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PREFACE

We live in a world that we fear to be part of, we fear to understand its trends, a world that tends to be monstrously compared to Pandora's box, so we ought to fight for our survival and tell the truth to ourselves not only about the misery, but also about its greatness caught in the spider's web of our feelings. It's sad to reckon that people only notice the nasty part of their existence, that every day is the same and nothing makes a difference, that they obsessively watch the news that only brings up the worst. In this destructive world that is slowly rebuilding itself, we have to understand that life doesn't always go according to our plans, that there is force of nature that makes the rules. It may seem that we don't have much power left, but we have something that we are not even aware of, something more powerful than any force and being. We, the human beings, have dreams and hopes, so we could fight for positivity, optimism and our * pursuit of happiness*. We can build a new world with all these beautiful thoughts and feelings and, in the end, all the little acts of random generosity and support are worth a life of love. Nothing is more fearful and so wonderful than the mind of a man, the gate to Eden and a celestial creation. The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams. -Eleanor Roosevelt Andrada Rotariu, 9B



Special place

Our planet is a special place.
From high mountains to deep oceans,
Filled with many creatures
Big and small,
Each with their own little role.
A beautiful sphere of light
That always treats us right,
But our greed can harm this land!
We must preserve, and sustain
And do our best to keep it bright
Let's protect it and keep it alive!

Tudor Muresan 9B



What does it mean?

By Silviu Bălan-Niculae Gabriel 9B

Everybody knows that Halloween is that day of the year when we dress up as our favourite characters, especially monsters. But what is the real meaning of this day? Why was it invented in the first place?

The actual thing this event celebrates is different within many countries. Some know it as “the day of the dead”, the time when the souls from the other world come back among with living ones to visit their beloved. Other nations say that on this date all bad spirits come out from the world beyond, and the people put on costumes so they can scare the spirits away. For example, us, Romanians, have had the day of the dead in the past, but now kids go from door-to-door trick or treating in costumes. In my classroom, we came as Cupid, vampires and even Cleopatra. After we presented our characters, the teacher taught us the meaning of Halloween.

In my opinion, this is the most interesting day of the whole year and, also, even a wallflower can enjoy this.



Generation Z

by Sonia Dascălu 9B

I was born in 2007, which means I am part of Generation Z, a generation that formed between 1995 and 2012, with its oldest members in their mid-twenties, and already having a significant impact on society.



One of the most notable features of Generation Z is their relationship with technology. We are the first generation to have grown entirely in the digital age. There is no doubt that technology has shaped the world for better, and continues to develop it, people of my generation contributing with its changes, but it also had a negative impact on human relationships. Technology has a potential for addiction, isolation, people struggling with faceto face communication.

Generation Z is remarkable for their focus on diversity and inclusion. We are the most diverse generation in history. We dream of a world where everyone is equal, so we seek justice and we're not afraid to speak up against injustice. We are also more accepting of different identities and lifestyles than previous generations. This acceptance of diversity leads to a more inclusive society.

There is no doubt that once with the cutting-edge technology, education has also taken a turn. According to studies, people of Generation Z are more aware of the value of higher education and more likely to pursue it compared to their parents. However, they are also doubting the traditional education system, with online courses, online learning, and experiential learning from normal people on the internet, all rising in popularity.

Engaged in politics, Generation Z is continually in push for policies that align with their values and believes. With technology giving young people a louder voice than ever before, Generation Z is angry and unafraid to speak up. Global data shows that 70% of people of this generation are involved in a social or political cause.

All in all, Generation Z is a dynamic generation, that I am proud to be part of. Technology having an important impact in our lives and defining everything that surrounds us. We are perpetually in seek of progress, already leaving and continuing to leave our mark on the world





Theatre night

by Adina Olteanu 9B

Do you wish to experience new things? Are you eager to learn new things and spend time with your friends or family?

A theatre night comes in help to solve all of these problems. Watching a play at night when you've finished all of your chores for the day can be helpful, especially if you have been stressed for a while.

Watching actors perform on stage can really make you feel better.

You might even want to come to theatre because you want to better your acting skills and what's a better way of learning this than being among your fellow actors...

If you live in Romania, watching a play at Nottara

The most recent play that has been at this theatre was called "Fazanul" and at the surface, the play seemed to be a simple comedy about infidelity and lies but the deep message was that always if you try to hurt other people you will be the one who will end up being hurt. The play's action is centered around a man who wants to steal his best friend's wife, even though he already had a wife. The man sets up a lot of traps for his best friend and he eventually gets stuck in all of them.



A new feeling by Bianca
Matara,10C

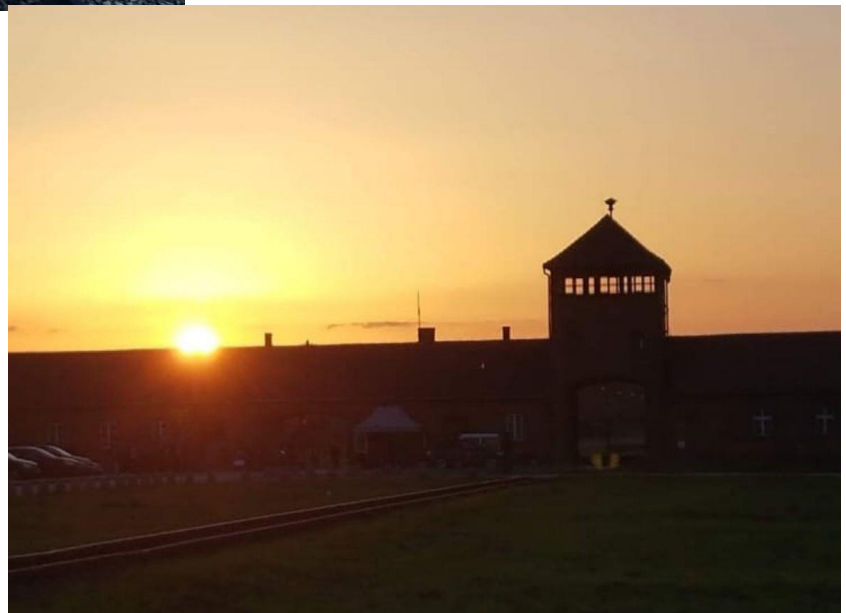
The school year started as usual, and even now I remember how I was in a math class and I received the offer of the project” MARCHES OF MEMORY. EDUCATIONAL AND COMMEMORATIVE TRIPS IN HISTORY: Auschwitz- Birkenau” and the question “would you like to come?”. I didn’t think that after a month I would be on a bus with my colleagues and teachers, all dressed the same, with t-shirts with the high school badge, brightly colored, going to Auschwitz. It was one of the most authentic experiences in which I had the opportunity to participate.

In addition to the history lessons that I received daily from the teachers, from this trip I also gained many social and collective experiences, I met beautiful people with whom I created beautiful friendships and unforgettable moments. Each stop had its attraction, but to tell you honestly, the group I went with made the place even more attractive and funny. Our trip started with the boat on the Danube in Budapest. A wonderful evening accompanied by a delicious dinner and explanations about each cathedral or monument we passed by. We had the opportunity to see the place at night. The lights of the city and the splendid buildings perfectly complemented the atmosphere. Likewise, a warm and wellmaintained atmosphere on the last level of the vessel by all our crew.

Of course, we had countless stops, sometimes for a meal, sometimes to visit the surroundings. In this case, both. We continued with a stop in Slovakia to visit Elisabeth’s Cathedral in Kosice and more.

Now, I think we have reached the culminating point and the one most desired by us, Auschwitz. The whole way was full of emotions. I was looking out the window of the bus and I was thinking in silence. I was thinking about what happened almost 100 years ago on these lands, that I am now going to the horror, torment and terror of thousands of Jews. I couldn’t be happy when I arrived, especially since the entrance and surroundings were reconstituted for tourists. I walked a little dizzy, I felt as if even then, when I was at the entrance to Auschwitz, I wasn’t ready to really enter. It was quiet, only the guide’s voice in the headphones could be heard. Then I realized that now the experience for which I came really begins. We entered different houses, saw multiple pictures and listened to information in headphones. At one point I started to feel the impact of this place even more strongly, I looked with pity and bitterness at every picture of Jews, I stared at every child and I thought only of the thousands of little lost souls. A few tears started to fall. The road continued and we reached “their rooms”, going deeper we saw hundreds of dishes, thousands of shoes, a room full of hair, suitcases thrown on top of each other. Each suitcase had a prop, each shoe a foot, each strand of hair had the head of a beautiful woman, but unfortunately, a Jewish woman. I was taking small steps and again, such a small shoe caught my attention, again I wanted to cry, I looked more carefully at the huge pile of shoes, they were all small. I entered another house, a house with other rooms underground, like a prison. I was touching each block of brick and thinking how many people could fit in one square meter. How can 6-7 people be punished in one square meter. My eyes trembled when I looked at 10each hole in those cellars. Again, I started to cry. I came out from under the ground and reached other means of torture, like the wall where they were shot, the houses where experiments were done on them, or the bar where they were strangled. The gas chamber was the last thing to

visit, tyranny and human cruelty, the feeling of not being human passed through those 4 walls, I left crying and hugging my classmates. I was walking towards the exit, with my headphones off, I passed by a fence with barbed wire, I walked with my hand on it and I was walking slowly and at the same time I was looking at the sky and the surroundings. I had realized what they saw, what it was like to see green grass behind such a fence, what it was like to see life knowing that death awaits you.



A trip to remember

“In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer.” - Albert Camus



“In the depth of winter, I finally learned that within me there lay an invincible summer.” - Albert Camus

Where Free Speech Can Take Your Life

by Miruna Mihalache 12G

Picture this: you live in a place where you can go to jail for weaning a shirt that is not ironed, and you can lose your life for not wearing a shirt at all. In Iran, an Islamic state, the rule of law states that women have to cover their hair. According to Iranian legislation, “anyone who explicitly breaks any religious taboo in public” faces up to two months in prison or flogging with 74 lashes.

Iranian Kurdish woman Mahsa Amini, 22, died on September 16 after being imprisoned by Iran’s supposed morality police.



Her passing prompted a long-simmering rage among Iranians, igniting a movement driven mainly by young women and demanding the end of the current Islamic regime. They have endured cruel government repression for the last six weeks, yet they have remained unfazed, adopting the Kurdish motto “Woman. Life. Freedom.”

However, Romania seems so far away from this matter that the article at hand may appear irrelevant to our day-to-day lives. The oppression of women knows no territorial or national boundaries. Although it comes in many different forms, as women and citizens that benefit from the simple liberty of wearing whatever we want and having the right to speak up about anything that we deem unfair, we also have the responsibility of speaking up, raising awareness and educate ourselves on global issues that affect people just like us, who don't have the privileges we do.

As protests have emerged all over Iran in the past two months, the people that dare to question the regime have paid and are still paying with their lives. Most of the protesters are young women that fight for their rights. It is getting harder and harder to find out about what is actually going on in Iran since the government has restricted access to any social media platforms, still, we get to learn about the victims, going as young as 8 years old, being killed during the protests, shot by the police. This is a revolution, led by girls and young women.

The international community is yet to have taken measures, Iran is still a member of the UN commissions on gender equality, rather than subtly condemning the events, it has done nothing. Our responsibility, the reflection of our right to free speech is to talk about this, to educate ourselves and those around us so that the names of the people who are losing their lives while writing history are never forgotten so that measures are taken, and Iran won't execute over 15,000 protesters and sexually assault the women beforehand in order to keep them from entering heaven as an Iran official has stated. Say her name: Masha Amini.





Speak up, because the day you don't speak up for the things that matter to you is the day your freedom truly ends.. In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends." Dr Martin Luther King Jr.

-Matei Danciu 9B, National Speak Out Creative Writing Competition



The mystery of the Basarab museum

by Matei Spătăreanu

Have you ever seen a highschool museum? Neither have I, until I came to “Matei Basarab”. Here you can find the only highschool with a museum in the country.

We have lots of historical information and objects that belong to the prior generations. Guess what? You can find other things such as ancient pottery made by the Dacians. However, the most precious item to our school is our flag, made out of silk. So, even though we have all of these treasures, the museum was closed until recently.

All of the students were very excited about the museum, however not everyone had the opportunity to even come close to it. But those who entered it were initially blown away by all the information.

So, if you are in the area, you might want to take a look at the museum.



A unique experience by David

Marchidănescu & Andrei Cercel

Have you ever done gardening? No? Well, if you want to help the environment grab a hoe and a shovel and let's get started.

Last month we have participated in Suchana's international project with other 42 countries, involving activities to help our planet be a better place to live. For example, our first action that we were involved in was gathering all the leaves in our high school's garden using a rake and watering the plants with a bucket.

Being our first month together, it was not easy at all, but we managed because everyone was really hard working and gave it their all.

So, if you want to help save our planet and create new friends along the journey, we suggest you go gardening in Suchana's charity right now! We're sure you won't be disappointed.



Why Is Speeding Considered Cool?

by Daniela Ion 12G

Highschool is that time in a person's life when driving becomes an option and, for many teenagers, a driver's license becomes a necessity. To have the opportunity to never depend on public transportation ever again is as priced as gold amongst young people and I can see why. The price you pay for gas also represents the price you pay for comfort and relaxation when it comes to traveling.

However, having your driver's license isn't quite enough, because you usually also want to be admired and considered cool when you drive to school, right? Of course, not everyone wants that, but I'm not talking about the humble exceptions here. To be considered cool, you also need an expensive car, like an Audi, a BMW, or a Mercedes, or even a JDM (Japanese Domestic Market) car, and obviously you can't be admired without breaking the speed limit and many other laws that are there only for our safety.

Most people don't think twice about going five to ten miles above the speed limit and there will be plenty more who will zoom right past them. I am no sociology or psychology expert, but I think this happens because of the many differences between drivers and styles. There are those who don't like to follow rules, and breaking small rules - like speeding - gives them a sense of individualism. Then there are those who follow the pack and are suspicious - even afraid - of those that don't. Then there are those who simply don't see the point of driving fast or, on the contrary, those who drive fast because they consider that the speed limit on most roads is unnaturally low. I could go on, but I think you get the point. When it comes to young drivers, most of them will tell you one of the reasons above if you ask them why they were speeding, especially the last motive. What they will not likely tell you, is that they do it for the adrenaline that rushes through their blood in such a situation, and the sense of victory they feel when they avoid a hazard at that speed. It makes them look like amazing drivers and I'm sure it makes them feel like Michael Schumacher when they do it. The problem with this comes from so many sides that, for me at least, it's hard to put them all together, but here's my try. Experience can't be an advantage when we talk about a young driver, it can't even save an older driver most times. There are also the other cars on the road that are unpredictable, or the many hazards that your Waze App won't warn you about, like potholes, constructions, stopped vehicles or even broken traffic lig



A Transformative Journey: Discovering "The Juvenile Cell" and Reflecting on the Suffering of Those Unjustly Incarcerated in Communist Times Alongside Alexandru Teodorescu

"Within these grim walls, the suffering of the unjustly incarcerated in the shadows of a communist regime is etched in the very stones of Jilava. Their stories are a testament to the resilience of the human spirit in the face of adversity and injustice." - Alexandru Teodorescu, "A Transformative Journey: Discovering 'The Juvenile Cell' and Reflecting on the Suffering of Those Unjustly Incarcerated in Communist Times"

Walking through the imposing gates of the Jilava Prison, a sense of apprehension gripped me. I had read Alexandru Teodorescu's account of this notorious penitentiary, but nothing could prepare me for the profound impact this visit would have on my perspective, especially considering that Teodorescu himself was accompanying us on this journey.

As I stepped into the gloomy corridors and observed the bleak living conditions, my heart sank. Teodorescu's vivid descriptions had hinted at the harsh reality, but witnessing it firsthand left an indelible mark on my soul. The cramped cells, the lack of basic amenities, and the palpable atmosphere of fear made me acutely aware of the importance of upholding human dignity and the need for penal reform.

But the visit to Jilava held an even darker and more haunting aspect, made all the more poignant by Teodorescu's presence. In the shadows of those oppressive walls, I couldn't help but reflect on the suffering of those who were unjustly incarcerated during the dark days of communism in Romania. The stories of innocent people, swept away by a system that labeled them unworthy and silenced their voices, echoed in my mind. Their pain and resilience were an undeniable part of the prison's history, and having Teodorescu by our side added a chilling authenticity to their stories.

Teodorescu's eloquent writing came alive within those prison walls. His words became a lens through which I saw the prison's history and its deep impact on the surrounding community. I felt the power of storytelling in illuminating the darkest corners of society, and I recognized the potential for literature to drive social change, all while having the author of those very words with us, offering a unique insight into his work.

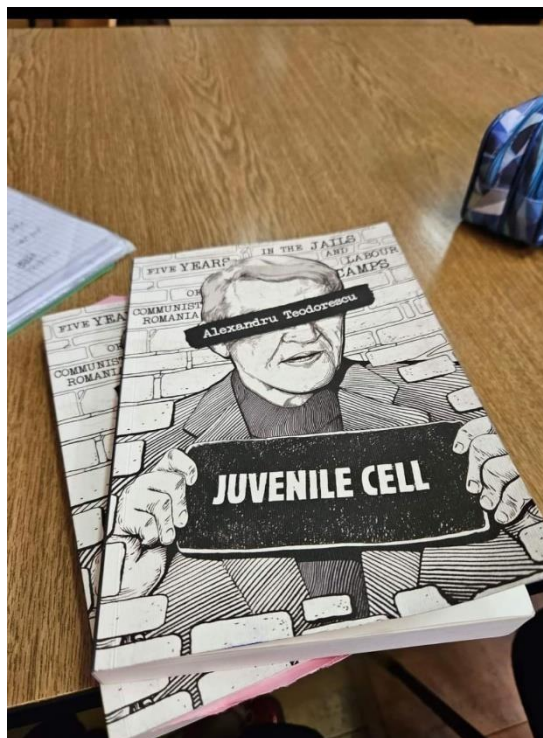
In the midst of these revelations, I encountered life lessons that resonated deeply within me. The first was the importance of empathy, not just for those who had committed crimes, but for those who were unjustly imprisoned, as Teodorescu's accounts vividly exemplified. I realized

that empathy extended to the victims of political persecution as well, and seeing Teodorescu's empathy for those he wrote about was a powerful example.

The second lesson was the necessity of self-improvement, even when imprisoned unjustly. The resilience of those who endured unimaginable suffering under communism taught me that the human spirit can endure and strive for growth, even in the face of extreme adversity. Teodorescu's firsthand knowledge of these individuals made their stories all the more compelling.

Lastly, I reflected on the urgency of reform. Witnessing the limitations of rehabilitation programs and the dire need for change within the prison system, I felt compelled to advocate for reform. The visit reaffirmed my belief that our society should prioritize the rehabilitation and reintegration of inmates, especially those who suffered unjustly, to break the cycle of oppression and injustice. Having Teodorescu with us, who had witnessed the dire conditions and the need for reform, added a sense of urgency to this call.

My visit to Jilava Prison was more than a mere tour of a penitentiary; it was a transformative journey. It made me realize the power of perspective, empathy, and the potential for change. It also made me reflect on the dark chapter of communist oppression and the suffering of those unjustly incarcerated, with Teodorescu's firsthand experiences as a chilling reminder of that era. Life's most profound lessons often emerge from unexpected places, leaving an enduring impact on our hearts and minds.



The bravery of my generation

By Alexandru Costea 9B In

the heart of time's unyielding grasp, My generation stands, a vibrant gasp. Bound by dreams, yet tethered to reality's chain, In the swirling winds of change, we strain.

With pixels pulsing in our restless palms, We navigate a world of endless qualms. Technology's embrace, a double-edged sword, Binding us closer, yet sometimes ignored.

In the echo of protests, our voices rise, Against injustice, we fiercely apprise. Driven by passion, fueled by empathy's flame, My generation dares to rewrite the game.

Though often criticized for our fleeting attention, We harbor ambitions beyond mere convention. With boundless potential, we seek to explore, My generation, forever craving more.



My Generation of dreamers

By Darius Constantin 9B

We are the dreamers, the seekers of truth, Born
of an era, wild and uncouth.

In pixels and screens, our stories unfold,
Yet, deep in our hearts, old tales are told.

We march to the beat of a digital drum,
In the glow of the screen, our voices hum.
But behind the facade of virtual fame,
Lies a longing for something we cannot name.

We're caught in a whirlwind of fast-paced
change, Yet yearn for a world that feels less
estranged.

In selfies and hashtags, we search for
connection, Yet, crave the touch of real human
affection.

Our elders may scoff at our digital ways,
But they, too, once danced in the sun's warm
blaze.
So, let us embrace both the old and the new,
For in blending them together, our strength will
renew.

For we are the future, the hope of tomorrow,



In the face of adversity, we'll rise above sorrow.

United in purpose, in vision, in song,

We'll navigate this world and right what is wrong.

So here's to my generation, bold and free,

May we find our place in history's grand tapestry. With

courage and grace, we'll face what's in store, For the

future is ours, now and forevermore.



“History is meant to be repeated if not learnt properly”

By Luca Şişcă-Vişovschi 10E

We are under a black flag, secret state sailing the waters as a secret state nobody wanted to acknowledge, nobody wanted to know about.. everybody ignored in case they might be asked

We were the Glorious gloriless heros of a dream of such depth that nobody could think of ..if not under pursuit of inner conscious judgement ..

Who are we? What is the purpose of our life? If we survived, who would care about us? Who would know what we meant? What we had been through?

Who would wait for us and be happy for the return of the men we came to be?

Still, we are here, on the deck...

Barely holding our body and soul together...

Hoping for a miracle, hoping for a sound to make us wake up from this nightmare nobody, but us came to acknowledge ... if not even those, I guess..

.. not thinking about what is going on and having this youthlike desire to live, to be free and to stand out from the crowd is the only way to have a chance to write these lines FOR YOU..

TO SEE

FEEL

AND UNDERSTAND...

we were back then what you are now..

You are what you are now because of what we were back then..

Strange boyhood was lived then..

HOPE THE BOYHOOD OF THE YOUNGSTERS THESE DAYS WON T HAVE TO DEAL WITH THE SAME ODD, UNREAL, PAINFUL AND TIMES..

BUT

WHO KNOWS?!

GUARD OUR SOULS AND HUMANITY DIGNITY!!

History is meant to be repeated if not learnt properly!!



Festival-Concurs Municipal de Teatru in Limba Engleza 2022 The

paper princess

by Larisa Maria Dragan 10 E

Today I wanted to paint a paper princess
I felt puzzled thinking of her

And she was smiling at my dream tale
That my pony was drawing her with its tail

On her flat face, made of fine cellulose,
Her eyes, two blue dots, left by a pen,
And the nose, neither wide nor small
A kind of asterisk or a hole

What about the mouth?!
One line, as far as we can tell. And
then her face was complete And my
pony could rest asleep.



-The colors of a child's smile



-The books-

wings of my soul Expectations vs reality by Maria Tudor & Ioana Stan 9B

Have you ever made too many expectations about an event that is going to happen? Well, I experienced this situation when I met my highschool classmates for the first time. We were all very nervous because we didn't know how it's going to be like. After a weird moment, we ended up meeting each other and then becoming friends. When I saw my classmates for the first time I made a very bad opinion about them, and everyone was telling me do not judge a book by its cover. We had some funny situations which made our first day of highschool so my better. I didn't expect my expectations to be exactly like reality! I think that we were very lucky because we had the opportunity to meet each other face to face. When we were all in the class, some of my colleagues were talking and one girl was laughing. When I got home I asked my parents about their first day of highschool and they told me that they were wearing uniforms, a square was made where all the classes were present, the school year was divided into squares and they were singing the national hymn. I think everyone should experience the first day of highschool!



"A mother's love knows no boundaries"

By Daniel Dumitru 9B

Mothers and women stand as the bedrock of society, unshakeable love and resilience. As stated in the quote, "A mother's love knows no boundaries, her sacrifices are endless, and her care knows no limits," they tirelessly work against the clock, often bending over backwards to ensure the well-being of their families.

Like dedicated performers, they strive to break a leg in every aspect of caregiving, understanding the profound impact of their influence. Guided by the belief that you are what you eat, they instill values and principles in their children, shaping the future generation. Women, recognized as the architects of the future, navigate life's challenges with resilience and grace, even when feeling under the weather, they understand that the ball is in their court, as emphasized in the quote, wielding their guiding abilities to mold the future.



Despite setbacks, they persevere, knowing that practice makes everything perfect and that every cloud has a silver lining. Their actions speak louder than words, showcasing their consistent dedication and compassion. Through their unshakeable commitment, they not only raise their families but also enrich the world with their strength and empathy.

Mother, a testament to your strength

By David Dolea 9B

In the tapestry of life, women weave threads of resilience, strength, and believe.

From the dawn of time to the present day, Their presence, essential in every way.

In fields of science, they chart new lands Breaking barriers with determined hands.

Their intellect shines, their brilliance clear Guiding
humanity, year after year.

In the corridors of power, they stand tall Voices of
justice, answering the call.

Irina Andrei 9B
Their courage ignites change's flame
In their footsteps, history etches its name.



In homes and hearts, they nurture and care The
very essence of love they share.

With tender touch and words so kind They shape the future, in hearts and mind.
Oh, women of this wondrous sphere. Your worth beyond measure, crystal clear.

In every corner, your influence blooms
A testament to your strength, in countless rooms.
May the world honor, respect, and adore
The women who enrich, forevermore. For in their grace, the world finds its light
Guiding humanity, through day and night.

THIS IS WHO WE ARE

By Roxana Neatu

We are,
Ivory angels lightning up my heart
On icy clouds are crossing the void...
Their twisted wings the silence uphold
Inside, all alone, lives my emptied world

The full bloom of night has earthly scars
Bruises and boils cover up the stars

And yet, we stand up to be seen from afar

Proud, powerful, patient

The 13th of May, 1998

