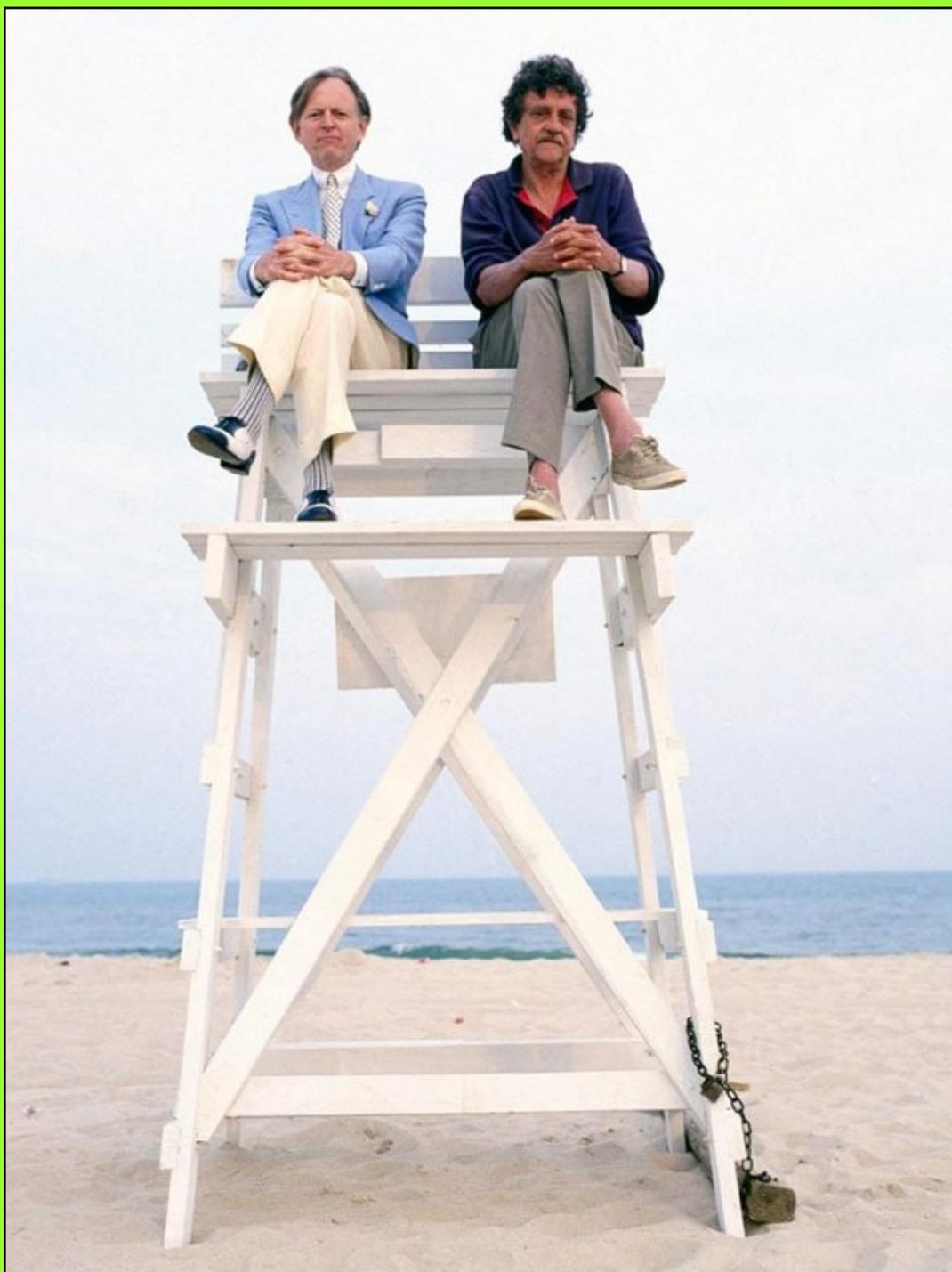


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UNIVERSITY OF BIHAĆ - PEDAGOGICAL FACULTY - DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
THIRD-YEAR STUDENTS' E-ZINE ("FROM WITHIN TO ETERNITY")

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Tom Wolfe and Kurt Vonnegut in Montauk, late 70's, photographer unknown

The Hollow

*What a hollow soul drifts around the town
So much on his mind, pulling him straight down.
The hunger for knowledge will eat him alive,
'cause of the fear he'll be deprived.*

*Oblivious when it comes to his own needs.
Naive for every word he creeds.
Narrow in those times to judge.
Still, but under the skin he grudges.*

*Try to cut your tongue, so you won't ever speak
Now words mean nothing, they just make you weak.
Cover your eyes, so you won't see
This pandemonium became you reality.*

*The weight he wears doesn't fit him
Repressing it just takes you down the brim.
The silence overcomes your every scream
Filling your ears like a never-ending theme.*

*Erase your memory, fill your life with tranquility.
Close your eyes, it's your ability.
Stop counting, you've lost track
and walk away without looking back.*

Dajana Šumar



Good versus evil. Does it truly exist? What are the gray areas? Do good people do bad things?

It is hard to define what is good and what is evil, and it is even harder to define a good and a bad person. Moreover, these are the terms that can only be used for humans.

People differ from each other in many things, such as physical appearance, behavior, habits, intelligence, and so forth, but we all rely on our first impressions and create judgements about people. We often divide people into bad and good, but we shouldn't! I think there are no bad or good persons, there are only good and bad deeds. A human is a product of many factors, such as genetic factors, intelligence, upbringing and social factors; all these should be considered before someone makes a judgement on someone. People define good persons as compassionate and helpful, but if life was kind to you, wouldn't it then be easy to be like this? What if someone was deprived of normal education and upbringing? What if he was born in prison? Raised through (often inadequate) foster care? Are the big expectations people have for him real? Can he be judged as a bad person? Maybe, the best definition of a good deed is doing good to or for someone conscientiously, without doing harm to anyone or anything. No one is born good or bad, those are the social surroundings and situations that make a human act like that. Usually, estimates we make about personality are not objective. Anyone who says for someone that he/she is a good/bad person is not objective. We all have certain characteristics, but some have more of them, some have less, and the combinations of these levels represent the differences between us.

I am aware that people are sensible when it comes to their suffering, but they have to realize why the psychologists rejected terms 'bad/good person' a long time ago. Everything in nature has cause and effect.

Nermina Kešetović

MAYBE WE ARE AFRAID OF CHANGES

The moment I started writing this essay, a flashback from highschool came to my mind. I remember our teacher saying that maybe our children won't live long enough to see our country become a decent country for living. The results of the last poll show that 70 percent of the population approves the European path of our country as if the changes will come from the outside. Perhaps we are disillusioned. Maybe we lie to ourselves subconsciously. The changes have to come from inside of each individual. Maybe we are afraid of changes!

When I think about the teacher's statement nowadays, I wonder if this period will enter the history as the country's darkest. Furthermore, the oldest museum is closed due to financial problems where on the other side we have wasteful political elite buying luxurious cars and living divinely from the money of taxpayers. The majority of people live from hand to mouth and are eager to watch reality shows, various TV series and are more concerned what will happen to their favorite character than their social status or child's employment. Nobody thinks or talks that the unemployment rate of the young population is 60 percent, which is higher than ever in the history of the country, nor that corruption and criminal activities are the worst evil that has befallen us. Additionally, if we were ready for such a long and arduous European path we wouldn't fall behind our neighbours for years now. Since we were not capable of arranging things in the correct order we got the following situation: for several years the last pensioner will die with his lowest pension while the young population – if they decide to stay in our country – will be living and getting older with their parents.

All in all, a change has to come from within. We don't need instructions from above – it is up to us to decide unanimously the right turn which will lead us from the dark tunnel. We have to be careful even if we see a light in the tunnel – we should stop and think whether to continue or step aside because that light could be a train heading towards us. It is up to us to decide what to do or maybe we are afraid of changes!

Emir Mašić



BREAKING OUT

*When words are lost, and silence falls down
When the light faints, and life gets us by
When doubt incures, and credence drowns
Will you slink off or stay beneath this ravishing sky?*

*Incubus of repent lies within you,
Clandestine to undiscerning eye.
There is no need to try,
There is no need to lie,
Let me (I will speak for you),
Let me say,
Goodbye!*

*And for the time beyond time
I won't be yours and you won't be mine.
Can you hear the voices from deep inside?
Don't let them deceive you
Just lay them aside.*

*When stillness shouts,
When your soul breaks free,
When words and deeds finally agree,
Span your arms fulfilled with creed.
Can you feel?
It is me,
At last we can BE.*

Almedina Kulauzović

REQUIEM FOR A NIGHTMARE

*Beneath the dust of the pale Moon
my soul was prune.
I inhaled the heavy air from the sky,
Shivers crossed my spine,
I touched the dirt, there was my place to lie.*

*Fields of lost souls all around me
decaying in their sorrow.
Begging and praying for a better tomorrow,
Like roses in the winter we were dead.*

*But then I felt a breath on my neck,
Sweet and heavy inhaling near my back,
Could it be thee, my infinity?
Could it be thee, my divinity?*

*On the cracks of your breath I climbed
When gusts came to blow me back
I held on as tightly as thee held onto me*

*In the Requiem for a Nightmare
thee sang to my soul,
Not all was foul.*

Tina Pašalić

AUGUST 6

*No one cared that year,
That is why I shed a tear.
Careless thoughts passed through,
Because I knew that wasn't true.*

*Always tried to be right,
So my mind fooled my sight.
Monotony hid the life,
Life I used to really like.*

*Why did that feeling haunt me?
Why didn't it come to me?
When he was already a crime,
Crime of my own deadline.*

*Than the Light struck as salvation,
Filling in the broken expectation.
Effort showed me the proper way,
To forget about the gloomy day.*

*Sometimes questions try to rule,
But I find Her not to be cruel.
For what happened in this whole
bond,
I am sure of it for all the lifetime.*

Barbara Briški



Life after death

"Where am I going next?" It was a question that struck me like thunder while I was watching my little cousin lying in that hideous hospital bed. Only 8 years old and such answers she wanted to know, I thought. There was something disturbing in that question. How can you explain an eight-year-old what will happen next, what comes after death. I saw tears in her eyes, and that look I would never forget. It's not that I don't want to, but I just can't. Where will her little soul go? We will all die one day, that's for certain, but what then? Will our souls go to some better place or?! Tons of questions and not a single answer.

"You are not going anywhere except home, Sarah," I answered at last. She turned her head towards the window. I had a feeling she ignored my answer entirely. But I didn't bother, I did not want to say anything. After I arrived home from the hospital that day, I couldn't stop thinking about her question. As selfish as it seems, I started thinking about myself and where am I going next. My faith doesn't allow me to question whether it exists or not, I just know it does. Simple as that. But how does it look like? Will it be painful for my soul to look without any emotions at my dead body and the world surrounding me? How will it be to leave my loved ones and never be able to see them, touch them? Will I hear their cries, their smiles? Where will I go, where will Sarah go, or anyone else? I asked myself these questions. At that moment the telephone rang. It was Sarah's mother who called. She wanted me to come to the hospital in three hours. She had some important business to discuss. I hesitated for a while, because it was hard to go through all that again, to watch Sarah and not being able to do anything. In the end, I said yes.

After half an hour of car drive, I arrived. Knowing how sad Sarah was when I left, I knew someone needs to cheer her up, so I smiled and entered her room. Her eyes sparkled when she saw me smiling, and gave me the biggest hug ever. We talked for a while, and then the doctor came in to give her the medicine that became her daily routine for almost two months now. Five minutes later, she fell asleep. The silence in the room brought the thoughts of her question into my mind. I was struggling with myself not to think about it, but it was impossible. I needed answers in order to give answers to others. But what answers? I looked at Sarah's tiny body, covered with a blanket, so innocent she was. How can this innocent creature suffer so much? Is that fair or not? What did she do wrong, why her? At one moment the room became too small for me, I needed to go out, it was suffocating me. I spent the night in the hospital hallway. I did not want to go home. My duty was to be there, next to her. Every ten minutes I would walk into Sarah's room, watch her for a while and go back. She was sleeping the entire time. Early in the morning, while I was sitting on a chair next to her room, I noticed the doctor and the nurse rushing in there. That's it, I thought in my head. After a few minutes the doctor went out. When he said to me those horrible words, I froze, and stood there like a statue; I couldn't move, like someone is controlling my body parts. Sarah can't be dead, she deserves to live, to go to school, to watch movies with her friends, she deserves to do all those small things that most people don't appreciate at all. What was painful for me the most was the fact I did not answer her question. She left without knowing where she is going. But she's in a better place now, I truly believe so. This world was just too bitter for her.

Elma Ramić

The One That Got Away

If only I had listened. If only I had paid more attention, but it is too late now. I can't turn back time, but if I could, I'm sure that I would not make this mistake again. He was the love of my life, the best friend that anyone could ever have and an even better husband. The keyword being "WAS ", not anymore. Now, he is just a person, a man with whom I have shared this home and this life for the past ten years.

A perfect relationship, a beautiful wedding and an even better marriage – that was us. But the thing that got in the way of our happiness was the fact that our little family could not increase its number no matter how hard we tried. In the end, it was always just the two of us, together but so distant. Numerous visits to tons of doctors, loads and loads of pills, injections, herbal teas, even countless hours spent in the cold hospital beds and nothing. One little angel did not want us to be his or her mommy and daddy. Two failed attempts at artificial insemination, one miscarriage and the adoption of a baby girl whose teenage mother changed her mind about giving her up, just few minutes after little April was born, have made a huge gap between us, that in the end, unfortunately, led to our separation and after that to divorce.

Those tough events in our lives strengthened Daniel even more, but deep inside he was hurt, he suffered vastly but did not want me to notice his pain. He played the role of alpha male very well and took care of his grieving woman the best that he could. But for me that was not enough. He and his love just were not enough. All the tears that he had wiped from my face, soft words of comfort, warm hugs and sweet kisses, did not mean much to me during those heartbreaking moments of my harsh sadness. But now, they would mean the world.



I can still feel the wooden floor beneath my numb body, salt taste of the tears on my lips – I was emotionally drained and completely empty inside, nothing but a spacious, never-ending desert of sadness and grief. Daniel found me in the morning, lying curled up in the middle of the nursery room. Spacious and bright room, with its light green colored walls, nursery furniture and a bunch of toys, felt like a tiny, damp and dark tomb. That was the hundredth night that I slept in the coldness of that room instead in the warm embrace of my husband. That was the end for him, he had it enough. This marriage, this life, us – all of that did not have sense anymore. I was completely lost in my sorrow and I did not realize I was pushing him away. But he was far braver than me; he had the courage to say out loud that the end has come. I was already aware of that, deep inside I felt the same, but still it struck me pretty hard that the day has come. "I am really sorry we didn't get through all of this together. I'm really sorry that we lost us somewhere along the way. I still love you and I always will, and I do not doubt any second in your feelings for me but simply we can't go on like this anymore. Good-bye, Julie." Leaving the room, he walked away without even looking back. The front door slammed. He was gone for good!

Sunčica Lipovača

WORDS IN THE AIR

When your blood freezes in your veins, you almost don't feel your legs, different sounds and voices are getting through the darkness, and you, you are not aware of anything. And how can you be aware, when you are only 20 years old and chaos rules your mind? Everyone was expecting something from you, at least to protect yourself against the bullets. But you cannot come to your senses, because your neighbour is lying dead beside you in a pool of blood, and two days ago you were together in the city. You could not even imagine that there will be a day like this, a day in which no one pays attention to anybody, selfishness is at a high level, death lurks every day and night. When you start to kill, in the beginning you feel so bad and awful, your conscience is killing you, but later you realize that you have no choice, either you or him. Each man or a better soldier had his own motivation for going further, mostly it was family, parents, and of course to defend our country. Sometimes you wish your enemies would kill you, because you cannot take it anymore, your body is exhausted, sleepless nights in the snow, rain. There is not much food to maintain the body alive. But all that we survived, and thank God we now live in our own free country, with our families and friends. This would be a modest statement of former soldier, who lives on the edge of poverty with his wife and three children. There is no job for him, no help, his children do not go to school, because there is no money for that. Are his wounds and effort in the war worthless, is there anyone in this world who can hear his pleas? Because of people like him, we still live today. They are the ones who bravely stood in front of the enemy, when the other "patriots" were already across the border. Unfortunately, their merit has been forgotten, as if nothing had happened from 1992 to 1995. All their requests and applications today are just words in the air that nobody wants to hear, because happiness is only for important, better people.

Armin Ramić



GOODBYE TO LOVE

"Enough of this," he said. He sat down on the sofa, looking in one direction in silence. He was thinking about what happened to them. Why was she acting like this? Why were they always arguing over stupid things? He still loved her but everything was different.

Suddenly he remembered the beginning of their relationship. It was a beautiful memory. They spent all their free time together and when they weren't together, they called or wrote to each other. He didn't look at any other girl except her. She was kind, gentle, beautiful. He loved when she hugged and kissed him without reason, but now there was no tenderness, only wrangle. They spent less and less time together, no more were there sudden hugs and kisses, no more calls and messages. There was only silence. He realized that she now hated all the things she used to love about him. He knew that he still loved her and wanted to be with her, but was it worth staying in relationship in which just one loved? Of course it wasn't. He looked at her while she was sitting in front of him in the armchair. Her eyes were red, her hair was tied carelessly, but even now she was beautiful. She crossed her fingers. He was waiting for her to start talking, he was waiting for just one word. Maybe then he will know what to do, but she was quiet and then he made a decision.

He stood up and said to her, "I love you, I really do, but this relationship is over. I do not want to argue all the time. I want us as we were in the beginning, but now we cannot have it.

I am sorry. I just want you to be happy."

She cried and said, "I wish you all the best." They hugged each other like two old friends, he kissed her on the cheek and left the apartment without looking back. It was his goodbye.

Alma Đogić

WIND OF CHANGE



Most people are afraid of changes. They do not believe that great changes could make them happy. They believe that nothing can be done to change the course of their lives. But I think it can. We just need to stop taking things for granted and start making our own decisions.

My dream is to see everyone fighting to achieve their goals, and not just sitting and waiting for life to pass. I feel sad when I see young people who aren't doing anything to make their dreams come true. Sometimes I wonder if they even have dreams. It seems as if they are waiting for a miracle to happen. I have lost many things in my life, but I haven't lost hope. Hope is the key of success. Without it, my life would have no sense at all. With every day that passes, I feel fulfilled for trying to affect the destiny and for trying to change things I don't like. Most people just feel satisfied with what they have, but they are not aware that they could have a lot more. We should not be satisfied with small things, we should always stream to a better life with more opportunities. Only that way the doors will open for us. We must realize that there isn't much time left for us to spend on things that will do us no good. We must be ready to take everything that life brings with a smile on our faces, knowing that we will do our best to change it if we want to. That will prepare us for everything that is about to happen. It will make us stronger and less dependent.

We can shape our life the way we want to, but it is up to us to decide whether we are ready to do it or not. It costs nothing, but brings a lot. We won't lose anything if we try. I can surely say, "The future's in the air. I can feel it everywhere, blowing with the wind of change." I hope that wind will bring us happiness.

Dženana Holić

THE CHOICE

It was the summer of '99. Jessica didn't really look forward to it, since all of her summer plans failed, and it was the first time she had to stay in town. Two of her best friends suddenly decided to go on a holiday with their boyfriends instead of her.

The disappointment of staying couldn't have been reduced even with the arrival of her beloved grandmother Mary. Anyway, what's done is done and Jessica chose not to grieve over the forever lost holiday in Miami, so she dedicated herself to a long delayed hobby of making jewelry and selling it on the corner of Huntington Street, just like she did when she was a teenager. Yeah, that will cheer her up; seeing the faces of people coming to her town to visit the famous Mount Rushmore. And if someone actually stops by and buys a piece of jewelry, she won't refuse the money. Days went by and so did people. It wasn't boring, but it wasn't too thrilling either, until one day. As usual, Jessica was sitting at her booth, when a young man approached. She acted as her usual self, although she got a little nervous meeting his look.

„Hi, I'm Brad, I just moved here,“ he said with a soft, yet masculine voice.

“I'm Jessica, can I help you?” she replied.

“Well, a cup of coffee with you would be very helpful,“ he uttered smiling in a devilish way. Jessica felt startled by his confidence and courage, but she accepted the invitation thinking „What the heck, what bad could it do?“ And she was right. Nothing happened except that Jessica and Brad became addicted to each other. Suddenly, the summer didn't seem so lame. She had a great man beside her and the future looked good for the two of them. After a while, Jessica's friends came back from their holidays all tanned, happy and beautiful, looking almost radiant when they went for coffee to ransack everything. Sarah and Bree were appalled by Jessica's out of the blue love story.

“You are getting married??? But you've known him for only three months!” Bree whooped.

“And when did you plan on telling us all this?” lamented Sarah.

„Exactly now, and both of you are going to be my bridesmaids“, said Jessica with such enthusiasm that could be spotted miles away. Despite the surprise, Sarah and Bree were happy for their friend, and agreed to help her with anything she might need. Things went smoothly, with Brad meeting Jessica's family, and her flying to Memphis to meet his. The wedding was arranged on September 12. The preparations were hectic with all the dress picking, food and venue choice and everything that came with planning a wedding. The beautiful day of September 12 arrived and Jessica was happy to finally tie the knot with the man whom she knew she will love forever.



The ceremony was private and romantic and what came after it was even better - a honeymoon on the Maldives, a wedding present from her beloved friends.

Two months after they came back, Jessica found out that she was pregnant. The news was a great joy for everybody. The names were decided immediately. If it is a boy it will be Michael, and if it is a girl it will be Rheena. Months passed quite quickly and Jessica felt like the luckiest woman in the world. She had an amazing husband and was soon to become a mother. When she was six months pregnant, Jessica was at the grocery shop, when she felt a strange pain in her belly. She immediately called Brad and they went to the hospital. After the examination, the doctor was serious and they knew something was wrong. Nothing in the world could prepare them for what the doctor had to say.

"You or the baby will survive. Not both, I'm sorry."

Jessica became pale as snow, as someone had washed away all the color from her face. Brad was self-collected enough to ask for an explanation, and he got it. Jessica developed a bacterium in her body which could be sanctioned only by choosing between her or the baby. Doctor also said this type of bacteria is not common, if anything it is extremely rare, and that they don't have much experience treating it. The two of them left the doctor's office crushed. But they wouldn't give up that easily. Brad searched Internet day and night looking for a solution. One day, while doing his routine of clicking the mouse and scanning the web pages, something caught his

eye. It was a web page of a clinic in Switzerland which dealt with the type of bacteria Jessica had. An immediate hope rose among them and they contacted the clinic and scheduled the appointment. Three days later, they flew to Zurich. After consulting a doctor, he told them there's a new method that could show some positive results and success in preserving both Jessica and the baby. They immediately agreed to do it and the treatment began several days later. It lasted for two months and Jessica was exhausted from all the injections and therapies but she knew she had to endure it if she wanted to see her baby or for the baby to meet her. And she did. The progress was obvious and Jessica entered ninth month feeling good, leaving the bacterium behind her. But, even so, the doctor said there was risk of a bad outcome so they should be prepared. The day of birth came and the tension and anxiety were awful. Ten hours later, Jessica gave birth to a beautiful, healthy baby girl, Rheena. Both of them were good even though the baby had to be incubated for a while. But they could cope with that as long as they were alive, healthy and together. Now, six years later, an image of a six-year-old girl and a two-year-old boy seems perfectly normal, without any sense of something ever being wrong. The kids are Rheena and Michael, a boy Jessica gave birth to four years after Rheena.

With their kids, after everything they've been through, Brad and Jessica knew they could overcome anything together.

Lejla Piralić

GOD, YOU REALLY EXIST!

Never curse the fate, the thing that befalls you. If it is a trouble, bear it, a problem, cope with it - but never give up, bear the brunt of everything you carry on your back. He knew it perfectly but still...

He put the key into the lock and opened the door. To his horror he saw his wife lying on the floor, all in blood. Not being able to do anything, John stood there looking at her, motionless, with his eyes glued to her pale face where tears were mixing with blood. After a few moments, something strange entered his head and made him ask himself - where were their children?! Did they see anything? "Oh, yes, they are at school," he said to himself aloud.

"Now I have to take care of my wife. But what to do??? What happened to her?! God, help me! What I am supposed to do in this situation, they will all say that I killed her, oh my God, and our neighbours know very well that we were fighting last five or six nights. No, not this time, not again, I'm not going there again, I'll be accused for murder this time for killing my wife, my children won't believe me a word either, their mother is dead, how could that be!!!" he kept rambling.

"Ok, just calm down and think of some solution. First I should leave the country or town, or... and start a completely new life, and also I have to take our money with me, my clothes, and some other precious things to sell in order to earn money necessary for living."

When he got ready he left the house and drove off to another city. As soon as he checked in a hotel, his telephone didn't stop ringing. John wasn't brave enough to answer the phone because he was sure that the police

was already looking for him. He panicked, cried, cursed God for such an accident, thing, fate, everything he could think of at that terrible moment. While still being tortured by scary thoughts and feelings someone suddenly knocked at the door and shouted:

"Open the door..."

It was the police. John was scared to death.

"I should hide myself or maybe even kill, because I don't want to go to prison, not at all, not for the second time," he uttered these words like a lunatic who has been deprived of fresh air and open space all of a sudden.

The person in front of the door shouted more angrily, "Unless you open the door we will be forced to break it, so please open!"

John opened.

"Mr John, we are here to inform you that..."

"Oh, no please, I didn't do anything, please don't take me to the prison, I was there for five years, I don't think I could go through it once again, no..."

"Ok, just calm down, Mr John, we have some bad news for you... Your wife is dead. She had a heart attack, fell down, hurt her head on the coffee table. Because you're on holiday, we had to come here at the hotel and disturb you here. We're terribly sorry for your loss. So, come with us, your children need you now".

"Yes, oh, I am on my holiday, just a second, please, I will come".

The moment he heard this, John turned his back uttering, "Oh, God! You really exist."

Rijalda Dizdarević

I'M SORRY

I'm sorry for never being afraid of
Letting you slip away.

I'm sorry for the darkness of my soul,
Which ruined your every goal.

I'm sorry for the reason that I chose,
But that's the way it goes.

I'm sorry for just standing behind,
Even though you were the only one in mind.

You have never felt all my lust,
And now everything inside is only dust.

I'm sorry for taking your every day,
Pretending not to care, making you pass away.

I'm sorry for not giving a try,
Even though I could not say goodbye.

You were the only one worth to be saved,
I'm sorry for not knowing how to grade.

I'm sorry for the words I have never said,
You deserved me not to be bad.
If I could turn everything back,
Oh, dear, I would cause a great lack.

I'm sorry for the alien of my heart
That made you into an uninvited part.
I'm sorry for not being all you want,
So if you need to come back, please don't.
Just stay on your side, 'cause our world died.

Aida Kekić

THE UNTOLD STORY

Some pain never fades away. Always by your side, under your skin, as your best friend, it survives to remind you that you failed in living a meaningful life. In a time when just breathing makes it harder to reach true peace, when all the tears and sighs are not reasons good enough to fight for your destiny, I came to realise that maybe it should have been me. Maybe I was the one predestined to see the other side. Years spent in fear of judgement changed my perception of the world. People... those strange creatures who think that life means earning, buying and selling, those monsters who imagine this planet as their own property, they made me wonder if this is what I want. Do I want to become a slave of a corrupted society? Can I accept all those wrong ideals and become one of them? They call me selfish for trying not to fit in their rules and fake moral codes. It makes me even more confused, for there is one side of me that wants to give up its dreams. And there is the other one, filled with sorrow and anger at the same time, the side you control - my heart. Being a place marked by your presence, it struggles to preserve the way of life you imposed, unbeatable love and pure soul. If only you could wake up again, let me see your innocent smile and sincere eyes, then maybe it wouldn't be so hard to choose a path. If only our childhood memories could find their way to the Sun, I would be a complete person. Just a simple gift made of words would heal my bleeding being. But it is too late to ask you for help. A cold earth that has taken you away is a boundary that cannot be ignored. I'm not like you, strong enough to resist every temptation or make a final decision to reach the light. I'm not the one who sees the beauty in the dark night. I am the lost one, the one trying to find the solution that will satisfy my will and your wishes. In the end I can make a mistake, choose a wrong path, but I can promise you – I will never forget the ideal you created, passion which you used to learn me laws of peaceful life, love that you spread. It will remain a part of me until the time I find the light. Until we meet again.

Emina Sabljaković



THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

I remember that old building in the centre of the town. I always asked myself what it was, why are there so many children and where were their parents, what do they do inside? So many questions were in my head and I was just a little child, I just wanted to play and watch cartoons.

But then came autumn. I was not aware of what was going on, it was as boring as every autumn is. Mom went shopping, which also would not be unusual if she hadn't returned with a lot of notebooks, pens, rubbers. I was a bit confused although she used to buy me notebooks before, but never as many. I asked her why she bought all those things and while she was saying something about the kids in front of the old building, I was too occupied admiring all the colorful things I got. Then she started getting dressed and I finally realized we were going to the old building.

As we were walking in I was really scared. All I could see were these big gray stairs. My mom was holding my hand real tight. Then we entered some office, where this nice lady asked me my name while mom was filling out some papers. She then said that I'm going to start school. Although I had lots of questions, I was quiet and still.

After that we went to some library where she bought me a pink bag with flowers all over it. I wanted the black one because I had an older brother so I always wanted to be like I boy, I even started to talk and behave like my brother. But of course I got the pink one, which I absolutely hated.

I remember the first day of school. I was dressed all black and white. It didn't really suit me. Mom combed my hair and put some butterfly shaped hairclips on my head, a bit of her perfume and off I went. There were children everywhere and it was really noisy. Finally the bell rang and we all went inside. Luckily our teacher was a young, kind and beautiful woman. As she was asking for our names I was still wrapped in my thoughts about this old building, and that's how my adventure started.

Aida Karajić

DREAMS AND LIFE

The doctor put his hand on her arm and said gently, "You or the baby will survive. Not both. I am sorry." That sentence has changed my life. I have often spoken with my wife about children. And now, all our dreams were broken. We were broken as well. Alice and I have been trying to have children for almost four years. And when we discovered she was pregnant, everything seemed to be perfect. In the first five months of pregnancy we lived as never before. Alice's parents very also happy. It should be their first grandchild. We did not want to know if it's going to be a boy or a girl. Well, we desperately wanted a child. In the sixth month, the doctors discovered some complications in pregnancy. They said we must decide. The baby can be born, but probably one of them, the baby or Alice, will die. We have visited five doctors and spent hundreds of dollars on them. Every doctor said the same. Another problem was that we did not have time. The decision had to be made quickly. The doctor also said we will probably not have children anymore. It was a difficult period for us. The fact that we will not have our own child, made me think that living has no sense. Alice seemed to do worse than me. I actually never gave up because of her. She was everything in my life. But I never loved the strange look in her eyes. That look I saw

every time we had problems. And I have seen it many times, but it always seemed I see it for the first time. The recovery time was difficult. She was emotionally drained. I would be much better if she was. But she was not. I started thinking what is in her mind. Things, which were circulating her mind, made me afraid.

One day, after work, I came home. Before I entered, I saw the shoes. Her parents were there. I found them with Alice. Though they behaved as everything was alright, I felt something strange. And I was right. They suggested adopting a child. I was surprised. Alice was not. She probably thought about it before. They said they had seen on TV a child without parents. The baby in question was one year old. That fact made me sad. I found the baby on the internet. He was so nice and little. Alice joined me. We wanted to help him. Now, two years after adoption, we live as never before. That child, an unknown child, changed us. We are a family again. Every day we go to town with him. Over the weekends, I play games with him and Alice is smiling all the time. It is strange that a baby, who someone did not want and had left, made us happy again.

Elmin Čaušević

...death is nonsense, the same as life

We all know the story of how Adam was created, God formed him from the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. He gave him something divine, God gave him soul so Adam became a living being. When Adam was created God took a piece of his spinal cord and made humanity.

Almost all religions have agreed that our soul is immortal and when we die we'll have another life, much better than this. There are many theories about reincarnation. It is believed that the soul and spirit after the biological death begin a new life, in a new body - human or animal.

At the beginning all souls lived in Eden, in the place where everything began. Some philosophers think that there we knew our parents, soulmate and friends, so now when we are surrounded by them we feel fulfilled and satisfied.

A few months ago, when my grandmother died, I started to think more about death and what will happen

after that. I was with her when she died, and I saw that anguish and a great struggle for life.

Something greater was in the room, and I saw death for the first time. In that moment I wanted to cry but I couldn't, because I felt so empty and helpless. Grandmother's hand was still warm. I called her but I heard only silence. I realised that I've lost her forever...And even now that picture is in my head and every time I remember that I have goosebumps.

So what is death? Is it the end of everything, or a beginning of something new?

Many people experienced clinical death and say the same. At first they were in the dark when big bright light appeared and then they felt the presence of God, all memories were shown to them. As they didn't complete their mission on Earth, they were returned to their bodies and their hearts started to beat again. People don't appreciate life and what it brings with itself. I was like them too. But now I see the world differently, now for me it is just a ticket for something new and perennial.

Dalila Aldžić

ENVIRONMENTAL PROBLEMS VS. SOCIAL PROBLEMS



We can all agree that the environmental problem affects all beings on earth. The scientists say that if we don't take action, after several years, we will be facing serious environmental problems. But, one must wonder - is this particular problem the most important one?

Sadly, we live in an era where a lot of problems can be found, but I think that most important are human lives and the quality of those lives.

Every day on the news we see people all around the world dying because of different reasons, but what upsets me the most is hunger. I read that every three seconds a child dies of starvation. We can't even imagine how it feels for a mother to not be able to bring food to her family and to have to see them dying. So, in comparison with the environmental problem, we can all agree that the death of innocent children is far more important.

Living conditions of people from third world countries are also disturbing and should be among the priorities of governments of the world. Statistics say that well over 800 million people in the world

live in extreme poverty, which means that they lack basic livelihoods, such as food, hygiene and medical products. Hunger and starvation problems could be solved by well organized programs for development and should include governments of all developed countries in the world. There are several organizations set to root out the world hunger in the world. However, it is necessary for those organizations to be selflessly and truly determined to accomplish their goal in order to be successful. Another thing that threatens human lives and its quality are wars. Death, devastation, refugees are only some of the consequences of the war. Every day young men are sent to the front to give their lives for the peace in their country. Isn't that a much greater problem considering the fact that even now as I write this, two wars are raging in the world? Unfortunately, people from Bosnia and Herzegovina can refer to this problem using their own experience. We are all witnesses of how much a war can be devastating. War creates problems in all spheres of the society. For example, the economy of the country that was once in a war will suffer badly for years to come, and the people of that country will have to start their lives all over again, the young and successful will look job opportunities outside the country creating a well known problem known as brain drain. Therefore, a country devastated by war needs international help to recuperate. Stopping wars and helping devastated countries are issues that in my opinion are more important and need more attention than any environmental problem.

Jasmina Žapčević

HAPPINESS IS IN THE SMALL THINGS

Everyone wants to be happy, but joy is elusive for most people. Earlier generations were much happier than we are now. We have a better lifestyle, more money and an opportunity for an easier life, but we are still unsatisfied. Do we wonder why? The problem is that we are looking for happiness in all the wrong places. It seems that money, power, success and career have become the main things we want to have. What happened with real love, friendship and family? We have replaced true happiness with material and that is the worst thing, because then life loses its meaning. The joy does not depend on the possession or lack of material things. The secret of real happiness and peace is in the discovery of satisfaction and appreciation of what we have. The most important is to realize that even things that looks insignificant have its purpose. Helping people who need it, we will start to think about the comforts that we have, maybe realize we are not the center of the world and that there are bigger problems than our own. Following the fast pace of life we often freeze out our nearest. We forget to make our mother happy with a bouquet of roses or we forget our best friend's birthday. Neglecting small things often leads people to have everything in life expect happiness and people they love. Elapsed time cannot be compensated, what passes will no longer be repeated. So we need to think about our lifestyle and make sure that every minute, hour and day are spent the proper way. Small things can affect everything to be different. We are not even aware that we live our life through what we feel each moment. So we should ask ourselves whether we notice the little things that make us happy, while we are waiting for great things and events that will not bring us real joy and peace!

Emira Hairlahović

THE VALUES OF FRIENDSHIP

What does friendship mean? People have different views on defining friendship. For some of them that presents nothing important and they don't pay much attention to friends. For others, friendship is something more than just drinking coffee and hanging out. It presents some sort of an institution that's priceless for them. There are some values of friendship that are necessary. One of the most valuable thing for men is to have a good friend who is always there when you need him. In life there are some situations when we cannot handle it by ourselves and we need support from our family and friends. In difficult situations we can see if we truly have a friend by our side or just a person who loves you with words but when it is time to act he or she is not there for you. Life is hard and everyone needs a real friend who helps him or her to survive all the bad things that could happen.

The second characteristic of a real friendship is confidence between two or more people. There are moments when we just need someone who will listen to us and give us some good advice, someone who is ready to sacrifice his time just to be there for us. A real friend will never criticise you about your mistakes, and that's a confident friend to whom you can tell absolutely everything, bad or good acts, that you have done. Let's face it, there are few people like that in this world.

Also, an important value of friendship is that it can teach us how to forgive somebody. There are moments when we do or say something that maybe in some other circumstances we wouldn't. In that moment our words can hurt somebody. It is important to know who is your real friend and that people make mistakes, that a real friend would never hurt you in any way on purpose. That's why forgiving is the key to a good friendship. All in all, a real friendship is a treasure that only honest people can have. We must appreciate a good friend who is always there when you need one.

Aida Dizdarević

A D R E A M

I woke up early that morning, and as soon as I woke up I started to pack my stuff. I organised a picnic with my friends for that day, so I was very excited. I even made a list of things to pack so I don't forget something. We were supposed to meet at 10 am, and we all did, except Sara – she is always late. When she finally arrived, we were ready to go. We wanted to go somewhere near water, and to get to there, we had to walk through woods. We all enjoyed walking because it was a really beautiful forest, with very high trees and flowers I have never seen before. It seemed as if we were walking for hours, but we didn't care because it was amazing. Finally, we got to our place which was even more beautiful. The river was incredible. It had all kinds of colours mixed together into one, and it looked so pure and clean that I immediately wanted to jump in. Across the river we saw a bridge and our curiosity made us want to cross it. But suddenly, there was only three of us – Sara, my brother and me. It was weird at first, but somehow we thought it was normal, so we started to walk. Then, all of a sudden, a big snake jumped out of the water. I started to scream, but they managed to calm me down. We walked around the snake and continued to go. But the same thing happened again and again. After a few moments I realised Sara also disappeared, but I didn't want to think about it, because I was already too scared and upset because of the snakes. They were all over the bridge, jumping out of the water. We didn't know what to do, we just stood there, in the middle. Suddenly, I saw my brother on the other side. Then I started to panic and I couldn't breathe at all. The only thing that was left for me to do was to jump in the river. I closed my eyes and jumped, but the minute I touched the water, I woke up. Luckily, it was all just a very bad dream.

Ajla Ibrahimpašić

Love is life. And if you miss love, you miss life.

A true story. They were only friends and did not even suspect what is going on. Every time when she was coming back home, she always knew she would run into him by accident. Their eyes could not avoid it, he was always looking at her so gently with a smile on his face. Only two neighbours from the block who could not imagine the day without meeting each other, but no conversation between them. She was a cute, shy girl as he had described her.

Days and years were passing. After all these random encounters and looks, he finally gathered the courage and approached her. And she was still too shy, big chestnut eyes on her face, while they kept meeting each other. The two of them became very close, good friends, and from that moment on every day was significant, all their stories ended up with laughter. Somebody would tell them that they look like brother and sister, but others were beginning to see that there is chemistry between them. It seemed that they were in love. They just laughed at this stupidity. Nonsense. One summer evening they went out for a night walk, sat down next to the high nighttime lights in the park. She did not expect what he was about to do. The silence.

He leaned to her and kissed her, but she pushed him back and said, „I am not ready for that, you are just my dear, good friend.“ Saying this disappointed him. He has lost his sense of love. Still sometimes, but not so often, they encountered and passed by each other as strangers. Her face showed sadness. She realized that she could not live without him, she cares... no more that silly love smile on his face, when he saw her he just turned his head, but she hoped and hoped... too late did she realize that she pushed away a dear person from herself, the person who was the initiator and the main culprit for her immense happiness. And when she seemed to be cheerful, one thought of him and the smile would disappear. She hoped he would send her a message, that a greeting would come... She missed his jokes, the sadness overwhelmed her and he was the only one who had the power to push it away.

But it seemed that he had forgotten about this beautiful, shy girl, that he moved on without her... her sadness was constant. Only the hope remained that they will meet each other somewhere by accident. No one knew anything about him, but regardless of that, she continued her search. They were just friends, they tried love, but lost the friendship.

Some chances you get only once, and never again. And usually it goes in this order: you get it, do not use it at the time, miss, and regret... Yes, you are remorseful. This is the hardest part. And then when you realize the remorse is only a waste of time, you try to move on. And you know what is the hardest part? The hardest thing is not looking back at what you missed. Do not wait for better opportunities, because if you are asking for more, you will realize the best you had, you already lost.

Ivana Velić

THE WORLD OF DREAMS

Everybody in the world dreams. Women do it. Men do it. Babies and even fetuses do it. But what are dreams? Why do we dream? Though dreams have long been fascinating to the human race, nobody knows for sure the answers to these questions. We may say that dreams are adventures of the sleeping brain and mysteries of the mind. Things that appear in our dreams reflect our desires, daily life activities and innermost secrets.

I tend to think about dreams as something even higher than our imagination. Dreaming is a different state of human consciousness. When you imagine things, you're limited by the time and space, but when you're dreaming you're completely unaware of things that surround you. We usually all have several dreams each night. The average person has about 1,460 dreams a year. This means that we spend an average of six years dreaming during a lifetime. We dream about a lot of things like odd events, monsters, animals etc.

Once I had a dream about my cat, Ed. He was my friend and true companion. Or that's what I thought at least. Ed was a black kitten with small ears, eyes and a fluffy tail. His tail was truly an amazing feature on him. Every time you played with him his tail would wiggle out of joy. That evening I went to bed and Ed was in the room too. I must say that I felt completely safe when he was near me. In the middle of the night some strange noise woke me up. I noticed that the balcony doors were opened. I was so scared but I walked to the doors and closed them. The doors opened again. This was a moment when I started to panic. I shouted for help, but nobody answered. Alone and afraid I covered myself with a blanket. After a few moments I heard an awful and scary noise. I took off the blanket and that's when I saw that enormous creature with four legs and hairs all over his body. A creature with big black eyes was staring at me. And then the creature spoke, "Do you recognize me?" "No, please leave me alone!" I replied. But then the creature began to approach even closer and asked, "Do you recognize me now?" Suddenly I noticed the medal



over his neck. '

'Oh my God. Ed, it's you!' I could not believe my eyes. I began to cry.

"Cry not!" the creature said. "I'm not here to fall for your tears. I'm here to exact my revenge on you."

"But why? What did I do to you?" I asked.

„You didn't allow me to go out this morning. That's why!"

No sooner had the creature spoken those words it left. I woke up all in sweat, rubbed my face and looked carefully around the room. I looked for the creature but didn't find it. I only noticed Ed who was sleeping in the corner of the room. He looked like a sleepy ball of fur. When I saw him sleeping so peacefully I wondered - do animals dream? So I researched and found out that most scientists believe that it's likely that animals do dream.

All in all, The World of Dreams is full of mysteries. This is the world where the rules of reality do not apply. The same way I do not have any explanation for this weird dream, scientists also still do not have the definitive answers to the questions: Why do we dream? What are dreams? Ashleigh Brilliant said: " The best reason for having dreams is that in dreams no reasons are necessary. "

Meliha Nanić

CRIME OF PASSION

Shortly after I arrived in New York and had a nap I decided to go out with my friends and wife to celebrate my new job. The night was quite good and it turned out to be one of those nights which I'll remember for the rest of my life. After my wife and I fell asleep, we heard loud noise in our garden. I decided to go out to see what that ruckus was all about. Catherine, a typical American, stood still with a revolver in her hands. It was one of those foggy nights, so I couldn't see much. Something slammed the container in the backyard, but it was just a cat. At least that's what I believed it to be. On my way back to bed I was completely unaware of the events which would happen in the morning.

A sudden, irritating noise woke me up. It was Catherine. I ran out to see what's wrong with her. There she was, standing like a statue, all pale in the face. I came to her and saw a hand sticking out of the ground. We were completely baffled. She ran into the house to call the police. I rushed to catch her up and to stop her. We couldn't afford ourselves their arrival because we didn't pay our taxes and the bank was on our backs already. After she realized that my words were making sense, she put the phone away. That day we were only thinking about how to get rid of the body. We were thinking of all kinds of sick actions but nothing seemed doable. Horrifying or not, we decided that we should dig out the body and cut it into pieces. After that we will drive all over the city and dump the remains. We realized that we can do that only under the cover of the night, when nobody could see us. I took the shovel and dug out what was a male body. He was some poor guy I didn't know, maybe in his early thirties. At the moment I didn't think how he got in our garden, because I just wanted to finish the excavation. The other thing was that I wanted to cut him up as soon as possible and dump him fast. After an hour or two the job was done, and I called for Catherine to help me out. The smell of that guy was all over me. It smelled like a rat or even worse. We grabbed his hands and legs and took him out of the improvised grave. When we were doing that Catherine seemed very nervous, but

it wasn't because of the fact that we were carrying a dead body, but because of something else. I didn't know the real reason at the moment. She ran to our small, wooden garage and took an axe. The butchering started. In the early morning we finished our dirty job and went to the bedroom to get some rest. When the evening came, we rushed to the car, fastened our seat belts and went on a road trip. Every fifteen kilometers or so, we dumped a bag with his remains. By midnight we were done. At home Catherine immediately fell asleep. I decided to watch a movie for a while. I fell asleep, too.

After two hours I woke up and went to the bathroom, washed my face and looked myself in the mirror and said: "You're not a criminal! You just did what you had to do!" Something distracted me and I looked down, and there was a ring. It was strange because my ring was on my hand all the time. So I went to Catherine to wake her up and ask her about it. After showing her the ring she ran into the kitchen and started crying. I begged her to tell me why she was crying, and she was only saying, "Sorry, I didn't mean it! It just happened!"

I was shocked by the truth. She had an affair with the dead man when I was away. Unbelievable! Still there was no explanation for his death. I asked her about that, and she said that he was rude to her and tried to rape her. After a short struggle she took the gun, aimed, and shot him dead. She couldn't tell me the truth because she felt guilty. And guilty she was. Digging up a hole seemed quite reasonable to her at the moment. I don't know why; I imagine it was because we committed a crime together, but I forgave her the act of adultery. I realized that we will end up in prison for life and it was not worth my nerves and young years. It was twenty years ago, and I still remember what happened during those two days as if it was yesterday.

Edin Musić

LIVING FOR TODAY

Sometimes a man is forced to live life based on lies and manipulations of those who control societies all around the world, those that lost their lives and want to take ours. When we realise this, we must take action and be cruel, because everyone is expecting from us all that we are in fact not. We convince ourselves that life will be better after we get married, have a baby, then another. Then we are frustrated that the kids are not old enough and we will be more content when they are. After that we are frustrated that we have teenagers to deal with. We will certainly be happy when they are out of that stage. We tell ourselves that our life will be complete when our spouse gets his or her act together, when we get a nicer car, are able to go on a nice vacation, when we retire. The truth is, there is no better time to be happy than right now. If not now, when? Your life will always be filled with challenges. It's best to admit this to yourself and decide to be happy anyway. Granted that there are always many things to do, but unless we find the time in the present, we are not going to find a "better" time. Perhaps the reason why we don't have time to do the things we value is because we are overly possessed with things that just don't matter much. Why is this so true? Maybe because we are focused on everyday duties and we do not have much time to spend on thinking about what we need and want to do. That is the main reason for being sad and depressed when you are alone. Living in the present moment means that you choose to stop worrying about your future after you have set your goals. Worry is wasted energy. If you are thinking about the past or worried about the future, focus instead your time and energy on the here and now. Learn to live in the present moment. Start to find happiness in small things, spend your time with people you love and enjoy every second of your life. After all, you are the only one who can take control over your life. Living is not being afraid to try things new and different. Living is taking steps as far as you can go without knowing the outcome. Time is running away, do not waste it!

Eldina Bilić

GOOD VS EVIL

There have never been so many opportunities to do various things, good or bad. Perhaps today one cannot clearly distinguish between something good and something evil. There is also a big difference between talking and doing, but what many people seem to forget is that even talking can lead to the consequences sometimes even worse than after doing bad things. So what are good and what are those bad things I am going to write about?

One can define a good thing, a good behavior or a good deed as something that people do which is beneficial to other people. It certainly doesn't include any harm to any living being and by that I also mean the relation to animals and nature in general. We define being good as treating everybody else with love and care. It's that simple. On the other hand when one looks at all the possibilities of being bad it quite literally overwhelms you. Doing harm to others, whether plant or a being, stealing, lying, disrupting the order in general is considered bad behavior. Is everything black and white? I'm afraid it's not. Many shades of grey exist today and it has never been so hard to differentiate between good and bad. What path to choose? It is a great individual question, and an answer. From my perspective two main influences are the family, and the environment in the sense that the people who surround us have enormous influence on our way of thinking. We are a big chunk of clay which is gradually molded by our parents and friends into a pot. That's a very delicate process indeed. It is our duty to control how it is sculpted and also how it is colored.

The difference between these two paths is sometimes very thin, and one must be aware that all of the choices made influence everybody. It is like a nuclear reaction; every soul can influence the other, so when we decide to be good we must remember that by doing so we also influence others to be good.

Merima Pašić

Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back



Tom is a young guy who is ambitious and a hard worker. He is only nineteen year old and his only wish is to become a professional football player. Football is his life, his only true love. He would sacrifice everything to make his dream true. His favorite football club is Real Madrid from Spain and he wants to play in white jersey one day. These days he does not play because he injured his leg at the last game where he scored five goals, and at the end of the game one player of the opposing team twisted his knee.

One morning when he woke up the phone rang. He felt very nervous because he did not know who was calling. He approached the phone with slow and scared movements. Then he picked up the headphone and answered.

„Hello. Tom is here.“

„Hello Tom. Here is Jack. You have to be today at the club by 5 PM. We received letters from two scouts. One is from the football club Milan and other is from the football club Liverpool. Both are coming to see you play.“

„ But sir, I am injured and my leg is not ready for playing. The doctor said I have to rest for two or three months if I ever want to play football again.“

„ I know Tom, but you have to come today or there isn't going to be a chance for you again. I have to go now. See you today. Bye.“

„But sir...“

Jack hung up. He is Tom's coach and his manager as well. After the call, Tom felt very sad and disappointed. He thought his career is over and that this was his last chance. He felt sorry for himself. In that moment his mother Victoria came in the house.

„ Hello dear. How are you? Is there anything new from the doctor or the coach?“

„Hello mom. I just had a talk with Jack. He told me I have to be in club today at 5 PM because two scouts from Milan and Liverpool are coming to see me how I play. I don't know what to do. I got a chance but I cannot play.“

„ Oh dear, do not worry, everything is going to be fine. Go there and show them that you are the best even if you have to play with just one healthy leg. I believe you'll make it and become the greatest player ever.“

„Do you really think that?“

„Of course darling. You are the best.“

„Thank you mum. I will go there and show them what really playing looks like.“

„ That is my boy.“

After a while, they both went to club to meet the scouts. Jack was already there with them. Tom went to the dressing room to wear his jersey. Then he went out to the field. Big lights from the reflectors turned on when he came. There was no more pain, no more jitters, just his wish and his desire to play. Everything else was gone. Then he played. After an hour both scouts made their decisions. Both wanted him. He was one step closer to making his dream true. After their negotiations, he finally accepted Milan and when everything finished he felt relieved. Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back.

Muhamed Samardžić

PEACE FOR PAWS

Animals around the world face cruelty and neglect for many reasons and they urgently need our help. All of them, like people, need food, water, care and a home. A few years ago I decided to help stray dogs and I do it because of myself. Being useful makes me feel good and fulfilled whether it is about helping animals or people. In Bosnia and Herzegovina, people live very hard, half of the population does not work, and others are not paid enough to have a



decent life. Because of this we are constantly accused of helping animals instead of people who also need help. A man is a perfect unit which, unlike animals, knows how to say what is bothering him, while animals cannot. Today, most people in the world accept to be disempowered, that is, without the right to work, health and livelihood. They can change a lot, because they are in the majority, but often they just accept the situation as it is. An example is the country I live in, the so-called 'country for the people', that is, the country in which people have no rights. Because of that I will rather help animals, as people can change their destiny if they want to and animals depend on us. Dogs cannot choose whether to be abandoned or to have a family and be happy. The sad fact is that, in the 21st century, dogs are still brutally killed, while people act as primitive rednecks without any reaction. I may be just an ordinary rescuer who does not stand out from the crowd but I remember every dog which we had at our little shelter, every name and every playful tail. A bunch of great companions who were constant, loyal and true.

As the new death-camp-shelter was built, the old one was closed and hardly twenty of eighty dogs were transported to the new one. For some of them we managed to find good homes but the rest just disappeared. I believe they are at a better place now. The old shelter is destroyed and people stole everything they found there, such as fences, bricks, even little houses we made for those dogs which were too wild to catch. And the shy ones disappeared too. As I stood at the empty shelter only the sound of my heart beating in my chest could be heard, because everything that was left there was silence. That silence was so loud that echoed through the damaged walls of the demolished house and my head was full of old memories. I still listen for them.. "Remember what we had and look what we have now..." They no longer greet us as we walk through the shelter entrance. They are not there to make us smile, to make us laugh anymore. So many warm loving souls I will never forget. Those beautiful dogs. Maybe it will take some time to heal and for silence to go away but I do miss them every day. It is sure that my heart will always wear the pawprints left by them.

Nermina Ruždijić

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY

I was a little girl when they talked about a man whose name was "grandpa". I didn't know who he was, where he lived or how he looked like. I only knew that he was a man who sent me toys. When the war finally ended, my parents said that he was coming.

It was Saturday morning. I went to the kitchen and my mother said: "Grandpa is here". I was a bit scared, because he was a stranger. When we went to their house, I saw a nice man in a suit, not too old, but with gray hair. It was the first time I met him and I finally found out who he was. "Grandpa" was my father's father who lived and worked in Germany. He was very interesting, but I don't know if it was because he was my grandpa or because he bought me a doll. I gave her the name Anela and I still have it. I didn't know much about his life so I asked him and he told me everything.

He was born in a happy family, but when he was only thirteen years old, his parents got divorced, so his mother went to Mostar and his father to Zagreb. My grandpa and his brothers were very young and alone and they had to work. Even though they had dreams about their family, house and becoming rich, they didn't have a chance to do it. They worked for their relatives, but they didn't give them food unless they deserved it. They did everything to survive, sometimes went to another city on foot carrying a sack of flour and sometimes they had to shepherd sheep in the forest. When he was eighteen years old, he met my grandma and soon after they married. grandpa got a job in Germany and grandma in Bosnia and Herzegovina. They were separated but had a good life. He was working for his three sons, because he said that he wouldn't allow them, or, better say, us, to have a life that he had. His brothers found happiness in their families as did my grandpa. Even though they had a difficult childhood, they succeeded in life.

My grandpa is currently retired and spends his life the way he deserved. He is an example that a person can do everything if he or she really wants, because he proved to everyone that he was able to succeed without somebody's help.

I admire people who succeed in life and don't give up their goals no matter what happens. There is nothing impossible in this world, because with a strong will we can do wonders and must try to find something that will make us happy. Life is too short to give up easily, so it is time to make a change.

Aida Alibabić

DON'T LET HER GO

Brightness of the day,
Shadow of the night.

Take every step forward
don't let her go.
Like a force of Heaven,
Like a fire of Hell,
my desperate odd of me
fighting and struggling
for her.

Brightness of the day,
Shadow of the night,
kill the time and make
me alive.
Bring me her love and being,
make me never stop seeing.

Like a force of Heaven,
like a fire of Hell,
my lonely odd of me
never stop to be
Brightness of the day,
Shadow of the night.

Harun Štulanović

THE PERSON I ADMIRE

The Bosnian Diamond, the player with a big heart, Bosnia's first UNICEF ambassador, the second most popular player in Europe, and fifth in the world is a person who really deserved to be admired. Perhaps it is unusual that I, as a girl, decided to write about Edin Džeko, but I won't write about his career as a football player. Instead, I will write about his personality.

He is a person who has lived in many world countries, but loves Bosnia the most. He said that he works in other countries but he enjoys Bosnia. He isn't ashamed of his country, he is ashamed of people who were born in Bosnia but don't experience Bosnia as their country. I am really happy that the person who is successful, and has lived in other countries says this about Bosnia, because I share his opinion. What I also found very interesting in his biography is the fact that he likes to work with children. He said it makes him feel fulfilled, and that was the reason why he and other players decided to play a game with children with special needs. They wanted to show that they know how sport and physical activity in general are important for their health. Violence is something that is really present nowadays, and it is hard to fight against it, because there are cases that aren't known to public. What also makes him a great person is that he joined the

campaign to fight violence against women, emphasizing that a right man should protect women. He joined this campaign because he wants to help, and he thinks that every kind of violence deserves a red flag. The number of sick people is something that has increased in the last few years, and they need large amounts of money to be cured. Even when citizens of our country try to collect money for them, it is really difficult because of the economic situation. In those cases it is important that we have good hearted persons, who have enough money to help, and again we are happy to have Edin Džeko. He gave half of the money to a guy from Bosnia who needed it to go to Germany to be cured.

He is really a person who deserved to be admired, because despite all his sport successes he hasn't lost his humanity, and that is very important in the world we live in, because many of us have forgotten what are real values in our life, and that they are not money and fame. That is the reason why I have chosen to write about Edin as a person, not about his sport achievements, although he is as good of a player as he is a person.

Anida Piralić

THE PERSON I ADMIRE

There are several people who influenced my life in various aspects with their personal characteristics, accomplishments and values. I had many teachers and professors who earned respect from me for their patience, intelligence and their free will to help their students, who inspired many people that I know by their contribution to the society and their ability to change our future. But, out of all of the people that I met in my life the person I admire is my father. Growing up, it always made me sad to see many of my friends, cousins and neighbours without a father or a father who doesn't care about his children or doesn't show any kind of love for them. This helped me appreciate that my father always took interest in his children's lives. He was always there when we needed his help and I don't remember him ever saying that he doesn't have time or that he doesn't care about our problems. He

was always there and until this day he still shows how proud he is of me and my brother and always supports us in whatever we are involved. Whenever I feel that I can't do something or have questions about something I know I can always call him for advice. From him I have learned that sometimes you have to put other needs ahead of your own but not to the point that they begin to take advantage of you. His will and strength during hard times seems unbreakable and his determination to accomplish anything he sets his mind to is impressive. I have always admired his open mind and compassion and sense of understanding. He is a very calm man, but has a great sense of humor and that's why the person I admire is my father.

Edis Bilajac

ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN

It was November 7th. I was sitting in my living room and doing nothing. That day the sky opened and it was raining heavily. Days were depressing. Honestly, I don't like rain much, because you have the feeling that you're numb. While I was lying, suddenly someone rang the doorbell. I wondered who could it be now. It was so hard for me to go to see who it was. But finally I made up my mind and gathered the strength I had and opened the door. There was my aunt standing in front of me, all wet and angry. She just slammed the door as hard as she could and rushed into the house. I knew I shouldn't ask her for an explanation and went to find her new clothes. After a while, when she got calm, she explained to me that she came to pick me up. Her sister called her to come to see her and she didn't want to go alone. And now she wanted me to go with her. You know I love my aunt very much. She's like a sister I never had. And you may guess what my answer was. Of course I said I would go with her. I loved her and couldn't say no to her. She was a really good person, a responsible one I would say, always thinking twice before acting. We went to her place to take the car and finally hit the road. Her sister was living 10 miles away from us and we needed a car to get there. It was raining still, but she drove carefully. After a half-hour drive we stopped at a gas station and bought coffee and sandwiches. Another half-hour drive and we got there. Blocks and streets were very small with many corners, and edges of fences were very sharp. Even then, the only thing I was thinking of was the idea of me getting home as soon as possible. Frankly, I didn't like these family visits. The only reason I came was because it was my aunt's wish. Despite the fact that she had her license for only a year, I felt pretty safe with her. While I was thinking about this, there was a sudden boom. I knocked my head on the window and saw my aunt bleeding. I realised she hit the fence next to her sister's house. She looked at me and asked if I was ok. I was obviously shocked but with no major injuries. We were lucky. Having a car accident and getting away without major injuries can be called luck. After this I was left with fear of driving in a car again and thought of how things can change in one moment. I realised that accidents can happen no matter how careful or responsible you are. Only thing that's for sure is that I'll remember this day my whole life.

Anesa Zanačić

GOOD VS EVIL

Does it truly exist? What are the gray areas? Do god people do bad things?

Why do some people find pleasure in evil?

Probably all of us have faced the fact that people can be bad, that they can become evil and afflict harm. Then we wonder why some people behave so, why they don't appreciate good, while others are trying to be good, honest and humane. What is it that drives some to become more evil or someone who wants to be like them?

We all know that there is good and bad, but the problem is that people do not see that limit or they do not want to see it at all.

If you want to be a man and analyze their actions, aspirations and motives and if you know the essence of the properties that can be defined as evil and join his conscience, you are able to know what is evil and what is good. Maybe then they will not bother to know to define evil - if someone respects the important values, he or she would not cross over to the dark side.

Those people who think this behaviour is normal and those who are not trying to understand the difference between good and evil use this as an excuse for just what they are. For example, evil deeds - they just feel relieved because in this case they neglect responsibility. If someone does not define a thing as evil, it may serve as an excuse to do evil under the pretence that is not evil.

Evil is underestimated and takes on many forms. For example, selfishness itself is evil and it is underestimated, but people because of their selfishness or lying cause a lot of harm to others, their environment which pays for their selfishness, lying or cheating. The fact is that consequences do not come immediately for doing bad things, so people think that there will be no consequences at all. This is just a delusion.

Maida Ćehić

A MONOLOGUE OF MY IDENTITY



I stayed conceived long after I felt the sunset on my skin. How I liked the rays of the sun as they provoked in me such a strange shudder and fear of loneliness because of years and time running away. The days when I was thinking of a way to make it through the day all looked like the sunset as a metaphor for God's will, whose mission was to awaken unrest in a way for me to wonder: is the future then a synonym for what follows after sunset? Is this the twilight, cloud or rain? I sat as a child engrossed in their game. I put my hand over the grass that had sprung from the earth, under which lie the bones of a dog. Realising how I did not notice surprises as gifts from God, I stayed in wonder but I did not want to touch destiny with my fingers.

My thoughts conceived it a lot better... I questioned myself. I searched for golden lines on a hearth. I managed to see them but not to touch them. Grown hands were not exactly as skilled as children's. Every good thing kept escaping from me, every thought of love, longing and desires. He did not want me to follow him. He did not want love or a future with me. He could not nor could he know how to love the child in me, and I was unable to show him that the heart is a fragile toy and I did not know that, well, he did not know how to love as a child: selfless, honestly and pure... He did not make me cry. He made the child

inside me cry, and that's not the same. That is worse. What then would our child with their imagination expect from such a man? Time to time I have realised that I am lost among integrity, identity and irony. I tried to find the real me deep inside. I have found that great identity card.

My name is Longing.

Desire is synonym for my being, apparently formed personality and an adult female, but at the core I am just May's lilac and I am beautiful until spring nests in the greenery of my eyes.

I don't have thorns. I am not toxic but it does not mean I am fragile. I am gentle.

My every petal is my virtue, which turns into a disadvantage from the corrupted human touch. Yes, it is poison. Wash your hand before you tear me and don't give me to everyone.

You said that I am a strange flower, but it hurts that you didn't learn that my flowering depends on your skills of nurture. I am not the flower that smells in fertilizers and blooms in the desert. You, a man with warm hands, why are you breaking me and leaving me on dusty roads? I am a flower that you hold and keep only in your hand. Vase and water in which I would last without you doesn't exist...

Do you really think that everyday rose that you nurture smells like lilac? Do not look for me in all sorts of flowers. I am sitting in a remote area and waiting for spring in your eyes. My light will be your view, and my water your nearness. You will hum a song about St. George's Day at dusk and you'll be alone. I will wait like a wild flower forever bathed in solitude and will be wrapped around your neck with a whisper.

You will not pronounce my name, because my nickname will remain forever trapped in your nostrils. That will be your punishment. Dew that you see on my petal is my tear, your eternal follower .. Later that night, every flower will remain only flower that you experience with the eye and each rose will smell like me, longing and desire, wild and tamed, but you will never call some other flower with my name. That is a penalty in the costume of Truth and Love, but under the guise of Vanities...

Zana Koljić

CRYING WOLF

War is hell. This is a story of a young girl called Naomi who experienced it. You don't need me to tell you that there are whole nations in Africa tearing themselves apart in the name of ethnic cleansing. Well, she was born into that unfortunate environment. When she was a little girl, her village was attacked by rival armed fractions. Her parents, siblings and friends were slaughtered and she was left alone with only her baby brother, she was left a refugee. She took her baby brother and ran away from the war zone as far as she could. One day, there came across an enemy unit, so she took her baby brother and the two of them hid in an abandoned shack. And then her brother started to cry...

She knew that if the soldiers heard the cries, they would find them and kill them both. So she wrapped her hands as tight as she could around his mouth. As the footsteps went away, she came back to her senses. Her brother wasn't crying anymore. Terrified, she pulled her hands away, covered in sweat and spit. He wasn't breathing. They say wolves eat their pups when they die. She was spotted wandering through the battlefield carrying her dead brother in her arms. Besides that, she had visions too – a wolf walking alongside her. Every night, the wolf would howl and cry just like her brother did that day.

Eventually, she made it to a government refugee camp. But by then, her brother's body had rotted away. The camp was full of refugees like herself and little children like her brother. Day and night she was tormented by the cries of babies. The wolf that followed her heard her screams and answered. He made his way around the camp. And one by one, he silenced the children. She tried to stop it, but she was powerless to stop the wolf. After a few days, there wasn't a single child left. The adults who survived were torn up with grief.

Of course, there never was any wolf in that camp. She was the one who killed those babies. But she couldn't admit it. She couldn't bear the thought of herself going from one baby to the next, howling like a wolf, taking their little lives. And she never did, even as Crying Wolf, a lonely beast forever stalking the battlefield.

Tarik Sefić**THE MOST IMPORTANT PERSON IN MY LIFE**

I write this story about the most important person in my life, my sister. She is six years older than I am, but I always had a great relationship with her.

Unfortunately, she lives in Canada for the last five years. Since then we have seen each other only once. I miss her very much, when I'm sad to made me laugh, when I need advice to help me out, I miss just to feel her presence. I can remember the times when we were pulling each other's hair, scratching each other's skin until blood came out, screaming at each other. Then our fights usually ended with me always managing to make her cry. At the end of our fights, we would show the marks of scratches and blood on our skins to each other. We would say "Look at what you did." Then we would sit in silence, feeling sorry about what we had done to each other. We took delight in our conversations, laughed at our favorite TV shows together, ate ice cream together, danced together, and even played dress up together. Her ability to forgive and forget makes her better than any friend. She knows all of my strengths and weaknesses. There is nothing I wouldn't do for my sister, and I know she feels the same. We used to make secret pacts, but we now have unspoken loyalty that neither dares betray. Sometimes secrets and experiences create an unshakable bond that nothing else can.

My sister is my hero. She is the most precious person in my life and there is no person who could replace her. That is why I am very happy that we will finally see each other this summer. I'll visit her on summer vacation. It will be the best summer of my life.

Majda Gutlić**COFFEE BOY**

The nightmare began after his degree. He was trying to find a job in a law company, but without success. After some time, his friend found him a job, but only an internship. He accepted it although it wasn't his dream.

The first day of work was horrible. He was in charge of getting coffee and food, not to work anything for the company. That was so disappointing. But that was just the beginning of the nightmare. Every new day was worse. He didn't know what to do because he needed a job, but he was unhappy. One day he went to his boss and told him, "Sir, I think I deserve a better job in this company. I tried so hard to earn your trust. Everyone in this company know that I'm good in my job, I was the best student in my generation and it is a shame for me to just walk down the halls bringing

you coffee. Please, can you think about my promotion? I swear I will be better every day."

He looked at his boss. Mr Smith was reading some documents, and he was not interested in a conversation with his employee.

„Boss, can you hear me?“

Mr Smith lifted his head and said, „And you are...?“

„Sir, I'm Jack Jones, your intern for the past six months.“

„Oh, you're the coffee boy. I know you. Can you bring me a double coffee with milk?“

„Sir. I'm trying to talk to you about my promotion?!“

Mr Smith laughed out loud and walked out of the office. Jack stayed in his office thinking about his future and he decided to leave. That was the best decision in his life. Leaving the building he walked away without looking back.

Suzana Bašagić

LIFE BEFORE AND AFTER THE INTERNET

It's hard to imagine what life was before internet, isn't it? Today's generations grew up with it, so they don't even know the difference between the times before and after the internet came along. With the invention of the internet a lot of things changed in our lives. Communication is one of the first factors - for example, it is much easier to get in touch with other people, we can find friends that would have not been possible to trace before, and we can now send e-mails to communicate. Also, there are a lot of social networking sites where people from other ends of the world can meet and talk to each other.

We can say that communication is simplified. Before the internet, writing letters to distant friends and family was the normal thing to do. We would sit down with a piece of paper and a pen and write down something we wanted to say to them. This might have taken as little as five minutes, or it may have taken an hour or longer, then, we'd stuff the letter into an envelope, affix a stamp, and drop it into a mailbox. Delivery would take several days. Today, we're more inclined to sit in front of a computer and type out an e-mail, then click the "send" button, and it will reach its destination instantly. Students today hold an enormous advantage over the students of yesteryear. Previously, if we needed to do research for an assignment, we would need to go to the library, dig through reference books, magazines, newspapers, and other printed materials, then make copies or printouts. Researching something back then took serious effort and dedication if we wanted to earn a good grade on the assignment. Now, all we have to do is type in a few words or phrases on Google or Wikipedia, and then we suddenly have more information at our fingertips than we did in the past.

Everything has its good and bad sides, and so does the internet. Friends were real people, not digital or online types. These were real people that you would go see and visit. You went out and did things with friends. There was a real connection involved and overall someone you cared about. You actually had real conversations and built quality relationships. Now we have digital friends, followers, or whatever your little site or network refers to them. The quality and real meaning of a friend has changed or is changing. Some people, who are more traditional and averse to the different way things are now done, may be resistant or even hostile to the changes that have occurred over the past couple of decades. Surfing the internet can be of interest to people. But people need to use it properly. If not, it will become internet addiction. Internet addiction involves excessive use of the internet and because of that our health is at risk. People addicted to the internet usually ignore normal habits of life and their virtual world serves as a substitute for real social contacts. When addicted people lose control they cannot limit the time they spend on the internet. The fact is that the internet is now an indispensable part of our lives because it is used in schools, universities, work and to pay bills and shop online. All that leads to consequences to the private life, relation with people and health. The internet can be an escape from real life problems and depression also can cause addiction. The time we spend on the internet tells us that we exaggerated because it happens that we go to the internet to look at only one information and after a few hours we realize that we have not done things for what we came online. The fact is that we sometimes forget our house and business obligations because of internet and also we do not eat and sleep on time. Dating on the internet is much easier and faster than in real life and it is possible to constantly meet new people and be in continuous contact with old friends. Addicts often feel that no one understands them as online friends understand and for them it's more interesting to play games than fraternize with people in real life. The internet has become a major problem. People have become zombies who stare at the screen. More and more people escape from their problems because they think that the virtual world will bring to them some solution and happiness.

Internet is a necessity for us but we need to have some limits because internet is made to make our lives easier, not to take control of it.

Majda Vojić

O.D.

Evaporation. We're all just pieces of a mystic puzzle, lipstick traces on the mirror where she combed her hair for the last time, maybe it was the best time for her to leave this overcrowded beehive, leave all of us behind, and cross the galactic route. She deserves to fill up the empty shells of our lives, to push the scales of goodness, a soft pillow to land her sweetness on, passing the concern of a blossoming rose bud on to someone else, hear how it smells, unnecessary trophies being given, sins forgiven, mistakes erased, evil untraced, cataclysmic preachers give birth to salvation, the sweet expectation will never fully bloom, you left us only with twisted memories, the only thing that kept us from delirium, become one of those people who use lithium, please, betray yourself, catch a glimpse of our tears, use the salt for the wounds of your enemies, pour the blood of our eyes into an unborn child's cradle, make it happy, make it stable, I hope we'll all be able to remember the spark in your dancing eyes, and that last walk in the park, I hope the sun shined on to your uneven (pretty) little head, giving you everlasting serenity...sleep tight angel...

Marko Pastorčić

GOING THROUGH THE TUNNEL

This is a confession of an ordinary man from the little village in the northwest part of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Like most of his friends and cousins, he too joined the army when war came to Bosnia. He experienced a lot of bad things and situations, but one he will never forget.

He was with his brother on the battlefield when enemies shot both of them. The doctor said that he had experienced clinical death, but for him it was an amazing thing. He said that he woke up in some dark tunnel. He didn't know what to do, so he started walking ahead. Suddenly, he saw his brother and felt such joy that he was there. His brother came to him and said how glad he is that he was alive. They decided to go through the tunnel together to see what they will find or where the end of it is. During the walk they talked about their families and life in general. They were afraid for their women and children and were hoping that they're still alive. After some time they saw a crossroad in the tunnel. They stopped and didn't know which way to go. His brother told him that it would maybe be a good idea to turn right, so they could still be together. But he didn't know what to do. Something in his heart told him to go left, some force

LEAVING THE BUILDING, HE WALKED AWAY...

Mark was just an ordinary boy. He was eighteen and had plans for future education after finishing high school. During his final year, he started hanging out with older boys who used drugs and did criminal acts, such as breaking into houses and stealing money. At that time, Mike felt very lonely and thought he doesn't belong anywhere and that no one will accept him the way he was. When he met this suspicious group of boys, he finally got the feeling of belonging and friendship. He felt safe. Years passed, and Mark slowly began to behave the way they did. He started to steal and use drugs, and that was the reason why he didn't continue his education. His parents, once proud of their only son, were now very worried because of his strange behavior. All this time, he knew and felt he was making wrong decisions. Mark didn't want to ruin his life, but on the other hand, he was afraid of losing his friends and going back to that familiar feeling of loneliness. One night they ran out of drugs and money, so they decided to rob a house that they thought was empty. It was Mark's turn because his friends noticed that he is avoiding these kind of robberies. He reluctantly

accepted and went into the house. Because he was very scared, he broke the vase in the hall. Two minutes later, the police came and arrested him. The woman was in the house, sleeping, and he woke her up by breaking the vase. Mark expected to see his friends at the police station, or his parents, to get him out of jail. But, no one came. That was the moment when he realized that he doesn't want to spend his life in and out of jail. He also realized that those boys weren't his real friends. The police told Mark that he is going to go to prison for six months at least, because the woman sued him. This was probably the best thing that could happen to him. During those months, he had time to think about his mistakes and he was in contact with his parents, who were his biggest support. He decided to change when released. The six months passed and the day of his release came. The air was different, the colors of trees were greener. Mark now appreciated his freedom and life. He was very grateful for a new chance. Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back.

Sara Hadžipašić

made him go and say goodbye to his brother. He hugged him and said how much he loves him and hopes to see him again. Then he turned left and kept going straight ahead.

Suddenly, he saw the light and he woke up. Somehow he was in a hospital and many other wounded soldiers lied next to him. He asked a nurse about his brother and she told him that

his brother actually died. He couldn't believe what was happening, he was very sad and upset. The doctor gave him some medicine and he fell asleep. When he woke up the next day, some strange thought crossed his mind. What would have happened if he turned right like his brother did? Would he also be dead? Was that just a coincidence?

Sajra Omeragić

EDITOR'S NOTE

„AB INTRA AD INFINITUM“ is perhaps a pretentious title for a magazine done by third-year students at the Department of English Language and Literature, but the content, once you read it, proves it to be perfectly suitable for the sum of their thoughts, words and imagery. „From Within To Eternity“ is a compendium of thoughts from fresh minds, the presentation of the brain tank mentioned in one of the essays, or, simply put, an introduction to our future writers.

Some of the essays inside were based on topics we discussed during our Writing Course, such as the ominous last sentence “Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back”, while others were written in free form. Regardless of the original idea, their makers gave their best, filling with words those white sheets of digital paper as if they were battlefields waiting to be conquered.

Dear readers, you have witnessed their victory. Their essays and poems now stand proud in this magazine like armours bestowed with garlands and myrrh.

Third year is behind them now. The final one is on the horizon, a promise of even greater academic triumphs.

Ilhana Škrgić, M.Sc.



IMPRESSUM

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