



THE POWER OF WORDS

Issue No 2 November 2023



STUDENTS

- Rayan Nahhas 10B
- Ștefania Rizea 10B
- Darius Constantin 10B
- David Marchidănescu 10B
- Mihnea Tapai 10B
- Tudor Maria 10B
- Antonio Mirea 10B
- Tudor Petrescu 10B
- Ioana Gherghina 10B
- Matei Spatareanu 9B
- Jessica Dumitru 11E
- Miruna Stanca 12G
- Denise Tecuceanu 12G
- Cristina Maria Ungureanu 11E
- Alexandru Mireanu 10B
- David Dolea 10B

SUPERVISING TEACHERS

- Roxana Neatu
- Liana Tomescu

COORDINATOR TEACHER

- Roxana Neatu

GRAPHICS

- Irina Andrei 10B
- Stefan Georgescu 10B

EDITORS

- Victor Corbeanu 11E
- Tudor Muresan 10B
- Alexandru Mireanu 10B

CONTENTS

-PREFACE

-CHANGING HIGH SCHOOL

-SECRET SANTA

-A TWO-DAY TRIP TO HOREZU

-THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP IN CAMBRIDGE

- SUCHANA EXPERIENCE

- YOUNG, HOPEFUL IDEALISTS WHO BELIEVED IN CHANGING THE WORLD
AROUND INTO ONE WHERE JUSTICE PREVAILED.

-MY EXPERIENCE WITH HARVARD'S WORKSHOP

-THE IMPORTANCE OF GENEROSITY

- ENCHANTING EXPLORATION

- WHISPERS

-THE ORIGINS OF CHRISTMAS

-THE GENESIS OF VIOLENCE

- THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF LIFE

-FIELDS OF GREEN

-AUSCHWITZ: HELL ON EARTH

-WONDER AND AWE

-TO GO THROUGH LIFE, ALWAYS SMILING

- REACHING THE SKY

-AMBER

PREFACE

Adolescence is full of the unexpected, the wonders of the next day that is the gate to a world of new possibilities. Each day is fulfilled with excitement, love and greatness and those years are built on passion. We have to live to the point of tears every single day (as our emotions are extreme) and enjoy every second of our days (as our soul and spirit are at the highest opening); to be such a young member of the human race is a gift that, I think, we don't fully understand its worth, though, at such an age. We go through all emotions, all fears and enjoyment, feeling everything so completely and with each and every part of our souls. The experiences of our first loves and days of high school, our first concerts and trips with our friends, visiting new cities and meeting new people, those are all the moments that mature us and fulfil our hearts, so we become the best versions of ourselves.

The spirit of youth is living and running through our veins and blood, through all the arteries and pulses of the exciting heart that is feeling every tear and every smile.

Live, little souls, and enjoy the freedom of youthful love and adventurous times

Andrada Rotariu 10B



Changing high schools

By Rayan Nahhas and Ștefania Rizea

10B

The transition from middle school to high school is an important moment in the life of any teenager. The current methods of entering high school are not accepted by many of our students.

We studied, we had a very good average, and the computer assigned us to a place we did not feel as being meant to be ours, the "Mihai Eminescu" National College.

It was a difficult year in which we didn't settle in, we weren't united as a class, and, for some teachers, the teacher-student connection didn't exist.

The possibility of transfer was our permanent idea, but the education law only allowed us to pursue our dreams at the end of the year. We admit that the results at school left a little to be desired, we could have done more, but we did not find ourselves in that place. For 2-3 teachers and some classmates we still have pleasant memories and we often think of them. Still, we continued our efforts and finally managed to get transferred to what we think is our heart-felt target; the emotions were strong all summer and finding out the final result of the transfer a few days before the start of the school year was also extremely overwhelming.

Everything was fine in the end, we arrived, our colleagues together with the teachers welcomed all of us who were newly transferred warmly, our colleagues are still close and help us and all the teachers gave us time to get used to everything that being a student in the "Matei Basarab" National College means.

We have a strong wish not to disappoint our colleagues and teachers and, not the least, ourselves, though we are aware that we will have to work harder and have a well-deserved place in our class.

We strongly believe that we are on the right path and have the right abilities to great final exam results and life skills.

Let us remember: One book, one pen, one child and one teacher can change the world.” – Malala Yousafzai



Secret Santa

By Darius Constantin 10B

Secret Santa at school is a cherished tradition that brings joy and excitement to the holiday season. This heart-warming practice involves students anonymously exchanging gifts, making it a delightful and fun experience for all.

The thrill begins when names are drawn, and participants become secret gift-givers, tasked with surprising their chosen recipient. The element of secrecy adds an air of anticipation as students ponder what to give their friends. The best part? It's not about the value of the gift but the thought behind it.

As the day of the grand reveal approaches, the excitement in the air is palpable. The joy of receiving a personalized and carefully chosen gift is immeasurable. It's not just about the presents; Secret Santa encourages friendship, thoughtfulness, and a sense of community.

We had set a spending limit to ensure inclusivity, making it accessible to all students.

I had to prepare a gift for a girl so I started to talk to her more and get closer to find out what she likes. After one week of talking, I found out that she loves dresses so I went to the mall and bought a beautiful blue dress. When the day of the reveal approaches, I was very nervous for the gift that I was about to be given. I went to her and I handed her the gift, looking attentively for any little sparkle that might signal her happiness, but there was nothing... Nothing but a hug 😊. So, my self-confidence was up to the ceiling along with my self-confidence I am not short of, anyway.

Now, there was my turn to get a gift and guess who got me the gift? It was my desk mate! He got me a very nice belt, a red trendy beanie with my name on it and some impressive fluffy socks- what a fun! I was so happy for the gifts that I went straight to him and gave him a huge hug!

Think we didn't create any confusing ideas, imagine that! We are best mates and this present will always be a thing to remember for a lifetime.

"The greatest gift you can give someone is your time because when you give your time, you are giving a portion of your life that you will never get back."



A two-day trip to Horezu

By David Marchidănescu and Matei Spătăreanu 10B

Bucharest, Romania's lively capital, is full of exciting experiences, but a short break to the countryside can be a refreshing change. A two-day journey from Bucharest to Horezu, a small town in Vâlcea County, offers a delightful mix of history, spirituality, and natural beauty.

Day 1: Exploring Horezu's Spiritual Past

On the first day, we travelled from Bucharest to Horezu, which took around 3.5 to 4 hours, giving us time to enjoy Romania's beautiful countryside. Our first stop was the famous Horezu Monastery, a special place known for its beautiful architecture. The monastery, built in the 17th century, impressed us with its beautiful paintings and detailed stone carvings, showing us Romania's religious and artistic history. The monastery was surrounded by tall trees and a wall built with marble. But what sets this monastery apart from the others you may have seen throughout your life? You may ask. Well, I really enjoyed visiting this monastery, since I found it to be different because of its specific paintings and as well as the garden full of blooming flowers.

After visiting the monastery, we went to see the mysterious Peștera Muierii (The Woman's Cave), tucked away in the Cozia Mountains. But can you imagine what lies hidden within this cave? This cave has interesting rock formations and is famous for its archaeological discoveries. A guided tour helped us navigate the cave, as you could get easily lost. Inside, the floor was very slippery and the roof was full of bats. Some of us were scared that they would attack or fly around, but they were peaceful. On top of that, the cave was really interesting since the stalagmites and stalactites surrounded us, making the inside look fascinating. What makes a place like this so intriguing and unique?

Day 2: Learning About Culture and Village Life

On the second day, we explored the charming Culele de la Măldărești, a group of old Romanian houses. But can you picture yourself walking through these old houses, stepping back in time to understand how people lived in the past? These well-kept traditional homes give a glimpse of how people lived in the past and what their houses looked like. Walking through the courtyards and inside the houses taught us about the lives of the families who once lived there. It was very interesting to see the architecture that was used back then, as well as observe just how old the furniture was, making it look like it was about to fall apart at any moment. How does this glimpse into the past make you feel?

After our visit, we took a relaxed walk through the beautiful Horezu landscapes, enjoying the green fields and traditional houses. The simple and peaceful life in the countryside reminded us of the beauty of rural Romania. As we strolled through this peaceful setting, we couldn't help but appreciate the simple pleasures and the strong connection to nature that this area offers. The sounds of birds, the rustling of leaves, and friendly greetings from local villagers all added to the enchanting experience of the day.



A quote that I think would be representative of this trip is Ralph Waldo Emerson's famous quote: "Cultivate the habit of being grateful for every good thing that comes to you and give thanks continuously. And because all things have contributed to your advancement, you should include all things in your gratitude."

Our two-day trip to Horezu from Bucharest allowed us to appreciate Romania's rich culture and history, and also enjoy the peaceful countryside. From the beautiful Horezu Monastery to the intriguing Woman's Cave and the charming Culele de la Măldărești, this short adventure left a lasting impression, making us eager to explore more of Romania's hidden treasures in the future.

So, when will you embark on your own adventure to uncover the wonders of Horezu?

"In every walk with nature, one receives far more than he seeks." — John Muir



The international camp in Cambridge

By Mihnea Tapai si Tudor Maria 10B



Cambridge, the county-seat of Dorchester, is called the most beautiful place on the Peninsula. A salt creek flows up behind it, bordered with some of the snuggest old mansions of timber and brick which could please an artist's eye. "

This summer we went together with our form-teacher on an international camp in Cambridge, UK. It was a very interesting experience because we went there with a group of Romanians so it's not like we were the only Romanians there, but still, we made a difference. We were scared at first because we didn't know how it was going to be like to live in a campus full of different nationalities. However, it was an extremely beneficial life experience as it was an example of adapting to a different lifestyle and prospering in a different environment.

How living there was and what the main struggles were, it is still a wonder to many.

Well, firstly, the campus had the classes, dorms, common rooms and cafeteria in a single building, so the transitions from going to class to living rooms was way easier. Secondly, the classes weren't boring and the schedule was pretty light as the target was communication, openness and elevating vocabulary. Every morning we had English classes, which were based more on personal development, team work and our opinions on certain subjects. On two of the days, we visited Cambridge on foot, reaching its historical centre, where we visited the Cambridge traditional stores and bought sweatshirts with the Cambridge University emblem to remember our trip. We also saw Queens College, The Mathematical Bridge and the Grand Arcade, had a trip outside Cambridge where we visited Ely Cathedral, a cathedral full of history. Soon, we had and the opportunity to walk around the city on our own that thrilled us extremely as we raised confidence and empowerment in a second.

On the 7th day, before returning to Romania, we also sightsaw London, the most awaited destination for us. After three hours of traveling by train, we arrived in London greeted by a torrential rain, but despite all this, nothing stopped us from visiting the city happily and enthusiastically. The first objective we saw was The London Eye, we also passed by Big Ben, the clock tower, Buckingham Palace, the kings' residence. We had free time for an hour and a half, during which we walked around Oxford Street, thrilled by the lights, ads, crowds and noise of a never sleeping city. The souvenir shops drew our attention a lot because they were full of London sweatshirts, London bus magnets and sweets that cannot be found in our country. Hours later, we returned to Cambridge, we started to pack our bags, and, at the end of the day, we received the participation diplomas- a thing to makes us proud over years, no matter if it is either during university years or in our future jobs. We can say that it was an unforgettable experience and that in the future we will definitely go to camps like this.

"Dive into your passion at summer camp

From sunrise to sundown, the fun never ends."



Suchana experience

By Antonio Mirea 10B

SUCHANA PLASTIC WARRIORS FIGHT

I still remember when I first heard of Suchana during an English class last year; I didn't even know what it was all about, but I was open to trying my hand on something new. I only knew that it is some

organization that deals with saving the environment and protecting the species and that was enough for me to get down to it. So, I joined the project not knowing how it would be like- and this time curiosity didn't kill the cat, on the contrary!

I still remember clearly how our teacher sent us a message on WhatsApp telling us to bring to school some

drawing materials- that was the first step -making a poster to advertise environmental issues that needed to be addressed fast. Suchana Project involved many activities, besides

a drawing, grouping ourselves into teams and competing for a better word. Mine was called The Plastic Warriors. It was enjoyable although I couldn't contribute a whole lot since my drawing skills are subpar, still it was fun.

The second activity was mentioned during the English class, but instead of the Suchana Project

groups participating already as official teams, the whole class took part as a whole. The activity, if my poor memory is right, was to make

a kind of aquarium for plants. We had to bring either succulent or non-succulent plants because

the point of the project was to make us understand how different plants need different things to survive. I, as the

forgetful one, of course, left my little plant at home and I had to borrow one from some helpful classmates. Thank God, there are still kind people around! So, by the

grace of God, in the end it was fine!

The third activity was to make a video prompted by a PowerPoint with the images took during

the previous two activities- the Clean-up Day and the Plant- a- Plant Day, both reuniting not only our whole class, but the entire school, teachers and students altogether. To be honest, it was pretty hard memorizing the script that we had to learn for the shot. Besides that, because we had a lot of time on our hands, we could easily take multiple tries. "We are the first generation to feel the impact of climate change and the last generation that can do something about it."— Barack Obama



WE WERE YOUNG, HOPEFUL IDEALISTS WHO BELIEVED IN CHANGING THE WORLD AROUND INTO ONE WHERE JUSTICE PREVAILED.

THE COMUNIST SYSTEM S REACTION WAS BRUTAL AND HIT US RUTHLESSLY, PHYSICALY AND SPIRITUALLY

A

Political affiliation to the Union of Young Workers

Against the social order

Bandit

Son of a bitch

Hostile element

Son of petty bourgeois

Elements at odds wth schooling

Counter- revolutionary scraps

Unhealthy origin

Criminal

Chiabur

Saboteur

Enemy of the people

The party is never wrong!

B

THAT TWISTED SOCIETY TREATED US LIKE DELIQUENTS! OUR YOUNG, FRAGILE BODIES SUPPORTED BY SPIRITUALITY, EDUCATION AND HOPE COULDN T COLLAPSE! OUR INTELLECT AND MORALITY BASED ON SOLIDARITY AND HUMANITY CRUSHED THE CRUEL REALITY!

HOW? YOU MAY WONDER..

A

Hamlet * or to take arms against a sea of troubles/ and by opposing end them?*

B

THE MIND IS FREE

REMEMBER!

STAY POSITIVE

READ

LEARN

THINK

ACT

REACT

A



Free Romania

B

WE WERE FREE

OUR FREEDOM COULD NOT BE KILLED IN OUR JUVENILE CELL

STILL

IF YOU THINK THAT NOTHING HAPPENS IN PRISON, THAT YOU ARE ONLY THERE TO SERVE YOUR PUNISHMENT, YOU ARE WRONG

A

Did they beat you?

Did you confess?

Did they...

Did you...

Did they..

Did..

Di

Divide et impera!

B

NO

THE WAY THE SPIRIT FIGHTS TO SAVE ITSELF IS IMPRESSIVE!

OUR MEMORIES ARE OUR SOUL RECOVERY!

MEDITATION IS OUR SELF- MEDICATION!

THERE WAS NO BOREDOM ,NO INACTIVITY AS OUR THOUGHT WOULD FLY AND FIGHT MELANCHOLY, DEPRESSION, REGRET, SADNESS, BUT SO, WE KEPT OUR SPIRIT FREE AND OUR HEART PURE! SO WE FOUND OUR VALUES!

A

One for all and all for one

B

WE WERE TOGETHER SHARING HOPES, DREAMS, NOT THE ABUSE, THE WOUNDS! WE LOOKED DEEP INSIDE OUR SOULS AND FOUND OURSELVES, FOUND EACH OTHER..

BE BUILT OUR ADOLESCENT WORLD INSIDE OUR MINDS, A WORLD WHERE ADULTS IN UNIFORMS HAD NO ACCESS

A

Lights off

Silence

Window

Window

B

LOOK!

LOOK

THE WINDOW IS MY MIRROR

MY MIRROR IS MY OWN EYE

THERE IS NO MASK OVER MY SOUL

MY OWN SHINING IS THE GLITTERING IN THE FRAME

LOOK

A

A la guerre comme a la guerre

B

MY OWN SHINING IS THE GLITTERING IN THE FRAME

HEAR MY FRIEND?

LISTEN!!



A

*We will not forget the words we live by

Away with no shame, no regret!

Even if from the chalice of pain we must drink, the day of Resurrection is our ultimate dream.

No, we will never forget*

B

LISTEN!

A

*May you live long and be healthy

Always happy and content

To many, many years of Freedom

Peace and good will unto men!*



B

OUR ONLY CHANCE, THEN AND NOW AND IN THE FUTURE IS TO WAKE UP,
ERASE IGNORANCE, FIGHT STUPIDITY, THINK CRITICALLY

A

* I will devote myself to studying, but I reserve the right to choose, that last ounce of
freedom, so I can reclaim my dignity as a human being*

B

*WE MEET MONSTERS, EVIL DOERS, SAVAGES, BUT WE HAVE ONLY SPIRITUAL
WEAPONS TO CONFRONT THEM AND FIGHT FOR OUR SURVIVAL

WE ONLY HAVE WORDS, AT THE BEGINNING, BUT THEN, WE ALSO HAVE
ACTION

STILL

REMEMBER

FIRST, WE ONLY HAVE WORDS..

A

I only have words..

("I realize that I only have words and that, from time to time, as I hold them in my arms I am less lonely.

Slavenka Drakulić

Actors

Matei Danciu

Andrada Rotariu

Decor

Irina Andrei



-12B Graders short play

My experience with Harvard's workshop

By Tudor Petrescu 10B

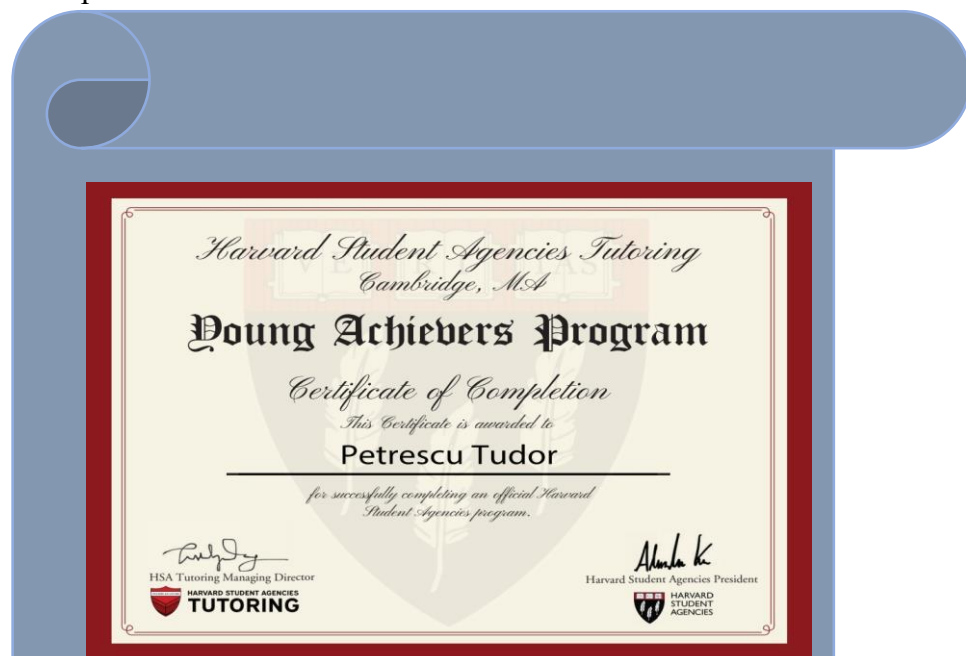
The Harvard workshop was a really interesting experience for me. It got me excited about one of my passions and taught me to keep working on it, even when it felt like I wasn't making progress.

What was cool about it was that it made me stick with my passion and not give up, even when things were tough. It helped me learn that you have to keep trying, even if you don't see immediate results.

During the workshop, I met some great people who shared my interests. We had some really interesting conversations and worked together on projects. This made me learn a lot and see new things.

The workshop at Harvard wasn't just a one-time thing. It changed the way I think about my passion and how I deal with challenges. It made me want to keep learning and never give up, no matter how hard things get.

"It always seems impossible until it's done"-





The importance of generosity

By Ioana Gherghina 10B

What is generosity? If you were to look in the dictionary, you'd find this sentence: "Generosity is the quality of being kind and generous." But we can assure you that it is something so much more profound than what appears on the surface. All of us experience generosity on a daily basis, even if it's a small gesture. We are lucky enough to have amazing role models- our parents and teachers. We had the chance to witness first hand our parents' generous acts, as they set a good example to us and, hopefully, as the school tries to do it during classes.

When I first got into high school, I was very excited to meet new people, to learn new things and to gain new experiences. It all went great, until our class's first problem appeared. The students who used to be in my homeroom teacher's class have left us a nice set of lockers to help us with our studies. But most of them lost the keys to open them, so we naturally got disappointed thinking that their kind gesture was in vain. At home I told my mother about the incident, and she found a solution for us. She managed to get her hands on the exact locks that we needed, and even got one set of lock and key for each student that was in my class. Everyone was glad that we managed to fix the issue, and we were left to settle the cost for the locks, but my mom refused any type of payment. Her generosity at that time, might have been a small thing for her, but it helps my classmates on the daily.

Even though we believe we should be generous all year round, there is no denying that Christmas has a very unique effect on us. As soon as December creeps around the corner, there seems to be a certain air around us, enveloping us in benevolence. People seem to be a lot kinder and a lot more caring to those around them, even to complete strangers! We've always found it to be a fascinating phenomenon. When our form teacher suggested our class to make a Christmas donation to charity, we felt like it was the right thing! However, we were stuck thinking which charity we should help. When I came home, I talked to my mother about it and she was really excited as she knew the exact foundation we should donate to. She had firstly heard about them

on the radio and was interested in making a donation. It was a charity that aided orphans by buying them necessities such as clothes, school textbooks, stationery, books and toys. She was really happy to donate again. My mom was the one to suggest it to the other parents and advertise this charity. She was the one who opened a bank account to send the donations. Her idea helped make a bright Christmas to those less fortunate.

"A kind gesture can reach a wound that only compassion can heal", wrote Steve Maraboli in the book "Life, the Truth, and Being Free". We think we should all live by this quote, as we all could benefit from a little more generosity. You may never know how someone's day has been but we can assure you that an act of kindness never hurt anyone- quite the opposite!

Enchanting Exploration

By Matei Spatareanu 10B

Our two-day adventure in the Danube Delta, starting from Bucharest, was truly unforgettable. The spectacular view of the water channels, green plants, and various animals as we reached the delta was truly amazing.

The boat rides through the delta's waterways provided a unique opportunity to admire the birds and savour the tranquil atmosphere. These journeys revealed the delicate balance between plants and animals in this unique ecosystem.

Day 1 ended with a special celebration, marking a birthday within our group. We gathered amidst the delta's beauty for an evening filled with joy and delicious food. The serenity of the surroundings and the bonds among friends made this celebration truly exceptional.

On our second day, we continued to explore the delta's treasures. We visited the historic Enisala Fortress, an impressive building with a breath-taking view of the delta. Walking through the ancient ruins, it felt as though we had travelled back in time.

We enjoyed more boat rides to explore the delta's intricate waterways. We witnessed a variety of wildlife, from graceful pelicans to playful dolphins, making our experience even more enchanting.



In conclusion, our two-day journey to the Danube Delta from Bucharest was truly memorable. The boat rides, the birthday celebration, and the visit to Enisala Fortress all made this adventure magical. The Danube Delta offers natural wonders and a chance to explore its waters and history that travellers won't forget. It is truly a special place for nature lovers, recognized by UNESCO, and a destination I highly recommend!



Whispers

by Jessica Dumitru 11E

Books and books

Pages to read and read

Genres and genres sought after

We tried them all...

Only a few matched perfectly,

Others squeaked for another chance in the world.

So, I finally find out a torn whisper from words

That all I wanted to discover was a piece of myself,

A piece of my soul painted among the pages of a rusty book.

Each book with its own story,

With its magic

Can unlock any door with a drop of imagination!

An infinity of flying realms on the wings of a colourful butterfly!
At the disposal of a world disconnected from any sublimity
What can get you anywhere, especially in unknown places...?

It is, in a word,
The mirror...
Your mirror that you always see in front of you,
When you find your passages, you repeat the words in your mind-
Once, twice and then, you write them down without hesitation...
Because there you are! This is what you are!

And when you need help
The book is next to you - be it good or bad times...

It is there, telling you can stay with it forever
Everything you find in words is well hidden
Especially when the story makes you feel close to your soul
It is you
In a simpler way outlined.

Everything you see in it
It's in you
If you don't laugh, cry and dream
You don't complete your adventure collection,
The doors of every world will open!
In fact...It's inside you
Where the book is smoothly told.

And...
Maybe you don't know,
Your favourite book,
It is the reflection of your own heart.



The Origins of Christmas

By Miruna Stanca 11G

Have you ever wondered how and when was Christmas invented? How we all got to respect this tradition of the Christmas tree and presents? If you have, I am here to give you some answers to your questions.

Firstly, let me tell you what Christmas actually is. Christmas is a holiday which represents the birth of Christ, being celebrated in every Christian country but not in the same way. The first Christmas was celebrated in 336 A.D. in Rome. At first, this holiday played a role

in the Arian controversy of the fourth century; after this controversy came to an end, the importance of Christmas decreased for a few centuries. Its importance increased again after 800,

when Charlemagne, the first emperor of the Romans, was crowned on Christmas day.

Why do we decorate a tree for Christmas? Long before the advent of Christianity, plants and greens that remained green all year were believed to keep away evil spirits and negative energy. During time, the Germans started decorating the Christmas tree and so this action spread in multiple countries, becoming a tradition.

Hmm... Christmas presents... What about them? The presents we all get for Christmas are symbolic of the tributes made to baby Jesus by the Three Wise Men, after his birth. In the Bible's New Testament it is written the story of the Three Magi: Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar,

finding baby Jesus's birth location by following a star and post their arrival, giving him lots of

gold, myrrh and frankincense gifts.

All that being said, Christmas is one of the most important, meaningful and beautiful holidays, which we should all be grateful of. Have fun, spend time with your family and pass on

the traditions to the next generations!



The Genesis of Violence

By Denise Tecuceanu 11G

Are people born evil? Why most people will rather cry in pain, but others are led by these extreme

feelings to act with violence? Does the brain of an aggressive person function differently from a healthy minded individual? Why is it that I don't kill?

First of all, "evil" is a religious concept, not a scientific one, you can't diagnose a person with pure evilness, there must be an explanation behind their horrific acts.

The brain dictates. It is a very sensitive organ, so the smallest tumour or scar, in under some circumstances, can trigger abnormal reactions and seizures associated with bizarre, animalistic behaviours. What distinguishes the aggressive individuals from psychiatric ones, but non aggressive ones, are some small lesions on the frontal lobe, according to researchers. It is the part of the brain which deals with decision making, the one that detains the impulsive actions from happening. Some obtained their injuries from a troubled childhood, where they were mistreated and subjected to severe abuse.



Beside the incapability of controlling their emotions, how else does the lesions affect their way of thinking? The answer is: by dissociating. Dissociation is an organic characteristic of the human mind, everybody dissociates. We all sometimes get lost in our own thoughts and forget what we were about to do or on what street we should have turned left. The problem is that these individuals spend so much time in dissociation, until they start to think that they are someone else. They create an alternative personality, an out of body experience, where they are no longer in control.

Anybody in this world can become a criminal. Aggressive souls are made, not born, so in order to distinguish the guilty from the innocent and the sanity from insanity, we have to understand the genesis of violence. Instead of fixating on how they did it, we should be aware of why they did it. It is not a justification of their actions; these people are dangerous and should be locked away from society. But, are they the only ones who should be blamed?

The kaleidoscope of Life

By Matei Spătăreanu 10B

The colours of my childhood are a kaleidoscope of vibrant hues that still evoke a sense of nostalgia and warmth within me. Growing up as a boy in a small town surrounded by lush greenery, the vivid colours of nature imprinted themselves deeply in my memory. The endless shades of green, from the emerald of the trees to the mint of the grass, were my constant companions.

But my childhood wasn't just about greenery. I remember the bright red of the fire truck that roared past our house every time there was an emergency. The yellow of the sunflowers that grew in my grandmother's garden, and the blue of the sky on a clear summer day. The colours of my childhood weren't just limited to nature; they were also present in the clothes I wore, the toys I played with, and the food I ate.

Each colour held a different emotion and memory for me. The blue of my favourite shirt made me feel cool and confident, while the black of my first bicycle made me feel powerful and in control. The brown of the chocolate cake my mom baked filled me with joy and comfort.

In retrospect, the colours of my childhood represented the carefree innocence and wonder of that time. As I grow older, those colours may fade, but the memories they evoke will always remain vivid and cherished.



Fields of green

By Antonio Mirea 10B

As a child I roamed, carefree and wild
Through fields of green and forests mild
My imagination knew no bounds
As I explored uncharted grounds

I chased after butterflies in the sun
My laughter echoing as I had fun
With friends by my side, life was a game
And adventure was always ours to claim

But as I grew, the world grew too
And childhood slipped away like morning dew
The magic faded; the wonder lost
As life's demands became the cost

But still, I hold those memories dear
Of a time when joy was always near
And though I may never go back again
I'll cherish those days until the very end



"Auschwitz: Hell on Earth"
by Ungureanu Cristina Maria 10E

Imagine losing everything one day. Imagine everything that you've been gathering for a lifetime being taken away from you, including your own future. Imagine starting over with everything that means money, career, family. This is what the Jews felt and lived less than a century ago, when Hitler's hatred had marked their lives, when they realized that there was no way to escape and that they had to go through the inferno of Auschwitz and survive, to see their parents, grandparents or children again.

I have always been passionate about World War II. When I read books about the Auschwitz extermination camp, I imagined a few mud-covered houses surrounded by wire fences, in which many undernourished people lived, but the images I had in my mind were not at all comparable to the actual hell, horror and suffering that could be found there.

While being on the bus, I tried to imagine the surroundings of Auschwitz covered with the ashes of innocent people, a lifeless area, a place in black and white, like the first films in human history. Then, I saw it: Auschwitz. The barracks, the fences, the surveillance towers, everything was in front of me. All the things that I have read about were there, all the places that I have wanted to visit were just a few steps away, but I was not excited and what I felt got worse once I stepped on the territory that bears the burden of all the lives lost in World War II.

Throughout the whole visit, I listened to the guide's explanations, although I could not process the information given by him. I was thinking about the tragic events that happened there and I was shocked by the sudden thought that I was walking on the same place that someone died before. I couldn't stop picturing the people that lived and perished here and the ones that fought for their freedom with the strength of their hearts and bodies.



I was filled with a sense of fear, as if I was on a deserted and haunted land, even though I was surrounded by my classmates and many other tourists. It was as if I was accompanied by the prisoners' voices shouting for help from the dungeons or their cries of pain.

The barracks that had a sinister appearance and the whole place that was immersed in a morbid silence made everything creepy. I may sound dramatic, but, because of the bad energy that was there, I had the constant feeling that I was a character with a tragic end in a horror movie. However, I stayed near some friends of mine and, even though no one said anything, we were just mentally there for each other, which made me feel much better.

This experience was the first time in my life when I discovered and saw with my own eyes a negative part of our history and I think it is very important for all young people to visit this extermination camp, in order to realize that the events of the past can never be repeated. We have to love each other, regardless of our cultures, religions or financial conditions. After all, this is our life: we have only got each other.



Wonder and Awe

By Alexandru Mireanu 10B

Childhood, a time of wonder and awe
Where every day is an open door
A world full of fun and games
With countless memories engraved
Even as time passes by
And we leave those days aside
The magic of childhood lives on in our heart
As a reminder of where our true passions star
Childhood, I want to say
Thanks for everything you have portrayed
I still have to finish you
But in my heart, you'll always be true

To go through life, always smiling
By David Dolea 10B

It's wonderful to be a child,
When your mother is on your side,
But don't forget, dear child,
To reward her as you know best.

It's great to be a child
When the loved ones surround you.
To be with your little brother



At the table every evening.

It's nice to be a child, to have your loved ones by your side,

To have everything you want at any time.

To go through life, always smiling



Reaching the sky

Rotariu Andrada 10B

I've always dreamed of reaching the sky
but I ended up talking with the clouds,
while believing i was speaking with the gods,
yet it was more calming than living through the giants

But I confess that I wanted time to pass so I can be one of them
I wanted someone to listen to my spontaneous thoughts
But the worries about my bug friends weren't as important as papers were
And I was just a mind to colorful to be understood by others

My wishes became true and years of my life passed away
So I got intoxicated and there was nothing more to do
My wounds got deeper than my flash, through my veins and heartbeats
Until my last blood stopped pulsing in restless corpse that I
couldn't recognize

Now I've grown into a tall child, to tall to reach the doorbell or my mother's shoulder
Yet too mature to be a child anymore, so whatever I've been before is nowhere to be found

I still speak to the gods when I see a wondering cloud,
but I don't dream of reaching it anymore;
They have a memory that I don't want to feel again,
but that I'm still keeping somewhere in my ribs



I refuse to let go of who I was and I refuse to believe in who I am
And after I start to seek truth, I'll always bury it back in tears
Because my heart doesn't belong to my faithful smiles that I've lost on my way there
And I'm still not an adult, nor will I be.



AMBER

by Roxana Neatu

The warm tear of the early transcendence
Stuck in the saliva of our instincts of survival.
Santa Claus came again...
The parents' frustrated dreams glittered once more
On the sticky hands of our infantile ego...
Who knows what destiny is?!
Our own weakness
In a secret flight to immortality...
A fragile tinsel capturing
The inner world of the snow
Inside the radiance of the big children's eyes...
We...the last of the immigrants on Earth...

