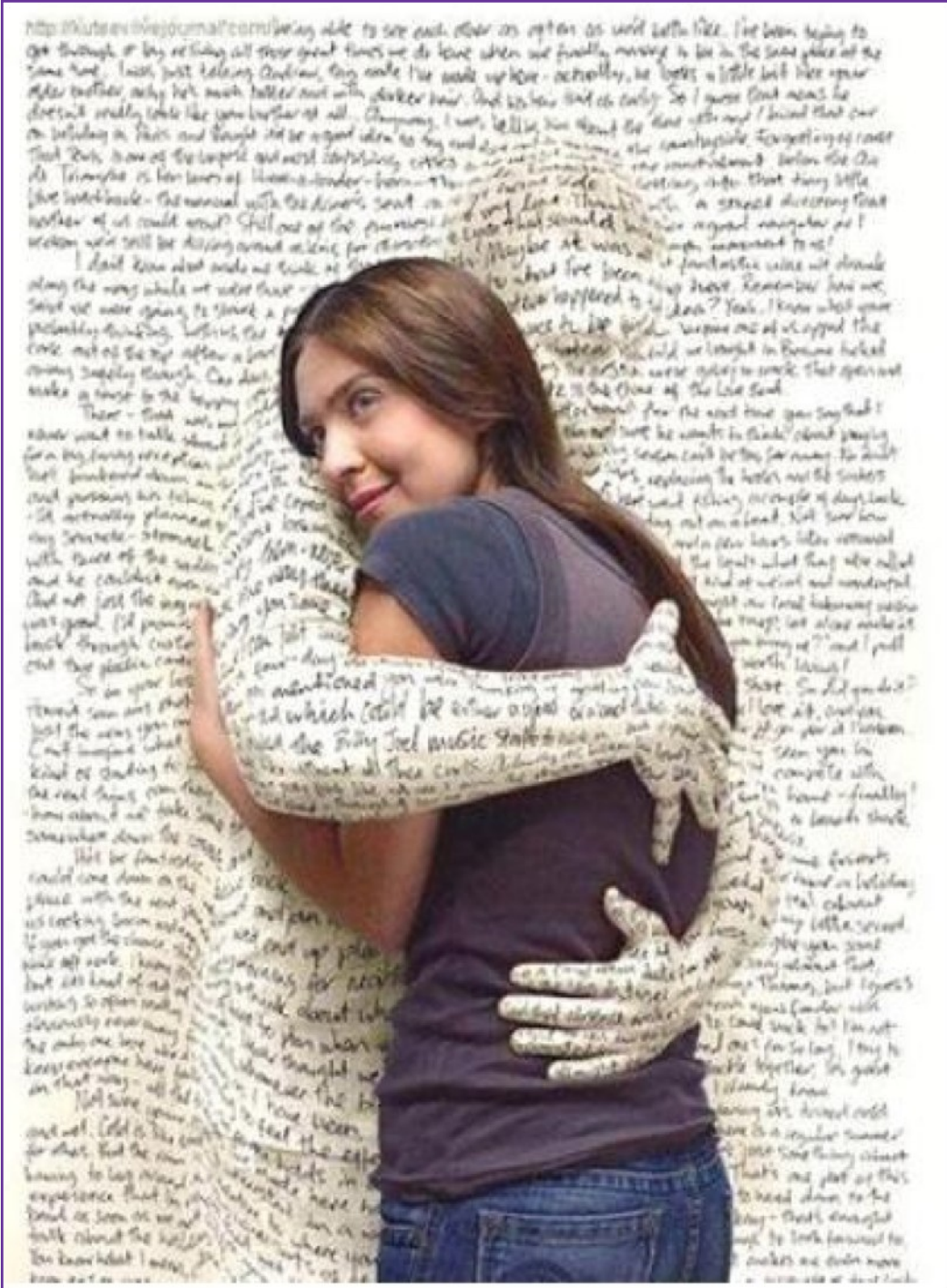


A CHEST OF THOUGHTS

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

Featuring short stories, essays and articles by:

- Dino Hadžić
- Fatima Tabaković
- Irina Keranović
- Lejla Alešević
- Neira Sijamhodžić
- Hazrudin Burnić
- Armin Demirović
- Almir Midžić
- Mirzeta Pajalić
- Nevres Dizdarić
- Nevzet Imširović
- Mirela Brkić
- Adnan Bajrektarević



ONLY HUMAN



sight of me being alive or the realization that his life will probably end that made him look like a dumb lamb. Yes that's it. A lamb. Just before the slaughter. I looked at his face for a couple of seconds just before I smashed his esophagus with my bare hands then ripped his jaw out and tore the neck from his body.

Then it happened. A piece of memory came back. I know who I am, or at least who I was. That's it. Only one more left. The Red Cap. I got out of the diner and

"What defines a person? What is that little thing inside our minds that wants to tear you apart limb from limb just to break free? It is the inner animal, the host that dwells in us and feeds on our fear, gathering the energy to break a man, to break his mind, his human side."

My animal woke up the night I was killed. It was raining that night and it has been since then because the hole in which I woke up was half flooded. I still remember the smell of dirt and blood, my blood, going into my mouth. I don't recall the events from that night; all I have are flashbacks of two men thrusting their blades into my stomach and my neck. I don't know how I am still alive and I don't care. All I want to do now is to find the ones responsible and make them pay with their lives.

One of my killers was wearing a red cap with a white star on it and a shirt that said "NO REST FOR THE WICKED". The other one I was not able to see very clear, but I'm pretty sure that when I find The Red Cap he will be somewhere around. The nearest place to get to was a diner for truckers and that was 6 miles from my hole, in the dead of night. I cleaned myself up in the bathroom at this trucker's stop, stole some clothes from a parked car, ordered some coffee and just sat there for an hour. I was waiting for them. I could smell them. Hear their heartbeat. Taste their blood. They entered the diner and sat right behind me, ordered two bears and omelets. Huh. Nice choice for their last meal.

Patiently I waited for them to finish their meal, slowly drinking my cup of now cold coffee. As they were about to leave the other one said he needs to use the bathroom and The Red Cap will start the car up. That was my cue. I followed him to the bathroom, made sure that no one was there beside us and waited for him to show his face to me. And so he did. I don't know whether it is the

there he was, leaning on his muscle car, smoking and rambling something to himself. I put my hood on and slowly approached him, leaned on his car beside him and asked for a smoke and he gave me one without looking at my face. "A cold night," The Red Cap said. "Yes it is," I replied. "What are you doing in this part of the country by yourself?" I asked with a calm voice. "Me and my boy were dropping off a friend to his house. Poor bastard got wasted last night, but we took care of him," he said.

Oh I'm sure you did. So there I am standing with my killer, The Red Cap, and he is telling me how he is about to become a rich man, that his employer is a generous man even though he never saw him. He mentioned that they call him Gabriel. Then he stopped talking and put his cigar out, looked at me and asked, "What's your name, friend?" I took my hood off and looked him straight in the eyes. "I was hoping you could tell me." He was about to run away but he tripped in fear and fell on the wet pavement. I grabbed his leg like he was a stuffed toy and rammed his body on the side of the car. There was glass everywhere. I picked him up and set him upright. I took a piece of glass and put it near his eye. He was breathing like a horse. Begging me to stop. At one point I wasn't listening to him anymore. That was the moment the glass went through his eye. And then the other. He was screaming in pain "NO! Please! STOP !!!" Then I put my arms around his neck and whispered in his ear, "You know what they say. There is no rest for the wicked." I started ripping his head from his body and it was like playing with clay, then moved to his arms and then his spine.

When it was all over I took his phone from his pants and there I found a contact named Mr. Gabriel. The beast is still hungry.

Dino Hadžić

A Letter To My Future Self

You're 46 now. Hard to believe right? I hope you stuck with the writing and are now doing that for a living. If not, I hope you found something equally fulfilling.

If, however, you have a job that you don't like, let me smack you in the face. Remember when you quit your job to pursue writing? What happened to that? I know I told Mom that I didn't know whether or not I would succeed but I lied. I really do believe that I will. So if you're in a job that you hate, then you didn't try hard enough. You gave up.

It's not too late. Get off your ass and give it another shot.

I also hope you found somebody special. Someone who treats you right. Please don't tell me you haven't learned. I don't mean to sound like a cheesy greeting card but you're worth it. I know sometimes you don't think you are, but it's true. You have your bad moments. You can get angry or annoyed. But you're a good person.

If you didn't, don't worry. You should be fine with being on your own. Just keep living your life, being a good person and it will happen.

I hope you've kept close with your friends because the older you get, the more important they are. And family.

I'm not even sure if our parents will be alive in ten years. I hope so. If not, know that you really worked on your relationship with them this past year.

I hope most of all that you continued to do scary things. That you helped others do the same. That you changed lives. That you made your mark. I hope more than anything that that happened. Never forget what this year was like.

Even if none of these things have happened, if you have found peace then it was worth it. I am so different at 36 than 26. I'm so much calmer, less angry and happier. I hope those feelings continue to grow so by 46, you really have your things together.

Lastly, just remember what it was like to have hope. To be optimistic and excited by life. To think that anything is possible. Because I do now.

Fatima Tabaković



Every man is always striving through life toward something better. He seeks to fulfill his desires and to succeed. Life is nothing but a game, so, play it. Life is the only deck of cards, where the best one wins and has at least one ace up his sleeve. Winners' virtues are usually courage, perseverance and resourcefulness. Succeeding at the home front is always difficult, and when we repeat the success, we get a new ticket for going further. Sometimes it happens that we remain at the station waiting, but for everything there is a second chance and second choice for the new challenge that remains to be coated with a life list. We shape our destiny how we want it. We need to look forward to the little things that make us happy, to not give up when something does not work out the way we want. Everything has its course in life - good and bad. Happiness and sadness are two gifts in life which must be accepted. Share them with people who will appreciate them. After each climb, take a deep breath and wait for things to settle into place. Try to make other people happy, because what you give, you will get back. Sometimes it happens and you miss a goal, and fall to the bottom of a well of darkness. Just when you think that you have nowhere to go, remember that every drop is actually a rise. Get up and shake off the dust from yourself, and move on. Throw on a smile on your face. There is no time for sorrow and scowl. Receive the hand that you provide and continue to walk with a steady pace. Try to make an effort every day to be better than yesterday.

Do not possess a pair of stars - have your own sky. Do not wait that the world makes you happy, be just a little man that will make a big world happy...

Irina Keranović

Life

„It's going to be ok.“ I've heard that line so many times that it makes me sick. I was waiting 20 years for that and somehow on that road I've lost myself.

Dear whoever cares enough to read this. Life sucks! You don't have to trust me on that, but trust me, it really does. People suck too! When they ask „How are you?“ they don't mean that and as sure as hell they don't want an answer. You think I'm a pessimist? Don't judge me when you don't know me! Meet me!

After all these years I'm back. I came back to the place where life gave me the best and worst memories. I came back to you, Bosnia. I know I've promised that I would never, but life hasn't been such a good friend of mine, so it made a joke with me, again.

Now I'm standing above some graves and laughing. The thing is that these aren't just some graves. My dear, let me introduce you to my father, mother and brother. Now you're wondering why am I laughing when the situation is not funny at all? Let me tell you, and please don't stop with reading! I promise I'm not a total freak. I used to be scared of death. I used to fear what would come after I was buried beneath the earth, but the funny thing is, I'm not anymore. I don't care if I die right here, in this moment. I don't care because after a long, long time I feel something. Love, fear, sadness, happiness, anger, hate – so many emotions are mixed together in my heart. One is stronger than others, a lot more stronger. Do you want to know which one? My dear, it's hate! I'm not laughing anymore. Something inside my chest is burning and hurting as hell, but at the same time it feels good. I want to scream and to hit something! I want to talk to someone, and more than anything I want to hug my mom. But I can't. I can only cry and scream, so I do that. My knees weakened as I fell to the ground. The tears are just urging to fall from my eyes. What's the point in holding them in? I'm crying, and it's not because of the physical pain, but because of all my pain. My mind and body are wrecked. All the things life has done to me, yet I fake a smile and pretend I'm ok. It was easy to pretend that I'm a strong. It's not anymore.



Do you have any perception about who I am now? Some freaky, crazy girl who escaped from a mental hospital? No, I'm not. I'm a messed up 24- years old girl who lost everything in Bosnia when she was only a child. I grew up when I was a kid. If I had a chance to go back in the past, I would rather choose never to be born. Anything is better than this hell which I call my life. But whom to blame for that? Should I blame my father because he sent me away from them and didn't give me a chance to hug my mom for the last time? Should I blame my mom because she didn't move one finger to stop him from doing that? Or should I blame people who took them away from me?

Honestly, I don't know! I know that I can give thanks to my good buddy - life. Thank you very much, buddy. You helped me a lot! Now if you don't mind, I'd like to find new friend who's not gonna fool around with me. Maybe I'll try with Hope. I'll ask her: „Dear Hope, will you be my friend?“ And if Hope tells me: „I will, but still it's not going to be ok,“ I'll punch my new-ex friend in the face.

Dear whoever reads this! When you're done with reading, destroy this paper. And by the way if you want to have a chat with me meet me at the same cemetery I was talking about earlier. But don't stay too long!

Lejla Alešević

VOICE OF THE VOICELESS



Nightmares. The moment of terror when you're being chased by a killer, while running through a dark forest. You scream for help but nothing comes out. The thing is, my nightmares aren't like that. And they actually aren't nightmares. It's a nightmare in which I'm not being chased by some killer or monster. My monster in a nightmare isn't a monster. It's a black little girl with the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen. There's something special in those eyes and I can't tell you what, but that something haunts me in my dreams almost every night. I used to think about those dreams as nightmares, but not anymore. The little girl from my dream doesn't have a name, so I call her Little Ghost. My Little Ghost wants something from me, but as much as I try to help her I can't. She's always at a long distance from me, and finally when I reach her and she begins to talk, something pulls me back and I wake up. Finally, last night I've reached her. Do you know what she wanted? She wanted to tell me a story about her life. A story about poor, miserable something which she calls a life. So now let me introduce my Little Ghost to you.

Little Ghost doesn't have a family or home. She doesn't know what it's like to have a mother or a father. Freedom is an unknown word to her. Going back to yesterday is ridiculous, hope in a better tomorrow is stupid. In her world hope doesn't mean a thing and fate doesn't exist. To live is to pray you'll wake up tomorrow. And when I say pray, I don't mean in a religious way. They used to pray a lot, but that was a long time ago. Now they have to pray to the white people who call themselves their owners and lords. Honestly, I've never been thinking about their lives as I do now. I did feel sorry for them but I've never felt guilty. I guess it is easy to take freedom for granted, when you have never had it taken from you.

African Americans have endured extreme racial harassment and discrimination for centuries. Men, women, and children were forced to abandon their lives and families in Africa. Upon arrival they were sold to plantation owners and forced to work on plantations or to serve their owners. To serve white people. To people with whom I share the same colour of skin. I know I didn't do those horrible things to those innocent people who didn't ask for anything except freedom and who were turned into slaves just because of the colour of their skin, but I can't help myself feel guilty or even sometimes disgusted that I'm one of the white people. I've read a quote somewhere which says: „Life doesn't owe

you anything.“ Well maybe life doesn't owe anything to black people, but as sure as hell white people do. We owe them for living in torture in every single day which ends with a “y“. We owe them for their lives which were not theirs but ours, and which were living hell. But you know why we owe them the most? We owe them because we took the only thing that was left – hope. They say no one can take away hope from you, but you see, we did take it. Do you have now any perception what kind of people we are? We have white skin, so what? Are we better from the ones with black? Who the hell are we to judge someone or to decide about someone's life. I guess we thought that God needed help so we decided to help and finished by destroying thousands and thousands of lives. Well, last time I checked, God didn't need our help when he created Earth, Sun, Moon, us or this whole universe.

Little Ghost from my dream is just one of thousands and thousands of African Americans who were struggling for equality and freedom. They didn't ask anything except that. I finally understood their struggle last night when Little Ghost told me she wants to be a butterfly. When I asked her why, she said: „Because they are free.“ With that she left my dream and I woke up.

The road of African Americans was far away from easy and even today in the modern world it's not so simple, and they still struggle, but they are free. I know that Little Ghost will never come to my dream again. I don't know how but I just know that her wish became true. She's a butterfly now. Finally, a little girl is free to fly wherever she wants. If one day I see a butterfly with the most beautiful wings I've ever seen, I'll know who it is. Now, when she's free I can't call her Little Ghost anymore. I can't even call her mine. She's finally free and I let her go. I let her go from my dreams and eventually from my memories as well. The guilt is still there, and I'm sure it will remain forever, but with every black butterfly that I see flying in the sky it will get smaller. I put a smile on my face and play a song on my phone. I play the „Butterfly song“.

„I'm a little butterfly
Spread my colorful wings
Even though I'm small and frail
I can do almost anything.“

Neira Sijamhodžić

Opportunity of a Lifetime

It is a big night for us tonight. My team qualifies to the final game of UEFA Champions League in 2001. As the second goalkeeper I was not given much chance to play but it did not matter to me anyway.

We were preparing for this match for a long, long time, and we are expecting to win this championship. My idol Oliver Kahn prepares for the match and I am watching and studying his movement. I want to be just like him someday when he retires. We are doing our last minute training. I know that I have not even the slightest chance to participate in the final. I believe that my club will do it without my help because I am too young and I don't have much experience to handle this kind of pressure. The time has come and the grand final of UEFA Champions League of 2001 starts. The clubs are FC Bayern Munich and Valencia CF. The stadium is roaring with the crowd. The stakes are too high - it is not an easy task to win the final of UEFA Champions League. Ten minutes of the game passed and it is still 0-0. My idol is preparing to put the ball back in the game. When he returned the ball back to the game he falls on the grass and he is complaining of the pain in his leg. He must say goodbye to the final and they must put me in the fire. I am too young and I have not many games in my legs and not much experience how to handle this game. Then, Oliver Kahn comes to me and says: "Calm down, you will do great. Trust in yourself." The match continues and after 20 minutes of the match it is a penalty for Valencia. I know I must try to stop the shot to keep my club in good position to win in the final. The Valencia's striker shoots and he scores. Valencia leads 1-0 in the final. I didn't have a 1% chance of stopping this shoot. My club plays good, but not good enough to equalise the score. In the last 15 minutes Bayern once again takes control of the match and our pressure finally pays off. It 's a penalty but now it is for FC Bayern. Mehmet Scholl take the ball. He shoots and the goalpost prevents the ball to go into the net. The half-time finished 1-0 for Valencia FC. The coach tells us to focus more and to put more pressure into the last line of defence.

The second half starts with complete domination of FC Bayern. The pressure once again pays off and it is once

again a penalty for FC Bayern. Now, the captain of FC Bayern takes the ball and he shoots and scores. Now it is getting interesting. But the last 30 minutes the tension and play calms down and the final score of the 90 minutes is 1-1. Now it's extra time and we will see who has more strength and desire to win the final. In the extra time tiredness of players comes out and we know that is all up to me to win the final. It is penalty shootout. Now it is everything on the goalkeeper and how he will react. The coach gives the list of the first five who will shoot the penalties. Oliver Kahn once gave me an advice on how to react when it comes to the penalties and now it is time to put this advice in use. The first one to shoot the penalties is Bayern. Paulo Sergio shoots and miss. Now it is my turn to fix it. Valencia stiker shoots and scores. Now Mehmet Scholl shoots once again but now he scores. It is my turn, but with no luck once again. The captain shoots and once again he beats the goalkeeper. The third penalty is taking place and Valencia's player shoots. He shoots but I stop the shot and hold the hope for winning the championship. Now the result is a tie: 2-2. Hasan Salihamidzic is preparing for the shot. He knows he must score. He shoots and he scores. Now Bayern leads 3-2 in penalty shootout. The pressure is on the Valencia's player. Valencia's player shoots and miraculously I touch the ball and the ball hits the crossbar. We are leading 3-2 and if we score this penalty we will win the final. The players chooses me to shoot the last penalty. They trust me and I take this penalty. I place the ball in the penalty spot and shoot. I score.

We win the final and I am the hero. Because of me we win and this is the happiest day of my life. The first one to congratulate me is my idol. He says, "Good job and congratulations on your performance. I knew you could do it by yourself. Someday you will be a great goalkeeper just like me. Maybe even better than I am."

I will always remember that day and I will never forget this final as long as I live. When I have my children I will tell them about this final. The story of how I went from a nobody to someone who changed the outcome of this match.

Hazrudin Burmić

REVEALED vision

As we read a book, see interesting news, facts, or any unusual events, we form a visual image of the default concept and often we imagine that we are actually there. When people do that, they put themselves in adequate position with their own perspective. For example, I always wondered if I had been on Titanic, would I have saved myself, or would I have died in the freezing water.

More often than not we can hear someone telling that if they had a time machine they would go back in past to see some interesting things, but they don't realize that they have a "time machine" placed in their head. Some people call it imagination. The first step of using our time machine is to put ourselves in place or time where we want to be. After that we have to understand the "standing" of that time: what were the most important things there, what were the standards, what were points of interest of people in that time and other similar details. After we do that, we will slowly begin to understand someone's behaviour and reaction better, that was a little bit ridiculous at first sight. There are a lot of things to think about, like the secrets of Egyptian pyramids, the people who built them - were they really strong or have they used some kind of invisible force (invisible to our eyes)? Or, what is the secret of Bermuda Triangle? What was it like being in a plane or ship that began to disappear in it?

As I mentioned Titanic before, I want to indicate the willingness and imagination of a few people who wanted to investigate further about the sinking of Titanic. Actually they found out that the Titanic was sunk on purpose. It turned out that the famous bankers of that time had their fingers in it, and that the main purpose was the establishing of Elastic Monetary Policy - with that they could bring out the money with its gold cover.

I want to mention one other interesting fact, and this time it goes to *The Beatles*, *The Fab Four*, or should I say *Fab FIVE*. As a young kid I always loved to listen to The Beatles. I felt positive energy in their songs, and contentment that expressed love and other moral values, but I always wondered why their music style suddenly changed after the year 1966. I tried to understand and explain to myself why is it so but I gave up. When I grew up, the curiosity came back to me and this time I wanted to "investigate" it in detail. After finding out the facts, I realized I couldn't be calm and thought about it for months. I heard about the death of Paul McCartney before (I didn't actually believe in that), but now I found it was true. It turned out that he died in a car crash on November 9th, after their fight in a studio. There were so many clues in their song that I always wondered what they meant. For example song "A Day In Life" has a part "I saw a photograph, he blew his mind out in

a car, he didn't notice that the lights had changed, a crowd of people stood and stared, they've seen his face before..."

In the song "Glass Onion", John Lennon sings "I told you about the walrus and me - man, you know that we are as close as can be - man, well here's another clue for you all, the walrus was Paul." Hmmm. the walrus was Paul? Further investigation about a walrus led to the realization that the walrus in some cultures is a symbol of death. Also, interesting clues in their songs are:

- *All you need is love* (near the end of song John sings "yes he's dead".)

- *Revolution 9* (song that has nothing except some sounds, but played backwards it actually tells us a story which contained sounds of a car crash and somebody saying "Shhhhhhhhhh", like hushing.)

There's something in almost every song of The Beatles after 1966. Something "unusual". Beside the music and lyrics, they put clues in their films and album covers. I wondered why they put all those stuff in their songs, why didn't go public about that. But it turned out that, after the death of the real Paul McCartney, manager didn't want to stop earning money, and, remember, it was only the '66. The Beatles were in their "top form" and it wouldn't be the same without Paul, so they needed a replacement quickly. They published "Paul McCartney look-alike contest" and found a talented guy who looked almost like Paul and he knew to play guitar. The name of the guy was William Campbell. They performed surgeries on him and when you compare the pictures of two Paul McCartneys, one in '65 and the other in '67 you can see a little difference. I think that they were beaten a few times because of putting all those things with this kind of publicity, and I think that this was the main cause of the split of The Beatles. After 1966, they didn't have any concerts except that valedictory one on top of a building.

What I am trying to say is that when you put enough effort in it, you can achieve even more than you ever thought you could, so keep trying and use your "time machine".

Armin Demirović



A Day in the life of a Hitler soldier

There were many strange and difficult days I can remember, but I will tell you something about my worst day ever working with the leader of Nazi Germany, Adolf Hitler.

We were all getting up early, so early that you couldn't hear anything, as if the whole world has died. Hitler used to say „Who wakes up late, gets killed by the enemy“. That was kind of motivation for us. Right after he had his morning drink, he calls us in his meeting room to discuss plans for the war, but mostly plans for capturing, torturing and killing Jews. The main plan was called „Juden Vernichtung“ or the „Destruction of Jews“. It was horrible to see that one man has such crazy ideas, which we all must do without questioning his so-called vision. Those men who defied him were killed on site. So we just need to keep our mouths shut, and get on with the dirty work.

We were sent out to capture Jews and bring them back to the base alive. Those who resist get shot in the head. There are always some who resist and try to escape. We don't need to chase them, simply grab a rifle and open fire. All day long I hear women and children crying,

begging for mercy, but I respond cold, as if I got used to it. Well, who wouldn't after seeing such horrible things every day.

That day we managed to capture 2.469 Jews. It seems impossible to say that for just one day we caught so many men, women and children. As always when returning to base, the Jews are being lined up in one row, and then Hitler personally walks in front of them and talks random stuff. More than half of them are sent to work camps, but only the strongest ones. The rest are being killed for no exact reason, just because they're incapable of work. So there you have thousands of dead men, women and children in the middle of the courtyard disposed like garbage in some holes in the forest. But they got off too easy. Those who got sent to work camps have it much, much worse. They get beaten every day, work hard with no food, die of starvation or dehydration.

I thought the worst thing you can do to a human being is to kill him, but there is always something much worse. Things that haunt me every day.

Almir Midžić

FREEDOM WRITERS: A REVIEW

Freedom Writers is a movie based on a book The Freedom Writers Diary, which in turn is based on real life events that happened in Woodrow Wilson Classical High School in Eastside, Long Beach, California in the years after the LA riots. It is a 2007 drama film starring Hilary Swank, Scott Glenn, Imelda Staunton and Patrick Dempsey. The book is published by teacher Erin Gruwel and the idea for the film came from journalist Tracey Durning, who made a documentary about Erin Gruwell for the ABC News program Prime-time Live.

The movie follows a group of freshmen of different ethnic and racial background. Eva is a Mexican American girl who narrates the story throughout the movie as she recalls it. It all starts with troubled youngsters who are part of an integration program in Woodrow Wilson High School. The problem is that they feel like they don't fit in and eventually they drop out of school before the end of winter semester. The worst part is that nobody at school really cares about it. Until young and enthusiastic teacher Erin Gruwell comes to show that there is someone who really and truly cares about them. This wasn't an easy thing to do since her supervisors weren't very supportive. Even the 'untouchables' as these students were called didn't believe that she meant what she said. Slowly Erin gained their trust and soon they became a very respectful class. Due to her work many of those stu-

dents became the first ones of their families to ever go

to college. It may sound to you like a cliché Hollywood story with a happy ending. Well, it is not. It is based on real life and often violent and painful experiences of people that were under twenty years old. It carries a strong message to young people and especially to those who are planning to be teachers

one day. This teacher changed the attitude towards life for her students. She even erased racial boundaries, which leads us to another major lesson of this movie: skin color and descent do not limit your achievements, you do. The bottom line is: if you haven't seen this movie already; do so as soon as possible. You will not regret it at all. It is a beautiful, heart-breaking true story.

Mirzeta Pajalić

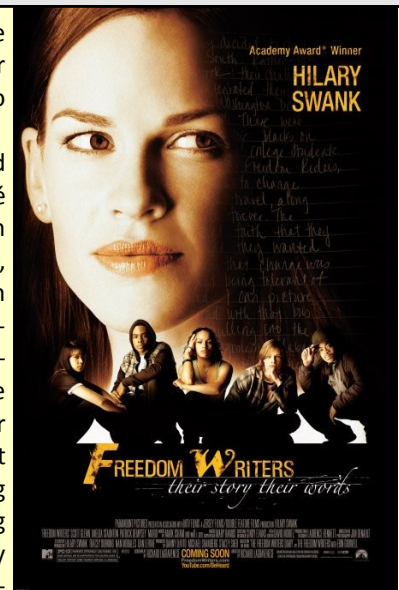


Photo courtesy of www.imdb.com

Heavenly Vengeance



The two-story Victorian house painted in now faded white color is covered with red ivy. Sometimes I get the impression that the ivy is the only thing keeping it in one piece. I always tried to imagine how it looks like and what is inside, but I only imagined.

Before I was even born, the Hendersons were found dead, lined up like sardines in a can next to each other on the front porch. Eight of them. Enormous house this is. When people tried to approach it, all the doors and windows closed at the same moment, as if the rise of 32 winds dropped down the chimney and struck on all of God's sides. The same thing happened every time someone approached the door. That was a story people told their children to scare them off from unknown places, but nonetheless, it was a true story. An autopsy showed that all of them died at the same time from natural death. Because of the unusual events that each investigator found, all further investigations were terminated. That's how it remained.

On a dusty old piano there were books scattered like fairy dust which looked like they were there for decades. No one visited this house. People spoke that it is possessed by evil spirits. Not even the most daring thieves had courage to approach its door. Now I wonder what I'm doing here... After I wrote a couple of true stories about people from my neighborhood, which fit perfectly with each other, I fell into a coma. The third heart attack in a year. Yes, this is a man in a coma who speaks. You know, this state has a lot of advantages. People love you, take

care of you and tell you everything they normally would not tell if you were alive and well. Then you see everything, and feel everything. Then the man is neither on the ground nor on sky, but levitating somewhere in between. When I am awake, I am in my bed and when I fell asleep, I was everywhere I wanted to be. That is how I got to this place where no one has been since that disaster and guess what, no one was here. I knocked my foot on a dusty carpet and laughed out loud - "Look, look, look!!!" As soon as I spoke the last letter, I've heard someone clapping his hands and I saw a blue dress coming down the stairs repeating: "Look, look, look!!!" A woman from the past century, only in her sixties. "So? A writer in the jaws of life. Very inspiring. Sent from our angels to find out the truth?" - with powdery white and soft old hand she lifted my chin forcing me to look into her eyes. Like a silent machine I sat and listened. Absorbing a story about heavenly vengeance. It is just that, nothing more. Hendersons arrived 125 years ago into their home and killed them and all of their descendants. This old Lorey was tied to a wooden fence and was half burned. Then they extinguished fire and let the dogs finish the body... I cannot tell how bad it was. I've listened to her for two full hours, and then it was late like every other time, I woke in that same bed, dumb, blind, but not deaf...

That same night, a fever jumped upon me. I could not sleep, but two men came in white clothes and suddenly something hot and painful was going through my veins...

Nevres Dizdarić

CREATION OF THE 21ST CENTURY

Stories are like people! Some of them aren't like others. This one is about reaching happiness.

Johnny was there, in the class, tired, unsatisfied and in his own world, like always. Somehow, only the pressure to sit and be there and resist the words mixing with his mind kept him in place. A weird state of mind. Beside his wishes he got fake hopes against his fear.

Johnny felt provoked with the truth, views, and was jealous of those who look happy, fighters for relaxing and chilling, sitting, nothing!

"Am I happy?" he was asking himself. Or is the happiness a part of life? Like sadness and it mixed together to create humanity.

He was full of hope. For Johnny, maybe, the solution is in a woman, maybe the sorrow is the solution. The sorrow is in the lie. Without a lie the truth wouldn't be appreciated, used so well and given like a present to Johnny.

Who is Johnny? Does he exist? If he does, why isn't he like the others?

Is existence possible in the world of same souls? The questions were asked by no one. The answer is global, but lost and untouchable.

Johnny wanted to be a friend. Maybe he is happiness and comes to people who are smiling. What is the reason of their smile if they were sad before. Forcing yourself is sometimes the best way to reach the goal! Johnny is the spirit, he can be found in every child, family, government and school bag. Everyone is putting their bag on the back and going to one of the institutions.

Nothing should be asked?!
Nothing should be done?!

This is the 21st century. Yes, Johnny is the 21st century or just an artist kept by a shame that can't be understood. Afraid even from a smile that can be sign of confuseness. He was often smiling. The tear can be stopped by lips. It's not salty, it's full of love. Love is the only solution in the 21st century.

Nevzet Imširović

THE NEW NAME IN SOCCER

In previous days I heard a really interesting and hopeful news about sport, and when I say "sport" I mean football. One player signed a 5-years contract with one of the best football teams in the entire history of this sport.

News that came out from the daily magazine "El Mundo Deportivo" really surprised me when

I heard about the new player that came to FC Barcelona. A young fellow, 21 years old, has signed a contract for 5 years (or 5 seasons). This guy came from "Bundesliga" (Germany) - Borussia Munchengladbach, to be precise, and his position in the team was goalkeeper. His name is Mark Andre Ter Stegen and he is now a member of one of the greatest



teams in the whole history of football. Mark Andre Ter Stegen is a young talented goalkeeper who, according to the experts, might in the future become one of the best goalkeepers ever. He has such talent that cannot be wasted just like that. In the last season he was elected for the best goalkeeper receiving only 23 goals.

No doubts that he can be someone in his life and of course he can be really proud because of comparisons of him and the other already known legends of football.

Adnan Bajrektarević

THE EVENT



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The event, which occurred 5 days ago, made everyone stand up on their feet, and act like one. Namely, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Serbia and Croatia have been flooded due to outpouring of some of the city's main and biggest rivers. River Sana and Bosna made the biggest damage to cities of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Water level rose so much that the first floors of the houses were under water. And that wasn't the end; the water has been rising still and it was heavy raining too. Waterfalls of dirty rivers were flowing beside houses, leaving trash, mud and silt behind it.

The thought of cities flooding is catastrophic, but the bigger evil was just about to happen. Due to strong water pressure, the lands started to separate from the hills and float with the rivers. First landslides started to move, carrying houses, trees, and everything that was in front of it. It was like the Doomsday. People were left without their houses, and everything they've been building for years was destroyed in just a few seconds. Some of them say it is all God's will; some of them say it is all HAARP's fault.

Not many of us know about the HAARP programme, and it came out of the blue thanks to these massive floods. It is about the programme whose 'primary purpose' is to analyze the ionosphere and investigate the

potential for developing ionospheric enhancement technology for radio communications and surveillance. But is this its real purpose? Some of the newspapers have written that its actual purpose is to control the weather, and it seems as if they are right. HAARP programme is now turned off, and it is said that it may result in massive earthquakes, so it is only the matter of time when it's going to happen.

But putting this all aside, people lost their homes, their lands, their families (as many of them are now found dead), food, clothes, everything they once had.

To show our humanity, we have organised Red Crosses all over countries to collect food, clothes and hygiene necessities for these people. Until now, we have helped more than half of this population, and we are still helping them, and we will continue to help them. People from all over the world are helping them too, and we all feel like one. It does not matter anymore if you are Muslim, Catholic, Orthodox, Jewish, here, in the Balkans, we are all united again, like we used to be, and it seems as if this disaster did it!

Mirela Brkić

EDITOR'S NOTE

„A Chest Of Thoughts“ represents the first magazine of second-year students at the Department of English Language and Literature here at the Pedagogical Faculty in Bihać.

Carefully studying previous efforts of their colleagues, these students have shown their talent in writing various forms of the written word, including essays and short stories. The topics of the latter range from suspense à la Ruth Rendell, thought-provoking lines on the effects of racism in our collective mind, to 20-somethings' musings on life and other things, perhaps equally important (keyword: soccer).

Dear readers, you've got a bit of everything here in this refreshing cocktail brimming with youth and inspiration: from hope and dreams to the darker side of the moon. All seen through my students' eyes. Therefore, without further ado, open this treasure chest of thoughts and be delighted.

Ilhana Škrgić, M.Sc.



IMPRESSUM

Magazine Editor: Ilhana Škrgić,
M.Sc.

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University of Bihać,
Bosnia and Herzegovina
Pedagogical Faculty
Department of English Language
and Literature
Modern English Language IV -
Writing Course



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