

“IMAGINE THAT...”

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

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F. Scott Fitzgerald, Zelda Fitzgerald and their daughter Frances

Bosnia's Victory as the Best Gift for Eid

October 15th will probably remain one of the most extraordinary dates in our history. In my personal opinion this day should be celebrated as a holiday. On this magnificent day eleven blue dragons full of pride and courage stepped onto the football field and fought for the victory of our nation and our country. These eleven azure dragons should serve as a true inspiration and as a true example not just to us ordinary people in Bosnia, but also to the pack of greedy, loathsome lunatics called "politicians". Everything they say are just empty words, false statements

and promises - the best two phrases to describe them would be „Little thieves are hanged, but great ones escape“ and „Opportunity makes a thief“.

Football victory of our country is a true example how small but valuable things can make us happy. This victory in some way shows that there is some sort of hope for our country even though it is governed by a bunch of dimwits. These so-called politicians are the ones responsible for our country's reputation being tainted forever.

„If you believe in yourself and have dedication and pride – and never quit, you'll be a winner. The price



of victory is high but so are the rewards.“ Paul Bryant

In this beautiful set of words the message is clear. We should be proud of all we have. Nineteen years ago Bosnia was a living hell, the real example of how Sodom and Gomorrah looked like but today our country is a country with a soul and heart. Maybe some countries have something more valuable, but we have a team of heroes who will always be there to put a big wide toothy smile on our faces, they will make us proud to stand up and say out loud that we are proud to be Bosnians.

Alija Mujanović

He walked away, without looking back...



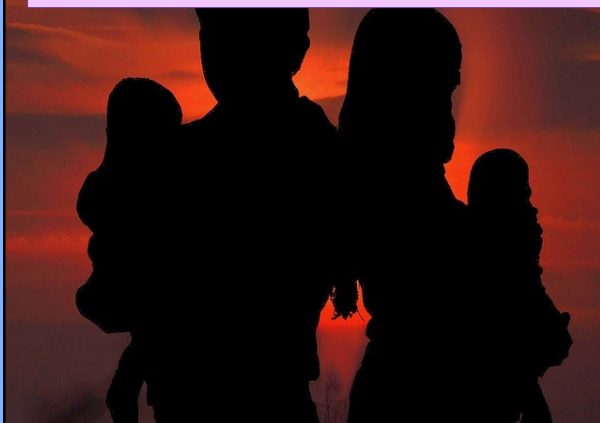
Marc was always sensitive of his mother. Everything that he achieved in his life was thanks to her, ever since they lost the head of the family- his father. She raised him as a single mother and he was the only child, the apple of her eye. Two years ago, she went to the doctor when she was diagnosed with a mental disorder, so they recommended him to put her in a mental institution. In those two years his heart was falling apart because there was no room for another woman. He was allowed to see her every Wednesday for two hours. But this Wednesday was different... When he entered the white room carrying his mom's favourite chocolate, he saw her standing next to the window watching the leaves falling. „Mom! I'm here !“ He came closer and she looked

back at him as if she sees through him or sees him of the first time in her life. He was lost for a second. The doctor said that in the past few days she isn't able to remember anything because of the strong drugs. He said to Marc that it is best for him to not come to see her until they phoned him. They knew that it will be hard for him. He couldn't stand this situation. He went outside and sat on a bench thinking about all the good times they spent together and that he won't be able to see her again for a while.

When he gathered his feelings and thoughts he realised that is better for him to remember her the way she used to be - happy and full of life. He got up. Kicking leaves, he made his way without looking back.

Senita Jušić

MY FAMILY



It was a beautiful sunny morning. I was so happy to leave the hospital that nothing could spoil that. If my doctor would have said that I should stay another day there, I could not have handled it.

That morning my husband came to pick me up and drove me home. When I entered my house everything was different. I brought a new life in that house. I gave birth to my sweet little daughter. That morning changed our lives. My son hugged me as he never did before. But he was surprised when he saw the baby in my arms. I was carrying another baby. With her my house was not the same anymore. Even my furniture looked very different. Our lives turned upside down. We had to take care about a little baby again. She had long black hair. All of us wanted to hold her in our arms. Every day with my children was pure fun. I could not even have a shower if my husband was at work. One day I went to put my daughter asleep but when I came out of the bedroom my son was playing with knives, and he was sitting on the cupboard. I was aghast. I had to talk to him gently to persuade him to leave those knives. I realized that I would have to do something about my actions. I would have to be more careful with my son. He needed my love more than ever. He continued to do things similar to the knives incident. One day my father in law was holding my daughter and my son was so jealous that he pulled her hair. I understood that my life will be one great struggle and that it already is.

My children are my world and I will have to give them as much love and attention as I possibly can. I understood that my house is not the same place anymore. Not because of the furniture or the paint on my walls, but because of those two amazing creatures who make my life hard and easy at the same time.

Mirela Hodžić

THE PERSON I ADMIRE

There have been several people who have influenced me in various aspects of my life. Also, there are many people whom I admire and respect immensely, but I still singled out one person that means a lot to me.

This person is my grandmother Šaha, a woman we all love and appreciate, who is always smiling and in good spirits, the person really worth to know. Grandmother Saha is retired for a number of years now. She lives in the countryside in her old family home and cultivates various fruits. I do not see her often, but I keep thinking of her and the good times we spent together and I look forward to every single holiday because I know that I will then visit and enjoy her company. My grandmother is an old woman. Her brown hair is now completely gray. She talks about her great life experience. Despite the years, she is still a tough and agile woman who walks quickly and performs all activities. There are many valuable and enjoys doing in his orchard. I admire her strength, perseverance and desire to work in her old age, especially because it would be easier to live in the city, resting and enjoying her well-earned retirement. I understand that she is not in the country because she has to be there, but because she loves nature and life. In addition to being a hard-working woman, my grandmother is a tender and noble person. She is good to everyone, especially me and her other grandchildren. Each of us is an individual person, each of us have our own strengths and weaknesses, but she loves us all equally and gives us the same tenderness and attention. She is not mad at us because of our childish mischiefs, and does not yell at us. Her voice is always quiet and calm, and the stories she tells are always interesting. She likes to listen to us about our school adventures. Witty and often joking, she knows that there is also time to talk about serious things. If I have a problem and something bothers me, grandma is always there to help me. It is enough to call her and tell her what is bothering me, and she always has the right solution and a good advice. Sometimes I think she understands me better than my parents - they still need to learn many things from her.

My grandmother is a woman of great heart, a gentle and sensitive person who knows how to listen and help everyone. Throughout her life, she has walked on a wise path and gained great experience that she now generously shares with people younger than herself. She is a person who enjoys enormous admiration and respect. Many love her, appreciate her and I hope she will live a long life at her home in the countryside, happy and content among her fruit trees. I love you, grandma!



Edvina Mehmedović

The Person I admire

I have always admired women who are able to go through life on their own, without support of a man, women who are strong enough to deal with any situation and become even stronger after a fall.

Such a woman is my aunt Jasna. She lost her husband when she was only twenty-four years old. He died in the war. She'd been left alone with two children, with no job or perspective. Most young women in her place would be desperate and hopeless, but she didn't waste her time on burying herself in sorrow. She had to take care of her children. When the war ended, she found a job as a shop assistant, but she didn't stop there. As the children were growing up, she realized that she wanted a better life for them. So she enrolled in the university. Despite the financial problems she had, prejudice of the social surroundings, lack of family support, especially from her late husband's family who remained pretty conservative and wondered how she can be so persistent and brave despite her loss, she didn't give up. Her only aim was to get a better life for her children. She's never cared about herself. Her children were the centre of her world.

Soon, she had another loss. Her sister, the one she was very close to, died at a very young age. She was broken, but as usual, she didn't have time to think of her sorrow. She wanted to give support to her sister's children. She almost replaced their mother. And much more, she has always been willing to help anybody who



needed it. I'm always surprised how enthusiastic she is. She never complains about anything. She devoted her life to the people she loved.

Whenever I talk to her, I realize that I wish to be a mother like her, so strong and gentle at the same time, so determined to overcome any difficulties bravely. I'm happy to be so close to a person of such spirit.

Zehrudina Karahodžić

INTERNET AS THE NEW DISEASE

Being popular on Facebook, Twitter, Instagram or other social networks is very important nowadays. Teenagers, even older people became obsessed with the internet in the last two years. Today, there are no bars, clubs or restaurants without free wi-fi. How bad or good is that?

Going out for a cup of coffee has been really tough lately because you can hardly find someone with whom you can actually talk to and drink coffee with. Even if you go out for a cup of coffee, guess what? You will end up on the internet. This place became like Hollywood, paparazzi everywhere. Because coffee, tea, football game, watching movie, birthday, presents are less important if people can't see it on the internet. Just being logged on you can find out everything about your family, friends or enemies if you want to.

It is hard to understand why people publish everything, because nobody cares where you went or what you did. If you got a present you can easily tell that person "Thank you" and hug him/her, not take a photo of it or write on Facebook or any other social network. They are made for people who can't actually do that or to connect with unknown people, not to talk to people you can see every day. People, especially children got it all wrong. There are children younger than twelve years who have a profile on Facebook and, what is even worse, their parents allow that. Seeing pictures and posts on Facebook really concerns me. What is this world turning into and where is this taking us?

It is really pathetic when you go out and see a bunch of friends holding their cellphones and not even talking to each other. If only they have an excuse, but no, it's just their obsession and desire to know what is going on in someone's life. Internet has ruined our lives. Children don't even know what a real childhood is and never will be happy like children used to be. They will never know what real happiness is, what is it like to play with other children, to be



covered with mud and being hungry all day because you felt sorry to leave the game. As time passes books will end up in museums and students will be fascinated by it. So don't say that this is not worth your concern, because it is. Will this be the future of our children too? If we don't do something it really will. Our children can have a normal life just like we did if we follow our parents' steps. There is no privacy or shame anymore and that is a real problem.

By writing all this I think that I got you to the main point. Internet obsession is seriously not as good as people think. Cellphones for children should be banned and teenagers should set privacy on their profiles and act more like teenagers because if things go on like this, God only knows what our future will look like.

Sebina Hušidić





My role model

When I talk about having a role model, I have to ask myself „Do I have one?“ But I could make an exception. In my point of view I just want to be myself and I don't want to take anyone as my role model.

If there is one person that really inspires me, that would be my mom. I consider my mom a brave person, a heroine because throughout her life she fought strongly to give a nice life for me and my sister. And she succeeded in that. For me my mother represents something sublime and divine. I admire her strength. She is such an inspirational woman. I have nothing but good to say about her. My mother actually is an ordinary woman, but in her tiny appearance lies an extraordinary fortitude, perseverance, a altruistic soul and a very kindly heart. The kind of mother who brought me up with her whole kind heart, the kind of persistent woman with strong willpower who had to face the toughest challenges in life, and the kind of person who always demonstrated great zeal for every unlucky life without requiring anything in return and great willingness to help everyone's misery. Though she did not have much, my mother taught me more than any one else, not only inspired me the strength to overcome hardships in my life, but also left me with invaluable life lessons.

My mother is a diligent and determined woman who pointed me to the right direction of my road. More importantly, she has helped me appreciate this life as a precious gift of ordinary life and true happiness by her kind heart. My mother is my role model!

Alisa Topić

A Letter To My Future Self

Dear Me, it took me a lot of time to write this letter. On one hand, it's a bit weird and sick, and on the other hand I hope I will not die so I would probably have a chance to read it again.

Well, Mirhada, I hope you are working in school with hyperactive kids, as you always wanted.

You are married and of course your children are gorgeous. Your cat is still alive and fat, and you are still skinny and have long hair. If your old friends are still with you - good. If not... well, they were not the right ones. It would be good if you are in America, but if not - Bosnia is after all your homeland. But since you have a lot of money, which you have earned yourself, you can go anywhere, of course kids you'll leave to your mother-in-law. I hope you didn't change the music you were listening to and that you have 50 pairs of Nike shoes! On the other side, I hope your parents and other family members are healthy and they don't come over every day to complain about your furniture or something... If you are poor, you should be very happy, because you always

knew that money can't buy you happiness. Oh, and also, I'd love to know if the people are still using Facebook. I guess if you are reading this you were bored and remembered the place where you have hidden this to Barry out. Also, it is good if you are reading this because you made all mine/yours/our future plans come true with mine/yours lovely husband.

So, my dear woman, get back to work and remember your courage in the young days, just in case the Third World War is near!

Mirhada Hafizović



BATTLE AT THERMOPYLAE



Photo courtesy of www.hdwallpaperscool.com

PREPARE FOR GLORY!

„When the boy was born... like all Spartans, he was inspected. If he'd been small or puny or sickly or misshapen... he would have been discarded. From the time he could stand, he was baptized in the fire of combat. Taught never to retreat, never to surrender. Taught that death on the battlefield in service to Sparta ...was the greatest glory he could achieve in his life. At age 7, as is customary in Sparta... the boy was taken from his mother and plunged into a world of violence... taught to show no pain, no mercy. Starves them, forces them to steal... and if necessary, to kill.“

The battle at Thermopylae was fought by Leonidas, a brave and courageous Spartan king, and the Persian Empire led by the Persian „god-King“ defiant and the sinister Xerxes and his enormous army of more than 350.000 well organised soldiers. Thermopylae is a location in Greece which is known for its narrow passages but it derives its name from its very hot springs and „hot gates“ is entrance to Hades – underworld with eternal fire. The battle was led during the second Persian invasion on Greece in August 480 BC, at the very narrow coastal pass of Thermopylae or „The Hot Gates“. During two days of battle the small force led by king Leonidas blocked the only road by which the massive Persian army could pass. After the second day of battle a local resident named Ephialtes betrayed the Greeks by revealing a small path that led behind the Greek lines. At Thermopylae, as the Persian army surround the Spartans, Xerxes' general demands their total surrender, offering Leonidas titles and prestige, so as every other privileges. Leonidas seemingly bows in submission, allowing one of his men to jump over him and kill Xerxes. An arrow cut only an edge of his ear which made Xerxes so furious that he ordered his army to attack Spartans.

A furious Xerxes orders his bloodthirsty troops to

attack Spartans. As Persian archers shoot at the remaining Spartans, Leonidas rises and hurls his spear at Xerxes, cutting the Persian, thus making good on his promise to make "the God-King" bleed. And Leonidas did it. He made Xerxes bleed.

Leonidas, aware that his force was being outflanked, dismissed the bulk of the Greek army and remained to guard with 300 Spartans, most of whom were killed.

Many writers, no matter if they were modern or ancient, have used the Battle of Thermopylae as an example of the great power of a patriotic army defending their country and nation. The performance of the defenders at the battle of Thermopylae is also used as an example of the advantages of being ready, brave, training, equipment, and good use of terrain as force multipliers and has become a symbol of courage against those who are trying to destroy someone's land and people, so as heritage. Eventually all Spartans ended up dead and mutilated whose blood soaked the soil of Thermopylae. But they were and will stay a symbol of an extreme courage and stubbornness, defense and boldness! They were Spartans.

Arneta Raković

THE ASSIGNMENT



"Morgan, we have all had a bad time," said Roger.

It was an hour later. Miranda had been quietly taken to the US Embassy. Roger did not speak to her again. There had been a call from the lobby of the Victoria from Colonel Cesar Skoll, and while Roger ordered an extra guard placed about Lee's hospital bed, Morgan went down to see the KGB man. Cesar Skoll tried to look urban and smiling as they met at the bar, but he still reminded Morgan of a highly dangerous Siberian bear. "So, I saw the young lady being taken away. You figured it out, hmm?"

"Did you make a deal with her, Cesar?"

Skoll waved a slab-like hand and ordered vodka in the cozy bar. "It was a tentative gesture. I offered her quite a sum of money. She was greedy, did you know? I exceeded my authority, and Moscow said no. My superiors sometimes pinch kopeks, you know. It is difficult to operate properly under such circumstances."

Morgan said, "Moscow will be annoyed with you."

"Well. They usually are. But I am one of the best they have. So how can they complain? I have saved them the embarrassment of falling for Madame Hung's trickery. And the lady is dead, of course."

"Yes," Morgan said.

"You are certain you killed her?"

"Yes."

"Well. That is one good thing, at any rate. You

will have a drink with me?"

"Some day, perhaps," Morgan said. "Not now."

Still using the blackthorn walking stick, he went back up in the elevator to Roger. He did not look back at the Russian. Roger had changed out of his robe and wore his familiar gray suit again. There was no change to be seen in the little man, except for a faint gleam of curiosity in his gray eyes as he looked at Morgan.

"Are you all right, sir?" Morgan asked.

"Quite, Morgan. And you?"

"It's a rotten business sometimes," Morgan said.

"Yes. But a necessary one, until we all regain our collective sanity." Roger paused. "I have been wondering about one thing. Back on the island of Gozo, in Bertolini's house, down in the dungeon when I was helpless, in Hung's hand, you remember you came toward me. I could not think clearly, of course, those drugs made a mess of things inside my head, but you had a most strange expression on your face, Morgan."

"I did, sir?"

"I have been thinking about it. In your place, I have been wondering what I had done to insure the silence on the part of Hung's prisoner. If you had been permitted, Morgan, would you have killed me?"

"Yes, sir."

Then Morgan turned, limped out of the room, and went across the corridor where someone waited for him.

Angelina Delić

Jane Eyre

While I was reading this book, one particular character caught my attention. It is not just the character itself, but the virtues she had. Jane is an angry, rebellious 10-year-old orphan who gradually develops into a sensitive, artistic and fiercely independent young woman. Jane for herself said that she is an orphan of no beauty, wealth or social standing. When she loses her parents, she is taken by her relatives, the Reed, who treat her with contempt and even cruelty. After some years Jane went to Lowood, the school where the living conditions were horrible. She stayed at Lowood until she was eighteen, and then she accepted a position as the governess to Adele Varens, the ward of the master of Thornfield Hall, Edward Rochester.

Through the book, Jane was a very passionate character, but her passion is tempered with sense, not like Mr. Rochester's with sensibility, and without reasoning. She also has a strong conscience, and values freedom and independence. From the beginning Jane possesses a sense of her self-worth and dignity, a commitment to justice and principle, a trust in God, and a passionate disposition. Since her early childhood she feels exiled because of her aunt, Mrs. Reed, from who she receives only cruelty. Jane was afraid that she will never find a true sense of home or community. In her search of freedom, she also struggles with the question of what type of freedom she wants. While Rochester offers her a chance to liberate her passions, she realizes that such freedom could also mean enslavement, by living as Rochester's mistress, she would be sacrificing her dignity and integrity for the sake of her feelings. She describes this in one quote from the book in which she said: " 'I tell you I must go!' I retorted, roused to something like passion. 'Do you think I can stay to become nothing to you? Do you think I am an automaton? - a machine without feelings? And can bear to have my morsel of bread snatched from my lips, and my drop of living water dashed from my

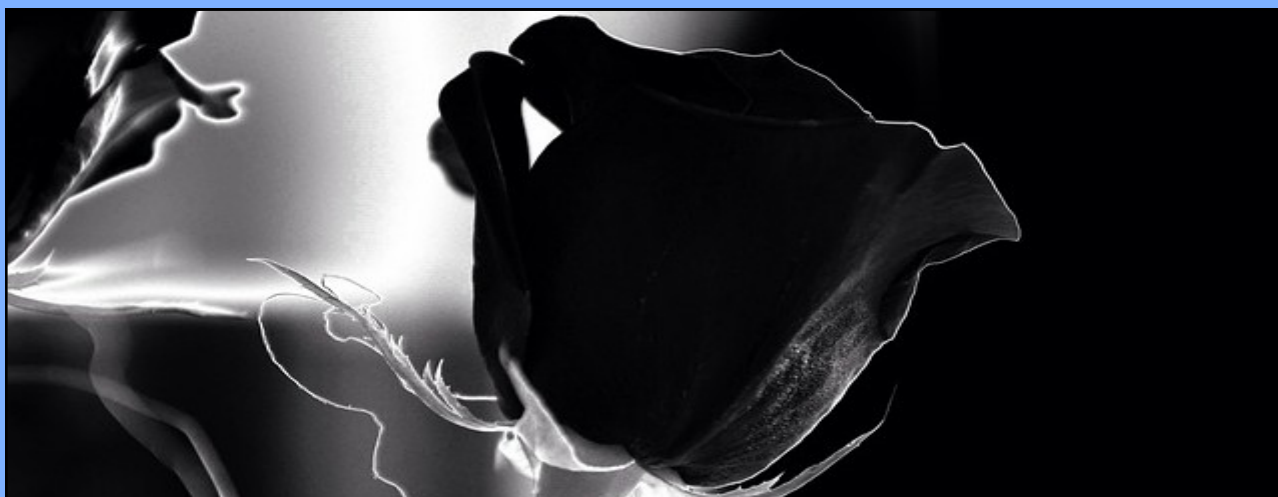
cup? Do you think, because I am poor, obscure, plain, and little, I am soulless and heartless? - You think wrong! - I have as much soul as you, - and as much heart! And if God had gifted me with some beauty, and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me, as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh: it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's feet, equal - as we are."

On the other hand, St. John Rivers offers her another kind of freedom, the freedom to act unreservedly on her principles. He opens to her the possibility of exercising her talents fully by working and living with him in India. But Jane eventually realizes that this freedom would be like an imprisonment, because she would be forced to keep her true feelings.

Like a true heroine, Jane maintains her independent spirit, growing stronger in her beliefs and ideals. She rejects marriages to both, Mr. Rochester and John Rivers, because she understands she will have to forfeit her independence in the unions. Only after she has attained the financial independence and self-esteem to maintain a marriage of equality then she allows herself to marry Mr. Rochester and enjoy a life of love.

This self-esteem is gained through Jane's making a mark in various worlds, Lowood, Thornfield and Moor House, in which she was valued for her humanity and values. Paralleling her desire for independence is her search for religious values. She rejects the extremist models and eventually settles on a spirituality of love and connection. The novel ends happily for Jane - not only does she maintain her independence and live with the man she loves, but she is able to overcome the social limitations as a governess and become a heroine with which every reader can relate.

Zejna Čaušević



COLLEGE LIFE

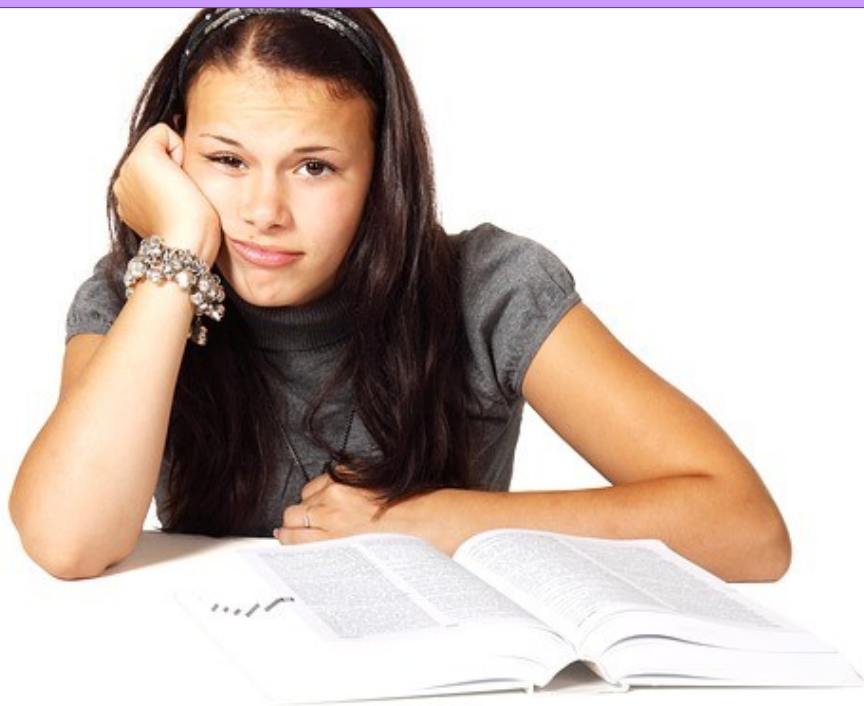


Photo courtesy of www.hdwallpaperscool.com

Many people seem to believe that college is very easy. My only goal in high school was to pass it through the end and make it to college. People I know always told me that college was so much fun, and that you can work it out much easier than you did in high school. I was often thinking of the college life that I would have. I have realized, when I was at my first year in college, that the life of a college student is a very difficult challenge. I did not think of it as extremely hard, when it comes to the University itself, rather than with managing everything that I had to do in a short amount of time. Struggles of a college student are not only the present time, but also what comes after you graduate.

College is extremely expensive and it is almost a luxury in our country. This puts a lot of pressure on the students as well as the parents. The costs of living come very hard on our parents, especially for students who moved to another city because of studying. Then, as an adult, you have to grow up faster and start thinking of how to

and where to spend your money, well, not actually yours, but that which you get from your parents. After paying the bills, food and college expenses, you are left with a small sum to fulfill your social life or any kind of other activities.

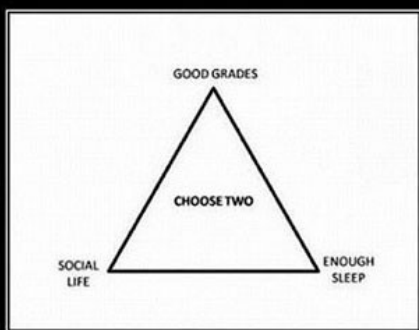
Trying to have a job while you are away from your home to somehow help your parents in financing your needs, in this country, is almost impossible. My friends and I had luck last year when we were working three jobs at the same time to earn some money. And we did. But, unfortunately, we could not find any jobs this year. There aren't any for people with college degrees, let alone for college students.

Another big issue is time. You just can't pull it off together. Even when I had a job I was exhausted all the time. Managing a job, classes, student obligations, relationship and social life can be very hard. The day is just not long enough.

College students find very little time to enjoy extracurricular activities. Even if they attend any major school functions, games, or dating, they will regret not getting the term paper done that was due the following day or week. The fear of being a failure and not measuring up to someone's expectations adds more pressure to the stressed-out student.

College has many rewards if you do not get burned out and give up too soon. The pressure and time managing can all be worked out with patience and lots of understanding from family and friends. Don't give up! :D

Kerima Hodžić



COLLEGE

You only can choose two

Life

Life. What is life? Never described by anyone. You just live it as it comes, or plan it. You try to use and take the best of it. You get surprised when things go wrong, start to question yourself where you went wrong, what did you do to cause the bad thing. Not everything we wish comes true, not everything we plan will be done. It is just that we can hope to get the best, to use the best, we are not capable to understand what causes our actions, nor can we understand what causes the bad things in our lives.

People are different. Some are optimists, and some are not. I am somewhere in between, sometimes I cannot stand thinking that something can go wrong, but sometimes I get real and face life as it is. I believe that this a better way of living the life that has been given to us. Of course, I get surprised when something goes wrong, I get sad and become disappointed in myself, thinking that I caused it, or my actions, or something that I did to someone accidentally.

My life until now was always a battle for something, I have never actually enjoyed it. That is probably why I always question myself, why me, why cannot I be truly safe, happy, and not always worried what will happen next or what problem will cause this or that action of mine. My life is a battle inside me, inside my head, my heart, soul and body. It is hard to create this shell around me to prevent people to see my battle, to put this stupid smile on my face whenever someone looks at me, being scared that the person will see me fighting for living and being. I do not consider myself insecure but safe, not less self-confident, but scared, not happy but shy of showing, being there for others rather than see and think for myself. It is easier to take care of someone else, to be there for the person you love, admire and respect. I do not know why, but life is difficult, scary, sometimes not worth thinking of it, just living it, but the



person you take care of makes it worth doing all these things, makes it worth fighting, being there. The best things happen then. The happiest moments even when you are scared happen when you try to enjoy it because of someone else. Trying to make someone happy, and to see the person smile because of that is worth going through many difficulties to get to that moment. There is always a shiny star you made shine. There is always that star, your star, the best thing you have made in your life. The star makes it worth fighting this difficult battle, the smile, the shine of your star is the best thing you created, brought to shine.

Mirela Topalović-Smajić

STORY FROM THE LAST LINE



It was already dark. The sky was full of bright stars and it was a beautiful night. Only John was not feeling so well. He was standing outside that old building, smoking his cigarette and looking at the light coming from a flat on the second floor, a flat that has been his home for ten years. He wondered if the kids fell asleep already. He was trying to find the right words, gather the strength to go up there and ask her to forgive him. „She had to forgive him.“ „It was just one stupid mistake, it meant nothing.“ „They have children.“ „They love each other.“ These kind of thoughts came running through his head and while not even being aware of it, he found himself walking into the building. His heart was beating so fast, he could hear every single heartbeat, but he kept moving. He came to the door and stopped. He then remembered his wife's face the last time he saw her. She was broken. She could not say a word, except: „Leave, please.“

But he had to try it once more. He did not know why, but he did not knock. He knew the door was never locked at that time so he just came in.

The second he got in, he saw her sitting on a chair at the table. A plate with food was in front of her, but she did not touch it. She was looking „through“ it. She did not

move her head when he came in, but she somehow managed to say quietly, with such sad voice that he got the feeling as his heart was breaking into pieces: „Why did you come?“

He wanted to kneel in front of her, beg her to forgive him but he just could not move. He only looked at her, their whole life passed before his eyes, years of happiness, years of joy; he suddenly realized...he had really ruined everything, their happiness and their joy.

„How could he have replaced her with another, even for a night, with someone whose name he could not even remember?“

He came closer to her, put his hand on his wife's shoulder and uttered quietly: „Forgive me, please.“ He waited for an answer, any answer. It seemed like forever, but she was so calm...No words...

John turned around went to his children, kissed them on the forehead, went out of the flat and closed the door.

He felt nothing, as if he had become a ghost. Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back.

Birsena Keran

Is Modern Art Rubbish?

At first glance this seems like an easy issue to cope with, but it is not really like that. Are we just a body with an empty mind or we are contributors of our society? It is quite hard to tell. Is art really the problem or is it society itself that defines to us what modern is. Well, art certainly reflects the time it is created in.

However, there are lot of questions. Therefore, there are lots of understandings of art itself and how we perceive it.

If we take for a fact that there is no greater evidence that the work is rubbish except accidental trashing, we do not have a better response why people nowadays consider contemporary art for rubbish. What is more, people nowadays are not aware of their actions and what is even worse is that people have a lack in their moral, their beliefs etc. In other words, they are not aware of the purpose of their existence and all that resulted is the distorted image of the contemporary society we live in. Moreover, what I find interesting in all those stories of modern-contemporary art, is that modern art provokes and questions society, because it is just like they say „it's not art if you're not arguing about

it.“ We know that we have a problem in our society, not just a problem of voices but problem of our minds, bodies etc. We are a mass, we are our voice, and just like Damien Hirst said that anyone could make his artwork, but you didn't, did you? Following that, we bring out one more question, are we slaves of our minds and bodies - in other words, are we our own „frenemies“?

When I decided to take this theme for essay, I did a lot of research, including reading comments of common people on the articles of art and guess what most of them said? The answer has somehow imposed itself. People nowadays have a harsh and distorted sense of art.

To sum up, neither you nor I can decide what is art unless we make some major research and unless we ask each and every man about his opinion. But, even then, are we going to know the real permanent fact of what it really is? I do not think so. The fact is that no one can tell you what art is and yet, everyone is a part of it, indeed.

Nermin Toromanović



MILLIE

Millie was a happy child. Indeed she was. Her parents loved her very much, they gave her everything she wanted. Yet, she felt deep inside that something was missing. It's like a part of her was not there, but she couldn't explain it to anyone. She kept that for herself because she didn't wanted to upset mom and dad. They were her everythng.

Ted and Nicky, these were her parents' names. They were a very respected people, and rich and powerful too. They owned a store, a jewellery shop, and a farm nearby their home. The house, oh, it was beautiful! A big, white house, with a lovely terrace and an enormous garden outside. The garden was covered with flowers, all kinds of flowers.

Millie enjoyed spending time with her mom in the garden, decorating and taking care of it. Most of the time these two were not actually doing anything but talking. Just like two best friends. Yes, Millie loved those moments. As the matter of fact, she wrote them down. Every single moment spent with her mother, Millie was writing in her diary, which she kept under her bed, hidden in a shoe box.

This life was obviously too good to be true, so one day a letter came. It was named to Nicky, Millie's mother. Nicky was in the garden when Millie brought the letter to her. She opened it, and cried immediately. She ran in the house and yelled for Ted. He knew what was going on even before she told him.

They both knew that this day will come, but, still....

When Millie was born, it wasn't actually Ncky who brought her to this world. Millie's real mother was a drug addict. Her name was Jane. She was a great woman, very kind, but had no control over her life. So, she often got herself into trouble.

Nicky and Ted lived across her apartment. They were young and recently married. They wanted a baby so hard, but unfortunately, luck was not on their side at that time. One day on her way home, Nicky found Jane completely drugged, lying in front of her apartment. She gor her in, and took care of her. After a while, Jane woke up and called Nicky to tell her the truth. She was pregnant. But, considering the situation she got herself into, she eagerly wanted to get rid of the baby. So, Nicky came up with an idea. After birth, Ted and her will take the baby and move to other town. And so they did...

Now, seventeen years later, Jane wanted them to bring Millie to her. They had to.

The day after, they packed their bags and headed to Toronto. Of course, before that, they explained Millie

everything.

And now, she understood why she had that strange feeling.

On their way, not a single word was spoken. Millie was thinkng „what was she like, what is she going to tell her, why did she even gave up on her,“ and then... she looked at Nicky and Ted, and said to herself:

"There! I have everything, my whole world in these two beautiful faces!!"

Ted and Nicky were quiet. They arrived.

Jane was standing in front of the house, waiting for them. They all went in, talked for hours. Jane was all nice, and good, and trying to be so sophisticated. Yet, at the end of their conversation she mentioned it.

She actually didn't wanted her child back, she called them because she wanted money.

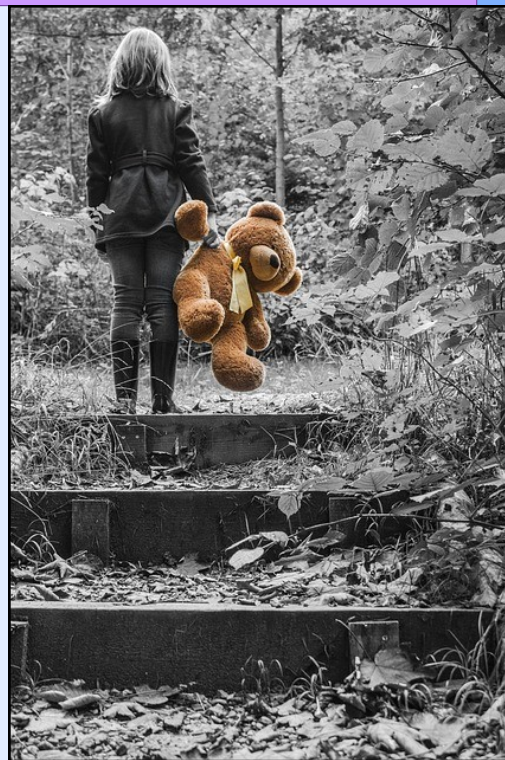
Oh, this sentence crashed Millie!! She was disappointed, sad, angry.

Nicky grabbed Millie for her hand, and ran out! She didn't even say a word to Jane, they just sat in the car and went. Yes, Millie cried, Nicky cried... even Ted cried. What kind of woman is that, what kind of mother???

When they arrived home, Ted and Nicky went upstairs to talk to Millie. After all, this whole thing was a great shock for her.

But, what they did not knew was that Millie was stronger that they thought, and brighter.

All she said to them was: "Fine, other woman brought me to this world, but.. I am what I am because of you two. And that is all what matters. No one can change that."



Arneta Pajazetović

Children Warriors

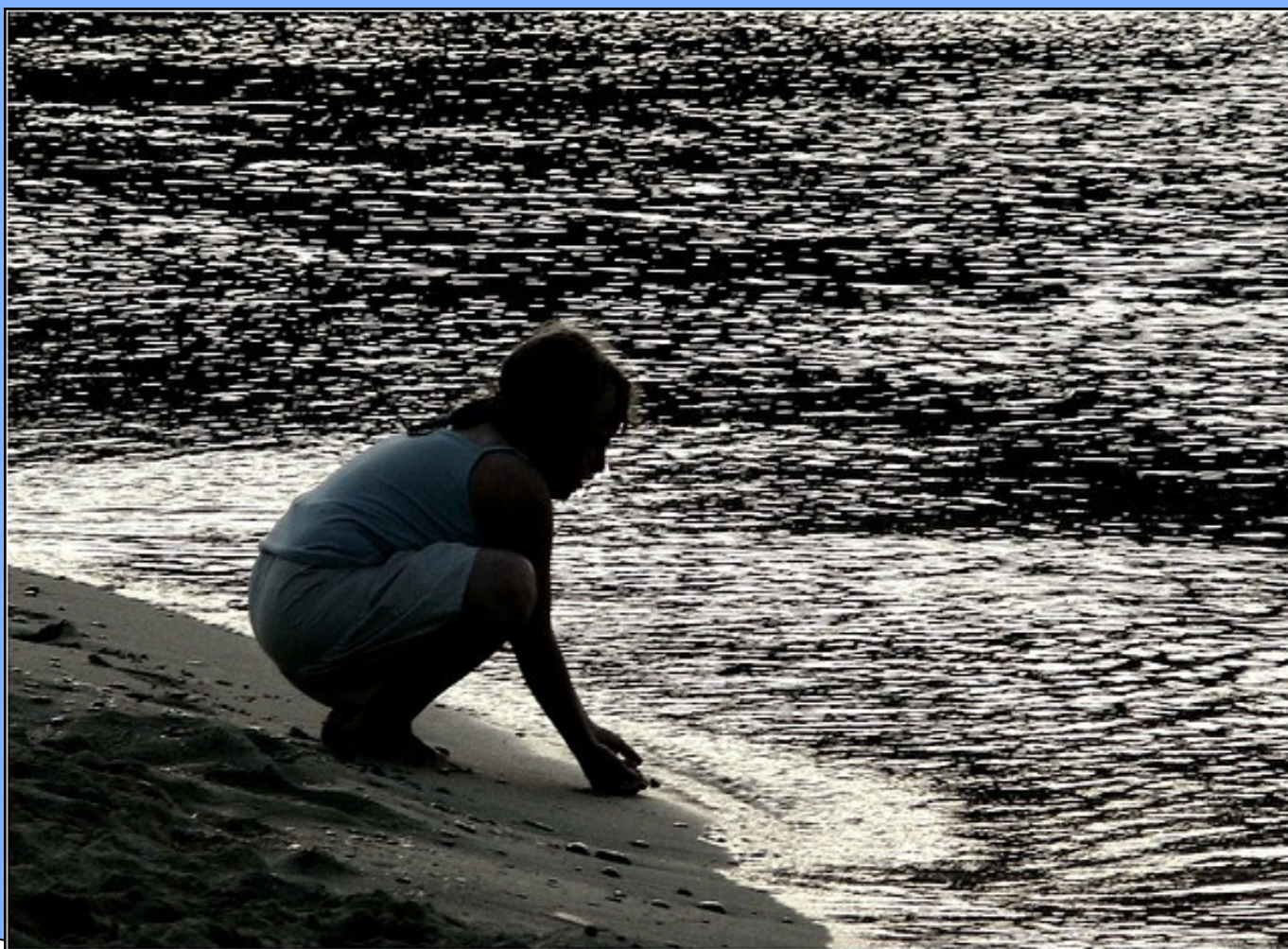
The second year of war in Bosnapolis was in progress. Bosnapolis is a big city, population about four million. Even it is a big city, it is very green with a lot of parks, creeks and one big river. The place looked like heaven, but there started a war because of Bosnapolis's nature treasure, WATER. The world was polluted and there was less and less water, yet Bosnapolis was rich with it. And as it always goes, people started to fight about that thing essential for life.

So, two years passed and here is still a war. I'm a field journalist and I'll try to convey my expressions to you from here. I've seen a lot of things, good and bad, but the picture that had the most effect on me was when I saw an army of children, all about fourteen, fifteen years old. All of them were in front lines and to my surprise, they weren't scared. In fact, they were very brave and bold. I couldn't ever imagine that young boys fight in a war with guns in their hands. I was astonished. Occasionally, there was a peace time, but no longer than one or two days. In that period I

grabbed the opportunity to talk with those children. I wondered what they were thinking and why they are fighting. They explained to me. They are fighting not only for their lives, but also for their families, their city and most of all for their nature. The citizens of Bosnapolis were very gentle and mindful of nature before the war and they preserved it. When the rest of the world polluted their own, of course, the rest of the world attacked the Bosnapolis in hope to get to the water.

Now, they are fighting for two years and citizens of Bosnapolis, especially those young warriors, are very determined to defend their city and their nature. They are very passionate in it. I hope they'll win and I pray for them. They just want to live in freedom in their piece of heaven here on Earth.

Besim Nuspahić



Hush! It's A Secret

Photo courtesy of www.justbesplendid.tumblr.com



WE ALL
HAVE
SECRETS

"Got a secret. Can you keep it? Swear this one you'll save. Better lock it, in your pocket taking this one to the grave. If I show you then I know you won't tell what I said. Cause two can keep a secret, if one of them is dead."

The Pierces, Secret

Listening to the song "Secret" by The Pierces I started to think about it. I was thinking when we started to keep things in secret? And why are we doing such a thing? Being a good keeper makes you a good friend or a good liar?

As far as we know, a lot of things remain still unknown to us. Take for example the Earth, the planet we live on. It is not explored enough so it seems like it is hiding things. Acting in the same way, as nature does, could actually describe our behaviour. It's in our blood to keep on hiding things. If it is not, then we would not be doing it.

However, keeping secrets from someone is like telling a

lie to the people in their face. If you know certain things that possibly could help someone, then your secret is nothing more than one big lie. On the other hand, secrets are connectors in every friendship. If you're trustworthy then, for sure, everyone will love you.

All in all, it is not a secret that everybody has a secret. Probably we should avoid them, because it is not nice to live in constantly fear of possibility that someone will know your secrets. Which is another reason why secrets are almost all equal to lies.

Mirnesa Mujić



My Hometown

Sometimes, life send us to various adresses, away from our hometown, but I'm sure that the place where we were born will always be in our hearts and we will always want to return to a place where we spent our childhood. My hometown, Cazin, is situated in the north – west part of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Cazin and its people have much to offer and because of that it is a town worth visiting.

One important characteristic of this town is its cultural and historical heritage. Cazin is surrounded by old towns and towers that are of great historical importance. The ancient town Ostrožac takes a special place amongst the old Bosnians town. It has very beautiful environment near the river Una. Old mosque is located in the centre of Cazin. Together with Ostrožac town, old mosque is one of the major features of this area. Even today, the mosque is in function and also represents a major Islamic institution of Cazin. The cultural and historical heritage of Cazin is also interesting because of the many Islamic tombstones.

My hometown is also famous for its natural resources. Cazin has a lot of natural water sources and this is one of the most important things for the inhabitants. Beautiful, unpollu-

ted nature and green areas are suitable for growing medical plants and this is highly significant for agricultural development. Forests are also elements of the beautiful natural wealth that surrounds this town. Forests cover about 25 percent of the land.

Another characteristic of Cazin are its people. Cazin is one of the most densely populated municipalities in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Cazin's residents are known as compassionate, peaceful and kind people. In this town there are many restaurants that have a rich and diverse offer for everybody. There are also newly opened caffee bars with interesting interiors and friendly staff that attracts many tourists.

Each town is beautiful in its own way, but for me, Cazin is the most beautiful because I was born there and I have a lot of memories in this place. My hometown is best known for cultural and historical wealth, natural resources and the kindness of its citizens. Cazin has much to offer and the people will always make you feel welcome.

Sanela Hirkić



About Robert

Robert was always silent and reticent. Spending his time locked in the room, he had no contact with his peers. Regina, his mother, was a single parent. Having two jobs, she was home only when she had to sleep. Regina thought Robert played with other children after school. But he was not, nor he was at school at all. Regina realised he dropped out of school, but she was helpless. She knew Robert played chess in his room, but she had no clue he spent all day playing. Robert haven't talked to his mother for 2 months, just because she interrupted him while he was playing chess.

At the age of 14, Robert won the state tournament and became the best chess player in America. His mother was proud but Robert was still the same, lonely little boy. Being the best American chess player brings fame, and fame was not what Robert liked. Robert stayed in his house,

successfully avoiding any public appearances. At the age of 29, he played a chess game versus the world's best chess player, Spassky. Robert won, and became the best chess player in the world. His fame grew and people wanted to interact with him. He became aggressive and swore at his fans, what marked him as „The Mad Man“. Robert stopped playing chess and said that he is disappointed because he has nothing to do now. He got what he wanted, and now, he is totally bored. He wanted to be alone so he moved to Iceland. Robert lived in a small house, and gave most of his money to the church. He died of kidney failure, because he refused to visit a doctor.

Admir Vojić

THE CRISIS OF READING

Obtuseness came to us, through all doors, as invited and welcomed guest. We accepted it with both hands and we don't want it to abandon us. But how he should abandon us, since the books serve us like some sort of decoration or from time to time to take off the dust from them.

Nobody makes an effort to find something new, to see, to read... we all have internet and we act like the entire world is ours. That is all that matters. Our children can look like American celebrities, but OK, if they look like them by physical appearance, why not by brain as well, just to fit. We are trying to fit there where nobody wants to be, we are trying to be people with so little brain. What we read on Facebook, those are all letters that we see. Well, we should say thanks to Mark Zuckerberg that at least we read anything.

Consciousness serves to us for music stars. To young people all it matters is to know the new hit song, the so-called movies are watched to see who was drunk, where people were, with whom, what they were doing, which of the girls was wearing the shortest panties, etc. That is all that is important. It doesn't matter if someone read a book, newspapers, some magazine, certainly it doesn't count to read numerous teen magazines, which in fact just write about moving age limit to 12, 13, 14 years for the first

sexual experience; they also write about alcohol, drugs and patches, and good knowledge of slogan: The less-the better (clothes of course)!

When we look at this we can say that this world is becoming a wreck. Parents, instead of buying their daughters a nail polish, should buy little collection of stories and that would help to change the world. Instead of polishing her nails, and thinking that the goal of a woman is to be pretty, she would read the stories and think she can be smart too. Maybe that is too much, parents in this era don't have much time to think about that, it is important not to skip one episode of some "important TV show", which is all by herself one of the higher degree of rubbish. Then why we should mention them the crisis of reading, anyway we could just hear that they are reading too. Yes, they are, they are reading precious translation of production. As if they don't know that their son, instead of a cartoon, is watching a porn movie.

And reading, that is something almost impossible to achieve, however we are those who are the smartest, we don't have to know who was Nikola Tesla, who wrote "Cat in boots", and about Dante, Vergil and others from Purgatory, Hell and Paradise, them we better not mention. Still we are going to take off the dust from the books, anyway they don't serve for anything else to us, "Facebook people".

Selma Đuđa

Time Must Pass

Go away and release my fear,
Wash away everything, especially my tear.
If you wish the sun, I will make the night.
You are the light, I am your dark fight.

We're always on opposite sides,
Never equal and one.
Two minds with two lives,
Like the sun and the moon;
Always chasing each other
Never to become equal brothers.

Time must pass, time must pass.
You will remain my destruction
Without a chance of construction.
Go away and release my fear,
'cause time must pass, my dear.
I will stand there like I've done here.

If you wish the sun,
Be sure I will make the night.
There is something that we might,
But we closed our common sight.

Release my fear, 'cause
Time must pass, my dear.

Anis Rekić

The Importance Of Books In Our Lives

Do people really understand the power and importance of books in human life or leave them somewhere believing them old and unnecessary stuff that is not needed in life, nor will ever be?

People make mistakes in most things and this is one of them. They do not want to acknowledge the benefits that the book provides. In the past, people would spend a lot of time reading books, but now they replaced it with more exciting and easy accessible modern technology. They lost the skill and passion for reading. This is unfortunately the bad side effect of the technological improvement. We forgot that a good book is more than a companion. It improves our vocabulary and word power, enriches our mind, gives us extensive knowledge about life and the things that we did not know about. The nescient becomes prudent and a wise man is more reasonable. From brute it creates man.

People often say the happiest man in the world is the man who has all the luxury and abundance of wealth, and perhaps do not know that wisdom, prudence, intellectuality and books make people happy, because only a wise man can achieve much in life and improve mankind with various achievements. We can learn lots of things easily from the books. It can teach us how to behave and shape

our practical life. They transport us into a different world, far different from the one we live, the world of imagination and where dreams come true. Without books the world would be full of letterless people seeking their missing shadow in the dark and not really knowing who they are or what they do.

However, most people would disagree with these statements, they ignore and deny its use considering them worthless and unnecessary.

All in all, people need books throughout their life. The book is not only a false glow that deceives the eyes at first glance. It is a true friend and it will always leave you with many experiences and certainly not indifferent after the text you have read. From the many worlds, the world of books is the greatest. Without words, text and books there is no history and the concept of humanity. There is no book that does not carry something good in itself and that does not offer a chance to us to become a part of it.

Reading a book for the very first time we begin a new chapter of our lives. Turning impatiently to the next page where the journey starts, we become the traveller of our destiny.

Najla Bajrektarević

D A M N A T I O M E M O R I A E

Long ago, our world knew of a great empire. An empire whose power was beyond any measure. The Great Roman Empire thought us something that we just do not seem to perceive, yet. Many winters, and many summers have passed, as the Romans expanded through the whole continent. Their soldiers, the famous Legionares, survived many of those winters, still, many of them survived too few. However, if we would ask any of them if they fought or died in vain, none of them would confirm this, for they fought for their country, and more importantly, died for their emperors.

When a new emperor was elected, his followers would take down everything what could remind the people of the former one. The act that carried most significance was when the face of the sculptures was 'erased' so that the person could not be recognised, and after that, the sculpturers would replace the old face, with the one of the new emperor. This act is happening in our society nowadays. Only, this time, there are no sculptures more which need to be replaced, this time the new leaders 'erase' the faces of our people, so that they cannot think clearly, and, with their dull brains and narrow minds, believe everything they hear or see. 'Memory termination', in Ancient Rome one shape, in our society another. When the Romans replaced everything that

reminded them of the old emperor, the new one would not just get his face on a sculpture, he would do everything in his power to change the ways of the old emperor, and to introduce a new, more improved system. Many times it was a success, but only one mistake led to the complete 'disappearance' of once a great empire. Here, in our country, and in our world 'memory termination' is different. The leaders change their faces, but not their ways. It seems like the old leaders always return, only with different names and looks. This is something which our people never understood, and probably never will. But as long as our world, and especially our country, invokes the 'damnatio memoriae' over and over again, there will be no improvement in our society.

The hand has five fingers, capable and powerful, with the ability to destroy as well as create. We have the power to stop and reverse the tides of time by making our awareness of abuse known to the powers of industry and their uncouth political arms. Only by raising the awareness and promoting personal peace within today's self-defeatist society, can we allow the planet a chance to avoid self-destruction! "Only by avoiding the repetition of history can we make a difference. And what is more important, we can make our lives and our choices - our own."

Amir Cucak

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

from the very first essay "Bosnia's Victory As The Best Gift For Eid", throughout the volume, and all the way to the last entry, the diversity and richness of topics and vocabulary of their writers will surely astound all who come across this magazine.

An essay to suit everyone's palate: the patriotic heart, the ache for the hometown, letters and hopes, inspiring stories of family members and the hardships they've gone through, stories of marriages and mistakes, stories about parallel worlds (futures?) where people fight for our water, stories about life, books, and what it means to be a student. Stories that will elevate you to a plane where you will meet the author and step into his world, even if it is only for a moment.

It is the carefully woven carpet of these moments that the writers—3rd year students of English Language and Literature - have offered to rest on and forget the ropes of everyday life. The ones we all have to walk on while trying to balance responsibilities and obligations. Take them up on this offer.

Ilhana Škrgić, M.Sc.



IMPRESSUM

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UNIVERSITY OF BIHAĆ - PEDAGOGICAL FACULTY - DEPARTMENT
OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
THIRD-YEAR STUDENTS' E-ZINE ("IMAGINE THAT...")

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