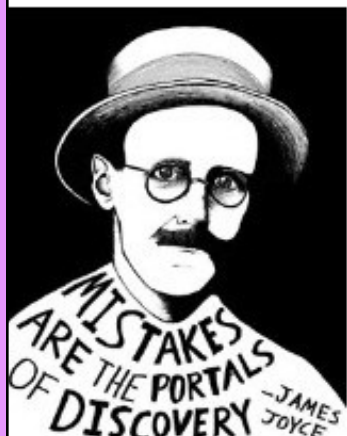
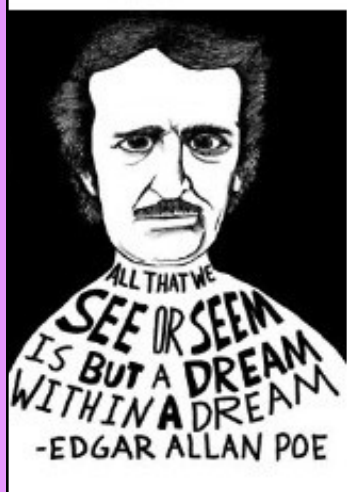
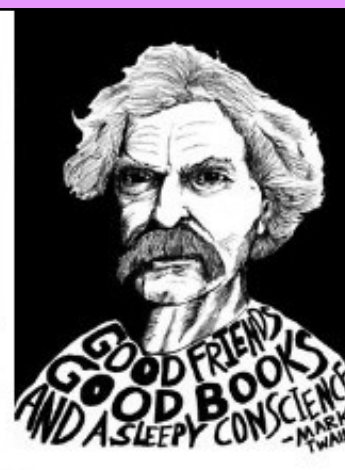


Escape

UNIVERSITY OF BIHAĆ - PEDAGOGICAL FACULTY - DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
FOURTH-YEAR STUDENTS' E-ZINE

Featuring short stories, essays and poems by:

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Emir Mašić
Armin Ramić
Tina Pašalić
Almedina Kulauzović
Jasmina Žapčević
Ivana Velić
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Ajla Ibrahimpašić
Edis Bilajac
Muhammed Samardžić
Edin Musić
Harun Štulanović
Merima Pašić



Shroud of Truth

Our thoughts are colliding
in a rush to shroud the aim
We are the same blood.
We are just the same.

I walked the path of lure
carrying the burden along the way.
I was insecure, still I'm not sure ..
all of it leads to a long last fray.

Make a room for a bit of change...
a new role comes with a new day.
Open your eyes, everything feels strange.
How life once was, like that it couldn't stay.

I still whirl while I sleep

in doubt releasing my worst fear.
Full of regret carved in too deep ..
the water then hasn't been so clear.

After the battle we become so frail
even though we do not fail.
It takes time to recover, to heal.
To make things beautiful, to make them real.

Laden mind filled with remembrance
just can't let you go.
You know I could use someone like you.
You know inside our souls would grow.

Dajana Šumar



Photos courtesy of www.prijedor24.com and bubblews.com

Two Unexpected Coincidences That Happened To Me

Are there reasons behind coincidences? In my life I have had two unexpected coincidences. One was when I met Emir Hadžihafizbegović and the other was when I met my friend from primary school in Germany.

My first coincidence happened when I was travelling to faculty. On a normal daily schedule I go to faculty by car. Due to unexpected chain of events, that day I had to go by bus. It was a hot October day and the sun was shining so bright that I was literally forced to keep my view fixated on the pavement. As I was going to the bus station I noticed a black car slowing down in my direction and lowering its window. I heard a familiar voice asking me how to get to the town centre. As my vision cleared I recognized the man. It was Emir Hadžihafizbegović. I

greeted him and told him that my name was Emir too. Before the traffic lights turned green I explained him how to get to the town centre. He thanked me and was soon out of sight. He is probably telling this story over and over again to his friends how he met a person with the same name as his on his way from Sarajevo to Bihać.

My second unexpected coincidence happened when I was on my summer break in Germany three years ago. I was staying at my aunt's in Frankfurt as a reward for passing all my exams. Every year there is an annual fair in Frankfurt and of course we couldn't miss it. As I was waiting in the line for ice cream with my aunt and uncle, something made me to turn my head. When I did I was puzzled. It was my friend from primary school. We stared at each other for about half a minute because we couldn't believe we met. We rarely see each other in Bihać. When we got a bit closer we asked ourselves: 'What are you doing here?'

All in all, there are probably some reasons behind coincidences. What is great is that each one of us experienced some sort of coincidences and can tell his own original story. Philosophically speaking, let's say that things in our life happen in an ordinary way and as everything else can go wrong, so can this flowing chain of events - and as an immediate result of it we experience coincidences.

Emir Mašić



BLINK OF LIFE

Everything starts with a kind of uncertainty which later turns into skepticism. Today, eyes are exposed to every kind of deception. Even the water that flows in front of your eyes, you are not sure if it really flows. Why?

In this world every person is a passenger that goes toward his destination, some of us arrive sooner and some later but we all arrive. We all have the same eyes but a different perception. It does not matter what we see with the eyes and what perception we have, one fact is constant, life is temporary. Most of the people that you knew and with whom you maybe have had some connection are now gone. Not even a shadow remained of them. And you are still alive?

You have a friend with whom you share all the moments of happiness and sadness. You are always together. But, sadly, there was an accident today in which he passed away. And you are still alive?

You had parents who were giving you support in your life, the best persons in the world, but they are dead now. And you are still alive?

And when you get over all these troubles and problems, when your life gets better, you have a lot of plans for the future, you have a job, you have money, your family is very happy and life is very good....BUT you are no longer alive, as I said life is temporary and your time is over....someone misses you.....

Armin Ramić

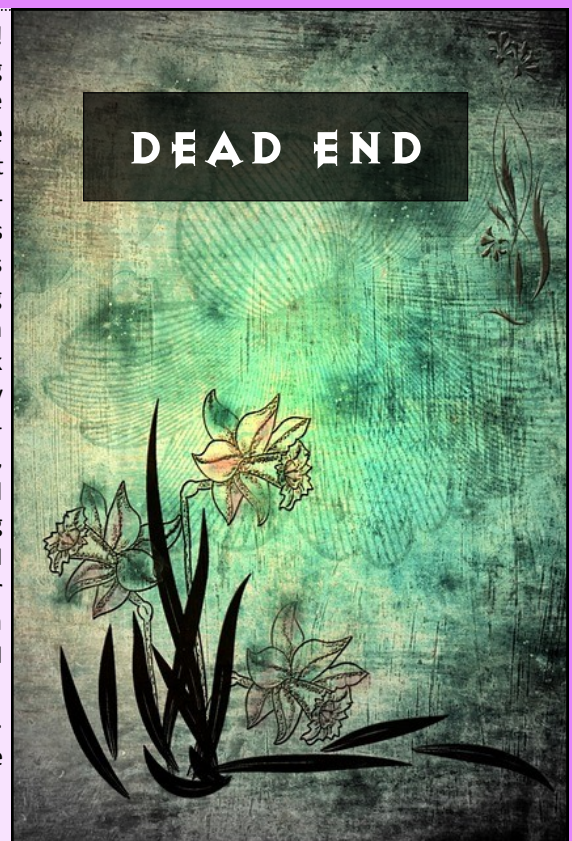


Photo courtesy of <http://pixels.com/featured/song-of-the-open-road-william-fields.html>

Beautiful, sunny day. In January. The world is mad about it! Why should it not be with all the sick people living in it. Global warming or whatever this is I think I like it. I could not wait to go outside. In the very near of my house there is a dead end street with a small intimate park in it. I pass by the lovely couples who sit around and chit-chat about love and other second-hand things. Love is an overrated emotion. Anyway, I see an old man picking up some daffodils. Yes, daffodils in January. The old man seems happy, those may be the last daffodils he sees in January in his life. Death is also overrated. There is nothing dead in this dead end. I started to think about January as Judas. Even he started to shine leaving me alone in the bitterness. I try to think positive. I imagined myself as in the years to come. Will I get a pretty string of daffodils in January? All of a sudden I get stupefied, I feel stupid because of these stupid thoughts I have. I want my cold, dark, angry January back. I don't feel safe in the sun. I want something dead to stay dead and not covered with daffodils and with the humming sound of love. I want to stop thinking, I want to go home, run away. I want to be a child again, I never want to dream the dreams of older people, the only real dreams are those of children. There is no use of a broken heart. Sorry dead end street, sorry January, sorry daffodils. I have to go.

On my way I found a daffodil on the concrete, I picked it up. Someone has stepped on it. I left it behind. Let it spoil the fun for the other daffodils. There is something dead after all.

Tina Pašalić



HOSPITIUM SILENTII

It always starts with a question.

Long lost answers crawling they way back.
A pit of memories buried deep within.
A fist of kindness steaming high to outreach the hill.

You are mistaken.

Point taken!

Grab a filthy heart and a soul rotten,
go and search what you have forgotten.
Grab a whiff of disbelief,
relinquish all your grief.

Time will pass by;

Time waits for no one.

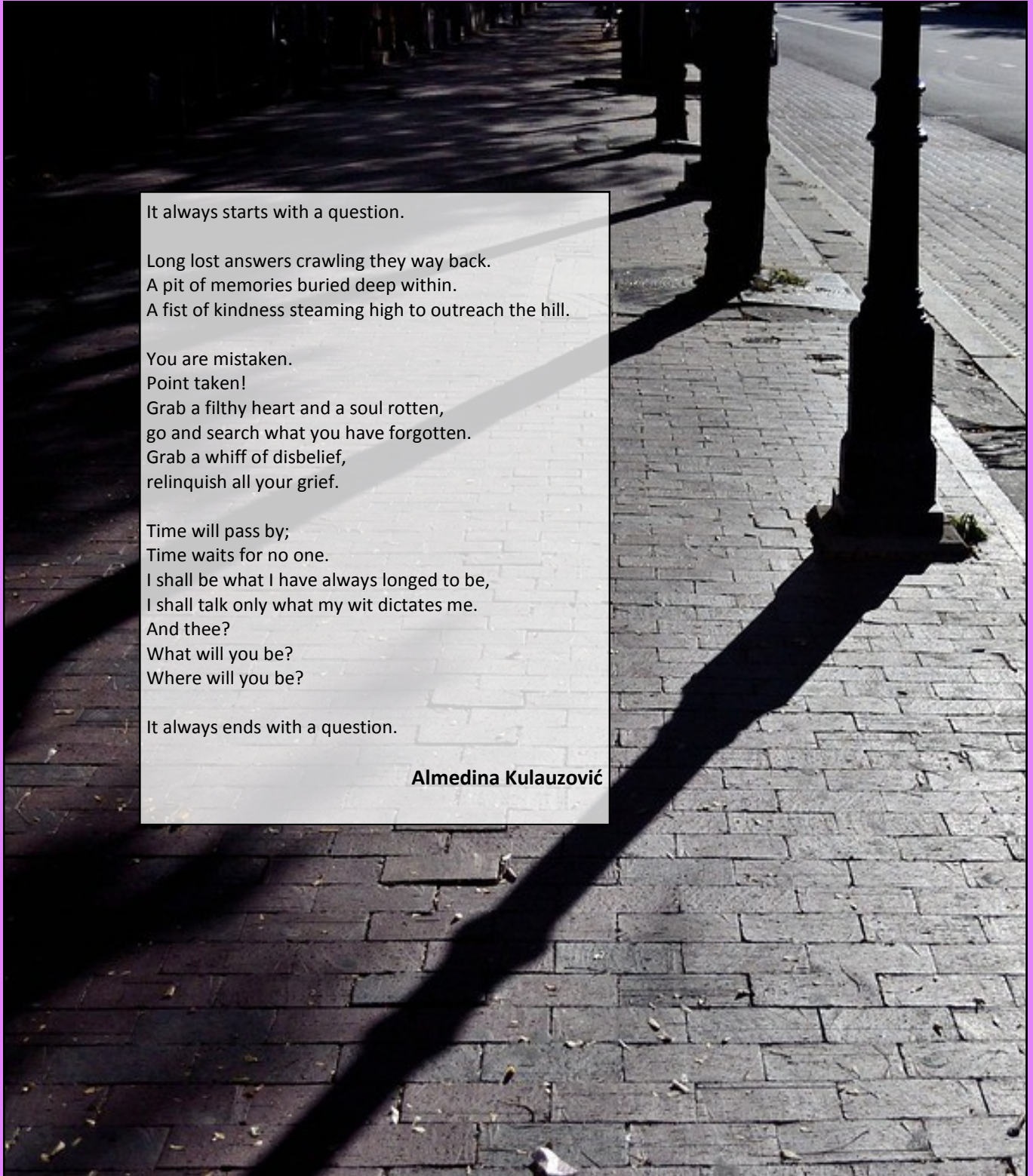
I shall be what I have always longed to be,
I shall talk only what my wit dictates me.
And thee?

What will you be?

Where will you be?

It always ends with a question.

Almedina Kulauzović



PICTURE OF THE WORLD SHOWN IN ORWELL'S 1984

1984 is a novel by Eric Arthur Blair, commonly known as George Orwell. The novel, as the author itself, is very controversial and that is why I have decided to read it. The storyline is very interesting and the tricks Orwell uses in his writing appear all over the book. We can see this even in the title which is an inversion of the date when the book was first published. Banned in some countries, the book struggled its way to daylight and won a great victory since it became very popular and widely read. Can you imagine a world where you are never alone, not even in your dreams and everything you say, do and think is being closely watched? This novel will give you a very good and somewhat terrifying picture of the future of the English society.

1984 starts with a description of a building where the majority of its tenants belong to the middle class, known as the Outer Party, that make 13% of the population in a world where a revolution that started somewhere in 1900s changed the face of the world forever. Besides the Outer party, the population is divided into The Inner Party, the elite who run the country and so-called Proles that are referred to as "dumb masses" or the "Low" and make 85% of the total population. The Inner and the Outer Party together form the Party, the rulers of everything. Such division of society has occurred due to the Atomic war. After the war, three superpowers were created. The first one is Oceania, in which the chief-city is Airstrip One, former United Kingdom where the action of the book takes place. The other superpowers are Euroasia and Eastasia and the three of them are in constant war with each other. Oceania is being ruled by the all-knowing power called the Big Brother. "At the apex of the pyramid comes Big Brother. Big Brother is infallible and all-powerful. Every success, every achievement, every victory, every scientific discovery, all knowledge, all wisdom, all happiness, all virtue, are held to issue directly from his leadership and inspiration. Big Brother is the guise in which the Party chooses to exhibit itself to the world".

In Airstrip One nothing belonged to you. "Asleep or awake, working or eating, indoors or outdoors, in the bath or in bed - no escape. Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimeters inside your skull." Nothing was banned by law, but people who lived in Oceania knew very well that only working and celebrating the Party would keep you alive. A person couldn't go wherever it wanted, say something against the rule or ask for better life conditions. If an individual tried to do anything against the wishes of the elite, he would be captured, tortured and killed. He would become an "unperson". The existence of that person would be erased and it would seem like that person wasn't even born. Some may wonder how it is

possible that the state had such an insight into people's lives. For that purpose, Orwell invented things named telescreen, thought police and thought crime. Telescreen was a device which was built into every house that tracked your doings for the whole day. It also had the possibility to detect voices, even whispers and if the telescreen caught you doing something extraordinary, you would be immediately reported. Telescreens didn't just exist in private houses. On the contrary, they were all over, in the street and at work. "How often or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even possible that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to." If the news of something you did came to the thought police, you can count on that you will die sooner or later. Then, we have the thought crime, the most horrifying thing of all. If you even thought of something against the Party's rules, even just for a second, it would become a dangerous crime for which you could be sent to labor camps or be sentenced to death.

The storyline follows a man called Winston Smith, a member of the Outer Party who works in the Ministry of Truth, another invention of the ruling class. The Ministry of Truth dealt with tailoring the past to fit the Party's view of things. For example, if in the past Oceania has been in war with Eastasia and now they were in peace, the Ministry of Truth had to destroy all evidence that the war was once fought and anyone who opposes such opinion would be eliminated. Winston is a good worker, but starts doubting that Big Brother is the best thing that happened to people in Britain and doesn't want to live his life only serving his country. He wants to feel love, compassion, not being afraid to say what is on his mind. He turned into everything that the Party wanted to abolish. After a while, Winston realizes that he is not alone in this and meets a young girl, Julia with whom he spends the best moments in his life. The two of them decide that they will fight for a better tomorrow, but sadly are captured by the Thought police.

In this novel, we can see how by creating an imaginary country named Oceania, Orwell fights against real dangers in the form of totalitarianism and social injustice. Spending time in colonial Burma and in the fascist Spain, he himself witnessed the horrors of manipulation by a group of people who governed and tortured its population making them live in constant fear of imprisonment. Anywhere in the world, we can see similar methods of keeping people under control. One of them would be the lack of education. By disabling the mind of an individual, a dictator can easily rule. In 1984, education was limited, books that could get people to think were burned and the new ones consisted only of what the Party thought was appropriate.

Also, by making people work all day long just to have something to eat is one of the frequently used methods. When a person is too occupied with thinking how they will survive, they will have no time to think about revolutionary ideas and the government. By destroying families as the basic unit of society, they abolish emotions and family bonds that make people secure and happy. The dictators, in Orwell's case the Big Brother, want that people never feel safe and secure.

We don't have to search for these kinds of treatment further than our own doorway. People in Bosnia have been oppressed in similar ways described by Orwell in 1984. Poisoned with hate, it is difficult to think about anything else while our oligarchy happily rubs their hands. I chose this book because I think that it is important to know that we too are being manipulated the same way Winston and the rest of Oceania's population is. Only knowledge can wake us up from this state we are in, so I would recommend this book to everyone who wants see a better future not just for our country, but for the whole world.

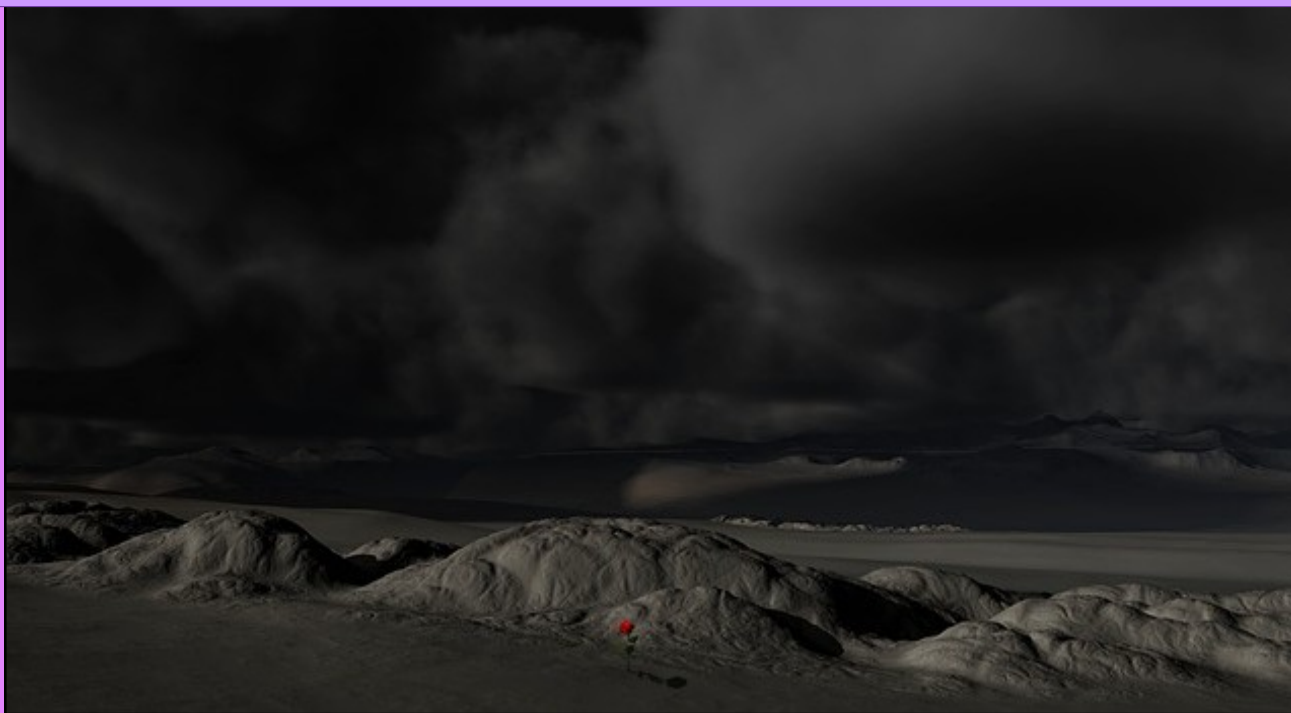
Jasmina Žapčević



1984

GEORGE ORWELL

WRITING FOR FREEDOM



Dear Diary,

Luckily I found a little time to dedicate myself to you in these difficult times, although I need to express myself to you about everything that has been going on here in the trenches. Through all this tough time I can't imagine that I am still alive. As I lie here in this small, dark basement, where there is no electricity, water or sufficient food, I suddenly realise just how cold it is in these trenches. A lot of moisture, water leaking through the ceiling. Something unseen. My dad is in the battle for our country, mom takes care of my little sister, but I ... well I'm trying to do something that could be better for all people around me. No salvation. Just imagine yourself as a child like me here, dreaming about a perfect life with your family, but you know you have only one wish: to survive. For safety reasons I cannot go out.

I am sorry if these words are scrawled. My hands are shaking with the adrenaline. These dark, trench walls seem to be closing on me, suffocating me. All I can smell is thick, dark smoke. Splatters of crimson blood drip here and there. I cannot bear to look. I could see that the sky is a dull grey. I'm frozen to the bone. I am worried because I have lost the feeling in both my legs, I'm scared I will not be able to move around. My hands are as purple as the mangled bodies outside. Through a little window I see rats the size of dogs attacking dismembered limbs, and the sight is almost too much to bear. Tatters of army uniform, like my own, are flown about everywhere as I peep above the trench. Thick, gaseous aromas make my stomach

churn as I do so. Not enough food, I'm asking myself where I can find something to eat. I miss my mom's food at home, and all these smells that make me feel hungry. My mom told me it is better to eat what we have than starve. Well, where's the solution to this war; should we all die? I cannot resist anymore. Night by night, I express my feelings because I don't want my mom to see me crying and sobbing. What would I tell to her? Bombs are falling continuously around the house, and sometimes smashing through windows, sometimes forcing us to move into another dark, small room. Such bombs are muffled by the trench and the screams of agony. In the air I can feel death, mixed with the smells, seeped into the walls, also on the streets, dripped into the mud. Every hour, someone I know, well knew, and respected, died. The grief is now numbness. I cannot feel it anymore. All the time I think about my dad, my mom doesn't know what to do and how to answer to all my questions about dad, my little sister is crying because of sounds of bombs. Too much questions in my mind from 'Will the three of us die tomorrow?' to 'How's my dad? Is he wounded?' Impossibility to make a difference between sunlight and moonlight. Thinking about my friends from school, my cousins and their children, oh, a lot of thoughts.

Under the candle and with few pieces of paper left, my fingers are not able to put everything on paper. I pray to God to stop this terrible war. I have to go, I hear gunshots near.

Ivana Velić

HERMAN HESSE - DEMIAN

There are many works of Hesse that deserve to be talked about. In my opinion, *Demian* is the most beautiful novel he has ever written. I say beautiful because I don't have another word to explain it. Maybe because it is so difficult to read and understand, or just because it leaves you with such a feeling that you have discovered the whole universe, but cannot explain how.

Published in 1919, *Demian* is the crucial novel for understanding Hermann Hesse. This means that Hesse was a very special writer and that he has a selected audience. His works seem to enter your heart and stay there for the rest of your life. The same is with *Demian*. In this work, Hesse showed his great abilities to understand and apply psychoanalysis he so hardly worked on. He tries to show different perspectives through the characters of Emil Sinclair and Max Demian. They seem to be two totally different persons, but in fact, sometimes you think that Hesse talks about one person with two sides. This is also explained in the book through the story of Cain and Abel, two sides of the world, one good, and the other evil. It is also mentioned through the God they both think is the best one, Abraxas, mostly because he has both good and evil within himself. This is what makes this story so interesting, and at the same time so difficult to follow. Good versus evil is one of the most important themes of *Demian*.

Another theme that is involved in this work is psychology. Because of the use of psychological analysis of major characters, this book reminds me of his other work, *Steppenwolf*, in which Harry, the main character, has to pass through similar things as the protagonist of *Demian*, Emil Sinclair. The difference between them is that Harry is on his own, and Sinclair has Demian, who is his friend and his guide. He helps Sinclair to change his point of view and start to look at things from completely different perspective. This becomes possible because Emil is presented as a very weak character, who is in fact afraid of the society he lives in. Demian, on the other hand, is the stronger one, and tries to make Sinclair similar to himself. He partially succeeds in doing that. I say partially because Sinclair often thinks about returning to the world of light he was in, and to which his family belongs, than remaining in the forbidden realm, as he calls the world Demian caused him to face with.

There is also a theme of love, which may seem somewhat strange. This is because Sinclair begins painting and paints a picture of a woman with male characteristics who looks like Demian. He falls in love with the painting, and later realizes that the woman from the painting is Demian's mother, Frau Eva. This is a beautiful and at the same time scary part of the novel, especially for a reader who expects him to find a woman of his own age, and who is at least more feminine. But, that is why we say that love has no limits. Frau Eva seems to feel the same for Sinclair, but she is very strict

and that affects his love towards her. She makes him feel young again, and he sees the maternal figure in her, more than he sees an attractive woman he desires so deeply. This is why he is so confused, and unable to realize it himself. He needs Demian to tell him some obvious things about his life and his acts.

There are parts of the novel when Demian is away from him and Sinclair feels devastated, and desperately needs him in his life. They seem to be inseparable, but when they are together, strange things happen. So we don't even know if Demian's impact on Sinclair has a positive or a negative effect. In my opinion, it is a rather negative effect, mostly because I think Sinclair wouldn't suffer so much if he had stayed in the world of light. He also questions his choice and sometimes feels very bad and dissatisfied. This is why this novel is also regarded as *Bildungsroman*. It deals with the inner development of Sinclair's character, and this happens from the time he was ten to his death at the end of the novel.

This book is also connected to Hesse's private life, and some critics regard it as an autobiographical novel, because it also deals with the World War I in which Hesse participated, and he explained it very well in the last part of the novel. In this part, he shows how horrible it was to see all the bad things that happened during the war and all the disastrous deaths and losses. In this part, Sinclair dies, and Demian is next to him, holding his hand, and showing that he was with him from the beginning to this very sad end. Sinclair's final thoughts comprise the realization of his strong affinity with Demian and how true their friendship became.

This book presents us with many topics that are not discussed in many books. That is why *Demian* is so special, and definitely worth reading more than once. We can see how the human mind develops over a period of time, and for someone interested in psychological novels, this is the masterpiece of literature. Not everyone is able to present it in the way Hesse did, and that is why he deserves such respect. Whoever hears about *Demian* must be overwhelmed by its beauty and horror that are so perfectly mixed and that make it the best of Hesse's works. When you start reading it, you will be captured by the language and prosaic sentences that catch you so strongly, that you cannot expect to be freed. That happened to me, and I had to read it twice. I think that everyone can find himself in this novel, because we have all at least once tried to find ourselves and the place where we belong. This story is in fact about this quest for self-awareness and it beautifully describes the path by which this is achieved. Although, for Sinclair, that was the harder way. The most important thing is that he found his place in the world, and in the end, he was satisfied with his choice. This book has a very powerful message: „Always trust yourself, and you absolutely can't be wrong.“ I completely agree with it.

Dženana Holić

Subjectivity

Is the voice of majority a criterion of objectivity?
...or is it that we hear only the loudest?
Is this inner voice of the hollow angel objective portrait
neglected by its creator?

I am smudging, hastily,
the spilled colours on the canvas,
recognising the shape of my thought:
is this a consistent autoportrait or..?

So what's the criterion: my subjectivity
or yours?

Nermina Kešetović

HOW TO HELP YOURSELF

Life is too short to spend it on crying or suffering! People take problems too serious, and even make bigger problems of them so that they can be depressed. Funny, isn't it? I'm going to tell you some useful advices for your body, mind and soul.

The first advice is that you can't surrender. Your mind controls your body. Be a good friend to yourself and try to demand your body to be active, to be happy, not to fall down over a first problem that shows up. If you are acting in the right manner, there is not a thing that could do you harm. Helping yourself is a better solution than going to a doctor's and paying so that he can treat you as a crazy person.

The very second advice is that there is one thing that can be done. That is talking to your friends and family. But be careful! First, think about who is your best friend and why. There is not a lot of real friends around, nowadays! Your mother can be your best friend. She knows every your little secret and there is no reason to hide anything from her. You can be happy, if there are friends and family around you, because then you are a rich person and help is guaranteed.

Music is a good friend, too. Music takes us into a world full of dreams, magic, love, passion. Music is healing us in a way that no one else can. Try to relax and listen to your favourite song. Imagine that you're far away and that there are no problems and no pain.

Dreams are coming true, and everything gets better. People around you are kind, there are no lies, no worries and everyone smiles. Is understandable that people are mean, but don't let them hurt you and make you become like one of them.

The world is full of mean people, bad circumstances and pain, but why should you let them break you? Be a person that will change the world and people. Help yourself if there is a problem and help others. If you are feeling bad, try talking to your friends or your family; try listen to music to get into a better mood. Those who surrender are not doing the right thing! Make your life good to yourself, because you are the boss, let no one else to tell you something that will break you down. World loves brave people!

Muniba Keškić

Our National Football Team in Brazil



Photos by Elvis Barukčić/www.globalpost.com

That night was just another night for everyone, except for people in Bosnia and Herzegovina. It was the night when our national football team passed the qualifications for 2014 FIFA World Cup in Brazil. In the last match they won against Latvia. I was in the town. I watched the game in a small pub with my friends. Someone will say we will not have anything special from the fact that we will play on the World Cup. And indeed if you think carefully, we will not get anything from that, but in the other hand, we will.

Thousands of people were on the streets, children, adults, men and women, everyone. Why were we so happy? Well, it is the fact that we will play among 32 best teams of the world for the first time. But except that, there is something else. There is a feeling of equality with others. We will play with the best players from England, Germany, France and Spain. And these qualifications we have played almost without mistake. We had one of the best scores, just as Germany and other great teams. Our players were represented as heroes and our results were an example how the qualifications should be done. No one could say any negative comments on our victories.

People were excited. It could be seen on their faces. I never saw so many people in one place. There was a

sense of community and belonging in the mass. We felt like we are all one. It was an amazing moment of joy, happiness and love for our country.

I saw a child, he was about 6. The kid was yelling and laughing while the mass was getting crazy. I thought he was happy even if he was a child, but some of us have been waiting this moment for twenty years. And now we got it. For the first time the world will see that we have something nice to offer, not just war and poverty.

I remember how many times we had to cheer on other teams because we did not have ours. Some people cannot understand that. Some people who also do not understand the meaning of football. Football is not just a game. It is a prestige. To be on top of football means to be strong, clever and wise at the same time. And national team is the highest team in the football system. You do not have to like clubs in your country but you have to cheer on your national football team.

Football is a symbol of refinement and peace. We finally have our team on the World Cup and we will show them that we are a civilised, nice and clever nation.

Elmin Čaušević

ANOTHER EARTH

'What is this place?' she thought while looking vaguely at the doors in front of her. A second ago she was safely covered with a blanket in her bed, listening to the rain as it fell loudly on her roof-top. Suddenly, only dark surrounded her and that heavy wooden doors, like the ones she saw in old castles. It had rough edges and curved lines all over it. Its dark brown colour didn't stand out much from the darkness. She dared to knock and put her hands on the handle of the door. It was like holding a big cube of ice, cold and heavy. As she slowly opened the door, she heard a squeaky sound that made her believe that those doors stood closed for centuries. Inside, it was a breathtaking sight. Deep, silent valley of green grass, filled with colourful flowers she had never seen before. The air smelled just like after a heavy rain. The moment of pure silence was broken when she heard a distant sound, like the one horses make when running a race. As she walked towards the noise, it grew louder and louder. Just as she thought that her mind is playing with her, she saw it. Another valley deep within, with wild horses and floating rivers. Her eyes tried to absorb everything and in all that joy she gazed into the sky. A flock of birds formed a wide net, connected in a well-familiar words - you will dream awake. Frightened she stood up on her feet, on the other side was a figure. A figure of herself. Another me.

Anesa Zanačić



MY DREAM JOB

Do you have a dream job? I'm sure everyone has a special wish, but if we have a dream job we also must have the ability to work in our profession. Types of skills depends on the types of work that we want to do, so different jobs require different skills. My dream job is to be a professor of English language and literature because I love languages. I enjoy working with children and I'm impressed with the thought that somebody could learn something from me.

They are several skills that are important in this job. One of them is intelligence. Knowledge of English is necessary for my profession. I must have the knowledge if I want to teach students. For example, my good pronunciation can increase the interest of student for the subject. Success in explaining is also important because an interesting example can help in understanding important things. A good professor must know how to work with children.

Another skill is enthusiasm. For example, if there is some problem in the classroom, it's better to have a positive attitude because a positive attitude helps to overcome any difficulties. Every successful teacher has

high expectations for their students. When the professor believes that every student can be better, the students will believe the same and the teaching process will be more successful. Also, a characteristic of a good teacher is a sense of humor. I think this is important because a sense of humor can relieve tense classroom situation before they become disruptions.

Third, a successful professor is kind to his students. So, it is one of the skills, too. A teacher who helps his students show that is successful in his job. The professor needs to be calm. I agree with the statement "good professor - good student". For example, if students like a teacher then they prefer the subject, too, work will be better, and the student will be more interested in subject content.

For each job, some skills are necessary. Professor of English language is a job that involves already mentioned skills. Most of them are determined by the needs of students. These skills are very important and necessary for everyone who has the same dream job as me, because successfully transferred knowledge is the goal of every professor.

Aida Dizdarević

The importance of knowing English

Did you know that the English language is the fourth most widely spoken native language and the most spoken official language in the world? Throughout history the English language has become a global language and a primary language of global business. For many reasons, knowing English has a great influence on people's lives.

First of all, there are numerous job opportunities to those who understand and communicate in English. If you've studied English, for example, you can work as a teacher. You may teach pupils or students, or you may work as a private instructor of English. Working as a private instructor is even better, because you have a small number of students and a higher payment. Another employment opportunity is in global businesses. It is a primary language of global trade and commerce, and there are numerous job opportunities to work in English-speaking countries. Due to the knowledge of English, you are able to work as a translator in trade and politics. You can even work as a court interpreter for English language. Such employment opportunities will secure you higher payments.

Other benefits of knowing English are those of travelling. Knowing English makes the exploration of other countries and cultural heritage easier. You are able to visit exotic places and enjoy the beauties of the world. Enriching your knowledge about the past and amazing

countries and their heritage is easy available. English is also important for higher education. You can participate in an exchange of students and live and study abroad. In universities which attract most foreign students, English is the primary language of instruction. This gives you an opportunity to live, study and work abroad. English is very helpful, especially if you are one of those who love to make new friendships. You are able to meet people all over the world who share the same interests with you.

Finally, English contributes a lot to your individual growth. It makes you competent in dealing with new technologies and internet, because it is the primary language of the latest-version applications and programs, and also the primary language of the World Wide Web. Knowing English makes most of people feel good about themselves. English provides richer vocabulary of your social life and lovely moments with people all over the world.

English language became the global language and knowing English improves employment opportunities and chances for travelling and exploring the world. English language affected, affects and will affect people's lives for a long time to come.

Emira Hairlahović



A Letter to My Past Self

It has taken me a while to write you a letter. Not because I didn't have anything to say, but because I feared it wouldn't be smart enough. What you read in this letter will hopefully make you a better person, although you are an exquisite individual as it is.

The first thing I want you to know is that you are just fine the way you are. You are not too fat, your face is not too round, your complexion is not too dark and you look great. Another thing you need to know is that you should keep up the good work at school because it will pay off one day. Please, learn as many languages as you can; that's something I know it fulfills you and you enjoy it. Travel whenever you get the chance, even if it is alone. I spent too much time searching for great companions that I lost some great chances. Another advice, do not fear doing things you never did before... going to UWC in Mostar or accepting a

college scholarship in Turkey. Those things will shoot you to the Moon. When it comes to love and friends, search for honest and genuine people who will know to appreciate everything you are. One day there will be that guy who will make you feel like he is your missing half (although you may not have realised you missed it). Friends will be there too, fake and real, and your task is to find out which are which. Even if you end up with one or two friends it doesn't matter as long as they are true ones. I have no other things to tell you for now, but if I do have any in the future be sure to expect another letter from me.

I love you,
Take care.

Lejla Piralić

A Letter to My Future Self

Dear me:

Listen up, because I won't always be around, and there are some very important things I need you to know before I wink out of time and into memory. Remember that everything I'll be doing for the rest of my time here, I'm doing for you. I want you to be strong and confident, to keep building that shelf of dream packages I've been working on the last decade or so.

Hey, you remember that shirt we won in the volleyball match? The NO FEAR one? It said: „I am not scared. I am not afraid. I am an animal, and I will eat you if I have to.“ Maybe that's not such a bad policy for you and me to follow, right? Don't you ever hide from the world again. There is so, so much to see, so much to learn from. Every piece of the universe is connected to some other piece. Life is a big beautiful puzzle and don't you ever stop trying to solve it. Remember that the stars are there even when you can't see them, and even if they go behind a cloud or something, they always come back. Remember that there are no failures, only incentives to do better with what you are and what you have. I often forget that I can be pretty awesome sometimes. But don't you ever forget. We deserve, at the very least, to believe in each other. People always said I was strong, and I never saw it. Thought, in fact,

that if I couldn't feel strong, especially when I needed it most, then how could I possibly be? But kid, we are strong. We're not just survivors. We're fighters. We don't just survive the monsters' attacks; we fight them off and kill them. Remember to drink a lot of water, it's good for you. Remember that in the end, it's not the end. Whenever I've gone looking for an ending, I've found a new beginning. That's how forever and ever works, no matter how mad and crazy that sounds. Always look forward to something, to anything, the sunrise or sunset. It's the start of something, and every moment we're given a new start of anything, we ought to see it for the gift it is.

Remember the importance of comfortable shoes. Heels are sexy but sneakers will take us where we want to go. Lastly, remember me fondly, because my contribution to you was meant with the best of intentions, loyalty and kindly, honestly and thoughtfully for so much as I was able. I would expect nothing less from you. In fact, I suppose more. I will always think of you as the very best part of me. Make me proud, babygirl. Make us both proud.

With love, Me

Suzana Bašagić

HUNTING IS NOT A SPORT

For most people hunting represents a sport. I cannot see it as a sport, not even as a hobby. It is one of the most spiteous so-called sports where rich individuals with low intelligence and self-esteem express their frustrations on weaker living beings through the use of guns. Who is cruel to animals becomes the same in his dealings with men. We can judge the heart of a man by his treatment of animals. Dalai Lama once said:

"Killing animals for sport, for pleasure, for adventure, and for hides and furs is a phenomena which is at once disgusting and distressing. There is no justification in indulging in such acts of brutality."

I totally agree with this. Killing in need is not the same as killing for greed. How can something so brutal be considered as a sport or the way of entertainment? Sometimes I think that it is all about greed and that people just want to kill as many innocent animals as they can. Those poor animals have the same right to live on Earth just like humans. Hunters have a right to live too but in a small cages without weapon and painfully trapped somewhere in the forest. I am not wondering what happens in a twisted and mentally ill minds because they do not know anything better. I just do not understand how can someone kill somebody else with pleasure. Animals breathe just like humans, they feel pain and they feel happiness. They are sad when they are alone and they need love and support too. They are not just shooting targets, they deserve to be way more than that.



ANIMALS KILL FOR NEED.
HUMANS KILL FOR GREED.

"The only way you should shoot an animal is with a camera."

An old wise animal lover said this and I could not agree more. As I do not see hunting as a sport I consider that act so horrible and barbaric. My ethical principles say that it has many bad sides and does not have any good. So in my opinion it should be banned and potential hunters harshly punished. Be a hero for a better world - every act of compassion makes a difference!

"Animals, like us, are living souls. They are not things. They are not objects. Neither are they human. Yet they mourn. They love. They dance. They suffer. They know the peaks and chasms of being."

Gary Kowalski

Nermina Ruždijć

VERONICA DECIDES TO DIE - A REVIEW

My favorite Coelho's novel is *Veronica decides to die*. In this work he asked himself and the readers: *Is life always worth living and is everything in life worth fighting for?* Inspired by Ljubljana and Slovenia he wrote this novel in which he added some specific details from his life. Writing about the woman from the aspect of a man Paulo gave us an insight of how women see love and how they behave in some difficult situations. As the protagonist, young girl Veronica influenced by the crisis in the world and boredom in her life initiates the whole action in the book by committing suicide. She was a librarian who had everything in her life that every woman could ever dream of: a steady job, loving family and above all beauty. But, one winter morning she decided to end everything by taking an overdose of sleeping pills... After two weeks in a comma, Veronica woke up in a mental hospital Vilete where she was told that she has only a few days to live because her heart was damaged.

Disappointed and apprehensive of what will happen in the near future she intended to fulfill her every day until she dies. During her time in Vilete, she meets a lot of mentally ill people and at one moment she realised that actually she had everything but it was too late for repentance. Vilete was an asylum, a place of protection where patients were shielded from a danger called society. The protective walls were liberating to the patients allowing them to explore their "madness" without criticism or harm. A novel that starts out as contemplation on the expression of conformity and madness turns into a dazzling exploration of the unconscious choices we make each day between living and dying, despair and liberation. The writer wanted to show that the people called "madmen" could have philosophical thoughts and that they could think. Their world is different because they have the ability to create it on their own, they had unique laws and standards. When on the other hand we have violence and cruelty, our norms and standards are strict, our days are the same because every day is a routine. There is no justice, the law isn't created to resolve problems but to prolong quarrels. In this book every character had a unique story which can be connected to the writer's life, simply he wanted to share his atrocities to the readers and he wanted to give them an insight of his life because being different is really hard sometimes. Coelho also introduced us to Edward, Zedka and Mary, tragic characters who lived in their own world, passive and vain. Edward carried the sorrow for his dead fiancée, being abandoned and alone became schizophrenic and ended in Vilete, Zedka who was raped during the war in Bosnia-Serbia-Croatia became mad because of the trauma she experienced, and Mary was a lawyer disappointed in justice. These characters who carried on the onus of the society were on the edge. They are trapped in a society that

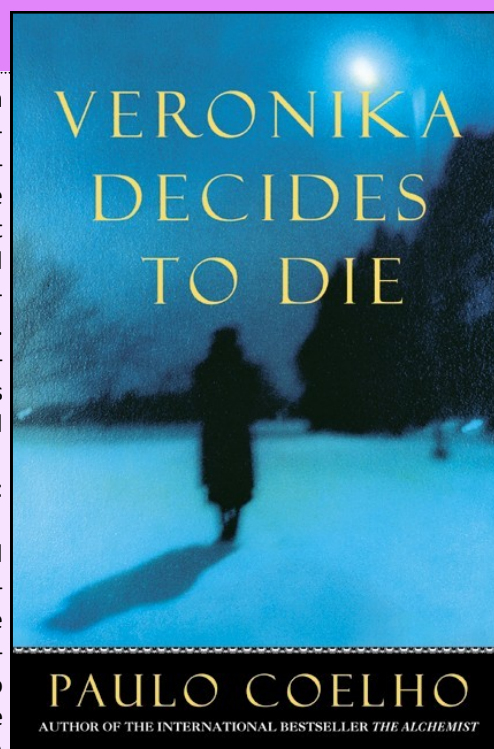
accused them as lunatic people inside Vilete, just like women that are oppressed in the patriarchal society. Three perennial themes were explored throughout the novel: conformity, madness and death. Sometimes people will give everything just to fit in into the society, even

though they have different views, ideas and attitudes, they are ready to renounce everything to be accepted. Disillusion is part of our lives, we live in hard times when some things are not valuable anymore, where, if you are too moral, you are quaint. Our justice is ostensible.

Lunacy. Sometimes we consider some people to be insane just because they are different or they have different views on life, we point it out to them but we don't criticize ourselves, we just want to merge into the society no matter the price. Death is a taboo, we don't like to talk about that because it is something unknown and unattainable. When you are dead you are dead, there is no return. Paulo tried through his main character and her two states of mind to teach us that our life is valuable. The old Veronica hated her life and thought it is not worth living, she was hunted by negatives thoughts and fear. The new one knew that she would die but didn't know when, so she discovered that she still wanted to live and she started facing her fears.

As the unique way of Coelho's story – telling the end of a novel is sweet, surprising and left reader enlightened. The novel is permeated by the religious symbols and issues of the rotten society. Living day by day we forget how much our burden is heavy and we neglect some things that are important, but when we lose them we discover how nice they were. So we have to ignore all contradictions around us, change the perception of our lives, face the difficulties and overcome our fears. If we exist that means that we have our purpose.

Dalila Aldžić



SCREAMING MANTIS

Mantis came from South America. She was born and raised in a country wrecked by never-ending civil wars. Her village was attacked by enemy forces and burned to the ground. This was when she was still just a little kid.

Hunted by enemy soldiers, she was separated from her family. She barely managed to escape alive... Ended up in the basement of this one building. It was full of corpses that had been dumped there. Almost all of them had been tortured to death. She was petrified with fear.

And then she heard the sound of heavy boots on the floor above her, followed by shrieking screams, the kind that would make every hair on your body stand straight up. She had stumbled across a makeshift torture chamber. Somebody locked the door and she was trapped there. It was dark and damp, full of a wretched stench.

She couldn't sleep with the screams of torture victims all around her. All she could do was sit curled up in one corner of the room, trembling. A week passed, then

ten days. She managed to keep hydrated by drinking the filthy water pooled up on the floor, but there wasn't any food.

Being trapped in that kind of place, half crazy from hunger, did a serious number on her mind. Did you know female mantises eat their mates?

The screams went on day and night. She covered her ears but it didn't help. And then she was saved by a little black mantis that taught her how to block the screams, how to plug up her inner ears. When she couldn't stand hunger any more, she started feeding on the corpses... But only the male ones.

She didn't realize who was doing it. In her mind, it was a female mantis, devouring her mates. It was like one twisted nightmare. There was no mantis, of course. It was all a hallucination.

Tarik Sefić

The Unspoken Name

Every name has its own hidden story. Eight years ago when she said her name for the first time, I didn't pay a lot of attention. Name like every other, either you like it or not, but you accept it and deal with it. However, after that day, I began to look at it from a totally different perspective. After I carefully listened to her story, everything inside of me changed.

"Before I was born," she started, "my mum was diagnosed with cancer. Doctors told her that there's a strong chance of getting out of it, but under one condition: not to have me. So, how should a future parent react in situation like this one. It's like a tunnel but without any light at the end of it. You're on both sides, you're offered to live, but with the cost of killing someone. My mum chose me. She thought that her life is less valuable than mine, so she knew from the start what is her duty. Sometimes I think of it as a selfish thing to do, why she didn't think about my dad or my older brother. What about them. Despite different opinions, she wanted to give me life, and she did.

That moment when I was born, as I've been told, was the happiest moment in

her life, like she forgot about the cancer, about what will happen next. She lived only for that moment. Several months later, that evil spread through her kind heart and took it. My life began and hers ended, as simple as that. But I've been left with something more valuable than anything else, a name that she gave me. I cherish it as the most expensive present, because deep inside, I know it is hers, it's something she planned, and decided. It was her last word, her last big decision. Not a single picture of her can be compared to it. It's the only thing I have from her and I wouldn't trade it for the world. It's mine and nobody can take it from me."

After she finished I felt like I was going to cry and smile at the same time, as if my feelings were interwoven. So, why should you not feel proud with your name? That girl is a true example of it. She's definitely an example that every name has a certain story to be told. We're all like that, we all carry something in our hearts.

Elma Ramić

Seven Struggles

Seven struggles put into two little beings,
No one but friends and lovers.
Who will fight back and capitulate,
Who will give up too late?

Far from distance, far from nearness,
The sun won't come out.
Our two souls left with each other to fight and die
How it should be and how it will be turns into why.

We are left in certain harmony to become
Enemies filth with the armory.
This innocent love turned into
Wounded dove.

Sometimes I see you in dark, when the light blinds me.
Sometimes I smell your scent, when the heart feels
bent to you.
Sometimes I hear you breathing next to me.
Three of the Seven struggles being without thee.

Sometimes I speak with you in my dreams,
Where your love beams my force.
Sometimes I feel you by my side, as
I was supposed to be your bride.

Sometimes in long and heavy nights I miss your smile,
Sometimes I want our lives to compile.
Seven struggles, seven deaths
Seven long breaths.

Aida Kekić



NOT ENOUGH

What came as thunder from the sky,
It left from the Earth and fly
Fly as far as someone can be seen,
But with full heart an completely clean.

Maybe it had a mission to fill,
Maybe that was its main skill
And if it was the *one* that had,
Then all of them should be really glad.

Little words, emotions, moments,
Great signs, feelings, omens
For what that heart knocked the most,
That, at the end hurt like every bit of loss.

Sometimes they may hurt as they go,
But every part of their dreams grow
Like nothing similar to its existence,
It ended like the furthest distance...

At the end of the journey of life,
We all had out inner fights
But that something with feelings,
Hurt the most and has the biggest meanings!

Barbara Briški

MY FATHER, MY PRIDE



except sitting in the hall of our flat, eating pie with sugar. The most rememberable was that my father was never there. I can't imagine how my mum did everything, fearing for my father's life and for ours. He came sometimes from a battle-field and those were few moments of happiness for my mum.

As he was on a high position he had the power to help many soldiers, moving them from battlefields and saving their lives. Those soldiers offered him a lot of money, their fathers came with bags full of money, but my father didn't want to accept any. He kept his probity and didn't take anything. Maybe he hoped that those fathers will help him someday. Of course they didn't.

As everything, the war had finished. Never have I heard such words of terror, sadness and tears. I also know that many fathers, brothers, husbands, sons have lost their lives. I always thank to God that my father have survived. For some people better times had began, but for me even worse. The diagnosis of my father was Post-traumatic stress disorder. Back then I didn't know what that disorder meant, but it was something terrible for me and my family. My loving Dad had symptoms which included flashbacks, nightmares and severe anxiety as well as uncontrollable thoughts about the event. Many people who go through traumatic events have difficulty adjusting and coping for a while, but only we know what we suffered through and how much time had to pass until he got better. I think my mum deserves a monument for her sacrifice and everything she did for him. Many time he had bad moments and then my mum were just asking me to go out and play with my friends, now I know that she just

When I was a child, I was familiar with moving around to another cities and countries, since my father was an army major. I didn't mind because as a child I liked everything new and interesting. I remember my childhood being filled with only the good things - happiness, love and care. My family had great moments to remember, since I was the youngest child with an older sister and brother. They treated me like a princess and I had everything I could wish for.

Then the war came to my country. Of course my father wanted to fight for us, for our freedom. It didn't bring anything good to us, it only brought illness to my Dad. Like all other people we fought for our lives in very bad conditions, with nothing left to give us hope, but we survived. I can't remember anything from war

didn't want me to watch him suffer and cry. As time passed, he got better, but those were the times of recovering, even financially. My brother needed a job to help us, and my father asked those people whose sons he saved, and they have turned their back. They said nice thing like we will call him as soon as we have free place, but they never did.

That changed him much. He stopped believing anyone, he found out how people don't appreciate things you do for them. He had only us, to help him, to love him. After many years of suffering and healing, he is a caring husband, loving father, the best grandfather and still a very honest and decent person.

Sajra Omeragić

THE PRISON DIARY

Just an ordinary Saturday morning, hot coffee and my laptop – best way to start the day. I was just trying to figure out the beginning of my latest article when I heard a sudden knock on my door. Frustrated that someone is interrupting my usual morning routine, I went to answer. Without even asking who is it or even looking through the peephole, I opened the door. And imagine my surprise, when two men, dressed in black suits, pushed into my face their badges of the National Security Guard. They asked if they could come in. Now my frustration grew into shock, and after I let them into my apartment, they immediately started to explain the nature of their visit. The taller one said that I have been accused of conspiracy against the local government when I wrote my article about an old home for abandoned children that was being knocked down in order to build a new headquarters of the ruling political party. They asked me to change and come with them to the main office of National Security. They said that I just have to bring my ID and passport with me and that my family will be informed about my arrest in the mean time. And that is how my warm routine on a cold Moscow Saturday morning was interrupted and imbued with a sense of horrible future from now on.

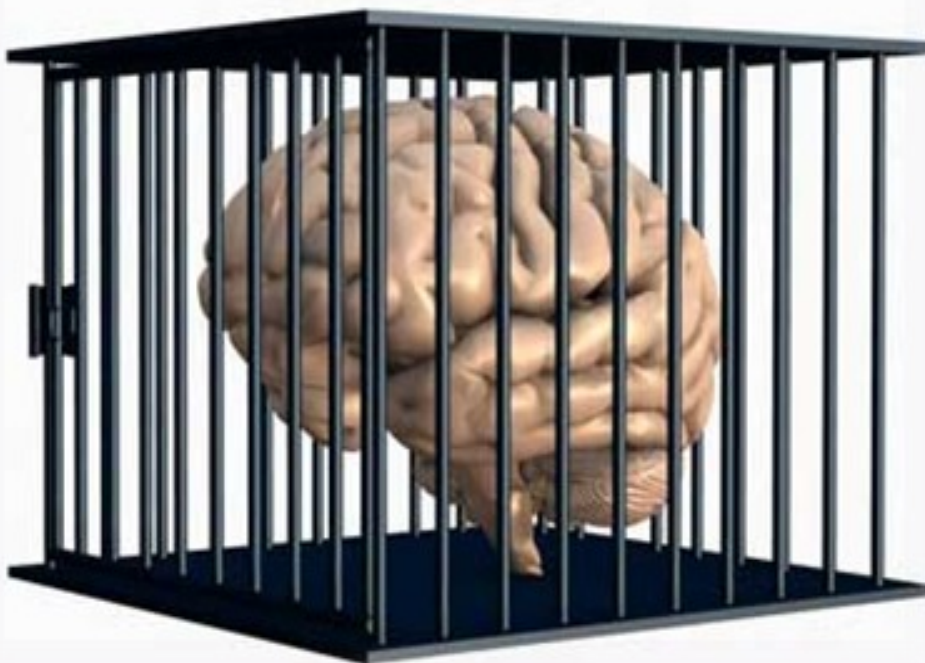
Before I could even gather my thoughts and my concerns, a long, black car drove me in front of an imposing new-built complex of buildings with its glass facade and shiny entrance. I was lead in with the two detectives by my side to an enormous questioning room where they took away my ID and my passport. Another two detectives, similarly looking as the two that arrested me, joined us. In short, after a three-hour long questioning I was charged with conspiracy and rebellion against the ruling political party and its main principles only by writing an article about the importance of that old home for abandoned children and also for inviting people to a peaceful protest and prevention of the demolition of that exact building. I didn't want to get a lawyer because I strongly believed in my innocence and that the reasons and facts that I wrote about were nothing but the pure truth.

After the questioning, I was transported to the central prison, where I was located in the Main Block that housed political and exile prisoners, freedom fighters, corrupted politicians and diplomats. My cell was on the first

floor and was pretty neat and clean, rather small but yet not too cold or too dark due to the neon lighting on the ceiling. Quite modestly furnished with an iron bed in the corner, next to which was also an iron table with a matching chair. I had a double-cell which I shared with a Ukrainian fellow reporter, Borys, who was imprisoned due to similar reasons as I was. We got along well from the very beginning. The prison was pretty modern and contained a central atrium where we ate, worked and relaxed and also housed a "Guardian station" with TV screens so they could monitor all the prisoners in their cells or halls. Off the atrium, there was a communal shower room to which we had restricted access. On the next level was a place to exercise, some kind of a gym and a library with a little multi-media center equipped with only a few computers and printers.

After a few days spent there, just lying, thinking about my unfortunate destiny, rarely talking to anyone but my cellmate, I decided to visit the library because I really missed writing. As soon as I entered, a young librarian recognized me from the photograph that I have on my web blog but also next to my column in the papers. He politely introduced himself and said that he really admires my concerns and attempts to help all those poor, abandoned children and offered his help in anything that was in his power. I was truly





grateful for his compassion and understanding and shyly asked if he could give me a notebook and a pen so I could write in order to stay sane in this damn cement box. And not only that - he gave me what I asked for, he even offered me to give him a hand in working there so that I could write peacefully without worrying that the guards will find out about my writing. Oh, how much I was blessed to meet this young fellow.

Every day after breakfast, when the rest of the prisoners went to exercise or watch TV, I went to my sanctuary. In the beginning, I just sat there, staring at all those shelves crammed with books not even opening any of them. I just wanted to soak the smell of that old paper, the smell of words, the smell of freedom. I didn't miss the "outside world", but I missed my writing and yet I couldn't write a word. I had a tremendous urge to start writing again - a poem, a story, an article, and a novel, whatever. And after a few days of my solitude, Nikolay, that young librarian with a heart of gold, broke through my wall of sepulchral silence by asking me about my professional career and my personal preferences in terms of literature. He wanted to know what was my favorite assignment, favorite story that I covered or most famous article that I wrote. And even before I gathered my thoughts to answer his questions, my right arm automatically went for a pen while

thank him. He was my doctor when he prompted me to write and he gave me my medicine that was "*The Prison Diary*", which I started to write. From that morning, I spent four, sometimes even five hours writing in that library with the Nikolay by my side, working at his desk in silence, providing me the best possible surrounding for my creation.

With the passing of the days Nikolay and I became very good friends, and even my cellmate Borys started going there with me but he didn't know anything about Nikolay's and mine "risky business". On a few occasions Nikolay even asked me if he could read some of it. One day he approached me with the idea that he could give my writings to my editor who would publish it under the pseudonym. I was truly delighted with the idea and every week Nikolay went to visit him and give my work for the past seven days - and that is how "*The Prison Diary*" emerged. In my so-called diary I wrote about the everyday life in prison, about the conditions and relations in that cement box, I even wrote about my personal experiences, thoughts and observations. While I was on trial, waiting for the verdict from the "great and powerful ones" for just being a "people's person", the popularity of my column was hitting the roof.

the left one opened the notebook that was lying on a table in front of me, untouched for days. With his words he switched on a light bulb in my mind that reminded me why I enjoyed writing so much. I wrote in order to help others and now it was time to write in order to help myself, in order to save myself from this absurdity. Nikolay just sat at his desk, staring at me and wondering if I have lost my mind. After an hour or two of writing, I closed my notebook, approached him to shake his hand and

Sunčica Lipovača

WRITING FOR FREEDOM

It's May 7th 1994, the 46th day of my captivity. Sarajevo is under siege and this prison is becoming impossible to stand any more. I need a miracle and I need it fast.

There is absolutely nothing worse than being innocent but deprived from all your rights as a human being. I've lost my patience and now I'm afraid of losing common sense, 'cause that's all I'm worth right now. My poems are the only thing that keep me alive, the only thing that gives me strength and believe me the conditions here are far worse than you could ever imagine. I haven't had a decent meal for five days now, that's when a guard threw me the rest of his sandwich. I think I ate it in one bite or two. But everyday my condition is getting worse, I've started talking to myself and even seeing things that are not there. Last night I say my mother. She was sitting beside me and touching my hair. For

a few minutes I was at peace. I can't remember the last time I felt so calm. I fear of never seeing her smile again, never hearing her voice. A fear I've never felt before. I'm at my wits' end. At times I pray to God to free me from my suffering. I've never prayed before. I expressed my thoughts at the cost of my freedom. It's the highest price I ever paid for something. My being accused of national pressure, only because I expressed concerns for my people and my country, seems so unreal and so does all this brutality around me.

I can only pray for this nonsense to stop, pray for God to take the evil out of people. Don't let no one harm our country anymore and let someone guide our way out of this nightmare.

Aida Karajić

BOSNIA'S ROAD TO THE WORLD CUP IN BRAZIL: IMPACT ON SOCCER, POLITICS, ECONOMY AND SOCIETY IN GENERAL

For the first time in history Bosnia and Herzegovina is going to the World Cup. A historical moment for the whole country. It was a night of glory and happiness, but behind that stands war, three nations in the country and their disagreements.

This Bosnian win had a big impact on politics. This was the first time that the whole country was united. However, politicians see their chance for money and profit. They are also going to earn a lot and for them that is the most important thing. Every country that is going to the World Cup will get several millions euros so it's very important for the economy of Bosnia and Herzegovina. It will make the picture better. As you know Bosnia was very destroyed during the war and since then, it has been very poor and its economy is in crisis. Let us hope for the better.

Let us hope that the whole football organisation of Bosnia will also improve. This is the best generation of players since 1995, when Bosnia became independent. But the main thing is our society. The society in Bosnia are just ordinary people with low payments who work hard. They were happy, they cried and watched every match and enjoyed it. They were the best support of the football players and the whole team.

They are going to Brazil. I remember that last match. I watched it at home and almost cried during the game. I was at the verge of a nervous breakdown, but they got that important goal that was historical. That was an amazing moment, it took them to Brazil. Let us hope that they will do great there.

Alma Đogić

Useful tips for visiting Bosnia and Herxegovina

Photo courtesy of www.panacomp.net

As a person who works at a tourist office I travel a lot and I know how difficult it can be when you travel somewhere and don't know how to behave when you enter another country or city.

I know customs, tradition of our country and I think that if someone is here for the first time he or she may be surprised, offend or be offended by something. I thought that it would be useful for our tourist office to write this brochure in order to introduce tourists to our customs and that their



visit can pass in the best way possible. It is obvious that whenever you come somewhere everything starts with greetings. In our area that is usually shaking hands both with women and men but you should be careful with women who wear hijab, which is a kind of scarf that Islamic women use to cover their head because of religion, so you should not shake hands with them. If kissing is a custom in your country forget it here, we only kiss our close friends or relatives. If you go to a restaurant or cafe you may pay when waiter brings you order or when you are leaving and there is no strict rule to leave them tips but you can if you want. If you go somewhere with your host don't even try to pay the bill, he or she won't allow you except if he or she is a mean person but you won't meet many mean persons here. When it comes to visiting someone's house, there are also some things that I want to warn you about. At the entrance you should take off your shoes, in many households you will get slippers and you probably should take them, or if you don't they will try to convince you by saying "you may catch a cold". It is usual that they offer you coffee or juice and you should accept it. I recommend you to drink coffee with sugar in cubes because it is really

delicious. When drinking juice you should drink a whole glass of it because it is said that if you don't you will leave some kind of quarrel in that house. Don't be surprised if they make you a lot of dishes in order to host you, that is one of our customs and we usually do it if we have some kind of celebration or if we have guests from abroad, so I advice you to try as many dishes as you can in order to be polite and not offend your host. If you decide to visit a mosque, the place where Muslims go to perform prayer, as a man you should wear long trousers and above something that covers your hands halfway. As a woman even if you have another religion you have to cover your head with a scarf and wear something that covers your whole body, both women and men have to take off their shoes at the entrance.

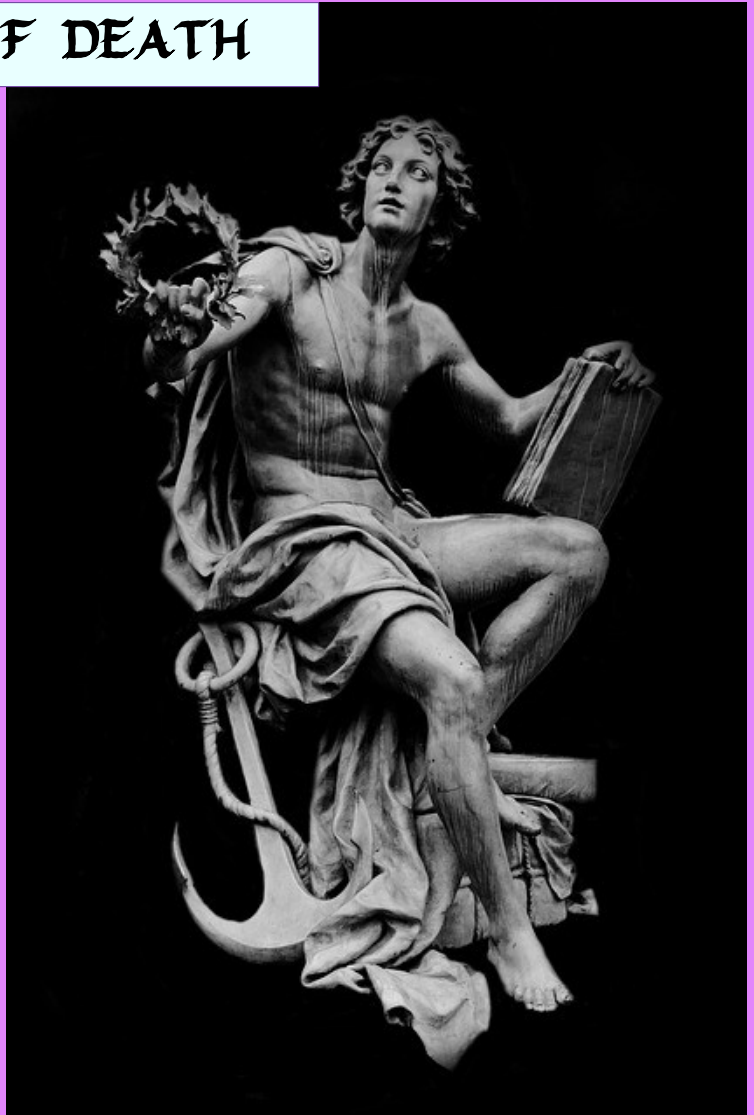
I've explained some basics to you, but at the same time the most important rules, and if you respect them you will not face any problems when it comes to customs. You will be welcomed everywhere and see that we are a hospitable, polite and very friendly nation.

Anida Piralić

THE SALVATION OF DEATH

Seek me not to suffer
 For the redemption will be found
 In the ashes of old lovers
 Deep in the ground.
 When the time comes
 To set the account
 No cursed soul
 Will be left wandering around.
 Dishonoured as we may be
 Our bodies scarred with sin
 Struggle to preserve the memory
 Far away from your kin.
 Then run from the critical eyes
 To the next play
 Until you rise
 On the judgement day
 At the end of it all
 He, who rules our call
 Will be the one to judge us all.

Emina Sabljaković



A friend in need is a friend indeed

Since I was a little girl I've had several friends. I've had friends that I'd hang out with and do fun things but none of them can compare to Azra.

She and I have been friends for almost 13 years. Azra is physically disabled, but her disability is never a problem. Matter-of-fact that's one of the things that makes our friendship unique. She inspires me each and every day. You see, Azra is the type of friend that everyone needs at least once in a lifetime. I admire her for her courage, desire for life. Everything she does, she does it with love. She goes to college, the final year and then has plans to enroll in a master's degree program. Both of us have had a troubled past. She grew up with her disability. She had a lot of health problems. She grew up knowing she was different from

others. But she always had the support of family and friends we were always careful not to offend her in any way and not to feel neglected. I've always been there for her whenever she needed help. Perhaps this is why she is now always with me when I need help. I appreciate her because she successfully copes with her lack. For me she is not handicapped, she is special.

Although she has moments where her disability makes her sad, she continues to do what is right. She gives me strength, she gives me support, makes me laugh. I can tell her anything, I just love her. I can really say that a friend in need is a friend indeed.

Majda Gutlić

Man vs Nature

Every man is a part of the nature, but usually we do not know appreciate nature until some great disasters, only then we become aware of it. Nature serves us and we need to respect every part of the nature. We do not know the true power of nature, we are very small in this big universe and our duty is to preserve what we have been given.

We need to know how to live in order with the rules of nature. Sometimes we are too busy with our routines so we just forget about the fact that nature surrounds us.

Nature gives us everything to survive. Nature has provided us with great rivers which give us pure and fresh water to drink and for irrigating our fields. But we are treating our rivers and other water very badly. We are not aware of the fact that there is also tomorrow and the other generations who will need water to survive, so our duty is to keep clean and fresh water. Our rivers are remarkable but often garbage of urbane areas is dumped into them. Nature has provided our forests with vast variety of animals and birds, but we are treating them very cruelly. By reckless cutting of trees and clearing of forests we have destroyed natural habitats. The ecological disturbance caused by deforestation, soil erosion, global warming, air pollution, water pollution of natural habitats have proved very harmful towards all species of animals and birds. This planet is specific, very unique and fascinating and we must know to appreciate that. The best escape from problems, loneliness or depression is to go outside; somewhere we can be quite alone with nature and its beauty. The colors change with the seasons and each season brings a different image of beauty. We can enjoy this specific occasions every year again and again. People travel all over the world to relax and enjoy the beautiful places nature has provided. There are many beautiful destinations with lovely beaches, rivers, lakes, where we can rest and enjoy. Beauty should be



appreciated. Beauty brings smiles to peoples faces, and in beauty people find happiness. An ordinary man does not know the truth of the words of nature, but the person who is most appreciative of natural beauty is the poet who finds his inspirations even in the movement of clouds and wings. Besides the beauty, nature's life forces, as well as its winds, eruptions, quakes, freezes, etc., are immensely powerful. We cannot disturb time and rules of the nature, as we can see in natural disasters that can be deadly for us. Nature is not only for us, but it is also for the next generation, and our mission is to keep the treasures of nature. We must know how to clean, keep and protect our environment for a better life, we cannot make anything good with disrespecting environment and nature. As you keep and clean yourself everyday, do it also with the nature, because in every part of our life we are strongly connected with nature. Enjoy nature but also respect the nature in every aspect.

Environment provides food and shelter which man and animals need to survive. Without it, they cannot live in this world. In general, man had the biggest contribution why the environment was put in danger. So our duty is to protect the whole planet as a unique system.

Eldina Bilić

FEAR

Going through life, adapting to changes as you grow older and transforming from a young and naïve child into a working, responsible adult could be very fearful. Change itself is one of the biggest fears people encounter each and every day. Having to do things on their own, or figuring out if the decisions they make are right and if their experiences are going to help them or just hurt them more in the long run.

Fear is an emotion produced by the brain to avoid a potentially bad situation or it is also anxiety caused by the presence of danger. Fear is caused by a threatening situation. The only thing we have to fear is fear itself. Fear affects people as much as they let it affect them. The way I deal with my fears is to try to overcome them or not let them get to me. But it's not always easy. Sometimes I would just rather deal with monsters under my bed than take on real life. As when you are progressing through life there is no magic left and the real fear is reality maybe and what I am trying to do is hold on to this magical fear. I think one of the most common phobias in the world is fear of public speaking. The fear of speaking in public, can mess up a great speech that you have practiced for so long. When some people think about getting up and speaking in front of an audience, they feel an acute sense that they will be judged negatively. The first tip to keep in mind is speaking in public is not in-

herently stressful. Most of us believe parts of life are inherently stressful. In fact, most of us have been taught to believe that life as a whole is very stressful. Thousands of human beings have learned to speak in front of groups with little or no stress at all. Many of these people were initially terrified to speak in public. Their knees would shake, their voices would tremble, their thoughts would become jumbled and things get messed up. Yet they learned to eliminate their fear of public speaking completely. You are no more or less human than they are. If they can conquer the fear of public speaking, so can you! It just takes the right guiding principles, the right understanding, and the right plan of action to make this goal a reality.

All of us experience fear at some point or another. Fear helps us to learn from our mistakes. When we make a mistake and have to face the consequences we will feel fear. When being put in the same situation again, we will think twice about our actions. Fear is also needful for us to take necessary risks that will allow us to go further. Without fear, we would not take risks without careful consideration. If we fear too much, it would not be beneficial to us at all. We will be too scared to take any risks. At the same time, if we do not have fear at all, we will become rebellious towards future threats, which might even cause one's failure. Fear is the only real prison and the only real freedom is freedom from fear!

Majda Vojić





Real Friendship

In our lives, some people need pets as their friends, so I choose a cat as my pet and my real friend. Pets aren't human but they have their personalities and emotions so we can find a real friend in them. Some people find them domesticated and the people who own them can count on them and agree that they are part of their family.

Pets stimulate our sense of well-being, give us love and happiness. Although we know that we can't talk with them, we have a feeling that they understand us in the worst situations. They don't care about our financial status, race, ages or looks. If we give them love, they will give it us too. They see who we are and it is the quality of acceptance that sets them apart from humans. If you own a pet then you know what I am writing about. There are difficult situations in our life when we lose the importance of our life. But if we have a pet then we have a reason to get out of bed and carry on with our lives. They help us to recognize the real importance and teach us to be happy even when we haven't got a reason for that. If they help us, and they

do, why some of us torture them is beyond me. Each year, millions of young and healthy animals are injured or killed for chemical, drug, food, and cosmetics testing. Do we really need it? We are killing beings to be pretty, or to have something that is fashionable. It is really sad. Who we are? Human beings? I don't believe it. So, when you buy a fur coat or leather handbag the next time, ask yourself who lost his life to make you look beautiful.

Pets are not a cure, but they are a recommendation for happiness, fun, friendship and love. So, help them. They don't ask for much. They want love and their owner who will take care of them. And for people who don't like them, if you don't want to help - then don't even touch them. Why do you torture them if they don't do you anything? The least you can do is to allow them to lead the lives with the people who love them.

Azra Alibabić

Slow Motion

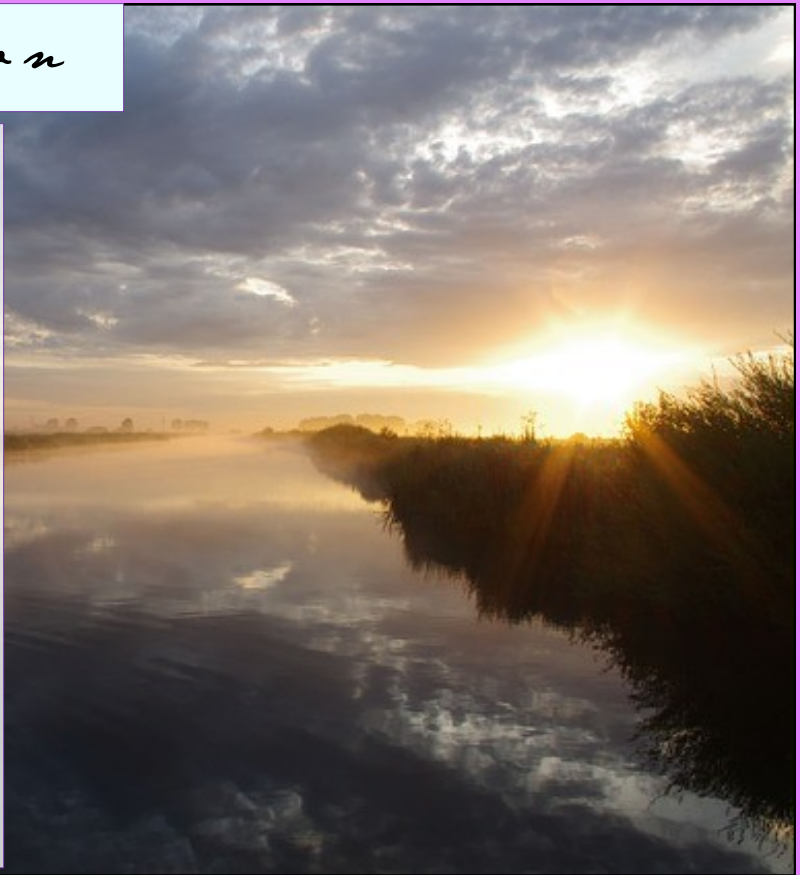
Having a beautiful mind inside,
Gone crazy without a sign
Made me different and with pride,
Without any shattered tear I cried.

My deep feelings for something new,
New feelings for everything blue,
Slowly came and changed it through,
Where I felt they already grew

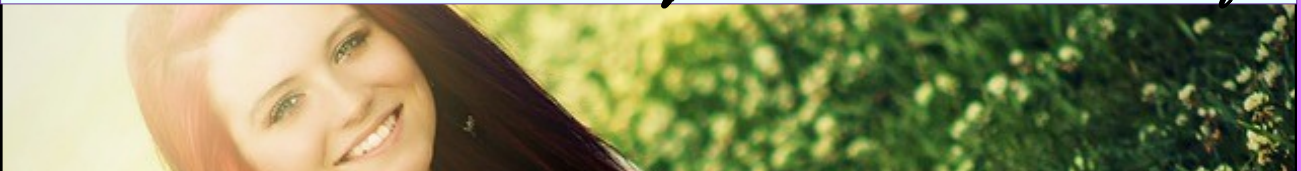
Months have their broken paths,
Every step cleared my mind
But only thing that held me on
Is what happened at dawn?

Your vision is pure at last
Until the end of this night.
Still, you wont ever know,
What my heart had to undergo...

Sara Hadžipašić



A Letter to My Future Self



Dear future Meliha, how long has it been; ten years? By the time you read this you will be 32. So, how is it going? I hope that you are doing OK and that your life is better than I have anticipated at this age.

Right now life is pretty simple. I'm taking responsibility for my life or better to say for 'our' life. Even though I have so many hopes and dreams about 'you' and 'your' life I know that things do not always happen the way we have planned. But I honestly hope that you have learned a lot about life. At this age, day by day, I'm learning from my own mistakes. So if you went through some struggles I'm sure that they have turned you into a better person. Remember to be honest. Take care of your parents. Don't forget all the sacrifices they have made for you. I hope that you are married to the man of your dreams. (I sin-

cerely hope that we share the same man of 'our dreams'?!)

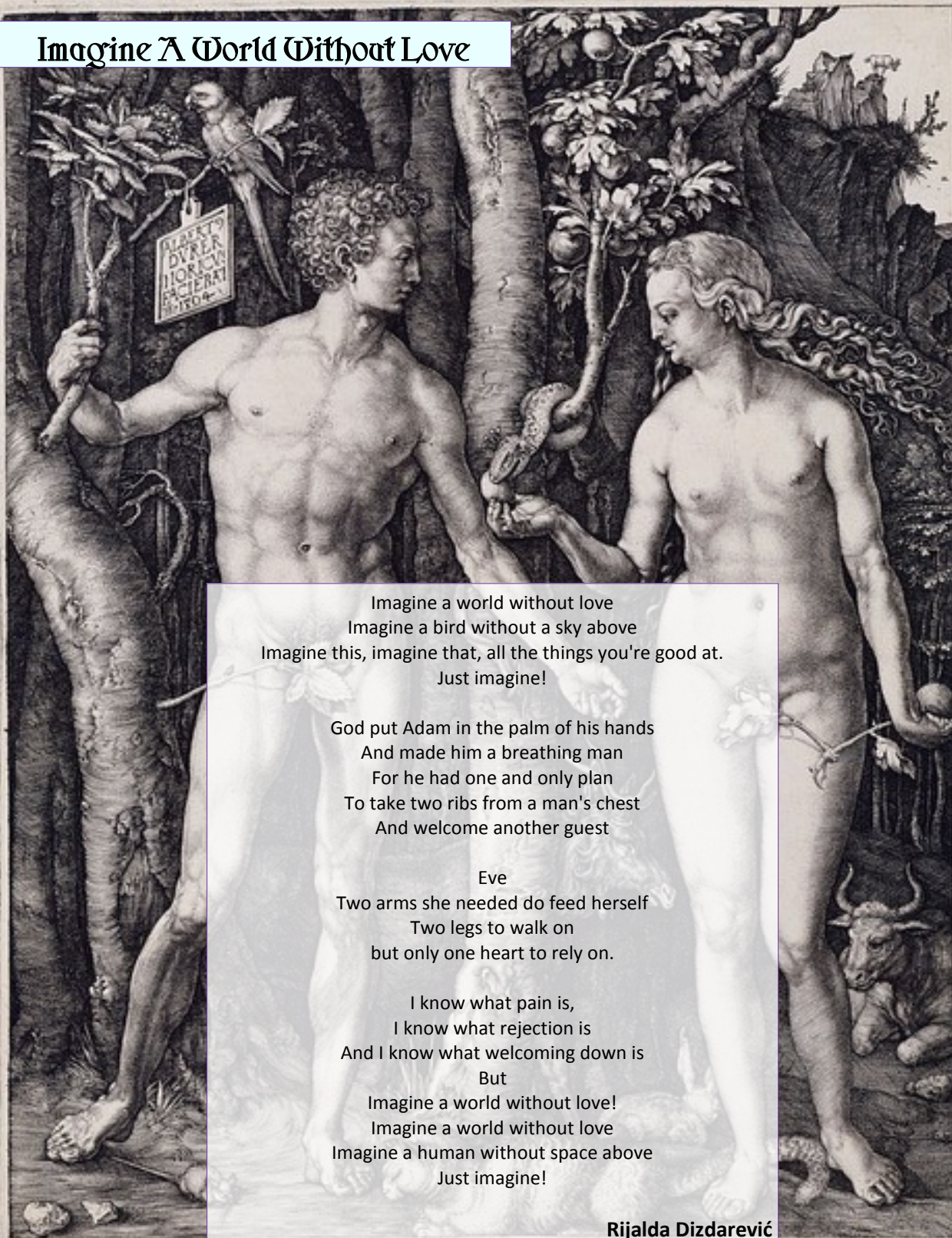
Have you done much travelling? Remember all the places you have always wanted to visit? Children?? How about all your friends from school? I know that it is not easy but try to stay in touch. Stay away from fake friends. Don't hate them because I truly hope that you've realised that to hate is a waste of energy.

All in all, enjoy 'your' life and be who you want to be. Please don't look back at me with disappointment because I did my best. And hey; keep your chin up, make me proud!

PS: Try not to be fat. Good luck!

Meliha Nanić

Imagine A World Without Love



Imagine a world without love
 Imagine a bird without a sky above
 Imagine this, imagine that, all the things you're good at.
 Just imagine!

God put Adam in the palm of his hands
 And made him a breathing man
 For he had one and only plan
 To take two ribs from a man's chest
 And welcome another guest

Eve
 Two arms she needed do feed herself
 Two legs to walk on
 but only one heart to rely on.

I know what pain is,
 I know what rejection is
 And I know what welcoming down is
 But
 Imagine a world without love!
 Imagine a world without love
 Imagine a human without space above
 Just imagine!

Rijalda Dizdarević

TAKING RISKS



Making his entrance into that big stadium and hearing all those voices screaming his name, he finally felt the joy and happiness for everything he had done by now. It was everything he wanted, his biggest dream, and now he finally achieved his goal.

It all started five years ago when he was just a normal boy, finishing school. He was never too interested in school, football was his life and he always dreamed of being a famous football player, playing for his favorite club „Manchester City“. Every day he got up at 6, went running and then to school. Those five – six hours there were the longest for him. He only waited it to finish so that he can go and practice football until the evening. His parents always complained about that, and told him that the school is most important, and that he doesn't have a chance of succeeding. But he wouldn't listen. Every summer he found himself a job and collected money so that he can pay his coach.

After finishing high school, his parents had great plans for him. They wanted him to go to college, but he

decided to take risk and move to Manchester. For three years he struggled to survive. Every day he practiced hard, and at the same time he did all kinds of jobs just to pay bills and food. He played for a third – class club, always hoping that someone would spot him. But, as time passed by, he started to lose his faith. He started thinking about coming back home, and then it happened! As he was coming out of the locker room, someone stopped him. It was a man in a black suit, very serious. He told him he wanted to be his manager, and that he wants to take him to play for „Manchester City“. Phillip was thrilled – it was everything he wanted all this time and now, after all that fight and struggle, he finally got it.

Taking risks can sometimes be dangerous and bad for us. But, life wouldn't be interesting if we all lived by certain rules and regulations. If you want something really bad, taking risks is something you should do in order to achieve it.

Ajla Ibrahimpašić

THE PERSON I ADMIRE



The person I admire is my aunt. She is 38 years old and a single parent with two kids. Her daughter is 21 years old and she studies at the Faculty of Information Technology in Mostar. Her son who is 25 years old is immobile. He is unable to speak, sit, walk, and he cannot drink, eat or have a bath without help.

My aunt lost her husband during the last war in our country and since then she has not had another man in her life. She is a very beautiful and attractive woman, but her only occupation was and still is her children. I admire her because of her strength and courage. She has never lost the will for life, even when she had experienced two tragedies in life. A lot of people would fall into despair and would make a lot of dumb things, but she was always on the alert in everything she done. Honestly, I do not know how I would react if I had such a destiny. But, she never complained and she always believed that everything happens with some reason. With this she gained respect, there is nobody who would and who could say anything bad about her. Another thing I admire her for is her respect for the poor and elderly. There is nobody who is poor and who is hungry that she did not help them. Whenever she hears somebody is sick and needs money for treatment she gives them money. She has never insulted an older person, or done anything bad to them. She speaks to them with a kind and soft voice, gives them right in everything they want.

In her eyes you can see sadness and they are without sparkle. Her face seems very sad, but she has never said at loud that her life was difficult. Life really did not treat her well and I do not know where she finds strength and the will to live. Maybe her courage is her children. Life forced her to survive on her own. She lost support in that moment when she needed it most, but somehow she managed to show the world that she is the one who knows how to find a solution for every problem and how to skip every barrier which life puts in front of her. She is the person I admire and one day when I have children she is going to be the hero of my stories.

Muhamed Samardžić

IN LIFE

In life, we come across many challenges. Some of them make us who we are while some tell us what we should be. Sometimes it is the opposite. There will be struggle, there will be bad days. Days which would never seem to end. Days which would go on and on, which would keep hurting us till the end. Many of us actually most would give up but the people who won't will be the ones to face the brighter side of the day. The night is darkest before dawn but how can we forget the rainbow after the rain? We understand to love, to give, to endure, to find pleasure, to please but what we do not understand is ourselves during all of this. Life can lie to us and no one will stop it, it can play all sorts of games with us without us even knowing because there is no one controlling it.

But whatever happens in life happens for good. Good for all in it. Whatever decisions life takes for us, they are already planned by it and we must learn to accept it. We must come to terms with the fact that no matter how hard we try to fit in this imperfect world, it will never acknowledge us for who we are. We always feel like becoming everything else around us. But what we do not realize is that everyone wants to be happy at the end of the day. They just want to find someone who will love them and who will stand by them throughout. Throughout the stormy nights, throughout the lonely days, throughout all the cold memories.

Edis Bilajac

THE INEVITABLE

It was one of those nights when my anger has overtaken me. Disappointed in people, my friends, my girlfriend. Human race in general. The thing was that those guys from the Saint Louise Blvd. have picked on me just because I parked on one of their parking lots. It was not on purpose, of course, it just happened. I was in a bit of a hurry that Friday morning, but never thought that this will cause such awful consequences for me. Johnny, for whom I know for sure that he's a gang leader of his group, known as the Skinheads, approached me and grabbed my arm. For the moment I felt such pain that I thought something has pierced me. I looked back and saw a tattoo on his biceps. The tattoo was sun damaged and rather pale but I could see that it was somebody from the Skinheads. The eagle with the knife in his paws with the bolded sign "SKINHEADS" was all over his hand. He murmured something but I couldn't understand a word he was saying. I asked him politely to repeat what he said but all I got was another tight squeeze on my hand. He said: "You know it's not your parking lot. Why did you park there? Now you will see how I deal with such morons!" "Morons?!" I said. "You better apologize for what you have said!" I said. He stood there for a moment and laughed so I could see his rotten teeth. "You think I'm afraid of douchebags such as you?!" Johnny said. I instantly knew that things are not going to end up as peacefully as I have planned but I didn't want to harm him only because I have just left the prison. "Johnny!" I said, "You better pray to God now because you'll feel such pain that you'll call your mama to rescue you!" He only squeezed a bit harder. That was the trigger for me and I hit him with my elbow. That made him a little bit unstable and he felt dizzy. "Johnny, I think it's enough. You may go now!" I said. I am not sure if he had heard what I've just told him but regardless of that he stood straight and targeted me once more. I have let him approach me on a meter or two and just swung my right leg and knocked him unconscious. He was lying there in his own piss. He was hit so hard that he couldn't even hold his urge for the toilette. I felt sorry for him so I decided to give him a hand and tried to lift him up. The moment I rose him up he started to act suspiciously. It was as if he has just waited me to turn my back. I did that on purpose and the moment I turned my back he struck me with his knife. Luckily, he was still feeling dizzy and he missed me. Almost instantly I took his knife and somehow he approached me and stabbed himself dead. "You will feel sorry because of that parking lot. You'll do some time!" these were his last words. And there I was. A knife in my hand, blood all over it. The police car passed us and I heard the siren. It was like the one ten years ago when I was arrested first. The police officer came to me with a taser gun and yelled at me. I



started to wave with my hands saying "I didn't do this, believe me!" All he saw was a lying body, a pool of blood and a crazy man, with a knife in his hand who waved at him. He shot me once and I felt the current going through my body. I fell on my knees, tried to pull those pins out of my chest but the current was too strong and I fell unconscious. The room was blue and I could hear beeps next to my right hand. I tried to move my hand but it was cuffed with the same gray metal that kept me away from my daughter for ten years. I yelled and yelled for about a minute or two and then the nurse came. She called an officer and he told me that now that I'm awake they can transfer me to the prison. "A prison?" I said "But why?" He told me that while I was in coma for a year, because that taser caused my brain to stop working for about ten seconds and I fell in a coma, the judge decided to trial me without my presence. They sentenced me to a life in prison because of my past and some time spent in prison. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The next thing I remember is this moment. I'm sitting in a prison library and writing this to you my only love, my Kathy. Life wasn't kind to me, certain things happened to me. Mostly it was bad luck. Bad luck is now keeping me in these gray bars. I only hope that you'll grow up nice and smart because that's all I want. Your father

Edin Musić

WHO ARE YOU

Green and blue, with love and flu,
Round and square, that's the world of mine.
Tell me, what do you see when you close your eyes?
Is it the air which cries? No, my friend.
That's the sound of a little bird,
Who has broken her wings carrying around your sins.

Why are you so careless?
Do you feel how the wind is so airless?
You are the reason, my friend.
Look around you, the world cannot defend.

You extended your power,
While others cannot have even your shower.
You are so blind with you greed,
Even though there are millions who bleed.
How can you be proud of your demon,
Who washed away all angels' semen.

Green and blue, with love and flu,
Round and square, that's the world of mine.
Tell me, what do you see when you close your eyes?
Is it the air which cries? No, my friend.
That's the sound of a little bird,
Who has broken her wings carrying your sins.

Wake up while you still have time,
Pump out all your slime.
You are the reason, my friend.
Look around you, the world cannot defend.

Harun Štulanović

BOSNIA'S ROAD TO THE WORLD CUP IN BRAZIL

From the ruins of Bosnia, that night has reconstructed the Bosnian pride, and just because of the golden generation of football players, our country, which counts four million citizens, has raised us all high.

Ninety minutes of glory united the whole country. Those minutes were not just sitting in the corner and waiting for time to pass. Those were minutes of expectation, anxious, and hope. The whole country was changed that night. The famous Dragons made a great thing for us. We needed something to happen so that our country has some opportunities in the world. The Bosnian national team became the symbol of unity and this is the pure evidence that politics doesn't have any relation with this victory. Those great guys became our representatives in the world and succeeded in something that politicians are trying to do for years. Nothing was as important as the football game that night. We were all united and in expectations of a happy end. But minutes were so long!

And finally, the "Blue Eye" did something we all expected for so many years. Like Marjan said: "It's not Terminator, it is Vedorator. The history is written!" He gave us the ticket for a different world. World of honour, pride and dignity. World of being someone important, someone worth looking. That feeling cannot be described by anybody. You cry, but you are happy. You smile but it was different than usual. Amazing feeling!

Bosnia is a small but beautiful country. Country in which we know how to celebrate great things, how to enjoy small piece of happiness. I hope this huge victory is going to open the door of honour to all people from Bosnia, and that our Dragons are going to show the whole world how unity can change views. We can say out loud that we are proud to be Bosnian wherever we go!

Merima Pašić

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

as veterans of magazine writing, the 4th-year students of English Language and Literature at the Pedagogical Faculty in Bihać have sharpened their skill during the past academic year with an eclectic mixture of themes and visions for their second magazine issue titled "Escape".

These young ladies and gentlemen have delved into such topics as "Writing For Freedom", where they have voiced all the emotions of imprisoned writers the world over; "Bosnia's Road To The World Cup In Brazil", with a clear and unmistakable pride in their country's national football team; they have gone on an exploration of different worlds, destinies, inner selves, and horizons that await inside famous literary works. "Do not fear!" they bravely proclaim, for there is as much beauty out there as there is darkness. Give love to people, animals, nature; release the poet within and marvel at your creation.

The world may not be ready or fair to give them a well-deserved place in the society, but we should acknowledge their worth nevertheless. Hear their voice and hope for their better tomorrow.

Ilhana Škrgić, M.Sc.



IMPRESSUM

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Contributors: as listed on the cover

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Language Exercises VIII - Writing
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FOURTH-YEAR STUDENTS' E-ZINE

BIHAĆ, 2014