

YOUNG VOICES

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



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How much does a man truly need?

Ambition is highly praised in the society we live in, but what happens when the ever-celebrated drive to achieve and strive higher becomes our own enemy that makes us turn from honourable people full of the milk of human kindness into greedy monsters whose hunger can never be satiated? What happens when the pedestal we sit on is never high enough and there is never enough of sparkly, shiny and new objects that we can achieve to lighten up the darkness in our soul? The root of evil in the human mind has fascinated philosophers and writers for centuries. For example, Shakespeare's `Macbeth` has become a warning tale to humankind

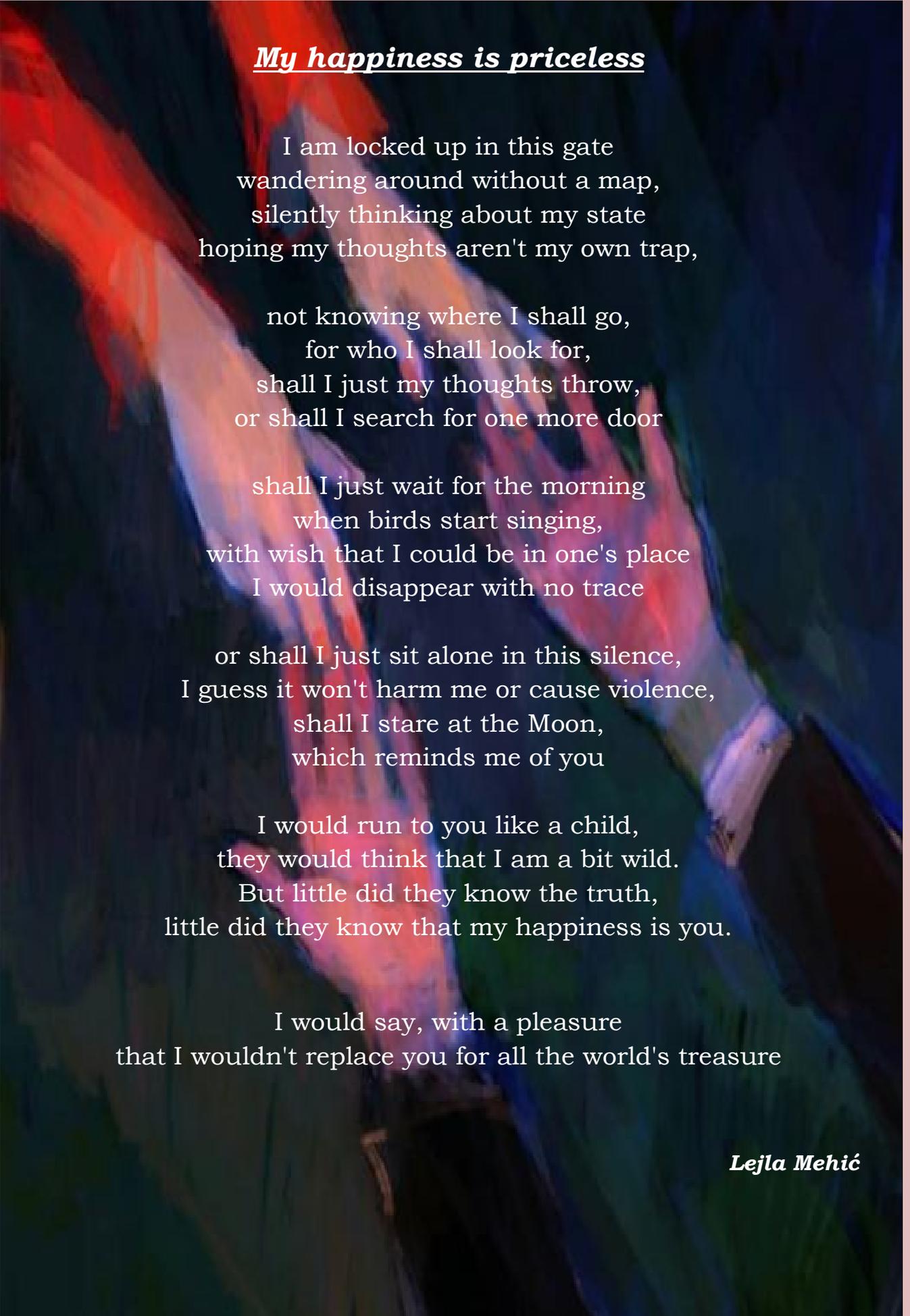


But when the tiny dot of darkness starts to spread and invade all of our being, what can remain of a person when our ambition becomes our enemy which corrupts us from the inside until we're on our deathbed praying for the light to finally take over?

which reminds us that absolute power corrupts absolutely. The need to always be in the right slowly creeps in and the need to protect our ego makes us oblivious and blind to the most obvious moving grooves and men not of woman born, and ultimately becomes a burden on our shoulders. It is mysterious how slowly but surely the change happens and how unaware are we of it until it is too late, and we are not sure where we draw a line between being `infirm of a purpose` and afraid of being overthrown so much that the green sea becomes red and Thane of Fife stops having a wife. And how happy can we be when there's nothing else to achieve and there is so much to lose, protect and fear for than to celebrate and share with the ones we cherish the most? But when the tiny dot of darkness starts to spread and invade all

of our being, what can remain of a person when our ambition becomes our enemy which corrupts us from the inside until we're on our deathbed praying for the light to finally take over? How long will it take us to understand that no water can clean us of the deeds we do and that there will not be enough candles for us to carry around until we realize that we carry that light inside of ourselves and shine it on others, that we can use up our resources and knowledge to help our society and lead them to a more promising future, and that our milk of human kindness is the strongest power we could ever ask for?

Danijela Anušić



My happiness is priceless

I am locked up in this gate
wandering around without a map,
silently thinking about my state
hoping my thoughts aren't my own trap,

not knowing where I shall go,
for who I shall look for,
shall I just my thoughts throw,
or shall I search for one more door

shall I just wait for the morning
when birds start singing,
with wish that I could be in one's place
I would disappear with no trace

or shall I just sit alone in this silence,
I guess it won't harm me or cause violence,
shall I stare at the Moon,
which reminds me of you

I would run to you like a child,
they would think that I am a bit wild.
But little did they know the truth,
little did they know that my happiness is you.

I would say, with a pleasure
that I wouldn't replace you for all the world's treasure

Lejla Mehić

Thing called Love

*To have it too much means not having it at all.
That complex, yet enjoyable thing called love.
What does it mean to love, cherish and respect?
What does it mean? Is it like a burn or a little peck?
Does it stay scarred in your heart,
or do you love just out of need? Can you explain
what love is, can you succeed?
Does it come out of the sky, that is bright and blue,
or does it come from the ground covered in grass,
flowers and pebbles?
Each of them represents a living being,
All together, yet all alone, as it seems.
Like in Sons and Lovers, love can be a killer,
lurking in the corner waiting for its unfortunate winner.
Or maybe a love for money, or material things wins.
To be that greedy, to let others sink.
Like a big rock that is pushed from the edge,
calling for help but without a sound effect.
Love like emotion is a full wreck, used to provoke,
To possess and protect. Like Mrs. Morel,
we all have our Paul, but we need to know when to
stop forcing and just let go. Even through the Hard Times,
life is like a living stream, It won't make us break,
it will only make us feel.
And like Mr. Yeats in Easter said,
„Terrible beauty is born.“*

*But fear not,
you are not alone, not for a minute,
not for a second, not at all. For the infinity and beyond,
love will always be here, in the air
like a warm wind on the summer days.
To learn how to manage love without consequences
possible is not, because everything has a price
and even that complex, yet enjoyable thing called love.*

Vinesa Mehić



KNOWLEDGE, AMBITION AND FEAR OF DEATH

Knowledge, we are all going towards it. It does not matter if we are making baby steps or huge ones, what is important is that we are moving further. It helped to many people, brought by centuries so next generations could bring it in every corner of their lives. It cured humans from illnesses and worries, helped them to express their thoughts, basically it is inprinted in everything that surrounds us. Every human being is born without it, but while he is growing up he is learning about things around him. There is no limit for



knowledge to grow, it simply keeps expanding by the will of human. If person does not know something about any topic , we should not look at them as in someone who is less intelligent or laugh at them. Why? Because every human is learning something new every day. Maybe some of their knowledge can outgrow yours. As we respect feelings of other people, we should respect their beliefs as well no matter how much they differ from ours. Hard truth about knowledge is that it can „give birth“ to the evil. There are many examples that have shown knowing something resulted in getting to the last station of our journey – death. Death is unexpected but real no matter how hard our mind tried to deny it, it will one day knock at our door. There is no key that could let death wait for us until we are ready to go. Faustus, the man who let dark energy help him gain more knowledge was not aware of its consequences. Once you let evil in it will follow you until the end of your life. If you do not realize it on time your ending won't be happy and pleasant. Things that make you happy are not necessarily good for you. Faustus might got what he wanted, everything looked so shiny and glamorous until the very last moment. Moment that was bringing his soul in dark Hell. It was too late to repent , the clock was letting out his last breath. We must know even though there is no contract, everything has it own date of expiring. Faustus had years to realize that, but his soul did not want to accept that. The best knowledge is the one that can give no harm to us, people and environment around us. Once we notice its wrong use we should warn those who use it in a wrong way and convince them of its bad sides. We can not change anyone's opinion but if they learn something new they could change their old belief. Knowledge in good hands is power, but knowledge in bad hands is weapon. So, choose wisely.

Ajla Mehić

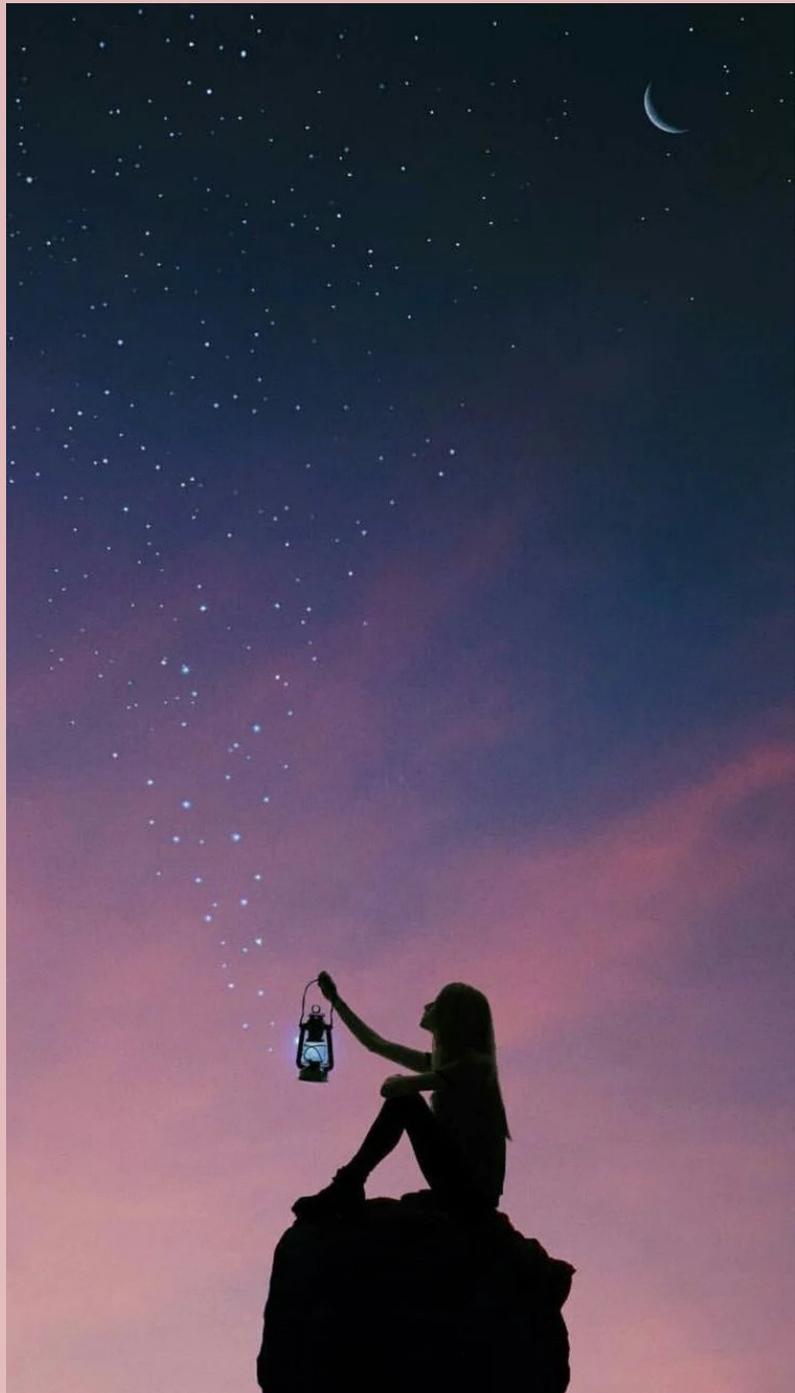
Finding it right

For all the time
While lookin' at the stars
I just realized
That one in the left corner
Is starting to fade

After a few minutes
It turned off
And the universe was left
With one light less

And so right now
Don't let my lines fool you
And make you think
I feel depressed

'Cause the only thing
You need to know
That's when the one
Light starts to fade
Another one is to arise.



Inga Midžić

POWER OF WOMEN

Women have always had to fight for themselves and their rights throughout the history. Unfortunately, we have read about horrifying things women had to go through. To survive, they had to bow their heads in front of everyone and were forced do to things they didn't want. Women finally started to break the chains of slavery during World War One when they became quintessential parts of the society. After discovering their strength, they started to seek more rights



and they won the most important battle, the battle for freedom after years of bondage. The strength of a woman should never be measured by the hardships she went through, but it should be measured by the extent of her refusal to allow those hardships to define her. We can read through different novels about what heroines had to go through to survive. Also, history has witnessed some larger-than-life queens that fought for their kingdoms and people. Women are both protectors and life bringers. Women are carriers of knowledge, wealth, and beauty so why are they suppressed? If all things came from women, why have we been witnesses of monstrosities done to them? One of my favorite quotes is that there is nothing more powerful than a power of a woman. The true beauty of a woman lies in her heart where she is capable of carrying love for her children, family, and respect for others. For years we have seen women doing incredible things, going through uncharted ways where nobody ever dared to go. Women often used their bravery to go against society and fought for different causes. So my advice to every woman out there is to fight for yourself and your dreams because people don't care and will always try to break us because they are scared of our power that can both build cities and destroy them. Be proud of being a woman and live your life head up, never lower your gaze, and never compromise yourself and your dreams for anyone.

Aida Jaganjac

"The Scarlet Letter"- Women today

Women's roles in society have shifted dramatically. However, some stereotypes have remained constant, albeit with little variations from country to country. "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne, is an excellent illustration of how women are classed as either whores or saints.



After having an affair with a priest, a lady falls pregnant; her sin causes her to be shunned by her community, and she is forced to wear an embroidered scarlet "A" for adultery on her garments. This sentence would not be carried out today, but she would still be the talk of the town, ridiculed in public, and branded an adulteress. By the end of the book, the villagers have discovered that the minister is her lover. They're shocked and appalled, but they're not nearly as brutal with him as they were with her.

Sadly, this way of thinking persists today. For committing the same act, a man is never treated as harshly as a woman. It's extremely tragic that a book written during the Puritan period may be so relevant to our culture. Not that women haven't earned numerous rights in recent years, but basic human decency toward women is frequently lost.

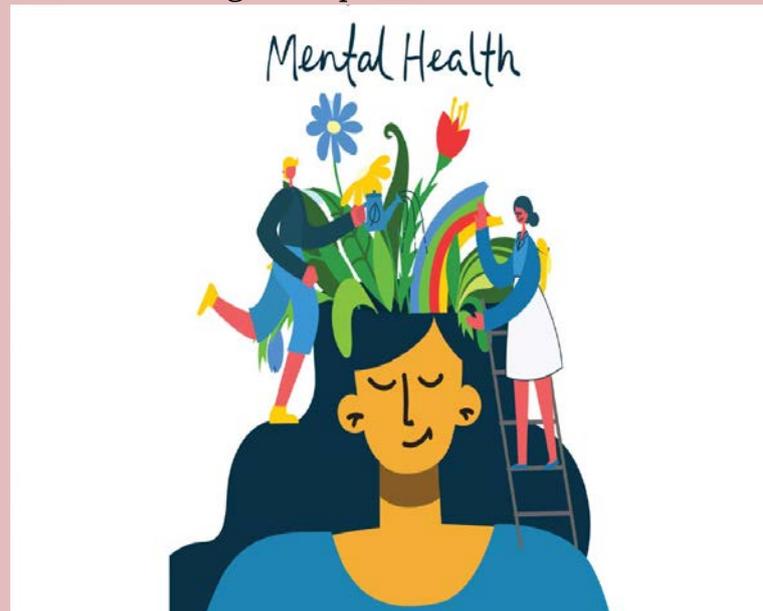
To survive in this world as women who can endure many difficulties and hardships while being strong and resilient is a feat in itself.

Hana-Klara Bratić

Awareness of mental health

Let's talk a bit of mental health problems these days, because nowadays teenagers are surrounded every day with a new problem from the influence of social media, especially Instagram and TikTok. They are full of complexes of their body, they are ashamed to be who they really are and they all have masks which they put when they're on social media. That leads us to a mental disease like anxiety. Anxiety is really exposed on people who are in their twenties (20s), or earlier. There are a lot of symptoms of anxiety, I'll bring up some of them:

increased heart rate and heavy breathing, increased muscle tension, tightening sensation in the chest, unsubstantiated and growing worries and restlessness. The most common factors of anxiety can be: family history, stressful events, health issues, etc. There are a lot of types of anxiety disorders which are: Generalized Anxiety Disorder (GAD), Obsessive Compulsive Disorder (OCD), Social Phobia/Social Anxiety



Disorder, Specific Phobias, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), Panic Disorder. But there is also this side of those disorders, where some of teenagers say that they have anxiety or some mental health issues for the attention of others, which leads us to a problem where those teenagers didn't have enough love, affection and attention from their parents, so they search for that attention and love in other people on social media. But also, maybe that does not have to be the reason why are they doing it. Parents and elders have to be aware of their children, because if they close themselves off and not talk to them, there is something what are they struggling to. As anxiety disorders, we also have mood disorders. Mood disorders, such as depression and bipolar depression, affect nearly 10% adults each year and are characterized by difficulties in regulating one's mood. There's nothing much you can do to help someone (only if you're a psychologist), but you can show individual respect and acceptance, advocating within our circles of influence, learning more about mental health and by simple listening to that person who has struggles with mental health and make them open up to you, because a simple listening means a lot to people who have really bad struggles with mental health. I'll have just one more thing to say, don't think that your friend who seems really happy in company or somewhere else isn't struggling with something, usually those friends struggle with something but they are used to deal with it alone. Also they usually give you some really good advice for something you're opening up to them. So check up on your happiest friends! ☺

Sajra Kuduzović

M O M E N T S

Life is hard.

The moment we are born, we do not even face this world with ease, but rather with the painful sound of reality – a newborn's weep.

Some people are lucky enough to experience life without greater worries, but others, on the other hand, are not so lucky.

My thoughts are often in an endless loop of trying to understand why life is bound to play itself out so drastically different for every individual. How come that one can have a life beyond their imagination while others suffer the burdens of reality day after day?

For instance, when thinking about the world I am living in, I like to think of it as a wonderful place full of love, happiness, and fulfillment, with endless little things I could and should be thankful for.

I consider myself lucky enough to have the ability to know the world like that, to live life through pink glasses and forever believe there is a reason I am here.

When I finally catch my train of thought, I wonder how and why someone would wake up one day and choose not to be kind, happy, and thankful for the life they have.



Then I pull myself to the ground and remind myself that those things do not happen overnight. People get stepped on, tossed, and turned as if they were nothing but a cloud of dust in this world. Who can blame them for becoming bitter?

If we stop for a second and think some more,

Isn't it that everyone has a purpose, that everyone has to walk in and out of our world to leave a trace?!

People tend to get so preoccupied with themselves that they forget that I am, as you are, just as important. And no, I was not born in a perfect world with perfect people, and yes, life is hard, but we do not have to make it harder by the constant judgment of our surroundings.

After all, aren't we the ones who can ease things for ourselves?

If we just stopped, took a deep breath, and understood that we are not, nor have ever been, alone, and that if we just focused a second on what is around us, we would appreciate life so much more.

Even though it is hard, we are the ones that have complete power over how we perceive the moments we are in. If only we enjoyed those moments instead of wondering about tomorrow, which is not even promised.

Nejra Harčević



Life becomes ashes

My heart, cut and stabbed by others, aged by misery, is in my hands, offered to you. Take it, keep it, hold it tight and never let go, for one was made to satisfy the other. It will treat you well, until the faithful day comes and you kill it. When that happens burn it until only dust is left. Make sure you're the one, kill the embers and bury it. Your faithful hound will always be there, I'll be howling for you, for one will kill the other.

Šošelo

Too much of Love

By the time a child is born, it is loved in the most selfless way. Mother's love is made of deep devotion, and sacrifice, and pain. Deep down in every mother's heart, there is a tower built with bricks of love which grows bigger and stronger day by day, month by month, year by year. It glows with all the beauty and nothing can destroy it. But such strong love and unbreakable connection can have some consequences. Those cannot be seen from the very beginning, but they surely leave us with a scar – a „reminder“ that lives as long as our hearts are beating. That unbreakable thread is seen in Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers*. Mrs. Morel's attitude towards Paul is a great example of how too much of love can lead to too much of loneliness. His life is shaped by her, HE is shaped by her. She cared for him, she kept him, but his life wanted to free itself of her. She didn't know when to let go of her son and neither was Paul aware of it. It is obvious that this bond between them was not as healthy as it should have been. Both sides were damaged but somehow they put their fragile pieces together and again became one. They walked together through every storm, every lie, every selfish act. But every story has an end, and so does this one. Paul's loneliness is portrayed in the last part of the book, where he is left without a girlfriend, a fiancée, and a mother. Even though his mother's death had brought him freedom and peace, he realized that he will never be able to build a tower with someone else.

Bjanka Terzić

Being yours

I wish I were like Elizabeth, and in many ways I am. Headstrong, witty, well read, pretty I can pass off as a person who has all that. One problem is that when I look at you my darling, my very own Mr. Darcy, all that and much more flies out the window. I've waited long to see you, for months I had this feeling that, though you're far away you're special to me. You, so far away, agree the same, that I'm not just some random boy who foolishly fell for you. And yet I stand here forgetting our argument that we won't let ourselves choose a distant idyllic fantasy. I want to kiss you, and I don't care who stares, I want you to know it all changed the moment I saw your face. And in that mysticism of your hand on my cheek, I forget that you're the reason why I make myself feel so small. I was hoping and wishing that you standing in in front of me will switch up all these feelings brewing deep inside of me. And I was hoping and I was wishing that I'll play you like a fool, like all those lovesick boys that came before you. But I don't feel them, their starvation in the beauty of your touch, your longing is sincere and pure and oh so powerful. I look into your eyes to tell you how much I've faltered, and I get a look behind those glasses and realise what I've already known.

You have loved before.

I've not.

Your eyes, they plead like mine, your smile, it smiles for mine, your kiss, as desperate as mine, all your body begs to be mine. You'd have been the best thing I could have called mine, and your eyes said the same. It's up to you to be strong for us both; we both know we'll hurt. One of us is just foolish enough to choose a fantasy.

In writing this, in remembering you, I'm forgetting once again dear. In your shining radiance I thought of myself as small. The words didn't come out right when faced with your eyes. My legs gave up at the feeling of your touch. Sentiments sound sharper from such pretty lips.

But I forget that and remember that you made me realise I'm capable of this sort of love.

And I won't be yours.

And you won't be mine

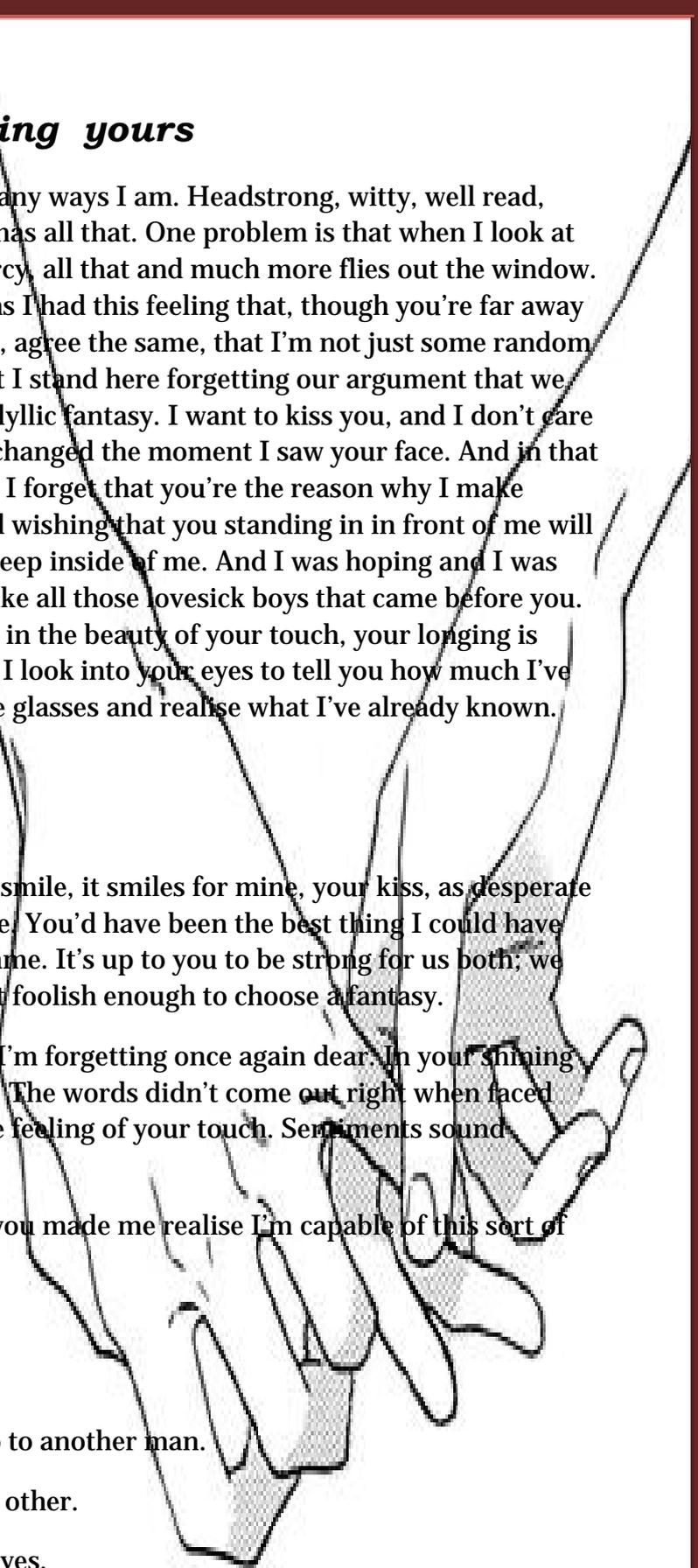
And this love that changed me will go to another man.

And we'll never find anyone like each other.

I'll try not to search for you in other eyes.

Can you promise you'll do the same?

Džan Suljanović



A f t e r l i f e

What happens with us after we die? Do we retain consciousness? Is there a void of nothingness? Does our soul separate from our body in the moment of death and lives on? These are the questions many have asked since the beginning of mankind, yet no one has answer to.

There are many assumptions about life after death ever since ancient philosophers. Plato believed soul exists in us even before our birth, and continues to exist after we die. Socrates believed death should be welcomed because good souls have their secured places in the afterlife.



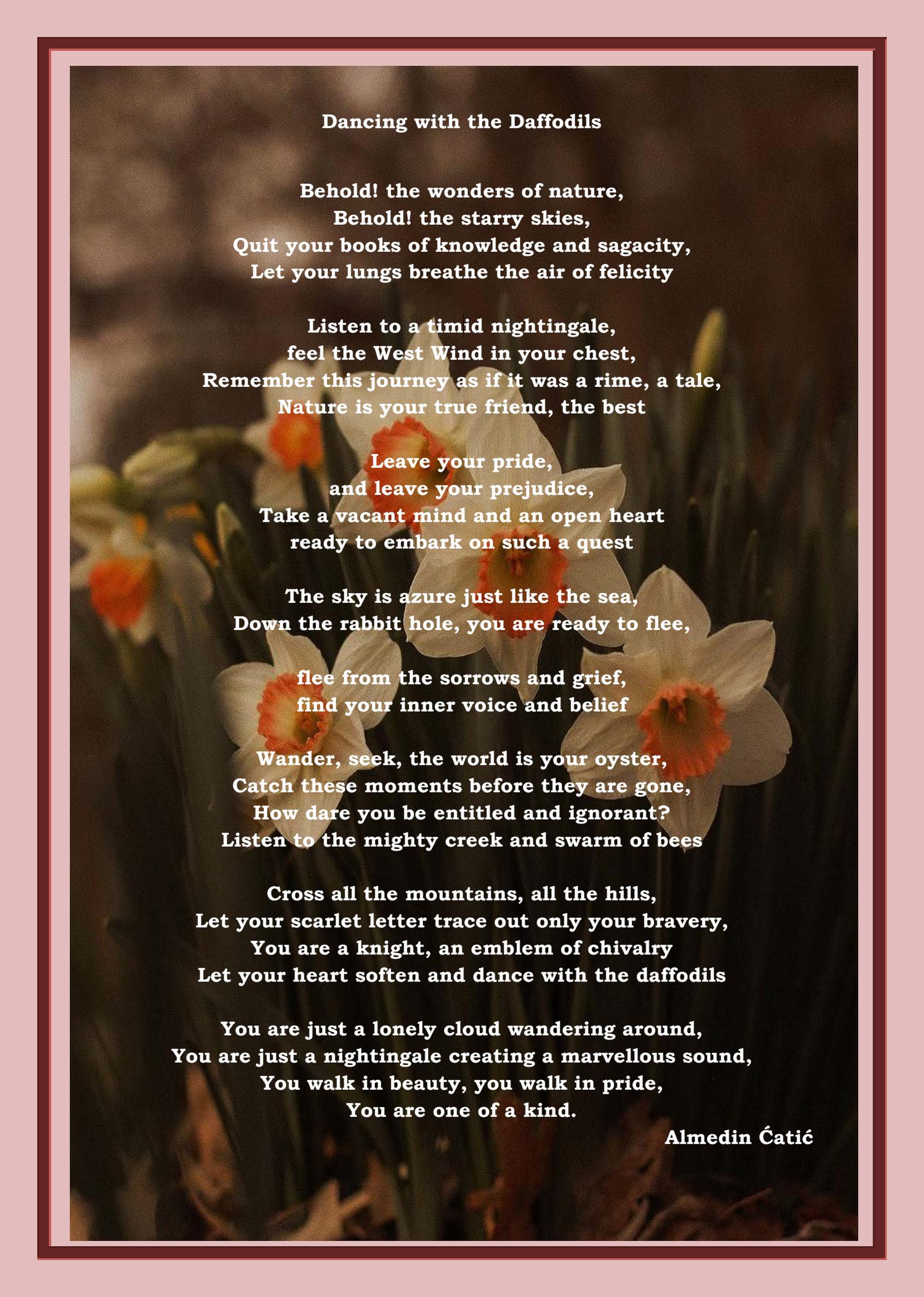
Epictetus, however, believed that after death humans cease to exist, therefore we should not fear death. There is a popular belief that a human's soul is the missing part in the equation of chemical elements which a body contains. All percentages of chemical elements combined in a body equal to 99.85%. What about the missing 0.15%? It is believed that that is the weight of a human soul. Many people today assume that pre-natal babies have souls and consciousness- that is where the anti-abortion movement comes from. However, this cannot be proven, just like afterlife cannot be proven. There is also a popular belief that paranormal appearances are the cause of the afterlife.

Souls that have unfinished business cannot pass on to the "other side" and they continue to linger in the mortal world in a shape of spirits. Religious people find comfort and hope in the belief of existence of heaven and hell.

They believe there is an afterlife and good people will be rewarded, as bad will be punished in eternal torturing - assumption they retain consciousness after death. In Buddhism, it is believed that humans reincarnate or reborn as many times after death, until they achieve nirvana, inner peace. They call it samsara, and believe the way someone acted in their previous life will affect who they become in the next one. I think neither of it is true, but also everything is true, since a complex notion like human life cannot be limited in a box of only one description. Mankind has evolved so much through medicine over the years, yet they still cannot comprehend the full potential of human body, and parts of it like brain and heart. It is in vain to define possibilities and limits of one heart as all, just like defining one human body as the entire population. There could be a possibility that only a certain group of people has an afterlife, just as it is possible that no human has an afterlife. It is also possible that our souls can travel through indefinite universes after our death, although those universes are also just a hypothesis. One of humans' biggest fear is that of uncertainty, which is why they are so eager to find out what happens with them after death, so much that they forget to live in the present. In the case where we are nothing after we die, we should aspire to leave behind a legacy, something that will be useful to the people after us, or at least aspire to leave a good name behind. Why are we so obsessed with what is coming instead of what is already here? Why are we not living our lives up to our full potential, but yet waste it pondering about something we know nothing about, neither can we know.

In my case, I do not want to leave this world having made a big family, nor do I aspire to make the climate situation better for our future generations. I do not want to be remembered as a rich and famous person who inspired so many lives. I want to be remembered by the people I once loved. I want to leave this world knowing I made an impact on them. There is no answer to life after death, but there is an answer to life - we should live it the best we can.

Selma Kurbegović



Dancing with the Daffodils

**Behold! the wonders of nature,
Behold! the starry skies,
Quit your books of knowledge and sagacity,
Let your lungs breathe the air of felicity**

**Listen to a timid nightingale,
feel the West Wind in your chest,
Remember this journey as if it was a rime, a tale,
Nature is your true friend, the best**

**Leave your pride,
and leave your prejudice,
Take a vacant mind and an open heart
ready to embark on such a quest**

**The sky is azure just like the sea,
Down the rabbit hole, you are ready to flee,**

**flee from the sorrows and grief,
find your inner voice and belief**

**Wander, seek, the world is your oyster,
Catch these moments before they are gone,
How dare you be entitled and ignorant?
Listen to the mighty creek and swarm of bees**

**Cross all the mountains, all the hills,
Let your scarlet letter trace out only your bravery,
You are a knight, an emblem of chivalry
Let your heart soften and dance with the daffodils**

**You are just a lonely cloud wandering around,
You are just a nightingale creating a marvellous sound,
You walk in beauty, you walk in pride,
You are one of a kind.**

Almedin Ćatić

Sailor's choice

The sea held by a marble cradle clashed into the edge, almost gently, while it took the sailor dragging him to the depths. To the unilluminated sea bed where nothing persists for long. With eyes pressed shut the sailor gave himself to the burn in his lungs, every small cranny of the tender organ got flooded within seconds. "Just a few more minutes," only thought that persisted in his head.

Then it all would be over, the butterfly like organ that flutters at every contact with air will burst as the prettiest fireworks, gorgeous and quickly devoid of life. For him thought, he didn't really see any fireworks in his future. There was no desire to return to the world which took the most precious thing from him. He no longer wished to be the captain of the ship, not even a lowlife of a street rat attracted him. He simply desired nothing, chose doing the only certain thing anyone ever must do.



The only ship waiting for him would be the one with no return which takes you to the undiscovered country from which no passenger returns. Staying for a little longer would mean the living world would have the strong grasp on him still.

Yet, his heart starts to act more erratically. The idea of unknown. If he washes up he know where he will be, however if does not what happens?

Does any man in this world know what hides behind the final breath a man takes? He yearns for it if it means the burn would leave his lungs, aching for the surface. Muscles fighting against the will of a man. Because what else is there to do? Face the world where the stories you heard throughout all your life no longer will have the same voice? The arms that cradled now rest in the ground? The eyes of his that he carries will never glance and meet his ever again.

Why should he have to live in a world that let him be an orphan?

Then from the above he hears it.

A break against the waves. Gentle voice muffled by the water taking parts of you, calling out for him on the beach, on the other side of the door. Her worry reaches him, the same as the water, but carrying more. The love and sorrow and endearment of a mother. And no longer is he cold.

At least a half orphan after all.

To you his heartbreak might be trivial but to him even Atlas can't compare.

So good Lord he chooses. The head finds himself above the surface washed up on cold marble. When he rises from the water, gripping the edges, his eyes will avert and he won't dare look at the reflection of the man in the mirror. But at least he will be a living man for today more.

Rejhana Vranić

The Sea Makes Me Feel

The sea, a vast and serene canvas colored by passersby and the elements it has experienced. Adored by people for its beauty and use from which they draw life. But also feared for the mysteries and the unknown that lie deep beneath the surface. Much like a human soul, it depends, if its waves take you on an adventure or crush you beneath their force. Will you judge a soul with shallow, face-value knowledge, or will you risk diving into the depths of it despite the immense pressure lying in wait?

Some see only sadness while looking at its empty surface that reaches as far as the eye can see. While others revel in the colorful beauty by sneaking a peek at its true contents just under the surface. Some fear its uncertainty and wrath, while others try to tame it, seeking adventure and fame. As much as it acts as a natural mirror that reflects your physical appearance, depending on the state of your mind and soul, it reflects your inner thoughts, desires and emotions. Whichever emotion might either calm or plague your mind at the time, if you stare long enough into the endless abyss that is the sea, it will stare back and reflect all those thoughts and emotions back at you. Do not mistake its power by getting lost in the relaxing and peaceful sound of the waves. Love, fear or respect it; it is up to you, but never underestimate it.

Ajdin Jusić

Saying sorry

The word "Sorry", such a peculiar word that holds so little and so much meaning at the same. Humans are programmed from birth to apologize for their mistakes and flaws, but why are we taught to instantly regret our mistakes and flaws, instead of focusing on using the knowledge gained from them to better ourselves so that we do not repeat the same mistakes again and again. Making mistakes and being flawed is a core part of existence, but we are shamed into thinking there is something wrong with us if we and our actions aren't perfect. But how could we be perfect, perfection isn't a realistic standard that humans should be held to. Many mistakes through life are in fact a valuable lesson in disguise, and our flaws are often those that make us unique. If we didn't make mistakes and have flaws, there wouldn't be a lesson to be learned, and we wouldn't be able to grow as a person and evolve. We are taught by society and the people around us to always say sorry, but not how to estimate when it's really necessary to apologize. We are not taught to think about our actions as good



or correct, but as flawed and to question our every move, sentence, and word. It's embedded into us to predict every bad consequence that could possibly occur from our words and prepare, a standardized apology. But doesn't that way of thinking directly cheapen the core value of an apology, and makes us lose the aspect of being truly compassionate and feeling the emotions like guilt, regret, sorrow and many more that are typically associated with apologies. Shouldn't we take into account that those standardized apologies more often do more harm than good? Because, as many people would tell you, almost every person can feel when an apology is earnest.

We as people often forget that our words aren't the only important thing when it comes to an apology, but also the way we say it and the core characteristic of truly meaning the words that we say. Because of this particular way of thinking that is thought to us from a very young age, has the word sorry lost most of its meaningfulness. We use it so often and with so little thought behind it that it became more of a reflex than a sincere way of apologizing. We mostly use the phrase "I'm sorry." as a convenient way to just brush off the feelings of others and to avoid really thinking about our actions and their consequences. We don't take the time to really consider the extent to which our word may have hurt the person we are apologizing to. We shouldn't think of apologizing as just a thing to cross off our to-do list after a fight with a person or after a mistake we did. It should be a serious way of taking accountability for our mistakes and acknowledging that we may have hurt others with our words or actions. We use the words, "I am sorry." as a temporary fix or a band-aid so to say, but what if the cut is too deep? You wouldn't put a band-aid on a gushing wound, but we think that every problem and bad decision we make can be fixed with a simple "I'm sorry". But why do we do it? Why do we act in this type of way and then expect something better in return? It seems to me that the main reason why we don't think of an apology as a big deal is that most of us through the years have built up defense mechanisms that make us more and more numb to the feelings of others and make us act more reckless with our words. But although everything I have mentioned or most of it until this point can be seen as a negative or maybe even as character flaws, those things don't make us a bad person, on the contrary, it makes us human. Making mistakes is normal, especially at a young age, but we should try our hardest not to repeat them and try to hold others accountable when they do.

Haris Delić

... Pro Amor Mori

The ancient Romans had and left behind wise sayings, as well as big lies, "Dulce et decorum est, pro patria mori." Now, as someone who has not witnessed war and has no desire to do so, I cannot speak from experience, but only from perception. However, war poets, such as Wilfred Owen, can and do, through his poem "Dulce et decorum est," giving me a broader perspective while also confirming what I already believe. That is, that war is nothing more than the definition and equivalence of evil. I'll paraphrase Plato, by saying that only the dead have seen the end of war. To agree with him, you don't have to have Plato's wisdom or knowledge, but you do have to understand that there are no victors in war, only losers. Losers of life, youth, future, morale, and to say something like "it's sweet to die for your country" is total nonsense in my opinion. In schools, we are taught and exposed to the facts and knowledge of war from a historical standpoint. However, seeing and reading phrases and words such as "bent-double," "like old beggars," and many other descriptive words by Wilfred Owen in his poem, displaying sadness and sorrow, has a strong impact and effect on me as do actual images of war events we are and were shown in schools. Returning to the Romans, their adversary was a warrior named Achilles. He was thought and seen to be the strongest and most fearless warrior, ready to defend, fight, and die for his own country, but he did not; instead, he died for love, his love for Polyxena, which to me, in this case, is the sweet and proper thing to do; thus, the saying, closest to the truth, would be: "Dulce et decorum est, pro amor mori."

Benjamin Bratić



One Day My Voice Will Be Heard From The Hill

Whatever I feel
You feel with me
Light as a feather
In Your arms
I just want to be free

Whatever I feel
You feel with me
Light as a feather
In Your arms
I am free

Utopia, my birds and their songs
Really make me happy
And sad

Your shackles are far away now,
Singing the song of ego death

Whatever I need
You need with me
Light as a feather
I just want to be free

Whatever I feel
You feel with me
Stranger than a stranger
In Your arms I am free
Utopia, My birds and their songs
Make me feel alone
Utopia, how come you have to be a
poppy God?
For them to cover their scars

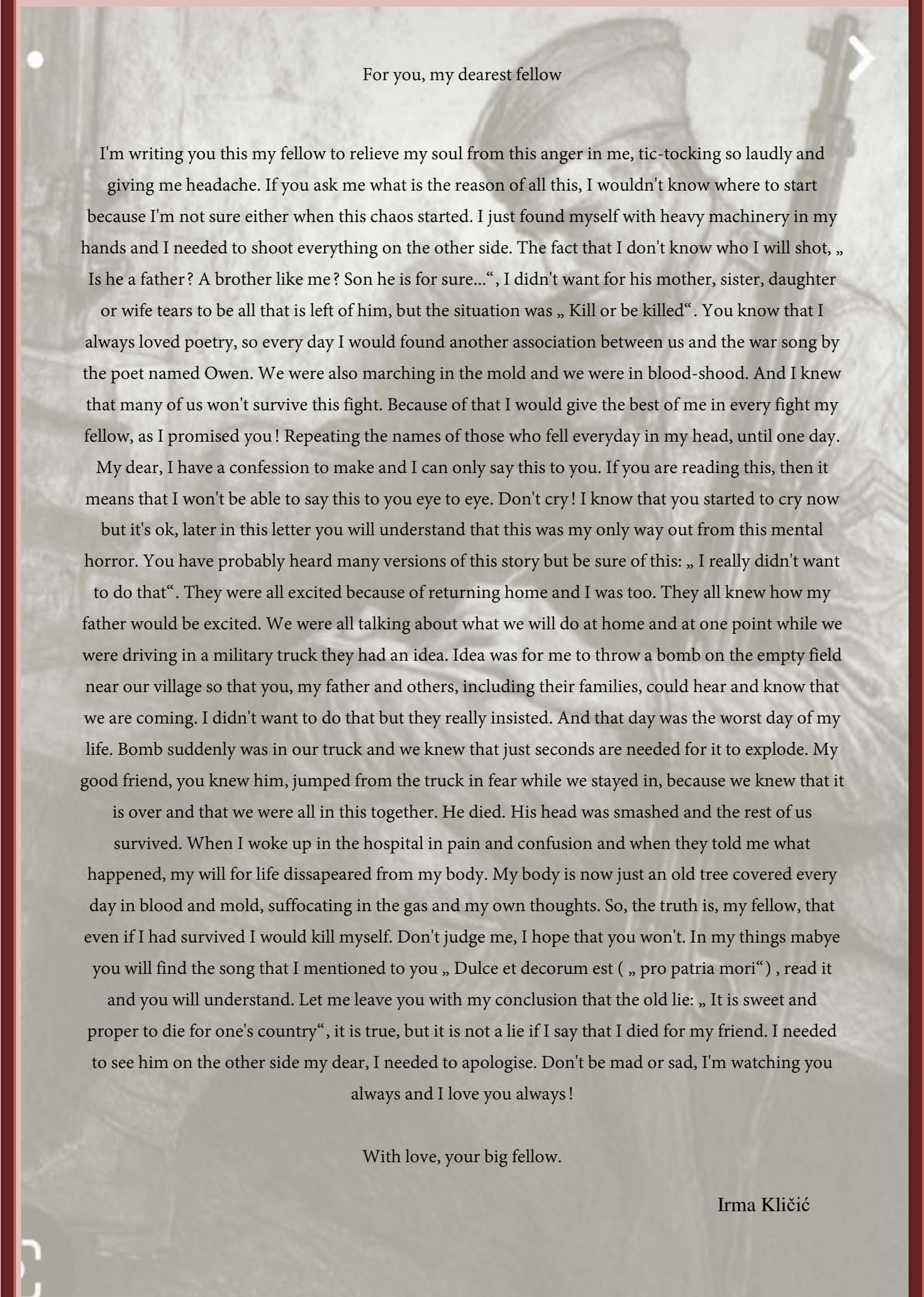
Themselves with
Honor, loyalty, a willing evergreen
heart

Adorned be with honor
Adorned be with loyalty
Adorned be with faith
Adorned be with the Stone
Adorned be with love
Adorned be with golden bracelets
Drink from silver cups
Embroided by green silk
On divans, forever

Leave their jobs
And pray at the right time
And cry at the right time
But you are a sad God right now
I will light up my cigarette
And all the pain, blow it all away
Through the window
Into the air

Utopia, my birds sing their songs
Really makes me sing along
Although I am free
My soul aches for thee.

Kristijan Jerković



For you, my dearest fellow

I'm writing you this my fellow to relieve my soul from this anger in me, tic-tocking so loudly and giving me headache. If you ask me what is the reason of all this, I wouldn't know where to start because I'm not sure either when this chaos started. I just found myself with heavy machinery in my hands and I needed to shoot everything on the other side. The fact that I don't know who I will shot, „ Is he a father? A brother like me? Son he is for sure...“ , I didn't want for his mother, sister, daughter or wife tears to be all that is left of him, but the situation was „ Kill or be killed“ . You know that I always loved poetry, so every day I would found another association between us and the war song by the poet named Owen. We were also marching in the mold and we were in blood-shood. And I knew that many of us won't survive this fight. Because of that I would give the best of me in every fight my fellow, as I promised you! Repeating the names of those who fell everyday in my head, until one day.

My dear, I have a confession to make and I can only say this to you. If you are reading this, then it means that I won't be able to say this to you eye to eye. Don't cry! I know that you started to cry now but it's ok, later in this letter you will understand that this was my only way out from this mental horror. You have probably heard many versions of this story but be sure of this: „ I really didn't want to do that“ . They were all excited because of returning home and I was too. They all knew how my father would be excited. We were all talking about what we will do at home and at one point while we were driving in a military truck they had an idea. Idea was for me to throw a bomb on the empty field near our village so that you, my father and others, including their families, could hear and know that we are coming. I didn't want to do that but they really insisted. And that day was the worst day of my life. Bomb suddenly was in our truck and we knew that just seconds are needed for it to explode. My good friend, you knew him, jumped from the truck in fear while we stayed in, because we knew that it is over and that we were all in this together. He died. His head was smashed and the rest of us survived. When I woke up in the hospital in pain and confusion and when they told me what happened, my will for life dissapeared from my body. My body is now just an old tree covered every day in blood and mold, suffocating in the gas and my own thoughts. So, the truth is, my fellow, that even if I had survived I would kill myself. Don't judge me, I hope that you won't. In my things maybe you will find the song that I mentioned to you „ Dulce et decorum est („ pro patria mori“) , read it and you will understand. Let me leave you with my conclusion that the old lie: „ It is sweet and proper to die for one's country“ , it is true, but it is not a lie if I say that I died for my friend. I needed to see him on the other side my dear, I needed to apologise. Don't be mad or sad, I'm watching you always and I love you always!

With love, your big fellow.

Irma Kličić

Are we afraid of growing up?

As we are growing up into more mature humans, we sometimes probably think of how we don't want to experience this part of our life.

The part of life which is making us into another and a more whole person. We are always searching for ways in which we can stay our little selves. For example we still like to play games or we like the music that we used to listen as children. Being a grown up and hard part of experience growing up is a life because we some things on a daily basis and we learn by them. If we were still in middle school and we were our subjects failing all of some lessons like 16 year old Holden from *Catcher in the Rye*. Would it be an excuse for us that it is because of not wanting to go in becoming an adult. Well if we about how he feeling. I Facing all of the teachers to face your probably going if we had the



were to think was acting and suppose it is. the critics from and being able family which is to scold us, but same family as Holden did, we would have to endure it. We all must've had something we treasured and loved while we were growing up, something that we couldn't let go off. Every person had something in life that reminded them that they will always stay a child in heart at least. When it comes to me I had a cute, pink, fluffy bunny which I always had with me and played with him, and he is there still in my life to remind me of who I am and who I was. Like Holden had his red hat which reminded him of child's innocence and which was very precious to him. If you had little sister or a brother with which you played from time to time, wouldn't you feel like a child yourself? Well that is probably common to all of us because it really does happen no matter what we are doing with them, they will make us come into their world and forget who we are. Holden had his sister Phoebe who he treasure and loved. She was someone that could keep all his secrets and problems to herself and be there for him in hard times. Phoebe is a child but she sometimes has those wishes of doing whatever her brother is doing at his age. And here we come with the question :

„Are we afraid of growing up or Are we ready to grow up?“, well the answer is probably no, because it is a part of our life. The only thing we could do is to sometimes remind ourselves that we can enjoy in those childish things even for a moment. Life would be beautiful if we could once in a while enjoy our childhood memories or even repeat them maybe. Stay a child, at least inside and live your life to the fullest.

Šherzada Pajalić

Holding On Little Memories

Oh to be young and wild

To not worry

About the time

To have wings

And know how to fly

To make everything

Sound like a rhyme

Oh to be young and wild

Never to outgrow

The child in your heart

Never to face

The worry in your eye

And just like Holden

To want to stay in time

Only for a moment

That would be enough

To not go forward

And not to grow up

To be happy

And know when it's on

To take away the feeling

Of holding on.



Una Ljajić



EDITOR'S NOTE

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

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

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



IMPRESSUM

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