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HISTORY AND  
STORIES

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**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:**

**Rocsana Marinescu and Liliana Caloian**

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1. *Cover by Cotiga Maria*

2. *Edited by Barbu Fabian , Grosoiu Anamaria , Geani Iordache*

## *Fighting Dragons*

Student: Maria-Elvira Preda-Tudor

8th grade

Teacher: Roczana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

**F**or you  
**I**'m daring to  
**G**o through the sky  
**H**iding beyond the clouds  
**T**hough they are so heavy  
**I**nside with plenty of water  
**N**othing to let behind  
**G**race to Lord.

**D**o what you feel  
**R**ising through flowers  
**A**ll are waiting for you  
**G**athering bees  
**O**r birds flying slowly  
**N**ear my feelings  
**S**taying awake close to you.



## *The Dragon*

Students: Dragomir Mara, Jecu Mihai,  
Pietraru Lidia, Tudor Mihai  
8th grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Far on a distant island  
It was a dragon  
Green and red  
Heartless and bad  
Till a beautiful girl came along...  
Irene was her name  
Nicholas, the dragon fell in love with her  
Graceful face, Irene was like an angel  
Dear my love  
Read my letters  
And my intentions  
Only you are in my mind  
Never forget that  
Sweet love and sweet heart

## Death ahead

Students: Toader Ariana, Georgescu Alexandra,  
Chiței Teodora  
8<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

**F**our dragons are flying to their cave.  
**I**nside, there is a treasure:  
**G**olden mountains all around  
**H**iding away from people.  
**T**ales are told about them,  
**I**deas start to form.  
**N**obody ever dares to  
**G**o after them.

**D**are one come close?  
**R**isking never coming back.  
**A**lone with the dragons, asleep  
**G**oing around, searching for gold,  
**O**ne of them awakes.  
**N**o one can hear you  
**S**houting for help...





## Charcoal crows



Student: Chiriac Andreea-Alexandra  
8th grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Crowned, once upon a time, a king had disappeared in a cloud of ash-like feathers.  
How could such things happen, in the sound of screaming crows?  
A rotten golden coin fell on the ancient throne, left for the people to find,  
Right in the most dangerous time of the frozen night the king seems to have died.  
Omens of tragedy, the crows are, chosen by the dark's most powerful monsters.  
Crowned, the king had infuriated feared, forgotten forces.  
One might ask, heart broken into pieces,  
Are, since the vanishing of the new ruler, any feelings of hope left?  
Leaving, the charcoal, cruel crows screamed, and screamed, and screamed, and screamed, for  
the horrors that the people had felt.  
Crowned, once upon a time, a king had disappeared in a cloud of ash-like feathers,  
Right in the most dangerous time of the night he seems to have died.  
One could ask oneself a lot of questions:  
Who, what, when, and why?  
Someone could answer, from far, far back in time.

## Gilbert, the dragon

Students: Ilinca Roșu & Ilinca Iacob  
9th grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

**F**ar away from this world,  
**I** found a mythical creature.  
**G**od, it surprised me a lot!  
**H**owever, I won't tell you what it is  
**T**ill I trust you enough  
**I**t won't hurt you...  
**N**ow that I trust you,  
**G**ilbert is it's name and it is a...  
**D**ragon!  
**R**ed as fire,





**A**nd brave as a knight,  
**G**ilbert is a miracle.  
**O**nly he is left behind.  
**N**ow promise you'll take care of him,  
**S**wear to me you'll be loyal.

## *Fighting Dragons*

Students: Necula Alexia&Vlad Ioana  
8<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

**F**ar away in the mountains  
**I**n a little, little town  
**G**ray peaks rise to the sky, with  
**H**eights that won't go down  
**T**ania the Northern princess  
**I**s confronted with a problem  
**N**icholas, her trusted horse  
**G**ains a scratch and stops  
**D**ragons arise from the cave  
**R**unning and flying towards the town  
**A**rching and straightening her back, the princess goes to attack  
**G**racefully with her sword and cuts a string  
**O**bviously, she sets a trap for the dragons, catching the most powerful one  
**N**icholas, already gone, ran for help while Tania  
**S**aves the day, strange dream...



## *To the one that makes girls cry*

Student: Diana Matei

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

It's a tuff mission these days  
To consider yourself beautiful.  
To admire the true meaning of your existence  
In this world.  
It's hard work to  
Accept the things in you  
That are not standardised  
By the same used and abused pattern.  
And it's all because  
Of you  
Mirror, mirror on the wall.

Some would say love makes girls cry  
Some would say girls cry  
Just because they're weak  
Some would say bullying  
Is the cause of any girl's problem.  
But there's no stronger ally  
Of the one that throws  
Words that hurt  
Than the shiny thing  
We call mirror.

You see, dear mirror,  
Because of you  
A girl is now crying  
Because she saw asymmetry in her face.  
A girl is crying  
Because she had a date  
But you,

You stood right there and you showed her  
The pimple on her cheek.  
They had insecurities  
And you  
You existed right at that moment in time,  
That became the perfect one  
To crush a girl's image of herself.  
To crush a girl's pride.  
To crush  
A soul.

I shouldn't blame you.  
I know.  
I'm fully aware of that.  
You have no fault in existing.  
You are just a bowling pin  
On the insecurities track  
Of a girl.  
You get shattered  
As you shatter.  
You get back the same pain  
You give.  
Your sins get paid,  
But you keep on getting blamed.

Your shiny  
Crystal-like surface  
That was intended to  
Give humanity a way  
To look at herself in awe  
Is only seeding pain  
And self-hate.

Unfortunately, self-love  
Through you  
Is so rare.  
Painfully rare.

So rare  
So crushingly rare  
That you should be  
Ashamed  
Of yourself.  
But again, I'm sorry that I'm blaming you

You have no fault.  
Even if you psychologically destroy  
Things that shouldn't be destroyed;  
Innocence and purity  
Self love and confidence  
Admiration.  
Self admiration.

I'm sorry for blaming you.  
But I felt it too.  
And I've shattered you into a million pieces.

*"Turn me around, glue me back together, I can make you smile at the sight of yourself."*

But  
Like everything else  
Maybe you deserve another chance.  
Maybe you can teach me what self love is.  
Maybe you can become  
My ally.  
Teach me.  
Teach me about the admiration  
I couldn't teach myself about  
Mirror, mirror on the wall.

## *Black Cathedral in the city of Aachen*

Student: Stroe Andreea  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Under a bush of ashen roses  
Lay our bleeding hearts.  
And our love  
Better be forgotten  
For it does us no good.  
Here I am now, roaming the streets of Aachen  
Looking for what we once had  
And under St. Peter's Cathedral  
I now stand, where we once stood  
With tears in my eyes.  
And as I look up,  
At the stately edifice  
My chest aches.  
And of my voyage  
I remember not  
For where I looked,  
Everything I saw,  
Only you.  
Forgive me,  
But our promise I cannot keep.  
These feelings, I harbour  
With my whole spirit.  
I wish I could wish you away.  
But with my blood I yearn  
So, I want to kiss you away.



## *Venus of the southern sky*

Student: Stroe Andreea  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Roczana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

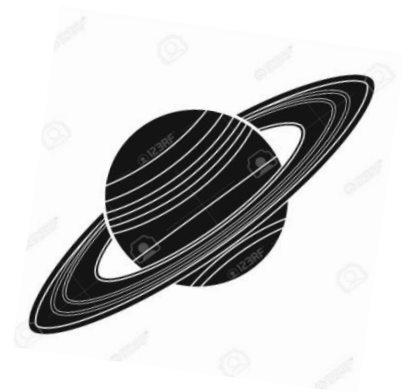
Deemed by all a ghastly being  
You wander these Godless skies,  
Thriving in the soundless night.

Shunned by each and every  
You are the brightest of gems.  
Renounced by your Father  
Betrayed by your Mother  
A treasure cast from Heaven.

Light Bringer you call yourself  
Oh, I know who the Light Bringer is!  
Shining one, Light Bearer, Son of Dawn  
Yes, I know all His names.  
Yet, you embody none.

The Morning Star is the first star in the sky, my dear  
You are not the first.  
But you too, are a star  
The doomed one rather,  
Eta Carinae.

Ruler of your own enthralling world  
Part of the crumbling Argo Navis,  
On your day I was born.



## Time

Student: Bodea Ema  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

When looking at the world from the angle of the rising sun,  
I know that time is on my side.  
I know I'll build temples and palaces from foundation to sunset,  
I know I'll take a bath of events gilded by the arrows of the sun,  
I know I will have time to demolish what I will have built during the day.  
When looking at the world from the sunrise,  
I know that life is generous and time's a friend of mine.  
When looking at the day through the prism of light,  
I understand  
That after crossing the stretch of road destined for each day,  
I stop at sunset and dream of two roads:  
Yesterday, to which I humbly bow and bring flowers  
And Tomorrow, projected in a lunar landscape,  
To which I'll sprinkle flowers and water the next night.



## *Mental Hatred*

Student: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I'm not worthy of your sight,  
I'm not sure I desire to be...  
I want to bring you closer,  
Close enough to suffocate your lungs  
I want to deceive your breath,  
To take away the sparks of life.  
I despise your existence,  
So careless, so free -  
It makes me want to drown you  
In the sea of my despair...  
Yet you're so innocent, so pure,  
You just want to live, to taste the joy.  
Your hope is soon to be shattered  
Under the weight of my bitter hatred.  
Dear me, you're so naive, so ignorant  
To think I'll ever let you free...



## *Drops...*

Student: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Drops.  
Drops of water on my window.  
Oh, I see.  
It rained apparently.  
I didn't notice.  
I could tell it rained  
By the scent coming through the window.  
Drops.  
Drops of ink on my diary.  
I'm ashamed, I wasn't cautious enough.  
But if I look at them, they might be pretty.  
No, mistakes are never pleasing.  
Drops.  
Drops of liquid saline in your eyes.  
Why are you crying? Aren't you thrilled?  
Our time has come, my dear love...  
We'll be happy soon I swear!  
All the suffering is gone.  
I promised you, and here's my vow.  
I did keep it, do you see? You can trust me!  
Drops.  
Drops of crimson liquor on my clothes.  
But there's no intoxicating perfume around...  
I know you never liked the wine stains.  
I'm already better than before, you see?  
Don't close your eyes, my love, not yet...  
Ah, too late... You already lost your final  
Drops of living soul...

## Redemption

Student: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Red lace collar around your neck  
Veiling your last living breath,  
You betrayed me, you signed your penalty.  
Your gaze is so faded, so piercing,  
It tries to intoxicate my nerves like poison...  
But I must obey to the old law.  
The evil must be perished and  
The sinners will be enduring their punishment,  
After the rightful sacred trial.  
If your soul is worthy of forgiveness  
The Divine will be speaking,  
You'll be released, you'll be redeemed  
From the obscure abyss you collapsed into.  
You craved your freedom,  
Resembling a dove - pure light of the Sky's forgiveness  
You attempted to create your wings  
So you can float as high as in your hallucination...  
Yet, just as the ravenous essence of Icarus  
You gained a vicious burden, you stumbled,  
You lost yourself due to your own wicked hopes.  
Hush now, be quiet, muffle up those sounds...  
Endure your suffering alone, you must.  
My love for you is your salvation, be grateful.  
My darling, don't throw me that pitiful glance,  
I have no clemency for your sins ...  
Wine liqueur dripping down your neck,  
So thrilling under the diffused moonlight.  
Close your eyes, dismiss your existence  
There's no other purpose for you to resist ...  
Obedient you must be for your redemption.  
Accept your faith, drown yourself in the cold darkness  
Let it embrace your soul, your lungs, your limbs...  
Let it devour your essence to bone, so you'll be reborn.  
Deny your core, let the eternity to freeze it, prepare yourself  
For the decline into the radiance of the Celestial realm...



Ah finally! not a single noise, the last heavy breath,  
Another soul liberated from the revolting profanity,  
Returned to the ancestral genesis...  
Now the tellurian remains have to merge with native roots so  
Royal flowers will be born under the twilight,  
Flooded by the crimson poison of the sinners.

## *Meant to be*

Student: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

You're mine, you're mine, you're mine!  
I can't let it go, I don't want to, not now...  
I loved you, I adored you,  
I want you to be mine...  
You're always in my consciousness,  
Your exquisite eyes forever in my mind,  
Your gentle murmur ringing in my ears,  
Your delightful lavender tempting scent...  
I remember them all, I gathered them inside of me.  
But we're not apart anymore, our essence reunited...  
You look so peaceful, so pure, so divine...  
In a merciful sway, like an angel -  
Seraph of my own salvation.  
Your soul, too saintly for this cruel world,  
Too innocent to commit a sin,  
Not with me... I've seen your fear,  
I felt it in my lungs,  
I perceived it roaring in my ears.  
Screams of agony in the suffocation of my love.  
I loved you, I adored you,  
But you collapsed in a mercenary ignorance,  
You defied my lust, my passion...  
Your obnoxious crime will feel no mercy now,  
Your deceitful beauty is not my perfect muse...  
Now I realized, I was yours, but your soul was never mine.



# *Dream Competition*

## *The story of a dream*

Student: Nita Rares

9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Well, so there seems to be some types of dreams: lucid dreams, nightmares, normal dreams, false awakening dreams.

Most of my dreams are normal ones, so lucid dreams are so rare that when they happen I honestly believe that they happened in the real world.

Once I used to play video games until I was tired and because I was tired I went to sleep.

The next moment I woke up in the place the action from the video game happened. Because it was so close to my vision of that planet I couldn't even realise that I was in a dream I was on Mars fighting an interplanetary war with some aliens called "The hive". The weird thing that I noticed was that Mars had an atmosphere. But then I looked back and saw a giant spherical ship. I asked my squad mates what was that and somebody answered: "I see". You are new here. That ship is The Traveler. It helped us terraform many planets. I do not know why it's helping us but it has attracted attention from every being in this universe so now we have to fight this war. Do you remember this soldier? We are fighters so whoever comes after us can live on every planet in this solar system not be limited just to earth."

"The hive" were ruthless fighters but we were prepared enough. They went unnoticed because they lived deep under the icy lakes of Mars and the heat in the atmosphere probably woke them up.

People said that the hive aren't our only enemy. They said that on Venus soldiers are fighting "The Vex" which are "time traveling robots" made from Radiolaria. They are connected to a single mind from which they take orders and if a planet doesn't match their pattern of ideal, they modify it from its core. Should I specify that they date back billions of years before the first humans?

Someone also said about the fallen ones but I couldn't hear much about them because in that moment an explosion happened in our close vicinity.

People say that dreams reflect what do we do in the day-to-day cycle. If that is true, then I should stop playing video games so that I don't get a nightmare related to them or play them more often so I get more lucid dreams like this one? I guess I can never know.

## *The Dream*

Students: Anghel Cristian  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night. I dreamt that I was drowning in a black ocean. I couldn't scream for help because the water had entered my mouth and nose. Then suddenly, all of the water had disappeared and I found myself in a strange desert. I started looking for help, but I couldn't find anyone. After that, I finally saw someone coming towards me. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the little Prince in person standing before me, holding a tiny box with three holes. "Are you lost?" He asked me. I nodded. "Well I don't think you are lost... you can't be lost in your own mind after all, right?" His voice was so calm, so perfect. I had so many questions for him, like "What's in the box?" or "Is this your desert?" But when I opened my mouth to say something, an enormous amount of black water had appeared from nowhere, bringing me back to that creepy lonely ocean. I was terrified. I saw that in little Prince's box there was a sheep. I tried to swim up to it, but I drowned. I suddenly woke up.

## *Hard to believe*

Students: Silvestru Theodor  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night. For me it was full of confusion and scary as well. I was sleeping when a loud ring of an alarm woke me up. My phone and clock weren't responsible for the noise, so I checked if the television did it. It was off, but the noise didn't stop. Then I decided to go to check outside. After I got out, I was shocked. I saw a light and in front of me someone was coming closer and closer. After he came close enough, I realised that it was the police. An officer asked me where I lived. I pointed to my house, then he explained:

"We found in your neighbor's house a gun and a nuclear weapon. We had to arrest him immediately or maybe he would use it..."

## *My dream*

Students: Posoceanu Diana  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night...  
At first I remember I was in a forest...a very dark forest. A place with a strange, lush vegetation, the wild animals we all know were replaced by scary two-headed creatures. After that I saw the shadow of a man behind me. I got really scared. Then I tried to run away from that place and hide behind a tree. Whenever I tried to hide, that shadow was always behind me. Eventually I managed to hide behind a larger bush.

Finally the man behind me spoke. In fact, she was my mother. I was dreaming and she was trying to wake me up.

## *I had the strangest dream*

Students: Sararu Florin  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Last night, before going to bed, I had watched a weird movie about someone that went to another world. When I went to sleep, I kept thinking about it. After that, I woke up, in the sky, falling. I was scared and didn't understand what was happening at first. Then I realised I was dreaming. I was close to hit the ground, I didn't know what to do. Then it happened, I hit it but didn't feel anything. I had been fooled by my own brain. I looked around but didn't see anything special except a big tree. I went closer to check it out and on one of the branches there was a bird. It flew to me and screamed wake up, very loud. This didn't stop for a few minutes until I'd woken up for real. It turned out my mom was screaming at me because I was late for school.

## *A strange dream*

Students: Neagu Alexandra  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I was in the forest in the middle of the night, and the silence was so terrifying. Suddenly, a flock of sheep appeared, there were so many of them. For no reason, I was scared, so I tried to run away from them, but there was no escape. I ran so fast among trees, and I almost felt my legs but, finally, I escaped. The place where I finally found peace had a gorgeous castle so I tried to go in. I was so shocked when I found out that the castle was empty, so, totally at random, I started to decorate it. The next morning my beautiful castle was full of pretty things, and, out of nowhere, I started having servants and people that loved me as if I were their queen. It was not the dream that I had ever expected but at least the ending was happy.

## *The Strangest Dream*

Students: Zăbavă Ioana Anca  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night...The dream had started in a hospital. I was there with my brother. We were walking around all the sick people and doctors.

Everything was a mess there. The doctors were yelling at the nurses and more and more patients were dying. On their faces you could see fear and panic. It was horrible.

While I was walking down a long corridor, I noticed that my brother had disappeared. I panicked and I started looking for him. I was asking all the people in the hospital if they had seen him, but the answers were negative. Some of them told me that he might not be alive anymore, but I was sure he was fine and more important, alive, just that I had to find him.

The end of the dream was unclear because I woke up.

## *My strangest dream*

Students: Moise Alice-Andra

9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night and it felt like it was real.

At first I remember I was on a boat with my dog. It was a very sunny day, the sky was blue and clear, the birds were singing and everything was perfect. Then I noticed a tunnel. I was very curious to explore it. After I entered the tunnel, I realized I had made a bad decision. My dog got scared and started barking. I was trying to make it calm down but the echo of its barking made the situation even worse. I was terrified; I tried to call someone but there was no signal.

Finally a gorgeous angel came and saved us. It was such a relief to see my little pet safe and sound. This dream was certainly the strangest one so far but I'm glad it had a happy ending.

## *A strange dream*

Students: Bratulea Andreea

9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I was in a spaceship, without knowing the reason. It was shown on a big screen that it was twelve o'clock, year 2621.

There were many people and they were making so much noise. I asked someone what was happening and he said that our planet had no resources anymore and that we were going to leave, travelling to a planet which had the same environment as ours. That planet was some light years far away from us, but the technology had developed and a spaceship could reach the light's speed. However, we had to wait some years till we arrived. I had been waiting for two hours till all the people were brought and then the spaceship had launched. That speed was putting so much pressure on us.

After six years, suddenly something had gone wrong and the spaceship had lost whole amount of oxygen, but the specialists didn't know why this happened, when everything was perfectly secured. There was not a plan B



## *Just a dream*

Students: Anghelache Ionut Geani  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Snow was falling. The soft flakes cascaded down my bedroom's window, slowly piling up on the window frame. I was lying on my bed, trying to get some sleep and forget what I saw last night...

As I looked though the window at the mesmerizing blood moon that covered the entire sky, I noticed that my door knob was a different colour. In fact, everything in my room felt wrong . My TV was an unknown brand, my carpet had abstract patterns on it, even my clothes were... different . I wanted to see what was going on so I got out of bed and went straight to the door. As I reached for the handle and opened the door, a blinding light came out of it. When I walked though, it led me to a strange place. A white valley, like a place from biblical passages , appeared in front of me, full of massive quartz columns that extended into the sky to infinity; near those columns were houses made of gold with silver roofs and emerald gardens, each of them had a small window and a young woman standing there, looking directly at me like it were judging me .

Suddenly I heard heavy footsteps walking behind me. As I turned around there was a girl standing inches away from my face, looking directly into my eyes with a blank look on her face like she had done this countless times already . She opened her mouth but I couldn't hear anything. Actually , I couldn't see anything, feel anything or breathe anymore . Shortly afterwards I felt a heavy pressure on my chest that almost knocked me unconscious, but a blood curdling voice that made my skin crawl woke me up from my trance saying my name, getting louder and louder as she repeated my name over and over and over... It stopped .

I jumped out of my bed, screaming in terror. The warmth of the morning sun calmed me down as I desperatly looked around my room , but everything was normal this time . It looks like I can't forget yesterday, the only thing I can do right now is prepare for the next night , who knows where I might find myself then...

## *My bizarre dream*

Students: Raisa Catuneanu  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night...I was suddenly a child again. I had the same knowledge as now, But I was trapped in a child's body. I knew everything that was good to do for me and what not. I always had some good advice for my friends because I was actually a teenager with a lot of experience.

I always got good grades in class, and teachers thought I was a genius. The only problem was that I felt isolated and marginalized. All people with the same body age were too immature and we never shared the same hobbies and interests. But I couldn't be friends with people my mental age either, as they considered me to be just a child who spent too much time watching adult films and reading books.

Fortunately, my mother woke me up and told me we were going to visit grandma. That's when I realized it was all a dream.

## *My childhood dream*

Students: Diță Miruna Ștefania  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I was little, I don't think I was more than nine years old. I was going through a pretty difficult time because my grandpa had just died, but I didn't feel these things (my parents hid their feelings very well ☺)

Leaving out all these things, I don't think I told you that I have always wanted to be a singer. One day, while my mom was reading my favorite storybook, I woke up in another universe ;(You may be wondering what kind of universe)... Well, I was in America, with the stars I always saw on TV, I was part of the elite of singers. I still remember that my favorite artist, at the time was Rihanna (I still don't know why). I had met her, and she had even offered to teach me "tricks".

Everything seemed so real, as if I wasn't just a 9-year-old girl, but the best artist of all time. I remember a little when I went on stage and I was surrounded by a crowd of people (swarming around me, smiling, applauding and living with me for a moment).

The BIG disappointment was when I woke up and saw that I wasn't in America, but I was in my pinky room, full of unicorns and fairies. My mom shouted from the other room "Miruna, it's late!!".

It was great to be a real singer for a few minutes, and I can say that this dream made me trust myself and work for what I want.



## *The great tomb of Nazarick*

Students: Cristian Paun  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

The night that I dreamt about being my favorite character I had actually watched the anime that's part of. He's the leader of a group named „Ains Ooal Goan".

It felt so good when I had his magic abilities. My first thought was to do what he had been doing throughout the series. Basically, he named himself „Ains" and he started a quest of conquering the world by force (and rarely by peace).

All of this made me thinking if what I was doing was actually the good thing, but I had faith in my leading abilities, knowing that I'd be a good emperor, better than the rulers at that time. After showing my power through the use of magic spells, the kings knew that the best thing was to hand over to me all the lands and villages.

My quest was complete. I became the supreme ruler of the world, and I managed to cure the planet of all evil spread across the globe.

## *NBA all-star*

Students: Chitic David  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Last night I dreamt about being an NBA all-star player. In my dream I was very tall and strong. I was taller and stronger than Giannis Antetokounmpo. I was a better shooter than Stephen Curry and a better dunker than Vince Carter. My handlings were better than Kyrie Irving's. In my dream I could beat LeBron James in a one versus one game with ease. Also my main match in my dream was the one against L.A Lakers and I was playing for Miami Heat. We beat them and won the NBA finals.

It was a really wonderful dream and I hope it will come true.

## *The Dream*

Students: Vlad Octavian  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I was in a strange room I had never seen before. Next to me was my one of my best friends. I was very curious if he knew why we were there, but when I went closer he disappeared. I was scared because I didn't know it was a dream.

In the corner of the room was a door. I opened it and there was a long hall with something written on the walls. I didn't knew what was written, but at the end of the hall I saw someone. He was my friend that was pointing a door. When I opened that door I woke up.

I was so happy that it was just a dream and I went to my friend to tell him about the dream.



## *The haunted castle*

Students: Vintila Rares  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night, and when I woke up in the morning, I felt tired. In this dream I wasn't actually seeing through my eyes, I was seeing myself and I was a knight standing in front of a big gate which belonged to a ruined castle with two towers that had actually been destroyed and in fire.

I wasn't alone. There were some sort of monsters with swords and shields who wanted to attack me. I was feeling scared.

In the end, a gigantic dragon came to the bridge below the gate and said that the world was going to fall into the claws of the dragons, and then I woke up ready for school.

## *Living dream*

Students: Serban Bianca  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I remember one friend once asked me what was my strangest dream I had ever dreamt. A pretty innocent question, you'd say. Well, for me, it is a question that makes me feel really uncomfortable. Anyway, I answered him.

It was a very cold night of winter. The wind was knocking in my window. It was very disturbing, but I also didn't care. I tried to sleep, but all of a sudden, I heard some sort of scratches at my feet. I turned on the lights, but nothing was there.

When I turned around, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I fell asleep right after that.

Was I sleeping?

Was it all a dream?

## *I had the strangest dream last night...*

Students: Ionescu Medvediu Catalina  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

It was Monday, we were having a test at maths. Before the class, I went to the bathroom and then I saw something at the window. It was a strange crow that had something in its mouth, a paper. I opened the window and grabbed it. After that, I noticed that the answers to the test were written on that paper, so I started to read quickly. Strange, isn't it? How could a crow give me the answers to the test and help me?

Eventually, I woke up.

## *Fantasia*

Students: Radu Ioana  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night ... Suddenly, I pretended to be in another dimension, on a new, distant planet, called *Fantazia*. I wasn't even thinking that there was life in such a place. I was lost and everything seemed strange, terribly different.

The inhabitants were abnormal creatures. They had two heads, two pairs of eyes, two mouths, even the hands and legs were doubled. They looked like two people together. What a crazy thing! However, they behaved nicely to each other. I noticed an incredible ability : telepathic communication. They could only talk by reading each other's minds. I wish I could do that too. It would be amazing! The space was very modern, with many intelligent robots, scientists, many discoveries, space ships... Did I land in the future? Will we look like this after a while? WOW!

I was walking along a dark tunnel when I heard a loud noise. It was a telepathic dwarf staring at me, almost scaring me. I had never seen anyone here so close. He had started screaming at me : "Queen of hearts! Run, run..." . I had said : "What? Wait! I'm not..." but in vain. He had disappeared suddenly. What did he mean? I have no idea... .

I had been walking for two hours on the narrow alleys. Then a beautiful fairy appeared in front of me. She had urged me to go to the landlord. I then reached an ice castle and I met the leader. He told me about an old legend : the queen of hearts was the only one who could give the powerful magic to the elves. Yes, on *Fantazia* there were elves, fairies and telepathic dwarfs. Elves were the rarest and had lost their powers in a war. They had waited for

centuries for someone to help them. And that person was me. How could it be possible? I closed my eyes for a second. And I wished I could do that. I don't know how it happened but I had succeeded.

Then I woke up happy and I knew that this was a sign to do the things I love. Your life does not have to be dictated by someone else, YOU can bring the magic!

### *My strange dream*

Students: Balan Andrei  
9<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I remember clearly one particular nightmare that has been hunting me even to this day. It starts like this:

I was driving down a road in an old car, everything was pitch-black and I couldn't even see the road ahead of me. Suddenly I heard the sound of a tree that was falling. I slammed the brakes and the car stopped completely. I got out slowly and walked slowly forward but I couldn't see it. I turned around, but I couldn't spot my car, so I started walking slowly on the cold road and all of a sudden the road stopped. In front of me was a very deep hole that looked like it never ended. I watched in despair as my only way of travelling was blocked. As I was watching I heard a strange noise so I turned around and I saw the road in front of me was collapsing. Knowing that there was no chance of escaping this roadway I jumped in the hole and my nightmare ended.

In the end I will always remember this strange dream.



## *Italian Ghosts are probably friendlier than they seem*

Students: Alex Tanase

9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

I had the strangest dream last night. Normally, all of mine turn out to be so random and filled with junk, I've never had a single coherent dream. But that has changed this night. However, that's changed today. In this night's dream, I found myself next to a huge, old-looking mansion-like building. I was a bit afraid to go inside, but I gathered up the courage I needed and went inside. As I entered the front door, I heard crying echoing throughout the room.

Normally, I would've run away the instant I heard anything like that in an abandoned place. However, this was a unique case. The crying sounded like it had... an Italian accent. As weird out as anyone would feel in such an occurrence, I noticed it was coming from under a counter in the room. I went to check it, and to my surprise, it was a literal Italian ghost. It looked cartoonish, a little goofy even, and had a stereotypical moustache.

"Mama-mia, the landlord is finally here with the eviction notice.."

I calmed it down and asked it some questions. As it turned out, the mansion was owned by the cute little ghost. He called it "the greatest pizzeria of all time", but that after his death, it quickly fell to pieces, because everyone was too scared to buy.

I told the ghost I would help it advertise the restaurant, because I felt sorry for it. I had an idea: make a sign advertising "ghastly pizza" and put it in front of the restaurant. We make quick work of it, clean up the pizzeria, then hang the sign in the front. Quickly, people swarmed inside and the ghost was able to do his job.

After we served everyone for the day, the ghost, extremely happy, thanked me for everything I've done. I promised the ghost I would eventually return, and as I was about to leave, I woke up.

## *After years...*

Students: Ciubotaru Andreea

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Steven was just a child when his mother, father and brother had a serious car accident. His parents died that day, but his younger brother Dylan was not found at the scene of the accident. After his parents died, his grandmother raised him alone. He never gave up on his brother and hoped that one day he would find him. The police stopped looking for Dylan years ago thinking he was dead, but Steven knew his brother wasn't dead. Time passed and Steven became a real man, he became a famous detective. Steven had a beautiful wife and



two adorable children, the wonderful family he had always wanted. One morning, like any other, Steven was having breakfast with his family and reading the newspaper. Then he noticed that one of the richest women in town had died, leaving her son all the money and the family business. In the newspaper was also a picture of the woman's boy. The young man had a birthmark on his face, the same birthmark that Dylan also had. Steven was fascinated, after years of searching... was that man his brother?

The man's name was Jack. Until his mother died, she told him that she was not his real mother. She found him on the side of the road near of a burning car and took him out before the car exploded. She wanted to go to the police with the little boy, but she decided to keep him, raising him and loving him as her own son. Jack was upset at first, but he forgave her and stood by her side in her last moments. After his mother's death, Jack decided to look for his family and hired the best detective in town to help him. This detective was Steven. When he first saw Jack, Steven realized that he was really his brother. Jack told Steven why he hired him. After listening to everything Jack said, Steven told him the whole story and showed him old photos with the two of them and their family until the accident happened. Jack was surprised, everything seemed unreal, but everything made sense, the stories of his mother and the detective matched perfectly. The two brothers talked for hours and the next day Steven told Jack to come to his house to meet his family. That day, Steven's house was surrounded by journalists who wanted to know the story of the two brothers. After answering a few questions, Steven turned his back on them and walked slowly into the house.

### *A normal Halloween night*



Students: Laudatu Diana  
9<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

It was Halloween, my friends and I were walking around town and we decided to go to the flower shop because it was my mother's birthday and I wanted to buy her a bouquet of flowers. Once there, we looked among the shelves full of flowers and chose a small, forgotten bouquet from the last shelf. I picked it up, bought it and left. On the way something caught our attention, a voice, but we didn't know where it came from. It took us a while to realize that the bouquet was trying to tell us something. We got very scared, and I unintentionally dropped it on the ground, but I immediately felt very sorry. I finally answered back after that and he told us his story, how a witch cursed it and every day of Halloween it comes to life, being able to talk. It asked us not to take him

back to the flower shop, because it is judged by the other flowers because of his destiny, so I thought we would take it with us and carol each house. We received a lot of sweets and screams from people scared by our talking bouquet, but we had a great evening. It was 12 o'clock at night when a depressing silence broke, only to realize that our special bouquet had become just another bouquet, but with an impressive story behind it. Halloween night was over, and so was its magic. I got home, wished my mother happy birthday, gave her the present, which she couldn't even imagine how impressive it was and told her to take great care of it and cherish it because it is so special and magical.

### *Love letter*

Students: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

“Nobody sees what I see in you, and it breaks my heart knowing you don't either. God, I wished you could be in my place and see your beauty and your kindness... That smile that gives me butterflies, that laugh that sends me shivers, to hear that voice that warms my heart and to feel that touch that overwhelms my soul. I wish I could tell you all of these and many others, I wish I could be by your side, but I'm a coward. I'm afraid that if I tell you, you'll run away, like you always do. I'm a coward and I can't change that. I'm not good enough and I know it. I'm not good enough, but I still love you... “

## *Diamond hunters*

Students: Dedu Robert  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Roczana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Steve turned his back on them and walked slowly into the house, where he put on a cassette of classical music and poured Scottish whiskey into a glass. He lit a cigarette and took his favorite book from the shelf, which he browsed through each the date he felt stressed. He had played chess for 3 hours with his friends and had found out something from them that made him think. He had the impression that his friends were really crazy.

They had told him that there was an enchanted diamond near the famous haunted mansion on the edge of the Clovelly. The one who finds the diamond can fulfill three wishes with its help.

After two days, he meets his friends again. The four get in the car, a gorgeous Lagonda from 1930 and set off in search of the enchanted diamond.

They found out about this diamond two years ago from an ancient book found in a hidden cave in the Swiss Alps when they were visiting Switzerland. Now was the right time to try.

It was about 250 miles from London to Clovelly. The rainy weather did not stop them from venturing.

After traveling halfway, the rain stopped and the clouds dispersed. It should have taken them less than 3 hours to arrive in Clovelly.

A small village with impressive architecture and an impressive view of the Bristol Channel. The mansion, which was believed to be haunted, was 20 miles north of that village, so they set out on that road. The road was deserted and passed through a dark forest. It was dark and the pale moonlight had appeared.

They arrived, turned on their flashlights and began exploring the area. The mansion had been abandoned for 50 years. The windows were broken, and the whole building was covered with tree moss and tall grass. It belonged to an old woman who disappeared without a trace and she never returned.

A short distance behind the mansion, there was a very high concrete gate, covered by the thick and cold roots of some trees. The four friends approached the gate, and it opened slowly. Steve entered fearfully, followed by the other three partners. Behind the gate, on a solid wood support, there was a large diamond, perfectly polished, of an intense blue. It was really the "enchanted diamond."

It was guarded by two huge, reddish deer, each with a gorgeous gemstone of intense green on its forehead, which shone so brightly that it blinded you.

Their horns were also illuminated by this magical ruby.

Steve and his friends were stunned. They looked at these wonderful deer and could not believe what they saw with their own eyes.

Suddenly, the gemstone on the deer's forehead began to shine so brightly that everything around it turned into a white light. The light was so strong that the four friends fainted, falling unconscious on the damp ground.

They finally woke up in a dark cave. There were hundreds of people looking for crystals digging in the hard rock of the cave.

A deer whose skin was only made of crystals came up to them and ordered them to begin their search for crystals and bring him the most beautiful crystals in the world.

Is there any way to escape from there?



## *Sailor dream*

Students: Grosoiu Anamaria  
11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

“Steve turned his back on them and walked slowly into the house. His adventure was over, but definitely the most exciting experience of his life. “

But let's start with the beginning.

Steve returned home after school and went straight to his room. He is a quiet child, never speaking out his thoughts, even if he has a lot. Actually, his mind is full of wonderful things, but unfortunately they stay inside his head. Most of the time, he writes down ideas about new stories, characters or places. His creativity is interesting but not valued enough, since he has never presented his ideas to someone other than himself.

After finishing his homework, Steve sat down on the bed, opening his notebook. His fingers traced the pages as he was reading the last words he wrote, but as soon as his eyes left the page, the letters started glowing. The light became quickly brighter, spreading around the whole room. Steve moved his hands in front of his eyes, the fear making his heartbeat run like rollercoasters. After a few seconds, he felt something hard around him and not the usual comfort of the bed. When he opened his eyes, the outline of a whole island appeared in front of the boy. Everything was as he imagined... Tall palm-trees, a big bright sun and a wonderful cerulean sea.

“Oh, you finally came over. Took you enough, come on” a voice came behind him. Steve turned around to see a boy, taller than him, dressed as a pirate. His eyes went wide being shocked, because the kid standing in front of him was one of the characters he was writing about.

“Have you lost your voice as well when you arrived here?” the boy added.

Steve shook his head and stood up, following him. Roger, the pirate boy. Black curls and deep blue eyes as the seas he sailed over with his crew against the wind and storm. Sarcasm and narcissistic attitude. Exactly the way Steve pictured him in his notebook.

“Starring at me flatters me, but starring at your own art is a more narcissistic gesture than my entire behavior” chuckled Roger catching Steve's gaze on him.

Steve looked away, feeling his face heating up a bit. “I am sorry, I didn't mean to. I am just confused... Am I dreaming or everything is real? I can't explain what's going on”

Roger nodded and after serving himself with some rum, he sat down. “Well, you see...there are multiple realities... And what are you writing about already exists. Every author has something called a writer’s block. Basically you remain without ideas so you were in need of a booster”.

The other boy frowned, then looked around, his eyes scanning the entire landscape. “So... I needed to connect better with the world I was writing about?”

Roger flipped a coin in the air, watching it fall on the ground so he could catch Steve’s attention. The sound of the coin made him turn around and he raised an eyebrow. Roger nodded and gave him a little smile.” You seem tensed and tired... Is a bed over there, you better get some sleep.”

Steve’s glance fell over the little bed and soon he found himself sitting down. It wasn’t as comfortable as his bed was, but it was better than he expected. He laid down, closing his eyes. The salty smell of the water and the warm wind made him relax quick, giving him some sort of safe feeling even though he was on an unexplored island. Soon, the thoughts left his mind, letting him sleep peacefully for a while.

The sun made its appearance as the birds started humming their songs. Steve woke up, stretching his arms, taking a deep breath. No more salty air, no more marine breeze. He was in his room, having the notebook next to him. What happened last night? Was it real or just a dream?

### *The story begins here*

Students: Ștefan Denisa- Andreea

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

‘B.P. Hasdeu’ National College

Steve turned his back on her and walked slowly into the house. But the story doesn’t start from here. It began three years ago, when Steve met “the love of his life”, Patricia.

They were known in New York as the new „Bonnie and Clyde” couple, because they were America’s new greatest criminals. Steve has always had financial problems, because he comes from a hard-trying family, so he has always done illegitimate things to live. On the other hand, Patricia had a happy childhood up to the age of 12 when his parents separated following a scandalous divorce. Since then, the girl has lived a life divided between two parents: her mother has quickly restored her life, while her father entered vicious circles, starting to do things that inspired her daughter to do less legal things.

When Steve and Patricia met, they became a couple of wicked people who were killing and stealing, each time they escaped unpunished, because their tactics were very successful. But it seems that at some point, a colossal mistake was made by Patricia, who robbed a young woman’s bag in a square without hiding in any way, so the police have been following the famous couple.

Even if he loved Patricia enormously, Steve was scared when he found out that they might spend the rest of their lives in prison, so he decided that the best solution would be the murder of Patricia. He decided to go out with his girlfriend for a walk around the house where they were hiding. He killed her by stabbing her, then getting rid of her body and anything that might have proved him guilty.

Steve turned his back on her and walked slowly into the house...

### *Is life a game?*

Students: Soare Andreea

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

The game - such a simple word but one that is still evoking so many memories. Play is the essence of life. The game is the element that has accompanied us from the first years of life and has always been with us until the end of the biggest game in which we are all participants, namely life. In childhood, games help us to grow in perseverance and the desire to win and towards the end of life it makes us understand what it is, regardless of the winner, everyone gets something from it. Games differ from one age to another, from one temperament to another and from one emotion to another. For example, not all of us are able to play like the *Lord of the Flies* or *The hunger game*. We notice that a game has been with us from childhood when we played with mother's high-heeled shoes until old age when we play with our grandchildren and read them stories.

In conclusion, I strongly believe that sometimes we should let ourselves be carried away and enjoy every game that life offers us.

### *The King's mirror*



Students: Sophia Luncașu

7<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Popescu Sebastian

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

"I failed you." he said, as he paced around the room. He was not the type of man to lose a war. He wore a black suit with rubies on the collar. His face expression stern and his white knuckles curled around the hilt of his sword on his belt. "How, how could I be so..." he couldn't seem to find the right words. "So foolish! I left you alone with my monstrous brother, and now here you are!" He gestured towards the body crumpled on the floor.

He ignored the roars of the battle going on outside. The war was only a game for him, a mere show. But he was done playing the game, the minute he found his queen's body on the floor. His cape fluttered when he knelt to the ground, next to his wife. Silver tears poured out of his eyes. The king yelled. The room spanned in front of his eyes. He took out a dagger from his boot and plunged onto the wooden floor at his feet. In a pool of her own blood, his wife was on the floor, a golden knife stuck into her chest, her face frozen in an expression of disbelief. She was wearing a divine red velvet dress with rubies matching his own, a black belt and a sharp black crown.

He knelt next to her and he played with her fair curls, not paying attention to the blood soaking his clothes. Her hair was soft at touch and it twisted easily in his fingers. He took out his sword and he cut a lock of it and put it in a pocket of his coat, as a reminder of her youthfulness before her body would rot to the point where there would be nothing left but a pile of ash.

"I must bid you farewell, my love." He wiped his tears that had fallen on her face. He slowly closed the eyelids over her ocean blue eyes. He leaned in closer. "To quote Shakespeare, 'thy lips are warm.'" Without further delay, he pulled himself up and he wiped his blood-soaked hands on his white shirt. The man looked at his wife for the last time. "The servants will find you here and wonder what has happened. Let them marvel at you as they used to do." With that being said, the man left. He stormed through the halls of his palace. Expensive carpets, servants carrying trays, knights ready for battle and commandants discussing strategy swirled around the man. He didn't care.

The heavy brocade curtains, chandeliers, the power, the kingdom, he would have given it all up for her. And his enemy knew that. He used to rule with an iron fist. Before he met his wife, any person who stole a loaf of bread ended up hanged and anyone contradicted him in an argument ended up in the dungeons for at least five days. Though, one couldn't say that his wife had softened him. She gave him the power to be better and to be the king all of his subjects loved so dearly.

The man passed by a group of consorts who wished to address him on the matter of the war, but the king wouldn't be bothered. He had only one thing on his mind. Killing his brother. It didn't matter how he called his arch nemesis, the prince, the one who killed his wife, because no matter what, he could find no mercy, no empathy for the man.

The heavy wooden doors of his palace swung open before him. That moment, a gruesome sight unravelled before him. The sky was crimson red, the sun slowly giving in to the moon. All kind of children fought with weapons or their bare hands against an army three times bigger than them. The king knew his wife's murder was a trap but still, he let himself be lured outside by the bitter-sweet idea of vengeance. Half of the king's army was dead, and the war wasn't nearly over. The man passed by people covered in blood from head to toe. He did all that, he declared war with his jealous brother, for fun. And that fun had brought his wife to the grave.

The man found his way to his brother. The prince was looking at him with a murderous smile. His bloody sword at his side.

"At last, you have come."

The man looked at him and he saw his perfect reflection. A younger version of his blood-thirsty expression, the double of his voice, his taunting pose and the same strategy he used to use. It was almost as if he was looking in a mirror.

"Brother! Care to duel?" The man went straight to the point. The prince looked a little shocked, but then he took a fighting position with his sword in his hand. The king drew his sword out and twirled in the air before his brother.

The prince swung the sword his sword at his brother, but the king was prepared, and he blocked the blow. It was easy for him, he knew exactly what his young copy would do, it was

like fighting himself. He was prepared to score a final blow. He charged at his brother, but his brother swerved and caught his waist. The king didn't even have time to blink, before his brother plunged a sword in his chest and he fell to the ground. The collision with the ground was painful but all he could do, was stare at his younger brother.

"Stop staring, you're annoying me brother!" The younger prince said, and he used his boot to move the man's face, so it faced the ground.

"Have a nice time being reunited with your wife in hell." The prince laughed. As the man bled out on the ground, listening to his people's cries in the distance, he looked at a shattered mirror on the ground. He looked at his younger brother, his identical copy, with the same look on his face as his when he killed someone powerful, someone good. The last thing the man heard, was his brother's maniacal laugh, before closing his eyes one last time.

## *The house of the future*

Students: Crîngașu Adrian Alexandru

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

When we think about the future, we imagine many things, but all of them are only uncertainties. All we can do is speculate. It is worth mentioning that the whole world believes assumptions that may be full of truth: by 2050, the planet could have more than 9 billion people and the majority could live in cities. That is why I believe that the planet will be formed only by cities, without suburbs. So, we have to stop the expansion of the suburbs. Me, when I think of this period, I see before my eyes modern structures that have appeared over time. It depends on all humans, especially their thoughts regarding the evolution of the Earth. Our habits can greatly influence the way society will evolve and, at the same time, the rise of architecture and culture. But, a question arises: If the world changes so much, where will we live? How will our homes be? And, the most important thing to think about, how will it change? In what way? These are all questions that we propose to answer in the following lines.

Currently, there are already several ways that can be considered modern, but this is not enough. Since the majority of people have a fairly modern house, you also have to think about the ecological side. So, we must take into account the verbs "save" and "green" and their advantages, as well as originality, the most important feature that everyone should consider. For example, to save space it is enough a multifunctional room that will replace the kitchen, bathroom, living room and other important rooms that are essential to lead a carefree life. This piece will change according to the needs of the individual. The theme of the room will be adapted according to the season and the temperature of the room will depend on the outside temperature, automatically. Each room will have a different design, having diverse objects that will transform the lives of tenants. In the kitchen there may be a machine that will combine the stove with the oven, the microwave and the diver too. It would be interesting to have clothes closet that will have infinite space for fashion addicts. In the living room we can have moving paintings and also the mask as a trophy, a brand that will show us that we have defeated the pandemic. The advantage of having only one multifunctional room is represented by the fact that you can have more space to build more buildings.



When it comes to energy consumption, there is a plethora of possibilities. I know that many studies are currently underway, but that will not prevent me from expressing my personal opinion. The first method refers to other planets that can offer us the energy to make people's lives easier, while saving resources. I also believe that solar energy will be used more frequently. But we must pay attention to the use of the devices.

In addition, when constructing buildings, one can use various materials such as bricks that can be made from resources like herbs, which are renewable and are easy to use for this type of activity. Moreover, we can also recycle and reuse plastic objects, which can be remodeled and transformed into bricks. So, there you have it, we can also use materials that come from nature, which beyond their practical side, can give the house a rather pleasant smell.

It is recognized that large urban agglomerations are confronted with the lack of green spaces. As a result, a solution could be represented by grasses, vegetated terraces next to solar and wind panels, because it is progress that must bend to nature, in order to find the perfect harmony for the universe.

The limitation of space through multifunctional rooms, the action of saving existing resources and the opportunity to think differently, these are reasons why an ecologically sustainable home is necessary. Maybe it will last a little while, but we have to wait for the final result to bode well. This type of housing will make our lives easier thanks to the very useful devices to organize better and do things quickly, but in this way we can promote and also influence other people to determine them to contribute to our human evolution.

The future is not certain, we must live the present and we must contribute to improve our lives. The house of the future does not exist, it is up to us to think about it together, because, in fact, we can change the whole world. The existence of this house depends on us. If we want an easier and healthier life, we must stick together and act this story concerns us all.

## *The effects of the pandemic – past vs. Present*

Students: Crîngașu Adrian Alexandru  
11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocšana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

Many people are reluctant to talk about this topic, which is everywhere, which we have encountered in our lives for some time, but few think and realize the impact that led to the effects that have shaped our people today. For some, the pandemic has meant absolutely nothing, and it still does not mean probably, and for others, this "event" has brought either negative or positive things, or all combined. The pandemic has been, and still is, a controversial topic. Would this have brought something good into our lives?

For me, the pandemic was something spontaneous, unplanned. It was February 2020 when we first learned of the virus that still haunts us and makes us think and feel uncertain about tomorrow. At first we did not notice the seriousness of the problem, in Romania everything was absolutely normal until March 2020, when rumors began to appear. Who wouldn't have enjoyed a few days off? Unfortunately, these turned into months, and from that moment on, the real change

began. I admit, I was panicked. I was panicked not only for myself, but especially for my parents and friends. We were sitting full-blown waiting for news to get us out of all this thing, we were only getting small numbers, which added more and more zeros every day. And I was panicking. 10 cases per country. 100, 1000, 10 000.10 000 in November 2020. In March I was scared, in November I had already got used to it. I was waiting for that news that was still hidden. We're still waiting for the right moment.

For me, the pandemic is that period in my life that has brought me, for the most part, only good. The beginning of it and the present encompasses the period that has changed me the most, from all points of view, both physically and mentally. This gave me the time to do everything I love; it gave me the time to discover new passions. I had time to spend it with my family and my pet, a cat that I had been raising since the time when everything was "normal" and which gave me the opportunity to experience what it means to be a parent. March, April, May. Three monotonous months, the same routine, different series and books, the same type of food. These three months were the beginning of the most important chapter of my life, which continues to this day. Books and the passion for foreign languages were two elements that made this period more animated. And yet, it was just the beginning. I still remember a moment I can't ever forget. I was leaving the house after almost three months in the park near my home. The feeling was overwhelming. I was almost alone in the whole park and felt that nature had risen again. I felt like I was the first man on Earth. I closed my eyes and opened them. I found it all incredible.

The month of June, and also the beginning of the summer of 2020, gave me the desire to organize things, the desire for change. I started to focus already on what I was doing during the quarantine period. I started learning and practicing. I perfected my French and English skills and had just begun to learn Italian. Reading has shown me new universes that I entered in order to detach myself from reality, to live differently. We had already begun to externalize ourselves. **Most of them took advantage of this freedom.** I chose to externalize myself gradually, in my own way, choosing to go with small steps. I preferred not to come out of my interiorization suddenly, because if I had done the opposite, I would not be the person of today. The pandemic taught me to think consciously, it taught me to answer questions whose solutions were unknown to me.

I discovered myself, I learned to fight and realize that every moment should be lived as if it were the last. I have learned to appreciate my family and friends more, I have learned, and the result is incredible for me and, I admit, even now I cannot realize the impact that this period has had and is having on all of us. As for the physical form, I was always dissatisfied, I could not accept myself. The pandemic has really made me want this change. "I have to do something" I said to myself, and I was able to achieve what I set out to do, and for that I am proud of myself. I completely changed my diet, along the way I realized that I was not doing the right thing, and that's why I started to research, everything paid off. I started working with myself, I learned to fight for the goals I had set for myself. At first it was difficult, everything became much easier along the way. In this part of my life, I rediscovered my mind and body. I had the will and I started. Although I have moved to another level, that of pride and acceptance, I consider myself the same. Ambition I had before, desire existed. The pandemic has given me the time. The time it takes to rediscover myself. The time it takes to implement everything. The pandemic has given me the time, and that's why I appreciate it. It turned me into who I am today.

The period that did not end gave me more time, time that I chose to use for my own benefit. There are times when we say 'we don't have time'. The time we have, it's always been there. The difference is that before I did not know how to use it effectively. The organization had its involvement, but the pandemic was the icing on the cake of my evolution, which is not over. We fight for ourselves, we fight for ourselves, we fight to make this period better, for all of us. **The pandemic is not an obstacle; it is just an influence.** It's up to us how we can use it. Just by us. We can achieve great things by helping others take everything from negative to positive. The pandemic: the best thing you've given me, time.



## *The dance of pride*

Students: Coman Teodora

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu  
'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

The night sky is much more beautiful than the day sky, especially if, while looking at it, you are in a carriage. All I hear is the muffled laughter and whispers coming from my sisters. All three radiate their beauty and cheerfulness, arranging the ruffles of their dresses and complimenting each other on the hairstyles chosen for this evening. Balls have always been important to them, but there is a different reason for each.

Evelyn was known for her beauty and the perfect manners she always showed, and every mother in the village would have wanted such a wife for her son. My older sister is always courted by all sorts of young people, some who can offer her a carefree life, others without too many financial possibilities, but who swear to love and cherish her until the last day of their lives. But Evelyn knows that many of the words they say are just nonsense, because if they really loved her, they would prove it to her by deeds, not by stupid flirtations and remarks that instead of making her blush her, give her a headache. My sister is waiting for someone who will make her heart beat so hard that it might jump out of her chest or make her feel the thrill of the first love. She has always dreamed of a love story like the ones in our mother's library books, with countless suitors, but only one of them can offer as much love as she promises. At every ball, my sister accepts every invitation to dance, hoping that one of her partners will be the one who will give her that love like in fairy tales.

For the twins, things are completely different. Being the youngest in our family, Ava and Harper do not have such a grand purpose for which they like to prepare for the ball. At only fifteen years old, none of them feel the need to find the son of a nobleman who promises them the world. Not now when they have each other. From the moment they were born, they have been inseparable. It was rare to see Harper without Ava in the mansion, and even rarer to see Ava without Harper in the garden. It was exactly the same on the dance floor. If you wanted to dance with one of the Brookhouse twins, you had to make sure the other one had a dance partner, if you didn't want your pride to be hurt by a refusal.

“Adelaide, do you want to tell us what's so interesting about the sky tonight? You've been looking in that direction since we left the mansion, and I can't understand why.” Harper's voice interrupts the line of thought in my mind and brings me back to reality. We are in the carriage, dressed in dresses of divine materials and heading for a ball. I try to find a suitable answer, but my thinking is interrupted by another voice, belonging to Ava this time.

“Oh Harper, darling, our sister here is wondering what suitors she's going to refuse tonight.”

“It's not true!” My attempt to retaliate makes the twins giggle at each other. I look at Evelyn and see her trying her best not to laugh.

“Girls, you're both wrong. Adelaide doesn't think about that at all. She wonders if the intentions of a certain young Christenberry have remained the same.

“Evelyn!” The twins were laughing so hard at this point that their faces had turned redder than the color of the lipstick on our older sister's lips. And I don't know why my cheeks started to burn. “I've already told you very clearly that nothing will happen. And these so-called intentions that you are talking about now are more of Mrs. Christenberry's than her son's. Besides, I would never marry someone like him.”

The twins gave me another look before they started a new discussion about shoes and other things they wanted to buy in town the next day. Evelyn, who was sitting just to my left, was looking at me. He leaned close to my ear and whispered as follows:

“I'm so sorry! I didn't mean to upset you, Adelaide. I forgot compet ...”

“I know. It is fine” I smile at her and look back at the stars.

It's nothing new to get upset about when it comes to the so-called Mr. Christenberry. His mother always admired the way our parents raised and educated us. She was always imagining that one day one of us would be her daughter-in-law. Evelyn was two years older than he was, and the twins were far too small. I was closest to his age, meaning I was the ideal daughter-in-law. At first I was flattered by the attention I received from him. Until one day, when I was with Evelyn in town. It was quite crowded that day at the shoemaker's. Many gentlemen had come with their wives and children in search of new shoes, for winter was never gentle in this corner of the world. None of us had seen him when he entered, but I could hear his voice as he spoke with one of his friends, waiting in line. Evelyn and I looked at each other and listened to the conversation, grateful for the crowds that helped us hide.

“Caleb, there is a rumor circulating in the village that you have certain intentions with one of the Brookshire sisters. I don't remember exactly her name. Annaleigh..or ..?”

“Adelaide. Her name is Adelaide. And no, I have no intention of doing that. Rather, my mother has intentions and plans for my future.”

“And you're not interested at all? I, personally, find her very attractive.”

“Attractive? Please, even Grandma looks better. Her hair is so washed out that I don't know if she's blonde or gray. Not to mention that her eyes are too big for her face. She looks too much like a frog for someone to find her attractive. In fact, I'd rather ...”

I hadn't listened to the rest of the conversation, because I could feel tears already streaming down my cheeks. Evelyn looked at me sympathetically. She knew I was about to give up and start crying even harder, so she took my hand and we stepped out of the shoe store. From that day on I became much colder with the young Mr. Caleb Christenberry, and he, noticing my new attitude, answered in kind. He did not give up, because he knew that his mother would not accept such a thing, but I could read the contempt on his face. I knew he was forced to court me, and at times he seemed a little disgusted with the task he had to perform in order to please his mother. We despised each other. We had ruined each other's lives: he ruined mine, because my heart had broken to pieces; I ruined his for the admiration his mother had for me and my family.

Looking around, I notice that we are no longer alone on the road. Hundreds of carriages are piled up, some stopped, others barely reaching the Newcomer's Great Mansion, the hosts of tonight's ball.

After getting out of the carriage, the four of us headed for the ballroom. The women were all dressed in different colors, which were more and more accessorized, while the men's suits were made of different materials, most of them being in the same color area. The twins recognized some friends from school and hurried to them. Evelyn and I walk around observing the way men spin their wives on the music rhythm. As I walked slowly around the room, I felt as if someone were looking at me insistently. I began to look around, and at that moment I saw him. Our eyes met for only a few seconds, but it was long enough for the contempt in my heart to begin to burn. It's not easy to admit that he didn't look bad tonight. Mr. Christenberry wore a simple black suit which, although it was a fairly common attire at a ball, never lost its elegance. Evelyn and I continued walking until one of the young gentlemen asked if my sister could accompany him to the next dance. Evelyn glanced at me to see if she was okay. I nodded and she released my arm and walked away with the dark-haired man to the dance floor. I continued to walk alone among the partygoers until I reached the drinks table, where there were different types of punch.

"The fruit punch has, in my opinion, the best taste, of course, if we don't compare it with champagne." I turn my head and see a young man smiling at me. „Louis Allensworth."

"Adelaide Brookhouse."

"Nice to meet you, Miss Brookhouse." He answers and kisses my hand. I smile as my cheeks start to turn red. „Do you take great pleasure in giving me the next dance?"

Until I could answer, I noticed a tall figure behind Mr. Allensworth who seemed to be unable to take his eyes off us. I recognized my sweet enemy in an instant. I grinned in his direction, then turned my attention to the gentleman in front of me.

"My pleasure!" He offers me his arm, and after we both go to the ring.

The music begins, and Mr. Allensworth and I waltz with the rest of the partygoers. Louis is really a very kind and funny man, who tells me all kinds of jokes and compliments while we dance, to avoid the atmosphere between us becoming embarrassing. Out of the corner of my eye I can see Mr. Christenberry coming straight to the dance floor. At first I thought it was just a coincidence, but I could feel his burning gaze as I waltzed. Even our eyes met, but now he couldn't help but hide the fact that he was examining me during the dance. Smiling to myself, I drew closer to Mr. Allensworth, trying to seem more and more interested in what he was telling me. By the time the song was over, Mr. Christenberry was no longer near the ring. I stand on tiptoe for I could kiss Louis on the cheek and after I retire we look at each other again until we are interrupted by a cough. We both turn to that person, and at that moment I feel like all the color in my cheeks is gone.

"Miss Brookhouse, are you honoring me for being my partner for the next dance?"

"Yes, of course, Mr. Christenberry!" I didn't want to say "yes", but my mind was slow, and the words came out before I could think. He takes my hand and guides me to the partygoers. His hand is so cold, it's like he's been out all night at the ball. There was a thunder, then another, until the storm began outside, and the song that had begun was not an ordinary waltz, for the orchestra had decided it was the right time to use the organ as well. There is no doubt. The weather and the song we were dancing amplified the tension between the two of us. We looked into each other's eyes without moving our eyes, because we knew that the first to look elsewhere would lose

this strange contest in which we participated. And we kept looking at each other for a few moments, until my partner decided to break the peace between us.

"You seemed to be having fun a few minutes ago with Mr. Allensworth, Adelaide." His hand moves on my back as we dance, and I try to ignore that strange feeling in my stomach.

"Only my friends or family call me Adelaide, and the last time I checked, you weren't in those categories, Mr. Christenberry."

"We could be a family, if that's what you're trying to insinuate." He whispers in my ear as he leans back slightly. Damn it! I can't believe he said that.

"No, thanks. I prefer Mr. Allensworth. He's a real gentleman and I think he would make me very happy." The music stops. I think this was the longest dance of my life. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll look for people who are eager for my company." I was about to leave when he grabbed my wrist.

"I do not think so. We need to talk. In a quieter place, of course." And having said that, he began to drag me after him. I tried to resist, but in vain. And, to be honest, I'm very curious about what he has to say.

We leave the ballroom and walk quietly until we reach a fairly distant corridor, where we know that no one will hear us. He releases my hand and then looks me straight in the eye.

"What's your problem, Adelaide?"

"My problem? My problem!? If any of us have a problem here, it's you!" I screamed, not caring that anyone could hear me.

"I don't have a problem. You're the irritable one whose first name I can't address, even though I've done it thousands of times in the past."

"You don't have a problem !? Okay, that means you wouldn't mind me leaving right now to look for Mr. Allensworth."

"Don't bring this man into the discussion!"

"Why not?" I'm screaming, but I'm not really interested at the moment. I'm tired of keeping everything closed inside me. „He is a much better man than you have ever been!"

"You're lying to yourself. You can do much better."

"Better how !? Like you?" When he doesn't answer, I realize what he's actually implying. „I wouldn't marry you for all the money in the world!"

"Why not?" He shouts and I can hear the despair in his voice.

"Because I know that's not what you want! I know these are not your intentions, but your mother's, and I know everything you've said about me!" I don't know when I started crying, but now I can feel thousands of tears on my cheeks and their taste on my lips. „You said I was washed and I looked like a frog! How would you like me to marry you if I know everything you really feel !? How, Caleb !? Tell me how!" I pocked him in the chest with my index finger as I talk to him. I don't even know how I got so close to him, but it doesn't matter. He had a painful expression on his face, as if he was looking bad again. He looks like he was about to cry.

"I..mm ... Damn it!" He takes my face in his big hands and starts kissing me like it's our last day on Earth. I don't know what's more surprising: the fact that he did this or the fact that I respond to his kiss immediately. My hands reach into his thick brown hair, while his hands go down to my waist, pulling me closer to him. When the kiss finally ends, I look him straight in his green eye, trying to figure out what happened a few seconds ago.

“I..I don't understand. I thought that...”

“Let me explain. Please, Adelaide!” I nod and let him continue. „At first it was my mother's intentions, I admit. Then I got to know you better, even though I didn't talk much. And before you ask, I know a lot about you. I know you like cinnamon rolls, the warm ones, not the cold ones; I know you like purple the most, but you prefer to wear red, because you think it suits you better, by the way, you look gorgeaus in both of them; and I know that you love to read, especially books about Greek mythology. I see you, Adelaide! I'm sorry my mom had to be a suitor to open my eyes wide, but I'm seeing you now. Better late than never. I love the color of your hair. I never thought it would make you look washed out, and those big eyes! Oh my goodness! I can't even tell you how much I love them, and the thought of tears being shed by them makes because of me... I feel disgusted with myself. I said those awful things just because I wasn't old enough to admit my feelings to my friends. You are like air to me; you are my Persephone and I am your Hades. I love you, Adelaide! I've been far too proud to admit it so far, but I'm doing it now. I love you!”

I didn't know how to put it into words, so I grabbed his collar and pulled him toward me to kiss him once more. Damn! I loved him too! All the glances, all the sharp words, it was just our pride fighting head to head and not wanting to let go of our feelings.

“I love you too!” I answer, breathing hard. “I've always done it, but I've only just relaised it. I love you, and now that I know it, I want to shout out loud for everyone to hear.” He smiles when he looks at me.

"Does that mean you'll be mine, Miss Brookhouse?"

"Until death do us apart, Mr. Christenberry."

He kisses me on the forehead, then we head back to the ballroom together, holding hands. It seems that there are happy endings for people who let themselves be led by pride.

## *The will to die*

Students: Crîngașu Adrian Alexandru

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

‘B.P. Hasdeu’ National College

He didn't know what else he could do. He felt empty, incomplete, alone. Without a job, without parents, it was considered a ruin. The truth is, his life wasn't as good as others thought. Now he lay on the blood-soaked asphalt, which dried up and became an imprint of it, the hours passing on the threshold of the steaming night. No one had any doubt, it was known for sure that someone pushed him, and in an attempt to save himself, he gave up living. He was hated by everyone, despised. He was considered a superficial being, without principles, who thought only of himself. But everything looked different in his soul that left his body just a few hours ago.

Gabriel's corpse stood inert on the ground, the impact making him to pieces. Pieces of his body detached, each landing in different directions, as if he had achieved the impossible by moving

away from their possessor. A small smile could be seen on his face destroyed by the incident that caused his death. It was in front of a building, a 10- storey high building. The company he worked for, the place where he met his lost love, the space where he believed in hopes and vain promises. All of this killed him. He couldn't stand the pain anymore. He felt torn apart and at the same time healed, for it had been three years since all the torment had begun. A car accident that killed his great love with whom he had planned his future since childhood. The death of parents caused by an incurable disease. They all came too suddenly in his life, in unexpected moments, but that made the difference. In three years, he managed to heal and hurt himself. His thoughts seized his mind, anxiety, followed by a terrible depression caused these thoughts to be present everywhere, which affected his professional life, but also his social one. Before it all happened, he had friends. He had desires. He had hope. He had determination. Now all this was gone. He thought he could get over it all and it passed, but life took him by surprise when he least expected it. Why did he come to be despised by everyone? I watched him closely, all his depression was followed by seizures, nervousness, overreactions to those around him. And he couldn't stop. His soul was crying. An accumulation of feelings had gathered in his body, he felt that he could no longer control them properly. And he burst into tears. He took it out on his best friends and removed the others. Help came, but Gabriel made the decision not to accept him. He felt like he didn't need anyone or anything anymore. He felt as if he had just himself, but it wasn't enough. And now, here it is, on asphalt, surrounded by thousands of red particles. Buried under a sheet that ensures the fulfillment of his last wish. To see no one again, and everything was fulfilled exactly according to his will, the will to die.

For I was there. Everyone thinks that a very close person in his life wanted to do him this harm, but the truth is not this. Many believe that he was killed in cold blood, for everyone hated him. But not many knew that he hated himself. It could no longer be accepted. His miserable life led him to make the decision that brought him much closer to me. I stand next to his body and see his soul, crouching at the head of the stairs, crying.

"Did you get what you wanted, why do you suffer?"

-I still feel it.

He didn't know what his mission was and how he had to act further. I told him that there was only one condition for leaving the world for good in which everything he felt was just pain, in which he felt and still does it: to reconstruct the reasons why he made the decision not to live anymore, to live again the moment of suicide, the moment when he had the impression that everything would disappear, but the complete opposite was happening, in a variant he had never imagined. No one could see him anymore, but he felt everything, even more intensified than before. He felt twice the pain he had been through all these years. He wanted to disappear, he wanted everything to return to normal for him, for he felt that death would bring him only good.

Two hours ago, he was on the roof of the company, moments after learning that he would no longer be able to practice his job, which kept him alive. The last and only reason he still wanted to live. To write. He wrote with his soul. By translating his ideas and feelings he felt that he was free, he felt that healing could come faster. But he was completely wrong. It was all just pain. He wrote and was judged for what he was doing, and his dissatisfaction brought him onto the brink of the unemployed. He approached the railing slightly. It moved a few steps back. He wasn't sure about what was going to happen next. But he closed his eyes. He saw absolutely nothing until his soul broke away from his body and he decided to remain among the living. It was gaining momentum. He kept his eyes closed, but felt like he could see, even though they seemed completely non-existent. He saw and felt every floor. It was going lower and lower, lower and lower.

Ten became nine. He remembered his love, his love of Julia. The being that he considered a deity in his life, to whom he prayed day and night, to whom he did not give up, regardless of the obstacles that what we call life brought to their lives unpredictably. They went through difficult times, but they fought and did not leave the war they were waging. For absolutely no one agreed



with what was going on between them. The parents did not get along, and their hope no longer existed. However, they could not leave each other, they supported each other and tried to offer the impossible even when it seemed that everything was illogical and unreasonable. They fought together until they gained true happiness. They got engaged when success had appeared in everyone's life and they could finally have the life they both wanted with all their hearts. When it seemed that everything was fine and that nothing could separate them anymore, death appeared ahead of schedule, when they imagined themselves with their hair bleached by the weather, with their hands aged by the stone carried by both of them. When he least expected it, life took her away from him. A car accident. Death caused by shock. Life fulfilled its plan. He stole the being that understood him the most in this world. Only she had the opportunity to see his tears, to know him as he really is, authentic, original, sensitive, dreamy. He did not have the courage to cry in front of his parents for fear of being judged. For their conception was that boys never cry, but it was just a stereotype. Boys will always cry, whether they admit it or not. The heart still existed, exists and will exist. There is no boy without emotions. And Gabriel showed them, only them and only them. For him, Julia was everything. But it was gone, as many others were going to do.

Nine became eight. He always loved his mother. He saw her suffer many times, but he tried to be by his side no matter what context he was in. He saw her crying, breaking things, but most of all she suffered when she lost her mother, the grandmother who now watches over the soul of the one lost between death and life. Because he didn't really die, he had to choose. Life or death? He suffered not only because he was not given the support he needed to succeed, but because he did not feel love from the one who gave him his life without even asking for it. Although he loved, love was not offered to him. She felt only coldness, only loneliness. He felt alone with her in the house every moment of his existence. She understood it all only in the last moments of it. On his deathbed he called her and smiled at her. She told her that she wanted to turn him into a stronger version of herself. She wanted her boy not to suffer when he was not offered love, but to accept the lack of it, without wanting to. For the love you want and is not near you, will never return to you, regardless of the involvement you show. She told him that she loved him and that she was proud of what he had become. The last words that destroyed him. For he received love the moment he least expected it in his life. And now he lacked that love, which he once obtained from his mother. He felt guilty. A piece of his soul was destroyed with this ineluctable moment.

Eight became seven. He kept his eyes closed and thought of his father whom he had not seen since the age of six. He had learned that he had died of cancer a few months after his mother's death. He was not saddened more by his lack as much as the one of communication upset him. He felt responsible for having sought him out long beforehand. He had left and left him with the one who had left him. He left to discover new horizons, but death was not on his side. It drew carelessness to perdition. What made Gabriel jump out was the fact that he no longer knew his voice. He no longer knew what a word uttered on his own father's lips sounded like. He felt guilty once again, he couldn't get over it very easily either. He felt destroyed. He didn't have the courage to see him after so many years between four pieces of wood that held him captive to reality. His heart ached. He was left alone. He no longer had a single parent present in his life, everything felt meaningless, and since then, the whole entity has stopped fighting. But these aren't the only reasons why he decided to leave.

Seven became six. It was getting closer and closer to the end. He should not forget at all his passion, which at the same time brought him to failure. Something he absolutely never expected. He began to develop it as early as adolescence, when he wrote love letters to Julia. She hadn't done it for anyone like that, just for her. He wrote poems, he wrote chaotically, without following a careful organization of words. He would always put his headphones in his ears and feel what he was writing. For the most important thing is to feel absolutely everything you do, but at the right times. Nothing is more essential than the realization of pleasure at the moment when you are manipulating yourself in every possible manner. Gabriel wrote chaotic lines. Sometimes what

he was creating was meaningless, at other times it seemed to be a masterpiece. But at times he couldn't write at all. He sat for hours in front of his laptop trying to type something. It didn't succeed. And he felt stressed, very stressed. He felt as if nothing was capable of. He had the impression that his life was a failure. Although he believed all this, writing was part of it. Both reading and writing complemented it perfectly. They would make it up and help it develop every time. But the break he took completely detached him from everything that made him happy. He didn't feel okay at all, but it was necessary to take a break. His brain was on the verge of exploding. Ideas existed, but he did not know at all how to apply them. He tried every time, but nothing good came out of him. He gave up and came back, but he gave up again. For he was not appreciated by anyone, and his work seemed to be completely non-existent. That's what everyone thought. He trusted, but all this hatred demoralized him, he gave up.

Six became five. Michael, the best friend he had ever had, left him. An unconsciously produced deed forever alienated them from each other. They complemented each other, they had the same passions, and they could tell all their secrets. Now he was just a stranger. After all that happened Gabriel gave in. He began to yell without his will at the one who understood him best. But people stop fighting when there's no longer reason to do it. Humans are loving beings, but who can metamorphose into creatures frightening to others. Michael did not realize the depression that his friend was going through. And he left, and he didn't come back. And Gabriel was destroyed. He immersed himself in the books and didn't come out of his shell for a long time. Until he made the decision to disappear. Definitively. Most of all, he lacked the support he gave him at every moment of his life. They were small, they played together, they cried for silly, meaningless reasons, but they never gave up. But his exaggerated behavior caused him to move away. He felt hurt and scared. He had no one to confess to, for the rest were just friends, or as he calls them, just "acquaintances". And they were just talking to him. He was just talking. But now no one can hear him anymore, even if he wants to do it.

Five became four. Friends. He thought them were friends but in fact, they were absolutely nothing for him. And that thought killed him easily. Thoughts have always been present. He didn't want to think at all. But with the advent of the moon, they all came the pile. From the smallest mistakes to the biggest remorse. He didn't feel okay at all. He started taking pills to sleep. Take pills, but for nothing. For everything was manifested in dreams. Dreams he had, only that for him they never managed to become a reality. He dreamed, sometimes with his eyes open, and sometimes with his eyes closed. But his mind kept working even at times when he didn't have that desire. He was sitting with his head on his pillow without making a sound. He felt tears flowing down his dry cheeks. The pills had no effect, at the same time weakening it to exhaustion. Nothing seemed to work. He began to get used to the lack of people in his life. He got used to it, he felt death closer to him, but more and more distant. He was thinking excessively, and the ideas acted. He felt warmth and coolness passing through his body every night of his life. He was shaking, and the next second he was sweating. Through his entire body tears flowed. Pain. Unfulfillment. Disappointment. Everything he felt, and he still feels.

Four became three. He felt the earth closer to him, he felt that the end was coming soon, he felt that his journey was over. He hated himself. He hated himself because he couldn't be the way others wanted it to be, he couldn't always get what he wanted, he couldn't be the person his parents imagined at the time of birth. Gabriel hated himself. He hated his whole soul. He hated himself because he failed to be strong enough to get over it all. It got ugly. It hated itself. But the hatred, he hoped, would disappear, because it would end up in the place he had long wanted for so long, which he had dreamed of for a very long time. Would it end up in heaven or hell? Will it get anywhere? Would it float through the clouds and watch? Would he live again? He didn't know. But one thing he was sure of, he could absolutely never escape the trauma that life managed to cause him. Life always tried to strengthen him, grinning at him, but all that fulfilled was his gradual destruction. If it had been a person, it would have been Gabriel's enemy. Gabriel lived through life

and died through life. Nothing worse gave him his life than the deep hatred he manifested towards himself. He felt incomplete without his loved one, he was not treated the way he wanted or as he thought he deserved it. He didn't behave properly towards anyone or anything, not even towards himself. It has felt throughout these three years like a cloud that throws heavy splashes at those around it. The splashes finally managed to reach him, withered, he could not bloom again, life did not give him this possibility.

Three became two. Life didn't want him here. At one point he told him that everything was possible, but he gave up on doing it again. He wanted to prove to her that herself could achieve certain consequences that "she", which many do not want to know, imposed on her, with or without his will. Life didn't want him here. He did not know how to appreciate it, he did not know how to sharpen his weapons, he did not know what sacrifice meant to himself, he did not know how to make decisions in his favor. Life was disappointed with his own actions. Although it penetrated through his entire body, he did not feel it. He wanted to prove that he could succeed without life. He had a purpose that he did not respect. In life, we all have diverse goals, for living in vain does not exist. We all live with a reason. We all have to complete our mission; he didn't do it. He gave up the moment he could find happiness. He gave up and never found himself again.

Two became one. Death represented and is for him a concept that he could not imagine, but he had dreamed of it for a long time. He doesn't know what death really looks like and what he can offer in addition to life. Perhaps dying will truly find his peace of mind. Perhaps it will be known what happiness is in the truest sense of the word. Gabriel felt that he had reached the end of his path. For no one wanted his death. Just him. Only he wanted his existence to end. He never healed, he was convinced that he would not heal, he was convinced that nothing could have changed. His last hope, which he clung to, disappeared into the abyss of powerlessness. He lost the only thing that felt freed him and caused him to detach himself from reality, from the outside, from everything that produced countless wounds for him. When he looked in the mirror he saw nothing but death. Writing could free himself from emotions, but he could no longer do it. The paralysis caused by the shock of the news put an end to his last reason why he could still live. He had nothing to write about. His helplessness brought an end to him.

One becomes nothing. And that's where it all ended. I have seen and watched his entire life and his countless thoughts before the brink of death. He recalled the reasons why he wanted so much to do it. They all blamed each other, but no one knew the battle he had waged inside him. He took this step, but life caused him to desire death, to desire what he would have thought would have brought him fulfillment. But now he was only a lost soul among the mortal. He could watch death for hours, he could see it, but he didn't know how to get to it faster. He got closer, but life gave him one last chance. The pieces of his body were reassembled, and in a second everything was as before. He jumped out of the sheet in which he was wrapped and began to shout with a deep desire to live. For life gave her reasons not to want her anymore, but it gave her hope of a new beginning. The will to die was strong, but to live cannot be compared to anything in the whole world, for to live is everything, it gives us hope, it gives us the unpredictable.

## *To die or to live?*

Student: Crîngașu Adrian Alexandru

11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Rocsana Marinescu

'B.P. Hasdeu' National College

His coppery blood trickled off his index finger and he felt that he could not complete his mission. Mirabela looked saddened at her creepy image, which looked like a sausage cut in half and soaked in the sauce that was now sitting on the table and preparing to be digested. This did not happen again, for the unpredictable manifested itself. He took a step back, looking at the knife shining brightly in the rays of a false sun, which did not correspond to the present moment. He didn't yell at anyone. He did not want to scare anyone, to introduce fear into the souls of his loved ones. What would she do without that finger? How could he have carried his dream to the end? If she had called and had been told that her entire hand would be amputated, what would have been her reaction?

Ever since it was known, writing was a passion and a future career. Her inability to practise her dream was absolutely certain, she would no longer be able to cope with one hand, maybe they would not accept her at the job for which she applied a week ago, maybe everything will be ruined. A hellish noise arose as a result of her inattention. A glass from the shelf fell over, and the rest followed them, causing a disaster throughout the kitchen. A few moments ago, Mirabella was standing, worried, now lying on the tiles in the kitchen, with her mouth slightly open and with thousands of shards that we feel would have taken revenge on their former owner. It was impossible not to notice the sound produced by the glasses, by the fall of it that brought him or not, death. At the time, only her six-year-old daughter and the mother of the woman of about 40 years old, because I do not know her, I did not know her, but her passing away was necessary to be noticed, especially by me, who was sitting in a corner, although no one could see me, were in the apartment.

Mirabella had been married for seven years, she worked all her youth to have something on the table, not to miss anything, to ensure the future child a living that she never had. Andrei, her partner, left for Sweden a few weeks ago to follow a course that could have secured their future for a long time. Mira had no father, she never knew him, nor did she have the opportunity to find out the truth behind the whole story, because her grandmother, the being who raised her until after graduating from college, never had the opportunity to tell her what really happened, because her mother suffered since her wedding day from Alzheimer's, after giving birth to Mirabella. He could not recognize his own daughter; he did not know how to really appreciate her. He had moments when he looked at her for a long time without telling her or asking him for anything. She seemed to be enjoying her success, but at the same time she was boiling blood in her with jealousy, for she had nothing, and history managed to repeat itself. Now she stood at the scene and watched, without any remorse, for she knew her to be innocent. How careless can you be? To cut off your own finger? She was telling herself. He didn't realize that it was all an accident. Artura, in turn, wanted to cut off her own hands, to feel that there would be no point in this life full of inconvenience and suffering. But here it is. He stood straight and watched the floor full of shards and blood. He looked at the person he did not recognize, but who caused him so much annoyance and disgust, he kept on looking, he rolled his eyes over his head, and his gray hair became more and more voluminous with the penetration of the spring breeze in that room. Anna was in the bedroom, she slept. The innocent

six-year-old had no idea that something bad would have happened downstairs, especially to her mother. Even though age did not allow her to think maturely, she still did, she knew even more than her grandmother, but she preferred to be silent.

Loud owls in the door keep being heard, or maybe it's all going on in her mind. He spoke after months in which his mouth seemed closed forever. He talked and couldn't stop. She began to tell the police officers the story, what she saw, what she rationally realized. She told the truth, as she was aware of it, but death knew more. It was as if he had forgotten that he had talked to someone. It had been a good few minutes before they arrived at the scene. Initially, this was the reason why he did not pay attention to the sounds that were manifested around the door. He had forgotten that he had called, he had forgotten that someone was going to come. He had forgotten about her, about Mirabella, about her entire miserable life. He had forgotten that someone had died, he had forgotten about her, about his unconscious soul that would bring him even more suffering than that which he felt in the present moments. He doesn't know the reason for the suffering, he doesn't know that death exists, he doesn't know he's alive. She decided to unite her destiny with the wrong person, the person who brought Mirabella, that person who became missing, whom she now no longer recognizes, even in a simple picture. She decided to live without being aware of her own choice, she stayed around her, never recognizing her existence. He hated mice. He hated them wholeheartedly. He couldn't bear to see them. She would have done anything if the whole world in which she had made up her life were no longer those creatures that she considered to be of no use. She remembered, and these moments are rare, because Artura always forgot everything, and now she remembered with disgust the moments when the partner whose existence knows absolutely no details cooked for her the rat she had raised since she was little. Martini, because this was his name, did not bear such creatures, and when Artura was still a teenager he prepared meat soup for him. Once he ate, he realized that something was wrong. A crisis occurred, began to howl desperately in pain, threw everything she encountered in his path. She kicked him out of the building, and has never seen him since. She remained locked in the chamber of terror for hours, closed herself, held her knees to her chest, and wept over the being she had raised since she was a child. I remember the moment when Artura's mother, in turn, came towards me. The last words he said to him were, "Throw them away, Artu! Don't live with them!"

Now he sat and watched and remembered. She saw a piece of meat that prompted her to reconstruct the whole story. It was as if he knew, but he recognized absolutely nothing. The banging kept being heard, but he didn't give them any importance. He went to the little girl's room and kissed her on the forehead like he never did with his daughter. He recognized her, for she felt that she was approaching her age. Although she was almost 63 years old, she thought herself to be a young woman on the verge of her studies, without any care, without having known what was not called luck, which represented and represents for her entire unhappiness. He had fought until the present moment, until he saw that person lying on the tiles, with an unusual facial expression, with a missing finger, a body smeared with blood that did not cause him fear, produced absolutely no feelings for him. For Artura did not feel, lived and died in the same moment. When he lived he felt unhinged, and when he died he felt the most vivid person on the entire planet. And death always noticed when it made its presence, looked and did not act against it. Artura watched the little girl Anna for a long time, but she returned, gently descended the stairs, for age no longer allowed her to do much even in terms of physique. He returned to the place and opened after an eternity the door leading to the hallway of the apartment. She didn't say anything, she let other forces in and do the job for her, to inspect, to investigate what she hadn't been able to do for decades.

The forensics team, the head of the directorate and many other people entered the door without showing up. They began to research the entire rooms. Meanwhile, little Anna woke up from her sleep because of the noises produced by those who were supposed to have the role of solving everything, all the problems, of investigating the possible causes of death, of putting everything in place, of researching. Grandma took the little girl in her arms and left her in the care of a

neighbor. She could not witness her mother's death. Her innocence took her out of the whole landscape, she slept while what no one really knows came without asking, but she knew she would have arrived. Before going out the door, he asked his grandmother if she could cut off a piece of the mango left over in the fridge a few days before. Without hesitation she refused her little girl for the first time, telling her and repeating to her:

"No ... not... not... death, no... come on, come on...!" He kept repeating these words in his ear in an unconscious and at the same time rational way, without realizing the rationality behind his words, for she remembered absolutely nothing.

He took the little girl, made her completely disappear from her room, from the house where she grew up for six years. And he would never come back. She knew that she would return, that her grandmother would come to bring her near her mother, but she was taken from the terrifying landscape that would have marked her all her life. He never came back, for everything turned out to be, in fact, gone. Grandma accompanied those at the top on their way to discovering the truth. They analyzed the corpse, noticed the shards and blood, noticed the piece of meat that at first had the impression that it was only a part of a sausage, but the lack of the victim's finger proved to them the opposite. The blood had a slightly changed color, and because of this factor they analyzed in detail what can be proven on the spot to be an irreversible truth. Was it an accident? That's what everyone thought, that it all happened because of Mirabella's lack of attention, who was now or not in a much better place.

The position of the body, the way in which it remained fixed, but also the shards seemed to not bind at all to the knife full of blood, to the food that would have had to be prepared. Nothing came about in the thinking of criminologists. The very confusing situation led them to take their work seriously, to work responsibly, because even though it seemed at first an accident, I saw something else, long before the inevitable happened. Grandma was sitting on his armchair without having any reaction to what the people there were saying, she was simply staring blankly, she had no thought, she lived. For "to live" for it is "to die." He returned to the kitchen and felt the need to eat, to quench the hunger that appeared in the morning. It was 15:00, and she had not put her mouth on anything since yesterday's evening, when her daughter had cooked pieces of salmon in mustard sauce, the only dish she knew how to make without the help of a book dedicated to the gastronomic field. He took his piece of mango and cut it into small pieces, face to face with those who worked hard to discover what is impossible to find out. Only I know. The difficulty of eating does not allow him much to discover unique tastes. But that fruit unknown to her, because there was no such thing when nothing was allowed, caught her attention. At first, he had a hesitation, but he broke all connection with the reality in which he found himself and decided to "die unconsciously". The juice of the fruit dripped on his face aged by the weather, he tried to take advantage of each piece. The mango remained unfinished, it molded into the bowl destroyed by the impact with the floor, it was digested by mysterious creatures that until now have hidden themselves from the souls of others. But none of that remained in the end.

When Artura fell over his daughter's corpse, the investigation had not ended. The death of the old woman took by surprise those who had the duty to properly deal with the secrets of death. They hadn't come to any conclusions so far. Everything stood in its place, with small traces caused by the repeated touches of criminologists and policemen. They had no one to ask questions. For the only people present in the apartment were the grandmother and the little girl. Grandma could not answer the questions, and Anna was too young to meet the demands of the men of the law. And absolutely no one was seeing me. I was present, because I knew what was to come next, but I was not noticed by anyone, and this situation made my job easier.

The investigation of the two chambers did not bring any use. Many pictures, the same people, a man who was made to have disappeared from the scenery, two women, a little girl and Mirabella's husband. Apart from the scene of the incident, not a single room gave a clue as to the two deaths. The old woman fell from her feet without uttering a word, but only sounds that had

absolutely no meaning, sounds produced by what is ineluctable for all of us ineluctable for our lives. Those around them believed that the shock caused by the death of their own daughter, but also the age, were the factors that determined and led to those unpleasant events. Anyone who would have been through something like this would never have thought that death can be so abhorrent. The causes seem obvious, but not always does the truth come to light. The truth lies hidden in a corner of that room, it consists of the unreal, the impossible. The truth is, life always strikes when you least expect it. When you are promoted to work, when you really find your happiness, when you feel in the ninth heaven, life hits you and will always try to steal your ultimate good. And they will all bring damage, soul destruction, injury or death. There are cases when death can be bypassed, not in our case.

I've seen a lot in my life. Old people who gave their soul next to their offspring, mothers who no longer got to see their child, young people who took their own life without even asking for my permission. I'm inevitable. I can appear in the happiest moments, in the saddest situations, I can make my presence even when it is not asked of me. I have the ability to take away the souls of my loved ones, and many people suffer when I appear in the frame. They are a normal phenomenon, the appearance of what we all call life is absolutely normal, and what occurs after can be considered to be unusual. To live or die? We all exist, we all live in one form or another, whether we do it in a conscious way or not, we live. Do we all have a soul? Yes, it is present, even if it does not seem like it. In the end, we will all live through the soul, through that which ascends to infinity, to the unknown, to the mysterious. All souls end up in the same place. That we will live again, no one knows exactly. But they are kept in a well-kept place. That's where all soul mates meet, for each of you has a soul similar or identical to another entity. At some point all those who are predestined to meet each other, will undoubtedly meet, regardless of the context in which they will find themselves. Their destinies may have met sometime at the wrong time, but they will unite their destinies at the right time as intended for them. Just as Artura did not find her soul mate in that meaningless life, many of us did not know, like her, happiness. She also gave herself the last shred of her life to escape from that ordeal, for to her death represented and is life.

It will all come to an end with the conclusions of those present. Two accidents, a death caused by falling, by the loss of a significant amount of blood. The other death caused by old age, by Alzheimer's disease, which acted, and as a result, Artura gave way and collapsed. When the bodies were lifted to be taken to the morgue of the city, an unusual smell was felt in the room that I have never encountered before in the roads I travel every day without stopping. A smell that combines sadness with loneliness, for everything would remain desolate. Anna would grow up and support herself with her own strength until her father came back. Once she can say she's not alone, she'll be living with the only parent she's left alive. They will both go to Sweden where they will no longer think about tragedy, but will try to live their lives in their own way, without caring for any need. Anna will grow up and want to discover the truth by connecting with her family history. But he unexpectedly fell ill. The same disease that grandma had. He absolutely forgot everything you told him, from a very simple detail to what he had done that day. He could no longer think consciously.

As for what was called her home for an extended period of time, no details were known. The case was closed, because a factor that could lead to the conclusion that it was something planned, a well-planned crime that could not have misled anyone, was not discovered. Although the reality was different, no one ever knew how it happened, how death was really caused.

The apartment was no longer in the same state of yesteryear, but the rooms were the same. The objects remained in place. Even a few traces of blood could be seen on the floor. It hadn't completely disappeared. Traces were still there, but no one was able to analyze those traces in detail, the case had been closed. The sun was getting ready to set when I walked in to remind myself of this situation I had never seen before. The knife was in the same position, on the table, all the knives were there. Some seemed to glow brighter than others. Small traces of the marigold could be seen

on the fine blade that produced so much despair and end to the two people, but not only. Rats were on the ground, all in different positions, eating at the mango that brought death, but also happiness to the taste buds. So sweet and bitter at the same time that one could not tell the difference between the original taste and what was printed.

He hated mice. He wanted them killed. But he acted in the wrong place at the wrong time. Not only rats died. But also, Mirabella. And herself. And he never realized it and never realized it. Only death knew and knows what happened in those moments, in fact. Illness indirectly brought him death, for he was no longer aware of his actions. The poison trickled down the fine blade of despair...

## Eternity

Student : Dobre Maria Daniela, 11<sup>th</sup> grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana

“M. Eminescu” National College

our hearts won't beat forever;  
but still, our souls *could* be together  
watching over the Universe  
even in one hundred centuries

we could grow wings  
explore all the galaxies  
discover new entities  
become one with the nebula  
become flying lights in the sky  
real people thinking we're falling stars





just hold my hand;  
we will become one entity  
me and you  
we'll become the strongest being  
because we're made of Love.

## Loving you

Student: Deacănu Larisa- Gabriela, 12th grade  
Teacher: Caloian Liliana  
„M. Eminescu” National College

Love - a simple word that surely everyone knows, a strong feeling experienced at least once, if not several times in their lives. Whenever you ask what love is, you often doubt whether you are truly in love with someone. Love for a person can manifest in many ways, but the most compelling and intense is to prove your love by deeds rather than words.

We know how easily these three words - I LOVE YOU - are uttered by many of us. Only a few understand and really feel what it means.

Indeed, there are people who utter these words and eagerly show them, materialise them, as well as there are people who find it strange to say "I love you", thus giving the loved one the impression that they do not feel anything towards them. I am one of those people and that is why I want to write a message to my beloved one. I decided I wanted to know everything I feel for him, I wanted to show that I cared.

So the next message is for HIM ...

This should be a very easy message to write, the words should come easily, but somehow I can't say everything in one message.

I have heard so many beautiful love stories, I have listened to and understood incredible declarations of love. But so far I have managed to know a more beautiful, special and timeless love, like the one we live now. And what matters most is that I have created it and made it so incredibly beautiful and special! I don't know how to thank you for that. Maybe by simply saying "I love you" and you can find here all the meanings and ways of love, to get the strength and energy needed to go through a relationship that I, for one, consider perfect! I love you to the stars and beyond their projection!

Thank you dear, thank you for coming into my life, taking care of me and helping me forget tears and sadness. Thank you for every smile you put on my face. Thank you for every hug and every kiss, thank you for being there when I needed you most. Your love makes me happy because you are unique.

You have no idea how much you fascinate and inspire me. You influence me for the better. I have become a better person with you. You are the earthly reason for my existence.

I wish we could grow old together. I'd like to share my life with you - the greatest person I've ever met. We have so many things in common, so many things to say to each other, without getting tired of it. The most important thing is that I don't want to be without you for the next 40 or 50 years, or as many as there will be.

My days have been brighter since I met you. My dreams have been colorful since I met you. I love you 100 times. No, 1000 times. No, a million times. I can't count ...

Knowing that you are part of my life makes me feel safe and complete. I feel that I can face any obstacle that may spring up in front of me, as long as I have you - my sweet support. You give me immense courage to believe in myself. I am so happy that we have each other, for better or for worse.

Words are too poor to really express what I feel for you. You have become the sun that illuminates my soul and warms my heart. Thank you, my dear! And thank you God, you have brought us together!

## *The autumn muse*

Student: Dobre Maria-Daniel, XIth grade

Teacher: Caloian Liliana

“M. Eminescu” National College

The love in her heart  
is the magic she brings us;  
The beautiful colours we see  
are said to be the colours  
of her hair and her soul.

They say she's bewitching,  
like a work of art,  
They say her beauty will haunt you  
until the day you die.

When you hear the leaves  
rustling outside,  
When you feel the autumn breeze  
and the melancholy running



through your veins,  
that's when you know  
she's stepped into our Universe  
and blessed our souls  
with the mystical power she holds.

She makes life and nature harmonize,  
pouring her heart upon the leaves,  
even the trees bow in her presence  
she is of magnificent essence.

When we hear the rustle  
of the fallen leaves  
and feel the gusty wind,  
that's when we know  
the magic happens:  
the Autumn Muse has awoken.

### *Somewhere in Cultro*

Student: Cotigă Maria, XIth grade  
Teacher: Caloian Liliana  
"M. Eminescu" National College

As so, Mr . Jimothy left the studio, ever wondering back about the prior encounter as if it was a premonitory dream. Only this time, there was no sign of an eminent danger, nor a hero to swing their carton sword fiercely and fight the windmills .

Mr. Jimothy was not the sort of toad you would see hopping around the markets and the town hall these days; fevered by this young spirit that is always on the road, looking for something, yet he never knew why he left his hometown. With the hope for a better tomorrow, he roams heavily populated areas to look for the humane touch in the beings left scattered around after the end of the world .

Toads are not allowed to walk freely. They have to be accompanied by someone superior in rank ( more specifically a human, insect or, so rarely, a frog ). That only to ensure the toad is not eager to disrupt the social setting, as they usually are found to be doing. Yet, if there was no impertinence, which can only keep sinking deeper into a dark abyss of ill morality, there would be no entertainment for a mind that thinks its race had discovered everything, from walking to boiling water .

Toads stomp louder, to be heard about the injustices the system has done, starting with them; beings around are only bothered by the loud noises that disrupt their talks about generations to come, as if they had already invented what doesn't exist yet because other people's mind cannot physically perceive their creation. The toads refuse to work as a whole , believing that being independent is their first step towards their long wished freedom. And so on.

A raindrop moulded itself on Mr. Jimothy's face , loving his every imperfection, then leaving him behind with a warm toad hand assuring his heart he was loved. This is the payment he had waited for that day. He was carefully listening to the silent cries of the skies, as if the celestial siblings had finally come to an agreement, followed by an emotive massacre, crying out every pitch of regret and anger left inside .

A long-legged, sun-kissed skinned , ponytail tied charcoal-haired, dark-eyed, with soft and clean-cut features figure, wearing no sleeve cardigan, short skirt and long white socks was staying as if it were planted and now watered by the rain in front of the house that was two steps far from Mr. Jimothy's residence, looking lost in the distance as if deciding where to head for. If it were not for the familiarity with which it was built, Mr . Jimothy would have not looked up, but would have still greeted as he did :

“Fancy meeting you here, Olivia ! I guess you were waiting for you photo references stock to arrive today. “

“Just as usual, Mr . Jimothy! But I would like you not to hand them to me now. Soaked, they are of no use. And I don't plan on going inside any time soon. A very important task that follows me out in this weather is to dirty up my socks enough in order to say they are now worthy of a proper wash. They smelt terribly, but they were not stained anyhow! For the peace of my soul, here I am .”

“I believe they are soaked in all the dirt that is needed to match their smell by now.”

“Nice way of telling me that I should go inside.”

“ How can my artist paint peacefully when she has mucus jumping around her nostrils?”

Olivia sketches a shy smile, one that you would only see on a guilty child, as she is one that is slowly but surely wheeling into young adulthood , with two long years to go until then . With a similar mannerism and attitude , she approaches Mr. Jimothy, who is now ready to present his own works of art, which Olivia deeply admires.

“The subject is marvellously vulgar in his way of being and attitude, but the wonderful colours and the settings, all paired together with this ... ironical touch, distract from the blindly horrendous being that is Harold .”

“ I can only thank you! And please, be careful not to catch a cold! You know Mary won't even let you near a flower for fear it might fall ill!”

The girl ran inside with her fresh references, which were part of Mr . Jimothy's portrait photos taken that very day. She stubbed her feet right before touching the doorknob, which made the toad laugh at the slippery excitement of the adolescent. He was satisfied for the day, very much satisfied. So he took a last look at the skies, congratulating the celestial siblings once again on the wise decision to make peace, after which he headed inside .

## *Spring fragrance*

Student: Emilia Pușcă, 11<sup>th</sup> grade  
Teacher: Caloian Liliana  
“M. Eminescu” National College

A subtle spring fragrance  
Can be felt over the hills and plains.  
Nature majestically rises again,  
The trees greet us as if they were alive.

Up on a branch a talkative pecker  
Is looking for a little worm.  
The sun is so uniquely bright!  
Dazzling us with its spears of light.

An old couple sit on a bench  
And gaze out into the distance,  
Seeing flocks of birds coming  
In their souls is a celebration.

This spring perfume  
Has entered my heart as well.  
The world seems to me a treasure  
Life is a flower you will never forget.





## *Fashion icons of the 20<sup>th</sup> century*

Student: Stoica Alexandra, 12 th grade  
Teacher : Caloian Liliana  
“M. Eminescu” National College

*”Give a girl the right shoes and she can conquer the world.”*  
Marylin Monroe

I am fascinated with the evolution of fashion because I believe it represents an important part of the history, especially for girls and women who learn about how strong females have been throughout the years despite their fragile bodies. It is well-known that women have fought for their freedom so that the future generations will not have to feel imprisoned in their own bodies and clothes.

The beauty of fashion of the previous century is best described by the word “change”: from the boyish silhouette of the 1920s and the sophisticated outlines of the 1930s through the plain utilitarian 1940s and the new femininity of the 1950s, to the radical styles of the 1960s, the vintage and ethnic trends of the 1970s, and the structured "power dressing" of the 1980s. Undoubtedly, with changing times, fashion has changed over the decades due to the changing environments. Studying fashion techniques, materials, shapes and designs from the past can help us understand cultural moments, predict future trends and be creative with new designs. Furthermore, learning about iconic fashion trends and historical moments that impacted women’s style, can help us develop our personal style.

Fashion, like many other things, has changed from decade to decade. Each decade’s style possesses unique pieces which tell the vast history of that specific period of time and which revolutionized the world of fashion back then. Fashion can often be considered an expression of one’s true personality and creativity. Fashion is constantly changing and repeating itself and designers are able to take infinite inspiration from historic dress and even art and architecture.

However, fashion does not only refer to the famous fashion shows where professional super models walk gracefully on the catwalk, fashion is a state of mind sand a never-ending story, a story told by ordinary people as well as by celebrities.

A fashion icon of the 20<sup>th</sup> century was Audrey Hepburn (born May 4th, 1929 - died January 20th, 1993) a famous British actress. She has been the star of several Hollywood movies, becoming one of the most inspirational people of the cinematographic history. Her simple elegant style, together with her skinny but perfect body, made countless directors and stylists of that time fall in

love with Audrey. From her first appearance on the screen until today, women have emulated and been inspired by the style of Audrey Hepburn. Everything from her pixie hairstyle to her exquisite evening gowns has inspired generations of fashionistas. Audrey Hepburn was a friend and the muse of Hubert Givenchy. He designed her famous black dress from the “Breakfast at Tiffany’s”. After Audrey Hepburn started wearing it everywhere and most of the time the dress became extremely popular. Therefore we can say that Ms. Hepburn brought fame to the classic black dress, which became a "must-have" for every fashionista. Audrey Hepburn will always be a timeless icon, an unquestioned symbol of grace and firmness that each of us would secretly like to match.

Jaqueline Lee Kennedy Onassis (born July 28th, 1929 – died May 19th, 1994) was an American writer, photographer and book editor who served as First Lady of the United States from 1961 to 1963. Jackie Kennedy was a certified style icon even before she officially took the role of First Lady, inspiring countless copycats and setting major trends every time she stepped out in the public eye. During her time in the White House - and in the years after - she popularized some of the most recognizable trends of the '60s and '70s, including **Error! Hyperlink reference not valid.**, to name a few. But her reign as “Queen of Camelot” was just the beginning for Jackie O, as she became known after her marriage to Aristotle Onassis in 1968. Naturally, the former first lady ushered in her new era with a new look, this one centered around billowy maxi dresses and menswear-inspired suits. And, of course, she debuted a new signature accessory: oversized sunglasses. In the later 70s, widowed once again, Jackie put the focus on her career as a book editor and adopted a business woman style to match. As a style icon, she will never fade, because Jackie’s look was admired and copied worldwide, decade after decade, and remains an iconic example of 20th-century couture.

The word “fashion” promptly triggers names like Diana Frances Spencer (born July 1st, 1961 – died August 31st, 1997), who was a member of the British royal family. Diana's activism, glamour and ability of touching people’s hearts made her an international icon. Diana loved clothes, they were a personal passion but also a requirement of her new public life. As one of the most important members of the British royal family, her wardrobe requirements were fixed in a world that required ball gowns and matching hats, shoes, and handbags, items that were not typical of mainstream fashion for young women in the early 1980s. Diana's wedding dress became one of the most famous outfits in the world and the twenty-five-foot train added a touch of theatricality so it can never be forgotten. Another iconic look of is the dress she wore after her divorce with Prince Charles, soon called Princess Diana’s “revenge dress” that was an off-the-shoulder, form-fitting, black silk dress. Despite this, Diana still embodied an elegant radiance even if the dress

broke **Error! Hyperlink reference not valid.**. After her divorce from Prince Charles, Diana went on to develop a more individual style that reflected her new independence and freedom. Her look became more international with a sophisticated and simple silhouette and an effect that was all in the details. Superb cut and luxurious materials worn with coordinated colored accessories, handbags, jewelry and shoes became her hallmark. She is the image that defined an enduring fashion look of the late twentieth century and that will remain "the queen of people's hearts".

Dame Lesley Lawson (born September 19th, 1949 – present) is an British model, actress and singer, widely known as Twiggy. Her fashions in the 1960s were mainly brief, bare, and daring and she was a trendsetter, a daring dresser and an icon in her own right. In 1966, the London-based model was quickly becoming an icon known for her long, false eyelashes, exaggerated eye makeup and close, cropped hairstyle. Incomparably scandalous for the time, the mini skirt quickly made its way onto magazine covers and in nearly every advertising campaign of the latter part of the decade. Menswear wasn't off-limit for Twiggy, and she pushed boundaries when it came to fashion expectations. While we might wear suits easily today in the workplace, in the 60s, tossing on a tie and a men's starched shirt was a very innovative choice. Twiggy wore thick, striped ties with waistcoats and men's hats with her mini skirts, usually with bare legs, but occasionally with fishnet tights. She also wore vests with ties and menswear-inspired shorts or suit jackets and ties with flared trouser pants. Twiggy's style was daring for its time and stood out with a variety of unique looks, from mini skirts to menswear-inspired fashions. Some of these styles are mainstays in the fashion world today or have evolved based from Twiggy's iconic 60s looks into modern renditions that women over the world love. If you are looking for fashion inspiration Twiggy's unique look is a great place to start.

No history of the fashion can ignore Marilyn Monroe (born June 1st, 1926 – August 4th, 1962), an American actress, model and singer. Glamorous, lavish and ultimately iconic, Marilyn Monroe marked fashion with her unique and irreplaceable aura. A fashion and pop icon that embodied more than femininity, Monroe was undoubtedly the queen of evening gowns. The Marilyn Monroe-style red carpet has become a legend in fashion: dress close to the body, often without straps, half smile and look sideways, but Monroe was not afraid to show a little skin and was never vulgar. An extremely popular look of Marilyn's is the flesh-colored dress, hand-embroidered with 2,500 crystals that was sewn directly on the legendary actress. The Marilyn dresses are all sexy, beautiful and theatrical! Nobody can yet forget the mythical white pleated dress that swelled up with the passage of the metro. On the set of the film "Seven Years of Reflection", the images taken that night continue to be among the most reproduced in history.



Marilyn Monroe is not the queen of pop culture for nothing. Because beyond creating timeless and unforgettable looks in the 1950s, Marilyn's ability to dress according to her desires made her a fashion visionary.

Each decade in the 20th century signified a renaissance in fashion and a memory in history. Many people adapted the fashion of the times as a form of self-expression, others as a form of rebellion. Fashion has always been part of one's personal and cultural identity, and the 20th century was packed with decades full of both. Throughout the century, fashion has been influenced by the times: war, politics, social movements, and more. While not all fashion trends of the 20th century were chic, they are all nostalgic time capsules today that many of us look back on with fond memories or look into the future with new resolutions.

The styles, designs and materials of other times and cultures became more accessible to designers at first hand as improved travel and communications enabled continents to be crossed with ease. With developments in photographic and printing techniques, they were also able to glean ideas from secondary sources such as lavishly illustrated books, magazines and journals. From the 1950s European designers needed only to look around them to see a rich variety of clothing from all corners of the world.

All in all, women, despite legal and cultural barriers, have been actively engaged in every phase of the world's history. Some were firebrands, some were intellectuals, and some were ordinary people just going about their lives. From a decade to another everything changed, not just style-wise but also socially and politically. Women fought for what they wanted and achieved it no matter what. In this case, fashion represented for women a way of speaking their mind and addressing their wishes that in the end they got to fulfil. We will surely painstakingly embroider the history of fashion for centuries to come.