă și ajută-mă și spală-mi inima și toarnă-mi aburul sufletului, printre degetele tale.	Forgive me and help me wash my heart and pour the steam of my soul, through your fingers.
Iartă-mă și ajută-mă și ridică de pe mine trupul cel nou care-mi apasă și-mi strivește trupul cel vechi.	Forgive me and help me and lift off of me the new body that presses and crushes my old body.
Iartă-mă și ajută-mă și ridică de pe mine îngerul negru care mi-a îndurerat caracterul.	Forgive me and help me and lift off of me the black angel that pained my character.

English interpretation – **Mihaela Marin**, former 12<sup>th</sup> A3

Nedreptate	Injustice
De ce să auzim și de ce să avem urechi pentru auz? Atât de păcătoși să fim noi încât să fim nevoiți să avem speranțe, pentru frumusețe și pentru duioșie, ochi și pentru alergare, picioare? Atât de nefericiți să fim noi, încât să trebuiască să ne iubim. Atât de nestabili să fim noi, încât să trebuiască să ne prelungim prin naștere tristețea noastră urâtă și dragostea noastră înfrigurată?	Why hear and why have ears for hearing? To be such sinners that we are forced to have hopes, for beauty and for tenderness, eyes and for running, feet? For us to be so unhappy that we have to love each other. For us to be so unstable that we have to extend through birth our ugly sadness and our cold love?

English interpretation - **Dariana Andreea Tătaru**, former 12<sup>th</sup> A3



<b>Gazela</b>  Ea își puse mâna ei cea dalbă de copilă Pe umerele meu cel negru și păros, Ea mirosise întocmai cum e floarea de zambilă, Eu stam paralizat și fioros, Venisem s-o mănânc de foame, S-o rod oscior după oscior Spre dinții mei canini, ah, Doamnel- Ea mi-a surâs tulburător; De-atuncea leșinat în poala-i, A ei, pe mine, lent mă mistuiește. Eu sunt un leu mâncat de o gazelă.	<b>The Gazelle</b>  She puts her hand white as a child's On my black and hairy shoulder, She smelled like a Hyacinth flower , I stand paralyzed and fierce I had come hungrily, to eat her , Bone by bone With my canine teeth, ah, God! She smiled to me thrilling Since then fainted on her lap Hers, slowly melting me I am a lion eaten by a gazelle.
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English interpretation - **Alexandra Stroe**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3

<b>Cântecul privirilor</b>  O, au rupt în aripi pânza de paing tulburând aieve liniștea cu stele ce se-aprind o clipă și apoi se sting printre-atâtea păsări, fâlfâind rebele O, au rupt în aripi pânza de paing ce-o uitaseră seară, prinsă între gene, prinsă între gene  Neștiute păsări au plecat spre Sud răzimând văzduhul, cu aripa-ntinsă. Zborul lor de frunză lin de-abia l-aud tot mai des cum ninge pe câmpia ninsă. Neștiute păsări au plecat spre Sud și-au lasat în suflet cuiburile goale. Cuiburile goale.	<b>The song of sights</b>  Oh, they broke with their wings the spider web calmly disrupting the silence with stars that light up a second and then fall through so many birds, fluttering rebel Oh, they broke with their wings the spider web that they forgot in the evening, caught between the lashes/ Caught between the lashes  Unknown birds went to the south supporting the sky with the stretched wing Their smooth flight of leaf I hardly hear more frequently snowing on the vast plain Unknown birds went to the south leaving empty nests deep in the soul. Empty Nests.
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English interpretation – **Mihai Ungureanu**, former 11<sup>th</sup>

<b>A venit, a venit toamna</b>  Acoperă-mi inima cu ceva Cu umbra unui copac sau mai bine Sau, mai bine, cu umbra ta  Mă tem că n-am să te mai văd uneori Că or să-mi crească aripi ascuțite până la nori C-ai să te-ascunzi într-un ochi străin Și el o să se-nchidă cu-o frunză de pelin  Și-atunci m-apropii de pietre și tac lau cuvintele și le-nec în mare Șuier luna și o răsar și o prefac Într-o dragoste mare.	<b>It has come, autumn has come</b>  Cover my heart with something With the shadow of a tree, or better yet Or, better yet, with your shadow.  Sometimes I fear that I won't see you any more That I will grow pointed wings to the clouds That you'll hide in a strange eye And it will close with a wormwood leaf.  And then I come close to the stones and I am silent I take the words and drown them in the sea I whistle at the moon and I raise it and I transform it/ Into a great love.
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English interpretation - **Lucian Toma**- former 11<sup>th</sup> E3





Cel mai bătrân	The oldest one
<p>Noi am fost primii, oamenii aceștia din prezent, Noi suntem cei mai vechi, noi suntem primii, oamenii aceștia din prezent și singurateci.</p>	<p>We were the first, these people of the present, We are the oldest, we are the first people of the present, and the loneliest.</p>
<p>Peștii și păsările, iarba, arborii au decăzut din noi, din noi și umbra pe care-o lasă arborii când sunt.</p>	<p>Fish and birds, grass, trees have fallen out of us, from us, and the shadow left by the trees when they exist.</p>
<p>Noi suntem cei mai vechi, iar tot ce este e-o decădere din vechimea celor vechi, e un semnal.</p>	<p>We are the oldest, and everything is a decay of the old age, is a signal.</p>
<p>Noi am îmbogățit vederea și auzul, mirosul, pipăitul, și gustul, ah, dar mai ales auzul acestei decăderi.</p>	<p>We enriched the sight and the hearing, the smell, the touch, and the taste, ah, especially the hearing of this decadence.</p>

English interpretation - **Marius Ștefan**, former 11<sup>th</sup> I grade



### O, lucrurile!

O, lucrurile, exacerbare, a vidului; de aceea poate ele atrag asupra lor obiectele cosmice.  
O, lucrurile, vid absolut, mai vid decât ventuze ramificate sugând oriunde obiectele cosmice.  
Încerc să mă salvez  
și nu pot să decid  
cuvintele însetate să le ridic deasupra.

Numai cuvintele au ființă, numai ele există,  
există fugind speriate de moarte, de lucruri.

O, lucrurile deschid un ochi pironitor și-l clatină în dreapta,  
în stânga după cuvinte.

Cuvintele fug, se fac străvezii,  
lucrurile stau, se fac vizibile.  
O, lucrurile, exacerbare a vidului.  
O, lucrurile!

### Oh, things!

Oh, things, exacerbation of the vacuum, that's why, maybe they attract above them cosmic objects.  
Oh, things, absolute vacuum, more vacuum than suckers  
branched, anywhere sucking the cosmic objects.

I try to save myself  
and can't decide  
upon the starry words to lift them above my head.

Only the words have life, only they exist,  
they exist running away, scared of death, of things.

Oh, things open a staring eye and they shook them to the right,  
to the left looking for words.

The words are running: they turn flimsy,  
Things are staying: they turn visible.  
Oh, things, exacerbation of vacuum.  
Oh, things!

English interpretation - **Andreea Gabriela Coman**, former 11<sup>th</sup> E3



... și dintr-o dată,  
după câțiva ani,  
se nasc nenumărați copii  
ai caror părinți au murit demult.  
Ei stau cu gurile lipite de frunze ca niște omizi.  
Apoi vine cuvântul și-i desparte,  
și devin fluturi.  
(Nichita Stănescu – “Ciudata lipsă de părinți”)

## RE-creations

by **Ramona Ioana Sandu**, former 9<sup>th</sup> I

Joining a contest gives us experience and helps us advance in its topic./ into a certain topic. This was my first thought when I started writing about my experiences at English contests. I enjoy writing, and if there is a hint given for the essay/ article/ composition/ story, it just makes the challenge better.

By far, the most popular contest of this kind was "Speak Out!", and I say that because there were many students in my college eager to take part to the creative writing section. About 100 of 600 juniors, I think.

The 2017 *Speak Out!* National Contest Edition, creative writing section task was "Write a story (100-150 words) that tackles the topic below (it is not compulsory for you to use the same title): Sometimes, adults seem...".

Though the hint looks easily approachable at the first sight, when starting to write one realizes it is nothing of the kind. I think no one would have problems in starting a story or hitting the idea somehow, but there are at least two questions arising: what kind of story would have the greatest impact and why?

I am more than sure that everyone did the best to express a sustainable interpretation, according to the requirements. Reading some of the stories I can not help but agree that my colleagues did a great job and worked hard for finding the best ideas. I really appreciate their sincerity and their courage to expose their thoughts.

Here there are some of my colleagues work before the last reduction, so please read everything with open mind and don't judge.

### **They've been your age, but you've not been theirs!**

by **Bogdan Balaci**, former 9<sup>th</sup> S6

Once upon a time there was a boy named Ben, living amongst millions of people, but he truly knew only a few of them. And only two would do anything for him: his parents. Ben was

spending time with his family, as much as he could, but advancing in this incredible race called "life", Ben started changing. He turned into a teenager and he was facing his rebel side, like any other child of his age.

As time went by, he started to spend hours in his room, with his headphones on, playing video games. Things around him seemed to become annoying to him. His parents felt like Ben was trying to push them away. Growing up, Ben started to go out more often with his friends. One night, he grabbed his skateboard and left the house not asking permission. A terrible accident happened. He realized that what he had done was wrong and in his heart he felt guilty for his behavior towards his parents. He needed a bad experience in order to understand: our parents want the best for us.

Well, I don't listen to my parents all the time, either. I blame the age, as if we are not responsible for our actions and our age is. Therefore, it's really important to think twice before judging your parents: they've been your age, but you've not been theirs!

### **Parents SEEM mysterious**

by **Bogdan Costea**- Former 9th I

We all love our parents and they love us, whatever we do, but sometimes they can be very hard to understand.

I remember: when I was younger we had a very hard test and the entire class got bad grades. I told my mother that everyone had got bad grades, but she was like: "I don't care about what the others did, I only care about what you did!" and she got mad at me. But there came a second test when, after she found out my mark, she started asking me: "How did X do, how about Y?" I really thought she didn't care at all but...wrong again! (...)

Another 'uneasy' deal with our parents is their need of controlling us. I remember I was hanging out with my friends, playing football or just talking, and every 15 minutes Mom used to text me asking if I was ok. (...) I tried everything to make her stop doing that. Only now I realize: she needed to know me safe and sound!

In conclusion, sometimes, adults just seem... very 'uneasy'. But they are just protective.

### **It's very hard to be an adult!**

by **Alexandru Drăghici** - Former 9th S2

There was a time when the adults from my family were... unbearable. This happened when I was a child and it sometimes still happens today.



When I was younger I never went outside alone because they were frightened I could forget the way back home. One unfortunate day, I went in a forest near my grandparents' house imagining that I was a wolf. I was running among trees when I realized I was...lost. My grandfather found me as soon as possible, of course, but that was the moment I became aware of my parents' fairness. (...)

The time passed by and I realized that adults turned... dull because they could predict the real future out of a range of possibilities while a child is free to dream limitlessly.

It's very hard to be an adult!

### **Parents, make a happy family life!**

by **Andreea Dragomir** - Former 9th S2

One day a group of teenagers was asked about adults, because they seemed more complicated than youngsters.

The silence was really thick for few minutes, but at one point a girl broke the silence and said: 'We usually try to deal with them, we try to understand their way of thinking, to understand the word *good* or of the advice *Do it better!* I think their large experience in life is the answer that explains why the adults seem so...complicated'.

'Sometimes, adults skip the small things and focus on the more important ones, they forget that we are teenagers and we should make our own decisions', another teen said.

All in all, the adults have a lot of "major" problems and sometimes forget their children's "little" problems. 'Adults get nervous and tired after work and this does nothing more than making things more stressful for us'.

Make a happy family life and we'll be happy teens, dearest parents!

### **Don't take our dreams away!**

by **Mihai Florea**- Former 9th I

Once upon a time there was a boy, Max, who behaved like an animal, more exactly like a scary animal that entered the houses and stole children's dreams during the night time.

Many nights adults were powerless. But one night Hyperman, a superhero, appeared. Hiperman had amazing powers such as lasers from eyes and iron fists. He tried to stop the scary animal that turned into a fearless adult. They fought every night until the scary animal hurt Hiperman with his claws. Fortunately Hyperman was immortal. His powers came from the happiness of living. His perception of life, his fresh feeling of starting every day as it is the only one got angry and killed the scary animal.



But something happened: Max woke up! Everything looked like it was just a dream. Actually Max was a child with many dreams. He often had to give up to many of them because the adults around him act like the scary creature by stealing them off or by turning them into reality.

Don't take our dreams away!

### **Sometimes, adults SEEM careless**

by **Mihai Gheorghe**- Former 9th I

Sometimes, adults seem to be like superheroes for their children.

Parents influence children's behavior.

Children are like sponges. They copy everything a parent does and incorporate what they see into their own lives. It is important that parents set the right example for their children. Negative example can be detrimental to a child's development and can lead to bad behaviour. The relationship between a parent and a child is among the most significant one in a person's life. Positive parent- child bonds result in autonomy, curiosity, self-esteem and better decision making skills. Parents try to improve the relationship with their children by spending quality time together and building stronger communication.

In the children's eyes parents are seen like superheroes if they regularly make time for family.

### **The truth in the mirror**

by **Miriam Gheorghe**- Former 9th I

**Once** upon a time there was a little boy named Joe. Joe was sitting in his bed thinking about the weird behavior of his parents.

While he was thinking, an elf passed through his mirror asking to be followed. Joe touched the mirror and found himself in a totally different world. Everything was gray; people were wearing suits and were very serious, like they were having batteries instead of hearts.

"What is going on?" asked the boy and the elf answered that some time ago that place used to be a place full of children and loving parents, but because of a spell they'd turned into robots. After that, the boy saved the people showing them that love was a better energizer than batteries.

Joe went to his parents and repeated the "magic" words: 'I love you!'

All of a sudden everybody realized that sometimes adults act like robots, but their children's love can truly change the world.

### **Sometimes, adults seem ... elsewhere**

by **Cristian Nicolae Matache**- Former 9th S6

Once upon a time there was a family with a child named Andrew. Andrew's parents were very busy and had no time to talk to him. This was why Andrew believed his parents did not care about him.

Andrew saw that his parents had no time for him so he began doing annoying things to check if they would somehow pay attention to him and spend quality time with him.

At first he skipped classes and got lower grades. Then he began smoking.

When parents were called to school they were terrified because they understood their child needed more than money, clothes, food, gifts. Getting home, his mother asked Andrew what had happened to him. The boy started crying and confessed he had felt alone and had nobody to talk to. His parents realized they had made a mistake spending a lot of time at work and disregarding their son.

Sometimes, adults seem fully absorbed by things that don't matter as much as FAMILY.

### **Sometimes, adults seem...too adults**

by **Alexandra Pătrășcioiu**- Former 9th S1

*When I was little*, I loved being responsible and doing chores and I always fantasized about being one of the ADULTS around me.

I thought that being an adult was like a very important status that everybody wanted to achieve. Back in my childhood I was a pretty curious child and did lots of things like using my mom's makeup and falling down the stairs with her 6-inch heels, ending up with my head straight into the wall. Oh my, those were wonderful days...

But, I found out that occasionally, they got out of the ordinary and acted like....children. I know they need to be responsible, and take care of too many tasks, and with a cup of coffee per day they can do amazing things that I certainly can't, but sometimes I think they get bored.

I appreciate them, and I hope that I'm not going to be an adult very soon...

### **A meaningful story...**

by **Sorin Mihai Tănase**- Former 9<sup>th</sup> I

Once upon a time there was a rich dad and his son. His mom died years ago and his dad tried to teach him some important life lessons so that he'd become something in life.

At the age of eighteen, he begged his father for a car saying that he would graduate the first in his class. On the promotion day, he did as promised and his dad brought a big rectangular red gift. The son was so happy, that he began faster unwrapping the present. He found a journal inside. He left the office in rage and never talked to his father again.

Years later, his father died and he became the successful man his dad had dreamed of. While cleaning through his old desk, he found the journal. On the first page, he found a key and a quote that said: "My son, sorry that I am always working but I am planning to retire in two years. Meanwhile you should write all the good memories that you have with your new car, so that we read them together sometime".

Sometimes adults seem unfair but they only want the best for us.

These stories are nothing else but exercises of sincere and personal ways of telling our parents we love them. As one can easily see, parents reflect the definition of the word "adult" for they still are our world.

We deeply vibrate whenever reading Adrian Păunescu's "Repeatable Burden" poem. I dare add some of the lyrics in the original language, in order to be fully understood by our parents to whom we dedicate the last chapter of the 1<sup>st</sup> issue of our *INTERnVIEWS*:

„Cine are părinți, încă nu e pierdut,  
Cine are părinți are încă trecut.  
Ne-au făcut, ne-au crescut, ne-au adus până-aici,  
Unde-avem și noi înșine ai noștri copii.  
Enervanți pot părea, când n-ai ce să-i mai rogi,  
Și în genere sunt și nițel pisălogi.  
Ba nu văd, ba n-aud, ba fac pașii prea mici,  
Ba-i nevoie prea mult să le spui și explici,  
Cocoșați, cocârjați, într-un ritm infernal,  
Te întreabă de știi pe vre-un șef de spital.  
Nu-i așa că te-apucă o milă de tot,  
Mai cu seamă de faptul că ei nu mai pot?  
Că povară îi simți și ei știi că-i așa  
Și se uită la tine ca și când te-ar ruga...”



Revistă anuală,  
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