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# STUDENTS' LITERARY SUPPLEMENT







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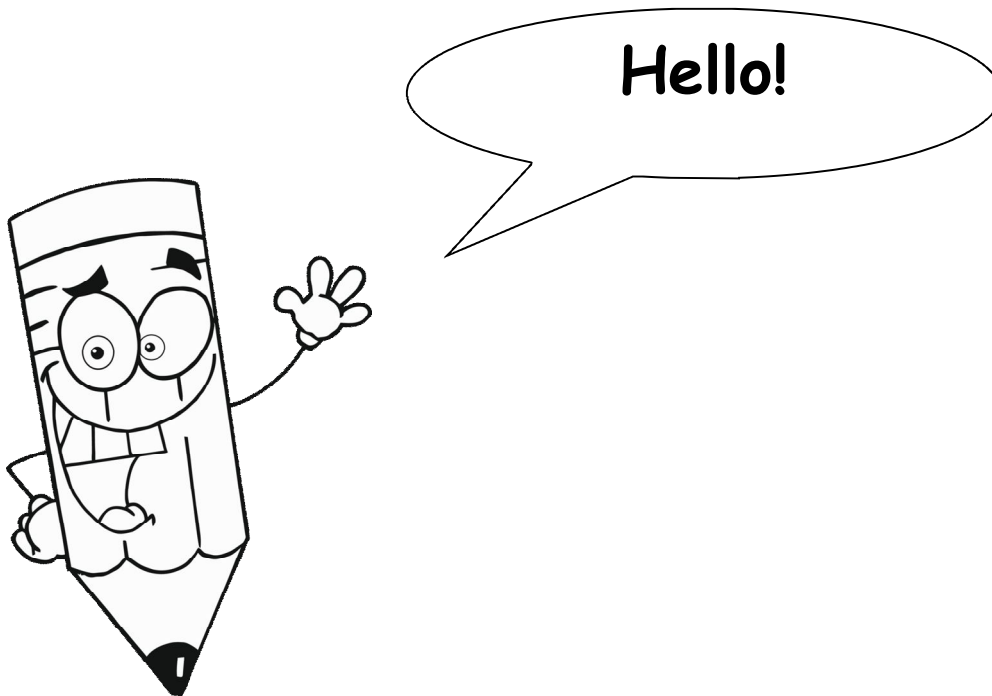
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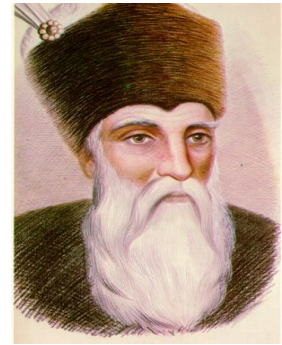
We all know that the beauty of the world is based on our perception of the things around us. Yet without creativity we can not really see and grasp the world in a complex and enlightening way. More often than not, books can offer us rich paths of understanding and can constitute interesting sources of inspiration.

One such book is *Gulliver's Travels*, a brilliant satire written by Jonathan Swift, one of the best known satirists of all times. This year we celebrate the English writer's birth, since which 350 years have passed. In order to honour him, this journal contains a section dedicated to him.

The editors



**Dimitrie Cantemir**  
(1673-1723)



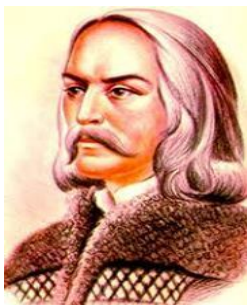
**Miron Costin**  
(1633-1691)

## Jonathan Swift

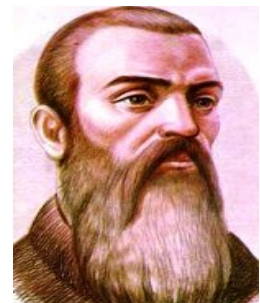


### **Jonathan Swift (1667-1745)**

is one of the eighteenth century's great writers, an Irish essayist, political pamphleteer, poet, journalist and cleric who became Dean of St Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. He is one of the greatest English satirists, who exposed the moral failings of his age and presented a formidable critique of Enlightenment thought. His ironic writing style, particularly in *A Modest Proposal*, has led to such satire being subsequently termed "Swiftian".



**Grigore Ureche**  
(1590-1647)



**Ioan Neculce**  
(1672 -1745)

## *Gulliver meets the Liliputians*

I lay down on the grass, which was very short and soft, where I slept sounder than ever I remembered to have done in my life, and, as I reckoned, about nine hours; for, when I awaked, it was just daylight. I attempted to rise, but was not able to stir: for as I happened to lie on my back, I found my arms and legs were strongly fastened on each side to the ground; and my hair, which was long and thick, tied down in the same manner. I likewise felt several slender ligatures across my body, from my arm-pits to my thighs. I could only look upwards, the sun began to grow hot, and the light offended my eyes.

I heard a confused noise about me; but, in the posture I lay, could see nothing except the sky. In a little time, I felt something alive moving on my left leg, which, advancing gently forward over my breast, came almost up to my chin; when, bending my eyes downward, as much as I could, I perceived it to be a human creature, not six inches high, with a bow and arrow in his hands, and a quiver at his back. In the meantime I felt at least forty more of the same kind (as I conjectured) following the first.

I was in the utmost astonishment, and roared so loud that they all ran back in a fright; and some of them, as I was afterwards told, were hurt with the falls they got by leaping from my sides upon the ground. However, they soon returned, and one of them, who ventured so far as to get a full sight of my face, lifting up his hands and eyes by way of admiration, cried out in a shrill, but distinct voice--*Hekinah degul!* the others repeated the same words several times, but I then knew not what they meant.

I lay all this while, as the reader may believe, in great uneasiness. At length, struggling to get loose, I had the fortune to break the strings, and wrench out the pegs, that fastened my left arm to the ground; for by lifting it up to my face, I discovered the methods they had taken to bind me, and, at the same time, with a violent pull, which gave me excessive pain, I a little loosened the strings that tied down my hair on the left side, so that I was just able to turn my head about two inches.

M-am așezat pe iarbă, care era foarte mărunță și moale, unde am dormit mai profund decât îmi amintesc să o fi făcut în viața mea și au fost, după calculele mele, cam vreo nouă ore, pentru că, atunci când m-am trezit, tocmai se iveau zorii zilei. Am încercat să mă scol, dar nu m-am putut mișca, deoarece, cum stăteam culcat pe spate, mi-am simțit brațele și picioarele ținute puternic de pământ, iar părul meu lung și des, prins de pământ în același fel. Am simțit de asemenea că trupul, de la subsuori până la coapse, îmi era legat de-a curmezișul cu fire subțiri. Puteam să privesc numai în sus; soarele începea să dogorească, iar lumina lui îmi deranja ochii.

Auzeam în jurul meu un zgomot neclar, dar, din poziția în care mă aflam, nu puteam zări altceva decât cerul. La scurt timp, am simțit mișcându-se pe piciorul meu stâng ceva viu care, înaintând ușor pe piept, a ajuns până în dreptul bărbiei; când mi-am plecat ochii, pe cât puteam, am perceput o ființă umană, nu mai înaltă de șase inci, cu un arc și o săgeată în mână și cu o tolă cu săgeți în spate. Între timp, am simțit cel puțin încă patruzeci de ființe asemănătoare (după presupunerile mele) urmând-o pe prima.

Eram copleșit de uimire și am răcnit atât de tare, încât toți au luat-o la fugă, înspăimântați; și unii dintre ei, după cum mi s-a spus ulterior, au fost răniți de căzăturile căpătate încercând să sară jos de pe mine. Totuși, aceștia au revenit curând, iar unul dintre ei, care se aventurase până acolo unde să-mi poată vedea toată fața, ridicându-și brațele și ochii, în semn de mirare, a strigat cu o voce stridentă, dar deslușită: *Hekinah degul!* Ceilalți au repetat aceleași cuvinte de mai multe ori, dar atunci nu am înțeles ce însemnau.

Eram în tot acest timp, așa cum își poate imagina cititorul, într-o stare de neliniște puternică. În cele din urmă, luptându-mă să mă eliberez, am avut norocul să rup firele și să smulg țăruii care îmi ținutau brațul stâng de pământ, astfel încât, ridicându-l până în dreptul ochilor, am descoperit metodele pe care le folosiseră să mă lege și, în același timp, cu o smuncitură violentă, care îmi produse o durere groaznică, am desfăcut puțin legăturile care îmi prindeau părul pe partea stângă, cât era necesar ca să-mi pot întoarce capul cu vreo două inci.



But the creatures ran off a second time, before I could seize them; whereupon there was a great shout in a very shrill accent, and after it ceased, I heard one of them cry aloud, *\_Tolgo phonac\_*; when, in an instant, I felt above an hundred arrows discharged on my left hand, which pricked me like so many needles; and, besides, they shot another flight into the air, as we do bombs in Europe, whereof many, I suppose, fell on my body (though I felt them not), and some on my face, which I immediately covered with my left hand. [...]

When the people observed I was quiet, they discharged no more arrows: but, by the noise I heard, I knew their numbers increased; and about four yards from me, over against my right ear, I heard a knocking for above an hour, like that of people at work; when, turning my head that way, as well as the pegs and strings would permit me, I saw a stage erected, about a foot and a half from the ground, capable of holding four of the inhabitants, with two or three ladders to mount it; from whence one of them, who seemed to be a person of quality, made me a long speech, whereof I understood not one syllable.

(Jonathan Swift, *Gulliver's Travels*, Chapter I)

Dar creaturile au luat-o la fugă pentru a doua oară, înainte să-i pot prinde; după care se auzi un țipăt puternic și foarte ascuțit, iar când acesta încetă, unul dintre ei strigă cu putere: *Tolgo phonac!*; după o clipă am simțit peste o sută de săgeți înfigându-mi-se în mâna stângă, care mă înțepară ca tot atâtea ace. Pe urmă, au tras un alt rând de săgeți în aer, așa cum facem noi cu bombele în Europa, dintre care multe presupun că au căzut pe trupul meu (deși nu le-am simțit), iar câteva pe față, pe care mi-am acoperit-o imediat cu mâna stângă. [...]

Când au observat că eram tăcut, omuleții au încetat să mai arunce săgeți; însă, după zgomotul pe care îl auzeam, am realizat că numărul lor crescuse, iar la o distanță de vreo patru yarzi de mine, în dreptul urechii mele drepte, timp de peste o oră, am auzit un ciocănit ca acela pe care îl fac muncitorii. Întorcând capul în acea direcție, atât cât îmi permiteau țărșii și firele, am văzut o platformă ridicată cam la un picior și jumătate de pământ, capabilă să susțină patru dintre locuitori, cu vreo două sau trei scări de urcat; de pe una din ele, unul dintre ei, care părea un om cu reputație, mi-a ținut un discurs lung, din care nu am înțeles o iotă.

(Jonathan Swift, *Călătoriile lui Gulliver*, Capitolul I)  
Traducere de Ioana PETREA, E-F, II



## Gulliver's lesson

When I was little  
I had a dream  
That I was with Gulliver  
On a trip.  
We went to an island  
Where the sun was green.  
It was the land of a good queen  
And the grass wondered:  
“Why are you here?  
You shouldn't be here  
Because you are just humans,  
And you make mistakes,  
Sometimes you are sad,  
And this is a place for happiness only!”  
So Gulliver understood that  
In a fairies' world,  
There isn't any place for human wrongs.  
When the night came  
And everyone was sleep  
A star was asking:  
“Why don't you come  
Visit me in the sky?”  
But Gulliver said,  
A little sadly:  
“It's different now,  
You are a star,  
I am only a human...”

When I woke up  
I understood what Gulliver meant:  
That we are not as big  
As we think we are  
And we can't reach for the stars.  
We fight for money,  
We want to be rich  
And we forget what really exists.  
Friendship, love and loyalty  
Are the things we remember rarely!

Alexandra VASCAN, R-E, I



Drawing by Marina CHISTOL, E-F, I





## Riddle

By the practice of medicine he was fed up,  
And wishing to discover the world by sailing  
He was shipwrecked on an island.  
He was taken prisoner by the Liliputians  
And then he arrived in different countries  
Where he met various creatures  
Like Liliputians, Giants, Laputans and Horses  
And after he listened and helped them  
He finally returned home  
And told the people of England his adventures.  
They considered him crazy.

Ramona-Mihaela PANȚIRU, E-F, I



Drawing by Elena CRIIVĂȚ, E-F, I

# PUZZLE

Search for the words below in the diagram and circle them.

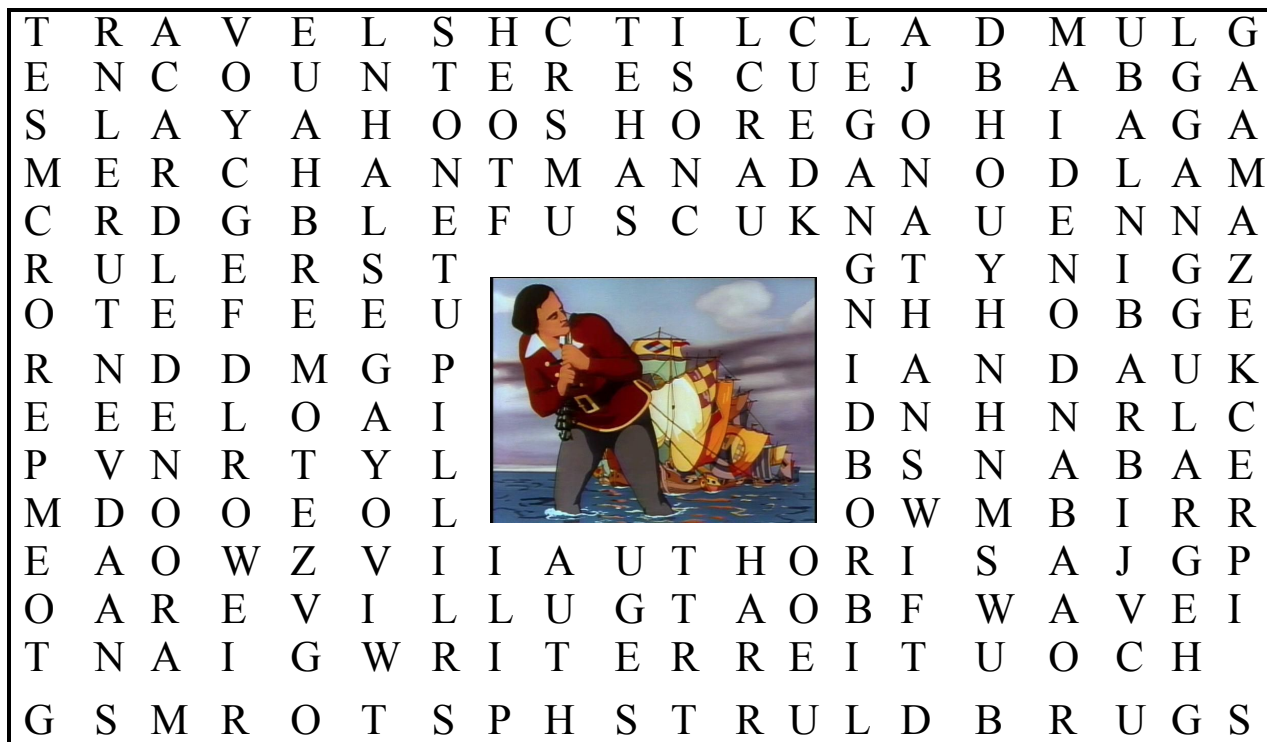
Words can run from side to side, up and down or diagonally.

Good luck!

ABANDONED  
ADVENTURE  
AMAZE  
AUTHOR  
BALNIBARBI  
BLEFUSCU  
BOAT  
BROBDINGNAG  
COURTIER  
EMPEROR  
ENCOUNTER  
GIANT  
GLUMDALCLITCH

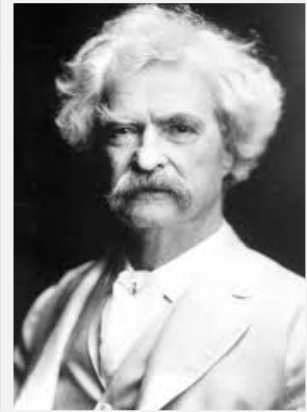
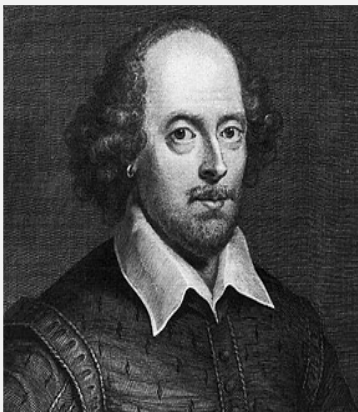
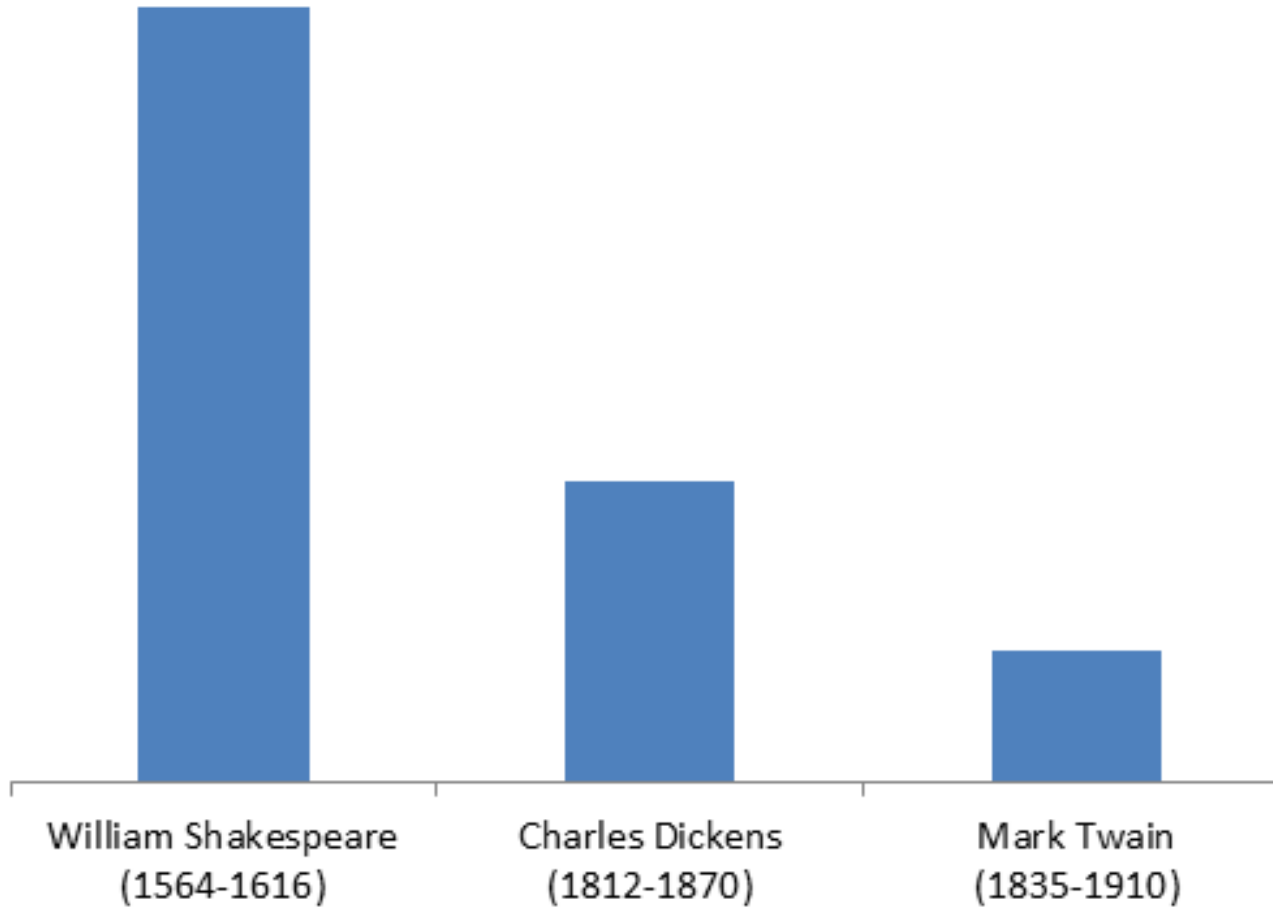
GULLIVER  
HOUYHNHNMS  
JONATHAN SWIFT  
LARGE  
LILLIPUT  
LUGGNAGG  
MAIDEN  
MALDONADA  
MAROONED  
MERCHANTMAN  
SHIPRECK  
SHORE  
SLAY

STORMS  
STRULDBRUGS  
PRISONER  
RULERS  
REMOTE  
RESCUE  
WRITER  
OAR  
TRAVELS  
VOYAGE  
WAVE  
WORLD



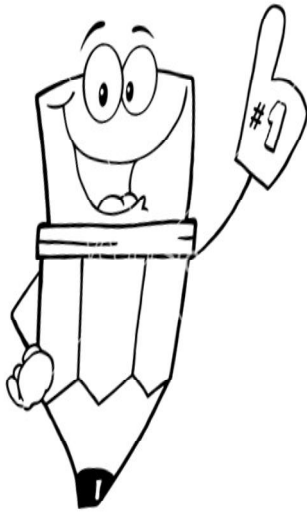
## Who is your favourite English author?

This year, the first-year students from the English-French and Romanian-English study programmes answered our questions in the present inquiry. Below you can see the results.

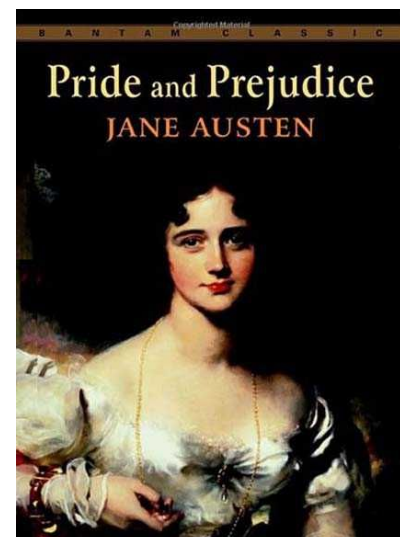
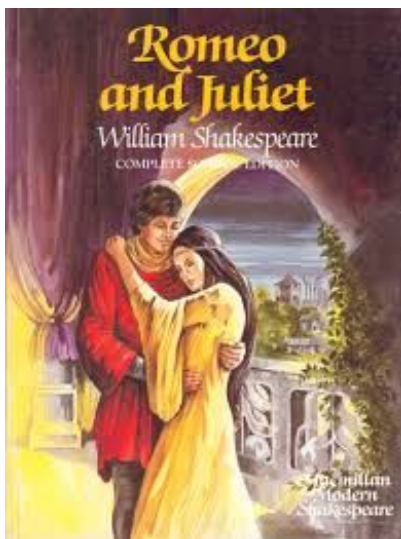




## Which is your favourite book?



**Shakespeare  
is the best!**



**1**

**2**

**3**

## *The contemporary dreamer*

So many years of looking through the window... the white walls closing in... the world is bigger than that, it surely must be. G. had to see more.

It's been so long since he felt the wind on his face, the rush the unknown gives one when one is on a mission. Everything would change, G. thought as he took his place on the plane. The view was breathtaking: the sun shining over the puffy, white clouds, small dollhouses and pencil drawn roads. And above it all, without a care in the world, was our hero. His smile of contempt widened as he closed his eyes.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as we start our descent, please make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Make sure your seat belt is securely fastened and all carry-on luggage is stowed underneath the seat in front of you or in the overhead bins. Thank you."

He left the airport and went on exploring the majestic city. Four suns were making the day unbearably bright. This would become the home he had always longed for. From his birth, G. knew that one day he would achieve great things, that he would change the world. And what better way to change the world than by the power of the written word? So he decided that one day he would write the greatest novel ever written. And he tried, but the world kept refusing to change. First he thought he was not old enough, but years passed and he didn't feel like what he had to say had any impact. Then he considered he was not educated enough, so he went on and studied hard, but in the same classrooms, on the same hallways, there were so many others studying just as hard, doing the same thing, thinking the same thoughts. So he deduced that his world was not big enough and that in another place he would surely make a difference. He would surely be as unique as everyone kept telling him he was.

So our hero went to this new place, with unknown people that lived in unknown buildings and led unknown lives. He went into a park and sat on a bench observing. But there was no one there, all the people of this land lived high in the sky, surrounded by glass and steel, they spent their days looking up at the suns. The trees were green and so was the grass and he was the only human in the park. This is how the idea came to him that he must be the only one that knew it and that by telling this to everyone he would make a difference. Once the people heard, they would come to feel the wind and marvel and the greenness of nature and marvel at

the genius of the foreigner that discovered it. He tried to go up to the people, but they wouldn't let him get there, they would look down on him, as if he were an ant and what he was saying couldn't reach them. After studying him for a minute they would go back to their lives of starring. There was nobody to listen to what he had to say. Every one of them was alone and he – the loneliest. A life of loneliness in the great shadow of the buildings he would never get into stared at him like a hungry monster. This could not be all, he would change the world.

He woke up screaming and there were white walls closing in. This cannot be all there is, there must be more. The unknown, the unwritten is waiting for me to find it, the world is waiting for me to save it, to enlighten it. The world is bigger than that, it surely must be....and G. had to see more.

Another plane, another landing, another city. Streets lit by lamp posts and nobody there. Houses like boroughs underground. Here and there, a door open and shut. Where are the people? G. asked himself. It must be nighttime, they must all be sleeping, but come morning I will tell them...tell them, what? That the trees are green and so is the grass.

Crowds of odd people were walking down the streets, with numb faces. They didn't care, their eyes were shut. They were all walking in line looking downward at the ground beneath their feet, treading carefully as if they were walking on a string. How does one explain green to a blind person? There were no words just like there was no sun.

He woke up covered in sweat and there were white walls closing in. At least there was light. But what is light? A voice: electromagnetic radiation within a certain portion of the electromagnetic spectrum; a muse, said another; no brother, light is one of God's gifts, the third voice stated. So many voices, and the walls closing in. And still the world was the same. So he told the voices his truth: the trees are green and so is the grass.

But what is tree and what is grass and what is green? asked the voices. G. argued with them for hours, for days, but the room didn't expand, the barred window stayed shut. The world didn't marvel, some people still stared at the sun and some still spent their days looking down, defeated. And genius struck: the world is bigger than that, it surely must be. G. had to see more and under his closed eyes a new world slowly formed...

## *Caitlyn's dream*



Caitlyn is a 9 years old girl, apparently normal, but somehow separated from the life we all get to have. She has been sick ever since she was little and since her father died, she has lived with her mother and her nurse, Carla. Closed off in her room, Caitlyn doesn't see the sense of living anymore. She watches from her window how kids her age play together and she asks herself: "Why can't I be normal too?" At night, she falls asleep in sadness and her face is covered by tears.

One night she is holding her diary in her hands. It contains all of her wishes. She falls asleep with the diary under her pillow and, suddenly, the letters start to fly. All her wishes, thoughts, ideas and feelings become reality. A noise wakes her up all of a sudden. She tries to call

her nurse, Carla, but she can't speak because she's too scared and fascinated. Some pink smoke comes out of the fireplace....

Boom....Chippy-Doublin jumps out of the chimney with a blue wand and with his long pointy ears. He whispers something to the little girl and then he disappears like magic.

This thing happens a few days in a row until Caitlyn decides to leave her mother and go find happiness. She takes the hand of the little elf, hops on a lollipop and leaves with him through the chimney. She arrives in a magic place and she can finally play like a normal child. The Fyretopia fairy gives her wings and makes her stand on a mushroom. Her childhood suddenly becomes beautiful and she even gets a poney for her birthday that becomes her best friend. Caitlyn goes to the magic forest to pick up flowers for her mother.

Everything is beautiful, but her love for her mother makes her want to return home. She gives up happiness and decides to come back to her real life, full of problems. She climbs down the stairs and calls her mother, who closes the door behind her, as she is going to work. Caitlyn then tells her nurse everything that happened, but nobody believes her. The little girl is taken to the psychiatrist and her dreams are destroyed.

The end is when you stop believing..

Ioana APOSTOLESCU, R-E, I





# Jack and the beanstalk



Once upon a time there was a poor boy who used to talk to the moon and stars at night. His name was Jack and he always wondered why he and his mother were so poor and went through so many struggles just to have a miserable loaf of bread on the table. But little did Jack know, as he gazed at the night sky, that his life was about to change.

As Jack was walking Bess, their faithful labrador, through the park one sunny morning, he encountered a funny-looking old man who called him by his name: "My good Jack, could you please come here and help an old man with something?" Although Jack never talked to strangers, this time he felt as if he had met the man before. This odd and tiny man handed him three beans and solemnly asked him to plant them in the park by the lake.

Jack felt as if he were on a mission. From that moment on, he knew he had to complete his task. He hurried to plant the beans as instructed. As he returned home, he found his mother glued to the TV screen in utter shock: "This is exactly what we need! A giant beanstalk right in the middle of the city!" she protested. Without saying a word, Jack rushed out of their flat and ran straight to the park, followed by the confused Bess.

Jack stared at the beanstalk with amazement and immediately started to climb it as if that was expected of him. He climbed and climbed until he reached an apple-shaped hut in the sky. He knocked on the door and was greeted by two giants, a man and a woman.

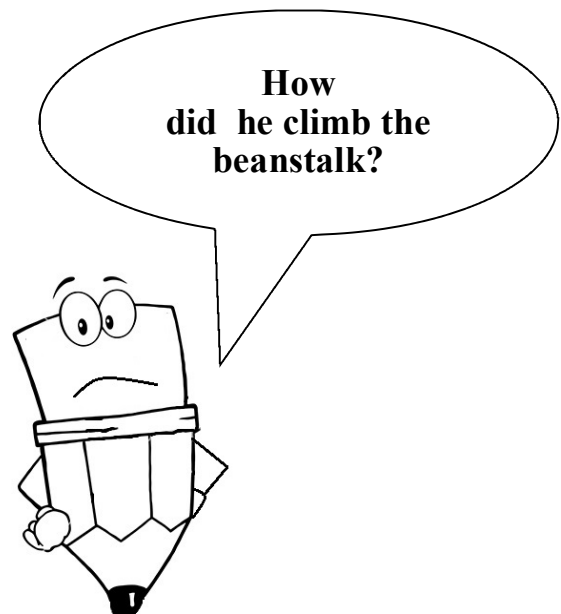
They smiled and asked him in: "It has been a long time since someone visited," the woman sighed. "How is it down there? Is it still that bad? We are afraid of coming down. People seem to have forgotten how to be human. That is why we prefer our solitude," the man explained.

Jack told them about how he liked to gaze at the moon and stars at night and how he felt fortunate he could do so. He told them about Bess and how she made his mornings happy with her tireless joy of life. He enthusiastically described his relationship with his mother and remembered how much he loved her and realized he was missing her just then.

Jack kept telling them about the beauty of music and poetry, about how you can sometimes taste the sweetness of summer or the freshness of the morning dew and at that moment, Jack woke up.

"Only a dream?" some may ask. Who knows? Maybe it was or maybe it wasn't. But what we do know is that Jack never considered himself poor again, because he had so much beauty and love to live for.

Alexandra ȘTEFAN, E-F, I



## Cindronella



Once upon a time, there was a girl. Her name was Cindronella. Her mother died and her father married a really bad woman who had two daughters. This woman gave a lot of work to that little beautiful girl, Cindronella.

She dreamed about going to a party given by a charming prince, but her mother didn't allow her to go anywhere. While the other two sisters were dancing, a beautiful fairy came with a nice blue dress for Cindronella and she did all the work Cindronella had to do. Cindronella went to the party by bus, but when she arrived there a bad dog bit her dress. At midnight she had to leave. It started to rain, she stepped on mud and she lost one of her shoes. She ran and a bad dog followed her. The dog bit her leg. A man in the car saw her and took her to the hospital. Next day, the charming prince went to the city to find the girl who lost the shiny shoe. Cindronella was at the hospital, so the prince didn't find her. One of her evil sisters made a shrinking surgery for her leg, so the shoe fit perfectly. The charming prince was deceived and married the latter girl. The wedding lasted for a week and there was a lot of music, dance and joy. When Cindronella came out of the hospital, she saw the news (on Facebook). She saw how her sister was so evil, that she spent all her husband's money on make-up and plastic surgery. Cindronella got so mad that she went in a bar. She drank so much that, instead of blood, her heart started pumping wine.

This is the story of a girl who, once she lost her shoe, she lost all her luck. The story ended dramatically when all the people in the city died of a new disease caused by the absence of blood, because all the people started drinking and their hearts started to pump alcohol.

Agneza-Tadeea ROCA, EF, I



## A misunderstood symphony of feeling

A profound sadness invaded her and made her feel as if a distant lover had come back to save her. She started crooning while looking at the clouded piano-black sky. Nature itself revealed some kind of hidden loss – it was taciturn and cold. Soon, foul tears of a barbaric greed poisoned the dry stiff earth.

Her complex thoughts formed a misunderstood symphony, an autumnal manifestation of loneliness. The wind was violently desecrating her body and she felt suffocated by a vulgar feeling of despair, as if a barren spirit were trying to breathe through her. She was a hungry lioness who wanted to touch the absolute source of being, created in her own dreamland of idealized fantasy, but she felt incapable of obtaining this sort of freedom. The piercing feeling of absence, of internal rupture, insistently attacked her and she became aware of the fact that this feeling was an immortal part of her being. Her soul was permeated by a warm scent of putrid wood and dying leaves, like a forest which dies and renews itself constantly.



She stood up and went inside. It was 1 a.m. but he was still in the kitchen. “I made some tea,” he whispered.

She embraced him as if they hadn't seen each other for a long period of excruciating, diseased loneliness and then she elegantly and repeatedly caressed his head and neck. She looked into his black abysmal eyes and she lost herself in them completely like a trail of smoke. They drank tea in silence, watching each other without hesitation – they found each other in a phantasmagoric world in which words had lost their meaning..

Ana DOLIŞ, E-F, I



## Education is an enlightening experience



Education is not only something that you learn behind closed doors, it is something you acquire through experience. If you learned some things in school, it doesn't mean you necessarily educated yourself. Education is only what you come out of school with and actually use in your life, it is what remains after one has forgotten everything he learned in school.

Many schools only make students memorize some facts which will be forgotten in time. All the situations, all the hardships that you go through during school prepare you, even if in a small way, to face the hardships you will face in real life. It is not the definitions you learnt or the answers you crammed, but the feeling of overcoming and conquering something that once felt scary to start with, and I guess that's what life is all about. Real education is not about learning facts (years in which battles are fought, formulae etc.) or memorizing something, but it is all about understanding the nature of a particular thing, by asking questions about its causes and effects. So education is not all about information, it is mainly about wisdom. Even if you forget the formulae and theorems and all that stuff, the ability to solve problems remains. You have to keep developing, go through as many experiences as possible, be they good or bad.

The truest form of education is the one that prepares you for the things you haven't even encountered, the challenges you haven't even faced. I strongly believe that, to live a happy and comfortable life, a person should get accustomed

to being uncomfortable. Never restrict yourself to what you have been taught over the years, the whole essence of learning something is to make that something a part of yourself and forget you ever learned it. That is the only way to truly acquire a skill, create some art or form an idea.

I have a feeling that that is what Einstein was good at – he would make an idea a part of himself and would think of solving it day and night so that he could find a way out.

It's hard to believe, but it was all because of his 'highly developed' brain. He always said: "It's not that I am so smart, it's just that I stay with problems longer", which is quite evident, because you need that kind of persistence to achieve that level of excellence.

Imagine that Einstein would have accepted Newton's Law as the be all and end all, like other scientists: you would never have seen the world as it is today. Laptops, mobile phones, television, GPS and almost all the electronic items we see today owe their origin directly or indirectly to the papers published by Einstein in 1905. He taught us that "you can never see a picture in its complete form if you are a part of it", that we should stop living life objectively, that we should be the watchers of our own thoughts and emotions, experience things but don't let them affect us, and not take things at face value.

Knowledge will help validate imagination but it isn't sufficient. Einstein imagined himself travelling at the speed of light. Yet he observed that, most of the time, in our attempt to accumulate ever more knowledge, we tend to become less imaginative and intuitive in the process.

A person should never restrict her/himself to what s/he has been taught, because education must be, primarily, an enlightening experience.

Andreea-Larisa CHITU, E-F, III



## Becoming oneself



Christine was alone again. After only a month, the only friend she had made had just left in search of a better life, leaving her all alone in that big town full of empty souls. “What now?” she thought. “Where am I supposed to find someone who can understand me in this place? People don’t just fall from the sky!” She started crying, not knowing what to do anymore. But the future holds in its hands the unknown, which we are all so afraid of.

Time was speeding ahead and she was feeling more and more restless in her tiny room; nothing made sense to her anymore and she regretted making the decision of leaving home, but somehow she was grateful for doing so. She was pursuing her dreams and her main goal in life – freedom. Her

dreams were as big as the Sun and as far away as the Moon, but she knew that only by being alone could she ever find herself and regain the strength to pull through. Although Christine couldn’t find any joy in being on foreign land with nobody by her side, she turned to her favourite book and took comfort in that one quote around which her whole life gravitated – “The moment you doubt whether you can fly, you cease forever to be able to do it.”

“I don’t want to grow up” she thought as she kept re-reading Peter Pan. “I’m not ready for this, at least not yet. What am I doing with my life? Time is passing me by and I’m not moving anymore. Oh, guardian angel, give me a sign that I’m on the right path. I know that sometimes you have to face the darkness in order to stare at the light again, but right now I feel lost.”

Many people saw her as a caring, dedicated and joyous girl, but somehow she never managed to see herself this way. She always saw her life as a challenge instead of a journey, but her view on the world changed after losing everything that she had once known. When turning 16, the young girl promised herself that she would dedicate her life to helping others in need – whether they were friends, family or mere passers-by. But now she found herself in a place where she was a ‘nobody’ who could help no one. She felt out of place, caught in some sort of spider web out of which she couldn’t find her way out.

As days passed, Christine found herself trapped in a never-ending monotonous cycle that seemed to swallow up her entire stay, but somehow she managed to stay positive and look for the bright side of every situation, because as a dear man to her heart once told her, “I realized that, if I gave myself one more minute every day to enjoy the little things, I become happier and more peaceful.”





So she took his words and worked wonders with them – each morning she would sit and let herself be engulfed by the calm music that echoed from her downstairs neighbor and although the rain was constantly hitting the ground like thousands of horse hooves, she took her time to listen to it until she finally understood how foolish it was of her to see nature as a curse rather than dwelling on its beauty.

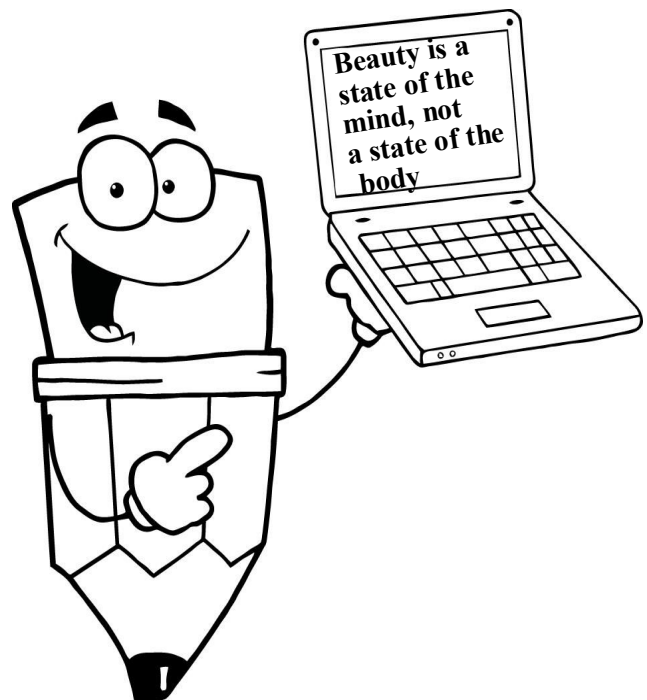
“I think I’ve been focusing too much on the physical and social parts of growing up instead of fathoming the spiritual growth that comes with them. Maybe, at the end of the day, growing up will be my blessing.”

And with these thoughts in her mind, Christine was prepared once again to face all the hardships of her ongoing chapter in her life. Henceforward she started planning her days, seeking out every opportunity to put to good use her social skills and her love for people in an attempt to make her long stay meaningful and unforgettable. She started out by simple gestures; greeting her non-talkative classmates with a genuine smile and leaving “Thank you!” notes in her neighbor’s letter-box for playing music every morning became her daily routines. As Christopher Morley once said, “Time is a flowing river. Happy those who allow themselves to be carried, unresisting, with the current. They float through easy days. They live, unquestioning, in the moment.” So she decided to avail herself of all that time had to offer in order to “grow-up” spiritually – while in her spare time she surrounded herself with good books, heart-warming music and even a hint of philosophy, during classes she would try to decipher and soak up as much information as she could.

When the time came for her to return home, the young girl who once depended on the presence of

others in her life had become stronger and more eager to live her life than ever, finally realising that growth and happiness start from within. Her stay, although it may have seemed long and uneventful at first, became one of the main pillars of her coming of age. It changed the perspective through which Christine saw her life story. She was now peaceful and more optimistic than ever.

Ioana POPESCU, E-F, III





## Numai una

Pe umeri pletele-i curg rîu—  
 Mlădie ca un spic de grîu,  
 Cu șorțul negru prins în brîu,  
 O pierd din ochi de dragă.  
 Și cînd o văd, îngălbinesc;  
 Și cînd n-o văd, mă-mbolnăvesc,  
 Iar cînd merg alții de-o pețesc,  
 Vin popi de mă dezleagă.

La vorbă-n drum, trei ceasuri trec—  
 Ea pleacă, eu mă fac că plec,  
 Dar stau acolo și-o petrec  
 Cu ochii cît e zarea.  
 Așa cum e săracă ea,  
 Aș vrea s-o știu nevasta mea,  
 Dar oameni răi din lumea rea  
 Îmi tot închid cărarea.

Și cîte vorbe-mi aud eu!  
 Toți frații mă vorbesc de rău,  
 Și tata-i supărat mereu,  
 Iar mama la icoane,  
 Mătănii bate, ține post;  
 Mă blestemă: „De n-ai fi fost!  
 Ești un netot! Ți-e capul prost  
 Și-ți faci de cap, Ioane!”



Îmi fac de cap? Dar las' să-mi fac!  
 Cu traiul eu am să mă-mpac  
 Și eu am să trăiesc sărac,  
 Muncind bătut de rele!  
 La frați eu nu cer ajutor,  
 Că n-am ajuns la mila lor—  
 Și fac ce vreau! Și n-am să mor  
 De grija sorții mele.

Mă-ngroapă frații mei de viu!  
 Legat de dînsa, eu să știu  
 Că am urîtei drag să-i fiu?  
 Să pot ce nu să poate?  
 Dar cu pămîntul ce să faci?  
 Și ce folos de boi și vaci?  
 Nevasta dacă nu ți-o plăci,  
 Le dai în trăsnet toate!

Ori este om de sila cui  
 Să-mi placă tot ce-i place lui!  
 Așa om nici vlădica nu-i  
 Și nu-i nici împăratul!  
 Să-mi cînte lumea cîte vrea,  
 Mi-e dragă una și-i a mea:  
 Decît să mă dezbar de ea  
 Mai bine-aprind tot satul!

George Cosbuc

## But one



Her long hair like a river flows—  
 As graceful as a blooming rose,  
 Around her waist the apron falls,  
 She is, to me, so dear!  
 And when I see her, I turn pale;  
 And when I don't, I start to ail,  
 And when to woo her others dare,  
 Priests come my soul to clear.

We talk for hours in a row—  
 She goes away, I seem to go,  
 But there I stand and watch her so  
 Until she's out of sight.  
 As downright poor as she may be,  
 I do want her to marry me,  
 But unkind people, as I see,  
 Keep standing in my light.

And there's no end to what I hear!  
 All of my brothers my name smear,  
 My father's made his sorrow clear,  
 And mother, all day long,  
 Does nothing else but fast and pray;  
 She says: "You, fool, I curse the day  
 I gave you birth! You've lost your way  
 And all you do is wrong!"

And all I do is wrong? So be it!  
 It's me who has to make ends meet  
 And bear with it as I see fit  
 Working away in sorrow!  
 My brothers' help I do not seek  
 For I am not yet at their feet—  
 I'll have my way and won't get sick  
 Worrying about tomorrow!

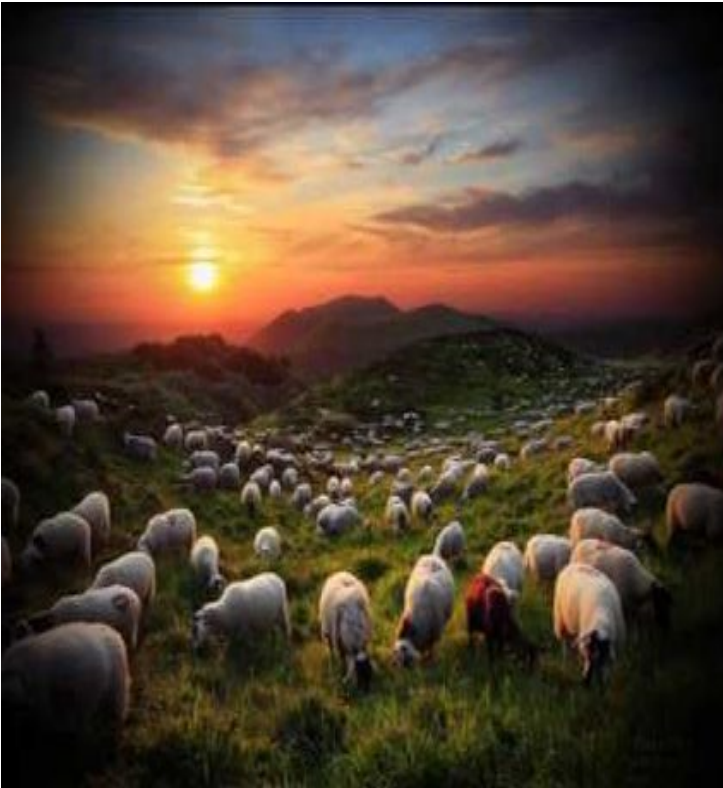
My brothers are the death of me!  
 So fond of her, how can I be  
 Loved by the plain one? I can't see  
 Such things as this befall!  
 What is the use of all that land?  
 And having cattle to no end!  
 If your own wife you cannot stand,  
 Then you can hang it all!

Can anyone command my heart  
 To love someone or to love not?  
 No one on earth can tell me that  
 No emperor, no sire!  
 For all the tunes the others play,  
 I love but one and mine she'll stay:  
 Rather than leave her, come what may,  
 I'll set it all on fire!

Translated by Lenuța PUIU, LEPC, II



## Sara pe deal



Sara pe deal buciumul sună cu jale,  
Turmele-l urc, stele le scapără-n cale,  
Apele plâng clar izvorând în fântâne;  
Sub unsalcâm, dragă, m-aștepți tu pe mine.

Luna pe cer trece-așa sfântă și clară,  
Ochii tăi mari caută-n frunza cea rară,  
Stelele nasc umezi pe bolta senină,  
Pieptul de dor, fruntea de gânduri ți-e plină.

Nourii curg, raze-a lor șiruri despică,  
Streșine vechi casele-n lună ridică,  
Scârțâie-n vânt cumpăna de la fântână,  
Valea-i în fum, fluiere murmură-n stână.

Și osteniți oameni cu coasa-n spinare  
Vin de la câmp; toaca răsună mai tare,  
Clopotul vechi împle cu glasul lui sara,  
Sufletul meu arde-n iubire ca para.

Ah! în curând satul în vale-amuțește  
Ah! în curând pasu-mi spre tine grăbește:  
Lângă salcâm sta-vom noi noaptea întreagă,  
Ore întregi spune-ți-voi cât îmi ești dragă.

Ne-om răzima capetele unul de altul  
Și surâzând vom adormi sub înaltul,  
Vechiul salcâm. – Astfel de noapte bogată,  
Cine pe ea n-ar da viața lui toată



## Evening on the Hills

On hills, the alp horn mourns as evening ends the day,  
Flocks climb them and the stars flicker and light their way,  
In wells the waters weep while springing pure and clear;  
Under a tree, for me, you have been waiting, dear.

Way up above the moon, so saintly, passes by,  
Through leaves your heavy eyes to pierce the darkness try,  
Moist stars, on the clear sky, from other stars are born,  
Your heart is filled with longing; your mind is, with thoughts, torn.

Cloud after cloud appears and streaks of light each cleaves,  
The houses reach the moon with their time-stricken eaves,  
The wind carries the sounds of creaks from the well sweep,  
In sheepfolds pipes are played as valleys in smoke sleep.



From fields, the weary men with sickles in their hands,  
Come home; the hour is struck with wood board bangs,  
The sounds of the old bell the air of evening claim,  
My soul, consumed with love, keeps burning like a flame.

Ah! It is not long before the village is all hushed  
Ah! It is not long before to you my step is rushed:  
By the old tree the night we will spend staying near,  
For hours I will tell you that you, to me, are dear.

My head against your head will lean and we will fall  
Asleep while smiling underneath the tall,  
Old tree. – For such a night as beautiful as this,  
Who would not gladly give one's whole life, piece by piece?

Translated by Lenuța PUIU, LEPC, II



## A trip to Erzurum

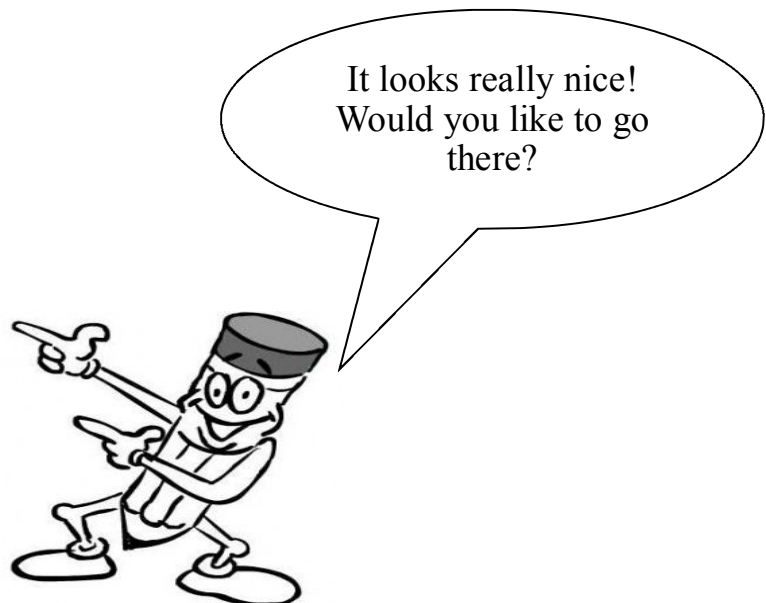


It all started with a dream. A word written on a list was the beginning of the best adventure of my life. This word was Turkey, the name of a country, an open gate to the Oriental world, and to my second home. When I decided to participate in the Erasmus program in the Eastern part of Turkey, I did not think about the risks: a different culture, different types of people, a different language. I took it as a challenge: living on my own, learning how to manage my money and embracing a new lifestyle for five months.

I was not sure that my dream would become true till I saw the airplane from the Turkish Airlines.

By stepping inside, you could listen to Oriental music, and after 50 minutes of flying we landed in Istanbul. It was not my final destination, and had to wait for eight hours before I could embark on the plane taking me to Erzurum, a Turkish eastern city situated at an altitude of 1757 meters, where winter lasts for six months (of which I experienced only three). I got a splendid view of the mountains surrounding the city from the airplane, and because I landed at a late hour, I went directly to the hostel and slept for many hours. For some days I made my papers, met my teachers and saw the Atatürk University campus. I was lost in the campus on my first day, and it is no wonder why: we are talking about the third biggest university campus of Turkey, with 26 faculties and all necessary facilities for students and teachers. It is indeed a small city in itself. The next day I learned my lesson and I drew a map from my hostel to the faculty.

The main language was Turkish. I say this because in eastern Turkey there are many Kurds, people from Kurdistan, also speaking Turkish, but with archaic words and dialectal terms, and this makes it difficult to understand, even for the natives who speak Turkish.





I was amused when I saw the road and escape signs were also written in Turkish: open – *açık*, exist – *çıkış*, stop – *dur*. Some words were directly translated from English after their pronunciation: taxi – *tacsi*, diesel – *dizel*. Before leaving Romania, I had tried to learn the main and necessary words in Turkish, and the notebook I had made helped me whenever I went out in Erzurum. Also, I was lucky to find pictures on the menus in some restaurants. When nothing else helped, my Turkish friend or Google Translate did. I really enjoyed their food (not the spicy one), especially their pies. What I enjoyed best was the food cooked with a little amount of oil, no greasy meat, only chicken – *tavuk*. I had tasted their special dessert, *baklava*, before, but it is incomparable when you taste it ‘at its home’, with different flavours like chocolate, milk, nuts, pistachio (my poor taste buds!!!).



Speaking about restaurants, the staff knew how to attract the tourists. My hostel was near the city center and its old district, where the antique houses – *Erzurum evleri*, were transformed into a restaurant-museum. There people were sitting on the floor, eating on large aluminum plates and listening to the old songs of Erzurum, which is their traditional way of dining.

It was the first time when I smoked hookah – *nargile*, with a melon flavour, without tobacco. Here, you could also dance and sing. They had live music and I really appreciate that the Turkish people, especially teenagers, were not ashamed to dance in public, even out on the streets or in parks.

When spring came and all was green, the campus was more alive than ever. During every break and before or after courses you could see the students playing games, singing and dancing, enjoying the good weather. If you wanted to join them, they were pleased if you joined their groups and you could make friends easily. It sounds like a fairytale, I was amazed too, but it really happened. In order to celebrate the arrival of spring, they organize a spring fest in the university campus every year. They have a program with folk dance ensembles, with knights and princesses, with traditional costumes, and a large Turkish food and souvenirs fair. One of my Turkish friends was a member of a folk ensemble and she introduced me to her team and then we made a beautiful photo together. I did not try to dance with them because I did not want to look like a clown, but I tried to pose like a princess... unfortunately, I did not manage to look like one.





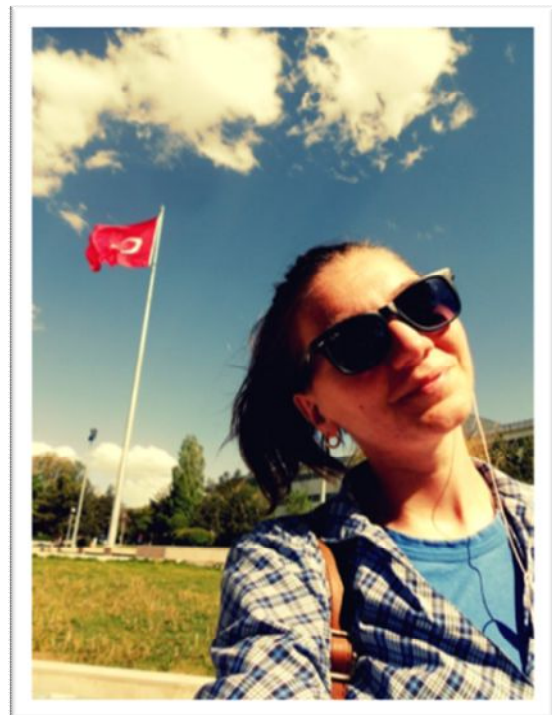
These folk dance ensembles came from cities around Erzurum, even from the zone of the area around the Black Sea, where the city of Trabzon is situated. I visited Trabzon with students from Japan, Russia, Turkmenistan and Georgia. On this occasion I 'embraced' our Black Sea on the southern part of it. Then we visited a monastery carved into a mountain – *Sümela Manastırı*, a Greek orthodox monastery dedicated to the Virgin Mary. I had the chance to see the capital of Turkey, Ankara, where I enjoyed the spring weather without snow, but in a crowded and industrial atmosphere. Here I also visited the Mausoleum of Kemal Atatürk - *Anıtkabir*, the founder and first president of the Turkish Republic. At the end of my experience I visited Istanbul, the transcontinental city of Eurasia, the most populated city in Turkey and the country's economic, cultural, and historic center. I tried to see and visit as much as I could, including the main attractions like the Greek Orthodox Christian church - *Ayasofya*, and the Blue Mosque - *Sultan Ahmet Camii*, but because the time was short and my family was waiting for me in Romania, I had to live before I could see everything.



As a student, I want to encourage my fellows to apply for this kind of experience, in Europe or in another continent, because they have the chance to learn about many different cultures. I only referred here to some things linked with Turkish culture which will be my memories for life.

However, I must add that I also experienced a lot of other pastimes such as bowling, karaoke, ice skating, making a barbecue on the mountain, going to clubs. I would also like to underline what makes the Turkish people special: their hospitality, kindness, interest in tourists. They all treated me as if I were one of them. As soon as I have another chance, I will go back to Turkey, to eat baklava and drink tea – *çay* together with my friends.

Mădălina ENĂȘEL, LEPC, I



**See you next time!**

