

February's Moonstruck

Ediția a VIII-a



**Secondary
School**

February's Moonstruck

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The Hachiko lumberjack

Every romantic tale commences with "once in a lifetime" or perhaps "when," but this story strives to be distinctive. Love, after all, is a unique and extraordinary journey.

Martin was a special person waiting for a special love. He was a lumberjack who lived in a small hut in the forest. He was a testament to the rugged life of those who had this job. His deep blue eyes mirrored the wisdom gained throughout the years spent in the heart of the forest. Despite the tough appearance, his voice softened when he spoke to the woodland creatures that shared his company. A mane of beautiful brown hair framed a face engraved with lines of resilience, and a beard, adorned with occasional pine needles, added to his rugged charm. His only friends were the forest animals always keeping him company, he never knew what he would do without all of them. Martin used to go to the grocery store on the edge of the forest, the Woodland Corner, whose owner and guardian was Mr. Thompson. He was a friendly guy who knew everything about the forest and loved its unifying tranquility. With silver streaks adorning his dark hair, Mr. Thompson wore the wrinkles of age gracefully. His eyes, though tired, sparkled with a deep understanding of the woods. A gentle smile adorned his face, always welcoming those who entered his store. Dressed in a weathered flannel shirt and trousers, Mr. Thompson seemed like an embodiment of the forest's timeless wisdom. He was the proud father of a daughter named Angela. Short yet radiant, she was a vision of nature's grace. Her chestnut hair cascaded in gentle waves, kissed by sunlight filtering through the forest roads. Her polished-like emeralds eyes sparkled with a restless glint, revealing a playful spirit. Angela moved with the elegance of a woodland nymph, her laughter echoing like the sweet melodies of birds singing. Adorned in earthy greens and soft blues, her attire was in

harmony with the vibrant hues of the forest, emphasizing her strong connection to nature. Angela sometimes helped her father in the store, arranging flowers and working at the cash register.

Martin was an old customer of the store and over the years, he had developed a strong friendship with Mr. Thompson. He knew he had a daughter but Mr. Thompson didn't use to talk too much about her.

One day Martin came to the store to buy a new axe because the old one had broken when he tried to cut a tree to get wood for the fireplace and also a fishing rod as he wanted to go fishing with Mr Thompson. Martin approached the counter and there she was... Angela, with her chestnut hair kissed by sunlight, flowing gracefully, and her sparkling emerald eyes! She was moving with the majestic posture of a woodland creature, her laughter echoing through the air like a birdsong. Martin, mesmerized by her appearance, could barely speak. He managed to regain his composure, paid for the things he bought and then left. Mr Thompson saw that Martin was nervous but he brushed it off. On his way back to his cabin he couldn't stop thinking about Angela. Something about her was different. His mind and soul were filled with the picture of her angelic face.

The fishing day with Mr Thompson was approaching and Martin summoned up the courage to ask him if his daughter could also come. To his surprise Mr Thompson agreed and Martin was extremely joyful at the thought of spending time with Angela. And so the three of them set off for the nearby river, the forest embracing them with its tranquility. As they were walking, Angela and Martin shared stories of their lives, discovering common interests and forging a connection that seemed to grow stronger with each step. Arriving at the riverbank Mr. Thompson handed Martin and Angela fishing rods, and they spent the day casting lines and laughing together. The sun was painting shades of pink and gold in the sky and the river's gentle flow was murmuring a soothing background melody, while the forest animals were witnessing the unfolding feelings of two passionate hearts. As the day wore on, Martin couldn't take his eyes off Angela. Her laughter, like the melody of a woodland symphony, was making his heart beating faster. By the time the sun began to dip below the horizon, Martin realized that Valentine's Day was turning into something truly special. They soon headed back to Woodland Corner with their hearts warmed by the joy of the moments spent together and a promising future. Martin, Angela, and Mr. Thompson exchanged smiles, knowing that love, in its various forms, had woven another chapter into the tapestry of their lives. Martin couldn't contain his excitement and hugged Angela and thanked Mr Thompson for that beautiful day.

As days went on, their friendship deepened into a connection that went beyond the simplicity of fishing trips and shared laughter. Their hearts found solace in the company of one another, and Valentine's Day marked a turning point in their lives.

In the following weeks, Angela and Martin spent more time together, exploring the forest, sharing dreams and enjoying each other's presence. But life, as it often does, can be unpredictable, and a harsh reality loomed over their newfound happiness.

One fateful day, a somber cloud descended upon Woodland Corner. Angela, the girl with the chestnut hair kissed by sunlight, ended her story in this world. An unexpected illness claimed her, leaving behind a void in the hearts of those who knew and loved her. Martin, once a lumberjack, with a heart as vast as the tallest pine, now found himself

awaiting Angela's return from the grocery store with an ache in his chest. The cozy cabin, once filled with the warmth of her presence and laughter, now echoed the haunting silence of solitude. Every day, just like the loyal dog Hachiko, Martin waited for Angela to return, unable to accept the heartbreaking truth that she was gone forever. The forest, once a sanctuary, became a place of bittersweet memories, each rustling leaf and chirping bird a painful reminder of the joy that had been stolen away.

Mr. Thompson, too, felt the weight of sorrow as he witnessed Martin's unwavering vigil. The grocery store, once a place of cheerful encounters, now stood as a silent witness to the love that had been lost. The flowers Angela once arranged with care now seemed to wilt sharing the sadness of the grieving hearts.

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The comandant's son and his personal maid

It all started in Germany 1934, when a girl named Adina, met a boy named Edward. Adina was a beautiful girl with long brunette hair and gorgeous crystal green eyes. Edward was a very smart boy with blonde hair like honey and blue eyes like the ocean. Those two were inseparable. They went every Saturday at the lake and they played at the playgrounds every day. You couldn't see them apart. Until one day, on the 9th of November 1935 Adina disappeared. Edward was devastated. He didn't know that she actually moved to Poland with her parents. Edward promised himself that he was going to search for his friend until the day he will die.

Time passed by. Adina was okay with her life in Poland, although she was always thinking of her friend Edward in Germany. She didn't like the fact that her parents didn't let her tell anyone she was moving. She missed the old times. Those good times made her put on a smile but often made her shed a tear. Life without her best friend was miserable. At that time, Edward didn't think any different from what was Adina thinking. He constantly tried to find his friend, but he was never lucky.

Soon enough the second world war had started on 1st of September 1939 when Germany invaded Poland. After a while, one night someone knocked at the door. Adina's Father opened the door.

“You and your family have 10 minutes to pack a small bag each and then get out of the house” the officer said.

They started packing. Adina grabbed her school backpack and put in a photo of her and Edward and other things she thinks it would be necessary. She and her family went out of the house and then entered a van. It was very cramped. The car started and the ride was about an hour. They stopped at a train station where all the people needed to leave their bags. Before doing so Adina silently took the photo from the bag and hid it in her pocket. The people were put in a cattle wagon where there were no windows or seats. Everyone was pushed in only one wagon. The train started and went on for about nine hours.

The train arrived at Ravensbrück. Adina and her family were separated. She was sent to the Ravensbrück concentration camp. Life was hard there. Years went by and Adina survived. It was already 1945. She was 19 and still standing.

Random day Adina was called by an SS Officer. The officer told her she will be the new personal maid of the commandant's son. She was happy to finally being able to leave the hard work. The next day when she went to the commandant's house she opened the door just to see a boy looking identical to Edward. She knew that was him the moment she looked in his eyes but Adina didn't say anything. A week went by and as Adina was cleaning Edwards room she found the same photo she had in her pocket. Edward entered and saw her comparing the two photos. She put back the photo in her pocket and then left. That night Edward could only think about his maid. He sneaked into his dad's office and took some papers with the numbers and the names. The maid's number had the same name as his childhood best friend. The next day the sounds of bombardments were heard. Edward came to Adina when she was cleaning his room. He looked her in the eyes and showed her the photo.

"It was always you..." Edward said hugging her.

"Adina, you need to go, the Americans will be here any minute, I will come to you after they leave. I can't loose you again"

She went back to the lager and hid, it started raining. She waited 2 hours until all the cars were gone. It was silent. Adina heard a familiar voice. It was Edward. She took a peek to be sure it was him and then she walked to him.

Edward kissed Adina in the rain and they both knew they were meant to be.



MURARIU NATALIA

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Heartstrings and Hidden Messages

Valentine’s Day held an enchantment like no other! Rumor had it that love was woven into the very fabric of the air. But fear not, for we faced it with confidence and emerged stronger than ever before! However, that year, a mysterious event occurred that would change the lives of the community forever. As the clock struck midnight on February 14th, the town’s people noticed a series of beautifully crafted love notes scattered around the streets. Each note was intricately designed, adorned with delicate illustrations and poetic verses that seemed to speak directly to the hearts of those who found them. The note led curious readers on a delightful journey through the charming corners of Harmonyville. They discovered hidden nooks and crannies in the local park, and a charming bookstore with shelves of love stories – each location held a clue to solving the mystery behind the notes. As the villagers embarked on this unexpected adventure, bonds deepened and new relationships were forged. Get ready to be swept away by the captivating story of Emily, Jake, and Olivia! You won’t be able to put this page-turner down! Emily is a talented artist on the hunt for inspiration, while Jake is a charming barista with a secret passion for writing. And let’s not forget about Olivia, a florist who yearns for something more than just petals and blooms. As they delve deeper into the mystery, they find themselves drawn together, discovering shared dreams, fears, and desires. With each note, the townspeople not only uncovered the secrets of the Valentine’s Day Odyssey but also discovered the true magic of love and connection. The once-sleepy town of Harmonyville became a canvas for a story of unexpected romance, self-discovery, and the enduring power of love notes that held the key to unlocking the deepest emotions within. As the trio continued their quest, the notes became more personalised! They addressed the deepest desires and fears of each protagonist. How exciting! This is fantastic news! Emily was guided to a forgotten art studio, where she uncovered a canvas covered in the vibrant hues of her untapped creativity! Jake discovered a hidden library of unpublished poems, realising that his passion for words had been restrained for far too long. Olivia followed the notes to a moonlit garden and guess what she found? A love letter she had written to herself years ago! How amazing is that? It served as a powerful reminder of the importance of self-love, something we all need to remember from time to time. So go ahead and give yourself a big hug, because you deserve it! The city buzzed with excitement, and the former strangers, now bound by the enchanting tones, began to form a close-knit community. The town was filled with

laughter, music, and whispers of newfound romances. It was an absolutely thrilling time of excitement and harmony! The notes not only connected hearts romantically but also fostered a strong sense of unity.

Emily, Jake, and Olivia found themselves at the town's iconic clock tower as the Valentine's Day Odyssey approached. Get ready for the grand finale! The long-awaited final note is finally here, and it promises to reveal the mysterious orchestrator behind this enchanting journey. You won't want to miss it! Gathered beneath the towering timepiece, the trio eagerly opened the last note. It not only revealed the identity of the orchestrator but also a collective confession of love from the entire town. The exuberance of the crowd was infectious, and the trio felt a renewed sense of confidence and excitement for the future. The realization struck that the magic of Valentine's Day extended beyond romantic love to include the bonds of friendship, self-discovery, and community.

As the clock tower chimed midnight once again, Harmonyville erupted into cheers, confetti, and the shared joy of newfound connections. The Valentine's Day Odyssey is an absolutely beloved yearly tradition in our town, reminding us that love, in all its forms, is truly the essence of Harmonyville. This event is a testament to our community's commitment to spreading love and joy, and I am confident that it will continue to bring happiness to all who participate for years to come!

ȘUTIC IULIA

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Young Romance

Upon the parchment of the boundless sky,
Our love story unfolds, a tender sigh.
In the vast canvas of the cosmic sea,
A love poem written, just for you and me.

Beneath the silver veil of the moon's embrace,
Our hearts whisper secrets, woven with grace.
The stars, like verses, in patterns align,
Painting a tale, where your love and mine entwine.

In the tapestry of dreams, where fantasies bloom,
Our love, a melody, dispelling all gloom.
Soft whispers of night, like a poet's refrain,
In the symphony of us, where emotions sustain.

Through the meadows of time, hand in hand,
Our love, an eternal bloom in the enchanted land.
In the garden of moments, where memories reside,
Petals of passion, in the breeze, coincide.

Your eyes, like stardust, in the midnight skies,
Hold the secrets of galaxis, where true love lies.
In the constellations, a story unfolds,
A love poem written in the shimmering golds.

As the sun dips low in the amber west,
Our love, a phoenix, rises in the nest.
With each sunrise, a promise renewed,
In the horizon of us, where love is pursued.

In the blaze of summer, where passion ignites,
Our love, a wildfire, in sultry nights.
The sun, a witness to our fervent desire,
In the warmth of us, where flames aspire.

Autumn leaves, in hues of gold and red,
Carry our love story, where paths have led.
In the rustle of leaves, a chapter unfolds,
A love poem inked, as the scenery molds.

Winter's frost may chill the air,
Yet our love, always an eternal flare.
In the cold, our hearts entwine,
Even a love poem written in icicles' fine.

Through the labyrinth of life's grand maze,
Our love, a compass, guiding always.
In the symphony of moments, a sweet melody,
A love poem echoing through eternity.

With every sunrise, with every fall,
Our love is always standing tall.
The twinkle in your eyes, a reflection of the moon,
Guiding my heart like a love-touched, tender monsoon .

Hand in hand, we navigate the labyrinth of dreams,
A journey where reality and fantasy seamlessly gleams.
Through meadows of hope and valleys of despair,
Our love, an unwavering flame, beyond compare.

With every sunrise and every sunset we chase,
Our love deepens, a warm and comforting embrace.
Simple, yet intricate, like a delicate art,
A masterpiece painted on the canvas of our heart.

Your eyes, a reflection of a thousand skies,
Hold secrets and dreams, where true love lies.
In their gaze, I find my solace, my peace,
A sanctuary where all my worries cease.

Your touch, a gentle breeze on my skin,
Lights up a fire, a passion burning within.
Simple, yet profound, a calming sight,
It's a language only our hearts can imply.

Through valleys of joy and mountains of strife,
Our love, a journey, a dance through life.
Simple, yet intricate, like a hand in a glove,
This love we share, feels like forever and above.

In the symphony of our love, where our hearts sing,
Simple words compose the verses that spring.
A melody that lingers, a sweet, soothing hum,
Our love, a poem, where forever has just begun.



MAFTEI LUCIAN

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prof. coordonator Cumpăt Maria Ana



Dear Mom,

Until now, every time I started writing you a letter, my eyes were flooded with tears, and I could only write a few lines. But now I feel ready because I finally understand what I'm missing. I grew up and now I understand things differently. I understood that Love is the most beautiful feeling on earth, and I think that the strongest love is that between mother and child. Only a mother can love you unconditionally, she supports you even when you make a mistake. A hug from a mother banishes any sadness and cures any illness.

Even though we never met, my soul and thoughts were always with you. I asked myself 1 million questions, all starting with Why? and if... I want to feel your hugs, hear your voice, look into your eyes, fall asleep in your arms, feel your caress and I wouldn't mind if you also scold me. If I could live all this, time would stop for sure. I promise not to ask you anything, if you want to tell me anything that I have to know, I will listen to you.

I would like you to tell me how I was when I was a baby (I hope I wasn't too whiny). I would like to see the places where I spent the first two years of my life and I want to find out if I have brothers or sisters. I always wanted to have brothers with whom I could play and do interesting things together, that's why I always ran away from my second mother to the neighbors.

I want to tell you a few things about myself. I love animals very much and adopted five kittens because I couldn't bear the thought of them living on the streets and not having a family. They are so cute and playful that you can't help but love them. I'm in the sixth grade, at the Dimitrie A. Sturdza Secondary School and I like math very much.

I like football and video games also. At school, I give all my effort to learn as well as possible to fulfill my dream of becoming an IT-ist, because I like computers and I am curious to see how we can use them to make everything faster.

You should know that I also went through some less happy moments, like the one when I ended up in the hospital. I was one step away from surgery. I would have loved to have been with me. Then I thought that something bad would happen to me and I would never get to see you. But I prayed to my angel to be with me and not to allow it.

It's getting a little bit late, and I think I have to end my letter here, with the promise that we will talk more when we'll meet, and I hope that my prayers from every evening will be heard, and this will happen as soon as possible.

With love,

Your first son, Lucian

Second prizes

MOHR CHRISTINE

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Intertwined hearts

In the heart of Imperialis, an advanced society, lived numerous kind souls. It's a place where history and modernity harmoniously coexist. Leading this realm was the Windsor dynasty, a perfect match for it. Within this town, there were many families that tried to make ends meet, but Prince Oliver Windsor was willing to help any of his people in need. Thus, a charity ball was hosted, where he met Eleanor, a young woman with a heart full of dreams who came here to find closure after experiencing a sorrowful past. A new love story unfolded in Imperialis, only to discover how much they needed each other.

On the day of the charity ball, Prince Oliver was preparing for this event in his room. Suddenly, his mother barged in, with a young woman next to her.

“Hello, darling! I see you're getting ready for the ball. This is Isabella; she's been dying to meet you!”

“Good day, Isabella! I should get going. It was lovely to meet you.”

Prince Oliver rushed out of the room, leaving his mother speechless. He knew she had been trying to find a date for her son lately, but none picked up his interest. He wanted someone trustworthy, warm, and gentle, qualities that the ladies his mother introduced him to lacked. Time passed, and the ball began. Oliver greeted each individual and helped everyone pick something to eat. At the entrance, Eleanor appeared, lending a hand to an older woman walking up the stairs. After, their eyes met, capturing a special moment between the two. Oliver tried to make his way towards her, accidentally bumping into other people. The music filled the room. Their hands met, and the prince knew she was the one. Oliver ignored all of the stares and enjoyed Eleanor's presence. They danced and talked through the night; it all passed like seconds. The next morning, Queen Windsor

wasn't really happy with what went down last night at the charity event, so she insisted on talking Oliver out of these meaningless feelings.

"Oliver, I understand where you're coming from; however, I don't believe Eleanor is the right girl for you. There are plenty of other perfect ladies from royal families that would love to be with you. Why can't you consider that?"

"Mother, she is perfect. One who doesn't see me for my status but for myself. She's clever and breathtaking, and I really want to get to know her better. I hope you accept that." Oliver said, leaving the castle and going to clear his head at the lake.

To his surprise, the sun almost set, creating a beautiful landscape. A vibrant color palette was revealed in the sky through the clouds. Standing close to the lake was Eleanor, gathering her thoughts.

"A penny for your thoughts?" said the prince, smiling.

"Hello, Oliver. I was just clearing my head. If you care to join me, I'll happily share some with you."

"You never told me anything about your family; is there a reason for that?"

"It's a complicated topic; I've never really had someone look out for me. I was raised by my only grandmother from when I was little. She got really sick by the time I was 14, so I actually had to take care of her for a few years. When she passed away, I needed to find a place for a fresh start, thus my arrival in Imperialis."

"I can't imagine what you went through."

"It's alright. When we danced, I felt a spark within me. It's like a new chance for me to connect with someone I want to be close to."

"I felt the same way about you. You're different from the other people I have ever met. You're the kind of person I want to picture my future with."

They both smiled and shared a lovely moment by the lake, surrounded by the beauty of nature. Despite their different lifestyles, both of them needed a person to guide them through hard times and understand each other. A new love story unfolded in the Imperialis realm, but this is just the beginning of a faithful journey filled with adventures and remarkable moments.





Love spells

I have to admit, I've fallen in love with a classmate.

She's neither the most beautiful, nor the most popular in the class, but I like her a lot. She is a tall redhead, with green eyes and many freckles. I've tried to get her attention in different ways, but it seems that nothing works; she treats me just like any other boy in the class, not better and not worse... Uff, I don't know what to do anymore... I've tried everything that went through my mind, old and new tricks: I put flowers in her desk, I wrote her letters, I whispered all the right answers during classes, I liked all her social media posts...

I remembered, one day, that there's a gypsy girl that lives next door to my great-grandmother in the countryside she had told me that she "stole" a recipe for love spells from an older relative in her family. I don't believe in charms, spells and wizards, but it's the one thing I haven't tried. So I looked forward to visiting my great-grandmother and ran to the back of the garden, where I had already set up a meeting with the gypsy girl.

She's beautiful, but I am not interested in her, I just wanted the recipe for love. Although I was warned that the recipe is not simple, I did not expect it to be so difficult: I would have to convince my classmate to eat something specific, cooked by me. I would have to make a broth from frog legs boiled in water brought from three fountains, with parsley harvested in the morning on dew from three gardens. And I would also need to make a pie out of a dough made of wheat flour, buffalo milk, eggs from red hens, honey from mountain bees and, at the end, a few threads of ladybug dreams. These should be picked while the ladybirds are sleeping, in a wooden container. You slowly approach them and tickle them with a blade of grass, and then their dreams rise up in the air and you can catch them directly in the wooden bowl that you quickly cover and you put it next to a cat that purrs and thus turns them into long, twisted threads.

Of course I did not manage from the first try and I had to call my accomplice, the gypsy, a few times. I met her and she helped me every time. Finally, I was able to collect all the ingredients, I managed to prepare the food and, I even managed to convince my classmate to taste it. Wonderful!! The spell worked! My classmate started talking to me more often, she agreed to go out for a walk together and she admitted that she fell in love with me. I was head over heels, but I don't want to tell you how hard it was for me to always get the things I needed for the potion.

And so the months passed and autumn came. The gypsy girl helped me every time. I

made myself a supply of ingredients, because it is complicated to find parsley in the garden and ladybug dreams all year round. But by February, the supplies were over, and I was getting tired of my dependence on the potion for love. What kind of life is that in which you depend on the dreams of ladybugs, especially when ladybugs hibernate. And my classmate was getting more and more bored with my soup and pie.

One day, I received a message from the gypsy neighbor asking to accompany her to the Dragobete Ball. How could I refuse her? She had helped me so much. I spent a surprisingly pleasant evening at the village ball in the company of the gypsy girl and I realized that I had actually fallen in love with her.

Since then we go to all the balls together, we laugh loud and hearty, we walk holding hands, and, I promised myself to never look for ladybugs anymore. And, my advice: “Do not search for love! Just open the door and receive it when it comes!”

APETROAEI-ALEXIA MARIA

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In the heart of France, beneath the silvery glow of February's moon, a love story unfolded. In the quaint village of Avallon, nestled at the edge of a sprawling lavender field, lived Élise, a young woman with eyes that mirrored the depth of the starlit night.

Élise, adorned in gowns spun from moonbeams and ribbons borrowed from the dawn, captured the hearts of many suitors. Yet, her heart, like a delicate butterfly seeking the perfect bloom, fluttered in search of a love that resonated with the cadence of her soul.

It was during a masquerade ball, beneath the opulent chandeliers of the Château de Lumière, that Élise's gaze met the mysterious eyes of Adrien. Dressed in a midnight-hued mask that concealed the contours of his face, Adrien moved through the dance floor like a shadow dipped in stardust. His steps were a whispered promise, and Élise found herself drawn to the enigma that twirled in the moonlit ballroom.

Their first meeting was a dance—a waltz that transcended the constraints of time. Adrien's hand, gloved in midnight velvet, held Élise's as if they were notes in a celestial sonnet. The moon, a silent witness to this cosmic dance, bathed the couple in its ethereal glow, turning the Château de Lumière into a palace of dreams.

As the waltz unfolded, Élise and Adrien exchanged more than mere steps. Their eyes spoke a language older than the stars, weaving a narrative of longing and recognition. In

that fleeting moment, the ballroom faded, and they found themselves in a realm where the boundaries of reality dissolved, leaving only the essence of their intertwined destinies.

Days turned to nights, and Élise and Adrien's clandestine encounters continued. Under the February moon, they wandered through the lavender fields, their whispered confessions carried by the gentle night breeze. Love, like an alchemist's elixir, transformed their clandestine meetings into a tale of shared dreams and stolen glances.

Yet, love was not without its challenges. Élise, bound by societal expectations, and Adrien, a mysterious figure with secrets hidden in the folds of his midnight cloak, faced the looming shadows of adversity. Their love was a delicate flower, vulnerable to the frost of societal norms and the storms of clandestine affairs.

As winter's embrace tightened, Élise and Adrien found themselves standing at the crossroads of destiny. The Château de Lumière, once a sanctuary for their moonlit trysts, now stood as a silent witness to the tumultuous affair. The lavender fields, once adorned with the fragrance of their love, seemed to mourn the impending separation.

In a final rendezvous beneath the February moon, Élise and Adrien vowed to defy the constraints of their time. Their love, a flame kindled in the heart of adversity, would not be extinguished. With a whispered promise and a stolen kiss, they embraced the inevitability of their destinies, knowing that their love would endure, immortalized in the echoes of a moonstruck February night.

And so, as the century gave way to the next, the tale of Élise and Adrien became a whispered legend in the village of Avallon. The lavender fields, now bathed in the soft glow of countless February moons, held the secrets of a love that transcended time—an ode to the resilience of hearts entwined beneath the celestial dance of destiny.

ȘOLTUZ ILINCA

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Titu Maiorescu” Iași,

prof. coordonator Cristina-Georgiana Voicu

Strange Love

Love, love, love
I've always used to avoid this conversation,
Or maybe it was the word that bothered me: “love”, “LOVE”,
I was taught that love is a person, a feeling, something we are build to feel,
But I never thought that love makes you a fool, I never thought of love as a foolishness for
something else than a person, I took love as something normal, something we all feel.

We could sit in silence for hours, days, months, not knowing what to write or what to say,
But it will still feel so necessary, 'cause I never feel like I'm wasting time, alone, with you,
That's love, love, love, love,

What is it good for, I wonder?

'Cause I never seem to be able to capture with spoken words what I really feel, I never did,
But one day, somehow the stars came down and kissed the earth,
Leaving behind some light, and somehow that light came to me,
So I sat and wondered, that was not just any light, that was you,
You were the light, you were my light!

And you were as gentle as a rose, as warm as the morning sun and more beautiful than any
flower,

And my love for you could never get lost,

'Cause you are never dying, 'cause you are as infinite as the stars, 'cause you are my home.
I venture to say that you were not my love at first sight,
You were my curiosity, my patience, my imagination,
You were the words I kept inside for too long, you were my escape.

Love, love, love,

It makes me feel like wishing the world was ending tomorrow,

'Cause I know I'll find you in another life, waiting for me,

Waiting for something that's meant.

'Cause when I look at the moon and listen to the birds lullabies,

I can't help, but think about you,

I can't help, but write about you,

I can't help, but write you.

And I can't help, but think of the ones who want to be the poems,

Who want to be written about,

Well, I'll always want to be the poet, your poet, without even a doubt,

'Cause I'll be forever choosing you.

That's love, love, love, love,

Don't my eyes tell you what I can't afford to say?

Didn't all my poetry give you the warmth my lips couldn't?

Didn't the moon tell you that there is beauty in the darkness,

Something you might not see, but something you can feel, LOVE.

That is love, something you feel, something you feel even in the darkness,

Something you feel even if you can't see, something you have even when you are blind.

So I guess I am a fool, and I've given my love to something that is not even close to a
person,

I've given my love to the words I've kept inside for too long,

I've given my love to what's my muse, to everything around us,

I've given my love to poetry.

DONEA ANDREEA-ALESSIA

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Elena Cuza” Iași,
prof. coordonator Atudosiei Elena



The love between sun and clouds

Between sun and clouds there is a strong
relation!

They pay a lot of attention!
These are like friends or brothers,
And the sky is their father.

Do you know why it rains?
It's because the clouds are sad again.
But why are they sad?
I wanna to know, so I go and ask.
I went to the sky,
But first I made a potion to make me fly!

I flew, I flew like a bird!
Until the sky's colour turned purple,
A purple like a bright star.

Of curiosity, I asked:
Do you have friends?
Him: No.
So how can you be bright like this and how
do you feel?

“I had only a friend, but he left me.
This friend loved me so much, he even
wrote about me.
This friend named me Luceafărul,
And I made his life colourful.
Can I help you with anything?
You can trust me, I'm careful!”

“Ohh, yes, I think...
I need to meet the sun and clouds very
quickly.”

“I can turn you into a star,
Because the sun is very far.”
The star closed its eye and said “love”
And little by little I started flying like a
dove.

I fly, I fly like a dove!
And I think that is a symbol of love,
Because I wasn't tired.
Suddenly, I saw
A yellow spot that grew and grew.

The Sun:
“Why are you crying?
Tell me what happened, don't be shy!
I'm here to help you,
So, tell me the truth!”

The cloud:
“Ohh, dear friend,
I think this is the end!
I feel myself thinning!”

From behind the cloud,
Came Lightning,
That screamed very loudly,
And he was laughing!

“How can you do this?
He was only five hundred!
It was the youngest!
Now, I should make a miracle.”

“Oops, I don't want to do this!
But only think how many kids,
I made happy by doing this!
Don't be angry!”

“You killed the most important part of a
rainbow,
You know?
The baby clouds give love and joy!
Yes, the snow also brings happiness for
girls or boys,
But snow is only there in winter!
And the rainbow is there in all seasons,
remember!”

I slipped by the sun,
And I felt dumb!
I see The Sun angrier than before,
And next to the sun, I felt very small.

“Who are you?
Are you new?
I haven't seen you around here.
Anyway, you're new for me.”

“Your Majesty, I'm only a curious child,
Who wants to know why the cloud is sad.
I found more things interesting,
And now, after I've been listening,
I have a suggestion,
And a question:
The light of two stars,
Can it melt the layer of snow?”

“This is a great idea, I'm surprised!
But you should do this at night,

Because that is when the stars are bright!
It would be fantastic if you could you bring

our cloud back,
So, good luck!”

The Sun closed its eye, said love
And I was teleported
Next to the Morning Star, and I explained
The plan, but he considered it wasn't
enough.

“This is plan number one,
Because I'm the only star
That shines so bright,
And if it's not working, maybe we will
sing.”

It was very easy to do this,
But I made a few mistakes!
A couple broke up and
I think I'll be in trouble!

The Sun:
This is horrible!
I did all that I could
So that they could get together,
And now, everything is washed away!

The Cloud:
I'm coming back, don't be sad!
Take a piece of me, I'm like cotton candy,
That might bring you joy!
Please, don't be angry!

The Sun:
Yummy, this is so sweet!

But now, you're not complete!
Come, let me give you a hug,
I'm so happy that you're back!

Wow, you made a rainbow!
I think this is a symbol of love!
The Morning Star told me,
That dreams do come true!

Third prizes

GRAUR SARA

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„B.P. Hasdeu” Iași,
prof. coordonator Nona Agape



Love, for a lot of people, could be a lot of things. Some people find it as a simple emotion, others can change entirely just for the sake of feeling loved.

Well I'm none of those people. I'm hardly a hopeless romantic or even interested in such things. It's safe to say I may never fall in love with a person, and I'm more than content with that, daily life is hard enough as it is with school and such, I wouldn't waste my time just to be heartbroken or find out I'm not right for that person.

Simple for me: love is a waste of time. Sure other people have tried to convince me it's wonderful, but as you can see, it never worked. Even my friends had lovers, all of them, but me. Which was just perfect!... Or so I considered.

They all either think I can't get a boyfriend, or that I got my heart broken once and I never want it to happen again, although as it happens, those are just rumors. Quite annoying to be frank, but it was expected.

One rainy day, like any other in Britain, I had forgotten to bring my umbrella. And I used my hoodie to cover my head, but it got really unbearable and cold considering it was slightly windy as well.

I was walking around, trying to get to my friend Kanade's house for a project and then I saw a new building getting worked on. It was vacant for a really long time so I was expecting a really fun new shop. Maybe new clothes? Or perhaps a bakery.

The possibilities were truly endless.

Eventually, I reached Kanade's house and she gave me a spare change of clothing. She offered to take my backpack upstairs and I went to go wash my hands.

After that we began talking about the Physics project. We were also grouped with

another kid, called Kasa who was currently failing the subject but we promised to do it for him. In all honesty we just wanted to get a good grade as well, it was a win for both sides.

“It’s really odd how we got to do a project on literal physics. Of all subjects too.” Kanade said while slurping on some ramen.

“Yeah I know, like seriously what can we even write?” I responded with some annoyance in my tone.

Kanade just replied with a nod and finished her ramen.

I opened her bag and brought her laptop out.

“Where can I charge it?” Ena asked.

Kanade just pointed to an empty outlet next to the bed.

And so our work on the project began. It was made a bit hasty and even then it took a lot to get finished. But we completed a project worthy of a good great.

“I’ll send it to Lasa so he can decorate it.” Kanade spoke up.

I was pleased with the idea.

“Alright, I gotta get going now.”

Kanade waved me off and then I walked back home and jumped straight into bed.

One question remained however, what was being built?

A week passed and they finally revealed that the new building was a very dainty little flower shop.

I walked inside and there was a boy with short pink fluffy pastel hair and also pink eyes. Interesting coloured contacts. The boy waves at me happily.

There was also a girl with hot pink coloured long hair and two small ponytails tied by a yellow ribbon.

It seemed the entire theme of the place was pink. Which was a nice colour choice surprisingly.

“Hello!- Welcome to Akimo! Our humble flower shop. May I interest you in some lilies?” The boy had a pin which wrote “Mizuk Akita’.

I cleared my throat and quickly replied.

“Oh no, I’m alright thank you! I was just looking around” Those words followed by a nervous laugh. I was acting up, normally wasn’t this nervous around people, strange.

The other girl, Airi was fixing some flower pots on a shelf.

“Is this alright?” She yelled from behind me.

“Yup! Looking awesome.” Mizuk gave a supportive thumbs up and a gentle smile.

Huh, this boy was really sweet. No! I could not be having such thoughts. It was probably just a facade to get people to buy stuff.

I eventually managed to find a really pretty lilac flower and I decided to buy it.

“Alright total comes to 15\$” Mizuk said while operating the register.

I tapped my jeans to find my wallet but I couldn’t find it, it seems I had forgotten it.

“...Guess I’ll come back tomorrow.”

I was just about to leave when the sweet boy spoke behind me all of a sudden.

“Hey it’s alright, you can take it and pay the next day I trust you.” He gave another of his classic smiles.

I nodded and waved off before taking the flower pot home.

Something however felt really off about the interaction. It stirred something in me

you know? It's really confusing.

And so the next day I came, with the money for the flower of course.

Mizuk waved happily. Airi was still working in the back and so was Emu, a new worker.

Emu had short hot pink hair and a yellow bow, the entire theme of this place was pink, maybe the workers part was just a coincidence tho.

I then proceeded to hand the money and Mizuk handed me a red rose.

"It reminded me of you." They still had that sweet dorky smile.

I was completely unsure if this was taken as a friendly act or a romantic one. Either way I gave a shocked expression but it quickly replaced by a thankful smile.

"Thank you a lot. That's really kind."

Airi rolled her eyes in annoyance but Emu seemed happy at this small gesture.

After a while of hanging out I went home tired after a long day. Turns out me and the boy really enjoyed the same type of music. And we had a lot of other stuff in common. Just thinking about it made me happy.

My mom greeted me and made me and my younger annoying brother, Akito, some food. It was pretty good. Akito then glanced at the rose on the side of my backpack.

"You got some secret admirer?" Akito said in his mocking tone.

"Mind ur own business Akito." I replied, really not in the mood for a fight today.

"So you do! Oh wow! Has my older sister finally found a lover? Who's the poor soul?" He continued to speak with that same tone.

"Shut up!" I lashed out at him slightly.

I left and thanked mom as soon as I finished my food. I wanted to get out of there. And then I instantly ran to my room and took out my sketching book.

I took out the rose carefully so as to not break any of the petals, and I placed it in an empty water vase nearby. And then I started mindlessly drawing it while humming a song. I wasn't exactly sure what the title of the song was, but it didn't matter.

And so this continued for a few days, weeks, even months. Whenever I had time after school ended, I would pay a visit to the lovely local flower shop.

It was lovely and turns out Airi wasn't that rude either, she just was a bit cold at first glance. And Emu was a lovely performer that did plays at the theme park and was just doing this job part time for fun. I had finally found some people to talk with.

But... One day I found it closed. I knocked on the door of it and nobody answered.

I asked around if anybody knew what had happened until one person finally answered me.

"They weren't earning enough money so they had to close the shop down. It's a shame really, I liked those kids, they were nice."

I was heartbroken, would this mean I would never meet Emu, Airi or Mizuk ever again...? This thought alone made me realise how attached I had gotten to them, how attached I had gotten to these people.

That was, of course, back when I was a teenager, a lot of things had changed since then, but this one event that happened over the course of a few months was one that finally made me realise.

Love is needed. Even if it feels like a mundane statement it's made for people who

are possibly now like how I was back then. It's important to acknowledge your own personal feelings. If you have somebody in your life you're glad for having, even if not romantically, please take time to thank them the next time you see them.

Because I didn't, and I regret it. Now I wonder what happened to these three friends and what they are doing with their lives now. One thing is for sure though, Mizuk was always gonna be a comforting and supportive friend I knew. Emu is always gonna be the hyperactive and funny friend. And Airi was always gonna be the seemingly cold one that actually cares a lot.

I speak so fondly of people I may not even know everything about.

Thank you, to the three people that have made my life better those months. They came as quickly as they went, I just really wish it would have lasted longer. I really needed it.

DONICI MIRUNA

cls. a VI-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Titu Maiorescu” Iași,
prof. coordonator Cristina-Georgiana Voicu



The Magical Song

In a magical world under the sparkling sea, there lived a young siren named Melody. She had shimmering scales that changed colors like a rainbow, and her voice was as sweet as a lullaby. Melody spent her days exploring the coral reefs and singing with her fishy friends.

One sunny day, a curious human boy named Caleb wandered to the shore. He was fascinated by the distant sound of Melody's song and decided to follow the enchanting melody. As he reached the water's edge, he saw Melody playfully flipping her tail in the glistening waves.

Melody, spotting the human boy, hid behind a coral reef, curious about this unexpected visitor. Caleb, feeling a bit brave, called out, "Hello, mysterious sea friend! I'm Caleb. What's your name?"

Shyly, Melody revealed herself, "I'm Melody. You're not supposed to be here, you know? Humans usually get scared of us sirens."

Caleb grinned, "Well, I'm not scared. Your singing is beautiful. Can I be your friend?"

Melody's heart fluttered with joy, and from that day on, they became unlikely friends. Caleb visited the shore every day to spend time with Melody, and they shared stories of their worlds. Melody told Caleb about the magical creatures under the sea, and

Caleb shared tales of his adventures on land.

As their friendship blossomed, Melody started to feel something special whenever Caleb was around. It was a warm, bubbly feeling that made her heart sing even louder. Caleb, too, began to realize that his days were brighter when he heard Melody's laughter echoing through the waves.

One day, a storm approached, darkening the sky and churning the sea. Worried about Caleb's safety, Melody tried to warn him to go back to the shore, but the waves were too loud. Seeing Melody's concern, Caleb took a deep breath and said, "I'll stay with you, Melody. Friends stick together, right?"

Touched by Caleb's loyalty, Melody felt a surge of courage. With a twinkle in her eye, she sang a magical song that calmed the storm. The clouds parted, and the sun broke through, casting a golden glow on their friendship.

From that day forward, Melody and Caleb faced many adventures together—underwater treasure hunts, daring rescues, and joyful celebrations. Their friendship grew into something deeper, a special bond that transcended the boundaries of sea and land.

As the years passed, Melody and Caleb remained inseparable, proving that friendships can create magic and bridges can be built between different worlds. And so, in their underwater kingdom and on the shores above, the tale of Melody and Caleb's extraordinary friendship became a cherished legend, reminding everyone that love and friendship are some very important things!

CONSTANTIN MARIA VICTORIA

cls. a VI-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Gheorghe I. Brătianu” Iași,
prof. coordonator Popa Simona Maria



Love never dies

Every day and everywhere God gives us love. It doesn't matter how!

One day, He created two souls that were sparkling as diamonds, full of joy and happiness. When the two souls arrived on Earth, they were turned into seeds of love and planted as flowers. The flowers grew beautifully in a gardener's house. The gardener was very careful with the flowers, but one night they simply disappeared. Well...not really disappeared! Just with a bit of magic, they appeared as humans instead, running on the streets, in a big town. They were a girl and a boy.

The girl had the features of a fairy, with long, curly hair, blue eyes, and a heart full of love and joy. The boy was so handsome, as depicted from one of da Vinci's paintings. They weren't sure where they were running to, but they recognized one shop with clothes,

because they....you know! They took a blue dress and a suit, and they looked like royalty.

Since they were in love, the couple had a passion for dancing, so they started dancing in the street. Soon, they became really popular for their rare and sweet dance moves. They gained the fame and the money, so they started building a house of their own. They did it in a rustic style, bright and shiny as they put the most precious jewel in it – **their love**. In the middle of the living room, they had a dance floor, recreating graceful moves inspired by nature and love.

One evening, while they were enjoying their dance, a storm started, and a tree fell on the house they were planning to live in for the rest of their lives. It was a disaster! They were sad that all their hard work was gone, and they decided to settle down in the forest near the town. When they arrived there, the birds welcomed with the purest song, and the two started doing what they knew best: dancing. The deer, the rabbits and the hedgehogs joined them and soon all the forest inhabitants were sharing their joy. It was a real symphony! Dancing was their way of living and showing the world their true love. Seeing all the animals happy, they built a new house and started taking care of the forest environment. The couple soon had all they needed: the home, the food, the audience and the love of the others, but eventually they became old.

Though the years, there were a lot of changes in the surroundings, and the “madding crowd” expanded more and more. The forest was seen as a perfect place for enlarging the town, so the trees were cut massively, and the animals were forced to set off to other places to live. New and modern buildings were setting their footprint. The old woman and the old man were no longer dancing, and they felt that their destiny on Earth is soon to be ended. They had no sorrow, as they had been spreading their joy and love throughout the world, fulfilling the purpose of God’s creation.

One night, while they were sleeping hand in hand, they said goodbye to the world, but not to their love. Even if there is no turning back from death, God didn’t let them go and He turned them into a statue showing two young people dancing together, and He named it “**Love never dies**”.

The statue was placed in the middle of the city and people can see it nowadays. They take photos of it, without knowing its true story. Nevertheless, it is there to remember us that **love** is at the same time the greatest mission and the biggest strength in the world, and it never dies!





My Brother

My brother is one of the people I admire. He is older than me, by 5 years, to be more exactly. Soon he will go to college and I will be in high school. It is kind of weird to think how fast time passes. It is like yesterday I was in the living room playing with him with his figurines or building a tower made out of books. I remember I loved to draw with him or to imagine that we were pirates, searching for a treasure. I also remember when we were playing with Lego or when we were doing a battle with socks. I know I was so excited for when he was coming home from school to play with him. It was my favorite thing to do.

We were doing everything together. When we were going to the mall, I remember we went straight to the Lego store, looking and dreaming of building massive sets. Our dream was to make a Lego city with many buildings and different figurines. My favorite memory was when my parents made mine and my brother's birthday in the same day, at the exact same location. We invited all of our friends and we played for hours together.

When he started secondary school and I primary school, things were a little different. He was doing his homework every day, going out with friends, so he wasn't paying that much attention to me like he used to. I was doing my homework, too, so I hadn't that much to play. For a long time, we stopped playing and talking like we used to.

After that, things were normal. He was a teenager and I was a kid that just wanted to play with him, even though he did not want to. I didn't understand him back then, but now, when I am older, I understand him so much better. For example, I have a younger cousin that wants to play with me and I am not that excited as how I was when I was younger. I know things aren't the same after you turn 12. Everything changes.

My brother got into high school and I in the secondary school. I can say that I have grown up and I didn't want to play anymore. I was and still do usual things like homework until late evenings so I definitely don't have time to play, but sometimes I play with my brother board games or watch a movie.

Once you grow up, you realize that you need your brother, just to know that he is always there to help you. Even though we don't understand the importance of having a sibling now, we will find out later when we will be adults. I do believe that it is great to have a person to play with, talk and hang out with. I know that deep down, even though we sometimes fight, we care and we want the best for each other. After we will move and leave our parents, who do you think you will call everyday and tell everything that happened to? It is very important to build a good relationship with your sibling, even if it isn't perfect every time, cause in the end all you have is each other.

IRIMIȚĂ ADELINA

cls. a VIII-a, Liceul
cu Program Sportiv Iași,
prof. coordonator Onuță Mihaela



Dear mother,

Mom, it was the first word I uttered and I've been uttering for 14 years. You were my oxygen for 9 months, and I am your oxygen for the rest of my life.

You were the only person who supported me when it was difficult and gave me confidence in myself. Thank you for being my friend and mother first and foremost. I thank you that every mistake I make, you try to show me what I did wrong, and what to do to become a better version long time, no one believed in my dream, but my mother was there to lift me up and encourage me, telling me that if believe in my dream, the rest doesn't matter. I could give up anything and start over just with you, mom.

I am grateful for everything you do for me and what you give me. I hope I can take care of you the way you do!

My mother is the only person who truly loves and understands me. If my mother sees me angry, she gets sad too, but if she sees me happy, her face lights up and she is happier than me. Forgive me, mom, when I upset you and thank you for forgiving me every time I was wrong. I hope you'll be proud of me for any decision I'll make in life, and when you're disappointed in me tell me and I'll do my best to reconsider!

Thank you for existing, mom, I love you with all my heart, dear mom!

With love, Adelina



Honorable mentions

VIVIANA MIRON

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„B.P. Hasdeu” Iași,
prof. coordonator Nona Agape



Dear Rosalie,

I'm writing this letter for you knowing I don't have much time left. I have been diagnosed with a deadly sickness and have only a few months to live. I took this as an opportunity to write this letter.

Rosalie, my love, I've been meaning to tell you this for years.. I love you, you mean so much more than a friend to me. You are the love of my life, the shining star ahead of me, guiding me to a pretty life. Ever since I laid my eyes upon you I felt myself fall head over heels over you. Your glittering golden eyes, your curly brown hair bouncing as you jump around collecting flowers. I remember that day, we were out on the field making flower crowns. I said to you the following “Rosy, I love you to the moon and back and I wish for you to spend the rest of eternity with me. As my best friend”, to which you responded “Of course! I love you too Thomas!” with a warm smile plastered upon your soft face. You were so much more than the pitying title of a best friend, you were my soulmate, my other half.

I regret ignoring my feelings for so long, I'm a fool for that and feel free to agree with me. But really, what was I supposed to do Rosy? Ignore my duties as a knight, a prince, and run away with you? I wish I was brave enough, but you're a criminal Rosy. I loved you for so long to the point I can't let myself let go of you. Yet all I did was make things worse. Reading this probably makes you feel as guilty as I feel, and I apologize for that my dear. I can't help but let go of all these suppressed emotions after all these years.

I should stop writing this before the guards see me, but I have one last thing to tell you Rosie. I, Thomas Taavett, promise to love you to the grave. I promise that I'll die with these feelings, just like I was born with them.

I know it's wishful thinking to expect you to feel the same after not seeing each other

for over a decade but I don't care. I'm happy as long as you know how much I cared for you Rosalie.

Along with this letter you should receive a kitten as well, a last present from me. Her name is Tsuki and I wish for you to take care of it. I remembered you telling me about your parents old cat who died so I bought her for you. Really, I don't wish for Tsuki to replace your old childhood cat but I wish it can fill in the void that's going to come along with the tale of my death.

I think this is about all I wanted to say. Goodbye Rosalie, please remember I will always be watching over you as the brightest star in the sky.

Well wishes, Thomas

SOMEȘAN ILINCA-DELIA

cls. a V-a, Școala Gimnazială

„Elena Cuza” Iași,

prof. coordonator Atudosiei Elena



Love Dive

You know when you think you like someone, you think it's love at first sight, but all appearances are deceiving? When I was in love for the first time, I thought we would get married, we would have three children, a cat, a dog and a hamster named Lola. But today's story is not about me, because it is about a girl and a boy, let's call them the miracle couple. They were together for one month and, as I said before, all appearances were a lie and the girl was 21 years old and the boy was 39. There was a big difference, 17 years, and everyone thought that the girl was a gold digger. Iasmina was modest and very warm-hearted. She was always praised by her friends and annoyed by them because she had an old boyfriend.

The story begins now, when they had a fight because of some false rumors that attracted the world and hate. Iasmina was so sad because she loved him so much and wanted to be together with him for life and he was the angriest in the world because of the rumors. Robert realized that the girl wanted to be with him after a long time, but let's continue our story. They were fighting and shouting until Robert wanted to make Iasmina feel better so he kissed her and he kissed her for a long time. They stopped fighting, apologized to each other and went to bed. In the morning, they felt a little bit different and they realized that they changed bodies. I forgot to mention that they were fighting about how they fell in each other's body. And God promised them to make them see each other through the other's eyes.

Robert was in his girlfriend's body. She was a primary school teacher, while he was an architect. She was loved and appreciated by children. Her job was hard, but it seemed simple to him. They both had to go to work; Robert went to school and Iasmina to the office. Both were very worried that it might be their last day at work. Robert started his day with a math class and Jasmine with her office work. At two o'clock, they arrived home without energy. They ate and then took a nap. When they woke up, it was quite late, it was 8 o'clock and they had dinner prepared by Iasmina and they watched a movie. After the movie, they started to apologize to each other. In the morning, they were back to normal and they were so happy. At 12 o'clock they went for a long walk on the beach and holding hands.

Of course, it was winter where they were living, but they didn't care and walked in the water. The 15th of February is known by not many people that they get turned into stone in the sea.

BÎRSĂNUC MĂDĂLINA MARIA

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Aron-Vodă” Aroneanu,
prof. coordonator Alex Micu



Dear mother,

Thank you for all the sacrifices you made for me and for always being by my side. Even if I don't always tell you, know that I love you more than anything in this world. I can't see my life without you. You taught me everything I know and for that I thank you. You were there when it was hard for me. Thank you for encouraging me when I was unsure of myself! Thank you for doing possibly everything so that I have what I wanted. Thank you for loving me unconditionally! You have a big heart and many take advantage of that. Still, you have been strong in every point of your life and mine! You have taught me the meaning of courage and education and for that I am grateful. Words cannot fully express my love for you. Every day spent with you is a blessing and I cherish it very much. Mom, in difficult times, you were my pillar of support and my source of confidence.

Thank you for your infinite patience and for guiding me wisely! Thank you for the education you gave me, not only in terms of knowledge, but also in terms of my qualities and values. You are always kind to those around you, even if they don't deserve it. When you smile you light up the whole room and fill my heart with happiness. We've been through a lot together and thank you for being by my side and giving me your support.

When I'm sick you take care of me, when I'm well you take care of me, when I win something you congratulate me, when I lose something you congratulate me. You know how to approach any situation and for that I admire you! I also thank you for the fact that you taught me to appreciate the simple things. I really don't look like I'm grateful all the time, but know that I really am. Dear mother, thank you for giving birth to me, for raising me (and you still doing it), for teaching me everything I know and for loving me.

With love,
Your daughter

CHIRAN PARASCHEVA DARIA

cls. a V-a, Colegiul Național
de Artă
„Octav Băncilă” Iași



Iasi, 3rd, March 202

My dear grandparents,

I'm sorry that I haven't been in touch with you lately. I miss you very much and I hope you are in good health. I can't wait to see you in the summer vacation together with the whole family. I want you to know that I love you and that I finally managed to convince my parents to buy me a rabbit. I named this one Bella, just like your puppy from the countryside. But unfortunately, she isn't with us any longer. Let me tell you what happened.

Bella was a real friend whom I loved very much. When I say this, I am referring to the fact that she was always by my side and knew how to listen to me. She was a wonderful companion animal, very playful, but also causing us too much trouble and being very quiet around other people. This bunny loved to eat carrots and salad, but especially food specially prepared for her. She loved children and when she saw them she jumped and span around them and sat with them.

Bella, my bunny, was a small companion pet with snow-white fur; she had small ears with a black spot on the left side. Her little tail was round with a slight shade of gray. Her paws were small and very soft. Her little nose was as black as coal, and her whiskers were as thin as thread.

I loved her very much, because we were very attached to each other. She was like a baby sister to me. I went to a barbecue with my parents a week ago. I thought of taking

Bella with me. Until the food was ready, I went with Bella to the forest for a walk. She tasted some fruits from there, jumped a little through the trees and had a lot of fun. When I came back, I put Bella down and turned a little towards my mother. When I turned again, Bella wasn't there anymore. I started looking for her, crying. All my family offered to help me find Bella.

I didn't know where to look first. I went back to the places where I was with Bella, but there was no sign of her. I was so scared and afraid I will never see my loved bunny again! I looked under each bush, behind every tree and I even looked under the rocks. After an hour of searching, I gave up. I knew I will never have Bella by my side. I sat down on the green grass and I started crying.

After a couple of minutes, I heard my father screaming: "I found her!" At first, I couldn't believe my ears, but then, my father screamed again: "She is here, with me!" I stood up and ran to my father. He was away from us, hidden in something that looked like a cave. I entered, and Bella was there! Happily, I took her into my arms and I started to hug. Only then I noticed that Bella wasn't alone in that cave. Around her there were about ten little baby rabbits, but no adults.

At that moment, I knew that Bella didn't run away from me, but that she went there to help the little bunnies which were alone. I saw how much the little ones needed Bella to survive, so I decided to leave her there, with them, to be their mother.

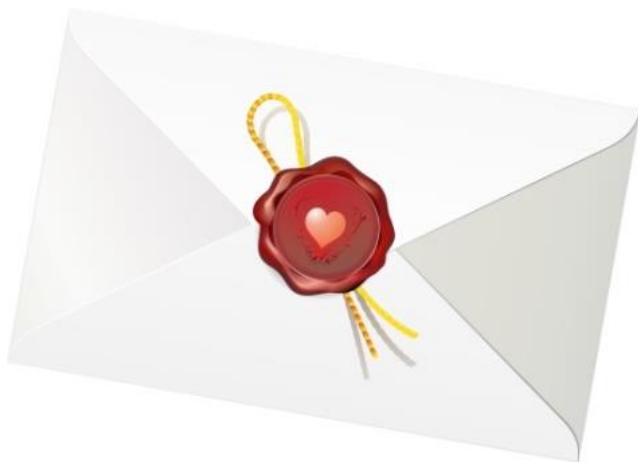
I was a difficult decision for me, but I knew this was the best for them, and for Bella. After all, the place of rabbits is in the middle of the forest, surrounded by other animals, and not in the small house of a family.

I am glad that I left Bella in that cave, because I know she is happy there together with the other little bunnies, although I loved her very much and I wanted her by my side forever!

I can't wait to see you during the holidays!

Love,

Your beloved granddaughter





What if love dies?

In the small town of Dingle, nestled between rolling hills and meandering streams, lived a couple whose love was the envy of the entire community. Luke and Alessia had been married for decades, and their bond seemed unbreakable. However, fate had a cruel twist in store for them.

One crisp autumn morning, Luke awoke to find Alessia's side of the bed empty. Confused and concerned, he searched the house, calling out her name in a voice that echoed through the quiet rooms. As the day wore on, anxiety gripped his heart, and he began to fear the worst. Finally, in the fading light of the day, Luke discovered a letter on the kitchen table. The words within were a painful revelation that shattered the foundations of his world. Alessia had fallen out of love, she wrote, and had left in search of a life that would rekindle the passion and excitement that seemed to have evaporated from their relationship.

For weeks, Luke wandered through the town like a ghost, his eyes vacant and his heart heavy. The once vibrant colors of Dingle had turned dull, mirroring the numbness that had taken residence in his soul.

The townspeople, accustomed to seeing the couple as the epitome of love, watched in sorrow as Luke's spirit crumbled. One day, as the winter snow began to blanket the town, Luke decided to confront the painful reality he had been avoiding. He sought solace in the quiet corners of a local café, where he met an elderly woman named Mary. Her warm smile and kind eyes belied the wisdom etched on her face.

Mary sensed Luke's pain and invited him to share his story. As he poured out his heart, she listened intently, offering a comforting presence that seemed to thaw the iciness that had settled within him. With gentle words, Mary spoke of the ebb and flow of love, the seasons it endures, and the transformations it undergoes.

"It's natural for love to evolve," she said. "Sometimes it changes form, and in the process, it requires both partners to rediscover it anew." Luke absorbed Mary's words, and a flicker of hope ignited within him. Inspired by her wisdom, he embarked on a journey of self-discovery, seeking to understand the changes in himself and in his marriage. He immersed himself in hobbies he had neglected, rekindled old friendships, and slowly found a renewed sense of purpose.

In the thawing spring, Luke received a letter from Alessia. She had traversed her own path of self-discovery and, in doing so, had uncovered a deeper understanding of the love they once shared. The couple decided to meet and, against the backdrop of a

blossoming garden, they began the delicate process of rebuilding what was lost.

In the end, Dingle witnessed not only the changing seasons but also the resilience of love. Luke and Alessia's story became a testament to the idea that love, like the town itself, could endure the harshest winters and blossom again in the warmth of understanding and rediscovery.

GRIGORAȘ BIANCA-IOANA

cls. a VII-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Elena Cuza” Iași,
prof. coordonator Atudosiei Elena



My little doggy

When I was nine years old, something really, really important happened! But let's start from the beginning of that day!

It was a normal day, as always! My cousins came to my place with my aunt. We were playing football and my mom and aunt Andreea decided to go to the store to buy some snacks and some orange juice, because we especially asked for that type of juice. It was a little bit strange the fact that they didn't respond to us when we were asking why they were going to the store when we already had snacks and peach juice. But we were happy that we were going to get orange juice, because that's our favorite juice, but the juice is not why I am telling you this story.

While we were waiting, we were playing football, hide and seek, rock paper scissors, family, super heroes, super villains, the adults, etc. And, after all of these games, they came home, but not with the orange juice: with a doggy! I was really happy, and I was crying at the same time, I was crying because I was happy beyond words! Its name is Pătrunjel, it is white and its breed is Bichon Maltese, with eye secretions, and that means that its eyes are crying even if it is happy, sad or both!

It has been a long time since then, now I am fourteen years old and I still love it like it is my child! I can't believe that! I love this dog more than I love myself; ok, maybe I exaggerate, but I really want you to understand that I would never let that dog suffer or something like that!

One time, maybe when I was thirteen years old, my dog escaped from my front yard and ran away! It wasn't that far, it was in my neighborhood. But when I heard that my puppy ran away, I started crying and running around, trying to find it! When I saw it, I ran faster and faster, but I couldn't catch it. A car was about to hit Pătrunjel, but I knocked very hard on the back window of that car. That poor guy, he was very scared because a crazy girl in pajamas was fighting with his car while screaming: "Stop! Stop! You will hit

my dog! Please! Stop!”. After all of this, I chased the doggy until it returned back home by itself. I was very tired at the end of that day!

I love that puppy so much! And I think it loves me too, because every time I come back from school or anywhere I go, it is so happy and he jumps and rolls on the ground! And, to be honest, it also barks at me. It feels like it is saying: “Woof, where have you been, don’t you love me anymore?”.

When I feel sad, it is the only one that can make me feel better. Sometimes, when I am sad, it goes to someone and brings them to me. Maybe it knows that he can’t talk with me and tries everything to make me happy, or maybe it does not want to have to listen to me, so it brings someone else, but let’s focus on the positive part.

In conclusion, I really love my dog and I won’t let anything bad happen to it!

SEGHEDIN IONELA

cls. a VIII-a, Liceul
cu Program Sportiv Iași,
prof. coordonator Onuță Mihaela



Dear mother,

You are a part of me and everything that I am today, you are the woman who gave my life risking your and the one who did everything possible to be good to me, regardless of the consequences.

When you gave birth to me, you endured many tears of pain and terrible moments, days when you were sick, but you didn’t leave me and you took care of me, trying to look good, you gave me your strenght to stay alive even though you ran out. You protected me from all the harm, from all the quarrels in the family and your tears always telling me that you are fine to protect me and make me feel safe.

You are the most important person in my life, the one who always understands me and feels me when I’m not well. When you hold me your arms you take all my worries away. In my eyes you are the perfect mother, the most special and the one for whan I would give my life even if I upset you, you always forgive me. I’m sorry that I’m not the perfect child, but you love me like that and in your eyes I’m the best, you support me in everything and you’re by my side no matter what, shaowing me the this is true love. You are the most precious thing I have in this world and when you are gone you will take a part of me with you.

Your love is the most special, just like you, mom!

With love, your doughter, Ionela



True love has no sight

„I'll begin my story with some sad memories... A long time ago, I don't even remember when, I got cursed by an unknown god. On that miserable day I felt like the world drained everything from me. Who would have guessed that I would have the same fate as Medusa?! If only young me knew I was about to lose everything. The villagers chased me away and since then I've become Medusa's daughter. I ended up isolating myself in the mountains, far away from people for fear I should turn them into stone. Unfortunately, I couldn't spare those poor animals as the curse affected every being that caught sight of me. I used to keep their statues near my house so that they wouldn't be left alone. I still remember the deep sorrow, cold and loneliness that ripped my heart those days.”

But one day my luck was about to change and my life take an unexpected turn. I was wandering in the deep, deserted forest when I almost bumped into someone! But how was it possible? No one had ever set foot in those godforsaken places before!

„Hey! Watch where you're going!” a manly voice disrupted the deathly silence of the forest.

I was staring speechless in utter bewilderment...

„Aren't you going to speak? I may be blind but I can tell you're still here.”

„Are you blind? That's why you didn't turn into stone!”

„Stone?! What do you mean?”

„You don't know?! The spooky Medusa's daughter lives here.” she answered mockingly.

„You know where she is? Take me to her”! he said excitedly.

„... She's right in front of you.”

„Oh, so you're her! It was easier than I expected! Could you help cure my blindness? By the way, my name is Akito.

„What makes you think I could do this? Didn't you hear their stories about that disgusting, awful creature that hides her dreadful appearance in the woods? That's me! I've been cursed! I'm sorry, I can't cure any illnesses, even though I would...”

„But... people say you've got all kinds of powers!”

„That's pretty funny if you ask me. They chased me away, as if I were guilty for this misfortune! It wasn't fair at all! But, you know, there's actually a god that can help us

both.”

„Really?”

„Yeah, but I’ve never been able to get to him. Maybe you could...”

And so, they kept talking, days passed and little by little their bond grew stronger. After months spent together, planning how to get to the redeeming god, Akito realised he had fallen in love with Dahlia. Even though he didn’t care at all about the way she looked like, because he loved her soul and personality, he couldn’t stop asking himself : „Would she love a blind boy like me?” Meanwhile, Dahlia didn’t feel lonely anymore and she liked having Akito around. One day they decided it was time to find their saviour.

„It’s going to be a long journey. Are you ready?” Dahlia asked.

„As ready as I’ll ever be!” answered Akito.

They were afraid to think about a possible failure of their journey and what would happen if they met a merciless god who wouldn’t be impressed by their touching stories. And so their adventurous journey started, making them help each other, learn to overcome their fears and insecurities and love themselves the way they were.

Days past and they finally arrived.

„Is this the place?”

„This is what the map says.”

Dahlia looked at the cave, took a deep breath and walked in alongside Akito. The god suddenly appeared in front of them.

„How dare you overstep your mortal condition? What brings you mortals here?” the god shouted with a thundering voice.

„We need your help.” Akito said.

„Undo my curse and make him see again. Please!” begged Dahlia.

The god looked down on them and asked:

„Why would I do this?”

They both panicked, cast a glance at each other, then Akito suddenly said:

„Because my heart is longing to see her.”

The god giggled and said:

„Oh, I see..., I see... two lovebirds!”

The god’s heart melted and he decided to turn Dahlia back to normal and make Akito see again. Dahlia, without snakes in her hair and a scary look was a ravishing blonde with purple eyes. Akito, bewitched by her beauty, was staring at her.

„You’re even more beautiful than I’ve ever imagined!” he uttered.

„Thank you!” blushed Dahlia.

After all they had been through, Akito and Dahlia got married and lived happily ever after on the mountain, which no longer was a cold and desolate place but their warm and happy home.

PATRAȘ DRAGOȘ

cls. a VI-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Titu Maiorescu” Iași,
prof. coordonator Cristina-Georgiana Voicu



Stranded

Summer is finally here and my and friend Mike decided to go on vacation to Hawaii. We were so excited, we knew we were about to have a blast! We met up at the airport feeling a bit tired since we had to get up earlier than we are normally used to. We bought ourselves some coffee and then got seated on the plane. As we haven't seen each other in a really long time, we were just discussing about new things that have been going on in our lives. Soon we got tired, so we fell asleep not knowing what will be awaiting us in a few hours...

Suddenly we get woken up by alarms that start going off and people are screaming. We looked out the window and saw the plane crashing, we were frightened! By a miracle, when the plane touched the ground we were somehow the only people who survived. We had many injuries on our legs, arms and face. We were so weak, we had to crawl into the crashed plane to grab med kits and bandages. Since I was a doctor I was able to help both of us out.

It was going to be nighttime soon. So we needed to build shelter on this island. We went into a forest to hopefully find some sticks we could build our home with. While we were walking we started discussing how we are to be still living. We were really scared walking in woods because we knew the dangers. After a while we found what we were looking for and went back the way we came. We set up our little shelter where we will sleep in. We found two mattresses and blankets in the plane, we used these to make our bed.

After a while I thought of the idea to write "S.O.S" in the sand. So if a boat, helicopter or another plane will fly over our island, they would see the sign. It took us some time but, we managed to do it. We went back inside and continued to talk about our lives and what we are planning to do if we happen to get rescued. Since we started getting tired we decided to go to sleep. I gave my buddy a hug and went to bed hoping that tomorrow would be a better day...

I woke up before Mike, he was still in deep sleep. I was hungry, I found I fishing rod in someone's suit case that was on the plane. I used to fish in the big ocean next to our little hut. I eventually caught two fish. Mike saw me doing all of this, so he started a fire where we could cook the fish. We ate really good when out of nowhere we heard the sound of a helicopter. It turned out it was the authorities coming to save us. They told us to get in and asked if there were more survivors. We explained everything to them. And

then it started flying back to Los Angeles.

These past two days I realized that my friend was the only one I could rely on. I was lucky to have him with me and he meant everything to me. In that moment I discovered that love also means the love between best friends...

CORDUNEANU MIHAI-EMILIAN

cls. a V-a, Școala Gimnazială
„Elena Cuza” Iași,
prof. coordonator Atudosiei Elena



My Grandmother

It's evening. Before falling asleep, I open a book of poems written by Ștefan Octavian Iosif and start reading:

"With snowy hair, with small eyes/ And warm with sweetness..."

Suddenly, the image of my grandmother, Maia, as we call her, my brother (Andrei) and I, comes to me. I begin to remember the wonderful moments we spent together. Always with her arms outstretched to embrace us and kiss our foreheads, she waited for us with everything she had: delicious doughnuts and mince pies, pancakes filled with quince jam, quince from the old tree growing in the garden, with sweets that although forbidden by my mother, she had put in the kitchen cupboard where we always looked the moment we stepped into her house.

We also played pranks, but even if she wanted to scold us, the goodness in her heart came out and she immediately forgave us. Once, my brother and I, naughty as we were, started playing hide-and-seek around the house. Can you believe it, Grandma got into our game and just as she was counting to 100, 10 by 10, "ready or not, here I come", I wanted to hide behind the curtain, next to the desk where Grandma's trinkets were. What do you think? Rushing to get out, I pulled the curtain over them and gone was the fish on Grandma's crocheted milieu.

I was sorry, I apologized. Grandma smiled softly from the corner of her mouth and, as if nothing had happened, I continued the game. It often happens that Grandma looks after us when we come home from school and Mom and Dad are at work. One day, I started listening to music, with the volume turned up. AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" was playing in my room. I was overcome by the magic of the music and later realized that my grandmother was dancing with me to rock music. I took her hand and let us carry on... I discovered that my grandmother was not the best rocker out there. How happy I was!

Last summer, my grandmother gave us a wonderful surprise. We went together to

visit the city of Piatra Neamt. We spent wonderful moments together. The most beautiful one was when we rode the cable car. Once we got on the cable car, when it started to go to the top of the mountain, we felt strong emotions. I had never been on a cable car before and it felt like I was soaring upwards, close to the clouds. With one hand I was holding my grandmother, with the other my little brother, Andrei. My heart felt as if it had shrunk, I could see behind us the buildings and houses like tiny cubes, and the people were as small as ants.

How wonderful it is to be able to admire the peaks of the mountains, the springs that meander like silver threads through the rocks, the meadows with grass and flowers, the flocks of sheep that look like black and white spots.

On the way down, back to the city, emotions overwhelmed us again. Grandma, with her soft voice, taking us by the shoulders, introduced us to Pietricica Hill and Cozla and Carloman Hills, representative for Piatra Neamt. The cable car ride was like a beautiful dream that I won't forget very soon... or maybe never. I thanked my grandmother for the wonderful moments spent together in Piatra Neamt.

I love my grandmother very much! She is and will always be the icon of my soul.



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