



# Let's Play!

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



Featuring short stories, essays and poems by:

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## *Living or just existing?*



Breathe in, breathe out. Take oxygen and release toxic air out of your lungs. It's pretty much simple. Many of us contemplate that, just breathing in and out.

You finish college and get a degree that your parents want. You get a job, a job that you, maybe, don't even want. You do all that by breathing in and out.

It's really nothing that great to keep yourself alive, I mean we all do it. The really successful and accomplished people are those who have actually learned how to truly live. The brave spirits who pursue more than just breathing in and out.

To exist is to be stagnant. It's standing on the escalator that slowly moves upwards. Living is something completely different. Living is losing your breath or taking someone's breath away. Living is never missing a moment. It's laughing until you can't catch your breath. It's a feeling that everything could end in a moment and you'd be ready for it.

So remember you are the sky and everything else is just weather.

Aldina Huskić

## *Farewell, my love*



my heart is unimportant. It will always be yours, hoping. Waiting for you no matter what. And if that day comes, you will have me. Everything you desire will be yours. I am yours. Never forget that. Forgive me darling for entering your life. For leaving steps over your path and hoping to stay there. Nothing important, just a sign of my weakness. Forgive me for trying. For wanting to be close to you. For saying 'I love you' and honestly thinking that! I am sorry for crying my heart out because of you. Sorry for

I give up. I promise you, I am giving up the fight for your heart. It is unreachable. You even told me once „I have a heart but it is frozen“. I am exhausted from trying. Trying to be the one who is going to melt your heart, to win you over. But I've become rational. It took me a long time, but your coldness slapped some sense into me. And my mind is telling me the best thing to do is to leave you. And my heart, well,

bothering you. Deeply sorry for trying to hold on to every word you said to me, every look, every touch. For trying to keep you with me when it was clear you don't feel the same. You don't want me. I realize that now. But most of all, I am sorry for still loving you.

Plamena Alibabić



## HOW TO TAME A WILD TONGUE

The thing is, you see, the more you say, the more you appear naked to the world. All of the things that made you mysterious once disappeared in an instance, simply because you had an information or two (about yourself or something else), and you decided to share it. Truth is, not all of us can succeed in keeping our cool, and therefore remain mysterious through every generation of potential acquaintances. Our minds were not made to be tamed, put under lock, hammered to the wall and expected not to color outside the lines. This is not a guide on how to make someone shut up.

No, this is the one where you realize the title is pretty absurd and naively written, and you begin to wonder, "Is there a way? Really?" No one wants to be shushed, or kept in the shadows of some other person. Tongues are wild creatures, and possibly the only thing that might make them silent is the negative influence on its owner. The man, the woman, the child, who is so adventurous and emotional, yet such an introvert and sour. First, when they are supported and granted success for their thoughts, and the second, when those same thoughts are taken as poison, as if the people take poison from absolutely everybody. But no, there actually isn't a way to tame a wild tongue, because even in the hay days of the introverts, and the losers, and the silenced ones, their words, their tongues find a way to release the stress. The paper, the computer screen, the back of a check, the diner napkin – all so much better than the inconstant air that suffocates letters and turns words and sentences into muffled murmur. No, there isn't a way to tame a wild tongue, for they are the Gods of the heaven and hell on Earth, and they will live with or without their instrument – the thinking man.

Elmedina Bajramović



## *Time spares no one*



Every hour now  
is like a moment brief,  
my last years in this world  
I'm spending in mischief.

Rusty mirrors show me  
that my days have passed,  
but youth never thinks  
that time runs so fast.

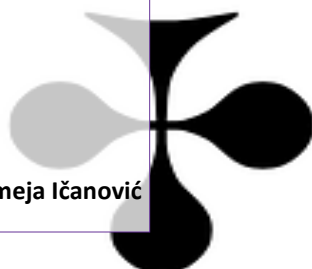
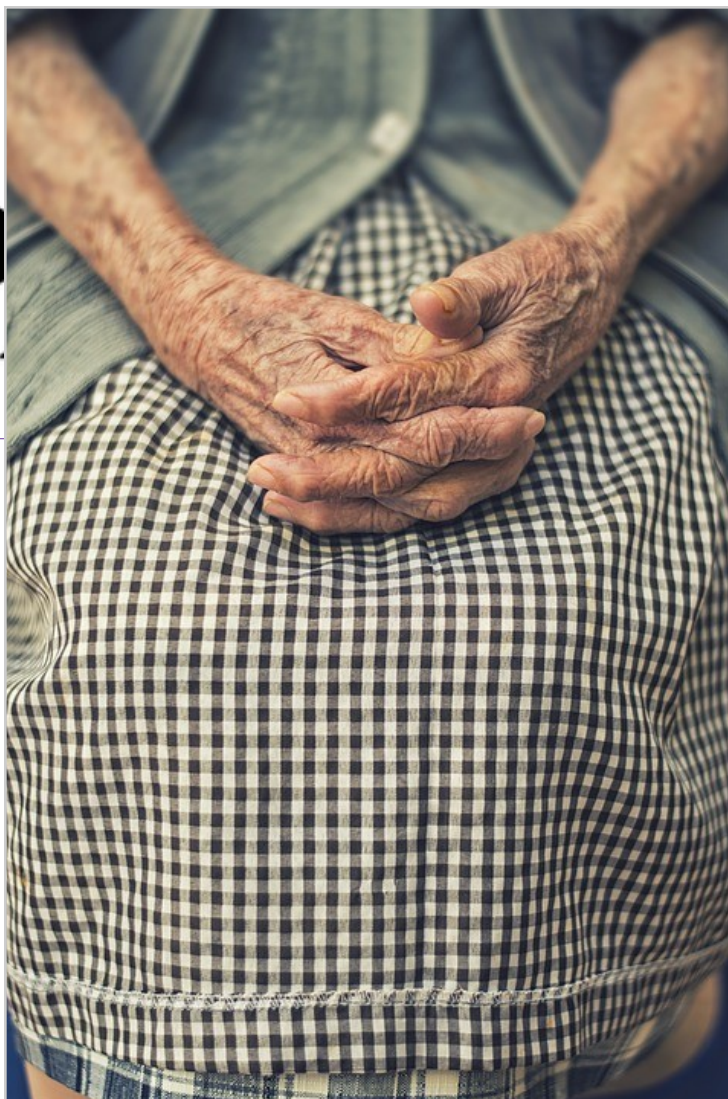
Dark hair of mine  
now has a grey shade,  
and all my lovely memories  
had begun to fade.

Pale skin in which I'm trapped  
is of wrinkles full,  
each day my heart wonders  
Why are years so cruel?

Lovely roses in my garden  
had always been a bit shy,  
when I leave this earthly ground  
Will they also die?

And when the time comes  
to do my last button,  
only one mystery,  
Will I be forgotten?

Sumeja Ičanović



*There is a magic talisman that allows its keeper to read minds.  
It falls into the hands of a young politician...*

Once upon a time, there was an old wiseman who lived a pretty simple and ordinary life. He never bothered anyone, he never argued with people, even though there were many situations where even the people who were the most patient would lose their temper and just start arguing and yelling. He was always calm and quiet and he didn't talk a lot. Many of his neighbours thought that there was something



weird about him, but they couldn't really figure out what it was, since he led a pretty normal life. He never got married nor did he have children or any relatives who would come and visit him. People said it is because there was something mentally wrong with him that his family left him when he was 15 years old, so he practically raised himself. They knew that he was pretty crafty and he could build anything that you can visualise in your head, without having to explain it to great detail, which they thought was really odd, but said it to be a talent that he had.

As the years passed, people became more and more suspicious of him, but they still greeted him or asked him to build something for them. He never refused anyone or said that it is impossible to do. Everything he did, he did it with a smile. Since he didn't have any friends and he was becoming older he realised that he doesn't have anyone to whom he could leave his property. One day a new family moved into their neighbourhood. It was a family of three, a father, mother and their 15 year-old son, who was also calm and quiet, just like the wiseman. The old man immediately felt a strong connection between him and the young boy. So for the next few weeks he just observed the behaviour of the young boy. The boy's name was Tommy and the wiseman could see so much of him in Tommy. One day he decided to approach the family and asked if he could talk to Tommy privately. His parents were a bit suspicious because they didn't know anything about the old man, but Tommy felt the same strong connection as the old man so he agreed to go with him. They walked slowly towards the old man's house where they sat on the porch and started talking. They talked for hours about different topics. Then the old man decided to tell him a story

about the magic talisman with which he could read minds. The old man said that he doesn't have much longer to live so he wanted to give this to someone who deserves it and he saw a great potential in Tommy. He handed him the talisman and told him to use it wisely. Tommy was still young to fully understand the power and meaning of this talisman, but later that night, just before he went to sleep, he started thinking

how his country is going through a rough period and how or what he could do to help. Then he remembered the talisman. Since he was only 15 he couldn't run for president, but he started closely looking what is the country in desperate need of, and he started developing plans how to make it better. After 10 years he started running for an independent president, since he didn't want to be part of any political party. Surprisingly, majority of people voted for him and he won. During his election speeches he knew what to say at any moment thanks to his talisman. When he won, he started making drastic changes in everything that he considered to be imperfect. After years of hard work and a lot of sacrifice he finally managed to lead his country to be the world's most powerful one. During this hard period, when he was still struggling to prove himself as a young president, he was tempted to do a lot of things that were bad, but he would always remember what the old man told him so he quickly gained strength and carried on. The magic talisman is believed to work only when good things are being done, otherwise it has the opposite function.

After Tommy was a successful president for 30 years, he had to give his talisman to his son, Tommy Jr. He followed in his father's footsteps and became an even better and stronger ruler than his father. Tommy Jr. couldn't find anyone who was worthy of inheriting the talisman so he threw it in the ocean and died soon after that.

To this day, the magic talisman was never found and the real story how it came into the hands of an old wiseman will never be revealed.



## Love

Love... A word that consists of 4 letters, but tells us many more. From our young age they teach us that love is everything that matters in life. It gives us strength to push forward even when we don't know how to do it anymore. Even throughout history we can see that people have fought many battles just for love. That is a big sign that love is the most valuable thing on Earth and that it is worth fighting for. However, one thing that no one told us is that love sometimes hurts, and that only true love is worth fighting for. But how could we even know what is true love or who is our perfect life partner? We were all in some kind of relationships, some of them were good, some of them not. Some of us might fall in love quickly, while others take their time with it. Sometimes we spend ages and ages to find the perfect one, while that person stands much more closer to us and has there been with us throughout our journey. We seek love in different areas

and places, while it just takes one step to find it. It might be closer than we think. Maybe the person we were looking for is our friend who was there with us the whole time, but we somehow didn't manage to see it at first. Maybe he or she will be our life guardian and our other half, instead of being just a friend. Not everyone has luck in finding someone special and worth suffering. We do not all find the love of our lives, but we can't give up, because hope dies last. True love will find its way and when it finally does we will enjoy it as much as we can. As for me, I'm still waiting because I know that my true love is there somewhere and that she is waiting for me. I want to love and be loved because as Alfred Tennyson once said „It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all“.

**Denis Huskić**

## Play of life

Close your eyes for a minute, take a deep breath.  
Clear your mind.  
Do you feel that?  
That is life.

Life is a gift from God so don't let your life pass while you are waiting for something to happen. You choose your own path, you make your own destiny and your future is in your hands. Be grateful for the opportunity that you are given, the opportunity to fulfill your dreams, to make your life meaningful. It will be hard, for some of us even too hard. Perhaps so hard that they will give up and let others make decisions instead. That is the easiest way you can choose. It may be the easiest but we have only one life, do you really want others to run your life. Who wants that?

Life is miraculous but short. Our time is limited but our opportunities are not. We have so many chances so why not use them. Why not fight for what we believe in, for what we most desire. Life is a struggle. There will always be obstacles. At some point we will find ourselves at the bottom, that's for sure. Don't let that stop you from fighting, you can survive, you will survive. Not until you find yourself at the bottom will you appreciate what you have. If you decide to fight you will rise even stronger. Don't let fear of failure stop you from trying or you will wake up one morning wondering what if...

Most importantly, don't let material things deceive you. You will not find happiness in them, don't make that mistake. Your life will pass while searching for something that is worthless. Family and friends are your everything, your happiness, your hope and your shelter.

Live every moment to the fullest because you never know if it will be your last.

**Alma Toromanović**

## MYSTERIOUS BOY



One night in last December, I was awoken by a loud noise. It sounded like someone was shoving furniture across the floor. To make things worse, I was alone that night. My roommate was at her house. I saw the clock. It was 3.00 AM, on a Saturday. I was laying on the bed, and around the corner, about 10 feet away, I could hear the heavy tread of boot steps. My steep –fury brain grasped for an explanation. Maybe it is my roommmate, she just came from night life. "Mirela, is that you ? " My voice sounded small and weak. The boots paused for a long moment. I began to panic. At that moment, only one person is in the house. And now there are two, but that was not my roommate.

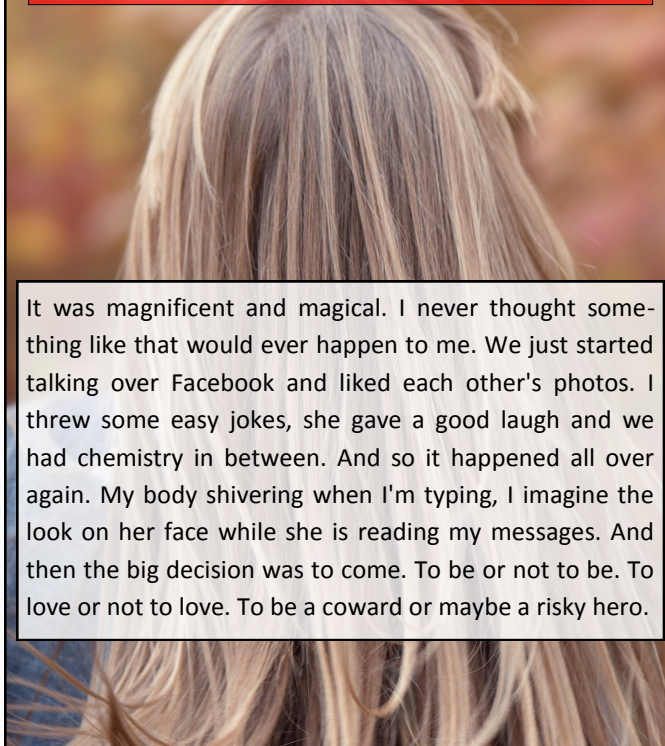
He knows I'm here, and he's not scared, and he is not leaving. I've had nightmares where I wanted to scream but couldn't. That is how I felt. As I was desperately thinking what to do, a large man stopped at my door. I thought I might die just then. He was tall and wore a hoodie pulled over his head. Then, he stood over me, and for what seemed like weeks, he starred at me. He wore a grey mask over his

face and I could see only his blue eyes. His hand was behind his back, presumably on his gun. Finally, he broke the silence. "I am looking at you for months." That terrified me even more. „I have my money, and you can have it all." I said in a second. Then he laughed and I was totally surprised. He sat on my bed next to me. Surprisingly, all my fear was gone. I was just looking at his blue eyes. He put his hand on my face and said: "Close your eyes, now! " I closed my eyes, fascinated by his voice. His face was next to mine, I could feel his breath. At that moment, my fear was gone. "I would never hurt you and I am really sorry for this. But this is the only way..." "Only way for what?" I asked him. He stood up and then I saw what was behind his back. He put a red rose next to me. I was surprised and speechless. He turned around and disappeared. I got up to the window, holding a rose in my hand watching him. Leaving the building, he walked away without looking back.

**Irina Keranović**



## A foolish lust



It was magnificent and magical. I never thought something like that would ever happen to me. We just started talking over Facebook and liked each other's photos. I threw some easy jokes, she gave a good laugh and we had chemistry in between. And so it happened all over again. My body shivering when I'm typing, I imagine the look on her face while she is reading my messages. And then the big decision was to come. To be or not to be. To love or not to love. To be a coward or maybe a risky hero.

So much confusion in my head and so much clarity in my heart. I knew it from the start. We were meant for each other. Something about her makes me want to live this life with huge enthusiasm. Her authenticity, the way she flicks her hair, her attractive walk full of strong, clear attitude. The way she dances, her personality, the way she smiles. Her eyes sparkling while looking at me. Ohh, how sweet it was, how bittersweet!!! Take all of me and never let go. Feel the way I feel and be yourself. I imagined us long before we started communicating. I still do. I imagine long walks on the beach, with the wind blowing in her long blonde hair, dancing by the fire. Making love. You and me together, so different from anything I have ever experienced before. Uhh, I could talk and think about you all the time. I am an idealist, but what can I do. Even the thought of you makes me go crazy. Pleasure, joy, living in the moment. Living in the moment. Yes, because even forever is not forever. I'll die in the moment. I feel prepared to do it for you. Let's create our own world.

Elvedin Šiljdedić

Whenever I see a photo of someone I ask myself how much that memory means to them. Would they cry for that piece of paper if lost or would they just forget it. I am the person who lives often in the present, sometimes in the future but most of the time I go back to the



past. There are my happiest moments and memories. Everything was more beautiful and easy back then. I can see my life through photos and if there is video that captured that one special moment I am literally crying my eyes out. Photographs and videos are priceless things. I started collecting photographs when I was six. My dad got his first camera in 1997. All pictures were taken by him. Today I own perhaps more than 300 photographs that represent my journey from my birth till today. And I am still in progress to make it to 1000. In such a big number of photos there is one particular photo that is timeless and will always be my favorite. My mom, dad, brother and I are on the picture. It

## Sweet life of mine

was taken in 1999 by my aunt and she captured that moment when we were posing for a nice family picture, but my little brother threw up on my dad's chest, mom started cleaning, and I was still posing. I had to look nice. And that's how that picture looked like at the end. I remember we laughed so much after that and when dad was cleaned up we took that nice family picture but that picture can't be measured with the first one at all. That picture always brings so much emotions to all of us but mostly to me. I am always the one who looks at that photo with the big smile and crocodile tears at the same time because when I look at it the memory becomes alive and I live that moment again. And it hurts sometimes because you know that a moment like that will never happen again. My brother is not a little boy anymore, my aunt is no alive anymore, and I dont like to pose like a lady. If something happens to that photo ever I dont know if I would ever get over it. I mean, it's something that cheers my life and soul. Photographs are food for my soul. How would my soul survive without food? How? I always ask myself and the answer is still the same. It would die.

Amina Pečenković



## LET'S STEP OUT OF OUR COMFORT ZONE

As humans we are actually not so different from each other. One thing that we certainly have in common is that we are afraid of the things 'outside', outside from our comfort zone.

What makes us feel that way is the constant fear of embarrassment, outcry from the people surrounding us, from the ones who think differently, who would act differently.

We do live only once and is that life actually ours? Does it belong to us? Should we take it for granted, in trying to comfort others? Is success really establishing our goals or doing what is expected from us? Should the pressure by our environment keep us away from achieving what we actually want?

My advice to you is to break free from your cocoon, set yourself free, believe strongly in yourself and start doing something.

Embrace everything, good and bad, let it be...

How are you going to know about certain things if you never try?

All my childhood and even the rest I spent staying inside of my comfort zone. I am still trying to reveal myself, to see the things outside but constant fear of failure and disapproval keeps me away.

I didn't try many things but I have a feeling if I did, I'd be good in it. I'm giving you advice to try, reader, if you try I might try it too, others may try it too. Let's break out!

All we need is the belief in ourselves, but we also need more stimulus to 'reach the sky'.

Did you ever sing in public? I didn't. It may be easy for some people but for me it's not. Risk it, it will lead you to your personal growth.

Psychologists say that we stay in our comfort zone because it causes us little stress or not at all. I believe we should all face it once. More stress, so what?

Letting things happen as it may be, will for sure prepare us for bigger challenges in our lives.

You will never know, if you never try!

We should prove it to the others as well as to ourselves, that we are capable of standing against defeats as well as success. To be honest, it wouldn't be interesting to win always.

Don't be afraid, do it now, do what you have to do, this is your life.

It's yours, good and bad, with failure and success, but just try it at least once!

**Azira Hadžić**



## EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear readers,

Student writers presented in this magazine have proven themselves to be both the young apprentices of the craft of writing and skillful wordsmiths, as two years of the writing course and three years of studying at the English Department are behind them. This is also their most personal and awe-inspiring creation - they have made the magazine completely theirs, coated with the playful nature of their faculty days and bursting with intimate insights into the meaning of life, love and everything in between as presented in their 20-something thoughts and emotions.

The unavoidable heartbreak that feels as if it is the end of the world lurks from its wound on page two; the musings on love from the joyful side of things await only a few pages further. Nostalgia, contemplation, the fall into the whirlwind of infatuation like the perfect summer breeze, a cautionary-tale-turned-romance story and a modern lesson on the wholeness of a man's character fulfill the magazine's promise of fun. Indeed, what is reading without a sudden line that makes the reader burst into laughter or hold onto their screen in anticipation? Let's read, let's live and breathe in the intoxicating horizons of these restless authors.

Ilhana Škrgić, MA



### IMPRESSUM

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