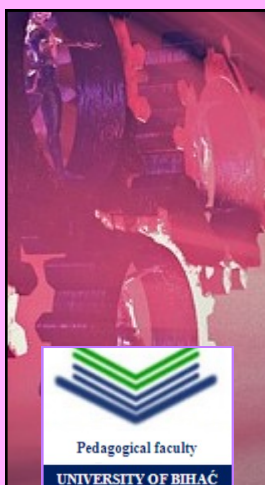


“IMAGINE THAT...”

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

Featuring short stories, essays and poems by:

Zehrudina
Karahodžić
Birsena Keran
Zana Koljić
Mirhada Hafizović
Alija Mujanović
Zejna Čaušević
Mirela Hodžić
Alisa Topić
Sebina Hušidić
Arnela Raković
Angelina Delić
Arnela Pajzetović
Besim Nuspačić
Mirnesa Mujić
Sanela Hirkić
Admir Vojić
Selma Đuđa
Adnan Harčević
Najla
Bajrektarević
Amir Cucak



After all, love lives here

In the country where being optimistic and looking forward to a following year seems like an impossible mission, even if you are brave like Little Prince in the middle of Sahara, I try not to stop hoping for a change.

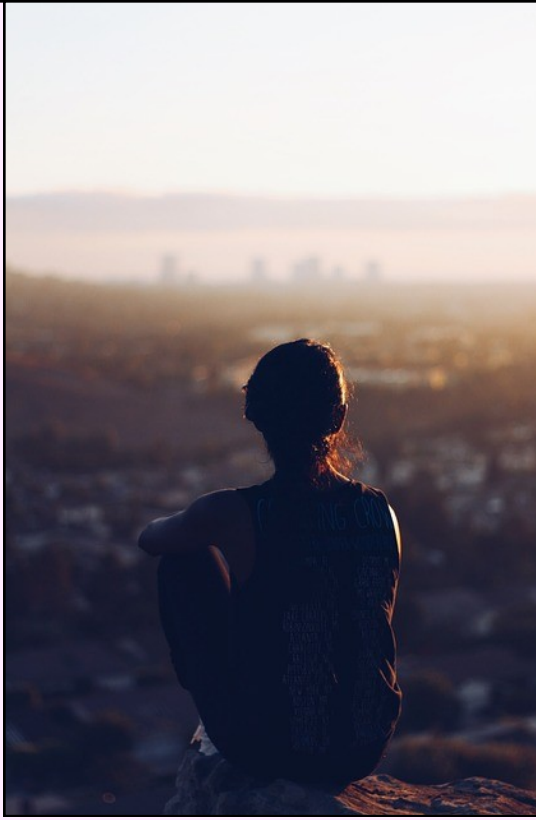
At the crack of dawn, while looking at the Morning Star still shining in the sky and thinking of any proper reasons why I should stay here, I hear some young people talking loudly outside in the street, probably coming back from a party. I am listening to their care-free talk about some things that are so far from serious problems, they are totally unaware of a struggle they will face with in the country that offers so little of prosperity.

Sometimes I think how contradictory are the two sides of it, its beauty and the purity of its scenery and cruelty which takes all your dreams away, like an eagle who hunts its prey. That cruelty is sometimes so close to me, that I can almost feel it, like the smell of garlic that irritates me, but which I cannot easily get rid of. I would like to dip in Van Gogh's Sunflowers and take all the energy and vitality they offer to us, all the hope that comes from them, but it is not that easy. Or, like an actress from one film, put on my L'Oreal red lipstick to give me strength to move on, like she did in all of her difficult situations. Or, turn back to some younger age, pretend I am a teenager, go to a fast food restaurant, order some French fries and a Coke, and simply enjoy a meal, forgetting about everything.

Is it cowardly to act like a swallow and move to some warmer places when the winter comes?

But isn't it a fact that winter came here long time ago and is still present, without any signs of leaving? Should we be stubborn and stay here, like pigeons waiting for someone to give them crumbs of bread, relying only on the love which is still here, despite of everything?

Every time, when you turn on your TV, you can't avoid the impression that you are locked in a place from which you can't find a way out, without any chance of finding keys that will help you escape from such a darkness. You almost physically feel the chains around your ankles that don't let you move. If I could only take a tin of paint and colour everything green, my favourite colour. Would I be able to cover all the



hopelessness that sneaked into this nation destroying its spirit constantly?

While I am walking through the ex street of Josip Broz Tito, I am wondering if there is the truth in the saying "The good old days". Were they really good, or these are so bad that any other seem better?

I sit on the bench next to two older women who are talking about the way they used to spend evenings at the time when people didn't go out very often. They say how charming was to gather at someone's house, laughing loudly without a TV, eating hot jacket potatoes with leek smothered in home-made yoghurt, the tradition that is nowadays so rare, that reminds us of some better days. It is amazing how they looked forward to such small things like a modest meal. Maybe we expect too much, but the world changed, and that

fact forces us to do so.

At once, I feel an extreme desire to smoke a cigarette and while I am enjoying it, I notice a sign of no smoking. So many rules in the country that is totally out of rule. I decide to ignore it and smoke it like it is the last one. Warnings everywhere. Maybe I should listen to the words of one singer, go straight on and try not to lose my way.

But contrary to everything that poisons my mind constantly, that kills my hope every day, I can't escape from the warmth that this country still gives me. Perhaps I am not a kind of person who easily changes habits, I actually don't like changes, and I only feel safe in a familiar surrounding.

And, in one of hundreds of similar mornings, I say to myself: keep quiet and enjoy your Nescafe. Then something suddenly wakes me up from thinking: it is the water on my face. My four-year-old son, with a seriousness of a real warrior, says: "Mum, put your hands up." I do it with the same seriousness and think: From now on, I will keep off the news on TV, try to watch more comedies and enjoy simple things. And, also, while I am taking the last piece of my favourite Milka chocolate, I firmly decide not to think about losing weight. There is no use.

Zehrudina Karahodžić



A SUDDEN STORM

she hugged a man standing on the corner and obviously waiting for her. „Have you been waiting me for a long time?“ - she asked.

„You know I would wait for you for eternity.“- he replied.

„Never mind“- he thought, this night was already planned for other purposes. It was already getting dark and he felt hungry. „Wouldn't it be a good idea to have something to eat before THE END?“- he asked himself. He bought a slice of pizza and a bar of Milka chocolate. He sat on a bench in the park and ate

„You can never keep a promise, you know.“- the woman said angrily. „You know that the Yorks are coming for dinner tonight. I am making sweet potato with red onion and beef. Did you buy red onion at the market today?“- she kept on talking, acting like the Iron Lady.

„I thought you said I should buy garlic, not red onion,-he said desperately. “ The woman did not answer, but she kept on muttering silently.

„Women!“- he thought, „they are all the same!“ He stood up, and started to walk down the park. He noticed that the old woman was silent and angry, she was just sitting, with her hands crossed, and with her reddish hair she actually reminded him of Mona Lisa. He has always wondered what people saw in Mona Lisa's beauty, he thought that there was nothing special to it.

Anyway, he felt it was time for him to go. Even the crow flew from the ground, making a sinister sound, forcing him to do THAT already. As he was leaving the park he looked up and the dark sky reminded him of the nights in the Harry Potter books, dark and threatening...

Birsena Keran

He was walking down the road holding his revolver inside his pocket and having dark thoughts. An extraordinary looking woman was passing by him, she was so beautiful, that he felt like her seductive pink lipstick was hypnotizing him while her piercing eyes were very strange looking. She looked like one of those beauties from other planets, female aliens from Mars he saw in the movies. For a moment it seemed to him as if she was about to tell him something, but she passed by and with a delightful smile

his favourite kinds of food. As the food was going down his throat, he remembered how his daughter, when she was a baby girl used to babble „Miwka,“- he loved listening to her babbling. And he missed those times, too. On a nearby bench there was an old couple sitting and feeding the pigeons and sparrows. „Did you buy a hammer and an axe today at the hardware store?“- she asked.

„Oh, dear, I totally forgot about that. “

„But you have promised Mia you would make a kennel for her puppy!“

„I know, I know, I'll buy those tomorrow.“

Doom

They stood to each other close and turned their heads upon the death,
The mountains that had divided and the grey that ate the skies,
The fire that shot so high and hot that everything burned,
would never be the final sight that fell upon their eyes.
A fly upon a wall, the waves sea- wind whipped and churned,
All that man had learned,
The doom consumed it all alike, and neither of them turned.

Angelina Delić

PULLING WEEDS

I felt the silence before the storm that day. Somewhere deep inside of me, on the edges of my steep soul, the drunken devil was dancing. He was singing "Slow songs", while spilling some cheap (stinky) wine. Completely drunk, slow and languid, he sat unkempt on the stone that was bothering me the most. It hurt. Banished from Hell, he sprawled over that big rock with the full weight of his body, so strong that I had the feeling I ate him and he's drinking inside of me, in defiance of God and people. He spread his legs and started to dig in the sand with his claws. That pain is stronger than the one you can feel in your chest. When I started crying, he raised his

drunk head and mumbled: "You are annoying with that whining again. Hasn't your mother given you the speech, **y o u p o o r t h i n g ?**" -"Look who's talking?! You came to me. You are sitting on my soul and yet you're rude? How did you manage to walk through all those doors, you lush?" - Blah, blah, blah. That was easy, at least. It's easy for Evil to manipulate Weakness. I am not going anywhere from here, not in a hundred lives. Yes, I am a lush, but it's because of you, you fool. If I had only drunk your tears, I would have died from bitterness. And don't make those grimaces, I can see you.

- You are stupid! Why would anybody settle down inside of a fool? Go now from where you came.

- You're talking nonsense. Goodness is responsible for the way you feel, your naivety even more. Do you really think that wretch loved you?

- You disgusting and useless creature, you've made me spit on my pride and open the door to misery. You took my sight, promised happiness and love and then pushed me to the bottom's bottom. You disgust me.

- That's Anger now. You are mad at yourself and you should be because you didn't know that intuition doesn't exist. I invented it so I could bring you to this. I am the intuition and you believed me more than you believe your eyes, ears, intellect and heart. Temptations are my filthy games. Now that your soul is devastated, only I can inhabit it. There's no place for Love inside of you anymore. - he burst into laughter.

- And what's inside of you, wretch?

- Wine. In vino veritas.

- You're wonderful. You stink like you have drunk all the wine cellars dry.

- Girl, that's the stink of your regrets. You regret so many



things in life and it's so stale that it made me toxic. I will stay in here till your Hope and Faith come back. That's the only way to make me leave. Don't be angry, that monkey wasn't for you anyway, but when you start it all from the beginning, I will pack myself and go to him and I will probably stay there forever, because, believe me Lily, nothing stinks worse than a rotten ego and an emotionally crippled man... These slow songs will kill me tonight.

I wished I could talk to someone. I felt like an abandoned house that was covered with weeds, inside and out. I had to rip them out.

Look. Feel. It's like days are crawling on its knees over barren lands, cobbles and paved roads and carrying a little bit of water for nights that flew over the horizon, each brighter than the finest constellation. That is in defiance of me. Mother, everything turned against me. There, days hide wrinkles in their pockets for me, nights make gray hairs out of Moon's tail, and Time plays with all sorts of magic to change the color of my eye. Hide me under your cover, tuck me in and hold me and invent some fairytale or a game so I could defy time tomorrow. I don't find ugly those gray hairs from Moon's tail, neither I would mind wrinkles from Sun's pocket, or different eye color, but I am worried about solitude because no one can send it except God himself. I can't defy Him and your game wouldn't make any sense in front of His command as much as the appearance of the sunflower. Its golden petals don't bring the shine in eyes back because my heart is filled with coldness and darkness and only God and you know that magical seeds used to turn into magnificent flowers in that place. Hold me tight and rip these weeds out of my soul, full of dust and cheap soles that walked this way and left nothing but memories. But you know, my dear, there's no spring where memories are silent.

Zana Koljić

Another love story

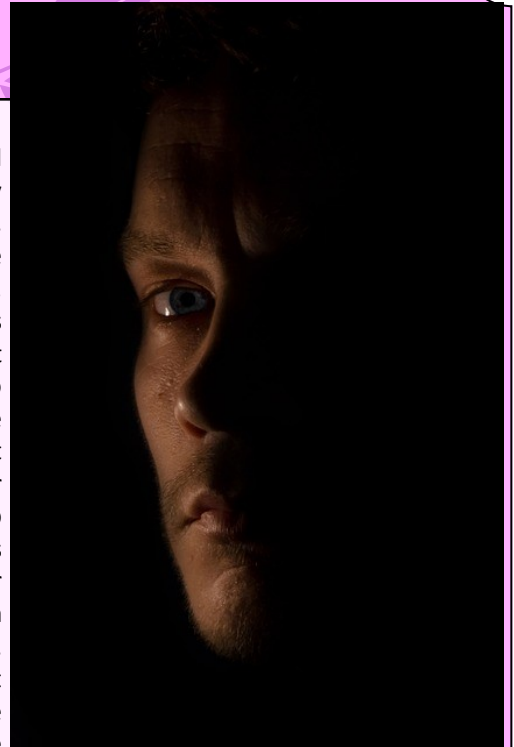
Sara was his only hope. At least he thought so. After calling her that day, Drake started to remember how much fun he had with Sara, how she loved him. He forgot all the bad things that happened to him.

He forgot that Sara was the cause of everything bad in his life. They agreed to meet out of town at some old building. She told him the exact location. Drake stayed at the motel that night. He had to avoid everyone he knew, his old friends, everyone. While sitting in his room, Drake heard the phone rang. Somehow, his friend Mike found out that he got out of prison, and called him out for a drink. Drake said: „Mike, no! You know how it's gonna end, and I don't need any more problems. Not again!” And hang up. All night he spend thinking of Sara. Drake was hoping that Sara is going to accept him now, as he changed. A lot. Next morning he got up earlier, went down for breakfast, and on his way back bought a cup of coffee. At the time he finished his meal, Sara called that she's ready. He was so excited, and for a reason. That was the first time after long six years they saw each other. Drake was convicted for stealing a diamond necklace from his old neighbour. Sara never visited him at the prison. Not once. He used to call her from jail, and that was giving him hope that he mean something to her. But no, he did not know the whole truth. As he was walking to the building, Drake saw Sara's car parked. He climbed up in a hurry. He couldn't wait to kiss her, to feel her arms around him. Finally, Sara was standing in front of him. But not alone. A little boy was standing right next to her, holding a teddy bear. Drake lose himself for a second but the little boy's

voice returned him back. He said hi. Sara finally started to talk. When Drake went to prison, she was pregnant, but didn't wanted to tell him because she thought that the best for her child is to keep away from his father. His father who had a criminal past. This was a great shock for him. He tried to convince

Sara to let him see his son, but no. She made a decision. This was the first and the last time he will see Nick, his son.

Within a few days, Sara and Nick are moving to Australia. They have already sent their things, everything was ready. This was the moment that ruined Drake's life. After their short conversation that day, he left the building, never looking back.



Mirhada Hafizović

Miraculous

I'm opening my eyes slowly, happy to be alive. After that storm, I wasn't sure where are we going to end. The good news was that I was alive, and safe, but the bad news is-I was alone.

I got up and started walking. The air smelled somehow strange. Like vanilla. But, I thought that's not possible. After all, I did hit my head a little bit.

I had to find water, and food. I was starving. So, I step into the woods. Oh my God, what a wonderful world! Fruits everywhere, some trees were made from jelly, a small lake full of chocolate cookies. Oh yes, I jumped there and started to eat!

And the birds, they had such a wonderful songs, so relaxing. I had to move on to find out what else is hiding on this extraordinary island. After a minute or two of walking



Island

there was a field, with some strange rocks. I sat on one rock to eat another cookie, and suddenly it started to buzz. Yes, the rock was buzzing! It scared the hell out of me!! But actually that was a giant

bee. A giant friendly bee who let me ride her. I could not believe that!

After I flew over the whole island, the bee put me down near the woods. Now, I needed a place to sleep. As if the island knew, right there in front of me, there was a tree house. Of course, why wouldn't it be? I climbed up. And imagine, there was a mini bed, a mini table, mini everything. Just perfect for me!

I'm telling you, you wish you were with me....

Arnela Pajzetović

The Poetess of Amherst

Emily Dickinson was an American poetess, the true admirer of poetry and in some way my poem muse. By reading her divine poems I got inspiration for my own ones. Ms Dickinson was not so famous during her life simply because she lived an introverted and reclusive life. Only seven of her poems were published during her lifetime and most were published anonymously and against her will.

In her hometown people referred to her as the "Myth of Amherst" or the "Nun of Amherst" because she only wore black and white clothes. After her death in 1886 she became known as the "Bell of Amherst". Though we now know that Ms Dickinson was a spinster, it is believed that her decision to seclude herself in some way was to secure the independence and freedom to write.

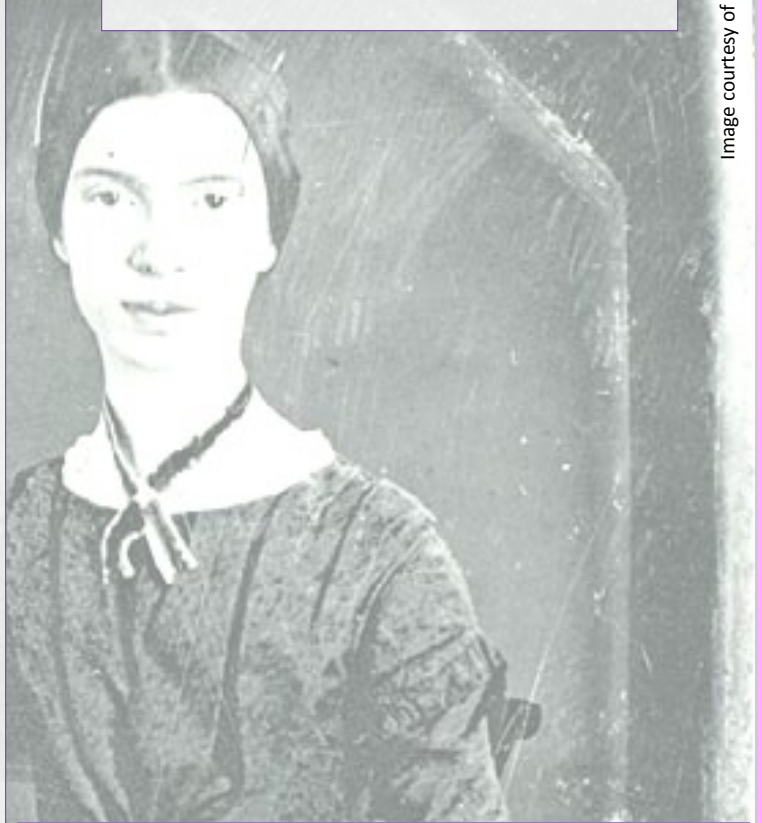
Two of the most recurring topics that Emily wrote about concerned death and immortality. Today people see her poems as bold, sublime and sometimes haunting. Her poem Hope is the thing with feathers is one of my favorite. In this poem Emily Dickinson describes hope as a bird that sings wordlessly and without pause.

Ms Emily Dickinson was truly an amazing person and an excellent poet. Her poetry, was like a gift concealed in a box, hidden from the eyes of humanity.

This is the poem that I dedicated to my favorite poetess, the one who showed me through her poems the art and beauty of the delicate thing called poetry.

Alija Mujanović

*"If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain"*



*She is my poem muse
Reclusive and shy
Her poems are really sublime
Read them and you will feel
How your heart grows with zeal
How your mind is being sealed
By her words
By her poems
That were clustered in her head like sea foam.*

When I read a book



A book is a dream that you hold in your hand, like Neil Gaiman once said. Books are the only real thing, besides our imagination, that allows us to dream about everything. We can say that they are, in a way, a tool for our imagination. They serve us to escape from the world, other people, even to pretend to be someone else.

When I was a child, I used books to escape from reality. I could not say that my life was bad or unhappy, but I was a withdrawn child. Most of all, I loved the feeling of being somewhere else, in other countries or even in a different time period. In my childhood I loved to read fairy tales and science fiction books. Through the years some things have changed, but even today I love to read fairy tales. My parents sometimes ask themselves what do I see in reading and what do I find so appealing in the books. I love the way the writer describes characters, situations that occur, the way that reverses action. Sometimes I asked myself where he gets inspiration for action. Today we have many books that are not original, and are written in the same mold. However, we also have many great books and writers. I love to read books from Agatha Christie, and I even watched adaptations of her works. She was the world's best-selling

mystery writer, and often referred to as the "Queen of Crime". Agatha was considered a master of suspense, plotting and characterisation.

When I read books, especially when they are good, I have a feeling like I was with them, reliving their lives. I also love large libraries, and the way they smell. Because they have the smell of books, especially of old books. This is priceless for me. Some people don't know how to read a book. They believe that reading is a waste of time.

I remember being so confused when I read "Crime and Punishment" from Dostoyevsky. I didn't realize some details about this book that my friends realized. In fact, what I want to say is that people understand differently what they read. We all see things in our own way.

I think that any book that helps a child to form a habit of reading is good for that child.

Books are the best invention in the world. From them we can learn many things about ourselves and the world around us. We should keep reading books, but we need to remember one thing, a book is only a book, and we should learn to think for ourselves.

Zejna Čaušević

The purpose of our presence

What is the purpose of our presence? Why are we humans and animals are animals? What is our duty and why do we have such a privilege to be alive?

I often think about these things and people are coming up with different answers but I am not satisfied with them. Some say that the reason that we are here is mankind. That we have to spread and live for our children, and it goes over and over again. But that is not the answer on my question WHY. We wake up every morning, drink coffee, have breakfast, go to school/work, do some housework, go out with friends, eat, drink and go to sleep. Why are we here, if we don't have any other responsibilities, except to live.

There must be something bigger than that, there must be a reason for us being here, on Earth. In comparison with animals, we are the ones who need to work to pay for food, we have the ability to spread the humanity, to build houses, buildings, factories and other things to make our lives better. We grow vegetables, fruits, work on the fields so that we have better groceries for better food. Animals have their language, they also have to fight for food so that they can raise their cubs. I am not underestimating animals, but we have to work harder and we have bigger plans and duties. Why are we trying so hard to have a better lives when we are all going to die anyways? Sigmund Freud once told that the purpose of life is to die, that all humans have the inner desire to go back at the small substance from which we have been made. .If we look at the religious aspect, we are born to die, but we have to earn an easy death. Although this information is not presented in the Quran in chronological sequence, nor grouped in one Sura. Various Quranic verses give separate information which together present the full picture. We have to work hard, be good persons, do good deeds to earn alimony. All this is to earn Heaven. If we don't do this thinks, if we don't

live by God's rules, we are only going to bring ourselves to Hell, which is definitely not the purpose of our lives. Being good or bad, we still

have to try to make a better lives for ourselves, but if we are not doing the same for other people, we won't enjoy in afterlife. Through obeying God's law we declare our submission to God and our acceptance of His absolute authority. For example, the day and the night change constantly to test our willingness to uphold God's laws by getting up early to observe the Dawn Prayer and fasting during the hottest and longest days.

So, thinking about our lives in that way, makes perfect sense. A verse in Quran says that if we are enjoying this life, we will suffer in afterlife. Because, we are being tested every day, and if we don't pass it will all get paid after. Sooner or later we will have to pay for our sins and if we don't regret for what we did, God will punish us. Our population is getting worse day by day, and I can only be afraid of our future. Because, no matter how silly it seems, there is no prove for any theory of the reason for our being than those in Quran.

People don't have to agree with me, I disagree with many opinions on this matter, but if we think deeper, if we take all theories about our existence, it will all be questionable. We, Muslims, are living by this conviction, but we still aren't sure. If we are going to die, than why are we here?

Sebina Hušidić



My family, my foundation



Saying goodbye was the hardest part. It felt as though I was leaving a part of me behind. I wasn't sure if I would ever be able to replace my friends, my home, my town. They were my foundation and I set out a new journey in my life. I turned my page, anxious about what the new chapter would bring.

Entering into my college years, I have found there are many paths that are offered to me to follow. The easy way out requires less work, less effort. This path, however may lead

I believe that maintaining relationships with those closest to you is one of the most difficult parts of the journey. It is also the most crucial. College is a time to find yourself. It is a time to discover what you want and who you want to be. It is not something one should have to go through alone. Although it feels sometimes that I am never physically alone between my college friends, roommates and the constant socializing, there are times when I wish I had someone here

who knows me like my best friend or my parents.

Leaving my family and friends for some time has made me realize how lucky I am to have them. Also, it has proven to me that we do not know what we have until we lose it. I try to enjoy them as much as possible and I tell them how much I miss them. Their company is pleasing and it makes me very happy to go back home, where they are and where I belong. Everyday I get faced with opportunity and decisions that test what I truly believe in. It is hard to tell another in words what my dad has taught me but much easier in actions. Do the right things, be a leader, you can do anything if you work for it. He taught me to have faith and to believe in the good of others. He taught me to have patience, to laugh and to always have fun. He taught me to love wholeheartedly without fear. He fostered my self-belief and my dreams. This is all easy to say, but harder to live by. No one will know if you are doing the wrong thing but they will know if you do the right. Without family, I would not have a safe place to turn to. When the ways of the world do not go my way or on the other hand when they do, I want someone to share it with. My family is always there to provide a listening ear.

Education and school will shape my future and will provide the path for me to be the most successful person I can be. My father taught me the power and importance of education. It is because of him that I believe in education and its transformative powers. In my own humble way, I seek and learn. I have stepped into this world with hope and trust in my heart, and my whole life is devoted to the seeking of knowledge.

I believe that I must take the path that challenges me and allows me to find myself, while still holding on to my home, my foundation.

Najla Bajrektarević

TV Show Guide For Dummies

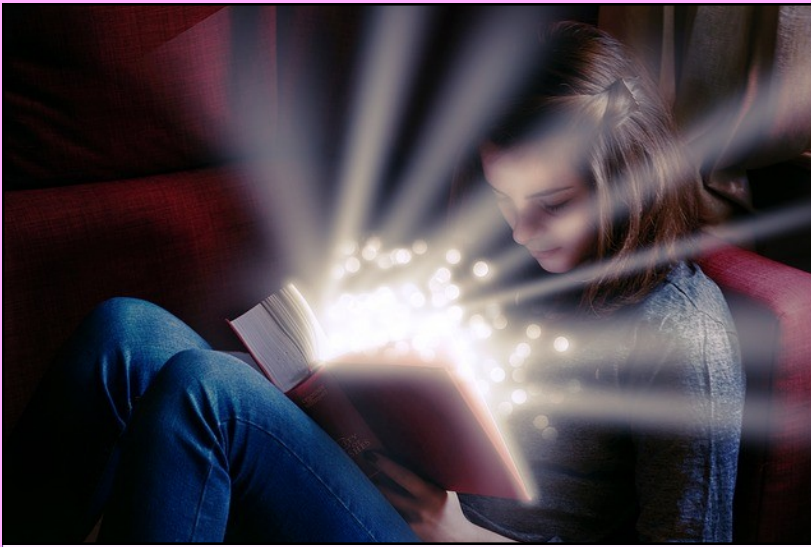
The Walking Dead, Game of Thrones, Breaking Bad and on. How many times did you hear someone say „you have to watch this“, or something similar. These are some of the shows which raised some dust in the whole world for the past few years. Let us take a step away from the mainstream fuss these TV shows created, and delve into the world of less known but way better shows.

First on the list of these 'less known' shows should be some of the comic book shows. The past one or two years have been a true heaven for comic book lovers, since CW, NBC and other broadcasting companies produced a good number of superhero based shows. The most notable are The

Arrow and The Flash. Based on the DC Universe superhero The Green Arrow, The Arrow takes us through the life of Oliver Queen, a spoiled billionaire who gets stranded on an island after a shipwreck, manages to survive only to return home and save his city from the corrupt police officers, politicians, and criminals. Started as a 'solo' vigilante, Oliver tried to take everything in his own hands, however, his crusade gets more and more support as seasons pass. One of the most notable features of the show is the 'butterfly effect' where viewers can get a glimpse into Oliver's past on the island, as well as everything what happened before he got back to his hometown, Starling City. During an episode of The Arrow, a young forensic scientist named Barry Allen appeared on the show.

Continued on page 11

EDUCATION FOR ALL



Education is an elemental human right and essential for all other human rights. Billions of people in the twenty-first century still cannot read or write. Who should we blame?

Education becomes one of the most important factors in the development of society and development of individuals. We all should enjoy the same right on education, the choice of employment and right to develop ourselves in many other aspects.

In highschool I had a friend who was an excellent student, workaholic and eternal optimist. Since she was a little child her dream was to become a doctor one day. So, she was giving her maximum. She participated in various competitions in physics and chemistry. And all that because of the scholarship she planned to apply. Her parents could not afford her dream to become a regular student of

Medical Faculty. She received a rejection.

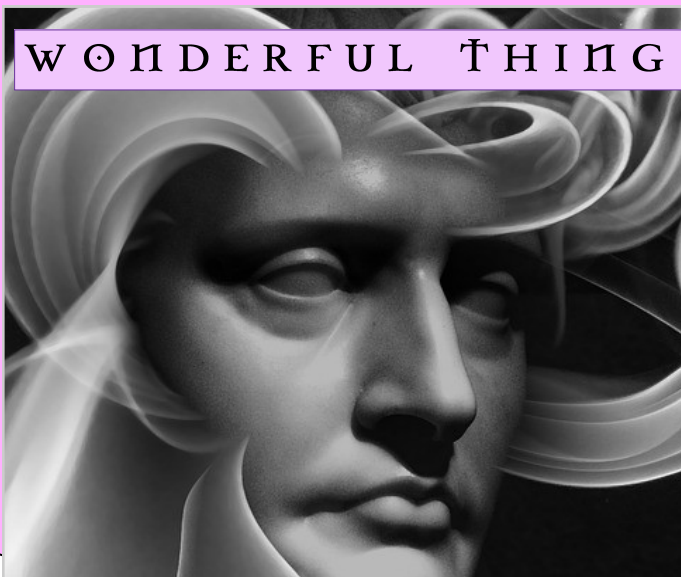
Such a disappointment for her. What a shame. Not just for her but for society too. How many similar cases are in our country, in world. It is unacceptable that young people who may contribute society in so many ways remain so idle because they do not have the elemental human right- education. With that we deprives them of many other rights such as the choice of employment, choice to contribute development of technology, culture and science. They take away their right to participate in social and political life.

Fortunately, optimism and persistence are free. After she received a rejection, she did not give up. She took a job in local store and afford herself enough money to pay first semester next year. During the study she worked various student jobs and managed to finish.

Today, as a respected doctor, she believes that all education, primary, secondary and further education, should be free to all people and paid for by the government. She says that young people are our future. Education is a right, like the right to have proper food or a roof over your head. It is a passport to human development, and it opens doors and expands opportunities. It is essential for everyone, and as a matter of fact, everything we create today is based on the knowledge that we obtain throughout our life by way of education. It is a life-long process to each person that need to be reinforced throughout life. And it should be free to all.

Sanela Hirkić

W O N D E R F U L T H I N G O F M I N E



If world is not a place
For two
Still Heaven is there
By your side
Although,
The biggest sin
You'll remain
As a wonderful thing of mine
Nor the sky
Full of the stars
Can compare to the look
Of your eyes
At the moment paralyzes me

And
I don't even care
I don't even mind
Oh, wonderful thing of mine
I would sell my soul
To become an air
Invisible still
But maybe,
Only then,
You can breathe me
In .

Mirnesa Mujić

Clock Beat

In one small suburb lived a girl with such ruddy cheeks that people named her Rose. The house where she lived was small and humble and it was located near the forest. Inquisitive as she was, one day she went to visit the forest to discover the secrets that it hides. All around it was greenery, trees, birds and animals that escaped when they noticed Rose. Rose liked things that forest kept in her embrace of branches. The orchestra of birds has replaced the silence, green replaced the grey colour of the world. Walking down Rose noticed three roses. Roses were her favourite flowers. She was surprised and wondered how the roses grew in such a remote area. They were beautiful, bright red. They looked like a family.

Rose has decided to visit every day the family of rose and water them. Every morning when she drank a magic black potion for awakening she went to give them water. The clock woke Rose up every morning so she could carry out her activities. One night there was a terrible storm. It had been raining and the wind was breaking branches. Rose was listening to sounds and waited for the morning. When it dawned she went to visit the red family but she

didn't found them complete. One rose had been cut and others were shedding their red tears. Rose was sad when she saw that scene. She returned home and felt that her world was destroyed. The clock also stopped, time stopped, there was no more red family... Whether life is like roses blooming spread all their splendor and their beauty and then dies or becomes destroyed ? Is life like the fragile petals that evaporate as soon as the wind blows ? Are people aware of how much time is transient and how time is ticking every hour of lost lives, lost petals? Every hour is important, every moment is important and every drop is important for the salvation of roses or a man.

Many winds destroyed someone's life. The storm, the storm of life spoiled destiny, heavy departures from our loved ones, petals leave but traces remain. Time passes but the memory of some particular period abides in us, especially if we were as happy as Rose was. People must know how to enjoy and how to take care of each other, and be prepared to fight through life, no matter through which situations they pass. Don't miss the opportunity to spend every moment of joy with your dear ones, cause once you may regret not having done so.

Maida Ćehić

After getting only a few minutes, his most notable appearance was when he gets struck by a lightning in the end of the episode. This was the 'easter egg' for the, then still, forthcoming TV show, The Flash. Starting at the same time as The Arrow season 3, The Flash raised many questions whether it would be such a success like his 'sister' TV show. However, the producers already took a step forward regarding this matter, and prepared several crossover episodes, making these two shows an even bigger success. Apart from The Arrow, The Flash features a slightly better cast, since some well known actors are involved in the show, with Wentworth Miller and Dominic Purcell getting reunited as brothers again for the first time after Prison Break. On the other side DC's opposing company Marvel, prepared something else. In early 2014, Netflix teased a few seconds for the upcoming show, Daredevil. The TV shows features a blind lawyer, Matt Murdock, who lost his sight when he was a little boy, after his eyes got in contact with some chemicals. However, in his situation, this event superhumanly enhanced his other senses, which he learns to control and use as an alternative for his lost sight. When comparing Daredevil with The Arrow or The Flash, speaking from a DC fan perspective, Marvel's TV show makes both of the DC's look like Smallville, with brutal fights, and way less censorship. Nevertheless, these three, as well as all of the other DC and Marvel based TV shows have proven to be a great success, and are something to recommend to everyone.

Second on the list are more fictional, Sci-Fi, drama

and history based TV shows featuring: The Last Ship, Falling Skies, The Strain, Helix, The 100, Vikings, AD The Bible Continues, Marco Polo, and others. These TV shows provide everything an average viewer expects from a show, and apart from the comic book ones, some of these are based on true historic and religious facts.

On the third place, are crime and mystery based TV shows like: True Detective, Hannibal, Banshee, and DC's Gotham. These shows are going to please every crime fan, since the producers managed to bring out the best form each show with the exception of Gotham, which is a comic book, but still a crime based TV show.

The last, fourth, list features some comedy TV shows with the likes of: Legit, Bluestone 42, and the 'newcomer' The Last Man on Earth. Going way beyond the classic sitcoms, these shows are not ordinary comedies what makes them pretty interesting to most viewers, depending on the comedy type they prefer, since the three mentioned have less similarities than a cochlear implant and a hot tub.

This list of less known TV shows will many times prove to be more interesting than most of the mainstream shows of nowadays. The most important thing, when you decide to watch some of these TV shows, is that do not give up on the show, even if the first two or three episodes do not seem that interesting. There is always something what will earn your attention.

Amir Cucak

My best friend

Once, upon a time, I had a dog, my friend, my best friend. His name was Jerry. We were together through entire days and nights. It was a wonderful friendship. He had those huge black eyes, which absorbed all my words, quietly looking at what I am saying, and pretending that they understand me. Indeed, sometimes they would understand me, and when I say "Let's go!", he would get in a moment and go after me. He was such an excellent listener and although he often didn't had an idea what am I talking about, he listened. He didn't knew the answer to my numerous questions, huge thoughts which couldn't change the world.

It was winter, I remember, everything around was white and magical, and he stood in front of me, watching me joyfully. Then he rapidly started to dig a hole. I came closer to see what is he up to. As I came closer to him, he looked at me with those sparkling eyes, which were inviting me to play with him. I grabbed him and threw him in snow, then he got up and jumped on me, throwing snow all over me with his muzzle. Those were beautiful days. Days of happiness, joy, play, days in which I had an extraordinary friendship. Neither do one other eyes looked me that way, neither do one other soul listened to me that way. His voice was the only thing that could calm me when I was anxious, nervous, etc. He was my friend, my only real friend, for whom I would give half of my life, just to hug him once more. But unfortunately, I can't. He got a wound to his leg. A bullet which could have killed him, stopped in his leg, instead of his heart. Those damn people. But he survived, he survived that pain, together we succeed in winning a life battle, at least we thought so. But it wasn't for a long time. I remember his last months, which were difficult, too difficult for his body and for my soul. It hurt him, and it hurt me to tearing me piece by piece. He remained silent while suffering, and I cried



watching that.

One night I covered him and left him to sleep, like a baby, that he was for me. While I was giving him a kiss for good night, I noticed that he looked me with those once joyful, now sad eyes and I felt him saying "Don't worry about me, I'll be fine". Early in the morning I went to see if he got up. NO! No, he didn't and he never will! Half of my soul disappeared that morning. My heart was broken. Since then, every new disasappointment which people caused me, reminded me of him. How good and loyal of a friend he was, and how people will never be like that. They just don't know to be loyal, honest, and they don't have all those beautiful characteristics that my friend had. And even if he isn't with me anymore, I am glad that I met him. I am glad because he helped me to see how animals can be extraordinary friends. Before I met Jerry, I was afraid of animals, principally dogs. And I am very thankful to him, because he opened my eyes and I could see, who I actually should be afraid of. People !

Selma Đuda

Friendship

The human survival is based on friendship. From the highest authority to the lowest bums living on the streets all of them have experienced in some way or the other one of these different kinds of friendships. We take this friendship for granted because it is something that exists naturally in society and most of us never really have to actually go out into the world looking for a friend. When I think about what makes someone a good friend, I think about all the characteristics of my own friends. My personal definition of a friend, is someone who is always looking out for me, and will help me if I'm in trouble. A friend has to be someone I trust and who trusts me in return. Another important characteristic in a friend is someone who I can talk to, and makes me laugh. One of the most important traits of a friend is some-

one who will help you if you need it. Based upon Webster's Dictionary, the definition of a friend is, "A person whom one knows, likes and trusts." But to all, friendship has no defined terminology. The definition of a friend, and friendship, is based upon one's own notions.

Looking back it's hard to believe how much my friends have shaped my life. It's hard to think of what my life would be like without them. We are more similar than we know and mean a lot to each other. It saddens me to think that we will probably only be able to see each other on a daily basis for a few more months. But, of course, we're going to fill those few months with memories of our times together.

Alisa Topić



What Would Olympic Games Do For Bosnia Now

Every time I hear someone mentions the Olympic Games I remember that my older sister was born in 1984. She was born in the same year when the Olympic Games were held in our country. My parents

always talked about the wolf from that event. It was a character who was on each television in that time. In 1984 people were very happy. Everyone had their job and they had money so the travelling or visiting any place was not a problem for them. In those days during the winter we had a lot of snow what made us happy. All the children went outside to make a snowman, to see snowflakes and to feel them. And we had all conditions to organize an event such as the Olympic games.

Today we are lucky if it even snows. But if it snows we pray not to snow heavily. A lot of people go to their work by car and the snow is a big problem for them. When we talk about children who are playing outside when it snows there are only a few of them. And you ask yourself why? Well today's parents don't let their children to go outside so often. In their opinion, as soon as their children go outside they will get cold. That is the way our people think today. Is that wrong? Of course it is. So you can imagine what would

happen if we would organize the Olympic games during the winter again. Few people would go there but they would not take their children with them. And what is the joy without them? But I haven't started to talk about the money they need to go to that event yet. A lot of people do not work in our country and they do not have money to entertain themselves. They only work to provide basic things for their families such as food and clothes. That is a sad story about Bosnians.

But still we have people who would go to see the Olympic games. These are our dear politicians and their families. Of course they can afford themselves to visit that kind of the events. But there is one problem more, to organize an event like the Olympic games we need a lot of money. And the only people who have that money are politicians. And if it is up to them to give large sums of money I think such thing will never happen. So I don't think we will ever organize something like the Olympic games, even though I think it would bring joy and prosperity to our country. Many foreigners would compete and many of them would come here. And many people would get a job then. But someone doesn't agree with me and those are our dear leaders, politicians.

Mirela Hodžić

RESPECT MY AUTHORITY!

I want to talk about the funniest character in the South Park series. His name is Eric Theodore Cartman, commonly known by his family name Cartman. Cartman is extremely antisocial, evil and reacts to situations in a violent and theatrical manner. Common example of such behaviour includes a dislike and often an open hatred of any race or group to which he does not belong. He is always trying to manipulate others for his own good, regardless of the consequences, even if it can result in death and destruction. In series, he appears wearing black shoes, brown pants, red jacket, yellow gloves and blue hat with a yellow puff ball on the top. He has brown hair and a double chin. Even though Cartman is overweight, he always denies it by saying „AY! I'm not fat, I'm big boned!“ Sometimes he uses other phrases, like: „I'm not fat, I just have a sweet hockey body.“ or „I'm not fat, I just haven't grown into my body yet!“. With the exception of his mother, his whole family is overweight. Cartman is also extremely rude and abusive. When Cartman found out that his friend Craig is poor, he said to him: „Your

mom is so poor she can't even pay attention!“. Later on, Cartman's mom became poor and Cartman called the police because of that, and he said „My mom is so poor she walks with one shoe, and when you ask her



if she lost a shoe she says no I found one.“ Cartman is mostly serious about everything he says, and he says anything just to manipulate people. In one episode, Cartman told his friends to bring some money when they go out, and when Stan asked him why, he said:“Stan, don't you know the first law of psychics? Anything that's fun costs at least eight dollars“. So he would say anything, he would even repeat the same thing that you have said, but in different words, and as you see that he just said what you have said, you would have to agree with him, because he is right! Cartman is my favorite character and he makes me laugh every time.

Admir Vojić

THE NIGHT I FOUND MY BEST FRIEND

Imagine a cold winter night. You may think that the snow was all white and nice and pretty, but you would be wrong. Weather was awful and depressing. In fact, there was a snow but that kind of a snow which every man hate, the watery one. It was so cold that you could feel the coldness in your bones. I was returning home from the night out in the town and was a little bit tipsy. Streets were covered with slush and because of my current condition it was not nice for me that night.

While I was walking I suddenly heard a screeching voice from somewhere. I thought I was imagining things because of my tipsiness, but wasn't sure. Just to make sure, I decided to investigate where the voice was coming from. Searching and looking around, a small puppy suddenly appeared in front of me. He was all wet and cold and he was shaking. He looked lost and scared. My decision was to take that little, scared puppy home. When I tried to catch him, he ran away from me and hid under a car. I didn't want to give it up on him, so I crawled under the car and managed to retrieve the little dog. He was no bigger than my hand so I put the puppy under my jacket. When I got home it was around two o'clock in the morning but my parents were still awake. I showed them what I found and they

weren't happy. They said that I'm crazy and that I must get rid of him. We argued and finally I persuaded them to keep the puppy with us. I put him in a box and gave him some milk but the puppy didn't want to sleep. Three nights in a row I couldn't sleep because of him. Little dog yelped all night. He also made a mess in a house so I had to clean after him. After five days I taught him to do what he had to do outside. Later I didn't have problems with it or with yelping. Puppy accustomed to us and we accustomed with him. We named the dog Dante. At my faculty I've learned something about that famous Italian writer and I liked the name so I named my dog after him. Dante slept with me in bed for six months. Later we had to put him outside because of his shedding.

Now, four years later, he is still with us and makes our lives, especially mine, more fun and better. I can say that I didn't regret a bit for taking that cold and scared puppy with me that night. I just wanted to tell you a story how I found my dog and today my best and most loyal friend.

Besim Nuspačić

GLADIATOR

Gladiators were armed slaves who entertained audiences in the Roman Republic and Roman Empire. Word 'gladiator' comes from a Latin word which means "sword". So it is obvious that they fought with swords but also with any kind of brutal weapon they were given. They fought

with other gladiators and sometimes with wild animals like lions and tigers. Gladiators fought in the great arenas, enclosed areas where people would perform

theatre, and in this case – a fight to death! It is known that a lot of gladiators were actually volunteers who risked their social status in the society just to fight and to appear in the arena.

Early literary and historical sources believe that first gladiators were Etruscan (today's Italy).

Roman emperors watched gladiators' fights in such a great satisfaction and excitement and they considered it like fun. In other hand, gladiators were forced to fight to death, and if not they would be killed by the emperor himself. While

Are you not entertained?

the blinded audience cheered, gladiators were fighting for their lives in blood and sweat, wounds

and cuts in the sand and glowing Sun, in such heavy armor and swords, and fear for their lives not to be torn apart by wild beasts are creeping everywhere. An even greater fear they had from too loud murmur of the audience of which they could sometimes not be oriented.

Gladiators did not have a choice. One of them had to die.

My name is Maximus Decimus Meridius, commander of the Armies of the North, General of the Felix Legions, loyal servant to the true emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Father to a murdered son, husband to a murdered wife. And I will have my vengeance, in this life or the next."

Emperor decides. Thumb up - he lives. Thumb down - he dies!

Arnela Raković



Italian Comics

The image of the thunderbird which I found randomly on the internet reminded me of the good old times. It was the time when comic books were hugely popular amongst teenagers during the 1980s. Most of the boys, from that period of time, including myself, started a comic book collection. Everybody had his own superhero. These were some of the most famous superheroes taking place in comic books: Zagor, The Great Blek, Commander Mark, Tex Willer, Captain Miki, Mister No, etc. Every month my friends and I would get informed when the new editions of the comics would come to the kiosk, so that day we would wake up very early and go to the kiosk to buy the new edition of our favourite superhero. There was a limited number of the books so the one who was late would not get a chance to buy a new edition of his favourite comic book and add it to his collection. In the part of town where I was living the most valuable were Zagor and Tex Willer comics so if you wanted to get one Zagor or Tex, you would have to give two Bleks or Marks in exchange for it. Here is the list of the most popular comic books:

Zagor (Spirit with the hatchet): He wears a red T-shirt with the thunderbird emblem on it. As his name suggests, he uses the handmade hatchet as his main weapon. He lives in the fictional Darkwood Forest. He embraces the idea of equality where every man is equal and he does not divide people according to their skin colour. He defends weak people against injustice and takes Native Americans' side against the oppression of the white Americans. His best friend and companion is a short fat Mexican—Chico. Chico is a gourmet and kindhearted person – the most comical character of this book.

Tex Willer: Tex Willer is the main character of this comic series. He is a ranger and he defends Native Americans and honest people from greedy bandits, merchants and politicians. His best friend is Kit Carson who is also a ranger. Besides Carson, Tex Willer companions are his son Kit Willer and Tiger Jack (Indian warrior).

The Great Black: He is a very strong warrior and the leader of the trappers who fight against British colonists. His companions are his stepson Rody and Professor Occultis.

Commander Mark: A very famous commander who lives in Canada and fights against the Britons during the War of Independence. He is the leader of soldiers called Ontario's soldiers. His best friends are Mister Bluff and Sad Owl who are the most humorous characters of this book.

Captain Miki: He is a young and courageous boy. After many missions which he accomplished successfully, he is promoted to the rank of captain. He fights against bandits in Nevada. His best friends are Double Rum and Doctor Salasso who are hardcore alcoholics but very good guys.



Mister No: Escaping from the horrors of war, Mister No comes to live in Manaus. He tries to find peace and settle down in the wilderness of the Brazilian Amazon Forest. He works as a pilot and a tourist guide. He is a very adventurous character encountering many isolated and unfriendly tribes in the wilderness of the Amazon Forest. His best friend is the German Otto Kruger.

All these comic books mentioned above are created in Italy by Italian authors Sergio Bonelli and the team of cartoonists called EsseGesse. Therefore, these comics represent the Italian vision of America during the westward expansion that began with English colonial settlements. Besides American frontier the main topic of these comics is American War of Independence. Even though these comic books are fictional and are written in order to entertain young people they bear some historical facts related to America.

Adnan Harčević

EDITORS' NOTE

They say that a picture is worth a thousand words. However, a single picture fades compared to the numerous images produced in the mind's eye of a reader immersed in the world of the written word. One such world is represented in the collection of works entitled "Imagine that...", written by the fourth-year students of English Language and Literature at the Pedagogical Faculty in Bihać.

The budding writers introduce us to a wide range of genres and topics while also giving the reader an insight into their private thoughts and feelings. And whether your cup of tea is fiction or non-fiction, poems or prose, you are sure to find a rich array of different texts ranging from ones contemplating existence and life itself to ones about love, family and friendship, from reviews of favorite TV shows and books to an ode to a beloved author, and many other thought-provoking works.

So, dear reader, we hope you, while reading this magazine, find yourself venturing into your very own picturesque world.



IMPRESSUM

Magazine Editors: Ilhana Škrgić, MA;
Alma Žerić, MA; Jasmina Tevšić, BA
Contributors: as listed on the cover
Printed by "Grafika" Bihać, 2015
University of Bihać,
Bosnia and Herzegovina
Pedagogical Faculty
Department of English Language and
Literature
Modern English Language VIII -
Writing Course

All texts in the magazine are the original work and sole responsibility of their respective authors. Photographs and images used in the magazine are either free property on the internet, or the property of their respective authors stated therein.

Cover photo: Rondell Melling



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

BIHAĆ, 2015