

February's Moonstruck

2022
ediția a VI-a

Secondary School

*felicitări
și
creație literară*

BIBLIOTECA JUDEȚEANĂ
Gh. Asachi IAȘI
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Juriul a fost format din:

Prof. **Mihaela Onuță**

Prof. **Anca-Elena Rotariu**

Bibliograf **Isabela Savioli**

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Coordonator: *Isabela Savioli*

Tehnoredactare și prelucrare grafică: *Cezar Baciu*

Coperta: *Cezar Baciu*

First Prizes



Looking for time

*You can love someone so much...
But you can never love people as much as you can miss them."*

John Green

Love... What crosses your mind when you first hear this word? Does it define itself as “an intense feeling of deep affection” or maybe the feeling that you receive when you stroke your dog or when you see your mom after an exhausting day? The truth is, it can’t be clearly described in just one sentence or one word. It has a deeper meaning than happiness or anger, being the most confusing and complicated emotion of them all.

From my perspective, this is the only feeling that can be built in time, not in some weeks or months, but can disappear in one second. The loss of someone you truly love can devour your happiness and affect your emotional state. That’s exactly how I felt after receiving the statement of my grandpa’s death exactly one day before visiting him. For weeks I had been trying to rebuild my emotional state, without success, until my mum gave me crucial advice. Apparently writing him a letter could help me get over his death, even though I had never had the chance to say goodbye. However, after letting my imagination take over my brain, that’s what I created:

*My dearest grandpa from Heaven,
I truly miss you every moment throughout the day...*

It’s devastating to think about the time that has elapsed since your death and about how many years I will be spending without you. There will be holidays, birthday parties, my high school and even college admission, graduation...all of them without you congratulating me on every step that I take.

However, I still think about picking up my phone and calling you to let you know how I’ve been feeling recently, or just to hear your soothing voice.

I know that whether I'm calling you for a reason or not, you'll appreciate the fact that I thought about you, even for just a moment of the day. I truly miss seeing your face, your genuinely happy teary eyes whenever I visited you and grandma. It breaks my heart to know that every time I visit your home I won't find both of you...

I miss those friendly moments when we were watching movies together, when we cried and laughed. Even though those moments don't seem important, they are among the 10 most enjoyable moments I've ever experienced in my life. Moreover, you always explained to me documentaries about life's cycle, showing me how to paint, making me take a walk in the park with you, chatting... I am desperate for travelling back in time and reliving those moments.

You knew me well enough to be able to tell me that I made a wrong choice by rarely expressing my feelings, but you never pushed me into it. I believe that I had never thanked you enough for everything that you did for me. What is more, I didn't tell you too often how much I loved you. That's the reason why I'm writing this letter.

I would like to thank you for your wise advice and kind words that have helped me accomplish my goals and go beyond my limits. People aren't immortal, but you, without doubt, should have been.

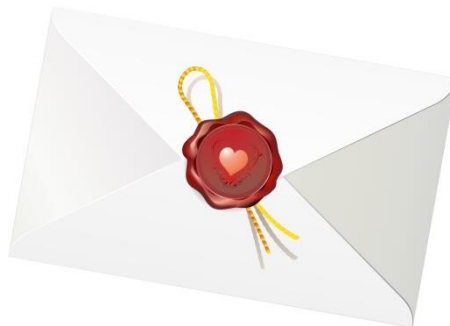
You were a noble soul and you will always be the emblem of my happiness and safety.

I know that from up there, in Heaven, you are watching over me.

I hug u dearly,

Ur granddaughter, Diana

This was the first letter that I had ever written to him, on the night that I received the devastating news. I had never truly understood what love meant, until I lost my key to joy, and my best friend, all in one. My biggest regret is that I rarely showed him any affection. Now, I know the real meaning of the saying "Show your love today, tomorrow it may be too late!.."





Different

It was a cold day in February, when the streets seemed to turn into an ice rink. The icicles on the tree branches were sparkling under the sunlight and the snow was cleaner than ever.

Penny, the little girl with pale skin, curly hair just like a ceramic doll, was always bored and sad. Her parents only hosted parties and never cared to stay with her. They also bought some slaves, one of them being another little girl, Maya. She had dark skin, frizzy hair and blue eyes. Finding out about her, Penny started hanging out with her in secret, in her backyard.

'Look, arrr; I am a pirate!' Maya said, grabbing a marker and drawing a mustache on her face, then putting on a pirate hat. 'I will steal your treasures in no time.'

Penny chuckled, then grabbed her green feather gloves and her plastic beak.

'Quawk! Quawk! I am your parrot! Quawk quawk! I will be with you forever!' she said, in a strange voice.

'Arrr! Even if you will have to travel many lands in order to keep staying with me, mate?'

'Of course!' she smiled.

'Wouldn't it be dangerous and exhausting?'

'No, because if too best friends stay together, they will never feel hunger, thirst, or tiredness.'

'That's wonderful. Thank you.'

'No pro...!' Hearing footsteps, Maya quickly covered Penny's mouth and rushed to their tree-house.

'Why did you do that?' Penny whispered to her friend.

'Owner is coming.'

'What do you mean? That's my dad!'

'Your dad is not so cool to me though.' she quickly hid in a toy chest.

'What do you mean?'

Penny's father quickly rushed in the tree-house.

'PENNY! DID YOU BRING THAT BLACK GIRL IN HERE?' he shouted.

'What's wrong, dad? I would love to have a friend.'

He threw everything around there, stopping at the toy chest. He opened it roughly, grabbing Maya outside.

Penny quickly rushed outside after her father:

'What are you doing, father?'

He whispered to poor Maya: 'you are lucky she is here.'

'Nothing, was checking if she was clean, that's all.'

He angrily looked at Maya, then stopped.

'All right then...' He stormed off, mad.

The next day, Penny noticed that Maya was absent the whole day. She went searching in the garden but there was no sign of her. She gave up, going in her backyard and starting playing alone. After a few hours, Maya came in her backyard, panting:

'Ah! Here you were! I searched for you in the house...'

'Well, where were you the whole day?! You weren't in the garden, neither on the field.'

'Doesn't matter.' she chuckled. 'I got you some toys.'

'Wow! They are so unique! I never had any of these. Where did you get them from?'

Maya remained quiet for a bit, then she answered, with a neutral tone: 'Doesn't matter.'

They started playing again, as The Pirate and Parrot. Penny noticed her pal's scars, but she ignored them, thinking it was just a small add-on to her costume.

As years went by, Maya and Penny's friendship started to grow. However, Penny started to think something else about her scars. But it didn't take her long time to put the puzzle pieces together and find out the truth. After eating, she would give her leftovers to Maya. Whenever her clothes wouldn't fit anymore, she would hand them over to Maya, no matter how expensive they were.

She got tired of seeing Maya mistreated, so she decided to ask her a really sensitive question:

'Do you have any other living family members?'

Maya looked at Penny, confused:

'Yes, I do. Why are you asking this type of question?'

'Look, I always thought that you were a guest who came here in order to play with me when I was younger. It turns out that you were just a maid that

was never treated well. I'd love to set you free. Where is your family?'

'Wait! My uncle is in Paris! We are in London! How are we supposed to go to Paris? That's an unrealistic suggestion!'

'That's wonderful! My grandmother is coming next week from Paris. We can sneak in her plane when she is leaving. '

'Are you mad?! That's just...'

'Shh! Anything is possible.'

'Look, if I am going to die...'

'I am your Parrot, I will always be with you.' she smiled, slowly.

'Fine then. We'll give it a try.'

'YES!' Penny shouted out loud.

'Wait! You have a wonderful life here, why would you risk coming to Paris? My uncle isn't that rich.'

'But your heart is. Besides, I was always my mother's doll and could never have friends. Both of us could be free if we stick to the plan.'

Maya doubted that Penny's plan will work. It seemed so childish. But she never wanted to disappoint her so she played along. Maya was working, while Penny was getting her clothes ready for the adventure. She always thought the "polite and casual discussions with guests" were boring. She would just stand there and watch. She'd rather stay upstairs and be absent during the old "chic" discussions with Grandmother Juliett.

Maya always dreamed about having a family, being free, sitting down doing nothing, dressing like the other girls, going to school and hanging out with classmates. Her Jewish mother died during the war, while her father was killed just because of his amazing skin color. Everytime she looked at herself, either in the mirror or at her hands, she would almost tear up. "I am not pretty" she would say. "I don't look like the pretty girls with pale skin like ceramic dolls."

After that long hour, both of them quickly snuck into Grandmother Juliett's car trunk. Afterwards, they snuck into the plane. Penny slowly took out blankets and covered Maya and herself.

'It's going to be cold. Make yourself warm.' Maya smiled, falling asleep on Penny's shoulder.

Next morning, while in Paris, the girls started looking for Maya's childhood house.

'HA HA! LOOK AT THAT MONKEY!' a guy shouted at Maya at the bus stop.

That mean reply got stuck inside Maya's head. Penny couldn't stand up for her, because she might have been kicked out of the bus and Maya would've been alone there.

Maya didn't see her old native town in years, since she was 6. She missed the places she used to visit before. Seeing all of it again made her so happy. She felt grateful to have a best friend to wander with in Paris. Suddenly, the girls heard a shooting. Penny quickly grabbed Maya and hid. They quickly realized Maya was hurt.

'DON'T MOVE, BLACK GIRL!' one of the strangers, said.

'NO! MAYA!' Penny shouted, desperate to save her soulmate.

'Don't worry, Penny! I'll be free. I won't feel pain anymore.'

'JUST BECAUSE OF THE HATRED YOU GET?'

'You wouldn't get it, Penny. You are perfect. You are pale, while I am a monster.'

Penny tried to save her, but it was too late. What Maya heard last was "I will always keep in mind our dear memories."

END RACISM. YOU WOULDNT LIKE IT IF IT HAPPENED TO YOU. BLACK LIVES MATTER!



Rhapsody of Love I

Reader,

Beautiful.

Beautiful as the blood dripping down your broken heart

On the floor of cracked glass and sorrow.

Let me make a bandage of my tears.

That shall keep me warm long enough for you to dream.

Beautiful.

Beautiful as the stained sky at night

Trying to find a Sun

Bright enough to light up sins.

Yet the Moon cries and her tears touch the worst nightmares ever dreamed.
Can you sleep now?
I will make you a bed out of poisoned kisses.

Beautiful.
Beautiful as the deadly storm cracking the sky
Lightning and thunder burning in your eyes
Destroying the homes of unspoken seas
I shall drown in this war of rage
And my blood will melt the prison of your heart.
The sea will be my home
As you were the water I got drunk on.

Reader.

Rhapsody of Love II

Writer,
welcome to the cage of silence
you should cover your wounds in chains.
just a tear away and you will lose your voice.
your words are deadly to us, so be careful,
take a sit and smell the roses.
don't touch them!
their thorns will poison you with beauty and rage.
could you please cover your heart?
your love is dark enough to blind your eyes with heavy light.
look!
there is a waterfall full of blood.
wash your body with its poison
and your tears will be cried again.

Writer.

Rhapsody of Love III

Nobody,

What is this place?
Fresh lilies crying to a cherry blossom,
Give me a kiss of sweet wind
That will guide me through this deadly war

Intoxicating me with rage and time
Give me just one look
And your eyes could cure my sorrow
Give me a word
And let it destroy every watch ever made
It will be my compass in this endless field of blood
Give me your heart and it might be enough for us to die in a grave of
Nowhere

I promise we will be far enough from this war of words
Libraries of love will open up
just for us
And the sea of memories will drown into an ocean of forgiveness
Let the wind guide you home
and don't slip away
let me look into your eyes just one more time
Because when I will wake up
You will be just a midsummer's favorite dream
killing me with thorns of beauty.

Rhapsody of the Never Loved
beautiful snowflake,
cold and still like a dream,
summer nightmares in your ice,
fall into my eyes
and make me cry with tears of silver.
the quiet forest filled with dark will make me a coffin out of rotten flowers,
a tree of ash will make its way into my grave,
embracing me with rage and life,
rooting into my palms,
dark and cold: a kiss of death;
and a shroud of shadow will cover my still red and beating heart,
angels of light will wake me through a snowfall
covering my eyes with a blindfold of stars.
and when the night will come,
i will be alive
and my body will be dancing still
while the music of a heartbeat will be hummed
to a funeral of a broken child.



Duluță Nicolae Rareș,
clasa a VII-a, Liceul Teoretic
„Dimitrie Cantemir”, profesor
coordonator Nicola Roxana

* * *

And upon the night's sky, the two separated by war, torn apart by their peers, shall become one as the moon and sun in starlit splendor.

Harmony under starlight grace – Tablet Twelve, Line 13

Missive from the High Office of the Radiant Priestess Madriel – 15 Days till Eclipsis

As all faithful who bathe in her radiant beams and partake in her worship may know, we are reaching closer and closer to eclipsis when the corrupted light strays too close to our radiant dawn and even if only for a moment covers her beautiful rays in its presence. To our faithful young, I wish to tell you this is not a reason to worry, such an event will only last a few hours before the radiant dawn shall return to the sky stronger than ever. With all of this being said, after the passing of the event a celebration will be held in the honor of her Grace, attendance is not mandatory, although, it is recommended. Only through our devotion to her Radiance can the false light be kept at bay.

Letter from Acolyte Rakish to Alum – 12 Days till Eclipsis

Dear Alum, I hope this letter finds you well, I've thought deeply about your words and have realized that perhaps this is our best option, they'd never let us be together, and it's only a matter of time till they find out, I only wish I could've extended the moments we've had, but I suppose this is the way it has to go, on the day of Eclipsis I shall see you where we first met, and together we shall walk into the night's sky.

Letter from Initiate Priestess Ikish to Inquisitor Thorak – 9 Days Till Eclipsis

I'm sorry for sending this letter on such short notice, however I have reason to suspect one of my acolytes may be engaging in heretical thought. He used to be top of the class however lately he has begun skipping training and I suspect he has tried to sneak into the great library to learn more about the false light, this behavior is entirely unacceptable, and I request that you

launch an investigation at your earliest convenience. Of course, this is entirely speculation based on the things I have noticed as of late, I dearly hope my fears are for naught as he has great potential

Letter From Acolyte Rakish to Alum – 5 Days Till Eclipsis

I hope this reaches you safely, I have reason to believe my tutors have somehow found out, we will most likely not get another opportunity at this, so I have to ask my love are you ready?

Letter From Alum to Acolyte Rakish – 3 Days Till Eclipsis

I've foreseen this moment a thousand times in my dreams, so yes I am ready my love. I, too, have reason to suspect my mentors have caught on, and it may only be a matter of time before they put a stop to this.

Folktale recorded on the day of the Eclipsis

And so they met once again in that same place but this time with a different purpose, the path before them lay in both the beams of the sun and the dark of the moon, yet before they could finish what they stepped out to do an arrow landed true and Rakish was mortally wounded. Unwilling to give into the cold caress of death he continued, the only force driving him being his unending love for his other half. And it was there upon that path they walked, ready to immortalize their undying care for one another forevermore. And as was foretold, they became one with the night's sky shining in front of the moon under a new form, a constellation "The Lovers Caress". A visage of them forever holding hands.



Heart's Mystery

Once upon a time, around Valentine's day, a single woman with big shiny eyes was walking along a snowy park, thinking about her life, about her relationships, about feelings and emotions, and hoping to find love and happiness. It was a thing that she had often done because she loved that park, especially in the winter.

The woman didn't know her name after an accident where she lost her memory. Young, beautiful, with gorgeous big blue eyes, she was single and could not go on a date with any men because she was ashamed that she could not remember her name. She had been trying everything: doctors, pills, treatments, but nothing seemed to work. She was walking all alone in the park she loved most, trying to think, trying to remember her life.

The next morning, the snow-covered city gave the impression that everything was charmingly glittery white. Near the beautiful woman's house, a tall man walked down the street. While he was talking on the phone, he slipped and fell on the ice. The woman saw him come to help him. She invited him into her house and took care of his wound. They drank hot chocolate together, ate delicious cookies, made jokes and laughed. They seemed to have fun and the man forgot about his small injury and suggested having a walk precisely in the same park that the mysterious woman loved so much. They had a fantastic time there, with snowball fights, jokes and a giant snowman they built until sunset came. Under the sparkling full moon, love was filling in the air with the lovers' whispers and waves of laughter.

Everything was perfect until the man asked her what her name was. She turned red, and her big gorgeous eyes became small and sad, revealing a kind of suffering and shame. She explained what had happened to her and the man called her "Mystery". When the dawn broke, the two lovers waved their goodbyes and promised to phone each other. But the woman felt so uncomfortable with her situation, so she decided she needed more time and did not answer the phone or the door.

After one week, on Valentine's evening, "Mystery" saw him with another woman and felt heartbroken. She was walking in the park crying and suffering when suddenly, the starry sky filled with beautiful fireworks which formed a giant heart. At that moment, she remembered, her name was HEART!

She wanted to run to the man to tell him and when she turned around, he was there: standing right beside her. He took her in his arms, holding her and he whispered: HEART! She asked him about that woman and how he knew her actual name. He hugged her even more and told her that the other woman was his sister, who helped him discover "Mystery". He organized the fireworks especially for her and, though she did not answer the phone or the door, he thought he would find her in the beautiful park where they shared their love for each other on Valentine's evening.

They had a magical kiss under the moonlight and the "heart" of fireworks. After this, they had many more magical moments like full of heart's mysteries and lived in peace happily ever after.

Second Prizes



To my Teacher, with Love

Pupils are all passengers on a train, the train of school life, and at every station, they try to pick as much knowledge as possible. We try not to be just simple visitors. Sometimes, they have the luck to meet a particular person sitting on the desk next to them, a person who makes them realize that this journey matters and that they did not sleep all the way having learnt something valuable at the last train station.

School years are the most beautiful in the life of a child. They make us human, and they build our personalities. We learn many things that will help us in the future, but what matters the most is discovering how to lead our lives. At least, this is what I have learned from my Romanian teacher.

She is quite slim, but her stature is impressive. Her round face and her straight dark hair are instantly recognizable. Her piercing brown eyes and red lips will remain in my memory forever. Her solid but melodious voice convinces you of her pleasant character. She is a beautiful and strong lady. She has shown us many times that she truly cares about us. Even though she has taught hundreds of children throughout her career, she makes us feel unique as if we were masters of this universe.

I admire the force of her decisions, her determination, and her truthfulness. More important is that she treats us as mature people with enormous potential. She respects our opinions without taking sides, and she tells us her opinion, without being fearful. My teacher is also my mentor who guides me into the beautiful world of literature surrounded by cultural sensitivity and glimpses into the human soul. She is the living proof of seizing the moment without forgetting the past or looking into the future with hope. She symbolizes success, fulfilment and hard work.

For me, she is a role model, including her faults, too few for reminding

and qualities and too many for writing. Her complete personality, complex, lively and robust intellectuality, transforms her into a myth, an ideal I dream of becoming. She is the teacher who will live forever in our souls guided by her wisdom on the mysterious path of life.

How important is meeting a person full of light and life, an intelligent person who believes in you and gives you hope, love, and faith? She is always there for her students, helping them learn and become grown-ups. She is the one who teaches you how to be yourself, to know what you want and to believe in your strength. I know that because I have already met such a teacher. She is my Romanian teacher: the one who has taught me to dream, who knows how to be both a teacher and a friend. At the same time, she knows how to bring us back to reality when we feel lost in the realm of creativity and imagination. More, when we feel down because learning is sometimes difficult, she shows us the way and puts smiles on our faces.

Out of love for her, I have chosen my way to literature. Today my soul shivers with the lust for writing books, poems and short stories. These are nothing but food for my soul and escape from the grim reality. That is why I dedicate this piece of writing to my teacher, with love.



Love for me

For me love means more than liking someone or loving a person just for the sake of loving. Love means always having someone close to you to rely on and not leave you in need. Unfortunately, since I grew up, love is no longer the same, as if love is worse now, harder... maybe at first love was more beautiful just because I was a child and now because I'm a teenager, I think that the cube is harder but I honestly think that the people around us are colder because of this pandemic that has detached us from real life very much and I am announcing that we will unfortunately love each other only through online.



A Letter to God

My Lord,

I love You; I love You with all my childish soul and I am grateful to You for the most beautiful divine gift known as life. Thank you Heavenly Father for my health, for the family You sent me to, for my accomplishments, and most of all, thank you for caring for us, the humans.

I know there were many times when I was wrong, and I'm really sorry when I made you sad, Father. I want to be a better person and follow your path, to reach you Lord because my soul is in Your hands and I hope it would stay there forever. Blessed are those who are guided by You God, who confess their faith and the love they have for You in their hearts.

I pray to You, do not leave me alone Lord, for I would be lost without Your guidance. You are The One who takes care of my soul, The One who shows me the right way to go, The One who protects me from the evils around me and loves me like no one else knows how to do.

There are no words that can express my gratitude for all that You have given to me, Father. I have a family that loves and cares for me, I go to an exceptional school and I have the ability to achieve remarkable results. I am perfectly healthy and I am able to accomplish with Your help everything I set out to do. My life is almost perfect, although it isn't always easy. You know all too well, Lord, how much I suffer and why, and I know that there are obstacles and challenges in life that test our strength, character, and faith. I believe and know that You are The One who saves us, The One to whom we should thank for all we have, because without you Lord, what would we be?

It is amazing how You can show so much kindness to us, the humans, and how we are all equal in Your eyes. You take care of everyone, You are in every being on this Earth and even if people don't deserve, You are there for them. We do not know how to thank You or we are not grateful enough for the gifts You offer to us, but You have patience and want us with open arms in Your Kingdom.

Forgive me, Father! Forgive me for the mistakes I made to those around me because when I made a mistake to them I made a mistake to You. Forgive my insecurity and distrust in difficult times of Your power and judgment, Lord. Forgive me and all the people who have wronged You because Your forgiveness, Lord, is more precious than all the jewels on this planet.

Lord, my God, help me to have the wisdom, strength, and courage to follow You throughout my life and even after death. Help me, Lord, because blessed are those who put all their hope in You and leave their destiny in Your hands. I am a child, but with You along me I can achieve what those who haven't carried You in their soul over the years couldn't achieve.

You are the Light of the World, and for me, for my childish soul, you are EVERYTHING, my Lord.

I love You, Father!



My dear country Romania

I am writing this letter to thank you for giving me the chance to be born and grow up in your land, in one of the most beautiful, romantic, and historically rich cities, Iași.

I am grateful to you for teaching me to speak the sweetest language on earth, the Romanian language, for feeding my thirst for culture with the writings of your scholars, people of art and places full of wonder. Because only here I believe you can discover the beautiful ballads, the amazing genius of Mihai Eminescu's poems, Brâncuși "Kiss Gate", George Enescu's "Romanian Rhapsody" dedicated to you. A country of unequalled beauty, you, my Romania!

The beauty of your lands described by Alexandru Vlahuță may better portray my emotion: "When you see yourself here, first you feel a sort of uneasiness, a sweet restlessness, as if you were ready to fly" ("Picturesque Romania").

Your history is one of the best known in the world, from Decebal, Stephen the Great and Holy, Michael the Brave, one of the most heroic figures in the history of mankind, the great Dimitrie Cantemir, Vlad Țepeș, Iancu of Hunedoara, Alexander the Good, Mircea, to Alexandru Ioan Cuza, Charles I, all your viceroys and rulers and kings who fought to their last breath for your independence, sweet Romania “My country of glories, my country of longing” and to give us, your people, past, present and future, the right to freedom, free speech and a better life.

Your monasteries Voroneț and Moldovița are for hundreds of years as blue as the blue of the sky, your churches, Three Hierarchs, Cozia carry our souls and those of our leaders to the gate of Christianity in the love of people and God, in the desire for peace and unity.

You are the country that scored the first 10 in the history of mankind in Montreal, you are the country of Nadia and Hagi, you are the country of Năstase and Halep, you are the country where thousands of children can be like the “Goddess of Montreal” at any time.

You are the country that gave birth to some of the world’s most extraordinary engineers and scientists: Păulescu and Poenaru, Racoviță and Cantacuzino, Coandă and Vuia. It is the land of the first pen, of insulin and the cholera vaccine, or of the first jet plane.

Your mountains so high that at night you feel as if they are touching the starry vault of the sky, your golden gates, your green hills and wide plains, your crystal clear waters that nourish people, animals and vegetation alike on their way, your lakes full of fish, your waters as clear as the sky on a hot summer’s day...all this I love. In your mountains I breathe clean, healthy air, and the fragrance of your forest intoxicates my senses.

Your hills are covered with orchards of rich fruit. Thank you for letting me taste your delicious fruit and vegetable crops.

As a small child I was taught by my parents and grandparents to appreciate your folk costumes and the events that take place in your village. As a man of this beautiful land, it is up to me to pass on these traditions to my descendants. I see it as my duty to make my fellow men understand that a shared past and present is a mission for the future.

In my heart three colors bring emotion and joy and nostalgia but also pride: the red of the bloodshed by heroes, the yellow of the sun flower, the blue of the sky.

You are my beautiful Romania, you are the homeland of my ancestors, but also the place where I feel best, you are HOME, you are my mother’s smile and my father’s strength, you are the story of my grandparents and the

peace of my childhood, and no matter where my footsteps take me, you will always be in my heart and soul.

For all that has been written here, and for all that remains unwritten, dear Romania, you were, you are and you will always be a source of joy and pride for me!

With love, an almost 13 years old child named Dragoș.



Our love for Terra

Let's imagine the blue waters like sapphires and green lands like emeralds. These are our lovely Mother Terra and our protective Father Earth. Various birds fly in the air while animals of different species go to find their food. This is love in different forms.

We, the earthlings find in our Mother, on her and around her everything we need to be healthy and happy. She, Terra and he, Earth behave like caring parents and extremely generous to us.

On Earth we find all the metals we need to build different things that we need, like cars. But building them, the industry is polluting the atmosphere and this destroys us. All that grows on Earth, like the plants feed us to be healthy and be able to work and enjoy the life. On Earth flowers bloom and this develops our sense of beauty. The forests give us clean air and healthy to the lungs. But we cut them and the clean air is not the same like 500 years ago. Yesterday I saw on the street a dried Christmas tree and it was abandoned on the street. If it would have root, I would have planted it in the garden and for 20-30 years I would have breathed better or I would recycled it without root, I would have made paper and saved a tree from being cut down. Recycling is a way of saving the world and it is very important for each of us.

I think our parents, Terra and Earth, are upset on the people, their children, for all the destruction from air, water and ground. But they are too good

to scream to us. The storms and the typhoons show us their anger. The icecap is melting, and the animals from the North Pole and the South Pole are on the verge of extinction, the dolphins from the Black Sea are fewer and fewer, the fishes swallow plastic from sea water and we are consuming small particles of plastic. The temperature of the planet rises and this is called „the global warming” that destroys the planet and the life here will disappears.

Thousands of years the people on Earth lived together and helped each other. In the last 200 years the people’s greed began to destroy the life of the planet to make a lot of money. The endless wars destroyed not only persons but also nature. Our grandchildren will breathe unhealthy air.

This destruction can be reduced and stopped if we want to save the planet. The salvation comes from love and determination to do something to stop the destruction. The love manifests in thousands of ways. It means love to plant a green tree who makes us happy, to recycle to protect ourselves and our parents. Out of respect to Terra we collect waste and recycle it. Walking helps us to be healthy and the cars are not polluting when they stay parked. We also can go by bicycles to school or to work.

We don’t throw the chemical substance (oil or medicines) or nuclear waste and we think how wonderful life on Earth is.

If love doesn’t exist, neither Terra. If respect doesn’t exist, neither Earth. We have to save together our parents Terra and Earth, because we love them and we can’t live without them.



Third Prizes



A war apart

Here I am, in a car, on the road, to the military base at Nordlunds border with Shu-Lin. Who would have thought that I would end up here, at only twenty-one years old, ready to fight for my country. The country that took my parents away, the country that offered me nothing but a gun and a uniform, the country that took the only person who made me happy away from me. He was a towering young man with an intimidating stare and a heart of gold, his name is Elysian Briony. We were both orphans of Nordlund, but because he was half Shu he was taken away and he was brought back to Shu-Lin. On lonely nights I can still hear his laugh from that day, if I knew it was the last time I would hear it, I would have bottled it and hidden it in my heart.

“Soldier Kalani, stop daydreaming and get out of the car, we’re going to war in the morning and I don’t want you distracted.” Colonel Morova sighed at me. Without adding a word I got out of the car. Even after years of training with him, he refused to call me by my first name, Edme. Colonel Morova was a pious man, never missing prayers and always listening to the word of The Almighty, his greatest flaw was that he never really settled for the idea of women joining the military, but Nordlund needed to use all its resources, for Shu-Lin was a daunting enemy.

Few hours later the battle field was ready, so were both parties but the order was to not attack until sunrise. We managed to eat something and to share good memories we had together, in spite of the tension that was so thick you could cut it with a knife. Then, we got a few hours of sleep.

You could not see more than a ray of sunlight when the Shu attacked our base. It was predicted, but it still startled us, as we did not know they were so eager to take our territory.

All you could see was smoke, gun powder, detonations and swords. The weapons were clinking, the guns were blazing and the knives were drawn. I was too focused on my enemy, oblivious to the fact that I had a pistol drawn toward me, when I noticed It was too late, the trigger had been pulled and I knew I was about to be one of the many victims of this war. I had only one wish. “God, if you are there, if you are listening, only one thing I ask of you, nothing more, let me see him again in this lifetime.”

Closing my eyes, the world was moving slower, and I was just an insignificant part of it, as I was waiting for the bullet to hit me I was lugged into a hard chest, dodging the bullet. My saviors hand was still on my upper arm, and that is when I realized who he was. I could recognize him by touch alone, I would know him blind, I would know his scent and the way his feet struck the earth at the end of the world, surrounded by nothing but darkness.

We needed not to exchange a word, we knew what we had to do, get out of this mess, together, alive. And so we did, we fought as if we were dancing, in one rhythm, with grace and elegance we wrestled anyone who came in our way, and we absconded just as we planned.

We did not utter a word until we reached the docks. There, he said breathless and confident:

“I was made to protect you, only in death will I be kept from this oath.”

What we did was so wrong, for he was my enemy, but only he knows that he would light the world on fire for me, not letting a single flame touch his Edme.



Forger of Love

From the Ancient being
Of the Ancient Greece,
We inherited a special feeling
That’s warm like fleece.

Most people just have it
And, when they day after day knit,
Do not forget to share it
And with other beings to split.

It is said that this feeling,
When with others is shared,
Either you want or not, is multiplying.
And you feel good and cared.

For some people this feeling
Is cold like the winter
And it is useless and unappealing
Just like a broken printer.

There is one big fan of it though.
And with his skills, arrows and bow,
He makes you flexible like a dough.
I know for sure that it is so!

You guessed it, his name is Cupid.
The mastermind behind love.
This feeling that makes you act stupid
And fly above the sky like a dove.

During the second month of each year,
It's the time of love. Have no fear
In telling your feelings to your beloved
And, maybe, you will also be hugged.





What I love most about my life

You know that every man must have some comrades or friends. However, there are few exceptions: people who prefer to spend time on their own or accompanied by pets. Honestly, I wasn't too far from that. But I was trying to stay on both sides. It's true, it's a little hard to do that, but it's worth it.

Sometimes every person needs a break from noise or friends. Unfortunately, I wasn't the most sociable boy in the school or community. I prefer the company of a book with a nice cup of tea in the summer house. I used to walk in the woods and on the fields looking for stones. I was a little collector because I liked the way they look. Some had different colors and shapes. One day, when I was walking on the field searching for stones I saw a rabbit out of nowhere. I didn't know if I should be scared or surprised. Later, thinking it over, I felt happy about it. It was such a wonderful moment in my life! To some it may seem irrelevant to enjoy that moment and they take things for granted.

Being a little different from the others, I prefer to do things in my style. Such as fixing objects or writing compositions. I do everything in my style. I believe everybody will do the same sooner or later, more or less. Even if some people don't like me, I ignore them. Otherwise, it pulls me down. This way, a short break can be enjoyable. I'm not saying that I hate people. I want to make it clear that some people can sometimes be very bad. They can hurt you in such a way that you can't stand the pressure anymore. I mean, I'm the type of person who needs to get home as soon as possible to enjoy complete peace. Just me, a favorite book under the shade of a tree and a cool breeze.

At the beginning I was afraid to play chess. Aa, chess! A very complex strategy game. I've loved playing chess since I was seven years old. My parents didn't have a lot of money so I had to settle with playing chess at school. Seeing how determined I was, the teacher decided to enroll me in a school competition. My first competition! I was so excited when I entered the corri-

dor to see just one table, two chairs and a chessboard. My partner was waiting for me. I did very well, as expected. I can't say it was a fierce battle. It ended with many losses as well as gains. I've known since then that chess has a certain calling for me. After I won, I obviously had to choose a prize. Not having a chessboard at home, I chose a special one. It was made out of marble. I love touching its smooth surface.

I befriended the dog I saw in my area. I named him Max because he is full of energy. I met him when he was little and we are still two inseparable partners. We walk in the woods, across the fields, we climb hills and do just about anything. And nothing can bother us because it is peace and quiet. Max offers love in return. These are the activities I love doing.



Dear Cupid

I'm writing this letter to you to let you know about a problem I have had for a while now.

Ever since I was a kid, I was fascinated by your power of making people fall in love by only shooting them with your arrows. I even wanted to be one of your 'victims' back then. But, now... I really think you should release me from your spell. You see, since I was very young back then, I really couldn't think about the consequences of... love.

You may wonder why your spell bothers me:

First of all, I can't even think properly. All I think about is him. This, of course, is a problem. It hinders me from being able to do my homework! Every day I go to school I have to think of another coverup to help me get away from a bad grade. I really start to run out of excuses, you know?

On top of that, it makes me do so many foolish things... carrying his books, for example. Who would do that? I already have plenty of books to bring for my own. But ever since I met him, I feel the 'responsibility' to help him.

Furthermore, I even started getting up earlier, just so I could meet him more quickly... It is a really disturbing thing; I love staying in my bed but now I just can't let myself waste any time!

So, given my upsets, I would really like you to do something about this 'problem' of mine, since you are the one at fault. I even thought of some recommendations. Please do consider them:

My first idea was something... quite simple. You can just undo your spell by 'unshooting' me with your arrow. Or maybe, shoot me on the opposite side? You see, I can't even think of a proper solution to this.

I had many other ideas, but I can't even remember them now as I am writing this letter to you. Or maybe I just don't think they could work anymore...Thanks to you, I don't even know it myself.

But, please, help me. Of course, I do expect fallouts to this. But I am ready to accept them all. I would do anything to get rid of the recent feeling I have had. And that I still have. The worst thing that could happen is... you being unable to undo the spell. Still, I choose to be positive. I have always looked up to you, believing you can do anything to do with love. I am sure you can find a way to help me! Right?

That is all. I feel so much better and released after writing to you about my feelings.

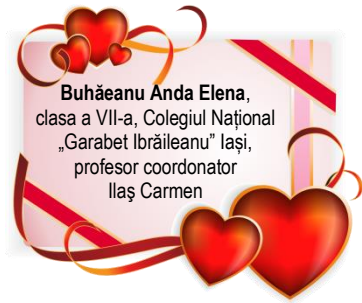
I hope you will contemplate my letter and do something about this. If I also have to do something, I will be waiting for your answer. I am ready for anything, I assure you.

Ok, maybe, loving is not that bad... In the end, it is what gives us power. And you, you are the one who makes people fall in love. Not tearing them apart. I think I actually like my actual self. Dear Cupid, I realised that I like being like this. A lot.

So, forget about my demands. I am perfectly fine with me being in love.

Best wishes,

Connie.



Buhăeanu Anda Elena,
clasa a VII-a, Colegiul Național
„Garabet Ibrăileanu” Iași,
profesor coordonator
Ilaș Carmen

A Valentine's confession

Oh, the thrill, the joy, the zeal!
Like a canvas rich with teal
A sight to see, a sight to hear
Our beloved Valentine is here!

Throughout the streets, a feeling dwells
A trace of love, a charming spell
And as i cheer, despite my fear
I'm sure the one for me is here!

I don't know why, or how, or when,
I've found a love, but then again;
I'm really sure that there's no cure
My heart feels love that's truly pure

The day we met, my soul sparked wild
I told my jokes, and as you smiled,
I knew for sure, we're meant to be
So here's my message, listen, thee!

I've searched throughout the land and sea,
Through skies at night, through meadows free..
To find a way to tell you this
In a way that's never missed!

My warmth to you is quite unmatched
And all this time, i've grown attached
So hear me out, i have to say
"I love you" this faithful day;

You may accept, you may decline,
Or your heart could well be mine.
If you say yes, i'll be elated
That my love was not ill-fated.

Honorable Mentions



Self-love. What makes you love yourself?

Self-love is conceived as a basic human necessity. Everyone thinks of it differently and see it as a more or less relevant topic. It refers to connecting to oneself, to accepting yourself, to making time and space for you and to living a peaceful life. On the occasion of February 14th I decided to write about loving yourself before loving someone else.

Through the years, self-love earned a more positive meaning. It became a topic for campaigns that spread awareness of mental illnesses. Self-love could enable healing in such a case. Self-love was originally created by the modern feminist movement between the 1950s and 60s. Initially, it was followed by the hippie movement. This contributed to the popularization of ‘self-love’.

These being said, we should focus on the main reasons that cause low self-esteem. For example, bullying. It is the act of verbal and/or physical abuse. It’s more common among children and teenagers at school but can be observed in some families under the guise of ‘constructive criticism’. Another reason is social media. It is viewed as a place to befriend people and where you can post pictures for you and your friends. You may be a public figure or

not. The sad part is that little girls and boys have access to such profiles. Children become jealous of their ‘idol’s’ look and lifestyle. They want to be just like that famous person. Therefore, they become self-conscious of their flaws and of the cons around them. They forget about the simpler and more positive aspects in their life. Nowadays, ‘self-love’ has become a popular topic of discussion among bloggers, vloggers and reporters. They also tackle ‘falsehood’ among other social media people. Thus, some influencers talk about balance and self-love but aren’t honest or serious enough about it.

Finally, regardless of the circumstances we may be in, we should love ourselves the way we are. We are perfect in our own way and there is nothing that should lower our self-esteem. We should know our true value and potential. Moreover, our flaws simply complete our personality just like our strengths do. Society might try to put pressure on us to be perfect. We must not change according to society’s needs. Instead, we may succeed in living happily, the way we want to. I like to think that people will change themselves from ‘good’ to ‘better’ and then to ‘excellent’, becoming the version they wish.

I would like to share some things I love about myself. However, like many others, I am working on becoming a better person and on loving myself more. To me, writing this text was very helpful. I hope it will help you too!



Friends

That May morning, a bird was looking curiously after its friend. In the garden, the flowers were laughing with the rays of sun which were drawing rainbows in water pearls.

The bird was spreading its wings to the sky, looking after the tree with white-purple flowers which had saved her life some time ago. It remembered very well that full moon night, when, with its last breath, managed to get to

the fragile branch of a tree. The tree tried to talk to it, but it was too weak to have a conversation. It felt like the end.

Suddenly, the tree dressed in white-purple flowers and, with a sweet scent, embraced it. The bird felt its life coming back in its little body and, miraculously, flew from the arms of the tree, as if escaping from a cage. Though, it thanked its life saver on the run, but still, it was not enough. After a few seconds that seemed like an eternity, the bird heard the tree, in a trembling voice, whispering a tear on the wings of the wind because it wanted everyone to know that it will wait for the bird to come back in its protective arms, as it had promised.

Now, it was here, keeping its promise, but the tree was nowhere to be found. It flew through the garden for a while, full of nostalgia, feeling homesick as it admired the beautiful flowers. Then, it flew to the place where it remembered discovering the tree. Desperately searching, the bird managed to see a lost branch, at some point. It was so lifeless, as if it had been abandoned in the arms of time, not even being able to hold a butterfly, in no case a bird.

Then, it started to realise what had actually happened. The tree had made a deal with Death herself, giving its life, so the bird could fly away and escape the punishment of an indolent time. From its two black pearls as deep as the night, bitter tears began to slide down to the soft earth. Suddenly, it heard a noise, sounding like a breeze and started to feel the ground trembling beneath its little feet. Not understanding what was happening, scared, thinking that maybe it did not escape, tried to fly away, but the flowers next to it whispered to stay. So it did. Wandering around, waiting, it suddenly saw a fragile stem coming out of the ground, growing a way to the great sky, in the place where its tears had fallen. Right under its eyes, the tree, its old friend, started to rise proudly to the sun, dressing in white-purple flowers, as before, spreading around joy and love, for everyone to feel it, understanding its great purpose in the world.

The now very happy bird made its nest among the fragrant branches, hiding in the arms of its friend. Smiling, the bird told the tree that, from now on, they will never be apart from each other. And so it was.



My dear prince

I wake up with my head full of thoughts for you. Although between looking and burying my deep feelings, I can't deny what it's going on inside my heart. Every time I see you my heart goes crazy. Every time I'm with you, I feel safe. When I look into your eyes, I involuntarily start smiling. Although we haven't known each other for a long time, I feel like you're the only person who really understands me, who just by looking into my eyes managed to read my soul. It is very difficult for me to express what is hidden inside me because I do not know too well, I never knew. But if I were to describe these feelings in one word, it would be "love." This is where the real problem is, after all. What is "love"? If we were to follow people's opinions, then some would say that love is a wonderful feeling that warms your soul, others would say that love makes you think irrationally and let yourself be led by insecure feelings. Some would say that love makes you dream and live your life to the fullest, others would say that love makes you weak, restores you to doubt your own strengths. Some would say that love is an illusion that can disappear at any time and leave you in the dark, others would say that love gives color to life and that without it the world would sink into shades of gray. Many have criticized this sentiment, argued, but none seem to really describe the essence of love.

But if we were to follow the teachings of books and stories we would see that love is not something material, it is not a topic that can be discussed or debated. We can see that love is really dangerous, it can hurt you, but at the same time it can heal you, it can guide you but at the same time it can make you derail from the route it can urge you to make wrong choices, but it can also help you discover your best. but it all depends on how you approach it and how prepared you are to face it. In short, love is magic, it is a mystery, it is an enigma that we all in turn and at the right time we will be able to decipher.

What I'm really trying to tell you is that the time has come and I'm ready for any obstacles that would get in our way because if we get up we'll do it together, if we fall we'll do it together, I'll be with you whatever happens and I will support you no matter what you do and even if one day I left this world you would not leave because you are the person next to whom I would be happy to live my life, and from my perspective the story ours can have only one end, with me being yours, with you being mine Happy to old age.



Team on first place

In a small city from Australia, there lived a boy named Daniel. He lived with his mother and grandmother. His father had died in a car crash and his grandfather had also died a couple of years before. Daniel was tall, slim, with brown eyes and short hair. He was twelve years old and had one dream: to win prizes at karting competitions and, later, when he would grow up to race at Formula 1.

In that summer, Daniel had to choose a karting team to race for. Because he did not have much money he chose a team that wasn't really popular. One day he went to the track to meet the team. Timothy was his racing teammate, Lucy was the engineer, Max was the mechanic and George was his coach. George looked like a grumpy trainer, so Daniel was a bit afraid of what would happen. He went to training every day, but he did not just race, he also cleaned karts, painted the wall with a special helmet, spray the track with water, so that he could develop his muscle.

After many days, the first racing day of the championship came. All the racers were at the starting line, waiting for the green flag. Daniel was confident that he could win his first race of the season. He had all the advice he needed, all the skills, the support of his tschical team, everything seemed to be on his side. The race started, Daniel already passed a racer, the crowd was

amazed. They had never seen something like that before. George was very proud of his young racer. Daniel passed every competitor until he got on the second place. That was his chance. The boy tried a pass on the inside, but he was blocked. He tried the outside, but it was full of gravel. Then he got another chance on the inside. He didn't wait any longer so he tried to pass the racer, but he was pushed wide and he crashed. George asked Daniel if he was okay. He said that everything was alright, but he was pushed out of the track and he had to give up the race. George explained to the boy that the racer was a cheater.

Daniel went home to stay alone in his room. Someone knocked at the door. It was his mother. After she had entered the room, she asked Daniel:

„What is the problem?”

„I did not win the race because the driver that was on the first place pushed me wide and he could have killed me out there. Luckily, I managed to keep the car on the ground although I hit the wall, and got out of the race. The thing is I am a bit upset, so I would appreciate if you would leave me alone, please.”

„Look Daniel, your dad would be very proud of you.”

„MOM! Please, you do not need to start this again.”

„But it is the truth. He loved racing, you love racing. You were nearly like two brothers except you did not have the same age.”

„Yeah.”

Suddenly someone knocked at the front door. Grandma said there were three children at the gate. Daniel recognized them out of the window. They were his friends from the team.

„Hello guys, why did you come here?”

„Well, we wanted to say that you demonstrated that you were made for racing and you have to come for another race tomorrow. We'll always be on your side...you know that!”

Daniel hugged his friends because he realised how much they cared about him and how much he cared about them, too.

„Okay, see you at the pits, tomorrow! Good night!”

It was the racing day again. Everyone was aligned at the starting line. Daniel had no doubt. He knew he could win this race. Green flag was shown and the race started. Daniel passed the karts one by one until he got second once again, but this time after going left and right many times he did a trick and confused the cheater and obtained the lead of the race and the victory. The crowd has gone wild and Daniel's mother was crying of joy. He did it! He won his first race.

Now Daniel competes in Formula 1 races with McLaren. He has won many races and he always dedicated them to his old friends that helped him to stop being upset and win a karting race.

Daniel always says after his races: „The result and the reward are not the key of a racer. The only thing you need is a good team and its support.”



The Tree of Love

It was a rainy, cold day. Ricky, a very beautiful owl, had been awake the entire night. He was dreaming about finding his loved one on Valentine’s Day. He had large grey wings with white dots. Even though he was lovely, he was always sad. If a bird were sad, its tree would feel the same, and Ricky’s tree was withering. ‘Why do all my friends find their soulmate, but I don’t? Maybe I will have my chance this year. Valentine’s Day is a wonderful holiday, so I should not lose my hope! My tree is full of magic, so I wish to meet my soulmate!’ he thought to himself.

Ricky waited all day long to see a heart tie itself to his tree. This is how owls show their love to each other by placing hearts on branches. A glorious sunny day started again. He watched the sunrise and felt awesome. Unfortunately, the morning passed, but Ricky found no hearts. He still didn’t lose his hope! He would look up in the sky and see many birds flying with their hearts, hoping that one would stop and give one to him. He waited for hours and hours, but no one came close to his tree. He started feeling gloomy. ‘Maybe next year someone will give me a heart, but I don’t want another year to pass...’. He started crying. Suddenly, the branches on his tree started moving. He looked up, and saw a beautiful owl placing a heart. She was pink with magnificent wings. Her beak was brown and her ears small. Ricky was so surprised that he wiped his tears off. ‘She is so beautiful!’ said Ricky. He opened his wings and started jumping up and down with joy ‘Can I sit here, next to you?’ My name is Laura, said the female owl in a soft voice. ‘Of

course! You must be cold after searching a lot.’ answered Ricky. ‘I know that everyone has a soulmate and I was feeling lonely. I was desperate until I saw you crying. I thought I would be here for you on Valentine’s Day.’ Then they started hugging each other.

Cupid was watching them from his fluffy cloud. ‘They are meant to be. My holiday is always bringing joy in people’s hearts! I am so glad!’

It was getting late when Ricky and Laura were watching the sunset. They were feeling thrilled. At that moment, the tree started to grow many hearts and leaves on its branches. Their love for each other was inseparable. They were feeling tired but their wings flapped with joy. They waved goodbye to Cupid and fell asleep. The foggy, cloudy night slowly turned into sunshine and happiness all around. The tree became full of love and warm feelings. All the birds started visiting the tree. It was named ‘The Tree of Love’ because the hearts on the trees were the most beautiful images the birds in the forest had ever seen. The tree inspired love for everyone who was feeling down on Valentine’s Day but had faith in finding true love. There, in the middle of the forest, the Tree of Love would make dreams become reality.



My sister Teo

When I was a little child, like 5 years old, I wanted a sister who could play with me because I was an only child. I wanted her to be good and careful and still just like me. I didn’t like to think that she could be a baby monster because I wanted all the best for her. I was waiting and waiting but she wasn’t coming into my life. But I didn’t lose my faith.

Then something occurred, and an incredible miracle happened. Someone came to life; she was small and was making a lot of noise that my ears couldn’t stand. It was my dream sister; I was looking at her and my heart was exploding of joy! But something wasn’t right, she was just eating things while I was trying to play with her, when I realized that she was too small to

think about what was happening around her.

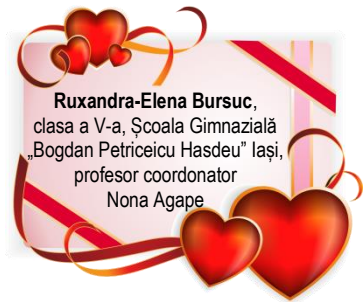
Time was flying by and she was getting older. When she got to be two years old, she started playing with me, then she was walking and then she started talking, not really well, but I understood what she was saying.

When she first got to be three years old, things changed, she was sometimes rude to me, and sometimes she was sad for no reason. I was sometimes unhappy too because I couldn't play with her anymore due to her attitude. Sometimes I was wondering if my wish was a mistake.

Then she was four years old, I was wondering if she was still the big bad girl. Fortunately, I was wrong and that was good. She was spending time with me and we were playing together all day long. Sometimes I was unhappy because I had school and I couldn't play with her.

The next year she was years years old. At that age she was playing all by herself and she was not including me in her games. I really didn't care about that because I knew she was a really good girl full of joy.

Now she still is five and she is a good person, she is playing with me whenever she has got time, we understand each other and she wants me to be with her when she is scared or she has a problem. I love how she grew up being herself and I think she is the nicest person and the perfect sister anyone could ever have.



My adorable cat

Who doesn't love cats? I love them a lot. My cousin, Maria, and I talk about our cats and their stories. Today I will speak about my best, Ronnie.

Ronnie is my tom cat. He is black and his paws are white. He is very friendly and loves being around people. He is 8 months old. Even if Ronnie is super nice, he is sometimes crazy. He jumps on my head at night, he scratches my bed, he jumps on the walls, he eats my hair, he ruins my plants, he breaks my curtains and he makes my mom angry when he spills his food

and water all over the hallway.

The story of how I got him is pretty cool. For Christmas I wanted a cat. One day in October a man came to clean our trees. My mom told him how I wanted a cat. He said he has one that he could give it to me. My parents agreed to get me the cat. Later that day my dad went to pick it up. When he got home he told me that Christmas came earlier. I went to see what he meant. I thought that it was snowing but he proved me wrong. When I first saw him I was so happy because I knew I will be happy with him the rest of my life.

Even if having a cat is very nice, it is also very expensive. He only eats Whiskas, Felix, Friskies, ProPlan or Brit. These are all very expensive brands of cat food. On the first week when I got him I bought a bed, lots of toys, lots of food and a blanket for him to sleep on. All of that is worth it because I love him and he is a good boy that deserves everything.

But when we have guests I am not very happy. Ronnie loves kids, but not all kids love cats. One day a naughty boy visited us and he cut his moustache and wanted to put the cat into the toilet. I was very upset. I told my parents not to invite that family anymore. I want Ronnie to be happy!

I love him so much because he makes me laugh, he makes me happy when I have to wake up early in the morning, he cheers me up when I come back home from a long day at school and sometimes I even feel like he understands me when I talk to him. I love him because he is the highlight of my day!

Love cats! Wouldn't you love such a wonderful cat if he were yours?





Dănilă Robert-Gabriel,
clasa a VII-a, Colegiul Național
„Garabet Ibrăileanu”, profesor
coordonator Ilaș Carmen Florina

Dear Jessica

I remember when I first meet you. I was going home from school and I saw you sitting on a bench and eating an ice cream. I said “Hi!”, you smiled and said “Hi!” back. I introduced myself to you and we started talking. You told me that you were new in town and you didn’t know anybody there and you asked me if I could show you around. I was glad you asked me that because I liked making new friends and I’d lived in this town since I was born so I knew all the fun and interesting places. We visited a lot of places that day and we became friends. Also I remember that we went to an arcade and I won for you a plush toy that I know you still have.

As the time went by I got to love your energy and your personality and I realized we had a lot in common, we both liked tennis, video games, we had similar tastes in music and we liked the same food. It was great to have someone that I could do all kinds of activities with and get along with so well. Because all the time we spent together we became closer and closer and at a point I started developing feelings for you. At the beginning I didn’t think too much of it, I thought it was just a crush and it would go away soon but my feelings for you grew bigger and bigger every time we saw each other. I made my mind that I wanted to date you. I intended to tell you multiple times how I felt about you but I didn’t know how you felt about me. I was scared that you would reject me and I also didn’t want to ruin our friendship.

Do you remember when we went to the concert of our favorite band? You came with someone. You introduced him to me and told me his name was Mike and that he was a friend from your old home town and he was visiting you for a few days. I was pretty sad because I wanted to be just the two of us, I was also wearing a shirt that you told me it looked great on me because I wanted to look good for you. To be honest I was also a little jealous because you and Mike seemed to be really good friends and that made me realize that if I didn’t tell you how I felt, you might start seeing someone else. So now that Valentine’s Day is approaching I’ve decided that I will

confess my feeling through this letter that I'm writing. I want to let you know that I think you are an amazing person with a beautiful personality and I want to date you.

I hope you also have feelings for me and you will let me know soon if you want to be with me.

Hoping to see you soon, Robert



Tom, a child

Friendships are essential in people's lives. When you have a problem, your friends are there for you. But Tom, a child, wouldn't understand that. He always said that he didn't need friends and their love and support. His family tried to explain him every day that people can't live alone and they need friends, but he was too stubborn to understand.

One day, a child told Tom:

„Tom, do you need a friend?”

„No! Go away! I don't need you!”

The child was sad and hurt by Tom's attitude, but he went home.

In the evening, the child went to the park. Not far away, on the opposite sidewalk he saw Tom. The child was having a phone in his hands and he wasn't careful while crossing the street. The child in the park could see the danger, so he ran and shouted. His shout made Tom look up and notice the car which was approaching. Fortunately, the car didn't hit Tom.

„Thank you! said Tom when he stepped on the sidewalk. Who are you?”

„I'm Charles. In the morning, I've asked you to be my friend, but you told me to leave.”

„I'm so sorry! Why did you help me? Do you need money?”

„No, but I need a friend.”

„Really? Is friendship more important than money?”

„Of course it is! Are we friends now?“

„Bet we are! You’ve saved my life and changed it forever, Charles! Thanks to you, I’ve learnt so much about friendship!“

After that, they went to the park.

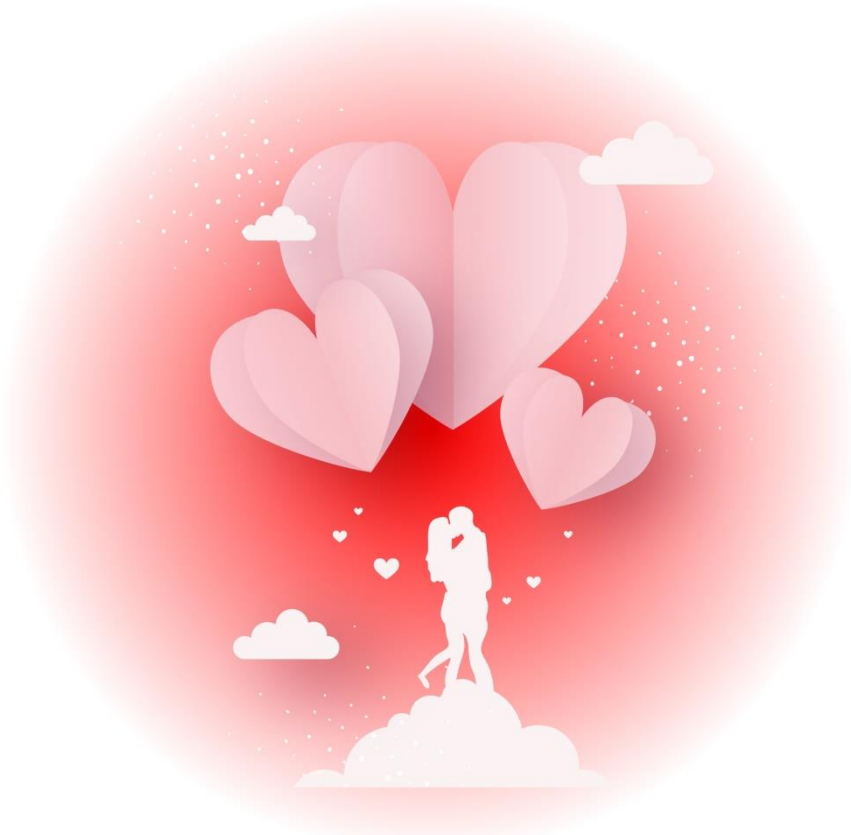
„I have a question, Tom?“

„What’s that?“

„Why did you say that friendship doesn’t exist?“

„I was too selfish to admit that people can’t live by themselves and that being surrounded by people is a blessing and not a burdon. Thanks, my friend, for proving me I was wrong!“

Friends are very important to us. Without them, we feel sad and miserable. Every day, friends go outside to play. They walk to school together, share their thoughts and make plans about their lives. Friendships can change lives. If you love and cherish your friends, your life is easier and special.



Mulțumiri colaboratorilor:

- Irina Prodan, inspector pentru limbi moderne ISJ Iași
- Mihaela Onuță
- Anca Elena Rotariu
- Anda Boțoiu
- Cristina Avram
- Camelia Arhip
- Camelia Mancea
- Beatrice Arbore
- Roxana Nicola
- Mihaela Manolache
- Gabriela Anton
- Gina Prodan
- Ramona Dragu
- Dana Busuioac
- Carmen Florina Ilaș
- Andreea Ursache
- Dorina Marin
- Gianina Roman
- Anca Voicu-Ghenghea
- Cristina Georgiana Voicu
- Nona Agape
- Alina Cristiana Albu
- Petronela Postolache
- Alexandru Micu
- Sabina Ignățel
- Alina Bărlădeanu
- Valerica Dorofte
- Ioana Mărgineanu
- Camelia Mancea
- Petrina Frunză
- Andreea Georgiana Zota
- Emanuela Racu
- Daniela Ciubotariu
- Lăcrămioara Gabor
- Simona Ionescu
- Andreea Agache
- Ioana Mărgineanu

Instituții școlare partenere:

Școala Primară „Gheorghe Asachi” Iași
Școala Gimnazială „B.P. Hașdeu” Iași
Școala Gimnazială „Titu Maiorescu” Iași
Școala Gimnazială „Ion Creangă” Iași
Școala Gimnazială „Comandor Alexandru Cătuneanu” Lunca Cetățuții
Școala Gimnazială Internațională Spectrum Iași
Școala Gimnazială „Elena Cuza” Iași
Școala Gimnazială ”Aron-Vodă” Aroneanu
Școala Gimnazială Dorobanț, Aroneanu
Colegiul Național „Vasile Alecsandri” Iași
Liceul Teoretic de Informatică „Grigore Moisil” Iași
Liceul cu Program Sportiv Iași
Seminarul Teologic Ortodox ”Sfântul Vasile cel Mare” Iași
Colegiul Național „Mihai Eminescu” Iași
Liceul Tehnologic Economic de Turism Iași
Liceul Teoretic „Al. I. Cuza” Iași
Liceul Teoretic ”Dimitrie Cantemir” Iași
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Colegiul Național „G. Ibrăileanu” Iași
Colegiul Național „Emil Racoviță” Iași
Colegiul Național „Costache Negruzzi” Iași
Colegiul Economic Administrativ Iași
Colegiul National „Ștefan cel Mare” Hârlău



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