



**2009/10**

16<sup>th</sup> Annual Regional and 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual  
International Literary Contest

**ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE**

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FOR ALL,  
ALL  
FOR ONE**

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International Literary Contest**



# **“PARDUBICE STREAM”**

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16<sup>th</sup> Annual Regional and 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual International Literary Contest  
The topic of 2010 year: “ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE”

## **RESULTS – INTERNATIONAL PART:**

### **1<sup>st</sup> category 9–11 years**

1. CRISTINA MARIANA MESTER (Romania)
2. SEYFRIED KYLE (Scotland)
3. SENYA PECICAN (Romania)

### **2<sup>nd</sup> category 12–13 years**

1. MARIA LAZAROVA GARALOVA (Bulgaria)
2. IOANA JITARIU (Romania)
3. DAISY LAGANA (Italy)

### **3<sup>rd</sup> category 14–15 years**

1. JAMILA VERSI (Denmark)
2. MONTA BADUNE (Latvia)
3. AIDRIDA BENDIKAITE (Lithuania)

### **4<sup>th</sup> category 16–17 years**

1. MADALINA STIRBU (Romania)
2. IOANA MIHAELA VANCEA (Romania)
3. PATRYCJA RYCHLEWICZ (Poland)

### **5<sup>th</sup> category 18–19 years**

1. PAULINA OPIELKA (Poland)
2. ALBERTAS DVIRNAS (Lithuania)
3. DMITRY MALIH (Latvia)

## **RESULTS – CZECH PART:**

### **1<sup>st</sup> category 9–11 years**

1. JAKUB VONDROUŠ (Pardubice)
1. SEBASTIAN MACHÁČEK (Rybitví)
2. MAREK RAUER (Rybitví)
3. DANIELA ROTOVÁ (Svitavy)

### **2<sup>nd</sup> category 12–13 years**

1. TEREZA ŠTĚPÁNOVÁ (Pardubice)
2. KLÁRA CHUDÁ (Ústí nad Orlicí)
3. DOROTA LESCHINGEROVÁ (Ústí nad Orlicí)

### **3<sup>rd</sup> category 14 – 15 years**

1. KATEŘINA CHYBOVÁ (Pardubice)
2. ŠIMON VRŠANSKÝ (Pardubice)
2. KRISTÝNA MĚCHUROVÁ (Lázně Bohdaneč)
2. LUCIE RUDOLFOVÁ (Pardubice)
3. ONDŘEJ KOC (Písek)
3. MARIE ČERNÁ (Praha-Opatov)
3. VERONIKA DVOŘÁČKOVÁ (Ústí nad Orlicí)

### **4<sup>th</sup> category 16 – 17 years**

- MICHAELA ULRICHOVÁ (Polička)  
KRISTÝNA BOHÁČOVÁ (Chrudim)  
TEREZA BRUKNEROVÁ (Chrudim)

### **5<sup>th</sup> category 18 – 19 years**

1. VALENTÝNA KYCLOVÁ (Pardubice)
1. OLIVER VRŠANSKÝ (Pardubice)
2. EVA HÁDEROVÁ (Jevíčko)
3. BLANKA DATINSKÁ (Svitavy)

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## **Jury:**

PhDr. Lubomír Macháček – a psychologist and a writer

Mgr. Jitka Kyclová – the leader of the Children's Department of the Regional Library  
in Pardubice

Hana Cihlová – the officer of the Department of Regional and Cultural Services of the  
Regional Library in Pardubice

Jaroslava Majerová – a teacher

Mgr. Hana Přinesdomů – the officer of the Department of Regional and Cultural Services  
of the Regional Library in Pardubice

Tereza Smrčková – a student of Charles University in Prague (the Faculty of Philosophy  
and Arts), a winner of a former literary contest

Miroslav Cihlo – a student of Charles University in Prague (the Faculty of Medicine),  
a successful participant of a former literary contest

Lukáš Vavrečka – a student of the University of Pardubice (the Faculty of Philosophy  
and Arts), a member of the East Czech Centre of Writers

## **“ONE FOR ALL, ALL FOR ONE”**

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Dear authors,

and also the others, who helped to prepare the literary competition named Pramínek. Judges and also an organizers have an every year hard time consideration: “What topic shall we offer for your elaboration” (social one, personal, neutral one...) We are although thrilled by curiosity, expectating your way of grasping the topic, your responses and reactions. We have used many topics in previous years, this one shall be the 16<sup>th</sup>! What topic will apostrophize authors of different ages, social and cultural backgrounds and also enable to show the uniqueness of every single one of you. **“One for All, All for One”** There are not many quotations which are known more, but I believe that under the layer of associations containing swords, horse-riding and fancying lies something deeper: message of courage, helpfulness and mainly friendship and love.

I believe that participants have realised that, bypassing clichés and finding their own way of expression within the frame of the topic. This competition has proved that literature is not just what is written but its also a process including the social output, that written word has its forming power even in the world overfilled with consumerism and that there still exist a values of humanity. As you all were able to show that even when we are framed by world which – as is said – has no constant values, that you can feel – although we are all different – unity in the core of our existence – in your own special way.

And with this I can say there is a hope for our future.

*Lukáš Vavrečka*

...the Springlet Literary Competition is sixteen years old now. It is no longer a child and it has even crossed the borders of our country. This year, writers from Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Romania, France, Portugal, and Scotland have greatly participated in its foreign part. The young authors joined a theme of friendship with problems of poverty – this brought a more serious tone into the contributions.

One for all, all for one – this was the current theme. You got down to it with enormous gusto. You were carefully thinking about the meaning of the musketeer’s motto. We can even say: the younger you were, the more sincere was your contemplation. Reading your compositions, we have learned not only about bullying in the class and power of the children’s solidarity, but also about solitude and a thirst for friendship. You were able to write both in a humoristic and philosophical way. You have played with the theme almost like a cat with a mouse. You thought about the topic critically, splitting it into atoms, you tested its smell and taste. On behalf of love, you even turned it upside down.

So, you tasted a little from each part and this was right. The life brings a lot of stories, but still, the most beautiful of them are about friendship and love. They are walking around us on tiptoe and you cannot see them. But they are warm as a Sun, when you let them creep into your heart. We wish you to meet and recognize them in your life.

*Jitka Kyclová*

## 📌 Me and Them

*(Cristina Mariana Mester, Romania, 10 years)*

Why?

Why does everybody avoid me?

I feel like being set aside both in the street and on the school corridors or in the classroom. I hear the same words: 'She's Pădureanu brothers' sister'.

It's true that my brothers were a credit neither to the school nor to our family. Only shortcomings: no discipline, no hard work. Not to mention studying : the teachers were displeased with how they were studying.

At home they didn't prove to be better: Radu would argue with Silvia, Nicu would raise his voice to Vali, Elena would always be offended both by George and Ionuț. We would run short of everything in our house: of money, of clothes, of..., of...; as for handbooks and copybooks, no one would care about them.

My parents were exhausted with so much work and were ashamed of my brothers.

After only a few years in the same school where they studied there appeared me, Ana-Cristina Pădureanu, a 1<sup>st</sup> grade pupil.

Short cold looks would head toward me; everybody would avoid me. In vain was I well-meaning, 'cause no one, but no one liked me. I was a 'PĂDUREANU'.

I wished to be praised, I wished to be granted credits, but I didn't know where to start.

Any 'beginning' was not begun by me, as I would let others to, I would await, look all around and only then would I do what we were asked to. Not for long I got to write elaborately, to read in a special way, to tell facts like nobody else, to paint the sky and the earth, water and flowers in a certain manner, to handle the mathematical numbers... Both me and my eyes were dancing, I was skilled in all kinds of objects, I would dance with all my being...

That little girl once avoided had got to be the pride of the class and of the school. Now everybody is around me; I am friendly and ready to help everyone.

Back home, everybody would look at me like at a miracle: I was speaking elaborately and conciliatorily, I was clean and tidy. After finishing my homework I would make all kinds of small jobs in the house, the yard, the garden, sometimes even what was exceeding my capabilities.

As for studying, I was increasingly hard-working; my parents and brothers became to be proud of me, seeing how much the folks at school were appreciating me and how many successes I had.

It is for my sake and out of the desire to help me, each of them has found something to do: Radu buys me school supplies, Silvia my uniform and more, many more clothes, Nicu and Vali buy me books and George and Ionuț give me money for trips.

My family are now unrecognizable: we have money, we have clothes, too, we have..., we have...

We are respected by the neighbours, our relatives, the passers-by...

I love my brothers and my dear parents are so happy.

I am only 10 and I'm thinking what trade to choose, so that when I grow up I could help my brothers and family in my turn, as well, as they are all helping me now ; or have I already helped them by my way of being and 'upgraded' them?

Time will decide everything: who was one for all and who are all for one?

## 📖 The Mine

*(Seyfried Kyle, Scotland, 10 years)*

My name is Kyle, I am ten years old and I live in Wanlockhead with my family. We live in a button ben which we rented from the company. It is a small, terraced cottage, which has only two rooms, we are so poor that we have hardly any possessions. We are a mining family. We work at the mine twelve hours a day. It is hard work for someone as young as me.

I have several jobs to do in the mine. I have to remove the waste rock and valuable lead from the mine, which my family dig out. If the lead seam is narrow, in the mine then only one person can dig, but if the seam is broad then my dad and uncle can work on it together. My brother Chris who is sixteen helps me clear away the rock and sometimes he helps my dad and uncle dig out the lead. I can only carry away small bits of rock to the front of the mine because the rock is so heavy, I can hardly ever do this because my muscles are always sore and lifting the bags makes them burn constantly. Once the rocks are in leather bags at the entrance I load them onto a cart attached to a pony and then guide it to the river embankment and dump it. This is the best time of day because I get to see the sunlight, get to breathe the fresh air, seeing the wildlife and hearing the birds singing but then unfortunately I must go back down into horrible mine, I hate it.

It is horrible working down there because it's damp and very cramped. My limbs are always aching and I hate the dark. It's always dark because the company only provide lanterns for the work area within the mine.

At the end of the day it feels amazing to be out of the terrible mine and I look forward to finally go home and filling my empty stomach and then going to my bed, but first I must help my family to carry the newly mined lead to our house, so nobody steals it. My dad says that maybe one day when he has paid the debts back to the company and made enough money, he will buy some books and teach me to read and then I might go to school one day.

The best time of the year is when the company organises a trip for all the workers to go to the beach at Ayr by train. The amazing thing about going there is being able to go into the sea paddling and swimming. It is the only time that I feel free. It is amazing seeing the birds flying, feeling the rough sand passing between my toes and the burning sun warm my back. It is a great feeling to not be working in the mine. I always look forward to this time of year, I think everyone does.

I hope one day to leave Wanlockhead and the mine behind and move to a house by the seashore.

## 📖 The Girl from the Mirror

*(Senya Pecican, Romania, 11 years)*

I am a spoiled little girl. I figure that and I will tell you why. Just listen to my story.

I insisted to my parents to make my personal room arranged by my taste. I have also a lot kinds of clothes: dresses, jackets, tight pants and trousers with high waist, trousers Versace red, black or blue, handbags, shoes in a lot of models: shinny, pinky, colored that I can change between them in different periods of the day, the ankle boots and even a pair of shoes with a little heel, sneakers with glitter to shine in the sun, magazines with celebrities: Popcorn magazine, magazine Bratzz, sticker with Hanah Montana or High School Musical sticker as emerging that do not survive until they receive as they occur. I got really perfumes from the Dior perfume, Bulgari, Armani and many many more. Mom and dad always do all my desires

to me I do not dislike at all. I am mostly happy. If I see something that I like, I tell to my parents right away. And I don't know if they like it or not, but they buy what I want immediately. Every day I find that I do not miss anything, but as I move on and go into town or see a new ad on TV I need more and more new things, so that by the end of the day I have a whole list shopping wish. I seem that I live in a carousel in which every swing of things is a pretty carousel. I run after it and the parents after me, and in the end they let me to buy the thing that I want.

In the holidays I visit other countries like: the bright Greece, Turkey- full of life, Italy- a country of history, the black and full of magic Tunisie, Croatia with a big and shining sea, Switzerland with plenty of delicious chocolate. I don't like to go to my grandparents because I heard rooster singing about the morning at six, I do not like that the bath is in the yard, as I am often dirty and I don't have hot water when I want. My clothes and my shoes become full of dust and I can't go to malls.

One day I walked with my mother in the center of brand shops and although I have a lot of pairs of sneakers, I saw a wonderful pair of sneakers with glitter and lights and I wanted in that moment. I started to explain to my mother how much I want it, but mother did not listen. I asked my mother three days to buy me shoes, but she was from stone.

Because I insisted and even my crocodile tears didn't impress her, she was very upset. She told me to collect all pairs of sneakers and put them in car. And then I ascend too. Mom took me in the car without saying which was the direction which we followed. I thought we were going to a new mall or to the new store in town. We came together in an ugly, even scary place full of garbage. It was an infected hole, a huge garbage dump where I was amazed that people lived there. That place was their home and their houses were made of cardboard and paperboard. I seemed that I was in another world, in the Pinocchio's world when he lied. It was a place full of poverty and I discovered that those people feed with what they found in the trash which is brought there. They expected the garbage trucks which bring something "fresh". Some crows and dogs, children and adults with a bag or with a sack on his back in which they put what they feel that could be used or eaten, this was the universe that I saw in front of my eyes. It was a scene that shook me. Some children with dirty rags of them were close to our car. In that moment I understood what I have to do. I took the shoes from the car and I began to share to the little children. I found out which were their names. The four brothers were Romica, Medallion, Esmeralda and Minodora. They were cute, but they were dirty and looked very weird at me. I talked with them and I felt pity of them. They said that they were very happy when they some chewing gum in bins or some forgotten potato chips in bags which were thrown away. I was impressed so much that I promised that I will come back to them. When I arrived home I didn't say anything. I was amazed by what I saw there. And I began to feel what I have to do. I started to collect all the clothes and things that I imagined those children need in that terrible place. Then I visited them, this time not because Mom wanted to give me a lesson, but to share those things to the children who lived at the edge of the town where the garbage is thrown. They enjoyed so much that I felt tears on my cheeks. I found that they do not attend school. Due to this news I began to tell them how interesting is at school.

I brought some books and even I've read them some stories. They remained open-mouthed after I have read the story "Prince and the Pauper". Minodora, which was the oldest (8 years old), became the most interested in school. Then I had an idea: to bring Minodora with me at school. My Mom was delighted and she spoke with her mother. It was very difficult to convince her because for her Minodora was a real help for her brothers, but at last she promised us and Minodora that she will begin the school. I also promised that I'll help her with my school bag, clothes and shoes. I never purchased supplies sophisticated with Hannah Montana or Barbie, but simple writing, so I could take a double quantity which I shared with Minodora.

The day before the start of school I brought Minodora to have a bath at my apartment. She was so excited that she no longer wanted to get out of the water for hours. I dressed her with my clothes and she liked so much. When I made that visit to Pata Rat (the place which I describe you) I realized that these things are helpful to other children. She started school and then she went every day. It is a strange little place where she do her homework, but every time I visit them, I encourage her to go further, even if others pull a little more to the landfill and tell that school is pointless.

This place with crows and garbage, with people starving, dirty and who feed the debris thrown by people of a city changed me a lot.

In this place people and children do not know another way of life.

Neither I did until I discovered this place, I didn't realize that could be another lifestyle. But now helping Minodora, we gave her a chance in life. I'll be more careful with others. From now on life does not matter only my desires. I promised Minodora that I'll help her and I felt that I didn't talk to my Barbie dolls. I talked with a child who believes in me.

From that day I feel like doing something much better than before. Minodora and Pata Rat changed me.

I like how I changed today, when I look in the mirror. I can not see that "glamorous" girl, with all sorts of buttons on hair and clothes, with an air of discontent. This time that girl is more brilliant, or it is the fault of the mirror. That finicky girl became a brilliant girl, that spoiled little girl became a little girl who learned to spoil those who need it. At least a little. And you? What do you see in the mirror? And in addition I trained my colleagues at school to help those with less chances. Often we go to them to bring, as much we could, at school. This is especially, because we have learned something from them: when one finds something in the garbage he shares with the others. And we can share our knowledge with them from school. There is no gap between us. We can give each other our hands. Everyone has a lot to learn from the others.

## 2<sup>nd</sup> category

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### "Home, sweet home" (Story for children)

*(Maria Lazarova Garalova, Bulgaria, 13 years)*

Three spiders with black tail coats were living in luxurious hotel on the sunny side of a ruined hut, but rents were being increased and they had to think for their own homes. They rolled up trousers and started to weave silk nets. The spiders wanted to be neighbours and decided to build one over one. But always something ruined. To the first the silk was tearing, the other made a knitting mistake, to the third foundations collapsed. At the end the first spider finished his home. Pleased from the result he was started to walk stuck up on it but the thin silver threads tore again and he flew straight on the other spider. Unfinished yet the net undone and both fell over the third. They swung black legs. The spiders started to shout and mumble. The argument would be continued long if everyone didn't realize, that separately they couldn't to weaved good homes.

Blew light wind. The remains from the spider's attempts mournfully rocked on the old hut. The spiders spitted on their feet, beat the dust from their black tail coats and gathered the torn threads. They made good knots. They borrowed by two thin needles from the high pine next to the hut and knitted a big net with shape of four-leaved clover. Every spider had by one

leave, the fourth sheltered wondering spiders. Every self respected architect, a member on association on spiders – architects, stopped and looked at this huge transparent clover with inscription “Three spiders”.

### **One for All, All for One**

*(Ioana Jitariu, Romania, 12 years)*

It was autumn. The cold wind was shaking down the thin leaves of the nut tree. The ants were making their last provisions and the crickets were singing their annoyance. Just a little, delicate and timid leaf was standing on the thinnest branch of the nut tree and looking with amazedness to everything that was happening.

“What’s happening? Where did all my friends go?” wondered the little leaf. “Where are Miss Swallow and her cubs? Last night they told me that they’re going to make a little trip and that we’ll meet soon. I don’t know why they are late. I will ask the other leaves.”

The little leaf was very surprised when she saw her family on the wet ground.

“What are you doing there? Why did you get off the tree?”

“We don’t know. We woke up here. We tried to climb the tree, but the wind took us away from it!”

“But Miss Swallow? Do you know anything about her?”

“She went to another country. She said that there was hot and she would come back in spring.”

“What?! In spring? This is not possible. Who is going to tell me stories before I go to bed? Who is going to teach me about birds, animals and people?”

“Hmmm...we think you will not need this things because all of us will transformed in fertilizer for our nut tree.”

“This can’t be true! This means I will faaaaa... and the leaf falls”

When she arrived on the ground she felt weak. She was the smallest leaf, but everybody loved her. Now she could talk and share all her thoughts with her fellows. Suddenly, a crow arrived near them and started to talk:

“Why are you so angry?”

“Why shouldn’t we? Look at us. We are all going to die in throes”.

“Why don’t you think you can have a chance? There is a solution.”

“Is it true? Please, tell us the secret!”

“OK! It’s simple. My owner told me that if one of you is put on the root of the nut tree, next spring it will be a green leaf standing on the tree again.”

Then, the leaves started to argue:

“I will be the leaf!”

“Why you? You fell before me and you are wrinkled!”

“I will choose the leaf”, said the crow.

The crow looked at the little leaf and said:

“You are the one that will go!

“Me?” asked the little leaf.

“Yes, you. Don’t be afraid. I will take you in my beak and we will fly to the nut tree!”

"Thank you!"

The crow took her and started to fly. Unfortunately, the crow squeezed her and the leaf crumbed. When she saw this, she started to cry. She went quickly to the other leaves and told them the story.

"How could you do that?"

"You have a cruel heart!"

"No, it isn't true. I did my best. If you want I will take you to her."

"Yes, we want! Take us there now!"

The crow took them to their little sister. There, they heard the little leaf's voice:

"Hello, my friends! Don't worry about me, I'm OK! Now I'm in the ground; here is warm. I know you miss me. If you trust me, we'll meet soon."

"Yes, we'll trust you."

"Please talk to the crow. She must crumb and pull you into the ground. This way we'll unify, and together we'll feed a core. At spring, a little tree will rise from it. This way we'll never die. Are you with me?"

"Yes, we are!"

"One for all, all for one!"

"All for one, one for all!"

The crow crumbed them and in the next spring a little nut tree rise. Since then, the tree was named "All for one".

## I Want My Life Back

*(Daisy Lagana, Italy, 13 years)*

My name is Annie and I'm an African girl. I'm 13 and I live in Rozzano, near Milan. I moved to Italy two years ago and I'm not still integrated very well. I'm placed in foster care to two elderly people who love me with all their heart. I was taken away from my parents because they couldn't look after my sister and me. They were underpaid, they couldn't reach the end of the month. They lived with very little money and went on with the hope of a better life. My sister Rose and I used to go working in the fields to help our family. I remember when we harvested, smelled the scents of our land, caressed the meadows and back, at home, our mum scolded us for the cuts on our hands. I miss those moments with my sister, we were very closed and now she is away from me.

The social worker told me it is natural to feel lost. I look for a friend, but after one year I don't know my classmates yet. I feel different from them for my appearance, for my behaviour, for my way of thinking even if many people think I am only different for my skin, but I think we are different for many other things. I live in Milan, one of most important city of Italy. I am scared of people because they are so different. I always feel to be at the centre of any gossip. In my opinion it's the work which is important in our life.

My new parents, Carla and Biagio, encourage me not to trouble myself and to think positive. I was very lucky to have them as parents because in these two years, they helped me, they gave me love, but I'm not happy. I miss my country, my friends, my home, my sisters, my parents and my land, my memories, my traditional dances.

In Milan I do not have my African sunset, the splendid landscape. My language, my customs...

And now I understand this is not my home, and I would like to go back home one day. Africa is waiting for me to give me the welcome to my old life.

### 3<sup>rd</sup> category

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#### 📖 One for All, All for One

*(Jamila Versi, Denmark, 14 years)*

Fairy-tales sometimes lie. They will tell you that dwarves are happy little creatures who run around laughing and giggling with their many friends. I can assure you- dwarves most certainly do not do that. They wake up with a sigh and a dread that they have to go to school that day, merely to be taunted by the many laughs and stares, merely to be hurt when they're called names, merely to run to the bathroom crying while everyone stands around them, taller and more handsome, and laughing in their faces.

As usual, this was exactly the feeling I woke up with on a Monday morning two years ago. As I dressed and packed my bags and made ready to head for my new school, I looked in the mirror, and saw, once again, that nothing had changed – I was still shorter and uglier than everyone around. I fought back the tears, and tried to think of something cheerful. Seven is a magical number, isn't it? Therefore, it would be quite wonderful if, in my seventh school, I wouldn't be bullied, and I would make friends. At least, that was what I had to hope for – because if this school also turned out to be another disaster, I didn't know how I would be able to deal with it.

The school was large and yellow, and a large sign saying "Welcome back to Gudhjem-school" hung above the front door. My mother and I walked through the busy crowd towards the principal's office. The principal was wearing a suit with her grey hair strictly combed back.

"Ah, good morning, good morning! I'm Maria Knudsen, the principal at Gudhjem-school," she said, looking at me.

"G'morning," I mumbled.

"I'm very pleased that you've decided to join us here at Gudhjem-school, and I do hope you'll have a nice time here."

"Thanks, I hope so too." My eyes stayed stuck to the floor, my cheeks turning slightly red.

"So, Ms. Steen," Ms. Knudsen turned towards my mother, "could we have a little talk?"

I knew what was coming next; my poor mother had had to repeat it so many times.

"Jane's always had a little bit of trouble in the bullying area- because of her height and such, and each time, the bullying became so extreme that we had to change school."

"I see," the principal said, "Well, in this school, we don't tolerate any form of bullying or exclusion. It doesn't matter if you're tall or short or fat or thin or straight or bent. What matters is what you can do and how you deal with other people."

The principal turned towards me. "Right, Jane, now tell us what you can do."

I blushed and looked at my hands.

"Uh... I suppose I'm not that bad at playing violin. And I like to draw and read and write." I mumbled. But she didn't laugh as everyone else had done before. Instead, she clapped her hands.

"Splendid, splendid! Our school orchestra group has been looking for a violinist for quite a while- I'm sure they'd absolutely love for you to join them!"

I stared at her, baffled. "O-okay. Yeah, I guess being in the school orchestra could be pretty cool..." But then I thought, they hadn't seen me, and surely they wouldn't want a runt like me in the school orchestra.

"All right, guys, quiet down, quiet down. Okay, so, like I told you, we've got a new student today. Jane, come on up here." Head down, I walked to the front of the classroom, where my new class teacher, Mr. Larsen, stood. I looked up quietly, giving a little smile and a wave. I saw smiles spreading across the faces of the other students, and for a second, I was afraid it would be the same mocking, taunting laughter I had heard so many times before- but this time, smiles were genuine and warm.

"Hi Jane!" The class chorused.

"Now, Jane will actually be joining our school orchestra, she's an excellent violinist. All right, then, Jane, if you could just take a seat there, next to Emma -" He pointed to a tall, blonde, pretty girl, and I mentally winced - sure that she, with her beauty and height, was going to mock me, "and then we can start biology."

I slowly walked over to Emma and took a seat next to her.

"Hiya!" she exclaimed warmly, and upon her bright smile, I returned a tentative one. Maybe seven really was a lucky number.

Gudhjem-school, it turned out, was the right school for me. Of course, there were still some people from the younger grades who would stare at me while I walked past, but I no longer got bullied, my class accepted me- and I had some friends: Emma, Anna, Louise and Emily.

I had been going to Gudhjem-school for 2 months when, walking home from school with my friends, I saw them. They were walking out of Tiffany's, laughing and swinging their hair. They were cheerleaders from my old school, and they had bullied me so intensely, in fact, that they had been the ones who had made me start hurting myself. They noticed me too and walked up to me with broad sneers.

"Well, if it ain't Jane." Joanne said. She was the captain of the cheerleaders, as well as the leader of her little cheerleading gang.

Anna put her hand in mine, cocking her head to the side and studying them.

"Who're you?" she asked.

"Joanne, and these are Sara, Leila, and Simone."

"So what's your problem with Jane?"

Joanne snorted.

"What our problem with Jane is? Have you ever even looked at her?"

I felt that feeling of dread starting in my stomach again, pulling me down as I dropped my eyes to the ground. Anna tightened her grip on my hand.

"I don't see what's wrong with her." Emily said coolly, studying me. "You ask me, and she looks like a pretty girl. Don't see what's wrong with that."

Joanne looked at them uncertainly.

"Whaddya mean, you don't see what's wrong with her? She's a dwarf!"

"And a very talented girl - she is an amazing violinist and an excellent artist, and I bet you aren't even half as talented as she is. And please, don't even get me started upon your appearance. Now take your stupid friends and get out of the way!"

Joanne raised her eyebrows, and she and her friends straightened their backs and clenched their fists, staring at us in anger. Earlier on, I would have run. But my friends also stood their ground, "If you want to fight her, you'll have to fight us!" Suddenly, my fear melted

away. I was ready to fight ten times their number. My friends were right – who were Joanne and her gang to think they were better than me?

The two gangs stood for a while, staring at each other. Finally, Joanne dropped her eyes, and with a sneer, muttered that they had better things to do. We knew we had beaten them. We clenched hands, and Louise yelled “One for all and all for one!” Never in my life had I felt happier. Now, I was as good as anybody, and part of a great group of people.

Over the last two years, I hardly ever have time to think about my lack of centimetres. I’m too busy playing violin in the orchestra, painting and drawing, and participating fully in all of the activities of the school. I’m still firm friends with Emma, Anna, Louise and Emily – and our motto, which we’ve never forgotten, is One for All, All for One.

### **One for All, All for One**

*(Monta Badune, Latvia, 14 years)*

The rain slowly dropped from the sky and covered my body with wet despair. The alley was dark and cold. As I breathed- the air went out of my lungs and into the sky – it seemed to freeze, the air from my lungs froze just like all my hopes did. I looked at the small table in front of me and frowned – all the rocks were still there, I hadn’t sold a single one today. How was I supposed to go home now, what was I supposed to say to my mother?

The small rocks on the table reminded me of the good, old times when my father was still around. My father was a sailor- he travelled around the world and each time he would come home he brought me a small but very beautiful rock. A few years ago my father disappeared in a storm and was never found. Life has been hard ever since, but I try to go on. You see my job is to bring home some money for food and maybe even some clothes. Sometimes I would get lucky and find a few coins on the ground or someone generous would give me money when I beg for it on the streets near town hall. I admit that I have stolen too, but at the end of the day I would be ready to do anything for my family.

My mother always says: “One for all and all for one.” But how can I manage that if I’m the only one who provides for this family and at home there are six hungry children and my mother. I’m the eldest- I’m sixteen years old and for the past two years I’ve been known as the ‘street child’, at least that’s how the wealthy people call me. In my family I’m for all, but no one’s for me – what could my brothers and sisters possibly give me? Love- they can give me this simple emotion, but what good does it do to me? Does it help me get some food on the table, does it help me get money and does it cure our mother so she could work too? No, no it doesn’t. Over the years I’ve learned many things and one of those things is that love is just a word someone says when they know that they are no good to me. I’d rather call my family acquaintances- that way when something bad happens with one of them or me I could just say: “Well it was nice being acquaintances.”

I know very well that sooner or later, but something is bound to happen, no one can live forever without food. Sometimes it gets so bad that I think maybe one of them should go to the ‘Promised lands’ faster – that way I would have to take care of less people. I don’t like those kinds of thoughts, but they just come into my head at times when I simply don’t know what else to do.

Sometimes I even think maybe I could just put all of my siblings in one box and set it next to the shop on Mason’s street, I’d put a sign on the box which would say ‘Take for free’ – like some people do with puppies. Horrible – I know, you’re probably wondering how a sister could ever

think of doing something like that to her beloved siblings, but there's always a chance that a better family would take them in.

I can just imagine your confused faces – you don't understand what I'm saying; you don't know how it feels. The feeling is a combination of anger, fear, sadness and despair- in those rare moments when I don't feel these emotions I can think more clearly, but sometimes the ideas are worse than with all of the emotions in my head.

Suddenly I realized that I haven't moved in a while – my fingers felt like they were frozen, but I could still move them, my breathing was uneven and heavy. As I gazed up I saw a man standing in front of my small table. The man looked at me for a while and then at the rocks.

"Are they valuable?" he asked.

His voice was clear and kind – in some way helpful, relaxing.

"I don't know how much they'r worth in money, but to me they are priceless sir." I said politely.

"Then why would you sell them?" he asked and tilted his hat up a bit to see me more clearly.

"I need the money for my family sir." I said and looked at the four remaining rocks on the table.

"Here." he said as he placed a golden wristwatch on the table.

"You can trade it in the flea market for about three hundred."

He then turned around and started walking away.

"Sir aren't you going to take the rocks?" I asked.

"I do not need something that is priceless to someone else's heart, but not to my own." he said and kept moving.

"Thank you!" I yelled as he disappeared behind the corner of the alley.

I slipped the beautiful gold wristwatch into my pocket, as well as the four small rocks. This morning I had definitely decided to stay in the alley and just give in to the cold, to not fight anymore. But this man changed it all. I hid my small table behind the trash container and started my way home. The frozen hope in my heart melted and my heart pounded out of excitement, my chest felt warm. Tomorrow I would return to another day, I will continue to hope and feel all those crazy feelings and relax at times when they would disappear. I will continue being acquaintances with my family and I will continue to secretly love them too.

The rain stopped, the despair stopped falling.

It's easy when we're all for one, but not every person can be for all.

This man was- in my eyes he was for all, to me he was, he was that one for my all – my family. All for one but just him for all.

## **One for All, All for One**

*(Airida Bendikaite, Lithuania, 15 years)*

My name is Boo. I'm a young lion with beautiful long mane and strong legs. I live in the middle of Africa. I love my native land and this time I'm going to tell you a story about courage, survival, strength and love between family members.

I woke up late this morning. The sun was very hot and the sky was cloudless. My mother Sandy was talking to my father. He was the leader of our herd. I don't know what were they talking about but my dad was stressed and uptight. After a few minutes mother came back to me but she didn't tell me what the problem was. I knew that something bad was going to happen.

After an hour my relatives went to hunt. They told me to stay at home. I was quite scared but my father calmed me:

Don't worry. Nothing bad is going to happen. No one hunts lions. We own this land and we have priority own other animals.

All right dad, – I said, – I won't.

I felt great. I found a good place in a shade so I started napping.

About half an hour I heard something. Someone was noiselessly and slowly coming my way. I stood up and looked around. I thought that it was just my imagination but just then I saw a couple of scary eyes staring at me about thirty meters beyond. It was a poacher. He was holding a big daunting pipe which was called a gun. I was shocked and I didn't know what to do. Suddenly I heard something roaring loudly and coming my way. Luckily, it was my brave father with our relatives. The poacher felt powerless with two bullets and fifteen lions and ran away. I felt so relieved and safe with my parents and friends. I didn't want to let them go ever again.

Next day my father told me that we were going to hunt. I was so happy because my friends told me that hunting was a great adventure. I was looking forward for catching a prey.

My dad was explaining us how we were going and where we were going to attack and catch our meal but I wasn't listening. I was exercising my legs and feet because I knew that we would have to run and work fast. Our target was a group of antelopes. We approached very quietly and started chasing them. Unfortunately, they turned to other side of the field where the river was flowing. The antelopes ran to the water and we did the same. Suddenly my mother squealed because an alligator, which was lurking in the river, snatched my dear mother's leg! We stopped chasing the antelopes and hurried to help my mom. The alligator was angry and hungry so he kept the leg in his maw really strong. But my father, who was the strongest lion of all, bit him into the tail and he let my mother free.

Thank God my mother was OK. For the whole four weeks she licked her wound. After a while she felt great and continued to take care after me.

This is my story. I hope that now you will understand how important it is to follow the basic rule of life: "One for all, all for one". If people were united in their social life the same way, the world would be a safer place to live in.

## 4<sup>th</sup> category

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### Getting to know you

*(Madalina Stirbu, Romania, 16 years)*

Cheerful voices could be heard through the half opened window of the office as children invaded the school yard during recess. However, the atmosphere inside the room was the complete opposite from the one outside.

"Haven't you 3 got tired of coming here by now?" the principal shook his head tiredly at the already familiar image in front of him: three young boys, all dressed in a navy blue uniform and sporting a scruffy look, with disheveled hair and rumpled shirts.

"Oh, trust us, sir, we have," the tallest of them said heaving a sigh, earning a raised eyebrow from the middle-aged principal and a glare from his black-haired friend who stood next to him.

"So," the principal started in a calm voice. "Care to tell me what happened this time?" he asked clasping his hands together.

"Not really," the black-haired boy sneered, crossing his arms. The principal pointed at him with raised eyebrows, warningly. The young boy looked away mumbling.

"Well, then, how about you, Thomas? Can you tell me what happened?" the man turned his head

to a small boy dressed in a worn-out, too big for his small frame – uniform. The copper-haired boy, who had been “inspecting” the wooden floor, looked up startled at the mentioning of his name.

“I...” he started in a small voice and continued after receiving the principal’s reassuring nod. “They called me names, sir,” he glanced worried at his 2 colleagues “They said I looked like a homeless person and that I got my clothes from the dumpster; and then started to push me around... It’s not that I care what they say about me,” the boy said looking up at the headmaster as he rubbed his hands together nervously. “But then they said things about my parents,” he furrowed his eyebrows at the memory. “I couldn’t stand it, so I shoved him! They were saying such horrible things about my mom and dad!” he pointed out in an accusing tone, his voice quivering slightly.

“What sort of things did they say?” the principal inquired eyeing the 2 nervous boys standing next to Thomas.

“They said my dad was a drunkard and that my mom, my mom...” tears started swelling up in his eyes and any words left unspoken turned into silent sobs.

The principal walked over to him and patted his head in attempt to comfort him. His concerned look turned into a fierce one as he looked over to the other 2 boys who stood rooted to the spot.

The short one looked pissed off whilst the taller seemed to be thinking about something.

“I... I take it one week’s detention won’t cut it this time, huh?” the taller asked sheepishly, receiving yet another scowl from his friend.

“I can’t believe he ratted us out!” the black-haired boy yelled as he and his friend were taking a short-cut home after school. He kicked a can found on the ground sending it flying through the air. “2 weeks detention and a meeting with our parents just for calling him names! And he is the one who shoved me! Can you believe it, James?” he asked his friend, obviously revolted by the degree of his punishment. The answer his friend gave him was not what he expected.

“Yeah, I can, Robert,” the tall boy answered leaning against the brick wall in the alley. The shorter one stared at him incredulously.

“It wasn’t just names,” the boy called James reminded. “And you did go over-board, saying those things about his parents. That was rather low, even for you. It’s not his fault he is poor, you know.” The taller said with his hands in his pocket.

“I can’t believe it! Even you are on his side?!” Robert accused, looking up at his friend. “Then why did you even join me in the first place, huh?” he asked clenching his fists.

“Because,” the tall boy paused, not at all threatened. “You’re my friend. Friends stick together.” He replied casually. “Even when one of them behaves like a complete idiot.” He added and remained unfazed when the other sent him dirty looks.

Robert was about to retort when another person entered the alley they were in. He was waiting for the newcomer to pass by them so he could continue where he left off but, to his surprise, the stranger pulled out something shiny from his jacket and started walking towards them. Following his instinct, Robert quickly made a run for it, looking back when he heard someone yelp in pain.

“Where do you think you are going, leaving you friend like this?” the stranger grinned, having a firm grip on James who hadn’t been fast enough to escape.

“Let him go!” Robert shouted angrily as he inched forward.

“Don’t come any closer!” James yelled. “Just go!” he urged his friend as he futilely struggled in the man’s arms. However, the other paid no attention to his friend’s warning and was about to take another step forward when a loud voice came from behind the stranger.

“This way, officer! Quickly!” a small boy yelled in front of the alley, gesticulating to someone from around the corner.

The stranger cursed letting go of James and ran past Robert in the opposite direction.

When the man was out of sight, the 2 friends hurried to the other boy who they immediately recognized as their colleague.

"Are you two guys ok?" Thomas asked, worried.

"Yeah, you came just in time." James exhaled relieved. Robert, however, was staring in one particular direction, confusion written all over his face.

"Where's the police officer?" he asked furrowing his eyebrows.

"There's no police officer." Thomas replied in his usual soft voice. The other two just stared at him surprised. They didn't have to be geniuses to figure things out: Thomas had saved them all by himself.

"It's been 2 year since I've had you boys together in my office and I was hoping that you would graduate without any more troubles," the principal declared looking at the 3 grown boys in front of him. "I hear you were playing soccer in the hallway and broke the trophy display case. Does anyone have anything to say?" the headmaster raised an eyebrow.

Robert bravely took a step forward, his head held up high.

"It was completely my fault, sir," he confessed. "I was the one who broke the case."

"No, it isn't his fault! It's my fault!" James hurried to defend his friend. "I am the one who suggested we played in the hallway!" he said nearing the principal's office.

"As a class representative, I am responsible for what happened." Thomas stated, also getting close to the desk. "I should have stopped them. This is entirely my fault."

"Don't listen to him! He did try to stop us but we wouldn't listen."

"Yes, that's right, it's my fault for bringing the ball today even though we don't have P.E." James added.

"No, it's..." Thomas was interrupted when the principal finally joined the conversation.

"Yes, you will say it's your fault, right? For not telling them that a glass case is prone to breaking at sudden contact, perhaps?" the headmaster nodded with a knowing smile. "This is too much for me to handle," He chuckled tiredly. "Well, since you 3 already admitted it was your fault, and since I reckon you shall never play soccer, or any sort of sport, in the hallway again, then I guess I can let this one go, as long as you 3 replace the broken glass." The boys nodded at the man's decision.

They were making their way towards the door when the principal spoke again.

"One last thing, boys... I don't know what happened, but I'm glad that you have overcome your differences and are getting along," he admitted and turned his attention back to the papers on the desk. "You're dismissed."

"What happened?" Thomas suddenly asked when the 3 of them were sitting on the grass under the shade of an oak tree, enjoying recess.

"Huh?" James, who was lying down, asked looking at his friend through an open eye.

"How did we become friends? I mean, you didn't like me because I was poor, right? And that hasn't changed, now, did it? Was it because I saved you?"

"Well, yeah, beca..."

"No, it's not because you aren't poor anymore, nor because you saved us." Robert spoke out flipping through a sports magazine.

"It isn't?" James sat up looking baffled.

"No," Robert replied and looked up from the pages. "Well, the last one has something to do with it, I guess..."

"Then what?" Thomas asked, looking for an explanation. The bell rang and the students started making their way to their respective classes.

"It's because," Robert started standing up and looking at his friend. "We got to know the real you."

## Pilgrimage

*(Ioana Mihaela Vancea, Romania, 17 years)*

Steps that lead to a monastery. These are tired steps that stop in a village you wouldn't have known if it weren't for your grandmother's house. You saw around ten persons beside yourself that entered her home, where they were invited to spend the night. You looked at their faces, and this year, they were not the faces of strangers, but of dear old friends. At first, their mere presence in the small and crowded home of the woman standing next to you, made you too embarrassed to even laugh with them.

They arrived at eight in the evening, but they stood up talking to you until the clock chimed midnight. These are people that told you their stories, the people for whom you cried in the past years and whom you were so eager to meet this year. In just one day, they walked one hundred and twenty miles and they had a distance just as long to walk the next day. You knew their path and goal very well, you saw it so many times through the windows of the bus. When they will wake up a few hours later to go on that path, together with other people sleeping in other neighbouring homes, you will not feel bad. You will be glad because you'll know that you'll see them again... over there, in the place hidden by the hills, where people go to forget, where people are happy and they love each other. That's why you have been doing this for six years now.

Early morning at 3 am, when the pilgrims take the road, has a different flavour than the late morning when you usually get out of bed. The luggage containing blankets, nylons and basil have been ready since last night. So after you wake up, the only thing left to be placed in your small backpack are your grandmother's tasty pies, baked especially for the fasting period. A few hours later, you and your grandmother are both at the bus stop. It's raining. One time in the past years, the woman standing beside you almost changed her mind because of the weather... But now she is just smiling at you under her old umbrella. She knows nothing could hold you back today. The closer you get, the more people you see walking, carrying luggage, all of them heading for the same place, close to the sky, that you are. The bus has never taken you all the way up. You know that cars cannot carry you to heaven.

Now there are hundreds of people around you. You are a part of the crowd entering the wooden gate beside which eternity lays. It is actually a small and old monastery and yet the hills are filled with people now on their knees. You work your way through, place your blanket on the damp ground, and watch.

At night, you listen to their every song as their souls' laments vanish in the flickering of the candles. You weep a pure crying. It is a beautiful night. You are not even cold, how could you be, when you are surrounded by thousands of people longing for love, for God's love and for thy neighbour. You begin to fall asleep, cuddled in the voice of the people singing the song you are now mumbling. In the morning, the same voices, together with nun choirs, wake you up. You are asked to join the ones who want to return on foot and you accept. While listening to the sound of prayer, you join them for the walk around the wooden church behind the monastery. Everything is different when you don't look at it from inside a bus anymore. Everyone is so kind!

You meet different people when you enter different villages. People who are waiting by trucks filled with food. You do not understand it. They are offering you that food and the priest that accompanies them is giving you his blessing. You eat on the grass, together with the others, while the locals are beaming at the crowd. They are happy you are eating the food they made.

You didn't know there were human beings that are so giving. "They are not always like this, but special days such as this one remind them that they are humans living among humans".

No longer hungry, you and the others gather again and continue your walk, singing in every village on your path. When they see you, the cars stop and wait patiently, nobody minds your role in the small traffic jam. You almost feel their regret that they are not walking beside you.

It soon gets dusk and you need to arrive at your grandmother's place (which you know is waiting for you with a warm meal and a soft bed) but until you do, you still have to go through another village and a city. You haven't been through any cities yet, as everybody wanted to avoid crowded places. Before entering it, though, some of the people stopped at a terrace. Their feet hurt and yours did too, except that you didn't have their blisters; they had been walking for longer. They were sore and thirsty and you were neither, so you continued your path together with some older women. The others are farther and farther behind and you decide to sit down on the warm and soft grass, in front of a wooden gate. More stories are shared.

You notice you are being watched through some cracks in the gate. From inside the yard, somebody suddenly appears. He looks at everybody and then starts handing each of you glasses which he fills with fresh water from the fountain. It's like you are somebody else. You feel renewed. You are drinking from a glass which is not yours a water that flows down the very same river from which you always drink at your grandmother's. You feel filled with happiness...

When the others caught up with you, you get on your way again. You start singing and you can see somebody on each balcony watching you. They do not laugh at you, no one is. You feel surrounded by love.

In the last village, a meal is prepared for you. The Romanian traditional "sarmale" have never seemed tastier than they did that night.

You walk the last miles feeling a little sad. You want more... You don't know for sure why you chose to walk all the way back. You ask them that question...

"Because those at home need us each year to walk all the way to Nicula. They need us to do that for them."

## **The Baltica**

*(Patrycja Rychlewicz, Poland, 17 years)*

The chilly winter Saturday was about to end. The pink bright lights of the dusk were intensifying over the horizon lines as the sun was setting. It was a promising another night with record freezing temperatures to rule until dawn...

The river bank was nearly deserted. Even the most adventurous skaters gave up the joy of winter games returning home with their sleighs or carefully walking across the thick ice cakes which occasionally cracked, ominously reminding of the danger.

A dog with its master unwillingly followed a group of cheerful kids who were talking about their bravery while jumping from one ice piece to another. None of them showed any respect to the river so unpredictable at this time of year.

All of sudden the master bent down to pick up a twig. As ever he spat over it, raised over the head and with a loud shout "Fetch!" threw it back towards the river. It landed among the piled bits of ice, quite a long way away from the bank. The dog had always been fast retrieving the things even hidden deep in the snow. So was it this time.

As the mighty thrust made the target land far enough for the dog to chase and sniff it under a layer of snow, the animal decided to do a long and desperate jump.

With a sense of triumph the body landed heavily right next to the piece of wood. Just at

that second the air was filled with a loud series of crackles. One slight move was enough to discover that I had rested on two different ice surfaces with a widening chasm between. Dark water lazily flowing underneath was the last thing to get into. B min(jtb nijje Pulling my legs pretty clumsily I managed to drag the body onto the same piece of ice with my target. The master's whistle urged me. He expected me to prove I had no intention to disappoint him or delay our walk home. But how? Huge pieces of ice, pushed the smaller ones blocking the narrow passage to the shore. My body was drifting farther and farther away on quite a vast icy surface heading towards the main current of the Vistula.

It was time to go back, yet the distance to the shore had doubled by then. The people, houses, cars were getting smaller and smaller. My landing place was floating faster with the pace of the increasing current. Like the darkness of the night, the merciless freezing cold was overwhelming. No man, no sound but the whisper of the water. I coiled the body into a ball to keep as warm as possible. Nothing disturbed the silence until early morning.

Then, in the daylight I saw a bridge and a few human figures walking over it. They must have noticed me. While they were shouting something to each other or on the phones, I had a feeling the drifting pace almost came to a halt. Soon it became clear. The extremely low night temperatures and the multitude of ice turned the river waters into pyramids of ice. They were the highest round the bridge pylons. The ice seemed thickest at the bottom of one such pile. I tried to climb over it to get out of the icy trap. In vain. My body slipped. Trying hard to cling to the rough parts I hurt the sore paws. They were bleeding leaving brownish spots here and there. Licking them helped to ease the pain.

The rescue efforts resulted with pushing my ice cake away. I was floating on again. By mid-day I saw another city ashore. The church bells reached my ears. Later on, I guessed most people must have been enjoying their mealtime. The smell of smoke coming out from the chimneys of the cottages along the river banks reminded me of hunger. Very intense hunger.

Another night of cold, silence and hunger.

Another day-just like the twin of the night.

No chance for survival. The scenery on both sides showed that the river had gained in its width and depth. It was another snowy day, so the previous hardly visible horizon line ahead became grey, blue and nearly limitless. The view was strikingly altered with no houses, no vehicles, no men which might only indicate, I was lost forever.

Once in my lifetime I had swum in a place like that. It was the holiday time when we were at the seaside with the whole family. Then, the days were so warm that everybody dreamt of eating ice creams three times of day. Not now. I was at the open sea. Now, with the plenty of ice around a warm meal and a warm burrow were the only desire to have. Instead, the wind got stronger. It had blown since midnight cutting through my bones like a knife. My body was slower and weaker. I felt like in a nightmare-unable to move, give a sound.

It was early afternoon, most probably a working day, when my eyes spotted a dark object. It was moving. It looked like a long thin bone. It was moving alone, so I stood up shivering all over from cold and excitement. If it came closer, the stomach might satisfy the four days' emptiness. Yet, the object changed its course. I was losing hope. For some time it seemed immovable. I closed my eyes not to see them disappearing for ever. The wind changed. I opened my eyes. To my surprise, the position of the sailing ship let me expect a better turn. It was heading towards me, so its picture got thinner, thought it was gradually becoming larger until, to my amazement, I could hear human voices on board.

The closer it approached the louder the commotion I witnessed. When it came near enough I could recognize human male and female figures. One man looked as if a leader giving orders what to do. At last, when they were a few meters away they dropped a large

net. It was to take me into. Unfortunately, the waves caused by the sailing ship grew higher, so the operation failed. Instead, I lost my balance and slipped off the swaying ice into the chilly chasm filled with salty water. The ice drifted away. I was lost in the unbearable substance that made my body ache all over. The whole organism was beginning to feel numb. The sight of the ship was slowly disappearing. I was drowning. The last glimpse of its port side with big letters in the shape of its name was the last image I managed to spot. Soon, with the last instinctive effort my limbs got clung to a solid looking piece of ice. Even the teeth bit into it. Every inch of the tired though restless body was fighting for life.

A single yelp sounded as the animal crept over the ice surface one more time.

Another attempt to save the poor thing followed soon... This time they lowered a boat with a crewman. The man fought against the waves and ice rocks. His weather bitten face looked determined but friendly. The waves splashing at the boat sprinkled him with the bits that immediately changed water drops into snowflakes. After all, the temperature at that moment dropped to nearly  $-25^{\circ}\text{C}$ . The boat floor was by no means safe. The man reached out for the staggering half frozen, yet still alive creature. His firm grip lifted the animal. The boat tilted. The man nearly knelt down but kept holding the animal with all his will and power. He pulled the frightened treasure until they both landed at the bottom of the boat.

The swaying ceased. The crewman and the survivor were returning to the mother ship. Whether the shouts or laughter on board, all were mixed with enthusiasm.

A while later the boat was lifted. Some pairs of hands covered the chilled body with a soft woolen blanket. Another pair of strong arms carried the survivor to a warm place. A bowl of warm meal so much dreamt of was a natural consequence.

Surrounded by a group of chatting crew members and researchers, the dog felt nothing but relief. He had no way of expressing gratitude but licking each hand that touched him. He will have been a crew member of the *BALTICA* and named after it.

P. S.

The story has been inspired by true events which took place at the beginning of January 2010 and involved a research ship the *Baltica* with researchers from the Meteorological Institut in Poland. They saved an unknown dog and decided to keep it, because nobody convincingly claimed the ownership.

## 5<sup>th</sup> category

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### **One for All, All for One**

*(Paulina Opiełka, Poland, 18 years)*

My Dearest Love,

I've been heading for you for three days now with humanitarian convoy, but there are road-blocks and detours everywhere. I thought they don't concern us – still we're carrying those blue-white symbols, yet those, who travel for almost a week say that everything changes with time. Whereas those who had been here before we came say that it's all going to end up soon and eventually we will move forward again in the very same direction we traveled before. They also mentioned that if I'm coming to you then I'll definitely be terribly late and we

will lack time to talk, especially about the travel. Luckily I took some paper and a pencil with me, at least in this way I'll be able to tell you everything. There are many people writing like this here. They sit cuddled up to crushing walls and whisk away the plaster from their arms every time the building trembles convulsively, shaken by the explosion outside. Soldiers from the division continue to ask about cigarettes, we are here for three days after all and there haven't been any supply yet. There's not many of us. From our shelter, a building where there used to be a post office, only a ground floor is left, it's walls perforated by gunshots like a sieve – in the mornig, when the sun of Sudan wakes up it falls down through those holes and explodes on the floor with thousands of rays, like that grass which you fancied so much on the photos, which you absolutely needed to immerse into. Now, sitting in my corner, writting this letter to you, I can see a similar hole, just above my head. I used to glimpse through it just to see the dust, dirt and the ruins outside, yet suddenly the plaster splattered into my face when they started to shoot from the outside, so I gave up glimpsing. Everybody is writing. We do not know when we can set off again after that accident on the road to Darfur, when suddenly, around us, mushrooms likewise grow plums of smoke, the ground started to pile up and roar, the air crashed with the series of shots and we had to run as fast as we could. Now nobody truly knows where we are. The superior officer asked for help through the radio, nobody answered. I'm trying to understand what made you come here, you know, after that conversation of ours, when you slammed the door and TV was broadcasting pictures from Sudan, showing children running after the cisterns transporting water deep into the south of the country.

An American from Operation Lifeline Sudan sits down with me, gives me an orange and we talk for a while about you. Everyone here knows you. They say, for instance, that when there was a bomb planted beneath the hospital and the area where Liberation Army soldiers were laid blew into the air, you were the first one to go there, with bandages and morphine, and a shovel to dig through the debris. Later you carried a woman away from there, everybody thought she must have been dead, because it all happened later, three days after the explosion, when even the ashes managed to fade. Yet you didn't stop searching. The American rests comfortably against the wall, wipes her orange-juice-sticky fingers on her pants and tells me, how you didn't even close your eyes for those three days, asking for coffe only, which is so hard to get in Sudan but humanitarian aid workes always had a plenty of it; you didn't sleep though, standing by the operating table, on which, as on the conveyor in a factory moved new and new people. She also says about you running to the camp, when new refugees approached in the same exact time when rebels again started shooting. For a while we remain silent. She cannot say how many human lives you saved. There are no words for the things impossible to be said.

It's getting dark, only the last bulb is wobbling underneath the ceiling, emitting ugly, yellow light. One more time we hear a bang from the outside, then everything's quiet again. They haven't fired for a while and some of us begin to hope that it all may end up soon. Whispers begin then, everyone would like to be there with you at last. But we do not know whether the city is still unharmed, whether there is anywhere to go and how much time the roads and detours will take. The officer who leads the convoy stares through the hole in the wall, huge as that picture in our house, you know, the one with flowers. He gives us a sign and we all remain silent. Finally I understand why, when I as well begin to hear the roar of the engines outside. So I'll write down quickly that I do not fear now and do not regret coming here after you. I wish you knew though, that I wanted you to be here with me. And I wish you hadn't come here then.

Forgive me this long interval. I left that empty line to underpin that I haven't written for a while. I could have hidden it, but you see, I always wanted to be sincere with you. We were

taken to the nearest military base and now we are again heading for you with humanitarian convoy. I'm sitting on the back of the vehicle, next to me a French ingeneer; from time to time he puts his face to the bulletproof glass and says what a wonderful world could be rebuilt here. Then he stares at me with this odd, curious look and asks how long we had been hiding within those ruins. Three days I say, before with the roar of the engines and the flash of light we were found by soldiers. Yet now we are again coming to you, a huge convoy of medics, builders and volunteers from all around the world. He dries up, therefore I have the occasion to pull out my pencil and paper and write to you at last.

Driver told me about the refugee camp you set up, that only three months ago there was nothing but the desert, wind and sand. He said you had knelt there on the ground, the sand pouring through your fingers. And how you finally said that in that place everything would start. How you put up the tents, whereas Sudan men, who just few days before had known no life but the crime, were digging the ground in search of water. The water has always lacked in Sudan, I know, you told me that some day, obviously the very day you decided to come here and I was not ready to understand your reasons. He tells me lately, how from the whole South the men came, how the camp grew, how it started to give new lives to those, for whom the war only a minute before seemed to be the end of everything. Apparently you even wanted to set up a school there, you sent letters to Europe, yet nobody ever answered. Then he asks me who I am wriring to. When I reply he smiles sadly and tells me about that memorable day, when a huge column of refugees came to the camp, which you had to take care of and about the militiamen who suddenly appeared from nowhere, like the ghosts of the desert. The path to the camp led through the city, along the narrow, destroyed road. They cut off both of its endings, barricaded you there. And then they started shooting. You save a young Sudan girl then. You covered here with your own body.

It is dark when we finally arrive. I can see from the distance the lights of the city and the groundsheets of tents. Tens, hundrets, maybe even more. The vehicles are moving all around, and from the clocktower an enormous searchlight casts the rays of light on the camp. Ten days have passed since we left Chartum. In a minute we'll stop and everything will suddenly get moving. We will unload the packs and water and I'll grasp my medical bag and go there, where you recently were on duty. The driver reminds us to be careful, as the militias still immerse here. They throw me a bulletproof vest – it's high time to end this letter.

Wherever you are now I need you to know that I am proud that I've followed in your footsteps. I took a candle and artificial flowers with me; they say that there, in that narrow road, the very same you run through to the refugees on that memorable day when suddenly militias started shooting, they put you a cross. They also promised to introduce me to that young girl, you know, that one you saved. Apparently she's well and often brings you fresh flowers. I'll leave you that letter there, for sure that is the place where you'll wait for me. It's not a talk I've been longing for but still – better than nothing. I wish you knew that your sacrifice didn't go dawn the drain. If you sometimes look down from the above, you'll see how many have come: Greeks, French, German. Myself. There is that one common purpose we share – we want to continue your work. Bear witness to the life which has saved so many. Contribute to your idea and show that where there is one for all, there are always all for one.

## A rally

*(Albertas Dvirnas, Lithuania, 19 years)*

It's a time when your legs are shaky, your voice uncertain, your motivation gone. Ignas was due to begin his speech in a couple of minutes. He had started a rally, he had gathered the

mass. He had to keep it all together. It was all for a reason. Ignas wanted to become the next President of Lithuania.

He looked at his notes: "Something about last president, something about his opponents, something about what he had planned to do...". It was almost a written speech, yet it seemed to Ignas only like scraps of paper, flashing, fading in, fading out. After struggling a bit with his notes, Ignas gave up and closed his eyes. It was about to start.

"Let's welcome the one and only Ignas Matulėnas, our presidential candidate!". The first speaker introduced Ignas. The crowd roared with excitement.

"Concentration, concentration, concentration" – was the only thing Ignas thought about when he went up on stage, waving his hand, trying to smile. Then, as he shook hands with the first speaker, he pondered: "Will he have to do it all on his own, or will others actually help him?".

"Ladies and gentlemen, fellow citizens, friends and neighbours" – Ignas opened with words repeated often. "I remember how my colleague in United States, Barack Obama, used to say: "Yes, we can". We all have seen how it backfired: no he could not. Yet I have hope that we could. We could bring this nation to prosperity. We just have to stand together, not alone." Ignas stopped for a moment to hear a positive reply from the crowd. They agreed.

"I am willing to sacrifice my time to help our legislators abandon foolish laws, and to make a better ones, even a better constitution, if only we need one. This is my main goal. We just have to work together. So many of us haven't even read the constitution, and almost none participated in creating it. I could never live with myself, knowing that I represent what does not wanted to be represented or even don't know if they want to be represented" Again, Ignas took a deep breath and listened to the applause.

"Our last President, Dalia Grybauskaitė, tried to help our country. Yet she tried only to get us out of economic crisis, and not much more. She was active, persistent, but I don't think that Dalia had the courage. Courage not to settle in the system, but to be the system. A lot of people forget that the law that fails us, the law that leaves poverty in the streets is human-made, and should be corrected if necessary. This, indeed, is my main goal."

"My opponents, Virgilijus Sirvydis in particular, share my views, but they do not want to experiment. Actually, they think me a socialist, and I say it does not matter how any of us are called. Our work matters. It matters how we fight poverty and the reasons why it exists. It matters how we deal with refugees, immigrants and other new people that flee to our country. Lithuania could be an example. I hope that it will be. It will be difficult for me to say yes to the lives of every one of you, but it will be much easier if you say yes to me."

It was not a long speech, but the crowd enjoyed it. How many there were, one does not know, how many were influenced one could not say. It was something, it was a good material. Ignas forgot all his nervousness and worries that he had before. "It might really work" – he thought.

Later, during a press conference, one journalist from "Respublika" asked him: "What did you mean by saying you'd better make new laws? Would you ban vehicles if it gave benefit?". Ignas answered: "It would be difficult, but the idea is worth thinking about. Actually, I would not run for president, if I knew I wouldn't have a chance to think about such ideas."

The people had to decide if they wanted to vote Ignas, if they wanted to stand by him. A lot of excitement was promised, the momentum gained. When the vote time came, so many people had buttons with Lithuanian words "Balsuok už drąsą" (Vote for courage). It was, after all, what enabled Ignas to take the next step towards the stage, toward the presidency, towards change. Courage that every one of us needs. And may get. If one tries. Or remembers, that one has support. Of all. For all. Forever.

## 📖 One for All, All for One

*(Dmitry Malih, Latvia, 18 years)*

Thinking about these beautiful words I would like to say that they are so complicated for us. Let us think about these words not with our brain, but with our heart, because I am sure that when we believe in these words with our heart, only then words may come true. Maybe it is too sentimental and emotional to think so, but what connects people? Our belief, our love and feelings chain us together. But not with steel heavy chains, with chains that are the strongest in this world. It is a connected chain of people's attitudes that strengthens us together, with what we can surely say: "We are all for one!" and "I am one for all!"

We live in a hard time for all, but hard time is only a reason for these words to become more actual. There were wars, huge economical problems, all kinds of disaster, but people's attitude to each other was and always will be. History has shown us that only when people get together, they can change the world. Sometimes I see too much indifference in people's eyes about things that happen around, about other people's destiny – it is like: "I do not care, after me even the flood." Some people are like wheelbarrows-always needing to be pushed. Martin Luther King said once: "Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter". I believe that through the eyes goes a tunnel to people's soul. When I see these empty eyes I become sad. It seems like their soul is in a deep sleep and does not understand the importance of these simple words: "One for all, All for one". But I believe that we can awake these people because I know that when just one stands up for all, then all will understand there is somebody that cares and they all will stand for this one, too. This one is like the morning sun, that gives us inspiration, that awakes and opens half-closed eyes. Maybe someone thinks that there is a fear or danger that will stop others. But I can reassure those, because there is no such fear or control that can break the chain, that can stop this powerful flow of people's belief. Yes, there are situations when people are quiet, but this is not a fear, it is some kind of misunderstanding, when people are lied by someone, when with lies this "someone" disperses people. But lies are only lies, the truth is much more powerful, it will always win. Earlier or later at the top of the mountain will be only one thing- the thing that is real. Illusions like lies will just disappear because they are unreal.

Why are these words so important? Sometimes because of our indifference. In crowded places we see left and lonely people who suffer a lot. I ask myself- how could it be? Millions of people are left alone. They are left without help, without any mercy. And those who do not care but just sit in their corner and do nothing or those who go up by other heads and live in prosperit. "Do not forget about people on the way up, because you will meet them on the way down". This is horrible because they can help, but they do not want... It is not the world that is cruel but we make it cruel if we live just to survive. "Our aim is to raise awareness and make poverty history"-said Bob Geldof. A real problem is when people do everything but just for themselves and nothing for others. This is a dark way. For me it is better to cut my heart than to live with a stone in me. When we do not help anyone we slowly kill ourselves inside. Laziness, fear, or anything else that stops people from standing up for someone. Firstly, we must fight inside and defeat this beast of disability. Helping someone I am helping myself, so when I stand for all or even for one I also help and support myself. If I ask someone what is more dangerous – the injury of the body or the loss of the soul. I am sure about the answer. The answer will be the loss of the soul because the body can be restored, but the soul cannot, especially if we hurt it and if it is injured really hard. That is why I am sure that fighting inside is worth doing.

Taking myself under control I will be ready for good deeds. I will be independent and free. Standing for one lost man or for five it does not matter. With somebody else or even alone I will stream to help all. I will be one for all. Some people will argue with me and tell that helping

everyone is impossible! But I do not agree with that. Yes, alone I cannot do everything, but I will not be alone. The more people I help – the more people stand up. One for all, All for one means that there really is One who is for all. It is the first seed for the tree of life. Everyone can be the first seed, everyone who feels the strength, who understands the importance. I try to say that these are not only words. Lots of people are just sleeping and there is a reason to try to wake them up. Others will say it is too hard or let someone else make changes. But it is our life, we live now and who else will change the world if not people who live in it.” We live very close together. So, our prime purpose in this life is to help others. And if you cannot help them, at least do not hurt them.” Dalai Lama.

If the world is cruel- make it better. If it is boring- make it more exciting. If you want to help someone – do it now but do not put off till tomorrow or it will be too late. Stand for yourself, support your family and friends and they will stand for you! Be the one that is for all and you will probably see those who will be near you. I am not just saying that but I totally believe in it. I am telling the words that are the real truth for me and I hope these words will become the truth for others. Let us believe in One for all and be all for one.

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## The choice of the Czech valued texts

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### 📖 Insidious Lake

*(Jakub Vondrouš – 1<sup>st</sup> category)*

It was a beautiful sunny day. I was rushing to meet my sister in the nursery school, where she works. It was thawing but there were several fans trying to skate on the lake. On the ice, more likely in the water, there was some jostling. Children were skating about and they were having fun.

Suddenly cracking of the ice, disconsolate shout and there were only waving hands above the water. Someone became a victim of the jostling. He sank into the water. All of us grew stiff. It seemed like the voice of Jacob, my friend. I was totally horrified.

On the shore there were branches from broken trees lying about. I grabbed a long one and slowly moved up towards scared Jacob. The nearer the hole I was, the more I was afraid. I was pushing three metres long stick by myself and other children were holding it at the end. The branch was at the hole. Jacob caught it and me with the other children drew him out of the water. Then he knelt towards us.

He was wet, suffering from the cold, his teeth were rattling, so he could not speak. The water was splashing down off him. He started to cry. I took off my jacket and put it on him instead his drenched one. I did not care that I would be cold. Jacob took off his skates and put on his shoes standing nearby.

Then we ran to Jenny to nursery school. There everything was all right. Teachers gave Jacob dry clothes. I was holding him around his neck and warming him. I slowly realized that he could drown and also I could fall in with him.

Whenever we go past the lake we remember this unpleasant incident.

### **📖 One for All, All for One**

*(Sebastian Macháček – 1<sup>st</sup> category)*

Not only musketeers, but also good friends should follow this slogan. Because when friends pull the rope together, it is better than nothing.

Now I am going to tell you a story, which happened to me.

With my friends we decided to go and take a look at a deer-stand that was in the middle of a field.

At the time it didn't occur to us, that the field would be pretty muddy after the thaw...

After about five meters we couldn't move any further. Our legs were stuck up to our calves in sticky mud.

My friend left his shoes in the field. We helped him to get them, but they were full of mud, so he had to proceed barefooted. We felt like if we had ten kilograms of mud on each foot. Together we helped to get our bicycles out of the field. When we got to the road, we looked like three "muddy men". In accordance with that we were welcomed when we got home.

I was glad, that my friends were there with me. If I was there alone, I would be staying there till today, waiting for the sun to dry the field.

### **📖 One for All, All for One**

*(Marek Rauer – 1<sup>st</sup> category)*

I will be twelve years old this summer and till now I have been living with the supposition, that nothing bad can happen to me and that I am safe.

When I think back, I realise, that some disasters happened in the past; dimly I recall some mentions of tsunamis. But I didn't really perceive it, it was none of my business.

The worse was my awakening.

The news about the earthquake on Haiti has shaken me deeply. I realized that exactly at this time, when I don't miss anything, there are many injured people lying in the ruins, crying for help and wishfully thinking of rescue.

And the people who have lost everything they had aren't doing any better. They are hurt or they have lost someone close.

I was interested in every piece of information about the ways to help the people of Haiti. I was happy to hear about the people rescued from the ruins alive.

But I felt desperate at the same time, because I could not help. So we sent them, with my parents, some money, at least.

The hardship of the people had shaken me deeply, but I was pleasantly surprised by the enormous solidarity of the people from around the World at the same time.

The people are being indifferent and even mean to other people nowadays, but yet in such misery they can find the way to each other.

It is perfect, that people help each other, just like the famous musketeers: "One for all, all for one".

### **📖 One for All, All for One**

*(Tereza Štěpánová – 2<sup>nd</sup> category)*

My name is Thomas Sharp. I was born in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, precisely on the 12<sup>th</sup> July 1871. I studied successfully at University and I began looking for a "suitable" job, if you know what

I mean. I was honestly searching a post where a man would get more in the form of a pay list rather than losing his humble physical power. When I had successfully, maybe for the fifth time, spent a night at the creaking dining table over the enormous pile of newspaper, in which I was in vain trying to find a post of this sort, a loud doorbell rang connected with clash of a wood. This remarkable tangle of noises, often backed with groaning, made me even more cross in the morning. I used to hear it more often than the other orderly tenants of Mrs Nimble. This oak club banging on my door was hers. She hold the opinion that for every little thing, either a week's accumulated post or a particle of dust on the window sill, a head of the offender should be executed. Therefore this lively elderly lady decided, from the pure goodness of her heart, to retrieve these errors.

"Mr Thomas, I am bringing your post. Can you open the door, please?"

"I am coming, hold on!" I answered with a loud yawn and crept slowly to the main door.

"You have a post!" She sputters at me as quickly as a flash, which made me blink in a surprise.

"Me? Really? Who might be writing to me?" I was attempting to joke.

"Come on, here you are. And do something about these dirty shoes here." She left with a haughty grace.

The envelope with two stamps felt hard on touch. I tore it open. I read quickly the starting phrases and surprising expressions of sympathy. I shook my head to clear my thoughts and resumed reading I sat heavily to the chair with a loud sigh. My wealthy uncle, who was always threatening to leave me in his will only the set of cutlery which I – as a boy – stuffed into the water pipe blocking a source of drinking water for a week, has a stroke and passed away yesterday. And I have to admit – he had left me something. The word "something" really sounds offensive if you consider its value. I inherited half of his fortune, though without his mansion. However, enough for living decently.

"I am rich, I am a rich man!" I was jumping happily around the room. I can buy whatever I want. A new house, a couple of tuxedos and a membership in a club. I looked out of the windows and tried to order my thoughts. I looked at all that misery. Dirty and hungry children in torn clothes, beggars pleading for a piece of bread, everywhere around just misery and despair. Why should I – living here in this flat and not on the street – want something more? I am here at home; I do not really miss anything. I have put up with my unsuccessful career of lonely unlucky fellow. I am going to find a job, meet a girl, fall in love and marry her. After all, that's the way life goes. The only thing that my landlady was not able to fulfil. I have made my mind. I will give the money to the only orphanage in our town and continue living my unfortunate life. And I did it this way. I have to confess that at least according to the curators of the orphanage they were feeling greatly obliged. Politely I refused all the offers to make my name public and I vanished as quickly as I could. Well, what might my uncle have said to this? I must stop thinking like that.

It didn't take long and there was another knock on the door tempting my patience. There were two well-built men in black suits carrying bags of the same colour. Their gaze at me prompted their hesitance of being on a wrong address.

"Good morning, I am Miss Smallt's solicitor. It might be a surprise to you, but Miss Smallt proved to be the only heiress of the entire uncle's property. Because she claims her rights after the fulfilment of the will and supplied us with all the evidence of her family tree, she is expecting to see you at the Court on the 23 January. All the other relevant information is here "he handed me over a yellow envelope" I wish you a nice day"

They left me standing in the corridor with my eyes wide open. What troubles have I got into? I have no money and I haven't even got a chance to get it back. I wanted to go after them,

scream and vindicate my innocence. Instead, I sat heavily to my armchair and ponder my mind. What shall I do? To run away as a fugitive or to keep my head cool and start negotiating?

The following day I directed my steps to the place I had seen my money for the last time. They couldn't help me; the money had been already used on the reconstruction of the orphanage. My unfortunate situation spread quickly through the town. The people organized a public sale of spare things found in their households. Even Mrs Nimble announce me with a shy glance how gladly she would love to help me. I wouldn't have to pay the rent for a half year. This way I was treated by other people as well, they offered me a helping hand, a job in their factory. I even got a marriage proposal with a decent dower. I also got a pride of place in the town council. The bizarre situation connected us. For the gained money I hired a good solicitor. I am not sure how this is going to end but I hope for a happy end. Anyway, keep your fingers crossed for me.

Yours Thomas Sharp

### 📧 **Subject: Curriculum vitae**

*(Kateřina Chybová – 3<sup>rd</sup> category)*

*Dear future employer... No, I don't like it, it sounds too obtrusively. I must try another way. So... Dear potential employer? No, neither, it again seems as if I consider him one of possibilities to choose later from. I'll try to think up something. Dear... However, can I actually address "Dear" somebody on such a high position? But what else should I use? Sweet? No way, everybody has to admit it. Beloved? This is even less suitable. So I have probably no other possibility than that "Dear". But "Dear" WHAT??? I don't like employer. Personnel manager? Hardly. When I think about it, can brain have actually the personnel manager? Rather not. Well, third time lucky. Dear brain... haw-haw, it sounds comical. So, brain neither. But how to solve it? I don't know? I'll try to write and maybe something will cross my mind. Dear... hem... right, no idea. Well, I'll leave the addressing for later and finally move on.*

Dear \_\_\_, I heard about Your interest in admitting white corpuscle with experience in a branch to the post of the chief of defensive strengths of some human organism. There fore I'm sending You my CV. In case interest, please contact me on the above mentioned address of the sender. *Well, it could suffice as an introduction, now I should come to the actual information about myself... However, now it strikes me, how does actually a CV look like? No idea, but no other white corpuscle will probably help me, I haven't heard about some, which has ever written a CV. Not mentioning red corpuscles, they wouldn't generally be capable of doing something like writing a CV, they, after all, don't even have a nucleus! It seems that I'll have to improvise. Maybe I'll capture the right wording. OK...*

*My name is leukocyte no. 97,563. This is altogether sizeable owning to see fait that we are 33 trillions and 300 billions in the body at the moment. After all, this position isn't free. Specifically I'm neutrophil granulocyte with a long-term experience in phagocytosis. I guess that I'm in about a half of my existence, so I'd like to achieve a higher post, especially if somebody like You would employed me.*

Shortly after my origin I had to face a raid of bacteria from genus Borrelia. Really copy-book action followed. Almost immediately after pervasion of bacteria into the human body the alarm was activated, an immediate mobilization and an initiation of a fierce fight followed. All corpuscles fought with a literally admirable determination and they didn't retreat to bacteria even a picometer. They didn't hesitate to swoop on a superiority together and almost always they defeated the bacteria. In this conflict I kept back and paid attention to the

right fight technique. However, suddenly a bacterium, which escaped to a hawk-eyed other corpuscles, appeared behind me. It was a close shave, after all I was relatively young, but fortunately other corpuscles noticed me and helped me to defeat the bacterium. That time my new conviction arose: better is "fall for a homeland", that time specifically for a vessel in a left human little toe, than admit to these invaders to gain control of our home named human body. I also realized how lucky I was when other corpuscles occurred close to me and they didn't hesitate to come help.

About three raids later I was promoted for bravery. However, one day I got too close to individuals of an intestinal microflora and by mistake I absorbed a bacterium from genus *Clostridium*. When I realized my mistake, it was too late, phagocytosis was in full swing and I hadn't thought yet of a principle of a reverse running. As a punishment I was demoted and my existence was shortened artificially by three minutes. Since then I have wrestled with rather less dangerous types of bacteria. As for an education: For some time I acted near the legendary corpuscle no. 480 and I picked up much from her. Under her supervision I improved my technique of phagocytosis and in absorbing bacteria from genus *Listeria* I'm even better.

I dare to state that my communication abilities are on really high level. I speak fluently dialects of all types of white corpuscles, attend often discussions of red corpuscles and I think that although they aren't endowed with cellular nucleus, they are very intelligent and they realize fully the importance of their mission: to provide organs with oxygen and rid them of gasses arising by their activity. I also tried to start a conversation with blood platelets. Their communication qualities are, however, just sporadic, so my recurrent attempt to a conversation failed. *When I'm remembering how I wanted to talk to those cavemen, I feel horrified. I haven't seen anything so stupid. Regarding the fact that they live almost as long time as us, their intelligence is literally rudimentary. No kidding, they are interested only in possibility to tie a collagen together and with others similar to themselves stop the bleeding. When they don't succeed, their specialized psychoanalytic has both hands full of work with them. I don't claim that their role isn't interesting, really not, but anyway, they could be at least a little more intelligent. Well, where did I finish? Oh, I know.* Among my hobbies there are practicing phagocytosis, debating with other blood bodies, passing through intercellular space (diapedesis) and gaining new information about our principal enemies.

*If you... now I've realized... how could I go over under the control of another brain, when a human body has only one? So, what should that advertisement hanging on a notice-board near macrophages' bedrooms mean? Who would want me to... Oh, just you wait, macrophage no.9, 127! I will absorb you!* (an author's note: a sentence: "I'll absorb you" is clearly the worst possible abuse and it often opens a blood revenge, which drags on for several generations) *You primitive! The fact, that you're better in phagocytosis doesn't mean that you can make fun of me! And it, at all, doesn't mean that I'm not able to annihilate you forever!!!*

•••(description of following events was owing to the brutality cleared away by censorship)•••

## Many hands make light work

(Kristýna Měchurová – 3<sup>rd</sup> category)

He was running through a savannah, fierce air was whistling round his bearded face and playing with his unwashed tangled hair. His bare feet were stabbed by stones; his naked body was whipped by bushes. He didn't thought of his physical discomfort. His stomach was the only thing which interested him. And the stomach was empty. So plaintively empty. He hadn't eaten anything for the whole week, and when he had seen a herd of cattle in a distance, he

had furiously started to run even if he hadn't had any idea how to hunt a cow. While running he took his spear hanging by his waist and roaring he pounced at the nearest cow. The cow only blinked and stepped aside. He flew near the cow and hit something hairy, unwashed and stinky. He blinked unbelievably. Mirrors would be invented by many centuries later, so what on earth was this? The creature opposite to him was rubbing its head and holding its stomach. With gestures it tried to say: "My stomach – empty – for so long time – the cow – I want the cow – in my stomach." "Hum. So he wanted the same thing like me", he thought. "Well, we could band together, one of us could outrun the cow, and another could hunt it. It would be enough to feed us both for today."

With his stomach full, satisfied, stuffed with food, he returned to his cave. "It was quite good", he thought. "Being two we hunted the animal faster than each of us could do alone. Maybe the funny chap would help me the next day to find water and I could remove bugs out of his hair as a reward." And this was running through his head, while he was drawing with a charred stick on the wall of his cave his experience of that day – two tiny people hunting a huge animal.

I was looking at the drawing and thinking it over. Today we don't have to band together to satisfy hunger. And thirst? Just turn on the tap. Our two prehistoric friends couldn't have imagined that. However even today it's not good to do alone all the things. I think that it is the reason the mankind is nowadays where it is. Someone lazy didn't want to walk, told it to the others and look! They invented a cart with horses and later a car. The others didn't like illnesses – who could have liked it? – and invented medicine. The medicine we all use being ill. We don't have to die on flu like in past days.

Leaving the cave exhibition I was full of thoughts, which I couldn't get rid of until the evening. About two prehistoric men, who helped each other to hunt a cow and started up the chain of mutual solidarity of people, I was thinking even at bowling where my friends had taken me. "What we could manage as individuals?" I thought throwing the ball on the skittles. Hit! Deep in my thoughts I didn't even notice I had knocked them down all. In that very moment I got a new idea.

People's solidarity, that we can pull one rope together, is good for sure. We can manage more than solitary wolves. However when sometimes things go wrong we are beaten all. For instance in wars, natural disasters or other tragedies. When those we love and care about die, we all break down. Like the skittles. Despite of these things we rather live together taking the risk to fall down together. Our wins brought by our solidarity are bigger than our loss.

## **5 About members of Parliament, who worked, or closely before the elections**

**(Sketch – political satire)**

*(Ondřej Koc – 3<sup>rd</sup> category)*

Surroundings, individuals and events of which this story is about do not have anything in common with the real individuals nor events. If however, it seems to someone that it refers to certain similarities among the story and reality, then the author assures that it is only by pure coincidence.

"What a day!" sighed the politician. "I am so terribly tired; I will go and lie down, Petra!"

"I need to be fit for tomorrow. I am expecting obstructions from the opposition, the investigative commission, amendment proposals, bribery affairs, meeting with the pressure group,

scandalous exposure, pre-election promises, photography with the stylist, media training, smiles for the camera, funny wisecracks, media speculation, skeletons in the wardrobe and who knows what else," sighed and slammed himself into the continental quilt.

But he slept badly. He kept tossing and turning. He had a horrific dream. Quietly, so as not to wake him.

He was in parliament again. There were so many people! He had not seen some of them for a long time. This is one hundred per cent attendance. Everybody is sitting quietly, waiting expectantly, eyes on the stop watches. Nobody is asleep, nobody is reading the newspaper, everyone is listening carefully to the speakers and nodding their heads in agreement.

Impatiently they are expecting other points in the program. Today is going really quick.

The approval of new and much needed laws has begun. Fingers on the voting buttons. Everything is without delay; everyone is for, it is running smoothly. Like if everyone was thinking on behalf of the people, not for their wallets.

Unwanted, unprecedented. Even the wages of parliament members was taken care of, pension reforms finished, health care for all secured, schools the priority again, roads without holes... The effectiveness of work is simply exemplary.

People shake their heads. What is happening? Tabloid newspapers are sacking their editors, they have nothing to print. Investigative journalists are beginning to write about growing crocus behind the window.

In all of this it disappears. The politician is awake with a cold sweat on his forehead.

"Yuk, that was a dream. Such stupidity!"

"Sleep on George, after the elections these bad dreams will be gone," his wife caresses him.

So you can also sleep well on this.

## 📖 **One for all and all for one**

*(Kristýna Boháčová – 4<sup>th</sup> category)*

Dusty roads, juicy fruits, the hot sun and cultivated fields. People who are content with their stereotyped lives. They do not like any change. Everybody has a few animals and some slaves who do their tiring task. Reputable men do not have just one wife. Children often have one father but different mothers. Still nobody takes an offence at anybody, nobody reproaches and nobody wants any change. Customs officers fill their pockets with other people's money, prostitutes change men, beggars lick their wounds at the fringe of society. All of them have accepted their fates and do not hope for the miracle.

The life cycle repeated in the distant country is interrupted by a birth. A tiny baby lying on the hay. A tiny baby who people pay tribute to. Why? Nobody understands anything, and yet they feel almost tangible sanctity of the moment. A little gleam flashes but people quickly smother it in their everyday worries. To earn one's living is so important! The more money you have the better man you are! Have you acquired a honourable post in the synagogue? Good for you! While the child grows in a small town in Galilea, rulers change on the throne. Ambitious or humble, cruel or peaceful. A well-balanced man leaves his home one day and sets out to fulfil his Father's will. He teaches enthusiastic crowds, who lap up every word, heals the ill, who find a new hope, proves the customs officers guilty and their hearts of stone begin

to gain a human form. He becomes a threat for the representatives of the state because he calls things the right names, humiliates the proud, heals the leprous and always speaks of a strange kingdom nobody has ever heard of. The Passover, an important Jewish feast, begins. People with fronds are crowded on pavements. Everybody wants to see. A man rides the donkey foal to the street and everybody welcomes him excitedly: "Hosana!" Some people consider him as a fool, others accepted him as a prophet and still others think him to be God with a human face. According to the ancient tradition people kill the lamb, commemorating the oppression in Egypt and Moses's exodus to the Promised Land, the older teaches the younger and explains the rituals at the dinner.

The Pharisees and chief priests want to seize the man at any price. They are worried about their position and about their unstable power. An opportunity for them appears that very night. The reins are in human hands just for a moment. The man is arrested and taken to the Sanhedrin and then to the ruler. Although the man need not do that but he accepts suffering. In the end the people who called "Hosana!" send him to the cross. He need not go but he goes. He dies as the worst of sinners although he was not guilty of anything. He dies so that we can live.

A handful of those he has chosen, his friends, remain in the world. They are afraid and do not know what to expect. An open door for somebody, a knife for others. Still they go to the world and hand over his teaching. The teaching about the faith that has a solid basis, about the hope that hopes in any situation and about the love that gives. We know that human thoughts (however good and generous) can be forgotten gradually. There were a lot of interesting trends and institutions but they did not have enough strength and nobody knew about them in some time. But the teaching of this man has grown for more than two thousand years. Even today there are people who are not content with the influence of crowds. They do not see the sense of being in a lot of money and in a perfect figure. They can see that while for which they were give lives in a wider and deeper context. And that's why this man's message, his good news, will never get lost.

## **📖 In the Name of Freedom**

*(Tereza Bruknerová – 4<sup>th</sup> category)*

Cold wind was viciously playing with flyers posted on the corner. Was even him our enemy? Or only negotiator of unknown power that should have warned us? It was strange to find answers in every insignificant detail. No one knew what hope will tomorrow bring us. No one had any idea how it all turns out. But everyone had to reckon with the fact that everything may end up tonight for him... Flyers caught my attention although I took my eyes off them in a few moments. I have known the contents and the risk that they represented. Silent voices of Czechoslovakia were heard successively to the population, who took the opportunity to show all his courage to the world and protest against the German's strength, who dared to decide about the fate of our country. Tension in the air circumfused round us in the form of gray fog floating in the streets of Prague. I felt danger all around me. All senses, I noticed a growing anger and humiliation that had to be buried outside for a few months for one simple reason. Survival.

It was the 28<sup>th</sup> October 1939 and I passed thousands dedicated people with tricolour fixed to the collars of their coats. Czechoslovak colours of ribbons began to appear even at monuments of outstanding Czech personalities. Their remembrance and the legacy gave to people courage, and the feeling of fearless patriotism grew stronger inside of them. I glared into the decisive face of the crowd and I didn't noticed any sign of submission to our oppressors. Flare flowing from each protesting person, was overlook, unforgettable, and it was impossible to

suppress it. The moment, when nation sounded off after months, had to inscribe in memory of everyone. All the pain of damages and injustice flared and burned fear and innate survival instinct. The national anthem resounded all over square soon and if there was anyone who has ever doubted about his courage, he began to feel the power that was flowing throughout his body and mind. Power which was stronger than anything that was ready to stay against us. Everything that wanted to stop us was unmatched with determination to protect our family, our country and every detail that we love in the world. We were ready to fight alongside each other. Our belief and desire for self-renewal joined us together... Everyone wanted to feel exemption from the time when our dreams were bursted. We stood together in the middle of the open conflict and the vinculum, which we were bounded, constitute a much greater power than any weapon that was turned against us... Even the Czech policemen, whose new obligation commanded to them to vigorously intervened beside of German troops, could not resist salute...

In a turbulent crowd, I saw the face of a young baker worker Václav Sedláček, whom I had known from the German school. He was dressed in Sunday best clothes like many others. Czechoslovak tricolor adorned the lapel of his gray-black coat and a blue sweater contrasted with ruffled blond hair. His face turns with pride and indignation. He sensed my gaze and returned it with a strange smile to me, expressing more than unnecessary words. He spoke to me along with conciliated look and I recollected the colour of his voice as vividly as he stood beside me. Contempt and hatred for the Nazis gave his protest to power. I saw through what that smile signalized to me... Now is nothing more important than standing in this place, even though we are aware of possible consequences... One for all, all for one... During the first open revolt against the German Reich.

*28th October 1939 in Prague in street Žitná fatal shot into heart hit Václav Sedláček.*

*In the same street as Jan Opletal he was shot by German troops. Admired for his courage, proud of his country and popular because of the nature of friendship, was buried on 4<sup>th</sup> November on Braník Cemetery. Despite of the bravery he showed, his name was almost forgotten and in 1965 his grave was set aside. It is our turn to prove our patriotism, and gratitude to those who were not afraid of the enemy to build a better future for our generation. Václav Sedláček was one of them.*

## 🌀 **One for all, all for one**

*(Valentýna Kyclová – 5<sup>th</sup> category)*

### Friday

This is great! The school ended and the holiday is here. I have rolled my report before I reached home. Who is ever gonna be interested in marks on white paper? Nobody will have thought about it in a few days. I have in mind some rhymes:

The end of the time is passing,  
it finds us when we stop.  
It catches us as a flea when crossing  
and we will never get it off.

What can I say? My poems – all the time they miss something. I am happy that I write them only into this diary.

### Saturday

I have no time and I am in a hurry,

heat is worse and so I worry,  
to stop the time and sing – be the best  
I can't, I just can't rest!!!

I pack my clothes and I'm going away. I had argued with my parents. That is a shame!

### Monday

I have been to the mountains for the second day. One of our relatives organizes a summer part-time job for students at the beginning of summer holidays every year. I go there from my childhood so I know it very well. The program is the same all the time– we work, eat and play some games. Nothing important.

I should write home to my parents. I haven't written them yet but I can't find the charger for my mobile phone. When I look around – there is a terrible mess, but I really don't want to tidy.

Discovery! Why I couldn't notice her before? I'm a madman. The girl is really beautiful! She smiled at me and I knew immediately that the smile means more.

Your hair is as a summer breeze,  
your eyes are more blue than cornflower,  
it is a pity that only my ideas,  
can open the door to you.

It is a midnight. I was woken by a moon which is shining as a lamp to our room. It doesn't matter because I can't sleep. I'm thinking of her, of my Magda.

I can't give her face off my mind. I will write something to her.

You are an evening star,  
you come and go away in while,  
I hope once the days come  
when you'll stay with me all the time.

I had to give her this poem. I wrote it on a paper very quickly, rolled up and left the room. The hall was dark. If anybody had caught me at that time, I do not know what I would have done. Maybe I would say that I went to toilet, but the toilets were on the opposite side. I have another idea I would perform a sleep walker. But nobody was there and I could put the poem into her pocket of her jacket. When I was unzipping the zipper, my hand was shaking.

I dream about tomorrow. I can't sleep.

### Tuesday

You are sweet as a blueberry,  
you are pretty as a lady,  
you are brighter than a Sun  
I love smell of your body.

I have to change the last rhyme. Or not. I can imagine nothing better now. I will give it to her jacket as I did yesterday. Oh, it's a half past twelve again. But I can't write during the day because somebody might see me.

I feel like somebody else. When my friends ask me about something I don't answer them. I am looking for Magda – where is she and what does she do? Today she was watching the boys and looking for them. I am sure that she has read it because I saw her with my piece of paper. I could see surprise and pleasure in her face. She looked perfect and I had to bow my head in order not to our eyes meet. I was so frightened that she would have recognized me.

### Wednesday

We have a free day. I am sitting under a big pine-tree. I am painting and thinking about everything. Leaning on a tree I am watching around. Nobody can find me and I am sure that they won't be looking for me. In our class I am an entertainer, somebody who makes smile the others but here I am someone else. Everything changes me. We leave on Friday but I would like to stay there mostly because of Magda.

The next poem is here.

I will put it into a pocket of her jacket. I hope I'll be able to do it this day.

### Thursday

Yesterday, it was the worst day of my life. We stayed next to our building and waited for Magda. We had to go for a trip. I closed my eyes and let the sun warm my face. Than the door slammed and I felt sure that Magda is here. We had to count ourselves and then went.

But Magda opened her pocket to take a handkerchief and my paper with the poem fell out. Nothing bad could happen if Veronika – not a very nice girl at all – took the paper. She started reading loudly:

Everything will end one day.

Everything will stop

You will stay alien again

And I'll be somewhere, where you'll not.

She started smiling and looking around who could write it. I am stupid that I wrote the date, so it was obvious that it had to be somebody from the boys. We were four and I couldn't hide myself. Petr said that if he would have written it, he hadn't said it to her and the problem was overcome.

I looked at Magda:

Her face was enlightened by sun

Showing no fear but the surprise,

How nice to fly with her in the sky

But she is the rose which isn't mine

I decided to say the boys everything. When we were sitting on the beds in our room, Petr asked who wrote the poems. He was sure that somebody of us had written the letters.

It's useless to lie. Bill and Jack swore that both of them didn't really write anything and in a while everybody was looking at me. I couldn't say a lot. I only added that nothing had happened and that we leave tomorrow. Their faces were strange, they didn't say a lot and went to bed early. They promised not to say it to anyone. I decided to write very last poem for farewell.

Even thought we saw each other for a short time,

Even thought we had just a small chatter

You will stay in my heart for all the time

And that's a lot, not a little.

### Sunday

I can't understand. Petr is the boyfriend of Magda. He said it to me today.

### Monday

I've got an SMS from a foreign number:

I can't compose the poems  
But thank you for yours  
I don't want to hurt you  
But I love the friend of you.

Why did he have to say her everything? Screw it!

I answered without a long thinking:  
Next time I would say nothing  
The betrayal is as a stab with sword but it is even more harmful,  
when the friend does it to you.

Her answer was short:  
Petr told me nothing. I understood everything after all the boys had come  
and admitted to have written the poems.

### 📌 **One for All, All for Me! (Raw monologue)**

*(Oliver Vršanský – 5<sup>th</sup> category)*

Fourth year. Perhaps the last year, what I spend on gymnasium. I hope. If I had to repeat a year, could I attend the next Pardubice strand as a student of fourth category? And only in the fourth year I can completely without blush say that this post is currently with no sugar added, no dyes or emulsifiers, but also lacking ambition.

The first time I play lottery with the possibility of utter condemnation by the jury. I first decided that I will not write bad literature on the request, although I know how, but would wait for the question (of this year's Pardubice strand) and answer a protracted monologue, which would be difficult to read, but its therapeutic effect will be fulfilled. Another innovation is that perhaps for the first time the name of the work is not changed only in a way of grammar, but also in a way of meaning. Not if that it was somehow important. And be annoyed if it pleases you. If not, so don't be! Good laughter prolongs your life for hours and days.

So for the third time escaping the "duty" to write "something about" I found that I would feel better if I write not to post THEME One for all, all for one, but ABOUT the subject, whose name we apparently already know. I know that such a post that you will now be forced to read, is for competitive purposes not really ideal, but what the hell. Why it is not ideal? You can not compare a text that does not follow a given theme. This whole venture is one great aberration and prolapse of phrases. It is as if Mr. A has two apples and Mr. B an apple and a pear. Who has more? What if none of our readers likes apples? And if he/she does not like pears? And what if he/she is impressed by the shape of apples? Or a pear?

This should be an introduction.

And now... How to make a contribution to the literary competition?

Roughly in mid-January, or when, I walked through the first-floor corridor of the gray box Gymnázium Pardubice Dašická Street 1083 and looked at the paper adhering to the directives and all that organizational morass of Pardubice strand. I do not know what I want because I'm mentally unbalanced man, with occasional moments of wisdom and stupidity, but that topic was not really my cup of tea. One for all, all for one. I thought, „Oh god, time to write something stupid again. A parody satire of Dumas, with an allegorical image of contempora-

ry society. Jeez!" When I looked at the topic, I just did not have the heart to turn the issue at hand story of fanciful names and fates. Some time ago I actually came to that, though I like escaping from reality into fantasy, sci-fi, or into the thirties and fifties, what I most love on those stories, and similar things, is an authentic approach. The piece of information and personal data the author gives to the work, is the juiciest for me. It gives you a taste of their own opinion, something that concerns the author greatly. And the elves and dwarves are the sauce. When thinking about it, lately I welcome more ideas. I almost developed Pharyngeal teeth to consume the ideas! That's stunning! Isn't it?

When someone has a good idea, and he/she writes it on a paper and I read it, it is "it." I guess it pleases me in those days because the questions I am asked from time to time by the idiots, am not able answer because I'm silly too, but somewhere deep down I feel the answer. And if someone has the same feeling and he/she formulates it, even one sentence can warm my soul.

Because of my habit of escaping from the subject I have to return you, dear reader, from time to time back into the story. At the present moment I stand at the corridor and I read from front to back and inverted the name of this competition issues. I do not want to hurt the person who invented this theme, it is really nice. It just does not attract me that much as before. One person, whom I respect very, had recently in the entrance test subject Apotheosis Now! At first I was horrified, because as a limited one, I did not know what is the apotheosis. But once it was explained to me, I found out that, despite the mutual incoherence the theme touches me a lot, and I decided to develop it. For a long time. But not in a way of literature, no. Literature is a fragile thing. In fact it is the same with all non-industrial products. Those products are music, literature, art, movies... (Three dots are shown to summarize all forms of high art that contemporary society does not accept as high things - comics, or a stopped film, computer games - now graphically perfect escape from the worries and all the underground activities that are not actually underground nowadays, because today almost everything is allowed. And since the splitting of an intimate space through painting roads yellow and green, to burning trees. It is said to be underground actually because it is not pleasant to the viewer. Or is it? I do not know.) All of these products seem to have only one meaning. To please. The author or the reader. As you see I did not use a comma, so it is undoubtedly clear that I used the merge relationship. Such details as the grammatical and stylistic correctness or five parts of the drama, that's another thing. But it is one thing to another, and either you are doing well once and the second goes with it, or vice-versa. However, if they know how to please, the effect is better than when you write grammatically and stylistically polished nonsense that nobody cares about.

Where was I? Oh yes, a nice theme. Seriously, One for all, all for one is good. But this topic had frozen somewhere in my brain and did not go on. Valentine came and said, "We'll write something, right?" And I said: "Probably." Valentine always knows what is going on and keeps me in the picture. At the moment, she writes with pen and paper, because her computer has just broke down. rites the beginning and falls asleep. Holidays were exhausting. Personally, I did not slept much. I was skiing and my bed was disposed to the right and left side. About three times a week at night, I fell over the edge.

I wanted post to have something in it, but I guess I lost it. Perhaps I wanted to give you my feeling of today. Maybe I succeed, maybe not. Perhaps it would have been more appropriate, if I had chosen the story of Vancouver and had shown how those athletes, although each from another country, they all held together. This sentence was not even ironic. Really, I highly appreciate the contribution of Simon, who last year beat the evil in the athletic scene. But I am not able to do this. Actually, all my life I beat myself and my sins. I guess I have

so many issues to deal with myself, so then, if time remains, I'll just solve global warming and things like that.

Maybe I changed from romantic hero to a realistic hero at some point. I'm no hero, but this relates to those things on which there fell strong words.

Recently, during a lesson of literature, the teacher asked us what difference we see between romantic and realistic hero. Stephen said, with his deep voice, that "realistic hero is no more solving such a bul\*\*it." I do not know if I can bring that word in its original form, then at least with stars. And it is not bulb socket. Moreover, the stars won't work.

And the teacher replied: "Well, yes, Stephen, a realistic hero was more worried about the problems of the world than the romantic, who rather focuses on his own problems. Social problems..."

And to put it into a link, this is my case. I'm sorry, but before I will solve world problems, I need to solve myself. Probably due to this, I won't get into heaven, or I will fail to derail the cycle of reincarnation, but that is another thing, which will be discussed later with people who do understand.

That should be the stand.

Let me tell you, I feel like a new-born sheep. Certainly I have no media success, that's what we have our celebrities for. I'm not even commercially successful, as a student, I don't earn money. But I decided that I will do all my mental activities on my own. And even though I have my own legs so weak, as the calf. And I'll stomp. I will make films that the critics give a soda! I will write books, that only fools read! I'll draw the illustrations, though there are better artist, simply because I like doing it!

And everybody go for me! One does it all for everyone and all go for one!

This should be the end.

## **The friend is a man, who diserves you quite disinterstedly**

*(Eva Háderová – 5<sup>th</sup> category)*

"One for all and all for one". These words are the evidence of friendship Alexander Dumas writes about in his novel Three Musketeers. Friendship is the essential part of our lives. From all appearances friendship is the positive asset of life of a human and is shared mutually. Let's say that friendship is a positive relationship among people. However, positive only in its essence "A friend is a human being who does you harm entirely selflessly." (Wieslaw Brudzicki)

Friendship does not only mean willingness, frankness, tolerance, fidelity on the other hand it contains also all the negative elements. Similarly, white colour is, according to experts, the mixture of all possible colours, yet it is the symbol of innocence and purity, friendship is not the absence of evil either and after all it is the most precious feeling of all. Friendship doesn't mean to suppress or be blind to negatives, but allows their free existence and affects them in order to achieve the need not to show them. A human being is wishy-washy but is able to perform well from deep inside provided that there is who for and what for. Thus friendship means everything, even hater that can grow from a nice relationship between two people. Anyway, if an enemy harms us nothing happens, because we had expected it. However, if our friend hurts us, we suffer from pain in our soul and heart.

Friendship is not like a sculpture. A sculpture curved out by a sculptor lasts and lasts. It does not change it remains the same. Possibly friendship can be compared to an organism, which lives, changes, reacts to impulses from its surroundings. Obviously, those who are connected with the relationship have the utmost influence on it, whatever they are. Every organism needs

care and the same applies for friendship, according to James Boswell "We must take care of friendship." Nevertheless, one can just carry for things that have already existed. How is friendship developed, anyway? It is easy with children they meet in a park and borrow a bucket and a spade. They borrow some toys and make friends. When they refuse to borrow things friendship usually finishes. Naturally, children look for friends too in order not to play in a sand-box alone. However, try to offer friendship to a man, travelling on a tram, who had lent you a newspaper. Most likely you get nowhere with him. Adults must look for friendship in a different way. Everybody has own methods. Supposing we see somebody at work or at school quite regularly, we smile at each other now and then. Consequently we start saying hello to each other. It works much faster when people spend more time together, for example eight hours a day at work. One word leads to another and suddenly they talk about quite different things from weather out there.

On the way leading to friendship one tames the other one like the little prince tamed the fox and suddenly, impossible to identify the break point, we feel jeopardized. There is nothing else than the truth "For what you have tamed, you become responsible forever." Antoine de Saint-Exupery. The responsibility also includes the care mentioned above. The way we care for furniture, plants, pets or complexion and hair is described in special manuals. However, a manual called "The Care for Friendship" has not been written so far by anybody. Everyone must take care of friendship to the best of their belief. It is the individuality and uniqueness that make friendship as it is.

When a friend says a sentence to a friend and then the same sentence to another one it does not always mean the same. The words have a different shade of meaning in each relationship. It starts with the obligatory: Get in touch when you need help. To some of us this is just one of thousands of ordinary phrases, on the other hand to some it sounds like heavenly music. The right meaning is revealed when we really need some help. It is important for friendship to be sure that we can rely on a friend. However, we should not fall for that feeling. We should fight for a friend and go back to previous signals. A friend should know that we are interested in like we met years ago. There obviously exist nice words, but they are deeds that mean friendship, not words. We share experiences, happiness, plans, pain - in a word everything. We listen to a friend cheerfully and cheerfully accept friend's ability to listen to us. In my opinion a friend should be able to give and take, not only provide help, but accept it as well. Not only caress, but let us be caressed by our friends too. A friend must have a chance to pay back and be happy because he bestowed upon us the same.

When somebody tells us something nice and praises to the skies, we would like to make the best friend of him. But when somebody reproaches frankly we would like to close our ears. What to wait from a friend, anyway? I expect my friend to be frank and I will not consider it to be criticism, but a piece of good advice, which could be a motivation for me to give it a thought at least. In return we should be ready to be honest with a friend and equally we need a friend not to take the honesty amiss. We cannot insist on a friend to change according to our instructions and so can he. If our friendship is real we accept our friend's criticism unwittingly because friendship is the question of intuition not the reason.

Even the most perfect friendship cannot avoid problems. Let's remember that tolerance is one of the columns/pillars of friendship. One side shows understanding of indiscretion and the other side must not take it for granted.

Friendship is a mutual relationship. Both sides should share the growth of it to the same extent. Nobody should profit from the relationship more than had invested in it. However, it does not mean everything should be measured by money. "My present for you cost two hun-

dred crowns and yours was only one hundred and fifty.” We should be happy about the fifty crowns that were not given back to us because this is the amount a friend really got, whereas the rest was paid back to us. Whatever we pay too much we must not insist on friend’s debt. We do good deeds to help not to get something for that. If a person does good deeds for money they become mere business. Furthermore, if someone makes friends of convenience then never experiences the real friendship.

There is the real difference between friendship and so-called friendship. We call a friend almost everybody who whizzes by. Perhaps these days are too fast-moving that we do not have time to distinguish right friends. What’s most we are very lazy, lead soft lives. Why should we do something that is going to turn out in the course of time anyway?

Yes, we got used to dealing with things using technology. But it makes us superficial creatures that refuse to search under the surface and forget the most important things are not always visible to the eye. Why should we meet people when we have a computer at home, which can replace the contact with the others. The thing is that we do not realize the mutual contact with people cannot be replaced by anything and this counts even more for real friends.

The expression “One for all, all for one” makes me think about friendship, what it means actually and how to handle it. Friendship is valuable for our soul and it is important to appreciate it especially these days when social networks try to bring us closer together, but the reverse is true. And it is only us and the way we handle the gift of friendship.

# HOUSE OF CHILDREN AND YOUTH BETA PARDUBICE



House of Children and Youth BETA Pardubice is educational facility of statutory city of Pardubice. It is for all of them who don't want to dawdle in their free time, but for those who want to learn something new, wanting to find a new friend or to relax, eventually to find a hidden talent in themselves.

Leisure education in BETA Pardubice is for children, youth, parents or others and it is carried out every year the form of regular leisure activity in the departments of physical education, aesthetics, sports and social education. Also throughout the year are running occasional and spontaneous activities, competitions, shows and last but not least vacation activities. Activities are running under the guidance of experienced teachers.



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**PARDUBICE**

The town of Pardubice supports culture

This booklet is intended only for internal needs  
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