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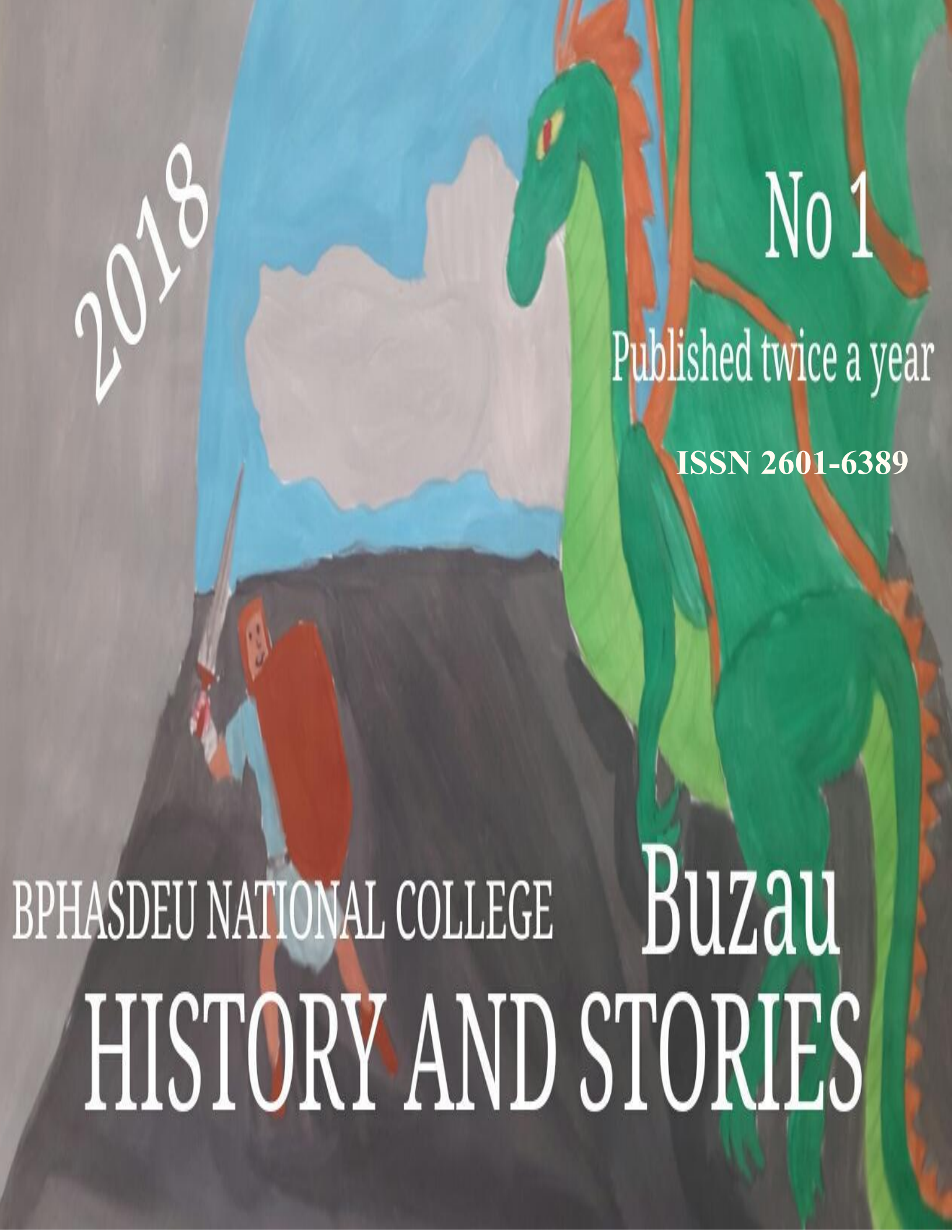
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BPHASDEU NATIONAL COLLEGE

Buzau

HISTORY AND STORIES



CREATIVITY SEEMS TO BE AN ENIGMATIC ASPECT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE...WHETHER IT IS OFTEN DIFFICULT TO IDENTIFY WHAT IT IS THAT DRIVES THIS IMPULSE AND THE ELEMENT THAT INSPIRES AN ARTIST'S WORK, AS FAR AS STUDENTS ARE CONCERNED, THEY SHOULD ALWAYS START BY TRAINING TO BECOME IMAGINATIVE.

WRITTEN FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF HISTORY AND LITERATURE LOVERS, THIS MAGAZINE BRINGS TOGETHER TWO AREAS THAT ARE SOURCES FOR ARTISTIC INSPIRATION: MYTHS AND LEGENDS...

ALL IN ALL, " HISTORY AND STORIES" HAS BEEN LAUNCHED WITH THE AIM TO GET STUDENTS MORE ENGAGED IN CULTURE, STARTING FROM WHAT RUMI ONCE SAID: ' DON'T BE SATISFIED WITH STORIES, HOW THINGS HAVE GONE WITH OTHERS, UNFOLD YOUR OWN MYTH'

TEACHERS:

MARINESCU ROCSANA

CALOLAN LILIANA

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER
STUDENT: DOGARU IOANA
CLASS XII C
TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA
“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

It seemed to be only an ordinary winter day – a thick layer of fog was embracing the ground and the frost was turning everything into motionless ice. So, Emily – a fifteen-year-old adolescent, just like me and you – had no other alternative than staying at home. But it wasn't a great matter for her, as she considered books as the most loyal friends; she didn't even resent the absence of her parents, who had left home for some business.

The Medieval history, the battles for glory and justice, the kings worshipped by entire countries, they all absorbed Emily up to a point where she didn't notice the fairytale-like snowflakes on the window. But no sooner had she reached the paragraph where the knights were preparing for a trip to Jerusalem, than a weird shrill noise echoed through the whole house. 'I must be dreaming, I've been alone for hours and hours, no thief could ever manage to enter this building.', the girl muttered. The sound persisted: 'crunch! crack!'

Emily went cautiously to the door. Impossible, someone or something had crept through the cat flap! She followed the wet foot traces on the floor. She couldn't believe her eyes: a small... creature with scales was eating, visibly delighted, a home-made biscuit. The girl's heart throbbed violently, she didn't know what to feel and what to think about this unusual situation: fear, disgust, surprise, pity...

Finally, she decided: the dragon (for that's what it was) had no excuse for behaving in such an impolite way. After taking a moment to breathe, Emily exclaimed with a bossy attitude: 'By the hammer of Thor, what are you supposed to be doing here, in my kitchen?!' This didn't produce even the slightest effect. Contrary to her expectations, the dragon (actually 'the baby-dragon) stopped his activity and remained speechless in front of her. 'What is it now?!' He couldn't help dropping a tear.

'Well, I...I...thought you were different...people are mean...but you are special, or at least I believed you were...I saw you reading many times, books usually make you, humans, smarter,

but, as I realise now, they didn't teach you anything...What I really want to say is that people in the past respected our species, they wrote remarkable stories about us. Nowadays, everything has changed. Adults, especially those you call 'scientists', make fun of dragons. They...they say we don't...exist...' and the last words became incomprehensible.

'Please, don't cry! I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but I simply don't know what to say, you came here so suddenly! And...what would you like me to do for you?'. His face showed a sign of getting better.

'You see, I come from the mountains, where my parents passed away a few weeks ago. Since then, I've been seeking for somebody to look after me. See, I don't pretend much...just friendship and care...I was wondering if you could do this, I know you can understand this sort of things. I promise I'll go back to the mountain peaks when I grow older, but I won't forget you.'

The young girl was quite amazed: despite its ugliness, the creature had succeeded in stirring something in her soul. He had chosen her from millions of children. So, when she agreed, he hugged her leg gratefully and a thin pink flame came out of his nostrils. 'You are the best mum!'

Emily sighed and said to herself: 'Dragons are not so scary after all...'

Agony

STUDENT: BOSTAN MIHAI

CLASS VIII

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Born in winter and my soul is so cold

That no one can burn it from the inside

It's just you...

It melts instantly when you look in my eyes.

So with the fire still burning bright
I want you to know how flames can hypnotize
Cause it's just a fake game,
And the price of existence.

Angel

STUDENT: SOLCA MIHAELA

CLASS VIII

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Cut off my wings and come lock me up
Just let me be what you see in the sky
Here and now with all dreams realized
Would you still choose me?

I burn to make you understand
That there is no why, there is no how
Because I am right here now

And no one else can heal your wounds

CHRISTIANITY ACROSS COUNTRIES

Student: Drăgușin Carmen Mădălina, 12th Grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana-Adina

“M. Eminescu” National College, Buzău

To be perfectly honest, for a long time I wasn't interested in other cultures, nor in looking up information about them, but now I know how wrong I was ... My opinion has radically changed because my uncle, who came last week from Ireland, has told me an interesting story that enthralled me.

Flashback

“Hey Carmen, do you want to hear some interesting things about the Irish culture?”

“No thanks, uncle Petre. I've got loads of homework to do. And, to tell you the truth, I'm not interested in another culture. I have to cram up for my test in Latin.”

“Hmm, I see...but what if I tell you that Saint Patrick's Day is somehow like our Saint Petru's Day? Or, to put it better, these two saints resemble a lot.”

“Well, I don't believe that.”

“My dear Carmen, let me tell you that once I had the same opinion, the same disregard for other cultures, but I was determined to find out some new things about Ireland, because I moved there, so do you want to hear what I discovered?”

“Ok uncle, but I know that my opinion will not change.”

My uncle laughed and he began: “My dear Carmen, I am now, after some years spent abroad, a person who loves culture, yeah, don't believe that it is just meant to sound good, after all if you say that culture is your life, people will think that you are Einstein, won't they?”

“See, uncle, maybe you understand me when I say that other cultures are not exactly my cup of tea...”

“I forget where I was....O yeah, I remembered...So, soon after arriving in Ireland, I started to love culture and that's why I searched information about Saint Patrick in the library, I also looked up some one-click-away information on Google, and I was pretty impressed, really. To begin with, my dear Carmen, Saint Patrick was a man and a very important one, not a brownie...yeah my bad wording...and secondly, I must say that he did some pretty interesting things. When he was only 16, he was kidnapped and sold into slavery, let's be serious, some of you can't resist a day at school without grumbling and if we go to work it's even harder but this young man miraculously survived for six years in slavery. What impressed me is that he still strongly believed in God, in those days when if something bad happened to you, you would just blame God for that, but he never thought of that...”

“Yes, now I vaguely remember something from a History class.”

“As I've said, I had no idea that Saint Patrick is so important and I came across a legend which I'm going to tell you now. “

I yawned but tried to display my “good-niece-face”.

“Once upon a time there was a man who was kidnapped by the pirates and his name was Alexander. This boy, Alexander, was sold as a slave together with a boy, named...Patrick. As time went by, they became bosom friends. On the night when Patrick dreamed that God told him that he would go back home, Alexander dreamed an angel who told him that from that time forth he would be Patrick's guardian angel. So they both knew what they had to do, what was in store for them.”

Little by little, my uncle's story sparked off my interest.

“ On the next day Patrick told Alexander that he would go home, then the latter confessed that he would join him, because from then on he would be his shadow. Patrick was proud of his friend, you can imagine. After some time they regained their freedom and Patrick came back home accompanied by Alexander. Here they stayed for a while, but Patrick had another premonition-dream urging him to go to Ireland. I know that till now this story may have been boring, I know, but here, dear Carmen, something very cool or, to put it better, something really impressive happened. Patrick and Alex arrived at a little village which was shrouded in darkness, day and night. One local fearfully told them that every night hundreds of snakes came there and stole their food and gold, it was like a scourge of God as that happened all over the country, but in that hamlet the snakes were too many and the villagers could do nothing to prevent that. Patrick had a flash of revelation and encouraged the desperate people, promising to do something about that, as God was always with him. “

“Uncle, what does the scourge of God mean?”

“See, Carmen, if we delve into other cultures we also learn new words.!”

“OK, go on, I'm all ears “

“Well, and on that night around midnight, Patrick majestically came in the middle of the field, all clad in white. He started to pray humbly, if you ask me, if I were in the middle of a snake invasion I would run away, not pray, but who am I ?...He was praying with a lot of faith and then hundreds of snakes appeared from nowhere, slithering and creeping threateningly and they surrounded him. Alexander tried to go to him, but he failed. In that moment a light came over Patrick and spread out over the entire field. The snakes couldn't bear the light, hissed horribly and those that touched it simply evaporated and vanished in the thin air. Soon the light covered all Ireland and many snakes perished, many of them were banished forever. Patrick was badly injured because some snakes had vengefully bitten him, but Alexander took care of him, cleaning his wounds and alleviating his pain.”

“Brrr, horrible, I loathe snakes! What happened next?”

“After this Patrick became a bishop, he did more fascinating things and was held in great respect. So, dear Carmen, I have learned many things about Saint Patrick and I have understood why he is so important, he is the father of Christianity in Ireland!!”

“Wow, cool!”

“Mind your language, young lady, don't be disrespectful!”

I nodded and eagerly waited for the rest of his story.

“Now let me tell you about Saint Peter, he was a poor uneducated fisherman who was to become one of the 12 Disciples of Jesus. He chose the path of God and Christianity after he had met Jesus and he became a dear friend of his. Saint Peter dedicated his life to preaching Christ, never abandoning his sacred mission. Sadly, during the persecution against Christians triggered by Emperor Nero he was sentenced to a horrible death. There are endless stories about him, as he has become a symbol for us, a model of loyalty and love. Now, my dear Carmen, do you understand the bond between the two saints and, what is more important, the bond between cultures?”

"Yes, uncle now I've understood what you tried to tell me and I promise you that one day I will visit Ireland and I will discover on my own the hidden treasures of this culture and I will encourage my grandchildren to do the same one day."

He smiled at me and in a warm and sincere voice he said "I'm proud of you, my dear!"

My dream to visit Ireland is deeply rooted in my soul and one day I will start my spiritual journey. I am sure that I will take part in the colourful celebrations on Saint Patrick's Day. After I heard my uncle's story I looked up information and I discovered that his symbol was a clover, yes, a clover, and I am going to tell you something, if someone has as a symbol a clover, which is in itself a symbol of spring and hope, they must be loved.

Saint Patrick's Day is celebrated worldwide and that makes me very happy, because nowadays there are unfortunately only few things that unite us, regardless of language, country, religion, race, colour and one of them is this sacred and also very lively celebration. Whether we know tonnes of things about this grand celebration or nothing, whether we believe, as I used to believe, that Saint Patrick is only a green-clad elf or we do know who he was, we feel its magic and its subtle power, as Saint Patrick continues to protect us, this time against invisible enemies, but he is not alone in this mission, because with him are the other Saints, like Saint Peter, one of the most beloved saints in Romania, whose name my uncle is so proud to have.

She's not Supergirl

STUDENT: GHEORGHE LAURA

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

She's just how she wants to be as long as it doesn't affect what the others think about her. Despite this, she doesn't look like an ordinary person. Her name must be just as eccentric and playful as she is. A suitable name, that's for sure. Allison? Kelly? I can't tell for sure.

Her brown wavy hair falls on her back. She has dark sparkling eyes, filled with curiosity. Under the thin nose her red lips mumble something. What? A song without lyrics, of course, because she adores orchestral music (after all, she knows by heart a 6-hour video full of soundtracks). Her style is funny: sometimes she wears a girly outfit, because, after all, she enjoys being a 'normal' teenage girl. But most of the time she is 'nerdy': she can't wear a shirt without a science joke or a subtle *Star Wars* reference or even a shirt with a superhero on it (after all, she is a comic book addict). This girl loves being childish.

And there she is, in the bus station, with a comic book in her hand, listening to orchestral music. She tries to be 'normal' (like the others) but deep down she knows that she has to be true to herself. She has to hide who she really is, and that makes her look awkward sometimes. After all, she's neither Wonder Woman... nor Supergirl.

Hypothetically speaking...

STUDENT: GHEORGHE LAURA

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

For an astronaut that spends little time near a black hole time runs slower. This brave man would have to stay there only for a few hours and when he returned, he would find out that 50 years have passed on Earth. Many things have changed, but there are some that haven't.

This man wanders the streets of a seemingly new town. He is indeed stunned by the spherical cars which were 'levitating'. At first he's puzzled, then he remembers that they might use the idea that Maglev trains used 'in his youth': using a magnetic field as a means of transport. In the park, as he is lying down on the mowed grass, the man sees a flying beetle which looks beautiful and fragile but its moves weren't natural at all. He remains speechless when he has found out that the insect is just a tiny 'robot toy' hiding a camera within, controlled by a group of children a little further who were exploring their world at a whole new level. What miracles the technology has achieved! Another kid is playing with a stick, wearing a silver helmet on his head. He might look silly to the retired astronaut but maybe in the virtual reality that is shown to the boy he is a knight, just like the ones that he learned about at the history class. Or even an astronaut.

The buildings from this town look surreal. They bend, they separate from each other and they mix up again. Watching them can qualify as a spectacular show. Some of them are so tall that they seem to compete with the clouds for supremacy.

But the people... The people didn't change. Love, candor, friendship, empathy still existed. Moreover, they seemed happier and healthier. And the brave astronaut smiled to himself looking at this new dawn of humanity but tears filled his eyes as he was thinking about what and whom he had left in the past

What is that?

STUDENT: GHEORGHE LAURA

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Do you want to hear an interesting story? Okay, interesting from my point of view. I am a bird. I heard someone saying that birds are stupid and I believed him. He looked like an intelligent man. But I'm also naive, so I don't know whether he's right or not. If you'll believe

him, that's up to you. I will still tell this story. The main actor is a little girl who discovered 'perfection'.

I heard that her name was Kate. Beautiful name, if you ask me. I wish I could change my name into Kate. Unfortunately, I'm a boy.

So Kate was living with her grandfather in the mountains. She could feel the fresh air in the morning and could hear the birds singing every day. She thought this is what happiness meant.

One day, she and her 'grandpa' went into the forest to gather some branches. She was singing and dancing and picking flowers. Suddenly, she stopped, very amazed.

'Grandpa, what is this?'

'Oh, that? It's just a butterfly.'

'A butterfly?'

'Yes, a butterfly, dear.'

'Oh, grandpa, I believe this is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!'

'Really? Well, the most beautiful thing you have ever seen destroys crops, so I wouldn't say it is so beautiful!'

'No, look, it's perfect! Look at its wings! They are so beautiful!'

'And it does so much damage!' answered grandpa.

I was watching them with my cousin.

'Look at them. They're so beautiful!' I said.

'I wouldn't say that. Beauty isn't a good term.'

'Why? Look at the little girl. She's so cute!'

'She might be as you say, but she and her family will probably end up destroying everything.'

'How come?'

'They kill animals: deer, bears, even birds! And they also destroy habitats in order to build new houses for themselves.'

'Oh dear!'

'They are dangerous. You must stay away from them!'

'If you say so...'

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the river.

What is that?

I had the strangest dream last night. It seemed so real to me! I am a dreamy person, in general, but I can't really remember my dreams. Isn't that ironic? Anyway, this one was... different. And I can tell it in every detail.

It started with darkness. I was staring at it apparently for no reason. Then I started to peer thousands of shiny dots. Very, very small dots. I quickly realised that they were stars. Actually, I was in a cabin, like a cockpit, with objects floating around me and I was gazing out of a small window. I was inside a spaceship, above Earth, in the middle of nowhere.

Then I had a shock. I didn't know what I was doing there, nor what should I do. I had my seatbelt on. I noticed that the communication had gone out but I still tried to transmit in blind. While I was repeating the standard message ('May Day'), hoping that someone would hear me, the cabin started to shake violently. I looked through the window and saw a large mass of debris

approaching the spaceship very fast. Then the cabin was hit by enormous pieces of metal and it started spinning. I was very scared. The only way I could get through alive was by detaching the capsule. Other pieces hit the spaceship. I was inside a huge spinning top, feeling vulnerable and insignificant, just like a bug. However, I managed to press the button that detached my capsule. Hardly had I separated myself from the space shuttle when another piece, probably from a destroyed satellite, no bigger than the capsule, scratched its wall and one of its two windows.

After that, there was only silence. I was feeling totally isolated, alone. I wanted so much to scream, to tell the world that I was terrified but I knew that it was useless. No one could hear me. There is no sound in space. Only void. Silent, horrifying void.

I started to cry like a baby. Tears were floating in the cold cabin. As I said, everything seemed very real. I was even wearing an astronaut suit.

Suddenly, everything became very clear and I could remember how to pilot the module in order to land on Earth in one piece. I followed the procedure but as I was falling through Earth's atmosphere my capsule caught fire. I was breathing heavily because of the smoke and because I started to panick. Luckily, I landed quickly on the water's surface so I could get out of the burning module.

Somehow I knew that it couldn't end in another way. They say that you can control your dreams. They are right, I guess. I think it's exactly what happened to me.

Finally, I remember that I struggled to get to the shore. I was exhausted. I crawled on to the sand, happy to see my 'home' again. Happy to feel the dirt in my hands. Then... then I woke up.

Deathly Bargain

Student: Stemate Sonia Andreea, 11th Grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana-Adina

“ M. Eminescu” National College, Buzău

Walter Joyce wasn't the most cheerful or positive person one could ever meet. Actually, he was quite grumpy and introverted. He didn't talk much and loathed the presence of other people. His main occupation was watching Anime and reading novels in the graveyard, to his mother's annoyance.

“Mom, I'm going to the graveyard today,” he said almost mechanically. That sentence was one of the very few that he uttered to his mother, and the most used one.

“Don't you think that it would be better if you made some friends?” his mother asked tentatively, casting a weary look at him.

“I don't need friends as long as they're real,” Walter said. He stopped eating and glared at his mother as if he was about to tell her not to bring up this topic again in their sort of one-sided discussion.

“But you are such a handsome boy! It’s such a pity that you don’t have a girlfriend yet,” she insisted once more. His mother was right, Walter was a beautiful boy, but not in a handsome way. He was much more feminine, rather slender and pale, with beautiful parakeet eyes and long, straight Merigold-like hair, as if he were a princess, not a prince.

Walter sighed in enervation, but decided not to fall out with his mother. He loved her, despite her obsession with his inexistent social life.

“I’ll be back by 8 o’clock,” he eventually said, and rushed to the door, without hearing what his mother told him.

It was indeed a beautiful day, but Walter didn’t seem to feel the sun rays in his heart. He actually liked sun and all the beautiful things that life offered him. He wasn’t good with people, but that wasn’t such a problem for him. He enjoyed his own company and pitied the others.

“All of their stupid, meaningless lives, they’re just looking for someone they could talk to like they would be talking to themselves. Why all this bother, when you can simply talk to yourself?” Walter muttered. He was often in a pensive mood, he would ponder on many things, but he seldom spoke.

His face lit up when he entered the graveyard. A feeling of warmth embraced his body, and he was asking himself, for the millionth time already, whether he was a madman. Was he the next Edgar Allan Poe? Would he be as great as Tim Burton? Great men are never sane men.

Walter opened a book of fairy tales and started reading out to the dead. Maybe he wasn’t sane, but he preferred the dead to the dull, shallow living ones. He found so much beauty in inexistent things, that the real world left him cold, because of the simple and predictive nature of humans.

“Nice story, boy, do you have anything more interesting?” someone asked. Walter stopped reading. He looked all around him, praying to the gods that voice didn’t belong to one of his classmates. Walter highly doubted that, though, because he wasn’t bullied. People seldom spoke to him, as seldom as he answered their questions. No one bothered him, neither did he.

“No, it’s not in your head. I’m as real as you are, but you hardly look like a human being at all. You are as beautiful as a devil, yet as innocent as an angel. You are smarter than a witch, yet lonelier than a saint. I would say that you are a marble statue, if there weren’t that fire burning in your eyes, my dear Walter Joyce,” the voice whispered once again, and Walter noticed that it was coming from the tombstone that stood still in front of him. He only raised an eyebrow, more surprised at the fact that he wasn’t surprised by a talking tombstone than at the fact that the tombstone was speaking to him.

“Who are you?” he drawled. He still wasn’t as astonished as he should have been. He wasn’t astonished at all. Despite all this, he was actually calm and curious. Walter knew that a normal person would have been tearing away while he was waiting for the tombstone to speak again, but he did know that he wasn’t an ordinary human.

“I’m not who, for I’m a thing. I’ve noticed that you’re not actually satisfied with your life. You know, my dear, you’ll never find solace in the things that they find solace in. You’ll never enjoy what they are enjoying. You’ll never be like them, you’ll never fit in here. I can take you to the

fields and realms that you long for. You can choose to live the life you have been dreaming of. You can choose any fictional universe that you wish, and live a long, beautiful life in there. You deserve it. You're too special for this world.", the tombstone pompously said, and Walter was speechless for a few minutes. If the talking tombstone hadn't surprised him, its offer certainly did. He knew that the tombstone was right, and, for the first time in his life, he felt the staggering realisation that he was completely and absolutely alone. No one would be there if he died right away. No one would care. No one would hear him. No one would remember him. He was entirely alone, and that was the first time he had been so aware of it.

"Your offer is tempting, I can't deny that. But the path of roses that you are laying ahead of me has thorns that I can barely see. What should I give in return so that my dream will come true?" Walter asked.

"Does it matter? You can have what you want-"

"It does," Walter cut the tombstone off. "You're offering me Heaven without putting me through Hell first? That seems quite unlikely to happen."

The tombstone sighed. Walter was pleased that he had caught the tombstone off guard.

"You're indeed a smart boy, Walter. For you to enter the gates of one of your favourite fictional universe, you have to kill the one person that you love most. Before you hurry, tell me, why wouldn't you do this? You'll never see this world again, and what's a stupid person in minus? It's a win-win situation, so why wouldn't you make the deal?"

Walter remained speechless for another couple of minutes. Only the thought of murdering his mother sent chills down his spine. He wouldn't be able to do it, even if his life was at stake. And, over all, it was his mother the tombstone was talking about. The only human being that he could stand for more than five minutes. The only human being that really cared about him. The only one that he had ever disappointed.

On the other hand, he knew that he wouldn't make it there. The real world was something that he was trying to escape every time he came in contact with it. He always thought that he was just too good for this cruel world, but the truth was that he knew nothing about it, he had experienced nothing of it, and the thought that one day the world was going to be the place he would live in scared him to the very bottom of his heart.

"What you're offering me is truly tempting. But what is worth living for, if the only real person that you have ever loved is dead, and her blood stains *your* hands? The fictional world is a world created by humans. It's just a more bittersweet version of our reality, but it's still our reality. Just because there are dragons and angels, it doesn't mean that it's better. It's the same world, just another setting. The blood lust, corruption, hatred, they will never change. So why would I accept a deal that proves to be no good?" Walter defiantly asked.

The tombstone stood still and silent in front of him, and it dawned on Walter, for the first time, to read the name of the departed one. As he trudged to the tombstone, the letters became clearer, but he as he was about to finish reading them, the tombstone simply vanished. The name on the tombstone was Walter Joyce.

8:03 AM

**STUDENT: CIRMACIU THEODOR
CLASS XII C**

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

” B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

After a long and pleasant night of sweet dreaming, I finally woke up. As usual, after some joyful wriggles I got up and looked at my alarm clock. It was 8:03 AM, but there was something wrong with the date: it showed March 1st 2066.

“Well, this is weird”, I said to myself before setting the clock back to 2016.

“Oh, no, I must be at school in less than half an hour! I must hurry!”, I said while rushing to get my clothes on.

As soon as I exited my apartment block I noticed something really different: there were LCD screens literally everywhere, even in the light green bushes. Most of them were just showing ads of Old Spice and Colgate.

“So, my clock was right... It really is 2066. The world must have changed a lot, my city too! I wonder how the city centre looks like...”

There were no people on the sidewalk of the Bălcescu Boulevard, although the road was full of self-driving vehicles, maybe they were all busy.

As soon as I got near of what used to be a McDonald's, I noticed 20 or 30 really tall skyscrapers just like in New York – they had fascinating architecture and were full of photovoltaic panels. Then I went on to see Dacia market. It was simply splendid.

The Communal Palace was just like 50 years ago, but the Winmarkt Mall had been redesigned from top to bottom: it was higher and had flowers all over its walls.

I wanted to explore more of the futuristic version of Buzău, but I then heard my mom saying: “Theo, wake up!” – It was all just a dream. I then looked at the clock and it said 8:03 AM.

The rescue of Max

**STUDENT: CIRMACIU THEODOR
CLASS XII C**

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

” B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

It was a foggy day of December. Peter had just got out of school and was going home. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the river.

Astonished by the familiarity of its howling, Peter decided to go and see what was happening over there.

After walking for a couple of minutes, Peter arrived at the entrance of the farmhouse. There he saw Max, his dog that had run away from home a few days earlier. He was wet, smelly and his leg was struck in a huge, iron mouse trap, howling because of the terrible pain.

When Max saw Peter, he barked happily and then he fainted. Peter quickly grabbed a screwdriver and destroyed the mouse trap's mechanism.

Peter took Max in his arms and went straight home. There, he took special care of Max, giving him the best food in the house.

After this interesting experience, Max and Peter became best friends and have been relying on each other since then.

An interesting encounter...

STUDENT: CIRMACIU THEODOR

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Emily stood looking out the window. She got bored of what the teacher had been telling to the class. Emily always had a passion for dragons.

As she was looking out the window she saw the blurred image of a dragon that was hiding behind a tree and thought it was just her imagination, but then the image became more and more clear as the dragon was walking to the window. Emily got scared and yelled:

“A dragon! There's a dragon outside!”

All her classmates were laughing as the teacher said:

“It's just your imagination, Emmy, you don't need to be worried!”

Then the bell rang, announcing the end of the class. This was their last class, so she put on her jacket and went outside, waiting for her father to pick her up.

While she was waiting in the rain, she heard some heavy steps from behind her that were getting louder and louder. Then she turned around and saw a huge dragon with a mysteriously looking skin that was glowing in the dark. Emily tried to scream, but she just couldn't do it because she was under the spell of the dragon, so she just said:

“Who are you and what do you want?”

“Sorry for being so rude! I’m Krecht, the wind dragon from Iseandor. I was sent here to protect you, humans, and your planet, Earth from a huge asteroid that is about to hit your planet”.

“Wow, and why did you tell ME that?”

“Well, because I need your help, and since you are the best at Geography in your class and you also like dragons”.

“Oh, OK, so when do we start our plan?”

“Tomorrow... hey, can I get you home? It’s getting cold!”

“Sure! Thanks!”

EVERY BEGINNING

Student: Zaharia Mălina Florentina, 12th Grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana-Adina

„M. Eminescu” National College, Buzău

I'm not living a normal life. This I can tell, although I don't really know what's happening to me. I don't think I want to know, either. I think I may be afraid of the answer.

Everything started a few months ago, when I had a severe car crash. I was kind of drunk that night. I had gone clubbing with a few friends. It was a Friday night and we went to a bar and had a couple of drinks. Anyway, I didn't know exactly what I was doing until I realized I got into the car, telling my friends I could drive without any problem. Then, I remember a red light and how I thought “I don't have time for this” and pressed the acceleration. Then, the only thing I remember was white. White everywhere. Then, a face. An unknown face. It was a nurse's face. Although I didn't have severe injuries, I was lucky that I didn't die instantly. The doctors said it was a miracle. Me? I don't really know what to think about that.

Since then, my life has changed. I see faces. Then I don't see them any longer. Sometimes I think I have hallucinations, sometimes I don't. Anyway, it's weird. It's weird looking at people, then not seeing them ever again. And I'm not talking about people in the streets.

Here I am now. In front of a psychiatric office, ready to see my doctor. But am I ready? Am I insane like I pretend I am? Or am I not pretending at all? These questions are disturbing me, so I decide to enter anyway. I don't have to wait a lot, because as soon as I enter, the people who work there recognize me and a blond-haired girl, whose name is Mary, I think, speaks to me politely.

“Hello. You're... Rachel Hart, right? Please, go in. Doctor Aethelred is waiting for you.”

“Thanks” I say, as I enter the door.

The office is not quite modern as you would imagine, quite modest-looking I'd say, but who blames that guy for loving vintage stuff?

“Oh. Hello, Rachel. You've come just in time for a cup of tea.”

“No, thank you.”

“Well, as you wish then.” He takes a seat at his office.” So, what's happened to you recently?”

I know he's not asking me for information about my trip to the grocery store or something like that, so I go straight to what interests both of us.

“I see people again. Then, I don't see them anymore. Two months ago, a new student came to my university and I kind of *felt* that something was wrong with her. I don't know how, I just knew. Then, last week she stopped coming to classes. I felt worried about her, and also about *me*, so I've done some research and found out that she died 3 years ago, because of cancer. I don't realize how my teachers or anyone hasn't noticed that and I wonder now if they actually do any research about their new students.. I also found out where she lived, so I wanted to check it out. When I arrived there, I realized the place had not been lived since 2008, and that means 3 years ago. I tried to tell my English teacher about it, but she either pretended that she didn't care or believed that I was weird telling her about such a thing. I'm feeling as if losing my mind. Is something wrong with me?”

He looks at me with thoughts furrowed on his face, then says:

“No, nothing is wrong with you, Rachel. If I was a paranormal seeker, I would've said that you have a superpower. But I'm a realistic man and there is, for sure, a logical explanation to what's happening to you. You can't just see dead people around you. That's, scientifically, impossible. So, maybe you're mistaking reality for dreaming.”

“I'm not. I know what is real and what is not.”

“Do you? Tell me, is it real that you had a car crash, and survived?”

That is a useless question and he knows it.

“Yes, of course.”

“And your parents died 7 years ago, also in a car crash?”

I still remember that day. I was only 11 by then. I was a child who became an orphan in a second.

He smiles at me.

“Maybe you should come next week, shouldn't you? I think you will be better if you start taking these pills, as I suggest you, and not throw them in the toilet.”

“How'd you...”

“I just know. Okay, well, if you have no more questions, I suggest you go home and take these.” And he hands me a few colourful tablets.

Of course, when I get home, I immediately flush them down in the toilet. I don't like people telling me what-to-do-and-not-to-do stuff. I'm not taking any pills. I'm healthy.

So, I decide to go to the library. I have my head full of things I don't want to hear anymore, and a book is exactly what I need. It's funny how people say that they get lost in books, but I find myself over and over again when I'm reading a book and entering its world. Also, I feel more calm when I'm around books. I feel relieved.

I go, take a book and decide to sit and read it. “The Catcher In The Rye” by J.D. Salinger is a book I've always wanted to read, but never have had the chance. As minutes pass by, I notice a guy standing right in front of me and casting glances at me. He looks alluring, with his dark hair and pale skin. As my blue eyes encounter his hazel eyes, I look away. I don't like staring. So I go back to reading my book, except that now, that I've noticed him, I can't help myself. And again,

we both arouse and catch a glimpse of each other. He starts to laugh at our awkwardness and comes by my side.

“Hi” he says, in a deep voice. “I’m sorry I’m constantly looking at you, but I wanted to see what you’re reading. I know I’m being silly.”

Taken aback, I didn’t know how to react so I just said:

“No, it’s not silly. I also like to see what others are interested in. What are you reading, by the way?”

“Well, I have it for my classes. It’s “Hamlet”. I have to play his part.”

“Drama classes?”

“Yeah. Anyway, I’m Matthew.”

“Rachel.”

To be honest, I don’t really like meeting new people, especially if my first encounter with them is an embarrassing one. But Matthew really seems like a nice guy, so I enjoy the conversation, especially because Matthew is really smart and, just like me, he reads a lot of stuff. And without realizing it, two hours pass by. When I look at my watch, I can’t believe it.

“Wow. I have to fly. It’s getting late.” I say, reaching for my backpack and my book.

“It’s okay. I can drop you by. I came with my car.”

I raise my head and look at him. For months and months, I’ve been only by myself, not talking to anyone, and hardly having a few friends at college. For me, being a loner is a state I can’t get bored with, because it makes me think, analyze and discover myself. Especially during these past few months, since my car crash.

My car crash...

Suddenly, I feel numb and ready to collapse. I feel like this every time I think about what happened right after my accident. But for no apparent reason.

“Are you okay?” asks Matthew, right before catching me halfway to falling down on the floor.

“I-I don’t know...”

My head is spinning and I’m sure I can’t go any further on my own. So, even if I’ve just met this guy, I need someone to take me home.

“Can you-can you take me home now?”

He looks concerned.

“Sure.”

He helps me stand back on my feet and goes outside, where his red car is waiting for him. As we enter the car, he keeps gazing at me, hesitatingly. I know what his question is, but I’m not going to tell him about what happened to me. So, he starts the car without saying a word. And I’m thankful for that.

“So, ‘The Catcher In The Rye’, am I right?” he says, after 10 minutes of silence.

I smile.

“Yeah, I guess you’ve already read it.”

“Twice. It’s one of my favourites.”

“Really?” I turn my head to the street. It’s really busy out here and it’s already 9 p.m.

“Yeah, it’s actually a funny story. When I was 15, I had a...”

But I can’t listen to him, because, right when the green light appears, Matthew presses the accelerator and, without realizing it, another car comes from the right.

For a second, all I can hear is discord of noise: horns hooting desperately, bursting wheels, screaming, breaking glass, and crushed metal.

Then silence.

Complete silence.

I try to open my eyes. But I can't, because they're already opened.

And I'm looking at the red car which is completely damaged along another one. I'm looking from aside, and I can't understand what's happening to me.

Until I see *him*. Matthew. Dead.

But the ruthless truth is that I'm not even in the car. I am *near* it.

I can see people calling 911, and some even trying to approach the scene of the accident.

Blood in the car.

Death.

I am supposed to be dead. But somehow, I have survived.

Out of the blue, images from my first accident begin to sneak into my head. Actually, new images. I can remember feeling how I was dying.

"Well, you died then." A voice behind me roars, though nobody seems to notice. "In your first accident. You died. An you died now, too."

I'm almost afraid to turn my head to the other person, but in the end, I do it. And, to my amazement, it's Dr. Aethelred.

WHAT?

"Why are you here?" I'm trembling, stuttering.

"To help you understand what's happening to you, my dear. Yes, as I said, you're dead now. Just as I am. You died in this car crash. Again. And I died in a fire, in my office." He smiles, as if this conversation would be somehow amusing. "Don't you see, Rachel? I gave you those pills because you were not ready to know the whole truth, though you didn't take me seriously and threw them away. But I know that you are ready now. You're beginning to understand."

People are looking at us like we are insane, discussing things in front of a car accident. But they *see* us.

"Why am I alive now?"

"Well, to help you understand, a better question would be 'Why do I keep seeing dead people?' because, Rachel, you did see them. And no, you're not insane. Once you died for the first time, you unlocked a realm in your being that cannot ever be closed. Once you died for the first time, you started seeing these 'ghosts'. Well, you and I are also 'ghosts', but behave like persons. To answer to you next question, yes, you are going to feel numb and maybe collapse when you're going to try to remember what happened in your first car crash, because it's your first death. Also, ordinary people can see us. I'm saying ordinary people because not everyone is like us. We can die in different ways, in different times, but we never truly embrace death. "

"How long have you been dead?" I ask, though I don't know if I really want the answer.

Dr. Aethelred frowns.

"Well, I think it's been 50 years."

"Oh my- God" I say, as I begin to crumble. "This cannot be real. I'm dreaming."

"I can assure you, everything is real."

"Yes? Then what makes me special? Why am *I* alive, and not *him*?" and I showed the doctor the red car.

"You didn't want to die."

"That is not an answer!"

"No, but it is the very answer you want to hear, isn't it?"

I don't say anything. All those years, I tried to struggle. I didn't want to give up, no matter what. Deep inside, I knew that if I gave in just one time, my parents would be disappointed at me. I'd be disappointed at me. Everyone would be disappointed at me.

Then, once with my parents' death, I began to have depression. Actually, the worst kind of depression. I wouldn't speak to anyone in weeks, and being alone was good to me, it protected me. But, as rough as it looked, I still didn't want to give up. Never.

And then, I realise. I look at the crashed cars.

Maybe Dr. Aethelred is right.

My death is just the beginning of another life.

Emily sighed and said to herself: "Dragons are not as scary after all..."

Everything is not what it seems to be

STUDENT: GEORGESCU MARA

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

" B.P.HASDEU" NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Once upon a time there were two worlds: our world and another one, which was full of dragons and magic things. The human beings could pass in the magic world with a key, found at the King's Castle. The King had a daughter, Princess Emily, who was scared of dragons, because one of them tried to kill her when she was a baby. But she grew up and decided to go to the other world. The reason was clear: after the dragon tried to kill Emily, the King started a war. For 15 years the war has caused disasters and the girl decided to stop this chaos.

One day, she entered the King's room when he was travelling in the kingdom. She took the key and she said the spell. Immediately she woke up in the other world. She said to herself: "I have a few fears in life. The biggest one must disappear!". She went to the Dragon Palace and she shouted: "Everyone has to pay attention! I have one question and I also have the right to be cleared! Why do you want to kill me and my entire world?". Then, the Dragon Emperor said: "We aren't guilty! Your father destroyed our world because of a dragon which hadn't mind

enough! We put it behind bars but we didn't want to be killed. We wish to stop the war!". After this, the dragons led Emily to her world.

After this, the war stopped and the humans and the dragons became friends. It was difficult for Emily to adapt to the new world, but not impossible, because she made new friends: the dragons. Emily sighed and said to herself: "Dragons are not so scary after all".

"FIGHTING DRAGONS"

STUDENTS: CIRSTOIU VLAD

DOROBANTU MIRIANA

CLASS VIII

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

" B.P.HASDEU" NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Far away in an old castle
In a tall and lonely tower
Gorgeous lady was locked inside
Having to spend her days alone,
Tired of trying to escape.
"I tell you, there is no way out",
Nashor, the dragon king said,
Guaranteeing to save her.

Dragons and more dragons appeared
Risking their lives to help her
A small dragon got into the castle
Grabbing the keys and
Opening the door.
Nothing can be better than a
Super happy ending...

THE WITCH
STUDENT: FULOP IRINA

CLASS VIII

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

On a stool, near the window, sat the witch, Tabitha Evans, but everyone knew her as the Morrigan Witch. She was feared by every human or wizard and whenever her name came in a discussion, they would all tremble or look down. However, something was missing...

"Tristana! We'll have to leave in a few minutes. You'd better start getting ready; you know I hate being late!" shouted Tabitha, staring at the city beneath her eyes.

"Of course ma'am! We won't be late, I promise!" the other voice shouted back, but this time a kinder one.

The two witches lived in the Barmwich city, on Wand's Edge street. Barmwich was the capital of the Land of Witches and wizards, but it wasn't only for dark and evil, it was also the home of pure and light magic. Tristana and Tabitha ran the best potion store you could find in the whole world, as it was always crowded.

The witch let out a sigh and she got up the stool, fixing her long dress and her pointed hat. Two bottles filled with colorful potions and a slim oak wand were strongly tied to her belt and her long red hair fell in waves on her back and shoulders. Tabitha was tall and slim with two pink eyes and long and pointed ears.

Just then, a short creature entered the room. It was a yordle, a creature half human and half animal. This one had white sparkling fur with a messy blonde hairstyle and two large green eyes. Her hairy ears were coming out beneath her witch hat that fit perfectly her purple dress. She was carrying a cauldron as big as her head with her tiny hands with leather gloves. "Tristana, there you are! Now get on your broom and let's go." said Tabitha. "Sure thing, miss!" the yordle replied and the two of them flew away.

They arrived at an old and shattered mansion and put their brooms in the cauldron so they wouldn't have to carry them around. The two of them entered and every witch turned their gaze that direction. As always, whispers started filling the atmosphere, but our witches didn't seem bothered. "Look who arrived! Greetings Morrigan!" a dark-haired witch said. "Long time no see, Bertholt! What was so important to suddenly call us here?" replied Tabitha. "Well, we found out about a mirror, The Persona Mirror! It is said to be created by gods and to grant only one wish to anyone who demands it. The witch who brings it to me will take my place as the Ruler of Witches!" said the man smiling. "Where is it then?" asked Tristana curious. "Deep, in the Asgard Mountains.... Only the strongest can get it!"

After thinking a while, The Morrigan finally spoke: "We'll do it.". The man turned his gaze to her and said: "Good luck then!" And he vanished.

When they arrived on Wand Edge street, they had already started making plans. "Find a book about the Asgard Mountains. I will find a few things and we are leaving as soon as possible." demanded Tabitha. The witch ran to the attic where she found a purple potion. As she drank it,

her body started changing: she had human ears, pink started coloring her cheeks and her eyes were brighter. She looked in the mirror for a few seconds, seeing that she looked.... alive. However, there was no time. The girl took two handbags and filled them with everything she thought it was important to take on this mission. Suddenly, Tristana came into the room and said:

"Here it says that on 23 May the Mountains open up for the ones who are worthy."

"That means..... in 13 days from now!"

"I think we have enough time."

It was evening when they left the clothing store and flew away from the city. They looked just like two wizard travelers.

The two witches flew all night until the next day they stopped in a forest. The sight was wonderful. Everywhere you were looking was pure life and joy, the flowers were blooming in extraordinary colors and the trees were like young soldiers.

Suddenly, they heard a scream for help. They ran to where it was coming from and saw a person standing in front of a bear. Tabitha cast a spell and the animal ran away in the blink of an eye. The man was tall, with light brown hair and red eyes. In his hands he held a wand.

"Thank you! You saved my life!" He said.

"Excuse me. Who are you?" asked the yordle.

"My name is Leslie Orlem! What about you?"

"I'm Tabitha Evans and she is Tristana. What are you doing here?"

"Well.... I ran away from home and I got lost."

"Good luck finding your way back then! We have to go." spoke Tristana.

"No, please! Let me come with you. I know these places very well."

The two witches looked at each other and after a few seconds, the taller one said:

"Fine. But if you're holding us back you're by yourself."

"Of course! Thank you! Where are we going then?"

"We're going to the Asgard Mountains. We are searching for something."

"Really? But be aware of the God of Speed, Savitar. When the mountains open up to the ones who are worthy, he'll also be around."

"How do you know that? That isn't written in any book."

"My grandma used to tell me goodnight stories about him and the Persona Mirror. You want it, don't you?"

"Kind of..."

"I'll help you! I know a thing or two about getting it..."

The day ended fast and when the moon was rising, Tabitha and Leslie were talking around the campfire, as the yordle was already asleep.

"Why did you run away from home, Leslie?"

"I lived in a noble family and I am the youngest brother... I've always been the clumsiest one too. The only one who saw something in me was my grandma, but when she died... It felt like I was completely alone. So-"

"That's why you ran away. I'm sorry... for your loss. When I was a little girl, I used to live in a wizard family. But one night, I heard a sound and I ran downstairs. When I went to look for my parents, they were already..."

"I'm so sorry Tabitha.... It must have been really hard. Well, at least we have something in common."

"Yeah..."

With the time passing, they became greater friends and found out more about each other. Each day, they went through a city to get more supplies. But the 13th day had come and they were already at the Mountains. They were scared but also curious about what was going to happen. As they were climbing the rocks, they saw a lightning striking the very top.

"It must be Savitar. He is the one that opens up the mountains!" said Leslie.

They stepped on the top and saw the mirror floating above a golden statue in the shape of a hand.

"Long time no see, Tabitha. Or should I call you the Morrigan?" an altered voice said.

"Th-The M-morrigan? What are you talking about? You are Savitar, aren't you?" said Leslie scared.

"Oh, right. You lied to him, didn't you?"

"Leave her alone!" screamed Tristana.

"Oh? Are you going to fight me? Just how your parents did... Sad, isn't it?"

"You killed my parents! It was only you! Why?!" shouted the witch.

The God was laughing as he disappeared and reappeared in the blink of an eye, taking down the two witches. Only after that, Leslie said:

"You might be a god, but without your power you are worthless!"

Then, he took the Mirror and Savitar was struck by lightning and only his armor was left behind.

"Thank you, Leslie. I'm so sorry-" Tabitha tried to explain.

"You lied to me.... About you being the Morrigan? I.... don't need anything anymore. You can take this to your Ruler now, without me."

He handed them the mirror and and looked away: "Goodbye." And the two witches flew away on their brooms. When they arrived, the smiling man was waiting for them. "Nice job, girls. Now hand it to me!"

"What do you need it for?" Tristana asked.

"Oh, you little girls. If I will use this, the whole world will burn! While you become the Ruler of some poor witches, I will be the Lord of this whole world!" he said with an evil look.

Just then, someone teleported behind him. "You won't be able to do that." the person said and cast a spell. When the dark haired man fell on the ground, the mirror broke into a thousand pieces.

"Leslie, I thought you left us..."

"I love you, Tabitha. Even if you're the Morrigan, that doesn't change my feelings for you.

"I... love you too, Leslie."

Years have passed from that day. Tabitha and Leslie are now married and Tristana is the Ruler of the witches. The Morrigan finally disappeared.

I'm begging...

**STUDENT: SOLCA MIHAELA
CLASS VIII**

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

I'm begging for
A look at your shadow in the sunlight.
Can you see the wings floating behind your back?
My hands are barely touching
Your eyes, my eyes
Your neck, my neck
Your lips, my lips.....
I'm not an angel- I'm not a demon

Words are useless

I feel my knees trembling
I shut my mouth. Words are useless
And every inch of me is being thrown into the dark .
I breathe faster and faster,
Trying to decide if I'm alive or not,
Am I?
I scream to the shadows,
I touch the wind's blow. My heart is a timekeeper,
With every beat I'm going to die
Where am I now?

SPRING AND SNOWDROP'S STORY

Student: Drucea Andreea-Mădălina , 12th Grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana-Adina

“ M.Eminescu” National College , Buzău

At first he didn't believe that she truly existed, but he was wrong...Every year he would wait for her without knowing who she was, only knowing that she came heralding a new beginning, nature's revival, filling people's hearts with ardour and love. She was not to be seen, but her immaterial presence was a divine gift that only a few people could enjoy.

One year he worriedly realised that she was delayed, he began to wonder and to wander about looking for her, but his questions received no answer and his quest was in vain. Then he set out to bring her back from wherever she might have been hiding, to find the love and ardour that people's souls were longing for.

He went to the deep forest and there he came across a painting made of ice, a cruel and menacing image that was to haunt him for years, frozen smiles against a background of indifference. Around the painting there were little helpless creatures and trees with shyly budding leaves and tiny flowers struggling to raise their heads. And there was also a very beautiful girl there, with scared eyes, standing on a blanket of snow, as if waiting for him. As he was approaching her she glanced at him with hope, asking him to save her from the realm of snow.

When their eyes met he was over the moon, he seemed to be a different person and when he took her hands into his a warm wave of confidence and hope spread out to her. Once stepping on the blanket of snow, he heard Nature's voice whispering to him that if he agreed to turn into a flower he would always be allowed to accompany that beautiful girl, all round the year. He eagerly accepted and petals of snow enveloped his face and his tall body was now clad in green leaves, he became a slender flower endowed with the magic power of defeating snow and his name was to be Snowdrop from then on.

As they both started on their way back the trees to life, the flowers turned into a song of colour and the snow thawed away slowly, a little bit ashamed. Ever since then, every year, he has been her knight and her lover, he has been Snowdrop, and she has been Spring. Ever since then, there have been people trying to live the same love story, to make it an everlasting spring.

Strange landings

STUDENT: VALEANU ANA

CLASS IX H

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

.....

After sharing another look, they were ready to find an explanation for what happened there. Julian asked her what was the last thing she remembered doing in 1999.

"I don't know. I was with my friends I think...Yes. I remember staying at a table with three of my best friends. It was the birthday of one of them. After that I remember that I stood up and left, as it was pretty late and I had go to work in the morning." she said

"Is that all? There must be something else."

"Oh...I was walking down the empty streets around my house and then a woman came to me out of nowhere."

"The woman! What did she look like?"

"She was old with icy white hair and blue eyes. It was like you could see the sky in them. And her clothes were ripped and dirty, very poor looking. I was feeling bad for her, so I asked if she needed anything."

"I SAW THAT WOMAN, TOO!" he screamed. " I was in my living room and when I looked through the big window I saw her. I was getting ready to leave but I stopped for a couple of seconds, like I got lost in the universe reflected in her eyes."

"She must be the reason we're here! She's some kind of witch or something! I'm sure she's the one to make everything back to normal." the girl said.

"Yes! But how are we going to find her?"

He couldn't even finish the sentence properly, and they heard a low voice talking to them, calling them, making them even more confused.

They both looked in that direction and they saw her. That creepy woman was standing there and watching them. They started asking her to bring them back to normal, to get them

home, even though they were scared. But all she did was glare at them.

Julian and the girl took a step back, slowly, while holding their hands, as she was raising her arm, with a mysterious smile on her small, wrinkly face.

A bright light blinded both of them, making them dizzy. Julian opened his eyes and looked around. It was a very familiar place: his living room. The girl did the same. She was standing in front of her house in Los Angeles.

They were back to their normal lives, but they still didn't have an answer to their biggest question: "Why did all of this happen? And how? "

THE GOLDEN VICTORY

Student: Negoită Mariana-Diana, 12th Grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana-Adina

“M. Eminescu” National College, Buzău

“As a woman I have no country.

As a woman I want no country.

As a woman my country is the whole world.”

(Virginia Woolf)

There comes a time when we feel dissatisfied with what we are, we think that we have achieved nothing in our lives, we blame ourselves and we refuse to see a ray of hope. There's nothing unusual, all people have experienced these moods, but some people have trusted themselves and they have succeeded. My story is about such a person, it is actually about a girl, Dora, stronger in spiritual terms than any man that you will ever meet.

Long time ago, in gloomy times, when the war was in full swing and starvation and cruelty were ruling the world, there lived a monk with a heart of gold. He lived in a hut situated on the highest mountain in the land, but this thing didn't stop him from coming down to the downtrodden people and feeding their children. Nobody knew where he had taken the food from and some

people said that he was a quack and those who ate his bread would be cursed, but the monk still took care of the poor children.

Once, while returning from the village, driven by a strange feeling, he made a detour and he climbed the other side of the mountain, praying to get home safely. Although it was very difficult, he decided to continue his way on this steep slope. While he was walking to his house, a strange noise mysteriously drew him near a crag. The old man approached it and saw a fragile body trembling like a leaf and two black tearful eyes that looked at him praying for help. The monk didn't hesitate, he took the child and continued his way, trudging on. After a long time, they arrived at the old man's house, where the rescuer spent three days with the child, taking care of her wounds. When the kid came back to her senses, she looked with fear into the man's eyes. The child told the monk why she had been in the mountains on that day: "I'm Dora, the daughter of the chief of this village. My parents were killed two weeks ago and I was taken hostage by those who have inflicted all these misfortunes." With tears in her eyes and a trembling voice, Dora continued: "I was beaten everyday and I was given only a little piece of bread daily with some water. One day, one of those who had to guard me came to me and decided that he would help me to run away." Her tears trickled down, leaving visible traces: "I listened to him and I managed to escape. I ran to the forest, but I was afraid so I climbed the mountain hoping to find a house, a shelter on my way. I climbed for a long time, I don't know for how long, until I felt that my life was about to end. I sat down on a rock but my body wouldn't listen to me, so I decided to lie on the ground, to die on the ground, on that ground where I had danced when I was a little girl, on the land which I loved so much, on the ground where my parents had died. I heard a loud noise, I saw someone approaching, I felt when you took me in your arms and then, NOTHING... When I thought that I was with my parents, I woke up here, with you. Don't look at me in this way, I know I look like a child, but I'm 16 years old, thank you for saving me, but you should let me go to my family, to the other world." Dora's words remained suspended in the air which had turned into a little cloud because of her quick breath.

The monk, pondering on the last things she had said, whispered a few words: "You should know that there is a time for all. The time will inevitably come when you die and you see your parents again, but not today. If you had not escaped, if you hadn't been afraid of the forest and if an instinct hadn't driven me to find you, then the time of your death might have come, but it seems that life has plans with you. Nothing happens by chance, not in this world, not in these moments."

Days passed by and Dora became more attracted to this place. One day, determined to find out what life had in store for her, she went to the monk and asked him to tell her the truth about this world. "I knew you're a smart girl", said the monk. "I've been waiting for over 50 years for you to come to me. I know it's hard to believe, but I'm one of the Liberators, one of the Peace-Makers. Two hundred years ago, an ancestor of ours saw that the world was getting worse and worse, so he set up an organization dealing with peace. When I turned 18, I left my home, I went all over the world in hope of finding someone like you, and 17 years ago, I came here, in this place that

was wonderful as people lived in peace, they were untouched by hate or greed. A couple of months ago, the son of a very rich man wanted more power, much more than he could have, he ordered attacks from your village and then I knew that from this little place the next Peace Warrior would rise. Throughout time there have been several Peace Warriors who have returned love to people's souls. Dora, you haven't died because your mission is to help people. I'm not going to force you, but if you accept I will train you to bring peace back.

"I have nothing to lose, I will do that!" Suddenly, a glimmer appeared in the old man's eyes as he knew that the girl's decision would be the element that would tip the balance. Days passed, turning into weeks, and all this time, the girl was trained by the wise monk. One morning she woke up early and going outdoors, her attention was drawn by a crimson landscape: the sun was preparing to rise with its light and heat going to spread over helpless people who didn't dare to raise their heads, to fight for their rights. At that time, in her soul there was a fire, an unexplainable power, something that would motivate her: the desire to avenge her parents, the confidence that tomorrow would be better, brighter and joyful.

From that moment, she knew she would succeed! The tiresome, tough training continued and she was becoming more motivated, and even though fatigue overwhelmed her, the flame inside her was still burning due to her parents' memory.

At the end of training, the monk called her and told her: "You're ready! Tomorrow at sunrise, over 100 people will rebel and you will lead them. Therefore, please listen, your name is not suitable for your steel-like character. I know Dora means gold, precious love, it also means missing somebody dearly in the mother tongue of a far-away people, the descendants of the mighty Romans, but a resounding name, a name like Victoria, would be more suitable for the warrior you have turned into. If you agree, we just need to wait for sunrise." She said nothing, just smiled. She liked that name, it gave her more power, the desire to win at all costs. This name was meant to be hers!

Before the sunrise, they were ready to fight: they didn't have many weapons, but they had faith and trust that they would succeed and their slavery would end. Climbing down the mountain, they heard shouts for revolt as, finally, people were determined to fight for freedom. Victoria and the monk met Resistance leaders and they made a plan. So, after several hours during which all people had fought very hard, the Resistance members stealthily surrounded the house where the person who had done so much harm was hiding cowardly. Victoria felt her eyes turn red because of her anger, but things learned from the old man helped her to calm down. According to their plan, Victoria caught the killer right on his territory, she found him resigned, with a strange smile on his pale face. She looked him in the eyes and she saw something that she had never seen before, a combination of despair and hatred, but no hint of regret. Not hesitating, she stabbed his heart without knowing that was somehow a favour for him: persons like him see life as a nightmare, they hurt people just for fun and at some point they get bored and choose to die.

And so killing that evil man put an end to the revolt, people's life was normal again, although there had been many who had sacrificed themselves for their families, who were then mourning them. The monk left, proud of Victoria and happy that he had fulfilled a part of his lifelong mission. Victoria became the heroine of a nation, a nation that would remain forever united, a nation made up of people who had discovered what being and fighting together means. Victoria succeeded, having confidence, not being afraid to discover her strength, allowing sunlight to keep her hope alive.

There is a warrior in all of us, waiting to be discovered, a warrior who defines us and makes us better! We must look at the sky and be convinced that our time will come, the time when our voice can be heard... TRUST YOURSELF!

The Tomboy and the Beast

STUDENT: Gheorghe Laura, CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Once upon a time there was a family who lived near a forest. The father was a ranger and the mother was taking care of their garden. They had two daughters: Emily, a 16-year-old ginger, and Anne, who was only 5 years old. In the last year many children disappeared strangely in the forest so this family lived in fear, trying to keep the girls away from that mysterious place.

‘Anne, don’t go there! You don’t want to be eaten by the old dragon’ said Mom whenever she approached the fence looking at the dark woods.

‘Is there a real dragon?’

‘Of course it is. Do you think that I’ve invented all of these?’

‘That’s what Emily says.’

‘Well, you know you shouldn’t listen to her. She sometimes tries to trick you.’

One day, while Emily was helping her father cutting the wood, Mom came to them, looking very worried.

‘Have you seen Anne?’ she asked them with tears in her eyes.

‘No’ said Emily. ‘I mean, I saw her about two hours ago. She was playing in the garden.’

‘Have you repaired that hole in the fence?’ she asked Dad.

‘No... I would like to repair it after I have finished here.’

He threw the axe and ran towards the garden. Mom started to cry.

‘I’ll go and search her in the forest. Emily, stay with your mom, please. That’s all you can do for now.’

He kissed her forehead and entered the forest.

It had been a long night. Emily couldn’t sleep at all. She just watched her mother cry. Her blue eyes were also filled with tears and sometimes she ran her fingers through her curly hair or played with it. She was very beautiful but she didn’t like to show it. She was often called ‘tomboy’ by her friends because she would rather play with other boys from the village or fight with wooden swords. She couldn’t even remember the last time she wore a dress.

In the morning, Dad returned but he couldn’t find Anne.

‘Emily, don’t do anything foolish, please.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘You know exactly what I mean. Stay away from the forest!’

‘I never thought of going there by myself, papa!’ she said, trying to defend herself.

However, she thought that she had to do something and that was probably the best way to forget her mistakes.

So she waited until everyone went to sleep. She took her father’s sword and went into the woods with the moon joining her. She could hear scary noises and she could see strange lights but kept walking until she started to feel tired. She sat down under a tree with the sword in her hand and she closed her eyes.

Hardly had she fallen asleep when she was woken up by a noise coming from the air. It sounded as if a huge bird crossed the sky. Emily rose and what she saw amazed and scared her.

‘No – It can’t be possible!’

But it was. An enormous black dragon with sparkling eyes and sharp teeth was standing in front of her. Emily was petrified. When she realised what was happening she screamed and threw stones at the beast.

‘Child, stop it! Ouch! It hurts! Calm down! STOP!’

And then the dragon roared so loud that Emily fell on her knees, terrified.

‘I’m sorry, child! I didn’t mean to frighten you. Please come with me!’

‘Come with you? And then what, eat me like you ate my sister?’

‘Eat you up? Oh dear, who told you these stories? Dragons eat humans, dragons are bad, dragons bring death... Really, people should stop offending us!’

‘Wait... What?!’

‘Come with me, Emily. I’ll get you to your sister.’

‘How do you know my name?’

‘That’s not a big deal. You should wonder how I can talk to you.’

They started walking.

‘Are you the only dragon?’

‘The only dragon? Ha ha! Dear, I think that we are more than the human kind. That’s probably because we live for about 200 years.’

‘Oh... That’s... um... something.’

‘Tell me... do you believe in prophecies?’

‘No’ she answered.

‘But you also didn’t believe in dragons... and yet here you are, walking alongside a real one. Right now, you’re still thinking that you’re dreaming.’

‘How do you know that?’

‘Dragons are not just animals... we are wiser than you think... Except Bob. He’s an idiot.’

‘Who’s Bob?’

‘My brother.’

‘Oh, what a wonderful relationship of brotherhood!’

‘So you don’t believe in prophecies. But what if I told you I already knew you were going to come here? You are destined to be the one who will save your village from the attack of the migrant population that will arrive here tomorrow night.’

‘Wait... What?!’

‘You heard me.’

‘How am I supposed to save them if I don’t even know how to fight?’

‘You think so? Wars are not won with physical strength, no, but with wisdom. Wielding a weapon is not as important as creating a good strategy... And here I am, at your service.’

They arrived at a glade with a small river and lots of flowers. She could hear women singing – they were fairies, goddesses of nature, who were playing with children.

‘That’s Roy! He disappeared two months ago. And that’s Sabrina!’

‘And that’s Anne’ said the dragon.

‘Anne!’ shouted Emily and ran to hug her. She started to cry, happy that she could hold her sister in her arms again.

‘Is she the girl?’ one of the fairies asked.

‘Yes, she is’ answered the dragon.

‘So why have you been taking children away from their families?’ said Emily.

‘To protect them. I believe that they are completely innocent and they shouldn’t be put in danger.’

‘How can you be sure that the villagers will believe me when I tell them about what will happen?’

‘They’ll call me crazy in the best case. They’ll probably exile me for being some kind of lunatic or something like that. I need something, or someone, to prove my story right!’

In that moment, the dragon realised what she was getting at.

‘Oh, no. No! Don’t look at me like that! I’m a dragon, not some piece of evidence!’

‘Please! I can’t do it without you. If they annoy you, you can spit fire, remember?’

‘No, I can’t do that, tomboy. Civilized dragons don’t do that. It’s rude.’

‘Just for making a point. Please...’

‘Fine, I’ll do it. Come on, we have to hurry!’

Emily and Anne climbed on the dragon's back and they flew above the pines until they arrived in the village. When they saw the beast people started to scream and panicked but Emily managed to calm them and then she explained the situation.

'We must deceive them. Our main disadvantage is that we are outnumbered. However, we could trick them. They are coming from the East so tonight they'll go through the Foggy Forest. That's where we'll 'attack'. We'll 'dress' the trees so that they look like warriors. They will think that we are too many so some of them will run away. The dragon and I will take care of the rest. Now let's get to work!'

The night came and they were prepared. The enemy's army was marching through the forest. As Emily had planned, many of them decided to retreat. The commander shouted at the soldiers that remained to stay on their position and be brave.

'My friend, now it's time to be rude' said Emily to the dragon.

He roared so loud the trees bent down and the warriors started to dither. Then he would spit fire and Emily and the fairies came in front of them and challenged them to fight but they all ran away scared.

'It seems like they have been defeated by women' said one of the fairies.

'Pay attention' said the dragon. 'Women and a tomboy.'

Emily and the dragon returned to the village where they were welcomed with cheers and hugs. But the dragon had to leave.

'Do you really want to go away?' said Emily, deeply saddened.

'Yes. But I'm not really leaving. You know that I stay in the forest, so I don't have lots of visitors.'

'I know that we barely know each other, but I will miss you so much!'

She hugged him and watched as he was flying away.

The unexpected gift

STUDENT: VALEANU ANA

CALASS IX H

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

" B.P.HASDEU" NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

Opal Adams is a young woman who lives in Liverpool, England. It was a beautiful summer day, when she decided to go shopping. The sun was shining in the sky, with only a few clouds that were just an extra element to the image.

Her best friend's birthday was in a couple of hours, but she still didn't buy her a present. She rushed into the mall and entered her friend's favourite store. Opal began to look through the

shelves full of clothes. She wanted to find the perfect gift, but so far nothing seemed to like her.

Suddenly, the girl heard a noise. It was like something was hitting the floor and the wall really hard. And then she saw how some clothes on the hanger shook. Opal went there and looked through the clothing items, curious to see what it was.

A huge fish was battling behind the shelf. She dragged it somewhere where she could see it better and then she looked at it confused. She had many questions in her mind, but where could she ask them? How did that fish get there? How was it that nobody heard it? But then she realised that the time was passing and she didn't buy any present.

The craziest idea came to her. What if she gave her friend the fish? Yes, it wasn't the fanciest gift, but it was definitely unique and she would give anything to see Maddy's reaction. So she did it.

It was time to go to the party. She showed up at her best friend's door with some flowers in one hand, and the fish in the other one. And for sure, Madeline's face when she saw it was priceless.

The legend of the stars

Dogaru Ioana,

CLASS XII C

TEACHER: MARINESCU ROCSANA

“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

The colours started to fade as night was coming. In a humble small cottage in the countryside, little John was peering through the window at the skeleton-like trees, when the familiar voice of his grandmother reached his ear: ‘Now that winter has come, I have plenty of

time to help you discover the incredible stories of our forefathers. What do you think, are you ready to enter a world of glory and war?’

The truth is, John was always longing for legends and stories, he was wondering every time if those things had happened in the real life, so he found his grandma’s company pleasant, as she satisfied his permanent need of fiction. ‘Fiction is the beautiful side of the world, but adults never understand it’, he thought.

Considering this, you can imagine now his joy when he heard her words. ‘But of course!...’.

‘Our story begins thousands of years ago, when Odin, the great god, was envious of one of our ancestors, Harold. Indeed, he was a brave man, but what made him even stronger was his dog, Kerberos. It wasn’t an ordinary dog at all: he could take him all over the world in just one second. So, once upon a time, when the gods stole rain from humans, the courageous Harold planned to travel with his dog to the skies. He succeeded in saving the world and people cherished him because of his noble heart. You understand how awfully angry Odin was. He saw fire around him and decided to punish the innocent man who had fought for the entire mankind.

One day, as Harold was sleeping in a cave, the lightning struck Kerberos, who disappeared suddenly. The gods brought him to the sky and transformed him into a constellation, which you can see right now if you look carefully at the window. But the tragedy is that the animal carried a part of Harold’s soul, so the poor man became mad and died soon, hated by people, who had forgotten all the things he had done for them.’

John was amazed. He gazed at the shining stars. Then, a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the river.

A Strange journey

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“ B.P.HASDEU” NATIONAL COLLEGE BUZAU

The empirical view of the blank piece of earth would drive us all crazy if there wasn't something in our brains that would make the body stop and let the frozen wind build our little universe as if we were in a spectacular empty world or as if we were an endless biological transformation of the universe.

I was in a car, made of no matter what material, placed no matter where, when every word I wrote before was covering my mind. I was cold and my brain must have been frozen just the way the window was frozen and I could only see a vulgar crowd of people that was spoiling the pure snow.

Somehow I got out of the car and realised I was pushed through the snow by a strange red fluid that was flooding my body. The trees were strangely moving and soon I was covering the silent snow that was melting endlessly. The furious sky was trying to cover me and there was no way out. I closed my eyes and a funny obsessive melody was confusing me. The pressure of a hand was dipping me into the snow, that was the visual image of the clouds.

Snow, depression, nothing, a blank space, everything under the snow and the skin that started to become liquid when the light reached the snow and a painful reflection blinded me.

The car started to move and of course, the snow tried to stop it, but the power of man won. I left behind the white universe, the power that set me free and my bones broke and my blood disappeared and I was one with the black trees, with the white snow, with the grey sky with the nothingness.

A silent memory hit me and the explosion of a spotless mind started to imagine the road that ended in the middle of the bright vibration of the land that ended up dazzling me. The impossibility of the adaptation in a small place makes the water bury everything and clean the world.

But we would notice some spots. These are what we made of a powerful demonstration of expression, we spoiled it. "Just lie down and let it bury you", says a voice and the music starts to play and it is confusing me and it is drawing a strange line that becomes a circle and the car stops again.

Flower power

The most eccentric person I have ever met is a man. For some people, he might be a freak or "the man who acknowledges to everyone", but for me, he is the flower – power man. I met him last year but I have never talked to him. He is that kind of person who does not care about the others. Most of the people think he might be crazy and they talk behind his back. I am sure he was able to hear some of them, but he went on strolling as if nothing happened.

I admire him. He is brave. His clothes are really strange. Once, I saw him wearing a big red hat and a T – shirt "full of flowers". I do not know how, but people know when you are different. It is not about the clothes you wear, it is not about the words you say, it is not even about the body language, even they pretend this all about. It is about our spirit and if you cannot put it in a cage and offer it to the society, then they do not like you. But why is this man eccentric? The word "eccentric" would mean nothing if this man had not a free spirit or if everyone had set their soul free.

I have never seen him frown. He seems so full of life that sometimes I think this world is perfect. I used to stare at him, because no matter what you do, he makes you want to look at him, but now I understood that made him different or eccentric. One day I followed him, and all I could find out about him is that he is a normal person and we are the freaks.

He is the most eccentric person I have ever met, because this is what society says he is. He is just a tall, happy man. He is a child put into an adult's body. It is very pleasant to talk about him, because I feel like he is the only one who realised what is wrong and he needs to fix it. The clothes are not important, as I said, but he really is and who we think he is.

Memoirs

What if we go to The Empire State Building? Maybe life is different up there, maybe a change of perspective could change our whole world.

I see these streets that you walk on every day and I think there is nothing more beautiful. Step by step, anyway, someone's watching you, you take a breath and you move on, then you see a dog and a homeless, they look happy together even if they have nothing, you realise that you have nothing and that they have everything you do not have. When you get back home, you go to your room and you find out that your room has never been so cold and so tidy, you hate that... You start to put some clothes on you in order to warm up your body but you are freezing. That clean room cannot be yours, you do not want it, so you start throwing those clothes that you have just put on you, then realise that you have a window, but you are not going to see what is going on outside, you just cover it with your curtains and turn up the light, there is your face: it is painfully white, your eyes look tired, your hands are still cold. There is a tear coming up from your left eye, but you hold it back, not for long, because tears start to fall, but you do not care, do you?

One hour later, you are lying on the floor, tears are drying on your cheeks, on your lips, even inside you and you feel hopeless, but a better human.

This is it. The past and the present overlap in our life and the thought about the future comes very rarely, because we are too busy with what is going on.

If walls could speak...

STUDENT: Dogaru Ioana

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A ghost-like silhouette is moving through an enormous hall with images depicting the cruel countenance of noble men and women who seem to look oddly similar in some indefinite way; at each step, the golden ornaments of the dress in which she is clad glimmer, only for a moment, in the large Venetian mirrors. Everything here is a sign of luxury, but this has suddenly become so meaningless.

Now, the young lady is anxiously mounting the winding staircase, repeating to herself that it cannot be true. No, her father, the king, cannot have condemned to death the only person that was meant for her. She has reached the top of the donjon, desperately trying not to weep, but in vain. Anyway, the breath-taking view of the realms brings back a little peace in her soul: it's the landscape of childhood. The same sun-kissed meadows, surrounded by hills covered with deep woods. Only the mildly flowing river reminds her that life goes by.

Many feet away underneath her, in an utterly frightful dungeon, a young prisoner full of remorse has the very same thoughts. In the almost complete darkness, he can only distinguish the shape of his so-called bed and an eternally closed door. All of a sudden, he manages to perceive

a rusty metallic object, and an idea crosses his mind. With his last forces, he scratches on the dull stone walls a symbol of love, so that they will bear forever the traces of passion.

After one hour of strolling along the ruins of Pontefract Castle, I have eventually come across a peculiar sign on the wall which must have belonged to the ancient cellars. But who would think of drawing a heart in such a place of dread and terror?

My hand is gently touching the curved lines. Just like another one, the hand of a princess, did centuries ago.

