

# A CHEST OF THOUGHTS

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



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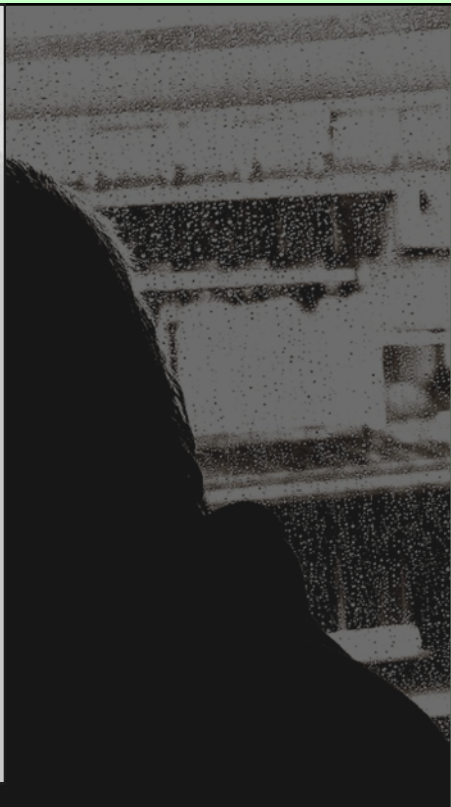
## A QUESTION



One of the things I will never forgive myself doing is making my mom say: Son, I will pass away longing for you. It is only now that I begin to grasp and feel the weight of these words. It is only now that I can at least try to imagine how she felt. Same goes with the fact that I do not know my dad and that he does not know me. The same goes for my sister too. I can't believe what I have done with my life. I can't believe what I have done with their lives. I am so morbid... I'm playing some gloomy music now from my computer in order to go on with this topic, or else all the empathy may vanish from my being in a matter of seconds. No longer than that. It was recently that I noticed how deep wrinkles on my mom's face are. It was recently that I noticed how many grays there are in my father's hair. It was only recently that I managed to notice that my sister is not a little girl anymore and is about to get married. It was recently that I became aware of the fact that I am not me anymore. I've become someone else. I have become something else. And the worst of all, I can't remember who I was. Now I ask myself, is it too late? Is it too late for me to change? I don't want to go on like this, and there is no exit, except for the obvious one, and it is intended for cowards and the self-absorbed. But then again, what else am I?

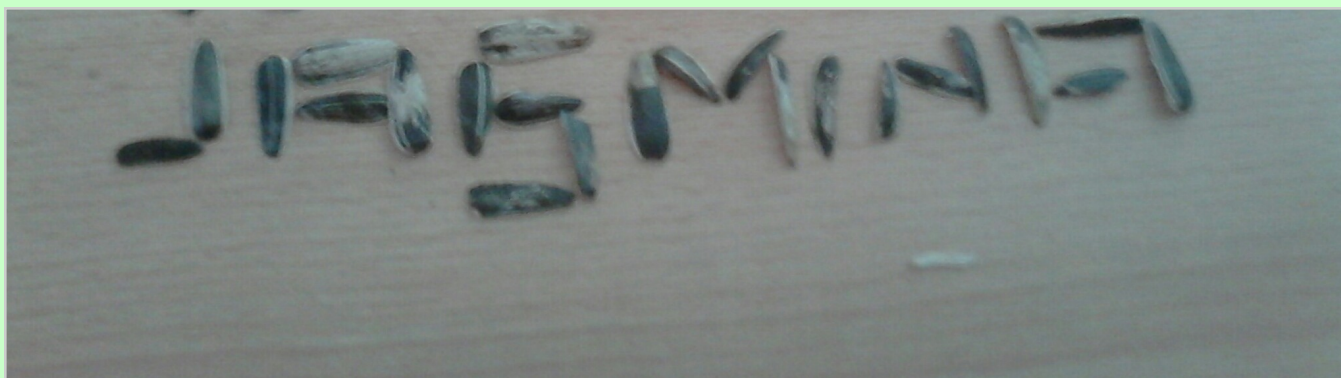
The question remains, is it too late for me to change?

**Almin Muharemović**





## TWISTS AND TURNS – THIS ENDS HERE



True love lasts forever, they say, and I can say it is true. It was four years ago when I first met her and I still love her. Two years ago we broke every single contact but my determination and refusal to give up didn't let me let go. I knew in my heart that she still loved me.

We had a special connection that most people could not understand. We were something between friends and a couple. We lost every contact because of my jealousy and her stubbornness. I tried everything to get her back but all my efforts backfired. Almost two months had passed and she was still mad at me, but I was still trying to forgive myself. I felt desperate and broken and I also lost my confidence and will to live. She was the only person who understood me perfectly. I heard she was lonely too and sad. She also felt that but she could not admit it. She had a cold demeanor outside but deep inside she is emotional and only I know she has this side. I was still trying to find ways to forgive myself, and four months later I was close to it. On her birthday I made the most ridiculous and romantic thing. I couldn't wish her happy birthday in person, but I sent her best wishes in public, through a radio talk show, along with the song they played for her. She was surprised because she didn't expect that, especially coming from me. I was close that time, but I hurried a little because the wound was still fresh. In May 2015, a year ago, when we broke up, she finally answered my message. I could not keep it in my chest and wrote a message on my other Facebook profile and in the morning she answered me. She forgave me at last, but she didn't let me stay in touch. I asked her to celebrate my birthday with me. She refused but wished me all the best. I promised her that she will not hear about me until her birthday.

One month later I went to Munich to recharge my batteries for upcoming exams and the strangest thing happened - I dreamed about her for two weeks in a row. I was thinking about it and realised that I still love her, maybe now more than ever. I hadn't seen her since February, only heard that she is going to Germany or Austria. I was hoping she would stay until her birthday. I was preparing a surprise for almost

three months. The fateful day came and the only thing I could think about was that the clock turning 00:00. I was sitting in my favourite cafe and asked the DJ a favour. The clock was ticking while I was writing the birthday message. The DJ played a song I ordered and clock turned midnight and I sent a message without holding back. I didn't expect her to return a message. One minute later she answered. After a long time we were chatting. We were talking about everything and this chat lasted for an hour and half. She was happy and at the same time surprised because I was the first person who wished her happy birthday. We started to catch up on lost time, but later realised it was impossible. We opened our hearts and she couldn't believe that there was a person who cared about her more than anything in the world. She couldn't believe that I still love her and cared about her after what she had done to me. She told me that she didn't deserve that. She also told me she couldn't be with someone if she wasn't in love with him. I respected that and hoped that she will finally fall in love with me. We continued to chat and we chatted for 2 months, when suddenly we lost contact once again. Later I found out what happened. She started dating a guy. I heard from her best friend that he is making a fool out of her but I decided to let go. She made her decision. She could've lived like a queen but she chose a man who didn't deserve her. I invited her to come to my prom evening. I invited her as a friend but she didn't read it at all and she didn't come. Honestly, I didn't expect her to come. One day she will read it but it will be already too late. I turned a new leaf in my life but I promise her one thing – if I ever have a daughter, her name will be Jasmine. Just like her. A symbol of my endless love.

**Hazrudin Burmić**

## MY WEDDING

We met one afternoon while hanging out with friends. He was a good-looking man, very nice and easy to talk to. We spent an hour together and then he left. The only thing I got to learn about him was that he was a good singer.

I had not seen him for several weeks, but did not think about it at all, since I just had a terrible break up which he knew about. It turned out that he was glad that I broke up with my boyfriend. New Year's Eve came and we celebrated it together among other friends. He constantly tried to talk to me and be near me, which I did not like at that moment. A few months later we finally went out. He seemed like a very nice and good person.

From that night we spent four and a half years together every single day. Then he proposed and I said yes, believing that everything will be like in my dreams, because many people thought that he was not a good match for me, including my parents. But my parents allowed the wedding and prepared everything together with me. I got a beautiful white dress which made me feel like a princess.

The night before my wedding was a horror. I did not get my eyes closed at all. It was terrible. At one moment that night I wanted to call my future husband to call the wedding off. I did not do that believing that everything be better in the morning, constantly thinking about how much we loved each other. When I woke up I started cleaning the bathroom, the kitchen, the bedroom, until my aunt came and told me that I must prepare myself. It got me again: the sweating, the hard breathing, the desire to call the wedding off. My aunt came and talked to me again, convincing me that everything will be alright. Then I started to prepare myself. I did my make up, got dressed and waited for them to come and get me, just like our tradition asks us to do. The family of my husband and he came to take me. This part of our tradition is terrible. The bride leaves everything and everyone at home and goes on alone among people she never met. Then my father started crying, since I have been his favourite daughter of us three. It was the worst moment. My husband and I only looked at each other thinking is it really worth it? But the love and commitment to each other were stronger. We really wanted a family together. My father got into another room, closed the door



and cried aloud. We did not leave until he came out and I promised to come back that evening to see him. It took us a long time to get him out of there. My promise made him feel better and they walked me to the door to say goodbye. We went to celebrate our wedding. I did not really enjoy the party because I constantly thought of my father wondering how he felt. We did not stay long. After a few hours we left to our honeymoon. As promised I first went to see my father. He was feeling well, nothing bad had happened, thanks God.

I believe that a wedding should be something we remember as a great thing that happened to us, but I still cannot do that. I would never go through it again. The night before, the day, the crying of my father were the most terrible things that happened to me that day. I felt horrible. But the honeymoon was great, I like to think about it and would like to do it again. I believe that the love we felt for each other won after all.

Mirela Topalović-Smajić



## PATHS OF LIFE

in order to see what had happened. He finally looked towards the place where the boy was. The boy was looking at Mark miserably, his eyes were full of tears and he stretched out his arms towards Mark. Mark started to be nervous like never before and he couldn't hold that pressure any longer. He took out his gun and fired in the sky. The tiger ran away. Mark approached the boy, bandaged his wound and brought the boy to his tribe. His father was very thankful to Mark because he saved his son's life and offered him to stay in the village for a few days. Mark

Mark was a 25 years old man, who finished college with a major in biology. He was born on the 10th of November, 1952. After he finished his studies, he began working as a pharmacist at a drugstore in Boston. As a young child, he showed interest in nature, especially in plants. He lived with his parents in North Waltham, near Boston. He was communicative and friendly, but that didn't help him to gain friendships, probably because he didn't share same interests with other kids. While the other kids mostly collected football cards, he spent most of his time in gardens and local parks, trying to find as many different herbs as possible. He would bring them home and then he would observe each one with a microscope.

As a teenager he didn't have friends. The other children labelled him as 'weird' and he started to be apathetic towards humans' emotions. His mother passed away when he was 18 and his father when he was 24. When he finished college, he wanted to work in pharmacy business, for a start. He had been working in a pharmacy a year and half, and he decided to go to Asia for a vacation. When he got there, he went straight to a jungle, equipped with food and water enough for him to survive three days. He was amazed to what he saw in and decided to sleep one night in the jungle. The next day, while he was walking deeper into the wilderness, he heard a scream. When he got nearer he saw a teenage boy running away from a tiger. The boy had very little clothes and his body was painted. Mark realized he was a member of an Asian tribe. He didn't want to rescue the boy, even though he had a gun in his bag. He told himself: *'I don't have a reason to interfere. This is a classic example of the law of nature. Animals have to eat like humans do. Why humans have to be better than animals? If I had to help somebody I would rather help that tiger catch his prey. No man has ever helped me when I needed help!'*, and he continued to walk. The tiger grabbed the boy's leg, and the boy started to cry as loud as he could. He hesitated to look

accepted the offer. He was amazed by how friendly those people were even though he couldn't understand their language. He decided never to leave those people. He learnt their language, married a woman from that tribe and the natives taught him how to make natural cures. Mark combined his earlier and newly acquired knowledge in his experiments and discovered a new cure. One day, Mark decided to go to a remote place in the jungle for a few days, alone. When he got back he was surprised to what he saw. There was an American married couple with a young child. The child was sick. That couple heard about the tribe's medicine and decided to bring the child to heal them. The shamans of the tribe didn't have a cure for that kind of illness. Mark knew that his cure could heal the child, but he hesitated to help them. He remembered that white people are the reason he left America, and he has no reason to help them, but in the end, he decided to give them the cure. It was effective, and after a few days the child was healed. The couple was thankful to Mark and they had nothing to give him beside money. He received the gift even though he knew he didn't need any money. Mark also gave them the recipe of the cure in the case the child got sick again, or if somebody else got sick.

After a couple of years, Mark heard about a market in a town 10 miles away from the place he was. A large number of different fruit was sold there, including apples, which he hadn't eaten for years. He remembered that he had money the couple gave him and he decided to go there. On the way there, he met two tourists driving a Jeep, and they offered him a lift to the town. While they were driving, he noticed newspapers on the floor. He lifted it and saw a headline: *'The cure "MARK" has saved hundreds of lives in the US'.*

Armin Demirović



## *Little Bird, you were not born for this world*

I see you Little Bird! I see you now just as saw you eight years ago. You were the little nerdy girl with big dreams. You had the sparkle in your eyes. My God, what a dreamer you have been! But in 22 years of life the dreamer learned that it's all about fitting in and being just like everyone else. The way that you were pulled in a dull life routine, made you feel like you were in the glass castle watching as the events around you unfold. Just watching and not doing anything. You lost all the braveness. Small, afraid and insignificant shadow you've become. Turning back was never an option. For what marked your childhood was too painful to show it to the world. Moving forward could've been an option if you had the courage to walk off from the ordinary, from a vested role as a minor character in your own story. But don't think for a second that you're weak, because you're not. The world that surrounds you is hard. Too hard! The world which doesn't know what silence is. The world which doesn't appreciate different! The world which doesn't love you! Free yourself of this world Little Bird! Leave the people from the past in the past. Keep those

from the present in the future. They are worth it. You are worth it! Looking now at your life, I can tell that you'll just be fine. They see you Little Girl! They hear you! They love you!

You were not born to be walked over by other people Little Bird! You were not born to endure the pain and suffering at an early age. You were not born to be captivated in the castle prison. You were not born for just watching and listening. At some point in life the bird has to be freed from the cage. And once the bird is out, they'll never get to see her again. For had they loved her in the first place, they wouldn't have taken the freedom from her. It's my turn to play my part in this story, little one! I'll help you escape this cage. We'll leave this place together! Because I know that you were not born for this world Little Bird! You were born for more! You'll always be more than them!

(Glory, glory Little Bird!)

Neira Sijamhodžić



## Home

Love is apparently a very small and meaningless word which makes wonders in our lives. It makes us change, tremble in front of someone who means the whole world to us. Everything surrounding us becomes nothingness, there is only one special person, the center of our Universe. We have been said that each one of us gets a chance to meet someone you can never compare to anyone else. I thought that was only a thing for successful people who can have whatever they want to. I believed it to be so, until I met him..



My all, my precious from the bottom of the ocean, hidden in the most valuable sea shell. Like a drop of water, remaining on the leaf after the rain. He is my greatest love, the dreamer, strength and goodness, pride and beauty, someone who gives the meaning to my life, my soon-to-be husband. He is someone who stands by my side and there are no words to express my gratitude for everything he has done for me. His battles are mine, as well as his victories and successes. Everything he does, he does it for me. His hope and kind words make me feel better and safer, his advices make me stronger, whenever I feel like there is no way out he makes me see the light at the end of the tunnel.

Home is where he is, and that is how I know that we belong together. He is the one who cares for my well being and is always there for me like a captivated magic from which I don't want to be set free. His voice, like a summer breeze wakes me up every morning, and his smile makes my day.

Oh, that smile, whenever I see it, it makes me think that the brightest star shines only for me.

Every day that we spend together is like a fairy tale, like a one-way train. I know that our lives will be fulfilled with numerous adventures, ups and downs, tough times, but I also know that my precious and I shall fight for our love and stand tall like the strongest stem. We shall cherish our love like a rosebud which needs to be kept away from the storms, from the ones who are trying to destroy it. We shall let it blossom in its full irradiance, keep it away from others and nourish. There is no much time left for us, we are all like the drops in the ocean, let's make sure that we spend the time of our lives with our beloved ones. Actions speak louder than words, so let us show how much we love and appreciate them and let us take good care of them as well.

**Edvina Mehmedović**

## All people are the same

All people are the same. We begin our life journey as babies, we learn, we adapt, we love and we feel. We are built from the same components and we function in the same way as others do. Our two main components are of course the brain and the heart. Your heart is always telling you to go for it, you can do it but then your brain is there to slap you back to reality. Those two are in a constant fight when it comes to some important decisions in your life. But what happens when you shut one of them down? Well, we have all seen what happens when someone doesn't use his brain. Examples can be found everywhere. But what happens when you cut that red wire in your heart? Peace, relief, serenity - call it whatever you like. The reason for that detachment I really can't remember. So many things happening around you and there is nothing you can do to change that. Now

through the course of some of those situations you maybe overreact, you feel sadness, hate, guilt, love, empathy, the whole "feelings specter". Then after some time you ask yourself WHY? Seriously, why? Why feel sorry for anyone? No more. You get what's coming to you and it's that simple. Now, I don't want to sound like a teenage girl going through one of the phases but I just don't care what happens in the world, to the planet, to anyone. France, Syria, Religion, War, Bosnia vs. Serbia, USA, to me are only headlines in everyday news and yet to others is something to discuss in their free time and be bothered about. Again, what caused this state I don't know, was it something someone said, someone did something, who knows, but I know one thing: it is beautiful.

**Dino Hadžić**

## *Faking it*



You can never appreciate enough breezy mornings without intrusion of people, I think to myself as I lean through the window to catch a glimpse of this heady sunrise. There is no one there to nag about my hair being wet, or my feet being bare, or my cup of coffee being too large. Just as I take the first sip from my abovementioned too large cup of coffee I hear a reproachful yell 'Close that window, you are causing a draft. We are all going to catch...' I didn't catch the last part due to my fall through the window. The yell was so loud and it startled me to the point of spilling coffee all over myself and it caused my inglorious fall. So this is how I end. Wet, half clothed and stained with my favorite beverage I wait for the fatal encounter with dust. I always knew that my end will be somehow related to nagging. I also knew

that this fall is taking too long. But then I hear a thud. The draft caused the window to shut and now I was not lying stained in dust. I was instead sitting on my bed looking at colored faces of my friends ready to go on an unrehearsed parade of glitz and glamour/ night out. Apparently they were ready to get me ready and I obeyed silently trying to make out how curved spine, livid legs and creased face with tears of sweat could get so much attention. As we are about to leave for a night of croaking music and lascivious eyes of vultures whose chirps are droningly repetitive and unfortunately easy to memorize, I look at my spilt cup of coffee on the bed and guiltily think how it might be nice to fall from some lower floor window.

**Mirzeta Pajalić**



Dear baby,

Today I became the happiest person in the world. I found out that I have a little creature in my stomach. I'm pregnant.

People say that the best things in life happen when you don't expect them. It just happened to me. Baby, you appeared. First as a small dash on the pregnancy test and then as a dot on the ultrasound screen. Finally, we saw you. We saw your little hands, legs and your head. You were moving and laughing in my stomach. What a feeling! You seemed happy. The doctor said that you are enjoying it, and that you have enough oxygen, also that we take care of you - me (your mommy) and your daddy. Oh my God, how strange it sounds.

Mom and dad. My little baby, you were unexpected, but not unwanted. You are a gift from God. Now our life will finally have meaning. Now we know why we live and for what we hope. Well, it might not be easy, but now we have a little hope that will guide us through life.

You have grown. Now you are bigger. You are 19 weeks old and do you know what you are (a boy or a girl)? You are a little boy, my little son. You have no idea how happy we are because of it, especially your dad. If only you could see the expression on his face. He already imagines that you are going to be like him. He says that you're a great fighter. Lately, we fight a lot. I don't know why. Is it because of my

## *A letter to my baby*

hormones or something else is in question? I would not know the answer, but I know something else, something about you. I know that you love to eat bananas a lot. It's your favourite food.

Today was the first time I felt your moves in my stomach. I can tell you that this is the best feeling in the world. We will see you again, soon. I can't wait to see you. I started counting the days.

Finally, that day has come. Now you are a big boy. We were disappointed. All the time you were sleeping and we could not see your moves. We hope to see it next time. That will be the last time we see you in my stomach. I forgot to tell you that we got the CD with your pictures. The doctor gave it to us. You'll see it when you grow up. We will keep it just for you. I'll make a short break now, because I have to clean your room and decorate it before you arrive. I will see you soon. I cannot wait.

With Love, your mommy

**Fatima Tabaković**



## EDITOR'S NOTE

*"A Chest of Thoughts" includes a wide range of wonderful themes that our fourth-year students of the Pedagogical Faculty in Bihać, Department of English Language and Literature shared with all of us.*

*While reading these essays, it is possible to get an insight not only in their amazing thoughts, wishes and ideas, but also that they are aware of important things in their lives and how they have grown up into adults who are about to change the world.*

*This collection of essays is the evidence that these students have gained knowledge and skills that will guide them towards bigger, more successful and inspiring goals.*

*Dear readers, we hope you, while reading this collection, find yourself captured within this rich treasure chest in hopes it will have an enormous positive impact on your minds.*

*Jasmina Tevšić, BA*



### IMPRESSUM

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