

YOUNG VOICES

UNIVERSITY OF BIHAĆ - PEDAGOGICAL FACULTY - DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
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Memories

There isn't a single person on this Earth that doesn't remember something. We all have favourite moments of our lives and for sure, we hope that many of them are still going to happen.



But what about those ones that you don't want to remember? It's not that they were awful, but so opposite. They were amazing, but it's sad that we only keep them as memories, as history. We keep remembering it, but deep down we hope that they can still be our present. That they're here now, not a thousand years ago.

There can be only one thing that could remind you about something. For example, you smell a beautiful winter air and you immediately remember the last winter. Wonderful moments while you were walking and snow covered every part of the road. Beauty, right? Exactly, but then you remind yourself that you're not in that moment anymore. You're here and that's what makes you sad. The fact that it passed. Like everything else in this life.

Beautiful memories keep you with people who just leave. Then you start to cry. Everything's happening so fast in the world. And you can't even enjoy the present moment, but only think about it as if was the past already. We're afraid to say to someone how much we like him/her, we're afraid to say to our dearest people how much we love them and that our life would suck without them. But then, everything just passes by. And we forget what actually we wanted to say. We didn't know how to use the moment of happiness be-

cause we were afraid that tomorrow sadness would come. In one second we're the most happiest person and in the other, who can tell what's wrong.

It's not even strange to feel like this because of what we see in the news every day. Nothing good, for sure. But can we stop for a minute and think. You never know what would happen, so why don't just say it - I love you. I can't imagine my life without you. And whatever happens, you said it. So you won't be thinking about memories how couldn't have they lasted for one more minute? Only one word can change your point of view in the future. Or three maybe.

Memories last forever, but your contact with some people doesn't. So be careful what you're saying, it can cost you a lot of amazing people not being around you.

But never forget that sometimes memories are there to keep you happy, to make you smile and that sometimes people leave because there's probably someone else coming in your life. Someone who'd be there to bring you more beautiful memories.

Neira Lojić

I believe animals exist to make our lives better

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our lives better. In this world of frustrations and stressful everyday situations, there's always that one creature that will make you feel better. Let me tell you a story about this creature shown above that has made my life better in so many ways.

His name was Brki. My aunt's 5 year old son gave him that name. He was our house cat. One day my dad found him wandering the streets and he decided he'll take him home. My mother was absolutely furious because she doesn't like cats that much, but eventually he grew on her, too. When he first entered our house, he immediately hid behind a closet and stayed there almost an entire day. As days passed, he became more and more comfortable and confident being around us. Not to mention that he was starting to show his "wild side". He was a crazy cat. And that's what I loved about him. He would run around the house chasing nothing, jump from one bed to another, "attack" our legs, you know, just the usual cat stuff. He had a habit of sitting on an open living room window (and that window is pretty high) and he fell from it multiple times, but nothing ever happened to him. He used to drive me crazy in those February nights when it's "their time of the year". He would meow and meow all night long and wouldn't let me sleep. He wouldn't go to sleep unless he was on my chest, or sometimes, my head. He once fell asleep on my neck. Three years passed by and he was still with us, annoying us, wanting to do everything with us, making us laugh, making us feel loved. One time, when we were on a holiday for about two weeks, my grandparents took care of him. When we returned he literally ran to us and meowed like crazy. I guess he missed us, too.

Not so long ago, I was coming

home from college and found him lying on the ground by the street. He was hit by a car and he didn't survive. Maybe it sounds pathetic, but I was crying like crazy. Anyone who has ever had any sort of pet will understand me. You just get used to that silly thing and when it's gone, you feel a sort of emptiness inside you. He wasn't my first cat, but he was the most special one. That's why I decided to repay him by writing this story about him. My dear Brki, thank you for all those years of selfless love

and affection and craziness. I hope you're in some sort of a cat heaven now. We sure miss you and love you. Take care of your animals, love them endlessly and they sure will love you back even more. After all, animals are better friends than humans will ever be. They will never betray you, or do anything to hurt you.

Amra Bakrač



A FAREWELL GIFT FROM WINTER

It was an ominous, stormy night. The kind that makes the meteropats grab their long-healed injuries and grind their teeth in pain as they try to catch some sleep. I stayed up late, writing articles for a fee as to make my student life a little less awful. My workplace - a low table and a couch, situated next to large windows on the ground floor, long, spiny blackberry tendrils resting on it,



waiting for springtime like all of us. The rain fell heavily, and I had a gutwrenching feeling as one of my cats had been missing. I had a clock ticking inside of my head that night, a vessel in my brain that kept pulsating and keeping my conscience on alert, as I lay in my couch bed, drifting to sleep.

I felt a sharp click in my mind, and heard a single bark. The bark soon turned into a nightmarish turmoil of barking, and the hiss became a growl, and in a second it turned into a mixture of lament, hissing, barking, fighting and crying, all within a hands reach.

It was as if my body had turned on the autopilot, I lept across the table and hastily opened the window wide, only to see the missing housecat being torn apart by dogs. I jumped outside in the pouring rain, almost as naked the day I was born, and over a barbed wire fence, leaving a nicely sized chunk of my foot on it during the process. I did not care. All I wanted was getting the dogs away from the cat which they had in their vice grip of death. I leapt for the dog in an attempt to snatch at least one of their lives away, as they attempted to snatch the one from

our beloved pet. The dog quickly stepped aside and bolted away from me, my merely human legs not being fast enough to catch up to him.

Neither the dogs nor the cat were anywhere to be found when I looked around.

The entire family had woken up. They looked at me in disbelief, calling me a madman, a fool.

Dazed and getting off the adrenaline wave, I joined in with their sentiments. The cat disappeared for days, and I wondered what had happened to it. Was it alive or dead? If he was alive, where did he go, is it frightened of us?

The torment lasted for several days, with thoughts of revenge occasionally flying past my consciousness. Until I found him, the poor thing laying in the neighbour's yard, and burried him next to an old pear tree – at least having done so much brought on a sense of release. And it brought about an end of that one small, but still miserable chapter of my life, the event being a farewell bite from the departing, but still miserable winter.

Haris Mašić

The silver lining of the world's ugliness

"I don't know with what weapons World War III will be fought, but World War IV will be fought with sticks and stones." Do these words by one of the greatest minds of the twentieth century, Albert Einstein, represent our inevitable future? War is the greatest evil that can befall the mankind. It brings out the worst in man. It destroys homes and dreams, separates families. But does the war have only a destructive effect on society? History is the teacher of life, and it undeniably showed us that war in some places creates a brighter future for upcoming generations. One of the most famous wars in history, the American Civil War, happened because of the struggle for the abolition of slavery. Although through blood and tears, the goal was achieved. Since then the whole revolution started for disempowered black population. The wars always involve conflicts of diversity. Conflict of two or more religions, nations, ethnic groups, races, classes, because one always thinks he is better than the other. However, in order to preserve their own and subordinate other people's culture, they often lose and achieve the opposite. Something like that was achieved by the Crusades. They met the culture of the West with the East, brought new crops on their land and develop trade. Of course, they were cruel and destructive for the East, but one part always ends up experiencing the silver lining. Wars are

not the only ugly way that changed the world. Numerous revolutions that take place even today do the same and are built on human anger, revolt and defiance. They fight against dictators and stand up for the voice of the people. All these great social changes that radically change the face of the world brought many defeats, but also victories. And they all rest on one thing: the unstoppable mover and breaker of the human will and power... Fear. Fear drives every decision and move, from the smallest to those gigantic ones. The most common example to all of us perhaps is the fear that makes us learn, study and struggle for the diploma. It is fear of failure, of not creating a safe future without knowledge that a faculty offers. In this way, the fear made greater changes, especially the fear of oppression and deprivation, which has created revolution and wars. Therefore, fear might be ugly and hard feeling that we can't avoid, but it isn't always the sign of bad outcome. No matter how paradoxical it may sound, there is something beautiful in ugliness. It reveals some of our impulses and hidden desires of which we refuse to think, let alone achieve. Anything is possible with a free mind, even to see a silver lining in the fear, war, hatred and cruelty.

Minela Muminagić



Early memories of faith

I could taste the smell of fresh baked bread, warmth in little cozy blue kitchen, and my grandmother's lap, the safest place in my toddler years. I can still hear her voice telling me suras, and telling me stories about our Prophet Muhammed s.a.v.s. about kindness, honesty, truth, goodness. Those stories made my heart melt. I felt loved and protected, not only by my grandmother, but by God, too. A lot of time I think about that blue kitchen, about that house, that time. I miss those times when they were alive. One of my first memories was in the garden of my grandfather's house, garden with tall hedges and four symmetrically placed bushes, path made of bricks turned on the side. I remember every part of it. I remember. My other memory that I really felt faith in me the strongest was a few years ago, while I was visiting my sister. Since I am a Muslim, every year we have a month of fast called Ramadan, where we have to wake up every morning around three to eat and start fasting. I found myself in the situation that I did not have the alarm clock and I wanted to wake up and eat. So I prayed to God just praying to wake me at three o'clock. First thing I know, I am suddenly waking up, looking at the clock and there is 3:33. At that moment I felt rush in my body and happiness, and I knew. I knew, and I know now and I am so thankful to God that I felt and still feel like that.

Dženana Karajić



INTERVIEW ON TRAVELLING

Traveling is an excellent experience, and very helpful, too. It is the ideal way to leave behind your current life, and live through a joyful adventure.

During our travels to other countries, we meet new people, see interesting places, and do a variety of things.

Our girl is Nela Šimić, a famous travel blogger who has been all around the world.

Me: So, Nela, tell me, what is your first association when someone says traveling?

Nela: *Happiness.*

Me: What has awakened a desire in you to become a world traveler?

Nela: *I always loved to travel, I am very curious, and I enjoy meeting new people, eating new food and visiting various cultural places.*

Me: How do you prepare for your trip? Do you research on the internet?

Nela: *That period preparing for the trip is almost as nice as the trip itself. I research everything that I can. I take my guidebook and I refer to the world.*

Me: What's the most fascinating thing when you're on a trip?

Nela: *I'm fascinated by the combination of all of that, I love searching places where there aren't many tourists, meeting*

people that are from there and feeling the spirit of that city.

Me: Since you've traveled a lot, can you tell me which city left the best impression on you?

Nela: *Every city is beautiful and positive in its own way. But Berlin is the most beautiful. It's the city that I would like to visit again. People there are very tolerant, and it has a positive energy. From the very beginning I felt like I was home. Of course I will never forget the trip to New York, because I convinced myself that it's the city in which you can try everything and explore everything you want and more.*

Me: How do you decide on your next destination?

Nela: *I have a list of destinations which I want to visit in the near future. When I find cheap airplane tickets for one of these destinations, I start planning.*

Me: Thank you, Nela. We wish you a lot of success in your further work and many visited destinations that we will be able to read on your blog!



Emina Alićajić



Shattered

It was a nice and peaceful day in my life. It was the summer of 2029, birds were singing, sun was shining and I was at my porch enjoying a good life. I had a beautiful wife and two wonderful kids, and three of them were everything that I had until that fateful day. Suddenly on TV there were flash news on every station. Out of curiosity I went from my porch into the house to see what was going on. The anchorman said that a huge asteroid was heading towards the moon. I was shocked and as fast as I could I ran on my porch again only to see the asteroid smashing into the moon.

The neighbors were looking at the same sight as I was and they didn't believe it either. The anchorman said to stay calm as the signal on TV was fading away, but we all knew that staying calm and doing nothing was not an option. After the signal disappeared completely I looked at the shattered moon, and at that point I could see all of human race extinct, all of the fight for the survival and all I could think of is how to protect my family, how to secure their wellbeing.

Immediately I ran into the house, took my backpack, some food and water from the fridge, and went into my bedroom and took a hidden gun. I wasn't particularly proud of having one, but you never know what could happen out there now that chaos has taken over, and every man had the same thoughts. I gathered my family, ran out of the house and into the car. The roads were already full of cars, going God knows where, and at first even I didn't have a clue where to go, maybe the police, army, who knows, but it was too risky because I wasn't sure that I would be the only one with my family. And then it hit me, the moon has an effect on sea, and if moon is gone it only meant only one thing. The land is about to be under it, so where now, what to do, I was asking myself as I was passing other cars on the road. The only logical thought was to go somewhere high, like a building, but no, it wasn't strong enough to endure the hit of the water, maybe a mountain, yes that's it, I'll go there. I hit the gas pedal even harder making some good progress

through the crowd of cars, making turns left and right just to evade danger, but that was not something that was going to happen. As I was driving through the city I made one wrong turn, one wrong turn that will change my life as I knew it. I had to come to a stop because a bus was flipped on its side blocking the road. It was all too suspicious, and I was right, it was a trap. The gangs were thriving in these conditions even after the accident happened an hour ago. And there they are standing in front of my car telling me to come out of the car. I knew that I had a gun but they didn't but I was outnumbered so we do as they say. As we stepped out of the car, they started making threats but somehow they just tucked the car and they were gone. My biggest fear came true. We weren't even near the mountain and the sea was coming towards the city. There was no other option but to go on top of the building next to us. And we do so and half way through the climbing all those stairs the wave hits the building. The flood was coming so we had to hurry up. Finally we arrived at the top and we were not alone there. Dozens of people were there waiting to be rescued. The night was falling, water was rising and we couldn't do anything about that. The next day a strong sound of propellers hitting the air woke me up. It was military with their helicopters, helping and transporting people to a safe place. Two helicopters land on our building, and in all of that rush my family and I were separated but as we took off I could still see them. As I was sitting and thinking, finally my family will be safe once we land, their helicopter makes one more landing on one more building with two people on it. As soon as they landed the building started to collapse damaging the propellers and making them go down with the building.

At that moment a tear came from my eye and a piece of me died as I watched in disbelief. It is true, I was saved but my family wasn't. Not only was the moon shattered, so was I.

Ahmet Mujnović

My body

Yes, it was what I needed. I needed him. Black hair, deep blue eyes, well shaped body and a smile that could kill you. The man that I saw next to me took my breath away. I was brave enough to speak to him. He was a year older than I am, and I was 20, a student. We were seeing each other for a month, meeting and having fun. I lived my dream, I was so happy. I didn't know what we were, lovers, friends or strangers. I once asked him about it, he answered that I should wait, it will be something good.



His voice was balm for my mind and his hands on me were warm feelings. The phone was ringing. I woke up from a dream and answered it. „*Good morning beautiful, I need to see you tonight.*“ I immediately agreed and started thinking about it, where is he taking me tonight, what good is going to happen. He took me to his house. We were in the yard. The house was small and dark, seemed empty, but I was waiting for surprise. He kissed me, I couldn't open my eyes, then I felt warmth in my body, and his hands on me became cold ice. His voice was ripping my mind. It wasn't balm anymore, it was a knife. A knife through my skin, deep in my heart. With

the last power I was just watching him, wondering why. Hot tears were rolling down my cold face and I fell down. I wasn't lost, or frozen, or gone... I was alive. My spirit still could see my murderer rolling my body in the hole. „*How could he do that to me?*“ He was a psychopath and I was just a victim. I just wanted to be killed by his love, of large amount of love, not by knife under a cold, heavy ground. When I was alive, I never hated anyone. But now hate was all that I had. I want him dead. His blue eyes were the real killers.

Dženita Purić

My music life

Music is one of the most important and powerful things in my life. My life without it would be totally empty. Listening to and playing different stuff helps me to de-stress, relax and it can also help to motivate me in doing something or it can be used, in my case, as a stimulant for me to do something better. When I was younger, I didn't have the great love for music as I do now. I mainly listened to whatever was playing in the background or what my parents were listening to. But when I turned eleven, I took great interest in music. I was very lucky, because from a young age I had great music always playing in my presence. My dad was playing a lot of music, from Beatles to Deep Purple to The Cure to Pearl Jam. I was exposed to a lot of different genres. So as a

consequence today I listen to a lot of genres from 50's to now. In music I hate purists, I listened to a lot of stuff, expanded my knowledge, and there were stuff that I liked and didn't like. So, as another consequence in my playlist you can find, for example, David Bowie, Slayer, Camaron, New Order, Bauhaus, Eric B. and Rakim... you get the point. I believe music has the ability to convey all sorts of emotion. Whether the emotion is joy and happiness or sadness and despair through rhythms, harmonies and the lyrics music shows it. Music has the ability to transport me back in time just like a time machine. It lets me revisit lost and forgotten moments in life. So, as years passed by, I took greater interest in creating and writing my own music. At the age of thirteen I started playing drums, and when I turned fifteen I started playing in a band.



'Second Page'. At that time I have fallen in love in grunge, alternative metal, acoustic music and punk. It was a strange mix but effective. My music soulmate played lead guitar, we had a guy playing rhythm guitar and lead vocals, I was a bass player, sometimes guitarist and lead/back vocalist as well (before puberty practically 'killed' my voice). That continued till I was sixteen and seventeen years old. I still have three covers on my computer on which I sing.

That was the time when I found my soulmate in music, now one of my best friends, and he played in a lot of bands and projects with me as the years passed. My first band name was 'Overkill', and we played straightforward rock covers for a couple of months until we discovered Thrash Metal band 'Overkill', so we were happy and sad at the same time, happy because we really liked Overkill and we still do, but sad because the name lost the magic it had in our eyes. I often went to Banja Luka because my dad worked there, so I got to know a lot of other people, and then in a short time I formed a band with people that really clicked with me during that period. I played drums, we had a bass player who also sang, and a guitarist. Our girlfriends were back vocalists. It was a fun time in my life. We played covers, and for the first time in my life I played with a band that had their own songs. In that period of my life I had another hobby that I loved, I trained basketball. During one game I injured my hand, and it was bad. I stopped playing drums because of a minor pain that I felt. I was crushed. I listened to a lot of music in that period, and I was sentimental. I had to do something to start playing again. So, I bought an acoustic guitar, and shortly after a bass guitar. I learned to play quickly, mostly because I had a great teacher in experienced bass player known by the nickname 'Chester'. I started to play in different bands because I liked many genres and I missed music greatly. I played in a death metal band in Banja Luka, had some experimental electro-rock project, and my most important project, a band called

After that we fell apart, mainly because of our music differences. The thing is that I wasn't a purist in music, and we couldn't go past that. For my experience I also remember the time I played for a choir of my school. So, let's talk about the parts of my life that left a big musical impression on me. Firstly, there was my dad, who showed me bands like Deep Purple, Dire Straits, AD/DC and other classic rock greats. Other turning point was when I first saw the music video for 'Sweet Child o' Mine' and found about Guns 'n' Roses. I loved them and still do. I remember the time where I learned a lot from my cousin, who was a drummer. From him I started listening to Tool, Dream Theater, Coal Chamber, Joe Satriani, Steve Vai and other of the 90s and beginning of 2000s scene. He gave me my first CDs, compilation of Metallica's first 5 albums, and Metallica's 'St. Anger'. After that I discovered all those genres, I found a lot of others, like funk, flamenco, electro, gothic, new wave, alternative and indie rock, and a lot of rock and metal subgenres. Other defining moments were when I first heard band called Kyuss, and started loving stoner doom and sludge scene after that, like Down, Crowbar, Eyehategod and many others. So even today I discover a lot of bands, 'new' or 'old', from a lot of different genres, and I'm happy because of that. So you can say music is a crucial part in my life, and everyday I listen to it and discover something new about it.

Adnan Kurtagić



I am sitting on a bench. Bright afternoon sun touching my face. I close my eyes. I hear it. People walking, children playing, birds singing. The wind blows my hair. It calms me down. I open my eyes. The sun is too bright. The noise is too loud. It hurts too much. I turn my head to the left and see two girls walking by. They are deep in conversation. They pass me by without noticing me. I watch them go away.

Silent observer

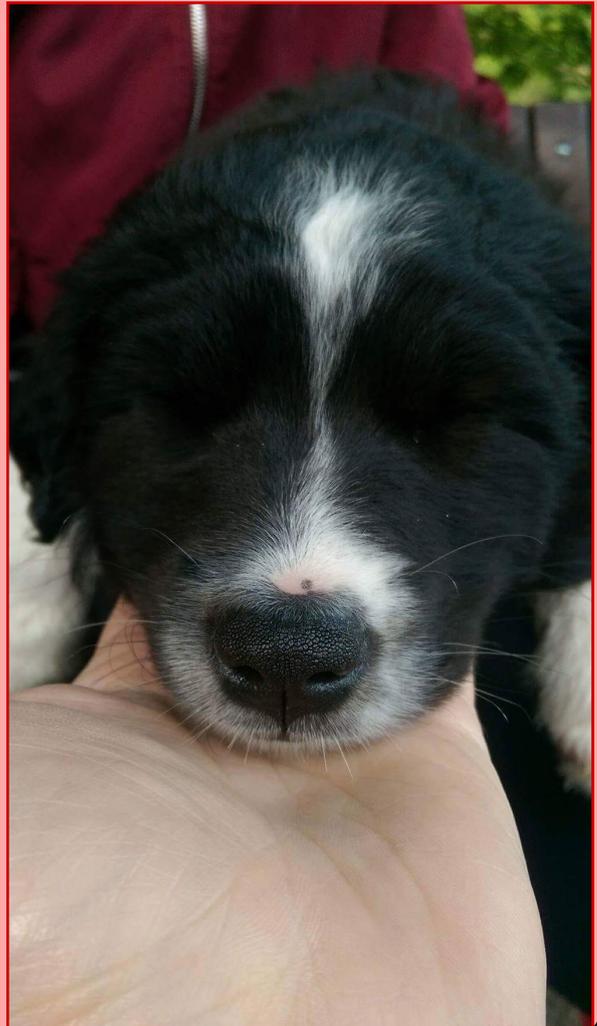
I keep looking. On the bench beside mine there is a guy reading a newspaper. His face is serious and his brow furrows. After a while he licks his fingers and turns the page. He is deep in thought. I keep observing him. Beside him a couple is approaching. They are holding hands. The girl is talking and the guy is watching her closely. There is something in his eyes. They sparkle. She laughs and he laughs too. He keeps looking at her. Suddenly his hand touches her cheek and she blushes. They look in love. They walk pass a child and her mother. The child is crying for dropping her ice-cream. I watch the mother. She looks desperate. She tries to calm her down. But the girl is screaming now. Her face is all red from crying. People are stopping to watch the crying girl. I turn my head and watch straight ahead of me. The sun is setting. It beautiful. I stare at it. It is so peaceful. Every day is the same. I close my eyes again and hope that tomorrow will be different.

Šejla Sefić

The existence of animals

I believe that animals exist to make us happy and to make our lives better but also to maintain the balance in nature. Every animal in every ecosystem is important and it's an integral part of that same ecosystem. Every single time an animal goes extinct, the whole ecosystem changes. Maybe we don't see it or feel it that much, but mother nature does. Most animals are extinct or they are about to get extinct due to our fault and our wishes for animal trophies such as lion heads or stuffed bears or even fur coats. Fur coats are usually made out of fur of small animals such as rabbits. For each fur coat, at least five small rabbits have to die. And another thing that's especially not okay - testing products on animals. They're not human beings but they're still living and breathing beings. If the products are meant for human use, then those same products should be tested on humans and the other way around. That may seem a bit harsh, but that's the only right way in my opinion. Also, if you have a pet, you should treat your pet like a family member because, basically, he is a family member. A pet is not a toy that you play with for some time and then reject it after you get bored. He's your responsibility that you have to take good care of. Animals have a purpose on this planet and in our lives also and we should start treating them better and in a way they deserve to be treated. If something happens to them, something will also happen to us and we have to keep that in mind.

Ela Suljić



What now

There is always that one moment in life when you stand at the crossroads of choices or the moment when people want you to become like them, just another robotic human being doing exactly the same things they do. Are you going to follow your heart or your consciousness?

What now? Is life really that complicated or do we make it complicated? While writing, I realised that I'm not happy. The more I swear I'm happy, the more I feel alone. Even though I've never wanted to grow up, this little kid in me decided to be rebellious and play by her own rules. Well, that turned out not to be the right decision. There are times when I don't know what to do next or who I am anymore. Sinking slowly into the darkness, I was hoping I would find one last spark of light and be saved. I found one, it changed my life. But was it me that changed? And it just happened to come at the right time. I'm supposed to be happy, loved. But I'm alone again. Dry as a bone, but I just wanna shout. Why I am so hurt? Why do I wanna rip this wild heart of mine? Isn't it the only thing that makes me alive. It would be better if dead were walking among us, robots. If only someone gave me a hand. Wouldn't it be lame if all people were saints, without mistakes, without



sorrow in their eyes, without weakness? I would still be a sinner, doing what I want to do. But time is not stopping. We will never be what we once were or wished to be.

Sometimes you make choices, and sometimes choices make you or so I've heard. Pictures of a perfect life now exist only in my memories. But you, you who is still innocent, remember my words. Be stronger for the times coming. Things won't be easy, but you have to make it easy. Everything is in your hands. Smile. Love. You will have the answer.

Edna Tričić

Learn about Bihać

Bihać is a city on the river Una, in a northern western region of Bosnia and Herzegovina, in the Bosanska Krajina region. The name of Bihać was first mentioned as early as 1260 as the property of a church in Topusko, Croatia, in a document by the Hungarian-Croatian king Bela IV. Bihać suffered the destruction of many buildings during the Bosnian war for independence,

But, that is enough about history. In Bihać there are a lot of interesting places where you can have fun, and interesting history buildings. Places where you can have fun are Svarog, H2O, caffe bar Irish, Pasarela, Avlija, Inbar, Peoples... if you are coming to Bihać, you definitely should visit Bihać Memorial Relief, Fethija Mosque, Ottoman Turbe, Una National Park. If you get hungry, you can't go wrong with Čardak restaurant.

Ena Seferagić



The detective saw his opportunity

The detective saw his opportunity. He grabbed the waitress's arms and said: „ Is that you, Irina?“ She looked at him in fear and said: “I don't know who you are talking about, sir. Would you like another cup of coffee?“ The detective was disappointed. But there is something about this girl that reminds him of Irina.

Irina was his best friend when he was young. Growing up in a poor family, young James didn't have a lot of friends. One time, at the playground, an older boy was bullying him and Irina punched that boy in the head with a book. At first James didn't like Irina. He didn't like the fact that a girl saved him. It's not like he couldn't fight down that boy, he just didn't want to beat his brother up. One day Irina approached him and said:“ Sorry I punched your brother, I didn't know.“ -„You should have stayed away. It was none of your business!“, he shouted at her. -„Fine, I'm sorry I saved your butt. Won't happen again. Have a nice life!“, Irina just walked away. But she didn't know that wasn't the last time she saved James. After that, they started hanging out every day. During highschool everyone thought they were a couple, but they were just really close friends. At Irina's 20th birthday party, James brought her favourite band. It was a huge celebration. He invited 200 people. He wanted everything to be perfect. Irina was thrilled.

Over the next few months, though, Irina started acting weird, unusual. James was worried. When he asked her what's the matter, she got angry. One day she came to his house and wanted to talk. She was trying to say something but she couldn't. -„You can tell me everything. You know that.“ -„You don't understand, James. It not that simple. I need to go now, but before I go promise me one thing.“ -„Irina, I know you my whole life, you can trust me. Just tell me what is going on.“ -„Promise me we will grow



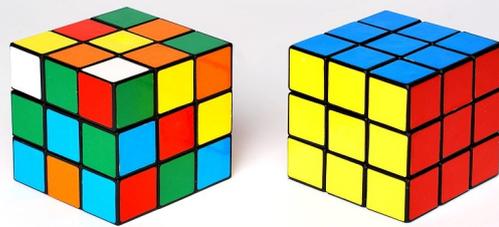
old together. I need to know that.“ He laughed at her. „God, you scared me. Of course we will. Don't be always so weird.“ -„Good. It is going to be good. I have to go now. Bye.“ -„Ok, see you tomorrow.“

That was the last time he saw her. He always wondered what happened to her. James couldn't find her anywhere. That's the reason he became a detective in the first place.

Ilda Nadarević

When I was in primary school and when I finished it I didn't pay much attention to how I look, how tall I was or how much kilos I weigh. But things changed only year after the 8th grade , when I started high school. People were always commenting styles, shapes , anything they didn't like. So since I was little chubby, I started being aware of my shape and that I didn't quite fit in, with all those skinny “pretty” girls. Only to make matters worse, I have a sister which has been skinny all her life and she can eat whatever and nothing would “stick onto her” - but that's not the problem here. She was like those “mean girls” and she teased me a lot about my weight, and how I looked, and it kinda sucked that my own sister did that. Beside my sister being, let's say, mean, my friend was too. I remember that moment like it was yesterday: we were sitting in the schoolyard when she said “You're so fat, you really need to lose weight ,” and it really hurt because she has that kind of genes where everyone in her family is short and skinny. I wasn't fat at all, just a little chubby but it obviously bothered people. So in the 2nd and 3rd grade of high school things completely changed. I had a long period of starving, not because I didn't want to eat but because I couldn't. I got sick and my whole immune system went wrong and I was feeling sick all the time, and everything I ate

My body



came out in about half an hour. So I started losing weight, and it came to that point that I looked so skinny it was scary, you could count every bone I had. And It lasted to the 4th year of high school and after. And guess what! Nobody liked that version of me either, everyone was like why are you so skinny, you were better looking before.I just ignored it. It got to me once but not this time. I kind of managed to get my body in an average shape and I really don't care about anyone's opinion about how I look. I'm happy with myself now and that's what matters the most.

Jasmina Velagić

You're digging in your garden and find a fist-sized nugget of gold

Three days ago, I was walking alone on the beach on a warm evening. I had finished all my homework, and I went to relax. I was walking and it was pretty cool. Then I went home again. Suddenly, I saw three small children who were digging in my garden. They were just playing so I joined them. While we were digging we had found something.



I mean, we had found two things. When I looked at it, I knew immediately that it was gold. And the other thing was an old bomb. First, I told the children to move away from the bomb. Fortunately, I had my mobile phone with me, so I called the police and told them what we had found. Ten minutes later, the police arrived and I explained everything to them. The next day, I read in the newspaper that the police had blown the bomb up. It had been in my garden for over seventy years. It was from the Second World War, and it was very dangerous. But, there is one thing that no one knows except you and me. The gold that I found in the garden. Yes, the gold, I didn't tell the police anything about that and children forgot that they saw a fist-sized nugget of gold in my hands. Now, I have a plan. My boyfriend is part of that plan. I'm going to tell him something about expensive holidays, hotels, cars and so on. We are going to travel the world with only one thing in our hands - a camera.

Lejla Alić

THREE CHILDREN

Three children sitting on a log,
near a stream.
Looking up at the sky,
each one lost in their own dream.

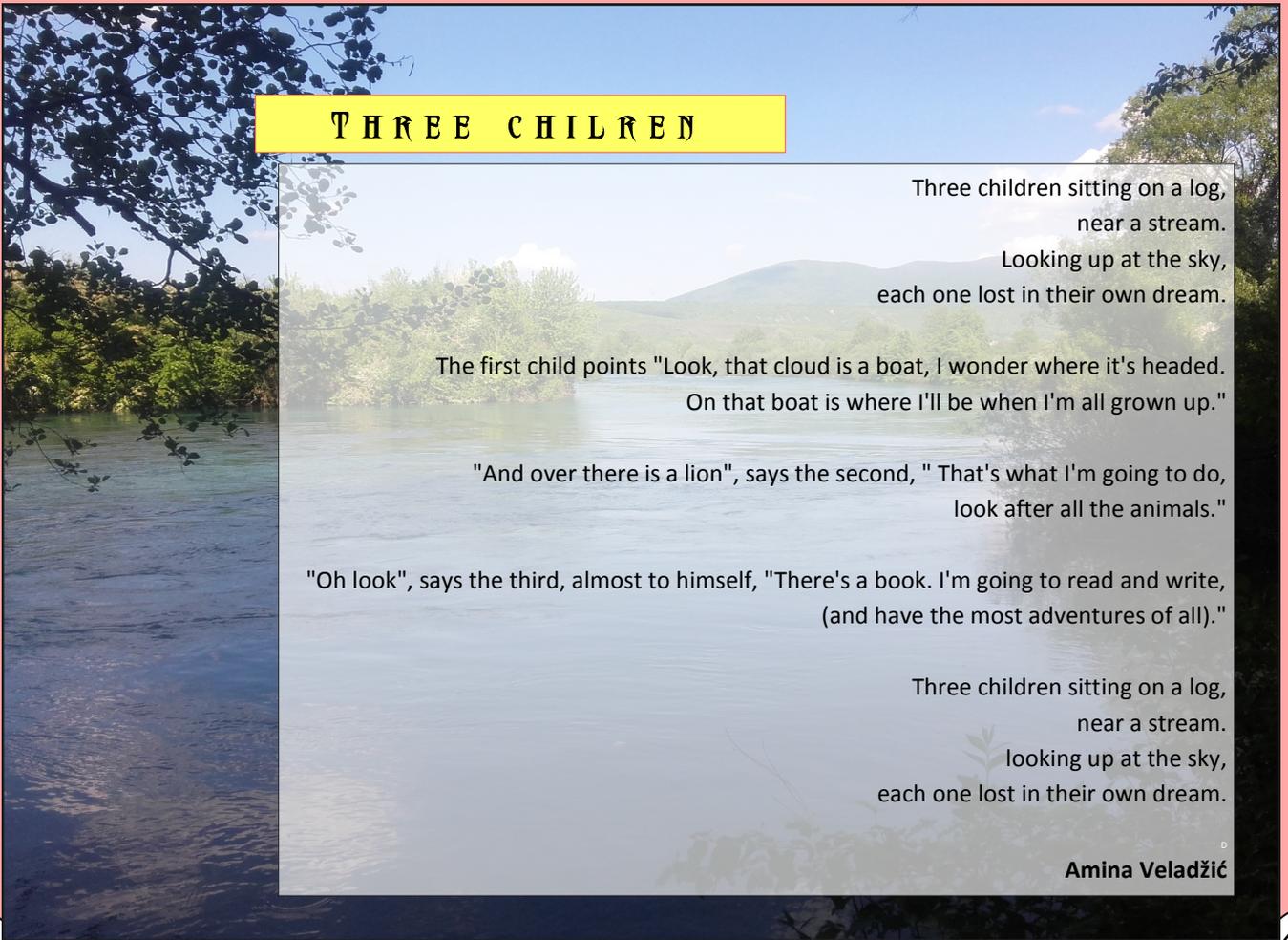
The first child points "Look, that cloud is a boat, I wonder where it's headed.
On that boat is where I'll be when I'm all grown up."

"And over there is a lion", says the second, " That's what I'm going to do,
look after all the animals."

"Oh look", says the third, almost to himself, "There's a book. I'm going to read and write,
(and have the most adventures of all)."

Three children sitting on a log,
near a stream.
looking up at the sky,
each one lost in their own dream.

Amina Veladžić



The most beautiful smile I ever saw



when I really struggled to smile. I wasn't depressed or angry, just not as happy as I am now. Before him I had a difficult period of life, and in that period I forgot how to smile. From September on I smile thanks to him. He taught me that a smile is a beautiful thing, it's a symbol of happiness and a gift from God. No matter how you feel or what is going on in your life, you can close your eyes and smile. I love him and I will always love him because of that one little thing: his smile and his positive thinking. In today's society, a smile seems to be overlooked. It is all about a certain look, and in creating that look, the smiling was left out. Each of us has a unique smile that can bring joy to ourselves and others. We also all have unique

I am a person who believes in the power of a smile. I believe that all smiles are beautiful. It was the 22nd September when I saw the most beautiful smile on the world and that was my first love. When I first saw him he was always smiling and for me that's the most wonderful thing I love. That smile on his face changed me a lot because there was a point in my life

creative gifts that were meant to be expressed in the world. It is up to us to use these gifts to spread joy. Just smile and look at all positive and you will be happy especially with someone you love.

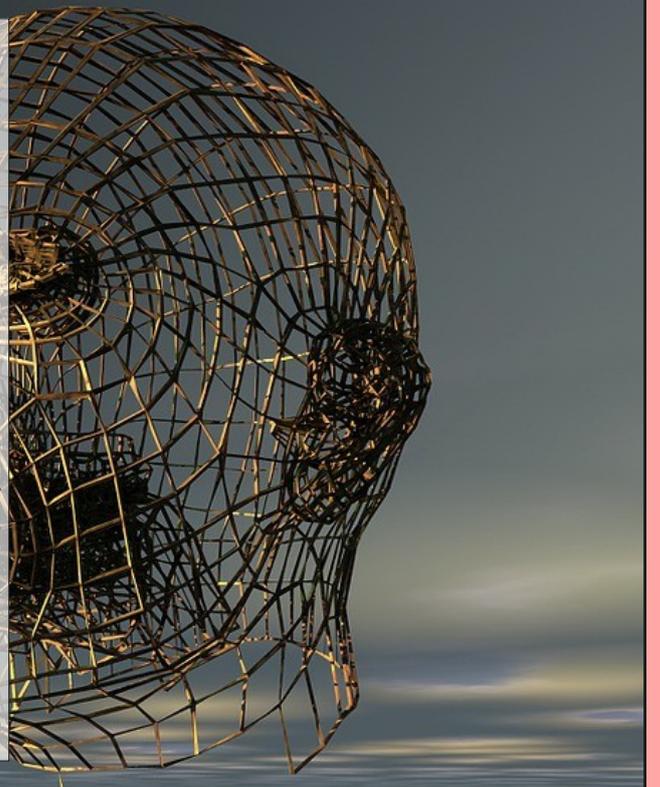
Selma Turnić

THE SILVER LINING OF UGLINESS

There is nothing worse than violence and hate between people. I don't know what is going on in people's minds when they can do anything that hurts somebody. Not just physical pain, but the mental too. Probably mental pain is worse, because physical scars heal pretty fast, and it's not like that with our soul. I would take war for example. How could you hurt a baby, or a mother of that baby and leave it alone. If you kill a mother, the baby will die also. Does that make someone feel pleasure, do you feel better after, did that fix your personal problems, family problems? They're fighting because they have to cause the pain to satisfy themselves. Bad people are causing pain because they don't have enough love to be fulfilled. And then egoism makes them inflict pain because they don't know how to love.

The only good about that awful thing is the unity of people. Each person experiences pain differently. And after every pain man matures and hardens, and in all following the same situations, they know how to cope with this difficulty called pain. Therefore pain strengthens people and prepare them for new battles in life. Only the strong beats the pain.

Asmira Mujić





Beauty of holidays cannot be measured with scent of nutty-caramelized cakes, scent of Baklavas, scent and flavour of stewed turkeys filled with chestnuts and served with baked potato and french salad, nor it cannot be measured with quantity of empty champagne bottles. However, it can be measured by doses of scattered golden powder in eyes of joyful people which are overwhelmed with love and and beloved people around us and they are converting our regular days into holiday-like days day by day. And it's winter outside. Merciless northwind blows and wriggles cold and big snowflakes. Snow amassed to knee-level is crunching below my feet while dimmed light of lamp posts is enlightening path to my beloved guests. While

taking off coats and scarfs, they are fulfilling already warm rooms, warmed with big stone fireplaces, with warmth and love, especially expressed on their smiled faces. And while familiar holiday music is filling room-space, our dear blond and long-haired being is sitting by piano and leaving us to pleasant music ecstasy. Dressed in short and laced ceremonial dresses, long legs are dancing in rhythm. All ceremonial and elegant hairstyles and haircuts, recently left from hairdresser's are still carrying pleasant odour. Citrus scent from basket is spreading through all rooms. All senses are optimally activated, so I can't be sure is it more beautiful in early chilly morning or late at night. And I'm standing near the window and staring at birch trees which are shining in kinda silver colour. Scene like in

heaven...And like in dream, I see Her walking...and snow is crunching below her feet. Jumpy, gentle and agile like a squirrel, light as a snowflake and cheerful like little candle on birthday cake, she is hurrying into the glamorous night. I shout, but she cannot hear...I hit in window with my hand, little bit angry and nervous and I'm flying out of my house, in hurry, making big steps and I'm close, very close... just a little bit. And then She stopped and turned around, lend me her hand and said: "I knew it!" „That's it“. That's the golden powder in eyes of joyful people...

Deni Anušić

The Darkness



It was a sunny day. It was really hot and we were having a barbecue. After that it got dark and we went into the house. We went out of beer and I said that I would get out and go to buy a couple of bears . I went out, sat on the bike and after a couple of seconds I realized that it was completely dark. I could barely see my fingers. I went back into the house and told them that somebody has to go out with me. We went out together but he had also seen that it was complete darkness. We went back and told them that one more person has to go with us. It was the same thing all over again. I was on the bike but then I let go of it and went on foot. It was a scary and mysterious scene. Everything was so quiet but you could feel a dark energy surrounding the place. I got dizzy and felt like I was going to die. I got back into the house and I was out of myself, still in shock. I couldn't sleep for a long time and in the morning the sun was shining. Everything seemed to be good. But then I realized what happened the night before and realized that I probably drank too much alcohol. I hope it's only that and not something else.

Amar Mustedanagić

There's a guy sitting on a park bench, reading a newspaper...

There's a guy sitting on a park bench reading a newspaper all alone with his thoughts. He seems calm, just another casual guy sitting on a bench, having some time on his own. But no one really knows what he has done or why is he sitting there. No one knows what the truth is. I will tell you. Josh was a normal guy. He had a wife, Amy, and a daughter they named Holly. But a few years ago Josh had a car accident. He was going home from a meeting when a drunk guy hit his car. Josh was hurt really bad, the other driver died. He had to undergo a brain surgery. From that point, everything had changed. Josh wasn't the same man anymore. The doctors tried everything to save him, they did, but something in Josh's brain changed. He didn't know how to socialize anymore with other people. He became aggressive. He was angry all the time. There was no happiness in him anymore. And there was no help for it. He lost his job and his wife. She decided to leave him because she was scared. She loved him, but she couldn't stand the fear anymore. She needed to get little



Holly out of the house. Josh was all alone. But one thing was for sure, Josh was really smart. He was calm all the time. In public it seemed that he was nice that he wouldn't harm anyone but he became a bad guy, a real bad guy. After some time, Josh needed money when he spent all of his savings. He had no friends. Josh had a plan. He decided to rob his neighbour. It was an old woman. But when he robbed her he decided to go back and kill her. Some inner voice told him to do it, that she was not worth living. And he did. He killed her with an axe and enjoyed it. He was so calm at that moment. And he went back to his flat. As he was sitting in his chair, covered in blood he again heard a voice telling him to kill an old man, because he was a drug dealer in his young age and that is a sin. Calm as he was, he took his axe and went to the old man, who was living next to him. Killed him like it was

nothing. A few hours passed and the police came. They were shocked when they saw, what he did to their bodies. They knew that they were looking for a dangerous serial killer. But Josh didn't leave any fingerprints behind him and disappeared. He broke in a flat that he knew no one lived in. Every day Josh killed someone. He heard voices all the time. He killed people who had sins. Who did bad things in the past. But one day he heard that he has to kill his daughter Holly because his wife Amy cheated on him and Holly wasn't his daughter. He waited for Amy to come out and went into their new flat. Amy had to go to work and at the time Holly came home from school. He went into the flat, sat in a chair with his axe and waited for Holly to unlock the door and come in. Holly did after a few minutes. At first she didn't see him. But when she did she started screaming but it was too late and no one could help her. He killed her after a few seconds. He threw the axe out of the window. He went out. He bought a newspaper and sat on a bench. He called Amy and told her what he did. She couldn't say anything. She was shocked and he was calm and

he hung up. He called the police. He told them that he was the serial killer that they were looking for and that he killed his daughter. He told them his location so that they could pick him up. So he sat there on the bench reading a newspaper. But before the police came Josh heard a gunshot and felt pain in his stomach and he saw blood. He was shot. It was Amy standing in front of him. There she was standing with a gun in her hands and Josh sitting dead on a bench in front of her when the police came. The police arrested her but after a while they let her go. Wanna know how I know all of this? Well it's me, Amy. All alone, no husband, no daughter. Sitting in the chair where my husband was sitting. Telling you all of this. Hope I don't become a serial killer.

Amra Sedić

The choice

It was January 9th. My twenty-eight birthday. Me and my wife Holly were getting a baby, her due was on January 10th, and we were ready for a baby. Everything was set on, room for our little Mary was in purple, with beautiful bed and lights all over her head. I was the happiest future father in the world. I washed the car day before so that everything is clean and ready for a moment when my wife starts to crying and screaming for a doctor. She was very nervous about giving birth. She was scared to death. I was actually scared too. But I had a great feeling, so I tried to be patient for her. That night we celebrated my birthday, just the two of us, and little Mary in my wife's belly. We had a cake from our

favourite
pastry
near our
building. I
had a
glass of
wine and
my wife
took some
disgusting
smoothie
that her
friend
recom-
mended
her for
health.
We went
to sleep
early. My
wife,
Holly,
woke me



up at four a.m. complaining about pain in her stomach. She was ready to go and I was ready too. We sat in the car and drove to hospital. It was snowing really bad, that was a very cold winter. We came to the hospital to see our doctor. I always say our because we were together in it, I went on every doctor's appointment with her, I even read every little handbook for a child-bearing woman. She immediately went to the doctor's office and I went with her. She lay down on the long white bed, one that you see in Grey's Anatomy. The doctor said they need to cause the birth, because the baby was on the wrong side. We were so excited, we didn't hear what they were saying to us. But I remember that he said we should wait. As the time passed, I was more and more nervous. My wife was crying and smiling, she was speaking all the time about unimportant things, deep inside her eyes I saw that she was worried but she didn't want me to see

that, just as I was hiding my own fear. It was ten a.m. on the 10th of January. My wife was still on that table. Doctor came into the room and took some machines. He said to me they need to start with an operation. I was shocked. I didn't know anything about operation, and I was worried. My wife didn't know about it, too. But she felt something was wrong so she started crying. Doctor and I went outside. He offered me a cigarette and I took it even though I had quit smoking four months before. He said to me that testing blood they conducted were bad and only operation could help. I asked if my wife is going to be OK, and he said that both of them are good and that I will see them in an hour. That made me feel patient. I was happy. He said that I shouldn't be in the room during the operation and promised me it will be finished soon. I was in front of the big white door. Two hours passed

and no one
was coming
out. I was
frustrated.
After four
hours, the
doctor
called me to
come in.
When I
came in my
wife was
awake, color
of her face
was just like
everything
in hospital.
White as
walls around
us. It was so
quite, my
blood was
freezing. The

doctor put his hand on her arm and sad gently, "You or the baby will survive. Not both. I am sorry." My tears started to fall just as the snow outside. My wife looked at me and said: "You need to decide." I was crying like a child. Again that freezing silence. I said to my wife: "I want you to stay." Our doctor hugged me, and I was still crying from the bottom of my heart. I was mad at Mary that she made me choose. I wanted to see her but my wife is my everything, I don't know how to live without her. "Sorry, my dear purple Mary."

Three years have passed. Holly and I are parents of beautiful twins. Now we have two purple beds for two most beautiful human beings in the world, my wife Holly gave it to me. We are still in Dublin, and it is winter again. The first winter with our twins. And we are happy.

Majda Alagić

EDITOR'S NOTE

A wise man once said, "Without knowing the force of words, it is impossible to know more." And in their quest for knowledge, perhaps unconsciously guided by Confucius's words, first-year students of the Pedagogical Faculty in Bihać, Department of English Language and Literature show just how much power they are capable of producing. We have gathered these words in a collection of works entitled "Young voices".

Our students, the young voices themselves, introduce us to a myriad of topics. The inspiring texts are teeming with their youthfulness and powerful energy. Whether it is prose or poetry you prefer, fiction or non-fiction, you will surely be uplifted by the authors' words while they ponder the world within and around them.

And thus, dear readers, we hope you, while reading this magazine, feel the strength of the works written by young minds who have just ventured on their four-year journey of exploring the world of the written word, not just of famous authors, but their own as well.

Alma Žerić, MA



IMPRESSUM

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