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BUZAU

HISTORY AND STORIES

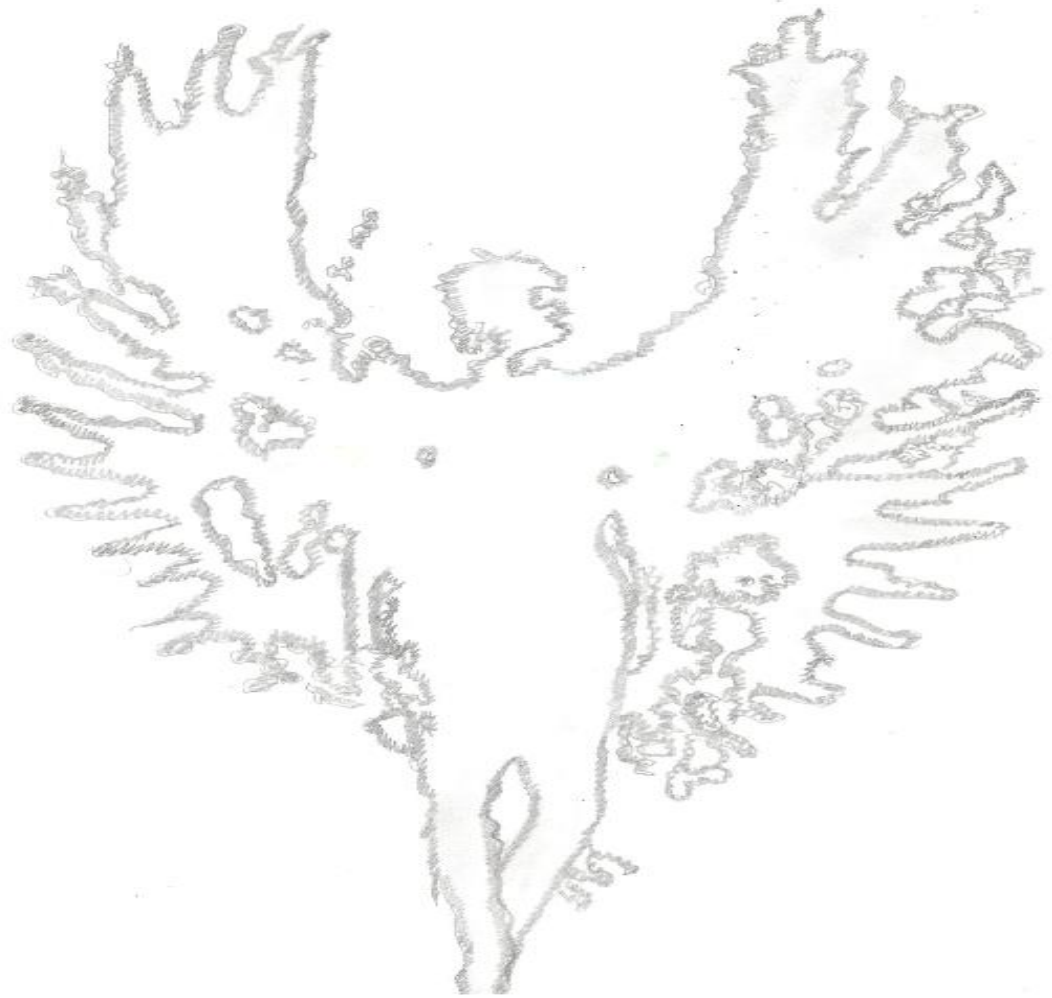
**CREATIVITY SEEMS TO BE AN ENIGMATIC ASPECT OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE...WHETHER IT IS OFTEN DIFFICULT TO IDENTIFY WHAT IT IS THAT DRIVES THIS IMPULSE AND THE ELEMENT THAT INSPIRES AN ARTIST'S WORK, AS FAR AS STUDENTS ARE CONCERNED, THEY SHOULD ALWAYS START BY TRAINING TO BECOME IMAGINATIVE.**

**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. CALOLIAN LILIANA, ANDREI LAVINIA,  
IONESCU GABRIEL**



A Bright and Painful Experience

Cristian Ioniță,

***Grade 9 F,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

I had the strangest dream last night. I can't express in simple words the weird feelings I had during my slumber.

It started vividly, with me, lying on a hill covered in grass and pebbles. I was staring deeply into the darkness of the sky, admiring its celestial beauty. Suddenly, it felt like the time was passing way too fast. Within seconds, the sun began to rise and the landscape became blinding. But, as the light became more and more intense, it felt like the sky was falling over me. The sky started pushing me with a monumental amount of pressure. The whole dream, while surreal, started to become more and more intense and painful.

When this acute feeling reached its peak, I suddenly woke up from the nightmare I was stuck in. I was both confused and elated but, after I realized it was just a dream, I began to calm down. To this day, the meaning of such a dream has been still a mystery which I was unable to solve.

The most intriguing part was the intensity of the pain, which made this nightmare incredibly atrocious. That night, I had a feeling that something not pleasant was going to happen.

***Teodora Gîscă,***

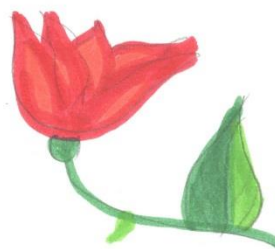
***Grade 10 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Roczana Marinescu***

## YOU MAKE ME LIVE

There's no better lust  
Than the one that with trust  
I embrace whenever you  
Promise to bring me the moon  
The moon seems so much  
For such a hurt soul  
So I asked you to just touch  
My heart as hot as lit coal.  
The hotness of me reminded you  
Of what once hurt true.  
It was the beauty of loss  
The beauty of the rose  
The rose was the love of us  
Which I did not understand  
But then came darker days  
That made my happiness end.  
Everyday I miss your light  
And the way you move  
In the shine of the moon at night  
Whenever you feel my love.  
Your eyes remind me of the sun  
And how they shine bright  
In the darkest afternoon  
When I'm left with no light  
Whenever I see the sun rise  
There comes another hope  
That you'll come tell me lies  
That will cut the rope.  
You make me live.



*Andrei Sin, Diana Tulin, Maria Grigore*

*Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

## **Far away...**

**F**ar far away

**I**n a different dark galaxy

**G**argoyles and Gryphons were

**H**aving a terrible war before the humans had appeared.

**T**racking one day the Gryphons, the Gargoyles

**I**mmediately attacked them on their peaceful planet.

**N**ear Terra, our present day blue planet,

**G**argoyles won the terrifying war, the cruelest till now, after hundreds of fights and attacks.

**D**rowning in the blue and endless ocean

**R**udolf was hopeless and was crying in the middle of the waters

**A**s he was begging for unbelievable help

**G**rove, the red dragon, preyed

**O**n him, suddenly with hard -felt claws.

Next day, he woke up in the large den of Grove, which was  
Surprisingly waiting for his delicious breakfast with his happy family.

**Beautiful cherry blossom**

**Andreea-Ioana Bucur , Grade 9 F,**

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

This year the cherry tree is full of fruit

I don't know how the cherry tree has grown in our garden

Today I can see new blossom...

I lift my hand to catch the first branch

I raise it up rustling its leaves in the wind

The cherry tree laughs and I laugh too.

My time is dripping in the hourglass from the sadness of its sheer beauty.

Under the clear blue childhood sky

The beauty was common for me.

When I could make comparisons,

I discovered the beautiful place where I was born.

My time is now passing by this orchard with dreamy trees  
And it is dripping inside me in the hourglass of the lost beauty.





*Flowers 'world*

*Mihaela Zaheiu, Grade 9 H,  
B.P Hasdeu National College  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

The flowers are little survivors  
In an evil world like ours  
For them the bright sun's everything

As every breeze of wind caresses them

The flowers are moving  
Calmly and gently.  
At every drop of rain  
The flowers are blossoming

Each molecule of their structure  
Renews once again with the season  
When it's winter  
They pass away frozen.  
When spring and summer come...  
They look resplendent in their dress,

When autumn comes back here...

Their petals will be falling down

That's the circle of their life,

Their fate

The beautiful flowers

Are a blessing for us

To be the colours of earth

In the end...

There is nothing left to worry about.

***Time's passing by***

***Mihaela Zaheiu, Grade 9 F,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

Time's passing by us

I was eight years old

I was a little girl

With no worries

Just beautiful memories

I used to play the violin

And pick some dark-red roses.

Once my mom told me:

<< Believe in your dreams

Fight for them to become reality>>

Then I grew up

And everything has changed.

The world is not like I imagined

Reality is rather like a rough sea

The moving waves are nothing but my fights

And the blue is the unknown

We are drowning down into the abyss

I'm still learning about the whole meaning of life.

Soon I'll understand

And I'll be the person

That my mom wished me to be.

***I'm still here***

***Mihaela Zaheiu, Grade 9 H,***

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

Outside it was cold

I couldn't feel anything

I couldn't hear a word

In my heart it was heavily raining

My arteries were freezing...

I spent the entire night

Thinking about how you left me

About how you took pieces of me,

Casting spells to bring you back ...

Nothing happened

But... I was losing my mind

I was no longer breathing

I was no longer a human being

My soul is still with you

Even though my body is not.



## *About how my family saved a superhero*

*Andrei Vlad Sin, Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

When I was a kid, I used to believe in superheroes that could fly or were extremely powerful. In my childhood I saw a lot of movies with them: Batman, Superman, Ironman, Spiderman and more. But my favourite one was the Kriptonian, Superman. In my opinion, he is the most powerful because he isn't from our planet. When his native planet, Krypto, destroyed itself, he was just a baby, which was sent by his father on our planet to save him from the villain general Zod. And when he grew up, he lost his adoptive father in a storm created by Zod. This event made him lose his mind and he was able to defeat his enemy. After the victory, he disappeared.

For ten years, I didn't hear a thing about him. One day, when it was my mom's birthday, me and my father decided to go skydiving and take her with us. She was so surprised and so happy. In the afternoon, she got in the chopper. At five hundred meters, they started to jump.

Suddenly, the helicopter's engine stopped. The people in that vehicle were without any doubts hopeless. I started to cry and my father called an ambulance. I couldn't imagine my mom's feelings in there.

All of a sudden, a man was just flying in the middle of the sky. We were just petrified. I thought I was dreaming, but it was real. He also smiled and waved at me.

Anyway, he flew fast towards the helicopter, after that he put himself under the chopper and brought it to safety. I jumped into that vehicle and hugged my mother as I had never done before. When we all wanted to thank him, it was too late, he was gone.

Two years later, our bank was robbed. The thieves announced us that they wanted the superman to stop them. I don't know why, but I thought it was a bait to kill our hero. While I was watching TV, I saw green rocks on a live broadcast. I was right, they wanted to hurt Superman. The green rocks are named "kriptonite". Near them our hero is powerless. He can't fly near them, he has no power.

I ran to a policeman and told him about the rocks. He didn't want to listen to me. He thought I was joking. I told the same to my father and he believed me. He always had a helicopter for critically dangerous situations. Don't mind me, it was my father's idea.

So we reached the building roof top, but it was too late for him. They locked him in a steel room. Luckily, my dad was a secret agent and he knew how to break the lock. We carried Superman into our helicopter and brought him to hospital. The robbers were also caught and the rocks were thrown into the sea.

When our hero woke up, he thanked us a lot and he said that he would return soon. When I left the hospital, in front of it, there was a huge turnout of people. We were applauded and awarded a medal and some money.

With the money we received, we built a kindergarten. Finally, when we arrived home, our beloved mother was waiting for us with a lot of food.

I just want Superman to come back, in order to ask him some questions, but I guess I have to wait until his next appearance.

### ***Deep into the woods***

***Andrei Iancu , Grade 9 F,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

I had the strangest dream last night. I was alone in the woods and it was very dark. I was wearing only a shirt and a pair of jeans and as I was looking down I noticed I was barefoot. I remember I was very nervous and I felt something on my shoulder, like a hand, but when I turned around, no one was there, though I saw a shadow disappear very quickly in darkness. I tried to follow it, but I lost its track eventually. Now I was even deeper into the spooky forest and the worst part of it all was that I was alone. I started to freak out and then I ran away as far as I could. While I was running I woke up. I was still scared and my heart was beating very fast. I wish I could never have another dream like that.



*Denisa Stelian*

*Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*



## *Christmas Eve*

**Robert Ivan, Grade 9 H,**

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

The sound of a distant train whistle could be heard in the distance. It was Christmas Eve and me together with my parents were going to the countryside by train.

It finally pulled in. I jumped on, chose my seat and started to play on dad's phone. Suddenly, I fell asleep. I was quite tired because I had written a lot of letters to Santa late in the night the day before that.

When I woke up, there was nobody in the carriage. I tried to find my parents, but all the carriages were empty. Suddenly a goblin appeared and asked me to show him the ticket.

”Who are you ? Are you the ticket inspector? ”, I asked him.

”Maybe...”

”I do not have any ticket”, I said.

”You have it in your pocket, kid. ”

I checked my pocket and I found an interesting ticket: the destination was the North Pole. I asked the goblin where we were going and he told me that I was a raffle winner and was going to visit Santa's country.

I was extremely happy. The train started to fly and accelerate and the goblin asked me again:

”Would you like some magical story ? ”

”Yes, I would ! ”

We finally reached our destination and I saw other children like me getting off.

A guide told us to stay close to each other and promised to show us the city of Santa. I was petrified. It was incredible.

I closed my eyes, and when I opened them I was in another place: my bed. It was just a dream. I got up and took a look at the calendar. There were many days till Christmas.



**Iarina Ionașcu**

*Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*



### ***Lost in Winter Wonderland***

***Irina Enăchescu ,Grade 9 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

I woke up as usual in my bed. Something felt strange that day. It was the Christmas morning, but no one was home. There were no presents under the tree and no smell of the delicious dishes that mom prepared with so much love and joy. Looking through the window, all I could see was covered in a white blanket of snow, there were no cars in the streets and no sign of life. It was like the whole city was under a spell. I could not resist and made myself a cup of hot chocolate. I left the house and admired the beautiful view that was in front of my eyes. It was so cold outside, but somehow the wonderful dance of the snowflakes made me feel warm.

I had been walking in my garden for some time when, without knowing, I started running along the streets. I realised what I was doing, I could not stop, it felt like someone was

controlling my actions. I was in the middle of no nowhere, I could barely see something in the distance, something that looked like a castle, but I was not sure.

As I was getting closer and closer, I could finally little detail of the castle. It was a huge and imposing building, made out of snow and ice. It had a unique, but at the same time majestic, architecture. I encouraged myself and entered the castle, opening the big, heavy door. I could not believe my eyes: everything looked so interesting and, as I was expecting, everything was made of snow and ice. Continuing my journey, I started looking for people, there had to be at least one person, I couldn't be alone here.

I entered a big room that was full of paintings and portraits and even some sculptures made out of ice...or so I thought. Looking closer to some of them made me question if they really were sculptures. Something was telling me there was something more to it. I grabbed a hammer that I found on the floor and started sculpting. But two seconds later the doors of the room opened violently and a frozen wind started blowing. The paintings that were hanging on the wall fell down and a scary, enormous, creature was running in my direction. I panicked, I had no idea what to do, so I just sat there, waiting for it to come closer. It was two meters away from me. My heart was beating so fast, I thought it was going to jump out of my chest. I couldn't breathe.

And then I woke up, almost crying. Everything was just a dream. My mom came in quietly and calmed me down. It was such a weird dream!

### ***My Little Dragon***

***Bianca Antoneseă\_Grade 9 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

I live in Dragonia, an island where you share your everyday life with dragons. There are many types of dragons: from small ones like the "Red winged muffin " to big ones like "Black tornado". Even though we live in this island, I don't have a dragon of my own because my father still thinks they are dangerous.

One day, when I was coming home from school, on a rainy day, I saw the shadow of a little creature. It was a baby dragon! She was soaked so I covered her with my spare shirt and took her home. When I got home my parents weren't there so I just went to my room and fed my new dragon.

After that I searched in my book of dragons to see her breed was but I didn't find it ...

Probably she was a special one. But that didn't matter to me...

When my parents got home I promised my dad that I would be very careful and I would take care of Glitter, my little dragon.

Time passed by and the one who was once a baby now is an adult. She has big purple eyes and enormous white wings. She also has gigantic wings. Glitter is very protective towards me. She is just like a cat but extremely big.

One day we were attacked by pirates. They captured me and Glitter and other dragons. They had a dragon doctor who told them that Glitter was the last of her kind and she was a powerful dragon as well. They wanted to use her as a weapon in battles but I didn't let them do that. I made a plan to escape the pirates. First, Glitter and I distracted them while the other dragons flew away. We fought the pirates and we won. Glitter was very helpful. She is my protector and my best friend.

### ***Dragons are coming to town***

***Florina Tătăranu ,Grade 9 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

"What are you doing here, little boy? This is not a place for children like you."

"Have you seen my mom?" the little boy asked.

”No, what happened?”

”Dragons have come to our town and set everything on fire.”

”What? Are you trying to fool me?”

”No! Please let me in!”

”Okay, okay.” The old man opened the door and stepped aside so that the young man could enter.

”What’s your name?”

”I’m Aamon.”

*„That’s an interesting name.” The old man thought.*

”Okay Aamon, would you like a drink?”

”Do you have milk?”

”Yeah, wait a second.”

The mysterious man left the room and went straight to his library and took out the book he had been studying for the last five years. It was called “The history of demons”. He found the boy’s name in the assistants of Astaroth, the Great Duke of Hell. He panicked and wanted to leave but heard the door open behind him.

”I know what you did to your wife.”

”You don’t know anything! Get away from me!”

”I know the past and the future.”

”Leave me alone!”

”You know you can’t escape. Your time has come.”

.....

**TWO WEEKS LATER:**

*Local Newspaper*

The town's blacksmith has been found dead in his house. His head was cut off and his body was glued to the ceiling. The murderer is free, so watch out and have a happy Halloween!

**Ștefania Drăghici**

*Grade 12 G,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*





## *I've Found a Baby Dragon*

*Bianca Ion, Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

Last year I found a baby dragon in my summer camp. He was near the forest, abandoned by his mom in his cracked egg shell. I walked towards him and as I got closer to him, he seemed more frightened. I was scared, but curiosity got the best of me. I picked him up, he was struggling, but he seemed cold so I brought a blanket. I made him a shelter in a hidden place and I got him water and food that he could eat.

Day by day, I used to nurture him and when he got a bit older I taught him how to fly according to what I knew from fairy tales, and to my amazement he knew how to spit fire, but I told him that he could only do it when he was in my presence. I named him Damon, because he was as dark as night itself.

As the time passed by, he become strong and beautiful like a Vogue star. By spending so much time together, we bonded. His was a sweet creature, the opposite of what I ever had expected. His eyes were emerald green. When you looked in his eyes you could see the blooming valleys full of grass. He was smug and he liked cookies with chocolate and whipped cream.

The summer camp was coming to an end, so I started worrying about Damon because I didn't know who could look after him when I left. It was true that he had already learned how to take care of himself though.. On my last camping day, when I went to say "Goodbye!" to him, I was surprised to see that Damon's mother had come back. She thanked me for taking care of her baby and told me that ever since she lost him, she had constantly been looking for him.

As I got on the bus, I saw both of them flying over the mountains. I was looking up proudly to Damon and I went to my seat teary-eyed, thinking that dragons were very nice creatures after all.

## **The Hatching Egg**

*Ioana Olteanu, Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

Emily had always been cynical. She never let herself believe in something that couldn't be explained. So, while others used to read stories about mythical creatures like fairies, unicorns, mermaids and dragons, she would read her science books learning about things that were "actually interesting" and "not useless like dragons", as she would say. She hated dragons the most, probably because they terrified her. Even though she didn't believe they existed, they were everywhere on TV growing up, and even now, they're in popular movies and TV shows. The thought of a huge pterodactyl that could spit fire wasn't really the most pleasant thing. But everything changed one day when she was walking home from school. While strolling in the dim light of the dusk she noticed a ray of light behind a tree. She went there and looked down in the grass, where an enormous egg was hiding. The street lamps' light was reflecting on its rocky surface. It was an abnormally big egg, bigger than Emily's head, and its shell wasn't normal either, it seemed rocky, but shiny, like a diamond or some sort of a precious stone. Emily picked it up, it was heavy, really heavy. She had no idea what it could have been, anyone else might've had a few, but she'd never read anything about something like that egg, nor had she ever seen something similar. She took it home, placed it on her desk under the light of her lamp, and she wrapped it in some blankets. A few days went by and nothing happened with the egg. Emily started to lose hope, she was thinking that maybe it wasn't an egg, maybe it was just a weird rock. But one day she was lying in bed reading a book about various types of eggs, a book that she had been reading ever since she found the weird egg. The sound of a crack was instantly heard her bedroom. The egg was finally hatching! She looked closely while the crack became bigger and bigger. Anticipation was killing her, she couldn't wait any longer to see what was it that egg. She was the most excited she'd even been in her life ,but when the small creature revealed its self, Emily let out a huge scream and jumped on the other side of the room. It was a dragon, a real dragon, standing in front of her. She was petrified, she wanted to run away, but her body wouldn't allow her to. So she just stood there, listen to her heart racing, and looking at the small confused creature that was lying on her desk. And the more she looked at it, the less scary it seemed. She started to slowly approach it and once she reached it, she stretched her hand out to touch it, but before she could do that, the little one came towards her hand and started caressing it with its small head. Emily petted the little guy's head and booped his small nose, causing the dragon to sneeze and push itself to the ground. She giggled as the small dragon was getting back up. "After all, dragons are funny animals." Emily thought to herself.



***Once upon a time***

***Ioana Olteanu***

***Grade 9 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College***

***Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***

There once was a family with two kids, a twelve- year old girl named Emily and her little brother Mikey, who was only five years old. One weekend Emily had to babysit her brother while their parents were out of town.

Everything was going well, instead of the fact that Mikey, who was still a toddler, was really obsessed with dragons and only talked about them, which drove Emily crazy because she hated them.

At some point Emily was so overwhelmed with Mikey's dragon knowledge that they made a pact; she was going to read him a story with dragons before he went to sleep if he didn't talk about them for the evening. Even though Mikey was a bit annoyed, he still said "yes".

The story she read him was about a dragon who couldn't breathe fire even if he tried his best. Because he wasn't the typical dragon his family kicked him out of the house. The poor dragon went on the journey of his life. He walked two days and flew another few, he didn't need any supplies, because whenever he opened his mouth fire didn't come out, but randomly needed items did. On his way to the city he met a sad kitten, she was also kicked out of the house because she didn't want to be a hunter like the rest of her family, she wanted to be a musician instead. They talked a lot and realized how many things they had in common. On their way to the city, where they wanted to form a band, they met another talented artist - a homeless frog. They eventually got really rich and famous and went on a worldwide tour. In revenge, the dragon spit out a photo album with all their tour photos and sent it to his and the kitten's family.

'After all dragons are funny animals', Emily thought to herself.

***Mihaela Zaheiu, Grade 9 H,***

***B.P Hasdeu National College,Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu***



## **What are you doing here?**

**Clementina Ichim,**

*Grade 9 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

‘What are you doing here, little boy? This is not a place for dogs’ said Andrew to the puppy in front of his eye, which was next to the ‘no dogs allowed’ sign in the supermarket, not expecting him to answer. What the dog said really shocked Andrew, it was so weird and unexpected. He said:

‘It was a rainy day, I was playing with my owner in the garden of our house, it was cold but the smile on his face warmed me up inside. He threw a ball in the forest next to the house. When I went to get it I was suddenly sucked up by a strange power and got thrown here –a place far away from home.’

This story gave Andrew chills, not knowing if he really heard that dog speak or had gone crazy. He stared at him for a while and the dog eventually said:

‘I know it is weird, somehow I can talk like a human being, but I need your help. I am scared.’

Luckily Andrew saw that on the collar that the dog had round his neck was a little charm with his address written on it, it was quite familiar so he went there. It didn’t take that much and soon they arrived there, they went into the backyard and saw the exact place the dog had Andrew about, but instead of the ball being thrown in the forest, it was thrown in his face.

That was the moment Andrew woke up, and out of nowhere his phone started ringing. It was his close friend Martin, he called to tell Andrew that he had moved in with Andrew’s cousin Simon –they were all close friends. They invited him to a party that evening. When Andrew got there his jaw dropped, it was the same house from his dream. Random barking came from the house –it was the dog that he had dreamt a night before, they had adopted it.

‘This is honestly the weirdest day of my life’ Andrew told himself, shivering.

## *A short History of an Aromanian Family*

*Alexandra Lipară , Grade 12 H,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Gabriel Ionescu*

The history of my Aromanian family begins with a powerful figure, that of my grandmother, who is a symbol of strength and resilience. After all, she is the one who saved our family. She was born in a small village and grew up in a family that used to work a lot. She couldn't enjoy her childhood because she had to do a lot of chores and also at that time communism was beginning to take over our country. Besides that there was also prejudice. Children at school associated her with gypsies and she was marginalized because the communists were bigots. As a result, her generation of Aromanians grew up developing contempt for the Romanian nation.

Women weren't treated too well at the time - despite that, she worked hard and managed to open her own restaurant. She became the first female businessman in the city, proving that hard work and determination can help you succeed even though you come from a minority. Later on she met my grandfather, who helped her a lot. They were very close and he loved her more than anything. After a couple of years, they opened a few hotels on the Romanian seaside. They were known as the best couple in town and everyone admired their accomplishments. Soon after my uncle was born, they had another child, a baby girl, who died when she was only eleven months old because she was sick. For my grandmother that was the most difficult time in her life. Coping with grief and trying to get over a parent's worst nightmare. A couple of years later my mother was born and my grandparents sold the hotels and kept only a restaurant because they wanted to build a big house for their children. They probably realized that family life was more important than business.

I strongly believe that some of the things I narrated above wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for my grandmother leaving her village, heading for the city, setting up in a business. I believe she is the reason why our family exists today and things are going well for us because she has taken care of everything. This is a story that should be part of the Aromanian history in this land: their life, their strife and the prejudice they had to put up with.





**The Holy Light**

**Antonia Tîrcoveanu,**

**Grade 9 H,**

**B.P Hasdeu National College**

**Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu**

Once I had a dream  
That one winter night  
I saw a light next to me;  
It was the Holy Light.

It carried me away,  
Away from dark and cold  
And it told me the way,  
The way not to get old.

"Keep love into your heart,  
Purity and deep respect  
Because that's all you'll get  
From your life in effect"

**Delia Corbu**

*Grade 10,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Lavinia Andrei*

## **The Princess and Her Pea**

Once upon a time, there was a girl running for her life.

Her pants filled the silence of the street, over which eerie shadows loomed, signaling the rapid approach of the curfew. Her shoes padded against the unkempt sidewalk, swiftly taking a turn towards a light-bathed boulevard. This was the main street, the only one in which every lamp post worked properly: a long-forgotten luxury. The girl abruptly stopped running as she came across the barrier: as usual, three stout soldiers were positioned near the centre. They all raised their head at the intrusion: brown, fearful eyes met calculated, almost inhuman glances. She quickly schooled her face into a foolish and coquettish expression, flashing the men a guilty smile.

“Is there a problem, miss?” was the first thing that came out of who seemed to be higher in rank, as soon as she was in hearing range. Bile rose up in her throat at his friendly, yet superior tone: she knew that if she had been a man, and not the petite, blonde girl she was, she would have been punished for being out so late. Going against her every instinct, her hands came across her torso in a conspicuous display of submission.

“I seem to be lost,” quickly taking note of his breast plate “Herr Captain. I’ve been wandering through the streets for hours, trying to find my way home.” She noted his face growing smug at her “damsel in distress” act. This was every German’s weakness: a pretty girl begging for their help.

The captain looked back at his subordinates, barked something in his native tongue and came to stand beside her.

“I can spare a few minutes to lead you home safely, young miss. You wouldn’t want any mishaps so close to the curfew, yes?” As she made a show of widening her eyes and repeatedly saying “merci”, he slyly asked for her address. After that, they set into step together.

She knew where she lived. She knew every possible route she could take to get there. She knew her city, her beloved Paris, like the inside of her palm. They were the strangers there, they were the enemies: they ruined her life. And, as she strode down the streets next to the powerful captain dressed in black, she despised everything: their invasion, her country’s surrender, their flags tainting her city, the ridiculous 9 o’clock curfew. Yet she continued walking, in useless small

talk with her companion, feeling her heart break with every gunshot and German shout, her stomach aching with hunger and the cold slipping in through her patched-up frock.

They eventually reached her destination. The captain raised his eyebrows, yet decided not to say anything. She felt pride swelling up in her chest at something of hers erasing that insufferable smirk off his face. When he disgustedly bid his good night and left, she smiled more genuinely than she had in a long time. Looking up, the bright red letters brought her comfort and, as she entered the unlit room, the musky smell of the mattresses gave her the peace no one could steal. This was the one thing they couldn't take away from her: her father's mattress shop.

She huffed out a breath and hung up her coat, taking out her findings of that day out of its hidden pockets: a container of salt, a bottle of vinegar and a precious round of cheese. As much as she hated her almost Germanic features, like her blonde hair and blue eyes, they truly came in handy in warming up to the Gestapo. Looking around, the familiarity of the grey stacked-up mattresses turned her insides balmy and, as she took out her tiny knife to cut the cheese, she started to listen. Yet she heard nothing. Nothing at all.

As seconds passed, the deathly silence was tightening around her throat like a manacle made from blazing fire. Cold fingers of horror started squeezing her heart, wrung the blood from it and left her breathless. She harshly gripped the knife, her eyes fixated on one spot as she poured all her energy into listening, searching.

A shuddering breath sounded from the mattresses in front of her. A beat passed. Two. Then the clang of the knife hitting the tiled floor reverberated through the silence. Her whole body unclenched, the otherworldly dread diffused, leaving behind a watery-eyed, trembling girl.

She shakily resumed her task of cutting the cheese, adding a precious piece of ham on top of a day-old baguette, all the while slivers of life came back to her with every tiny breath prodding through the darkness. Wiping her hands on her skirt, she took a bite out of the sandwich just to assuage the jarring rumbling of her stomach. She was used to hunger; it became a constant in her life to such an extent that she felt full even with that little bit.

She walked through the dark towards the corner of the room, all the while glancing back to the entrance doors. Even if she has been doing this for the last 2 years, their threatening words still rang in her ears: *any defiance to the law will be punished severely*. She knew what severe meant. However, she still counted down three mattresses from the top and, in a jerking motion, she lifted them. Big blue eyes stared up at her. A putrid smell wafted out from the hole, a hiding place that she made from sawing through six old mattresses. Still, in spite of everything, his eyes held the same innocent and sparkling hopefulness that he had ever since he was an infant. Even while being stuffed in that little crevice, for days in a row at times, he represented everything the world was not. Yet he was guilty of the biggest crime: he was born a Jew.

She shakily put up a finger to her lips, despite the fact that he already knew to be quiet. Not once has he protested against what she told him; not once did he cry even if he knew the ugliness of the world at such a frail age. He took the sandwich from her hands and gave her a thankful smile. Her lips trembled as she gave him the best smile she could muster while fighting back her tears.

She watched him bite into the sandwich, while he fumbled with the ears of his patched-up plushy, the only thing that she managed to grab before his parents were sent away. It was a pitiful little thing, yet it was his only ray of sunshine in that dark place. He was her sunshine. But she didn't even know his name.

Coming back to her senses, she sent him a small smile and went to close the small hiding. He smiled back and waved to her, still munching on that poor excuse of a sandwich. His hand was so small and bony, that she could circle his wrist with her index finger and thumb overlapping. She was careful to check the breathing hole in the back of the stack, then proceeded to climb up the whole set of 11 mattresses. She liked to sleep on top, to have his inhales and exhales, the only proof of him surviving another day, near her. Her hands were trembling with an emotion she couldn't describe, a mixture of unadulterated fear and poisonous anger: a dangerous mixture to brew inside a young girl.

She heard him get comfortable in order to go to sleep and, as she let his whispers of breathing lull her to sleep, she cried along with every other French woman in that dreadful night of 1942.

## **Walking towards the twilight**

**Radu Raluca**

*Grade 7,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu*

We were sitting on the cold rocks, all of us, not wondering about what was around us. The red of the sky was flowing through our eyes, reflecting the everlasting light of beauty. The turbulent waves were stumbling over the slippery stones and the sun was descending over our souls. Another day was drowning in the past.

Everything started like this...I was walking towards the abandoned warehouse, where me and my friends used to hide, looking at the branches of the high trees, which were cutting the sight, breaking it into thousands of shimmering shards that poured over my steamed mind. We were together again, me and my friends. Time had placed its mark on our tired faces, but the idea that we could hang out together again was simply delightful.

We played tennis, football and even went on a trip. Jason was driving, Finn was playing with the radio, and Cheryl and I stood in the back seats reading a book. Oscar, my kitten, was also testing my hats, lost a few years ago in that car. The doors were squeaking and the car was

making deafening sounds, but it was our only escape from that town, standing at the edge of the world, the edge of hope.

We had a wonderful time, until the car stopped working. To our luck, a few miles away, there were some ships. An hour later, we were lost in the void of the sea. The azure fish tried to cheer us, making bounds through the crystalline water, but we were forgotten by the world...

We floated for some time, then we saw an island. It was wonderful...The tall palms were towering and bent as if they admired the mysterious creatures, hidden back to the shimmering sandy pebbles. I got there and stepped on the soft sand.I rocked at every touch of the warm waves and admired the mirror of the sea. There was no food, no clothes...we only had one other and it was enough for us, because love and friendship fed our souls more than ever.

In the evening, the sky had begun to catch yellow and red shades. We were sitting on the cold rocks, not wondering about what was around us. Our eyes, fascinated by the beauty of the sky, were closing slowly, and the forgotten dreams and hopes were revolving around us.

We held our hands tight, as nothing could have destroyed our friendship and we started walking towards the twilight...

## **THE LOST ISLAND**

**Brezoaie Naomi**

*Grade 7,*

*B.P Hasdeu National College*

*Teacher: Lavinia Andrei*

Most of you would think that this story is about something that happened a long time ago and you are right. It was a sunny day on the island, when wars didn't exist, people didn't fight and everything was peaceful. There weren't any clouds in the sky but suddenly a storm began. It rained heavily and it lasted for weeks! When the rain ceased, there wasn't any land, everything sank. After some time the sea creatures began to mark their territory on the island and lived there without anyone knowing about them.

### **A thousand years later...**

Rick was working as an explorer on a submarine and received a mission to find the best point to launch a nuclear bomb. On his way, in the eleventh day of his voyage, he saw something shining in the deep ocean. They came closer and guess what? It was gold! A statue made of pure gold! He asked for permission from the captain to stay there for a couple of days and began to explore the territory. It was magnificent! Statues of gold, fragments from a castle and much more! The closer he looked, the more bewildered he was and he could find no words to describe the beauty of that unknown sunken island!

On the thirteenth day, while they were exploring the land, they've heard a strange and powerful noise. It was as if a monster woke up! Then they saw it.....a big whale with the speed and the teeth of a shark! It was weird but at the same time it was obviously very scary. The people that were outside of the submarine tried to escape but the beast was too fast and they couldn't escape! Soon the water that was clear a few minutes earlier was now red, full of blood. No one in the water managed to survive. It was a great loss!

After they arrived in their country, the only time they said something about this was in front of the judge, afterwards they didn't speak about this to anyone, it remained a burden on their poor souls.

The strange thing is that, after this tragedy, the lost island was never found again. But who knows, after a thousand years, someone called Rick will receive a mission on a submarine, and maybe he will find it again!

### **Witness To the Great Unification**

**Epuran Ștefan**

*Grade 12,*

*Mihai Eminescu National College*

*Teacher: Liliana Caloian*

The 1<sup>st</sup> of December, 1918

The town of Alba Iulia

Dear friend,

Today, on this red-letter day, my heart is brimming with happiness and there are so many things that I want to tell you!! As you know, during The Great War, the Kingdom of Romania tried to bring within its borders many territories where Romanians lived, but unfortunately when the peace talks took place, Romania left empty-handed. You

certainly remember that I bravely fought as a soldier in the second Transylvania's volunteer regiment "Alba Iulia", and luckily I was not severely wounded, but many died there or were battle-scarred for all their life. However, as you will see, their sacrifice has not been in vain, they are the heroes our descendants must never forget.

This would have left many people distraught, but through peaceful means, today, that dream has been achieved. The news of the National Assembly's decision I have told you about spread like wildfire all over OUR country. Here, in Alba Iulia, the unification of all Romanian territories inhabited by Romanians was unanimously voted. I have read in a newspaper that 1,228 official delegates from all the Romanian provinces, from bishoprics, from schools and universities, from military organisations and parties were to come here today and they certainly did!!

There were thousands and thousands of Romanians, clad in our wonderful national costumes and proudly carrying flags and placards, on which the names of their towns and villages were written. Despite their exhaustion and the overwhelming emotions, all Romanians celebrated with patriotic zeal, people were teeming here, cheering on as soldiers were marching down the streets, parading. People all around me were symbolically drinking a glass of wine and singing, reciting patriotic poems, a collective feeling of joy was surrounding me in a magic haze.

I could see Vasile Goldiș and Iuliu Maniu speaking to the people, and their words were carried on by the voices of those closer to them, so that we all could understand their message, their encouragement, their enthusiasm, their deep love for our country. Dear friend, I am sure that their words, as well as Ștefan Pop's words, will be engraved forever in our collective memory and in our history books, we may not be aware of this now, but today we have made and witnessed history.

The climax of all this huge, colourful celebration was when our Bishop, Iuliu Hossu, read out the Resolution, in such a powerful, thundering voice that we all could hear every word – needless to say, there was such silence around that one could hear a leaf falling down and our hearts throbbing.

Well, to tell you the truth, not everybody was overjoyed as at street corners one could see Hungarians who were clearly displeased with this outcome, some of them even had some minor conflicts with us, but it did not matter, for what has been decided will never change. Finally, there seemed to be only one people there, peaceful and wise, Hungarians and Romanians alike wondering what would happen next. What I do know is that no longer will we be oppressed and exploited by Austria-Hungarian rulers!!

And I do hope that this unassuming diary will remain in our family for generations as it is a silent but eloquent witness of what might be the greatest event of this century for all Romanians. Tomorrow is likely to be an eventful day as well, I'm looking forward to it.

Good night, dear friend, and may God protect ROMANIA!

## **Interview with a heroine**

**Andreea Sonia Stemate**

*Grade 12,*

*Mihai Eminescu National College*

*Teacher: Liliana Caloian*

Elena Alistair is certainly one of the most prolific and intriguing figures of the Great Unification of Romania. She had an outstanding success in medicine and politics and she fought enthusiastically for education and women's emancipation. Most importantly, she had a huge contribution to the Unification of Bassarabia and Romania on 27 March 1918 and to the Great Unification of Romania.



I: I am so glad to have finally met you, Elena Alistair. How do you feel today, seeing that the year of the Centennial Celebration is finally here?

E. A.: It is certainly a unique feeling filling my heart right now. I have fought so hard for my country, and seeing it populated by beautiful and educated people is nothing short of anything I have hoped for.

I: But don't you find it sad that more and more people tend to leave the county you have fought for with so much determination and courage?

E. A.: Whenever I think about how many people are leaving, I remember that I haven't fought for a couple hundreds of square miles. I have fought for the people, for them to have a chance to grow and develop in a free country. I fought for their freedom of speech, their freedom to think, and, consequently, for their freedom to leave the country, if they believe that this would help them grow as a person. I fought for intelligent people, not for people who should stay within the boundaries of the same country forever. If I had wanted that, I wouldn't have lifted a finger and lived my life peacefully.

I: I did not expect this kind of answer from you, but I can totally see your point. The thing that has always surprised me and made me admire you was how you found the courage to speak up in a men's territory, politics?

E. A.: I have never thought of it as a world for men and men only. I have never considered my gender as an obstacle, or, frankly speaking, an excuse, to my ideals and my dream. I wanted a country full of educated people, a united country, a free country, and if that meant that I had to enter a men's game, I gladly accepted the challenge.

I: Wow, this is so cool of you!

E. A.: Did I seem too cold there? Sorry, I have always been told that I am a bit too harsh.

I: No, no, excuse me. It is just some modern slang that we use nowadays to express our deep admiration for someone. However, who inspired this love for your country?

E. A.: It has to be my father the one who did this for me, if no one else. Being a priest, he was always in touch with the traditions of this country, and he felt a deep love towards them, which he passed down to me. He never tried to shove it down my throat, he just expressed it in a very

merry manner, which made me love this country as well, and made me want to keep it pristine. I didn't want it to be spoilt or lost forever.

I: And that is what made you keep pushing forward? I sincerely can't admire you more for your perseverance and dedication. But how did you find out that the key to a better future is a better educational system?

E.A.: It didn't take much time. It is quite obvious, indeed. If you want to destroy a nation, you reform the educational system to your liking. The same thing goes for uniting a nation. You have control over the children today, you could destroy the adults tomorrow.

I: And this is what your strong opposition to the Bolsheviks stemmed from.

E. A.: Yes. I could not sit around and wait for them to transform this beautiful, amazing country into yet another one of their conquered territories. I knew that I loved my country, I still do love it. And I knew that I had to protect it, and even though I didn't take a weapon and fought on the battlefield, I had my own wars, the ones that I fought with kindness and words and persuasion, not with swords.

I: I am glad you have revealed so much about you and your contribution to the Great Unification. I am grateful that I have had the opportunity to speak to someone as inspiring as you, to a genuine role model.

E. A.: It has been my pleasure, my dear!

## **The Brave Chrysanthemum**

*Pletea Anamaria,*

*Grade 12,*

*Mihai Eminescu National College*

*Teacher: Liliana Caloian*

Why should always, always, fall,  
The saddest season of them all,  
Mercilessly rule over the small  
Chrysanthemum, after all?

I've been waiting all year long  
For its beauty, for its song,  
For its soul made of gold  
A chrysanthemum is so bold!

But after walking over to it,  
In pouring rain or even sleet,  
Now I can lovingly, silently caress  
This gentle flower in its fortress.

Not caring about the heavy rain  
It stands proudly, not in vain,  
Waiting for the moment when  
Someone will caress her again.

## **A world with NO rules**

**Alexandra Stoica**

*Grade 12,*

*Mihai Eminescu National College*

*Teacher: Liliana Caloian*

A world with no rules sounds really amazing, but people invented rules because of the difficulties they encountered in trying to build up a civilization at the dawn of the world.

Long time ago there was a world without rules and people had heaps of money so they could buy everything. It is rightfully said that money doesn't bring happiness, but back then people started to replace what happiness truly means with happiness brought by money that was earned through devious, evil ways and not through hard work. Little by little the world became a total chaos and that awoke most of the humans to reality. You were most likely to see everywhere malice, theft, rudeness, but unfortunately only little humanity and kindness. Those that had that humanity in themselves were the founders of decency in the world by imposing rules. I think that after something bad happening people start to change things and that also happened to that "perfect" world devoid of rules. Although nowadays rules are a normality, every human being may have thought just once that it would be better if we could do everything we want but it isn't as good as it sounds so don't judge a book by its cover, nor a man by his innermost selfish wishes.

In conclusion, I consider that rules are a benefit for this world not just for living in peace but for keeping the grain of humanity in our souls.

**THE END**

