

WRITERS
ON
THE STORM

2006/2007



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. <i>Silent killer</i> by Ela Krupińska	4
2. <i>Grunge - 'dirty' music ?</i> by Katarzyna Węgorowska	5
3. <i>Double Shell</i> by Izabela Saczko	7
4. <i>Steps to Success</i> by Anna Hofmann-Delbor	8
5. <i>Ironic</i> by Monika Godlewska	10
6. <i>Place that I will never forget</i> by Ewa Stankiewicz	11
7. <i>How to make an unforgettable date?</i> by Michał Sośnicki	12
8. <i>The World of Gothic Music</i> by Agnieszka Wierżajtys	14
9. <i>Entering the world of a fairy tale</i> by Monika Puzowska	15
10. <i>The Miraculous Lavender</i> by Karolina Szostak	16
11. <i>Put on a mask and grab a knife</i> by Wioleta Sieńkowska	18
12. <i>Life is not a Bed of Roses</i> by Ula Szczęsna	20
13. <i>Dying Poetry</i> by Monika Godlewska	21
14. <i>Was it a daydream or the reality...?</i> by Dominika Szargiej	22
15. <i>What is hIp HoP ??</i> by Radosław Lotkowski	23
16. <i>Two Ichabods</i> by Mariusz Anuszkiewicz	25
17. <i>Desert!</i> by Katarzyna Fiszer	27
18. <i>Never Judge a Book by Its Cover</i> by Monika Godlewska	28
19. <i>Shrewd Blue Eyes</i> by Tomasz Ejsmont	29
20. <i>With but without God...</i> by Anna Hofmann-Delbor	31
21. <i>What I see in my mind's eye?</i> by Alicja Kasprzyk	34
22. <i>Extraordinary person</i> by Martyna Szafranowska	35
23. <i>Help Yourself With a Cigarette</i> by Ania Kawko	37
24. <i>In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit...</i> by Ola Szewczul	38
25. <i>***</i> by Tomasz Ejsmont	39
26. <i>The International Frederick Chopin Piano Competition</i> by Monika Matwiejczyk	40
27. <i>There is one person</i> by Justyna Toczko	42

Unwritten
by *Natasha Bedingfield*

*I am unwritten, can't read my mind, I'm undefined
I'm just beginning, the pen's in my hand, ending unplanned*

*Staring at the blank page before you
Open up the dirty window
Let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find*

*Reaching for something in the distance
So close you can almost taste it
Release your innovations
Feel the rain on your skin
No one else can feel it for you
Only you can let it in
No one else, no one else
Can speak the words on your lips
Drench yourself in words unspoken
Live your life with arms wide open
Today is where your book begins
The rest is still unwritten*



silent killer by ela krupińska

A blood pressure is the pressure exerted by the blood on blood vessels. It is very important to have the right parameters of it as it might have serious effects on your health and later life.

There are two numbers which occur while measuring blood pressure and depending on them we can distinguish two kinds of blood pressure. The first number, called top, refers to systolic pressure and the second, called bottom, corresponds to diastolic pressure. When blood pressure is lower or higher than the norm, which is 120/80, we talk about having problems with it. Low blood pressure occurs when you have numbers below 120/80. High blood pressure, on the other hand, is when both numbers exceed the norm.

Many people are at stake of not having regular blood pressure because of different factors. The first is a fast pace of life and being under a lot of stress. Those are main cause of raising blood pressure because then the vessels constrict which makes it difficult for the blood to flow. The same situation is when we use substances like alcohol. Also, you can inherit it in genes from your parents or even grandparents. What is more, the imbalance of blood pressure can have foundation in other diseases like problems with kidneys or thyroid. In addition, problems with keeping up the proper numbers are torment mainly of older people.

The symptoms and influence of changes in blood pressure are sometimes not taken seriously as something that can affect your later life. First of all, people with low blood pressure may lack energy and seem to be tired or likely to faint. That is why low blood pressure is often associated with fatigue, weakness and depression. Sometimes the brain is critically decreased and the blood supply is not efficient which causes lightheadness, dizziness and fainting. People suffering from high blood pressure, on the contrary, complain about headaches and, unfortunately, play down it just by taking some painkillers. They do not realize how perilous the pressure is. The higher the pressure, the

more stress that is present and the more atheroma tend to progress and the heart muscle tends to thicken, enlarge and become weaker over time. Persistent hypertension is one of the risk factors for strokes, heart attacks and heart failure.

Fortunately, you can protect yourself from menacing results of having irregular blood pressure. The most common way to do this is to take medicine in case of high blood pressure. This requires taking tablets regularly and controlling the blood pressure by measuring. Furthermore, changing the way of style and diet also helps with decreasing blood pressure. The last thing is that you ought to take care of your health and must not disregard any disorders.

Blood pressure is something that has enormous influence on our lives, some people are even not aware of this serious illness and what effects it can have. That is why it is better to take precaution so as to avoid later problems.

grunge 'dirty' music ? by katarzyna wegorska



There are many genres of alternative rock music but I think that grunge is the most interesting one and really worthy of attention. It has many aspects, mainly in musical and social sense: it can be a way of life, thinking or simply the style in music. Furthermore, you can manifest your particular opinions by using that music.

Grunge owes its unique style to many different factors. The first is the place - it was started in the late 1980's in the American Northwest, in cities such as Seattle (the most important), Washington and Portland. The contemporary situation of the region heavily influenced the music. Seattle and the vicinity had serious economic problems and this caused cultural and psychological isolation. As a result, grunge music differed from other rock styles. The second factor was the lack of big record label. Therefore the music was less commercial, more underground. Thanks to these agents the American Northwest developed into a musical niche. Another reason for the novel character of grunge was that it was inspired by different styles of music: heavy metal, punk rock,

hardcore. However, grunge not only did not copy these styles, but also added some new characteristics.

Grunge music has some particular features, recognizable and impossible to imitate. Generally, grunge is characterized by ‘dirty’ guitar, as well as strong riffs and heavy drumming. This ‘dirty’ sound was achieved by the new method of playing the music and the common use of guitar distortion. Also, the atmosphere is characteristic: rather gloomy, attained by depressing or aggressive sounds and raucous vocals. What is really important, grunge emphasized the role the message conveyed through the lyrics. Indeed they were often full of anger, frustration, sadness, fear and depression but these negative emotions stemmed from social problems, such as poverty, discomfort with social prejudice and general disenchantment with the state and society.

Most of the grunge bands were not trying to gain commercial success but a few of them succeeded in getting reverberating popularity. The most successful of these bands was Nirvana, thanks to its charismatic vocalist Kurt Cobain, and sharp, aggressive sound. It became the legend of grunge music. Other well-known bands were Alice in Chains and Pearl Jam. Despite growing popularity, they retained their own style over the years. Pearl Jam has even continued a successful career. As regards Alice in Chains, the band encountered growing problems and eventually stopped existing after the death of the vocalist.

Grunge was a unique style of rock music which came into existence because some particular events and atmosphere coincided. The independent nature of grunge created music which attracted lots of people and influenced many following artists. As a matter of a fact, it left a trace on the development of alternative rock music.





double shell by izabela saczko

One day I went with my friends to the south of Poland and I can remember those days in the small but extremely picturesque village as if they were yesterday. The trip will stay in my mind forever because I met there the most captivating and mysterious person in my life. Paradoxically, I came across him in, by far and away, the most shabby bar I have ever been to. His Christian name was Charles and on working days he was picking up bottles from filthy tables.

Although, some people at first sight might claim that he bore a striking resemblance to a hardened criminal that had just been released from prison, for me however, he looked like a Renaissance man taken from one of the London's streets, somewhere over the Thames.

I often recall the minute I set my eyes on him. His build was slender and his above-average height showed at a glance that in the past he could have been in as a perfect shape as an athlete. A black hat on this 40-year-old head formed his pith-black hairstyle, which at this summer-time was extremely messy. My impression was that the stranger's eyes were of an unusual light blue colour and they really caught my attention. But then I noticed the bags under his eyes, which appeared to be the result of tiredness or sleepless nights, and the dimples and prominent cheek bones, which seemed to be the result of unsatisfied hunger. On top of that his wrinkled face with a moustache and a pony tail made him look much older than he really was. And, to cap it all, he had the ugliest teeth I'd ever seen. They were protruding from dry lips with downturned corners and looked like broken rocks.

While it seemed to me that all Charles' problems (lack of money, famine, tiredness, etc.) were written all over his face, a man's appearance in his old clothes gave me a mental picture of him being always dressed in the same way. Charles was wearing a checked woolen jacket with long sleeves hiding his big hands. Under the jacket he wore a nylon

round-necked creased T-shirt with a dark stain on it. He definitely stood out from the trousers which seemed to be quite old and in very bad condition. When I lowered my sight I noticed sturdy boots which might reflect his preferences in music, particularly that one with strong beats.

In spite of his untidy appearance he turned out to be a wise and knowledgeable person. I discovered this fact one day the moment when I forgot the fragment of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be" and the unknown fellow, who had just picked up our cups, finished it. Then out of the blue he started reciting, with greater prominence of manner and tone in his voice, some plays of the most well-known writers from all over the world. In addition to that, he knew all ins and outs about the history of the more respected rock and heavy metal bands.

I think that it was worthy to be in that place and on that time to meet such an intelligent guy with strange and unconventional style of dressing who really suits the saying: "Handsome is as handsome does", and in spite of the fact that he barely made ends meet, he had his hobby and was few and far between in days. Moreover, given his appearance he suited more to the 16th century times than the present-day.

steps to success by anna hofmann-delbor



When you are a high-school student, totally rapt in school life, you never give it much thought who you might be in the future...There's no denying, however, that your reaction to the idea of becoming a teacher, as the one you really detest, would be a howl of laughter. But never say never... Later on, your plans may turn out to go the other way round. Then, you perceive standing in front of a class, as your torturers a few years earlier, and come to realize that teaching demands the great exertion. You should never imagine how difficult and complicated it is to prepare and conduct an impeccable lesson and how much effort you need to put in to be successful. Well, there always has to be the first time to give it a try... One day I did... Although it wasn't the first lesson in my life, it

was definitely the first one which was ‘wall-to-wall’ only mine: invented, made up and carried out. These were my steps to success I want to share.

First of all, I had to let myself contemplate a little bit and, gazing out of the window and listening to the melody of the skylark’s song, think thoroughly what I desired my class to look like. To begin with, while creating the frames of the lesson, I had to take into account the basic information about the children I was going to teach. I knew they were in the third grade and which level of English they had already been fluent in. Aside from that, I had to decide what I wanted them to learn. I simply selected and established the English vocabulary and grammar I wanted to use. In the meantime, I remembered, of course, about the appropriate level of the language and the amount of the new material, just to make sure the pupils will be capable of learning or understanding everything. Additionally, I needed to turn my mind to the means of presenting the new material, think deeply about some creative and enthralling ideas that would not make the children bored out of their minds but, conversely, make them enthusiastic about learning English. Besides, by the sound of the methodological knowledge, I had to pay a lot of attention to create such a lesson that would involve the elements helping pupils develop not only their linguistic but also social and learning skills. It also entailed some fun in the frame of the lesson, which is so important in teaching children the language.

My second step to success concerned further, this time tangible, preparations to my special ‘doomsday’. A lesson, once decided to be edutainment, demands appropriate materials, designed and made with the young learners in mind. This is to say, I had to prepare many different kinds of extras. Those had to be eye-catching, colourful and incorporate the needed educational content. To introduce the new vocabulary I made some wordcards as well as flashcards which were supposed to give the students a pictorial conception of what they were going to learn. Moreover, what I found really stimulating the pupils’ involvement were the toy-like minatures of realia which, used by them, could teach and provide a lot of fun at the same time. In the same way, creating the detailed draft of the lesson, as a help for myself, could also be called “preparing the materials”. Thus, I could avoid oversights and later on see the errors of my way, as well as lead steps of the lesson as I had primarily planned without getting uptight.

My last but not least step, turned out to be the most difficult and important one. It was a clarion call in the ‘battlefield’. In all frankness, being just in the classroom meant having much more on my plate than I had expected. It was necessary for me to go through the five basic stages of the lesson. Following them according to the draft and, on

the other hand, introducing them in reality was a different kettle of fish. The first stage required: greeting, checking attendance and homework as well as doing some kind of repetition of the previous subject. The second one contained presenting new material. This meant putting a lot of effort in not only the way of showing and making the children interested in it, but also in making them repeat the new words and phrases properly. Similar were the demands of the next two stages of the lesson, which are commonly called 'practice' and 'production'. Both of them, as well as the rest, required the teacher's great attitude towards the children and the whole lesson. Namely, I had to go to great lengths to take care of my appropriate enthusiasm and demands. Concurrently, a discipline (not to let any troublemakers show off) and a nice atmosphere in the classroom also had to be maintained. Furthermore, all the steps taken in the classroom contained me singing a lot, using a variety of tones of voice and letting me make the children give a little performance. Although the last stage of the class was a short one, as it was about distributing and explaining homework and a leave-taking, it was a very important part. It was the end of the whole process and let me estimate the whole lesson objectively.

This self-made lesson was a huge challenge and extremely advisable experience for me. Undoubtedly, it cost lots of time and effort, bringing shivers up and down my spine at times, but I consider it as a great success in my life and a nice memory.

Ironic
by *Monika Godlewska*

She was so terrified
She thought He comes
At darkening night
Tiptoeing gently
Out of her sight
And puts his veil
Straight at her face
And as if...
Pretending to breath
He kisses her lips
and so he did

So she was right
Being so terrified

She died!

place that i will never
forget
by ewa stankiewicz



There are some places in our life that occupy a special space in our heart. You will recognize them from the feeling of nostalgia that becomes so strong, every time you try to recall time you have spent there. Then you don't know whether to cry over the carefree childhood or just walk away into a daily routine with a weak smile on your face.

I also have an extraordinary place that made me feel happy a lot of times, many years ago. That is my Grandma's house and the surroundings of it. Judging by appearances, it is just a run-of-the-mill, old house situated in a small village. But for me this place always seemed to have something that set it apart from all the rest. Maybe it is because of its warm atmosphere, "my" hill behind the house or maybe the reason for it, was simply the person of my grandmother who was a very important part of my life.

As you walk into the front door of my grandma's house you notice a long, slender stairway that leads to the main hall of the house. The strong smell of cigarette smoke is quite evident when you reach this point. Yes, my grandmother did smoke. Every time I visited her, the whole family gathered around an old oaken table, we used to chat and drink strong grain coffee which aroma mixed up with the cigarette smoke. My grandmother's house was always full of laughter and many cheers. One should also be mentioned, the doors of it were always open to everyone no matter what.

My grandma was out of the ordinary person that gave a special character to the place she lived. First of all, she was very spontaneous and loud-mouthed, she said what she thought straight to your face. She was like a magnet and attract people. Her house became a place of a weekly meetings of the elderly. Secondly, she was always very active on many fields of everyday life like making crafts, cooking, cleaning. For this reason her house always looked spick and span and her hand-made servittes and laces gave cosy look to her house.

Once my grandma showed me a beautiful hill behind the house. Since then I used to go there to sit down on a rock and watch the village and “my” trees. There was a very old tree, a maple tree, with a huge trunk. The hill was surrounded by golden fields. There were flowers, many kinds, white, yellow, purple and blue. Nobody owned that hill, but it was beautiful and peaceful. I used to go there to be alone, to admire the blue sky and the clouds. I liked laying on the grass, listen to the wind and watch the leaves moving.

Now my grandma is dead but I know that if I stand at the window where she stood, I will see what she saw. The flowers in the garden still bloom, the golden grain still waves. Although visiting this place is now rather painful experience, I like coming back to it in my memories.

how to make an unforgettable date? by Michał Sośnicki



You have managed to set up a date with a girl, and you want it to be an extraordinary and unforgettable experience for her, something outstanding and astonishing, something that she will remember for years; all you have to do is to stick to some simple rules.

Preparing to your date is as important as the course of your date and there are some ideas to surprise the girl right from the beginning. First of all, do not bother to wash yourself before the meeting, let the girl smell the scent of a real man or if you really have to do it, do not forget to use your granddad’s intensive perfume e.g. “Brutal”. One more cosmetic that you can use is a styling gel, of course in a huge quantity so that your hair will be glittering and dazzling everybody around. Next, your style of clothing is very important,

the most fashionable nowadays is a tracksuit, of course with garish, bright colours, four stripes and a brand “ADIDOS”. What is more, sex appeal is also crucial, so a plunging neckline with a bunch of hair sticking out is a must. With such clothes you will be noticeable from a mile and no woman will resist you for sure.

Deadline. Now your behaviour depends on where you want to take your date. I will present two options where you can take her. You can take her to the cinema, where you have to behave in a certain way. To begin with, eat your popcorn loudly and slurp your drink- let her “sense” your presence. Furthermore, if you want to talk a little, just say what you did two days ago on the same film with Mary, a little of jealousy will not harm. Finally, when the lights are off paw her in order to show that you find her attractive and beautiful. Another place where you can take her is a restaurant, McDonald’s is irreplaceable, but of course, you have to bear in mind a few things. First, order at least two sets for yourself and for her take a diet salad and say that she seems overweight; for sure she will appreciate your honesty because no woman tolerates lies. Secondly, speak with your mouth open, you do not want her to take you as a shy and not a talkative person. What is more, do not abstain from barking or farting, it is a natural activity and everyone does it, besides girls like naturalness and discretion. Then, tell her about your stamps collection or the new upgrades that you make in your computer, women like men with passion.

Ending a date is also very crucial, here are some hints you can use. In the first place, pay only for you, it is equality of rights in the end. Next, if you want to show her how athletic you are run off with an unpaid bill, she will see how fast you are. Finally, propose her a “mush” because if you don’t, she would think that you do not like her, or that you are impotent or just have problems with your sexuality. You have to remember not to open the doors to your girl, not to kiss her hand and of course, not to bring her flowers or you will be accepted as a male chauvinistic pig.

To sum up, a date is not an easy matter, but these advice will surely help you to take your girl aback and I am sure that it will be a memorable day for her, however, only if you follow my advice. If during one of the stages you will get a slap in the face, it means that she really likes you and only pretends to be so unapproachable. Good Luck.

the world of gothic music

by agnieszka wierzajtys



Gothic music has its roots in the Dark Ages and in the late 70's. Up to 80's it was called death rock and its listeners death rockers, especially in the UK. In the very beginning gothic music included variations of feelings. It ranged from the light and dreamy sounds to dark and nightmarish tunes. However, it's not just music. It's a form of art full of emotions and expression.

To start with, gothic music grew from gothic literature and the punk movement which started in 1970. Nevertheless, gothic music owes the origin mainly the former. Lyrically, it was centered around romances and fantasy tales which ended tragically. Themes of death, solitude and romance were most common. Lyrics focused on art and style. The language was poetic and sophisticated. This fact has become the major characteristic that distinguishes gothic music from other kinds of music.

Furthermore, gothic music contains hard guitars, an apocalyptic flair and a theatricality of the band. The most significant role plays the keyboard which can imitate other instruments. It also creates the atmosphere and mood of the gothic songs. The second important part play dual vocalists, also known as "Beauty and the Beast". One vocalist is male, whose solos are similar to black or death metal, and the other one is female, who uses soprano voice and harmonic singing.

What is more, gothic bands' lyrics create unity. These are not just separate songs. They are inseparably connected with each other. Bands write concept albums in the form of books. Each song acts as a part or chapter and inspires people to listen to the whole album in order to hear the story, instead of just certain songs. This style of writing helps to understand the messages that the bands convey to their listeners. Such gothic bands are: The Sisters of Mercy, Paradise Lost, Theatre of Tragedy, Nightwish, Therion, After Forever and The Gathering.

To sum up, gothic music is the music of the depth. It shows a tendency to the

macabre, mystery and desolation. It can be sombre and dark. However, it causes moments of reflection and sometimes even a thrill of excitement and finally tears. Gothic music is not just empty words, it's a call which issues straight from our soul.



entering the world of a fairy tale by monika puzowska

One day I discovered one of the remotest and most magnificent places of the world. I was enchanted with the fabulous view and an old, charming cottage with a mystic atmosphere inside it.

The moment I saw the place bathed in the blazing sun I was totally delighted with a remarkable winter scenery which made me feel as if I were in a magic world of a fairy tale. Standing in the distance with an overwhelming feeling of happiness I admired the cloudless sky blended in with gently rolling hills muffled in winter quilt. The immaculately white sky was soiled by a thin grey line of smoke coming out of the chimney and drawing a shape of a snake coiling up in the grass. Looking down I was momentarily dazzled by small crystals of snow glittering in the sunlight like tiny pieces of broken glass. The air was extremely pure and so cold that breathing it out I could see a small cloud of steam. Then I set my eyes on a dark cottage standing out against white hills like a pitch-black raven gliding among clouds. Tall white trees swaying in the breeze seemed to be inviting you to come closer. The view was not only pleasing to the eye but also made me feel that everything around was alive and would hide in the twinkling of an eye. The impression was intensified by the peace and quiet around. Strolling towards the cottage I could hear snow cracking underfoot. Coming closer I noticed that the wooden cottage had big windows with thick and heavy shutters. The window panes were covered with marvellous decorations sculpted by frost, which looked like a beautiful piece of embroidery. Standing there I could hear the sound of small bells ringing somewhere in proximity. Then, I

spotted some long sharp icicles hanging down the roof as if they were protecting the house against strangers. When I approached the door I saw a big gold handle and a knocker in the shape of a horseshoe, thereby I felt as if I were entering a splendid castle.

The minute I set foot in the room I was charmed by the cosiness of the place and all odds and ends which gave the interior a special, dreamlike atmosphere. I was absolutely riveted by the impressive chandelier with candles hanging from the ceiling. Long orange curtains almost lying on the floor were still drawn, not letting any daylight into the room. Darken light and a shimmer of flames in the fireplace gave the feeling of warmth and love, heightened by the scent of freshly brewed coffee mixed with the smell of burning firewood. The fireplace in the corner, made of reddish-brown brick with a wonderful mantelpiece above and a hearthrug on the floor were inviting freezing people to come and warm themselves in the fire. The history paintings on the dark-green walls took you back to the remote times of great kings and battles. A big sofa with orange cushions standing in the middle lured you to make yourself ensconced.

This little cosy nook in the middle of nowhere became a place where I always long to return. No crowd, no hum of traffic, only you and the beauty of the nature. Altogether, it is an ideal place to rest and escape from everyday life.

the miraculous lavender by karolina szostak



In 1924 a group of young American researchers discovered a yellowed parchment in one of the American villages near the Canada border...

As it was about to be handed in to the local authorities, the parchment suddenly disappeared... nobody knew what happened to this mysterious piece of paper.

Knowing from the reliable source there's no denying that the contents of that mysterious letter contained as follows:

“ (...) ‘Why are you crying?’ I asked. ‘He does not love me... not even realize I exist...’ she said. These were the last words she spoke to me ... she didn’t manage to read my letter... as she died few days later... of the sleeping pills overdose.

...so many tears have been shed so far. I remember they ran down your silk face much too heavily... No more seeing your weep in my dreams... I’ve finally found an electrifying cure for this abstruse broken-heart illness... - a magical spell. It’s all you need in the process of sweeping the unaware lover off his feet. My dear friend follow my steps thoroughly and you will end up in a blossoming relationship full to the brim with passion, ecstasy and never-ending bliss. There are just three key-stages to make your fancy man carry a torch for you. In such process the selected ingredients make a frame of the spell... the atmosphere of the place, is the core... and, finally, the sequence of adding the magical components is the filling of the mysterious witchcraft. Be a wizard this one time, open your mind and you will surely find the solution to your sorrowful existence...

The basis for creating this love spell is made up of the essential and irreplaceable components that work as the omnipotent tools in the wicked fairy’s hands. The most important one is a mirror frame. Then, be sure to have exactly a dozen of fresh-fragrance roses, picked on the full moon and dried until the new moon, only those with horns are acceptable. A brown rice dried in the sun for 24 hours sharp is the next indispensable element in the process. Remember, you can’t do without two lavender candles, of the strong smell, to beam the magical light in the room, as well as the violet scented and black-colour ink. Last but not least is the lack of the respect for that enchanted lover as, if you truly want to tame and undermine his free will, you’re sadly short of respecting him.

Creating the enigmatic atmosphere is what you must approach with great care, as one mistake may strike a blow straight into your harmless and naked heart, leaving your dreams behind forever. To conduct this witchcraft effectively, you must be alone in a gloomy and dark and dingy room. Legend has it that the best time for doing such witchcraft is midday, so... please bear that in mind my dear friend. Remember to refrain yourself from any facial expressions suggesting either happiness or despair during the process.

The magical steps are not that complicated, I admit, but trivial as they may sound you should be careful enough to fulfil them with proper care and due precision. At first, put the mirror and two lavender candles on the floor. Sit next to it. Try to arrange all the

roses around the mirror frame...then light the lavender candles, appreciating the strong scent, and place them to the either side of the mirror... Now, invite the goddess and the god, or whichever two aspects of divinity you look to as Divine Lovers, to enter your heart. The next thing you have to do is scatter the brown rice on the mirror and sprinkle three drops of the violet ink on its surface. After this step, you proceed smoothly to the next one which is about touching the mirror with your thumb and drawing the name of the one you love, you lust after... Each letter must be drawn so do not omit any of them. When you're done with the spell, look at yourself in the mirror as a lover would - marvel at your eyes, your smile and what an amazingly cool person you are. You have to clean all the objects from the floor and throw them away then...

Love is already here some say... but open your mind and let my spell cross your mind this time. The love is not necessary here, it may also be hidden somewhere between the questions of the solitude. Take this trick with a pinch of salt, though. I do not tell you to play the magician conjuring a white dove from his hat or chanting incantations to be satisfied ... with this advice you may experience the process of taming a lover. Oh, and one more thing my old friend... do not to repeat this spell again as it works only once... (...)



put on a mask and grab
a knife
by wioleta sienkowska

I really like watching movies and I don't think there is a person in the world who doesn't. Many people when asked about their hobby or the way of spending their free time would mention this activity as the one they like most. Even though we may think we are movie fans and keen cinema goers, there are words in Hollywood dictionary that make us flummoxed when asked about. One of them is "slasher film". I came across this name accidently and decided to examine it a bit closer as I'd never heard it before. I did

so and have discovered certain features of the term and its long history supported by details. I will share my knowledge about it with you with pleasure.

The slasher film is a sub-genre of the horror film genre. There are certain features that characterize it. The first one is the killer. Typically it is a masked, psychotic person who stalks and graphically kills his victims who are also specific types of characters. They are teenagers or young adults who are away from parental supervision and often involved in premarital sex, drug use or other illicit activity. The only person to survive is always the virginal girl who declines all the vices indulged in by those who end up cut in pieces. The films are usually followed by multiple sequels which steadily decline in quality and fan interest.

The genre has its origins in the early 1960 concerning such masterpieces as Alfred Hitchcock's *Psycho* (1960). But it was not until the late 70's and early 80's when the two prototypical films launched the slasher cycle - John Carpenter's *Halloween* (1978) and Sean S. Cunningham's *Friday the 13th* (1980). Both of them had numerous sequels and even more imitators, including Wes Craven's *A Nightmare on Elm Street* (1984) which itself had an enduring series of sequels. The genre resurfaced into the mainstream in the mid 90's with Wes Craven's *Scream* (1996) and Jim Gillespie's *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (1997) and their sequels. The movies were even parodied in Keenen Ivory Wayans' *Scary Movie* (2000). Since *Scream* trilogy we have had numerous attempts to gain the same commercial success with better or worse results.

As we can see the slasher film, ironically called by some critics "Dead Teenager Movie", has been around for decades and it's not a newborn name. It is always good to find out something new to leave your friends speechless and make an impression of a well informed movie expert. I end my work hoping that it will give you an opportunity to do so.



life is not a bed of
roses
by ula szczesna



My grandmother always told me that life is not a 'bed of roses'. I used to laugh at that because I thought that I was a good example of a person who was lucky, to whom everything was going as she had intended it to be. Later on I had to change my mind. On my way I came across many difficulties and troubles which made my life harder and which proved the truth of my grandma's words.

It all started when one day, totally unexpectedly, I lost my job. I had worked as a secretary in a big, international company for 5 years when all of a sudden I was made redundant for no earthly reason. Later on I learnt that my workplace had been taken by a young, inexperienced girl - my ex-boss's niece. After these events I tried to find a new job. I thought that with my credentials and work experience it wouldn't be difficult but I was wrong. It turned out that there was nowhere any vacancy for me. Hard times started. From that point in time each day looked the same: I was getting up, eating breakfast, sorting through the newspapers in search of job offers, sending lots of CVs and twiddling my thumbs waiting for any response. It all finally made me go berserk.

The next thorn which pierced my already broken heart was a family tragedy. Like a bolt from the blue it came to me that my cousin had leukaemia. We had a special liking for each other and spent together a lot of time, so I watched her fight against her disease. I witnessed how from an exuberant, healthy girl she was steadily becoming more and more weak and lifeless. Finally, on one doleful day, my dear cousin suddenly died. It was very hard for me to surmount my grief and lump it that I would never see her again.

The nail in my coffin was the loss of my fiancé. We had known each other for 3 years and I thought that we were a perfect couple. I was therefore amazed when one day he just walked out on me without saying a word. It was a great sorrow to me. I didn't know if there was something wrong with me or anything. For a very long time I lost my trust in men.

All these events left their marks on me and made me somehow stronger. I've learnt to be glad about even small pleasures and to appreciate them because such things can be very volatile. You never know if there isn't anything bad waiting for you just round the corner.

Dying Poetry
by Monika Godlewska

She smells like a speck of dust
In her antique leather gown
Someone
One day
Stole her crown

Nobody to admire
Her beauties
Anymore
All her mysteries
Are sentenced
To be ignored

Suicides hold her hand
No one else to understand

Dying poetry
In her too old age
Dying in the ocean
Of indifferent rage

Would you save her
With your open mind?
It might be what she
Needs to find!

Would You feed her
With your teardrop pure?
It might be
Last and only cure!!!

was it a daydream or the reality...?

by dominika szargiel



Once in a boiling hot summer day, I saw a woman, walking down the street. She seemed to be very humble and modest and her slanted posture, tired face and the way she moved stay in my mind forever because it was unparalleled experience to see such an amazing woman.

As far as women are concerned, she was extremely high and slim. At first glance she had very strong skeleton and broad shoulders, which were quite stooping and revealed the woman's weariness. Her broad back was bony with two sharp protruding shoulder blades, which became noticeable every time the woman started to go faster.

The woman was wearing a black mantle on her shoulders and the strange kind of dress, which was definitely too short for her because it didn't hide her two big and flat feet, on which there were thick tights and flowered shoes. To say the truth, everything she was wearing was quite strange. The most unearthly and bizarre part of her outfit was a straw hat. It was rounded and its big jagged border, sheltered her face.

At first sight her face was old, unpleasant and nasty, but when I looked closer, it excited me. It was small, thin, round face with so dark skin that someone could think it was almost brown. Her frown had lots of skin folds, furrows and deep wrinkles. She had hollow-cheeks face and very big, protruding cheek bones on the both sides of her face. The woman's nose had a very queer shape and together with clenched mouths, caused that the woman seemed to be full of bitterness and maliciousness. The only vivid part of her face, were two bright, calm eyes, which seemed to be younger than they were. I think that these big, black eyes with wide eyebrows were the only treasure, asset and beauty of woman's appearance. Suddenly when she coasted a brief glance at me with her piercing

eyes, I didn't notice any hostility but everlasting energy, which was inside her. She passed me with brisk steps because apparently she was in a hurry. Moreover, she was carrying a big, shopping bag and a bunch of wild flowers in her bony hands, which were swinging at both sides of her body.

Sometimes I walk down the same street as then, hoping that I see that woman once again, but I haven't seen her any more. Maybe I haven't seen her at all...?

what is hip hop ?? by radostaw lotkowski



Hip-hop, is a part a part of cultural movement in America, with break dancing and graffiti in the background, which started to break out in 1970's. It's also one of the styles of popular music, composed of two main parts: "rapping"- a rhythmic and abundant use of alliteration, assonance and rhyme to tell "semi-autobiographical tales", and "audio mixing and scratching" (DJ-ing)- accompaniment of an instrumental track (a "beat"), often created of a sample of the percussion break of another song (a funk, rock, or soul) and other sounds, which are sampled, synthesized, or performed. The "Hip hop music" term is also erroneously used at times, to describe related kinds of music, such as contemporary R&B. There are some other elements, which create hip-hop music and make it distinguishable from other genres.

Hip-hop has its own short history. First of all, it was initiated by inner-city youth (mostly minorities such as African Americans and Latinos) in New York City in the early 1970s. There were two crucial points: when DJs started to isolate the percussion break from funk and disco songs and as a result-created "beats", and the augmentation of role of MCs , whose early task was to introduce the DJ and keep audience excited. They were speaking between songs, exhorted to dance, greeted to audience members and joked. Eventually, this practice became more stylized and became known as "rapping". Nine years later (1979), Hip-hop has become a commercially popular music genre and began

to enter the American mainstream. In the 1990's, a form of hip hop called "gangsta rap" became a major part of American music, causing significant controversy over lyrics, which were perceived as promoting violence, promiscuity, drug use and misogyny. Finally in 2000, Hip-hop was a staple of popular music charts and was being performed in many styles across the world. This music is simple, rhythmically structured and originates from earlier styles. One thing is, that beats are almost always in 4/4 time, and the rhythm is based on Jazz percussion and subtlety of Swing. But, as far as MCs are concerned, their style stem from soul and funk music. History has it, that James Brown (known as The Godfather of Soul in 1960s and 1970s) talked, sang, and screamed just like MCs do today and provided the perfect platform for them to rhyme and develop prowess.

There are many instruments and devices which help musicians to produce certain sounds. At the early stage of development: vocals, guitar, keyboards, bass, drums percussion and vinyl record pieces were used. But the sampler revolutionized everything, because it could reproduce small sound clips from any input device, such as a turntable, so producers were able to sample familiar drum patterns and a variety of instruments. Also, an advent of the drum machine allowed hip hop musicians to produce strong predetermined kick sounds, including hi-hats, snares, toms, etc.

Although Hip-hop music originated in United States, it has spread to every inhabited continent and has become a part of the music scene in dozens of countries, chiefly because it's extraordinary, genuine and up-to-date work of human being. It's considered by many people, as the "breath of the streets" and a tool, which reflects the miserable existence of black people living in the ghetto... I really appreciate this art and to my mind, everyone should at least try to understand it!

PEACE...

two ichabods by mariusz anuszkiewicz



It is commonly known that the film adaptation of any kind of piece of literature very often impoverishes the only literary work. However, we have to admit that both film and the literary work have their own way of telling the story, their own atmosphere, depiction of characters and of the plot. One of the famous stories which served for the film as a canvas was the one from “The Legend of Sleepy Hollow”. While reading Washington Irving’s short story and watching Tim Burton’s film “Sleepy Hollow” we cannot resist the impression that we meet with two different worlds. It is because of characters and, to be precisely, because of the main character – Ichabod Crane. The way he is portrayed has a significant influence on experiencing the plot and the atmosphere both in the short story and in the film.

While reading the story the reader sees the country schoolmaster as a self-confident man of doubtful wit and poor culture. He introduces funny elements to the sleepy atmosphere of the hamlet and lights up lives of its families. His personality is counterbalance to the dreamy rhythm of the village and somehow completes magic mentality of country folks.

On the contrary, in the film we can see Ichabod as a constable who was sent to Sleepy Hollow in order to carry the enquiry into a few murders. Here we can watch his actions from different point of view. Ichabod's most notable traits in the movie include squeamishness (he faints six times during the course of the film) and an ahead-of-his-time liking for post-mortem examinations and scientific methods. It is Ichabod who finally banishes the Headless Horseman back to hell, and sends Lady Van Tassel, the woman

who has been controlling the undead rider, with him. Unlike in the short story, Ichabod's involvement in the matters of the murdered people and the world of ghosts is a flywheel of the whole plot.

Nevertheless Irving shows us the man who likes the stories from the spirit world, but who only slightly touched this matter. He listens to the folk stories but also he tells his own tales about weird characters and events. However, when he stays alone in the darkness, he shakes with fear. We do not have sympathy for him. What is more, we laugh at him when we later know that the Headless Horseman is Brom Bone. Eventually the whole horror motive is spoilt.

Instead of this poor effect we can see almost the hero in the film. In spite of harrowing deeds of Headless Horseman Ichabod is able to solve the riddle of murders. Amongst the frightening clatter of hooves of the black steed, the clang of the Horsman's sword and dull sounds of heads hitting against the ground he is ready to save his love to Katrina van Tassel and courageously end the nightmare.

It is also worth mentioning that "Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex" as it is described by Irving. And this is the trait that is characteristic for both Ichabods. They behave similarly towards the women. Nevertheless film shows us happier ending in this matter than the book. Irving just writes about a coward who runs away without fighting and Burton reward our hero with love of Katrina Van Tassel.

It depends on our imagination whether we experience deeper any kind of story by watching film or reading a book. However, means of convincing us about the character and the plot may strongly help us to engross completely in the works of art.





desert!

by katarzyna fiszer

The rocky desert in Israel is an unforgettable place I once had a chance to visit. The unique beauty and astonishing landscapes of this place make my memories so warm when I think about it. And because of that this is a place I have always picture in my head.

I experienced an incredible feeling while being on a desert. I felt as if I were in a one big trap, only rocks all around me and no way out. It is in some way an isolation, you are far away from everything. What gives this desert the beauty is the colour of the rocks. When the sun is shining the rocks have so strong, vivid, red colour. It seems that the rocks are so hot that you are afraid to touch them because you might get burnt. The breathtaking views of red rocks and blue heaven in the background stretch as far as the eye could see, like there is no end of it..

The only difficulty I found while being on a desert is walking. All the rocks vary in shape and size. That may be difficult to deal with and may lead to inconvenience as you walk. Some rocks are small and sharp and it is not easy to put your foot on it. What is also characteristic of the rocks is the sound they make. While you move, those rocks also move. That makes a specific sound of a crack which I have to admit is rather nice for ear. Some of us may find walking troublesome. Then the most comfortable means of transport will be a camel.

What is also so special about the desert is the significant power it has. You will eagerly want to spend some time there. First of all you will be rapt in by the quietness of this place. All you have to do to achieve the quietness of your soul and mind is to sit, close your eyes and breathe fresh air. What is vital is that when we are relaxed we are full of life and energy. We will have a fresh look on things which worried us and also we can find a solution to our problems.

The rocky desert that I described above is a wonderful place. I had an opportunity to be there only once but I will have it always in my memory. For me thinking about this

desert is a way out. I always have its picture in my head when I need to relax and simply run away from problems even for a while. It helps me to distract from everyday life. This is an incredible place that has some secret power. You can feel there relaxed and also fulfil your eyes with unspoilt landscapes.



never Judge a book by
its cover
by monika godlewska

He was a poker-faced man. His piercing, steely blue eyes made me shudder the first time I looked deeply into them. The curtain of his eyelids seemed to protect his cold eyes against the red-hot sun. He wore a long, black coat, which was covering him like the darkness of a starless night. The way he was moving, lighting up his cigarette, suspiciously staring at me, made me think of him as a sullen, cold-hearted man. I would never forget such a face. Although he used to be speechless, his face looked as though he was sneering at me, laughing at me, shouting at me: 'You're nothing, only a bloody fool, a bug, the same as a million of different lice in the whole universe!' .The young and sinewy stranger looked like the most callous, ruthless killer from my childish nightmares...nightmares which I was praying to God to protect me from.

Fortunately, it was only my first impression of a mysterious guy and then it turned out to be completely baseless. A poker-faced man who I was afraid of, in reality was a shy, warm and charming guy. Interestingly enough, when I saw the smile on his face, it melted the ice of his eyes together with the fear inside me. The more I knew him, the more I understood that judging people from their appearance, gestures or facial expression may very often be misleading or confusing. I thought: 'Never judge a book by its cover'. I changed my mind about the man, but who wouldn't...Since he told me a few words for the first time I haven't been able to forget his shy and hushed tone of voice...And his arms - a real shelter - strong as well as delicate, just like the breath of the warm, west wind in the summer.

Finally, when I know him like the back of my hand, I understand how much my first impression differed from the truth hidden deep inside him. My introverted friend has a heart of gold, although he claims he keeps it hidden from the destructive eyes of the society. Regardless of his(sometimes too much philosophical) attitude towards the world, in practice he is also a staunch friend. I can always rely on him, he has never let me down yet. Another thing is his imagination and realistic vision of the future, which not always fills me with childish happiness but at the same time impress my heart, makes me consider some existential matters and understand the whole machinery of the world better. I am not claiming he is perfect, but his noble ideas and the way he introduces them into his life may set an example of self - control for others. According to him, every single man creates a 'micro- world' and if she or he develops it, makes it beautiful; he or she adds a drop to the powerful and unusual ocean of the world. Maybe it sounds strange or pompous, but as one introduces it to one's life, life is becoming more and more mature and astonishingly sublime.

Notwithstanding his appearance and the fact that I was so frightened that my heart missed a beat when I saw him for the first time, the mysterious man turned out to be neither a killer, nor a lout. Now when I know him inside-out I can admit that a withdrawn man turned out the warmest soul in the whole universe.

shrewd blue eyes
by tomasz edsmont



Zofia was my primary school teacher for about 5 years, however, I did not have good relations with her in those days. Now I have just come across her and we are having a very interesting conversation. This situation makes me create a completely new image of this old lady. Zofia seems to be a different person probably because her appearance has changed, she seems to be a good listener and supporter and the way she speaks is really appealing.

Zofia's face has changed since our last meeting and it makes me want to look at it. First of all, she has got unique shrewd blue eyes that tell me she has gone through a lot of good and bad times and has a big luggage of experience. Her eyes also show she is satisfied with her life. What is more, she has got quite long, curly and surprisingly still red hair that somehow emphasises her liveliness. At the same time, her vivid hair emphasises also her round pretty face. Although she has many fine wrinkles around her eyes they do not give away her age but just reflect her nonchalant behaviour.

She seems to be a good listener and supporter as she pays attention to every single word I say and is really absorbed in the conversation. To begin with, she is for sure an attentive listener and likes asking questions, however, she is far from being inquisitive. She keeps her right dainty hand under her chin and her fragile forefinger rests on her cheek. This posture gives the impression that she is thinking over everything she hears. On top of that, her tiny moves assure me she is not a kind of person that drags up things I do not want to talk about. When she listens she probably makes all people feel very comfortable.

The way she speaks is really appealing so that I am not willing to stop this chat. When she raises her soft voice it makes me feel warm and she must be aware of it. When she speaks about other teachers and my classmates she is completely shrewd and shows only good judgement of them. Besides, her calm voice and tender words that she chooses make the atmosphere really pleasant. Furthermore, her speech seems to be meticulously planned and this shows, indeed, how serene, level-headed she is.

On the whole, Zofia has something tempting in herself. I do not know whether it is her eyes or voice. All I know is that this thing makes me regret not having good attitude towards her in primary school. Now she is shaking my hand and it is a sign of goodbye. I am looking deep into her shrewd blue eyes once again and I can hardly resist the temptation to stop her just for a while longer.



with but without god...
by anna hofmann-delbor



With but without God...This is the expression I could quote to summarize the quintessence of the spiritual countenance of Salem- a town in which the grim story of “The Crucible”, being an adaptation of the famous play by Arthur Miller, takes place. The film starts... and we are being moved to the year 1692 where we are witness of a story about the unruffled peace and holiness of the the Puritan American settlement of the end of 17th cent. being disturbed by ‘the witch-hunt’, mass hysteria and accusations... All these factors and events, step by step, lead to a tragedy...We are struck a lot...as we are shown not the plain households, well-groomed husbandries or ascetic-like citizens whose faces- neat and pure- should epitomize the external simplicity of the Puritan life and the chastity of the spirit. But on the other hand, we are “introduced” to a group of adolescent girls, naked, dancing in the forest around a boiling pot of witches' brew...And then what immediately crosses our minds is a question: Is it really as it should be...? And the worst thing is that along with the further delving into the more intimate countenance of the settlement we discover that it is just the beginning of the chain of events which the citizens of Salem are not only the observers but also the victims of... The reason and core of the whole tragedy reside in nothing else but the sexual lust and youth silliness, mixed with the actuated human internal group instinct to self-protection...

While watching the film we are becoming aware of the hellish and gloomy secrets of the characters. It comes to light that amid the sainthood there is, despite being a taboo subject, the thought about sex and physical closeness. It is so strong that it even causes the betrayal and an affair. The fact of the lust being the inherent feature of every man does not appal us. Although we can just presume the juicy details, we are allowed to know the

centre of the story of ``The Crucible". A good man named John Proctor, played by Daniel Day-Lewis, commits adultery with a saucy wench named Abigail Williams (Winona Ryder), his servant girl. She is one of the naked moonlight dancers, and is furious because she was rejected by repentant Proctor and dismissed by Proctor's wife Elizabeth (Joan Allen). After being witnessed in the midnight revels by the Rev. Parris (Bruce Davison) and charged with unholy behavior, she counters with accusations against Proctor.

It turns out that the 'holy' community of Salem is, apparently, far from perfection. In reality, it consists of people with a lot of drawbacks, and at any rate there are individuals who undoubtedly deviate from the Puritan norms. As we could ask which normal Puritan girl would be able to dance naked in the woods playing the witchcraft? And which normal Puritan girl would do anything to quench her desire for a married man? What occurs next is the evidence of the hidden "disability" of the Puritan society- what we could call lust. And that's why that shocks us so much, as we are not expecting such events, behaviours and motives among such the society... Moreover, the film shows us what consequences an obsessive fear of being discovered of breaking the rules may bring. And how the innocent play may transform itself into the play with the human life. The guilt is falsely put on the blameless people accused of the Satanic conspiracies. We know the truth and that's why it is so hard to believe in such huge simple-mindedness and naivety of the people. It seems to be a frustrating absurd that they can be so easily manipulated by a single woman whose aim is just a man...

In a course of time, we are also agitated by not only the fact that one's vagary and nifty play can blind a batch of people so deeply. It is unbelievable for us how people being stupefied by the ambiguity of the situation behave. Their minds seem to be in captive and we watch the senseless tackling the "problem" through the attempt of weeding out all the symptoms of the Devil's presence. Nonetheless, they oversight the fact that their ill-founded action is grittily imposed by the Devil himself. The ubiquity of paranoia blurs the borders between a reason and a calamity which seems to be inevitable. The cause of the death of the innocent people reside in, however, not only the man's vanity but also in the deeply embedded beliefs of the Puritan society. That's why Winona Rider as Abigail doesn't have to battle with people, but she draws on their ingenuousness, naivety, fear of the "devil's servants' and finally the fear of taking the consequences of the cruel game... What is going on in Salem is reminiscent of the raging mass that feeling its

internal instinct, acts impulsively and thoughtlessly destroying everything it defines as satanic.

It is so strange that we are dealing with the people who consider themselves as civilized and God's... We, however, are seeing the throng in panic acting on an impuls, in fear... like animals. Blindness and stupidity prevailing over such cultivated piety appals. The reason why their ancestors who had been persecuted and regarded as the heretics have abandoned Europe. History repeats itself: The settlement is an exact picture of what had taken place some years earlier in the "old world"- the executions of the "deviants" on the gallows. These time the victim is an oppressor and that is shocking. We are getting to know the real face of a human being.

The awakening and reason slip inside the people's minds too late... The tragedy that we see is not only the tragedy of the whole community but also the one that touches the single man. A man who wades through his lies, inflicting pain on others, deciding about death and eventually acting on his own benefits and also on the fear that his cruel game would be released...

After watching "The Crucible" you have a lot of thoughts on your mind... Miller's play is about religious hysteria fanned by repressed and denied sexual lust. During the course of the action we can see an outbreak of accusations of witchcraft- all of them false, most of them inspired either by sexual revenge or misguided holy ecstasy. But the aim of the story is to show us also something else...- the power of the manipulation of people in fear. I left the classroom with loss of the belief in human reason, with the beating heart and a good life lesson... Undoubtedly, it was an unspecific seance...



what i see in my mind's
eye?
by alicja kasprzyk



A small girl discovering the huge and misty world full of catches and unusual events is in every woman. The memory of a garden seen in the childhood, recalled after many years is still vivid and seems to be a fairy tale which makes your heart beat stronger.

Like in a daydream, the entrance gate invites you with its opened gateway. This luxurious madam decorated with ornaments of angel or fairylike creatures with wings creates the magic atmosphere even before you open it. The iron twisted, warped and curved parts of the gate are covered with the pleasant, soft duvet made of ivy. You want to touch it, hug it and lie on it at the first sight and finally sleep comfortably in this dreamy bed. You may think it is the only feature of this work of art, but it is not. The impressive giant is looking over you and protecting from the evil of the world.

A wall of green trees grows in front of you and creates an army of mother nature, impressive, undefeated and gentle at the same time. Tall, smooth and incredibly beautiful birches, poplars and athletic oaks make you feel safe and also very small. Being enchanted with the view at least you recognize these rich, green branches and leaves heavy with this colour. You can squeeze through that wall and hide, make your den, feel safe and comfortable. After a few minutes, a sudden flash of colorful light blinds you and after a while you recognize it. A carpet of wild flowers tempts you to feel the pleasure of its proximity. The sweet smell of colorful petals finally reaches your nostrils and forces you to kneel and makes your heart ponder. The absolutely fantastic set of colors, so deep and juicy, creates almost tangible paint of an artist. This oriental smell surrounds you and builds a magical, mysterious and mouth watering effect.

The next step reveals another unbelievably wonderful fitting element of that world. Imagine a row of very old and rather neglected benches loaded with unimaginably rich ornaments spreading from the bottom to the top of this what should be thought to be ordinary place of sitting. Next to that you will see bushes which were never cut and the

unpenetrated hedgerow. This blissful picture creates the atmosphere of frivolous merriment.

After all that the small exhausted and pleased girl finds the core of the garden. This essence of splendor and pleasure is the climax of the trip. Unknown species of plants forming unforgettable shapes and almost some kinds of beings, the sounds of strange animals, echoes of a tiny waterfall and a rustle of leaves mixed with a wind whirl and brainwash you into staying in this miracle of nature. A bit threatened and totally excited you will remember the moment till the end of your life.

A world seen by a child can be magical in any case and what is more, its most beautiful elements stay in the memory forever. Some people can regard it as an exaggerated description of an ordinary garden but it bears the important meaning for the owner of the memories.



extraordinary person by martyna szafrańska

When I close my eyes trying to imagine Her, the Picture is rather blurred. I can very clearly see only her eyes, dark blue, sparkling, piercing. Every person has such a special, unique feature, which remains in our memory for a long time. When I saw her for the first time I did not spot anything extraordinary in her appearance. An elderly woman, trimly dressed with an incredibly nice smile. Later I noticed wrinkles and lines all over her face. They show how hard her life was, but those around her lips indicate her amicable character.

Her body has not changed during her life. She showed me her photographs, and I immediately recognized this slim, straight person, extremely beautiful. Although her beauty has worn off, her skin is still smooth like silk, her eyes still possess this impressive glitter. Her hair is grey and dry like straw. She does not like using many cosmetics. She is

very natural, likes to wear subdued colours. Her clothes are elegant and stylish, she tries to avoid any extravagance. Her only jewellery is an old, gold brooch, which she inherited from her mother. It is an inseparable part of her dress. People like her always make me wonder, common on the surface but extraordinary inside. Some of the features of her appearance point out to her character. Her energetic gait shows how resourceful she is. She is able to do something out of nothing, Martha also possess many talents, like sewing, knitting and of course cooking, she makes the best cakes and home-made doughnuts I have ever eaten. She can always cheer me up, without occasion she brings me small gifts or sweets, just to please me. But on the other hand, she is sometimes stern and can put her foot down, but only if somebody really infuriates her. I would compare Martha to a good angel, she is always there for you, in a good mood, well-mannered. For her whole life she was working as a teacher, it taught her patience and persistence. She is now retired but does not spend her free time in front of the TV set. She is very inquisitive., she wants to know more and more about the world and is never fed up. She is still active, belongs to many organizations, thanks to which she is never bored. Her character has not changed notwithstanding the gloomy and hard experience of her childhood.

I would describe my feeling towards her as warm, friendly. She is a person that everybody should imitate. I would really like to be as active, wise and cheerful as she is.



help yourself with a cigarette by ania kawko



Truthfully, the only thing you need to give up smoking is strong will. Not only will you avoid serious consequences deriving from smoking, like diseases and emptiness in your pocket, but also you create less foggy atmosphere around yourself.

Serious diseases are the foremost reason why you should give up smoking. Bad cough disturbs you in your daily duties and activities. You find it harder to breathe, because a large surface of your lungs is covered with tar, just try to X-ray your lungs as a motivation. You will suffer long and painful death thanks to lung cancer.

Moreover, just imagine how much money you would save up avoiding nicotine through one year. When you are sitting on a chair with your cigarette and dreaming about traveling to warm countries, put it out. If your neighbour has a better car than you, consider the advantages of smoking again. Your son has been asking for a computer for two years now- don't be so cruel. Even if you are awfully rich there are so many hungry homeless people on the streets waiting for your helping hand.

Yes! you have got the right to smoke, but others might be hacked off, because they have the right to breathe in clean, fresh air. Fortunately, it's forbidden to smoke in public places, but it makes you only feel angry and you stay and smoke your cigarette to the dog-end. Don't expose your family to inhaling irksome smoke, it's your choice-not theirs. Even if you are not in the public place, ask people around you if they don't object.

Having strong will is very difficult to achieve, and actually not many people "possess" it. So if you eventually manage to give up smoking, you should be proud of yourself. Good motivation is also necessary. I think that the reason like losing your health, which is the most important thing in your life, should be sufficient enough for you to quit smoking. But if you do not pay attention to your health, try at least to think about the people around you, and think twice before lighting another cigarette.



in a hole in the ground
there lived a hobbit...
by ola szewczuk

On first hearing the word 'hobbit' I hadn't had the foggiest idea who or what it was until I read the book entitled "The Hobbit", where I got to know what this term really meant. Although this appellation has become very popular nowadays thanks to the Peter Jackson's film "The Lord of the Rings" based on Tolkien's book, there are still many people who aren't in the know about hobbits at all.

As I wrote earlier this term first appears in the book "The Hobbit". They are a member of a fictitious peaceful and genial race of small creatures and are actually an offshoot of the race of Men. However, they live rather longer than human and can sometimes live for up to 130 years. Thus, seventy years old Hobbit would only be middle-aged. Hobbits are also called 'halfings', however this expression is slightly offensive to Hobbits, as to themselves they are not 'half' of anything and for sure do not use this term to refer to themselves. They live in holes dug into hills, and what's surprising their homes aren't mucky or slovenly as it may seem but cosy, homely and clean. They tend to lead tranquil life at a well-ordered and well-farmed countryside. Hobbits love being close to nature and appreciate the simplest thing in life- they derive pleasure from storytelling or smoking pipe-weed, as they call their tobacco. Usually they do not hurry unnecessarily, sleep a lot and tend to believe that "good things come in time". Moreover, eating and drinking is a most appreciated activity and six meals a day is their preferred number. Furthermore, they love giving and receiving gifts-even the smallest ones are gladly accepted and kept stored away in a Hobbit hole.

To understand this term fully it's necessary to describe how Hobbits look like. First of all, the thing we can notice immediately about them is their size- almost childlike with an average height of 3'6. Every Hobbit is smaller than a dwarf, less stout and stocky although not much smaller. They have a fancy for dressing in strong colours, chiefly green and yellow. It's hard to take eyes off their ears, which are slightly pointed. Most of the hobbits have a shock of brown, curly hair and a good natured face. Their feet bear a

striking resemblance to a mossy stone- they are typically hairy. Moreover, they naturally grow leather soles- that's why no hobbit needs shoes.

I've found it difficult not to take a shine for Hobbits and those people who haven't got the pleasure of 'meeting' them should set off on a beautiful journey to the Shire just to find out how amicable those little creatures are.

* * *

by Tomasz Ejmont



I see a blurred picture taken to both of us
I see you sitting on my knees and holding me tight
This was the night when the stars shone so bright
Our faces were embraced by the warm air
We heard the waves taking the sand with them
We heard the breeze so quite as we could be
And then I heard you whispering 'I love you'
This was the first time... and I was holding you tight
I see a blurred picture taken to both of us
And I see you no longer around
And you no longer holding me tight
And I hear no waves, no breeze, no whisper
I see a blurred picture taken to both of us

the international frederick chopin piano competition by monika matwiejczyk



The International Frederick Chopin Piano Competition is one of the oldest and the most prestigious piano competition in the world, organized in Warsaw since 1927 and held every 5 years since 1955.

This is what every single person, who has heard about Frederick Chopin, knows about the Competition. But what exactly this competition is about?

23rd January 1923 is a historic date because of the inauguration in Warsaw of the Frederic Chopin International Piano Competition. The first participant was Bolesław Woytowicz. The competition began at the initiative of Jerzy Żurawlew, who – as the heir to the romantic Chopin tradition taken over from Profesor Aleksander Michałowski – was disturbed by increasingly widespread opinions that Chopin was “not modern enough and too subtle”. This debate led to the idea for a music competition dedicated to only one composer. Profesor Żurawlew saw no reason why, in the face of the expansion of modernism of Stravinsky or Prokofiev, the music of Chopin should be relegated to the margins. A new form needed to be found that would attract young people to the music.

Those were the beginnings of the music competition, regarded today as the most important and most highly renowned. Its position, along with a record number of submitted participants, is determined by its list of laureates to date, featuring names of the greatest masters of the art of the piano.

From humble beginnings in 1927, with 26 pianists from 8 countries participating in the Competition, the event developed over the years, attracting a growing number of participants. The record number of participants was reported during the 15th Competition in 2005 when 350 applications were received and 257 pianists entered for the Competition.

During Competition auditions the young pianists play in alphabetical order, beginning with an initial letter selected at random. As a rule, the age of the participants varies from 18 to 29, although it has differed during individual events owing to changes in

the criteria for entry. Taking into account all past Competitions, the youngest participant was 16 and the oldest 32 years of age.

The Jury evaluates the interpretations of the participants on the basis of the rules previously laid down by the Chairman of the Jury. During the first Chopin Competition, the Jury was composed exclusively of representatives of the Polish music world. Organizers of successive events have invited the most outstanding musicians and pianists, both Polish and foreign to be members of the Jury.

The International Frederick Chopin Piano Competition is a multi-stage event which, owing to the constantly growing number of candidates, on average lasts more than ten days. The first event took only eight days, but the fourth and fifth almost a month. The pre-war Competitions were composed of two stages, the fourth, fifth, sixth and eighth of three stages, the seventh, ninth and consecutive ones of four stages, with the last stage as the Competition final. The Rules of the 15th Competition introduced substantial changes. For the first time a preliminary round obligatory for all candidates was held prior to the Competition (late September 2005). Due to the large number of applicants (350) the preliminary auditions were held simultaneously at two venues – the Music Academy and the Palace of Culture and Science. The main Competition consisted of two stages and a final. The auditions are open to the public.

The International Frederick Chopin Piano Competition is now regarded as the most prestigious and important for every pianist who wants to play a role in the world of classical music but it should be also important and well known for us – Polish people.





there is one person by Justyna toczko

The person I would like to describe is really worth it because of his specific and unique appearance, peculiar ways of behaviour and his mysterious background.

First of all, what is the most eye-catching in his appearance is his extraordinary face. The extremely tipped-upwards nose makes him look very self-confident and even pompous. Then again, he has got full lower lips which very often scowl. In addition to that, he has a squint. It also annoys other people because nobody ever knows whether he is looking at them or somewhere else.

This is a kind of a person you can expect will always behave the other way round. What I am trying to say is that, first of all, he can never keep a straight face in the situations that demand seriousness. I will never forget the moment when he got to know that his mother suffered from an incurable disease. Instead of being at least distraught, he burst out laughing. I could not make it out why he behaved in such a way. Besides, he can rabbit on forever, which always gets on my nerves. Then as soon as possible I try to change the subject but what often happens is that he realizes that I do not listen to him and I am sick and tired of his stories, he hits the roof. What is more, he often does exactly the opposite to what he says. What really drives me up the wall is that he can promise not to do something but then it turns out that he did not keep the promise and did exactly back to front.

I get the impression that his background is surrounded by a mystery, as if he was afraid of something. He never feels like talking about his childhood. Whenever I ask him a question about his school times or what he used to do when he was a youngster, he always sidetracks. Then again, he is indignant when he is asked about his parents. To be honest, I do not even know whether his parents are still alive or not.

On the one hand, this man has always fascinated me but on the other, I have to admit that I am a bit scared of him because of his strange appearance and behaviour surrounded with a tone of mystery.

Writers on the Storm

PREPARED *by* TOMASZ EJSMONT

with the ASSISTANCE *of* MONIKA GODLEWSKA

under the SUPERVISION *of* MAŁGORZATA STEFANOWICZ



© 2007