

# FLAM(M)ES

## ...of destiny ...du destin

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☺ *It is not in the stars to hold our destiny but in ourselves.*  
(Shakespeare)

☹ *It is a mistake to try to look too far ahead. The chain of destiny can only be grasped one link at a time.* (Sir Winston Churchill)



☺ *The destiny of a man is in his own soul* (Herodotus)

☺ *The future belongs to those who believe in the beauty of their dreams.* (Eleanor Roosevelt)

☺ *A tout être humain ont été concédées deux qualités : le pouvoir et le don. Le pouvoir conduit l'homme à la rencontre de son destin ; le don l'oblige à partager avec les autres ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui.*  
(Paulo Coelho)

☹ *Nous aurons le destin que nous aurons mérité.* (Albert Einstein)

☹ *On peut guérir les maladies, mais non point le destin.* (Proverbe Chinois)

# The “Flames” of Our Lives      Les flammes de nos vies

Every day when we watch TV or read newspapers, magazines or articles on the internet we come across people who do unusual things and who inspire us through their behavior or through their thoughts. Those are usually TV or music stars, scientists or inventors who change our lives and our way of perceiving things by their ideas and actions.

But, sometimes, we find such inspiration among ordinary people in our lives, among our relatives, friends or neighbours or even among simple acquaintances. There are people who live very close to us but whom we hardly notice because they are simple, modest people. They don't show off, they don't parade with their life stories, but they, sometimes, tell you things about themselves which amaze you.

We all have grandparents, aunts and uncles or other relatives who tell their stories within the family circle. Sometimes the stories are of courage, of daring to face the faith. Other times the stories are romantic or even tragic. Nevertheless, these stories inspire us, whether they make us follow our ancestors' examples, or warn us against bad decisions.

These stories and the people behind them are the “flames” of our lives because they guide us through our own lives; they make us consider what we want to do in the future and who we really want to be. They shine with a bright light on the path of our future and it is up to us to choose whether to follow their example or not.

**Prof. Buia Anamaria**



Il y a dans chacun de nous quelque chose qui nous inspire en nous poussant vers la découverte de soi-même. L'existence, en général, est soumise à être guidée par une sorte de synchronisation avec le mouvement du temps et s'adapte dans un rythme parfois ralenti, parfois accéléré, en fonction de nos désirs les plus intimes.

Aujourd'hui, il y a une crise du temps, perçue notamment au niveau individuel, éclairant ou discriminant l'homme à se faire affirmer. Une logique est quand même évidente: les jeunes souhaitent relever leur personnalité dans des actes propres à eux, ils observent analytiquement l'existence des autres et tentent à ne pas être troublés par l'inquiétude et l'angoisse du futur. Ils se trouvent face à la roulette de la vie et se transforment en joueurs et basculent entre les facettes de la roue du destin. Leur jeu n'est pas un simple divertissement (Pourquoi on ne s'amuse pas ?), mais un essai de découverte, une quête, une provocation. Alors ils trouvent dans leur entourage des êtres qui les inspirent, ou, par contre les démotivent.

Pour nos élèves, petits écrivains en herbe, les personnes qui ont eu une telle influence sur leur chemin existentiel sont, généralement, des membres de famille, des parents, mais aussi des personnes qui ont eu une vie difficile, spectaculaire, pleine d'exploits. Des êtres audacieux, comme des vétérans de guerre ou des personnes chères à eux qui sont passées au-delà de ce monde et leur souvenir est resté à jamais imprégné, dont ils ont hérité le courage de se battre et le pouvoir de ne jamais abandonner. Ils ont un choix : d'apprendre, tout d'abord, quels sont leurs valeurs, de comprendre ce que l'on cherche sans dérailler d'un trajet existentiel établi à l'avance.

Pour nous, les adultes, leurs témoignages sont émouvants et nous font réagir face à nos propres vies et à mieux comprendre la jeune génération dans cet inconstant (parfois) jeu accablant de la vie.

**Prof. Adriana Florian**

## Refugees during World War II

*Here is an interview with my neighbor, a man with a fresh memory of the harsh times his family went through in times of war.*

“My name is Ignatiu Orha and I am an 82-year old retired Math teacher. In what follows, I am going to tell you the tragedy of 1940, both for my family and for my country Romania. The tragedy that deeply marked my life! 1940 was the year of the greatest tragedies that have befallen Romania and the Romanian people! This is because we had some neighboring states who were greedy and ready to rob, not satisfied with their country and stole the territories of other states, including Romania !

On 28<sup>th</sup> June 1940 the Soviet Ribbentrop - Molotov treaty allowed Hitler and Stalin to deprive Romania of Bassarabia , Northern Bukovina , Herta and later the Snake Island and part of Transylvania, after the Hortist decision, followed by South Dobrogea, named „The Quadrilateral”. In this way, in 1940 Romania lost about a third of the territory, as well as a third of the population !

Back then, in 1940, my parents were primary school teachers and my father was headmaster of a primary school in Satu Mare, Hrip. Hrip was a mixture of Romanians and Hungarians . Each ethnic group had its own school and church. On 10<sup>th</sup> May 1940 – the day of the King, the village Hrip celebrated this event with many students marching from the Romanian School and the Romanian Church down the street, singing patriotic songs!

On 1<sup>st</sup> September 1940, at 8 am four representatives of the new Hortist rulers of Transylvania made their presence at our home and toled my father, the headmaster, in the the presence of the whole family, the following: that he was arrested and he was to follow then to the Town Hall city hall; to hand on the school keys, because it was going to be a Hungarian institution from then on; by that night we had to leave our home and the mother of three children

to go where they wanted! Then my dad told my mom to send someone right away, to the village Rusesti, on horseback, 3-4 km away, where grandparents lived, to ask for help with the move.

My father was arrested and taken to the Town Hall and beaten up for organising the 10<sup>th</sup> May national celebration in the village where Romanian patriotic songs were performed in the street. He was threatened to be shot the next day, when a new political leader was to be assigned in the area, as a Romanian schoolmaster was not needed anymore. As evidence that Hungarians were expecting and had been even trained for this event was that that on 1<sup>st</sup> September 1940 all the Hungarian houses in the village were decorated with their national flags,



On the evening of September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1948 the new Hungarian village committee partied with joy until midnight, to celebrate their new territorial conquest. After their departure, my father jumped out of the window from the room where he was held hostage, and ran away!! Thus he managed to escape the death sentence. All night, he ran across the field to our grandmother's house in the village Rusesti, where my mother was with us, the children. My father's brother tied the horses to a cart and rode to the train station in Satu Mare. We took only some food and some clothing! We got on a freight train going to Timisoara, where Dad had a cousin. The following day , September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1940 , my parents went to the School Inspectorate, where were lucky to receive two teacher's jobs in the village Besenova Veche. The we found a nice a house that sheltered us until March 31<sup>st</sup> 1945, when we returned to Hrip, our hometown.

**Octavian Pacurar, XIA**

## Dangerous events and a survivor

## A sad childhood

Life is not always pink. We don't know what will happen tomorrow or in the close future so we should be prepared for the unexpected.

Our grandmother is like a model for us. Her life hasn't been easy at all. I am going to write about an event from the World War II.

It was just another ordinary day in her village. At least it seemed to be like that. She and her father were doing normal things like giving food to the animals or just resting.



However, something was wrong. They heard about a group of Russian men that had come in the village. That day was horrible. From all the houses around, the invaders chose theirs to destroy. They broke in the house and took away or vandalised all their

things. There was nothing left apart from the house. They went to the barn and took all the hay to give it to their horses. And that was just the beginning.

Later on that day, they decided to simply throw away all the food. Everything that was good was eaten by them so our grandmother was left without food. She and her father were really afraid of what was going on. The Russian squad prepared some food afterwards. But it was disgusting. They took water from a puddle and forced my grandmother and her father to taste it. That water had worms. It was pure torture. After they had their own feast, the soldiers rested a little bit and left. Everything was in ruin. Happily, they were left alive. This story gave us chills, but we were happy that they survived.

**Lorena and Teodora Siladi (IXA, XIA)**

My grandfather Pozsony Anton was born in 1946 in a village near Covasna. He was born in a rich family but the government took



away all the saving from his parents, particularly the land and the forests which they had at that time, and soon after they became very poor because they relied on the harvest. In his family only his father worked and his mother was a housewife. When he was born his sisters were already teenagers.

His father was a shoemaker and his mother took care of the household, with livestock and gardening. He liked reading books and in his childhood he read everything available at the village library.

But at the age of 10 in one day his mother was hit in the breast with the hoof by a cow and soon after this incident she died of breast cancer. My grandfather was left motherless and he lived only with his father because his older sisters were married. He decided to help his father at work and joined him to his workshop. A few years later at the age of 16 his father died of a stroke and he had to move to his old sister's house because he was an orphan. He went to work to have some pocket money but unfortunately he didn't get well with his sisters, so he decided to move to work in Baia Mare to help at the construction of the new hospital. He never returned to his birthplace and because he had left his sister home he never received any inheritance from his parents. He started a new life in a new city. He got married with my grandmother, they had 2 children and now he is living his retirement happily, enjoying his grandchildren.

**Melissa Pozsony, XA**



## Harsh destiny

Our grandmother, **Ana Bolos**, was born in July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1947 in a big family with 3 brothers and 2 sisters. They remained fatherless when my grandmother was just 8 years old and the eldest



of the brothers was in the army. Her mother was a widow with their children and she never received help from the state, but she managed to get by on her own.

Even if they didn't have any financial resources, they went on with their education and my grandmother graduated from

primary school only. After that she worked in the collective farming work, receiving help from the organisation ( potatoes, corn, and other goods). At the age of 17 , she learnt how to bake, and soon after, she got married with my grandfather. At the age of 18 she had her first child who died after 24 years, leaving 3 children behind. My grandmother currently remained with 2 children.

At the age of 23 my grandmother started to work in agriculture, making products that she took for sale in the market, having to wake up at 5 o'clock and to spend hours in the cold. There were days when she did not sell almost anything but with the little money she got, she managed to keep her family survive.

At present she has a better life, still being a mother and grandmother in the same time. She is a model for us, as she confesses: “With all the hardships that came along, I never gave up”.

**Bolos Larissa, Bolos Vanessa, IXA**

## Closer to Heaven

Marinca Petru was a man with a big heart, the founder of the Monastery Rosia. He thought to build this monastery because in his life allied to lose his children and this cause he thought to bring an homage by building this monastery for his children. He didn't have necessary conditions, but he contributed with his

tools and a very small part of

materials.

Because he didn't have

proper

conditions,

the villagers

came to be of

help.



Everybody contributed with work, wood, ideas and other things. The villagers were very interested in Petru's project and they wanted to build a beautiful monastery which today is visited by many people and the locals love this place and its history.

The first prior was a man named Vichente who died in a car accident, but not before made small changes to the monastery. The current prior, named Mihail, built a wing of the monastery, where he can house many people for a few nights. He built a house in rustic style which looks very good and here the prior can house tourists who enjoy the local traditions.

Now prior Mihail wants demolish this monastery because it is very small and replace it with a bigger one. The old monastery will be bought to our village because we don't want to lose this beautiful work of art built by my forefather, Marinca Petru.

**Cosmin Marinca, IXA**

## Bako Karoly

**Bako Karoly** was born in 1906, in the village of Ihod, approximately 30 kilometres away from Targu Mures. He began working at an early age, when he was about 11-12, at a famous hotel in Cluj Napoca, as a porter and in room cleaning service. The hotel was known due to the king who used to seek accommodation there. Karoly, as a child, went to Alba Iulia on the Great Union.

In his time off, which was usually on Sundays, he met my great-grandmother who worked at the house of a nobleman. She recounted to us, her great-grandchildren, how they compelled her



to some tests, such as a bag filled with gold coins thrown under the table to see if she would take it or hand it in to the master of the house.

The cleanliness was checked very strictly. After the dusting was done, a woman with a white glove would come and check with her finger various places to make sure she took her job seriously. She married my great-grandfather in 1935 and in 1936 appeared their first child.

In 1941 World War II broke out and my great-grandfather was deported and sent to fight on the Western Front under service of the German Army. He escaped, jumping from the train somewhere in Hungary. He came home walking. Because of the tough conditions of that time, the soldiers were infested with lice (including clothes), as a result he was forced to burn his clothes. After the establishment of communism he was compelled to join the

collective work organisation and respect the rules. He adamantly refused every time, threatened even with a weapon. As a result, they took all his lands and were given other plots, much smaller.

He led a hard life because he had worked since early age, he went through the period of the World Wars and communism which he opposed to. He passed away in 1993 due to a cold and my great-grandmother died in 1997, because of old age.

Stefania Maxim, XIA

## Soproni Traian

War veteran Soproni Traian. was prisoner in World War II in concentration camps in Siberia, where it stayed for about 1 year and 7 months, surviving the very heavy conditions and temperatures of about 50 degrees.

The conditions in the camp were very unbearable and he caught a very serious lung disease. The food was very little and they ended up eating potato peels and cabbage leaves cooked in cans. They were forced to work outside in the cold at very low temperatures dressed scarcely. Before being caught, my grand-grandfather was a Division commander. During the battle his soldiers were killed. At the end, he and another soldier being the only survivors, decided to surrender to the enemy forces in order to remain alive. Once caught my grand-grandfather was asked by the Germans: "how many soldiers did you kill?", and he replied:



"About 500 troops". Caught, Germans took his goods, his gun, his belt and his clothes ... and then was transported in camp only with hope that he would escape alive.

At the end of the war, he arrived home,

had a big family, many grandchildren and all of his life he kept telling them about the unimaginable ordeals he had been through. He passed away at the age of 85 years, because of disease he caught in the concentration camp.

**Alex Brazda, XIA**

## DESTINY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

My uncles Matei, Aurel and Stefan tried to flee to another country 25 years ago in the hope of a better life, urged by the unfavorable political regime. Of all brothers, the one who



succeeded from the first attempt was Matei. By sheer luck, he landed in America, where he met Aurelia, the woman who was to become his wife. Two years after their marriage, my

uncle, Matthew – by his new American identity, managed to get a visa to bring a part of the family together, and uncle Aurel, being single, was easily permitted to emigrate. However, their brother, Stefan, didn't give up on his dream and tried four more times to leave the country illegally twice over the Timisoara hills, twice over Danube River. After the last attempt, he ended up in jail.

He spent 6 months in the communist prison, during which he was spared of the dreaded "treatment" applied to other inmates, given that his offence was not so serious, as he hadn't shown any signs of resisting the regime.

All this time, my uncles, together with my grandparents, gradually managed to adapt to the American lifestyle. At the beginning there were 5 people living in one house, but later on,

the youngest son got married and went on to make his own life, away from the other four.

The grandparents emigrated as well and set to live with uncle Matei's family, until the last days of their lives. In time, they managed to foster a thriving living, but never forgot their six brothers who had remained in the country, always keeping in touch and helping them.

**Mirela Crisan, XIID**

## MEMORIES FROM HELL

I am going to share with you the story of my grandmother, an example of strong will and to make things authentic I will let her tell the events of her life herself: “My name is Roman Maria and I was born in 1931. When I was in the 7<sup>th</sup> grade, the government announced us that our village was about to be attacked, as it was under the range of the First World War battlefields. My parents, my sister and I prepared some

supplies, not knowing what to expect. We prepared baskets of flour, corn, bacon, cheese and potatoes.

We took our cows with us and fled in a forest. There we were scared because the ground was shaking from the blasts around the village. I couldn't go to school. My dad decided to stay in the forest and we wanted to go back



home but our house had been taken by the German sergeants and captains because it was big and cozy.

First, the German army attacked our village, then the Hungarians started to assault us



and we went to hide in the cellar. I saw how a soldier killed a neighbour because he couldn't hide out. When the Hungarian army was in our village, we weren't allowed to light a candle in the house and we had to stay in the yard stuck to a three because the planes flew like the birds and dropped bombs. When the Russian army arrived in our village, a local who could speak Russian was asked by a soldier to take off his boots. He refused and the soldier killed him. Another man got killed because he refused to kill his pig for the soldiers' food.

A Russian sergeant came to our house and told my mom to make a pot of soup, to bake bread and give them plum brandy. After that they told us to go away from house. We and other villagers hid in the church and in the graveyard. In one moment my dad came and we were very happy but if a Romanian army had him, he would have been taken to the Army and I was afraid that I wouldn't see him again. Then we stayed with my father out of sight, until the army left our village. I remember a moment from the hiding place, when a bullet passed my face. Then I thought I would die but God took care of us and I am still alive, now in 2016.”

**Bogdan Moldovan, IXF**

## NIGHTMARES FROM THE WAR

This is a little story about my great-grandfather. His name was Ciulean Niculae, a simple farmer, born in 1908, who joined the Army in 1930, in the 87 Infantry Regiment.

He fought in the World War II. For a while, he was in the front lines, where he and his comrades went through terrible hardships: they didn't have enough food, so they would cook the meat of a dead horse or would turn to chewing on their leather belts. My great-grandfather couldn't eat the horse meat, so he ate plant roots.

He was captured in Hungary in 1939 by the Germans. They forced him to drive their wagon, but my grand grandfather placed the harness backwards. Then, one German soldier



wanted to drive the wagon and when he pulled one of the strings, they ended up in a valley. Grandpa jumped from the wagon and survived the fall. He went to the cart and took some blood from the dead horse and daubed himself with it, to look injured. But he was spotted by German patrol taken to a concentration camp in Amsterdam.

The conditions were terrible, almost every man there had fleas, they were fed once a week, some of them starved to death. My great-grandfather was very lucky. In some days the nearby farmers needed help and took some of the prisoners, Niculae worked hard and the farmer didn't let him go to the concentration camp so often. Every time when he got back he would bring potatoes peels and some bread for his fellows prisoners.

When they were set free, at the end of the War, he was afraid to take the train home, so he walked almost all the way. On his arrival home, he was greeted by all the relatives with great joy. He carried on with his life as a barber, never forgetting the ordeals of his youth.

**Daniel Muresan, IXF**



## FROM RAGS TO RICHES

18<sup>th</sup> September 1948 was the day when a person with a special destiny was born, and in the following lines, I'll tell you why. My grandfather saw the light in a poor family with two more brothers. Since childhood he had to carry „the burden” of the family head, because his father had died when he was about 7 years old and his elder brother chose to leave the family, moving on to study in order to make his life better.

My grandpa stayed with his mother and his little brother in care. He said that he always took care of his brother and tried to spare him of any hard work. All his childhood, after the classes were over, my grandpa had to go to the field forest or the with their



only piece of fortune - a pair of oxen and one hundred sheep. He says: “my mom gave me a piece of bread, one of bacon and a half bottle of milk, that was my whole food until dinner. When I was with the animals in the field, I had to hunt pheasants and rabbits to stay my hunger. When I had to go with the animals in forest, I used to look for snails under the rocks, I used to fry them and eat them. When night fell I had to gather all the animals and bring them home . If it was autumn or winter I had to cut some trees for fire, because we could not afford wood. For me it was a very hard life , because I had to learn

for school and take care of animals and my family at the same time. But I had not choice”

However, my grandpa never gave up. He was a diligent student, an eager learner who became an Olympic at physics and mathematics. All his teachers told him that he would be a good engineer because he was very smart, hard-working and responsible. With all the encouragement, he could not afford to pay for his studies at the physics engineering college. He had to take a step as soon as possible to give to his family a better life. He promise to his mom that he would help her and his brother, and would take them out of poverty. He followed courses of a technical school for cars construction. But it was not his way. At the age of 23 years he entered in politics, because he knew the law very well and he had the ability to be a leader.

He knew that politics is a big dirty thing, but that was the way to help his family and to make an easier life for them. Two years later he became vice-mayor. After other four years he won the trust of the citizens because he always helped them and was a fair man. So he won the elections and become mayor. I think that he was the „engine” who changed the face of all four villages which he had under control , because all his projects raised the standards from a typical village to very prosperous ones.

Even if he was a mayor he never forgot where he left from, what he ate, how he learnt and he continued to help his family and people who asked for help. For me, he's the most important person, because he always supported me unconditionally and gave me good advice. Even if he's dead, all his acquaintances, friends and his family remember him as a good man.

**Stefan Haiduc, XA**

## MARIA ERLI



Born on 4<sup>th</sup> April 1932, Maria Erli was the eighth child in a family of nine. She had 5 brothers and 3 sisters. She went to school but because of the conditions in those times she dropped out after only the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. The poverty persisted in that period, for which reason it was hard to live.

After a few years, World War II broke out and her brothers alongside with her father were forced to join the army and the women were left alone. In that period, they didn't have enough food and the Russian soldiers went over the villages to steal whatever supplies they could find. Thus, they destroyed everything in their way. When they were close, the people would start screaming and the mothers would hide their daughters in the attic, while some of them were running in the forest or hiding in haystacks or wells. All these, just to avoid being harassed or raped by the soldiers, but in some cases, the invaders found the girls and they killed them.

All the family members survived the war, but their lives were more difficult than before. Everything was ruined, their properties were stolen and they were forced to work for the Local Cooperative Organisation. Maria got married at the age of 16 with Ianos. They had four daughters, the first one dying at birth. She became a widow when she was only 58, she was suffering from Alzheimer. She didn't recognize anyone and her girls took her into a special care home. She died in 2015 at 93. She had a complicated life, but she was always a fighter and strong woman.

Natalia Bolos, XIA

## Saved by his faith in God

Forty years have passed since the death of the orthodox arch-priest, a licensed man, worthy, beloved and appreciated by church-goers whom he entrusted the pastoral parishes, leaving behind beautiful houses of God. His last consecration was in Garboul-Dejului. where my grandfather was a priest – parish.

In 1959 his father was arrested by the communist regime and locked with other political prisoners in Aiud and Gherla leaving a lot of pain in the family, deprived of their main



support. His family were left without moral and material aid in those difficult times of communist persecution against spiritual elites of the Romanian people. Researching, I found a fragment of letters she had sent them to his best friend.

*"As a consequence, probably because of the curse of the Basilican monks and the bishop of Baia Mare, when Horthy's occupation armies set in, I was in a situation to leave the parish and the wealth in the Mountains. I was put on the list of those who were to be sacrificed, dictated by Count Staraya, who took me by surprise me during the church service and tried to crucify me in the church yard. But God took care of me and I was saved at the right time, with all my wealth: my wife and two children. That and nothing more."*

As a sign of solidarity, my grandfather, Stefan Vadeanu kept his promise to his father and went on to write a monograph started by his father, from which I managed to piece together the tragedy lived by my grandfather, Ioan Vadeanu.

Iulia Pop-Vadeanu, XF

## Fallen angels can rise

I decided to describe the write about a cousin of mine who didn't have a very good experience in his life. The things he did in the past helped him to become the person he is today. From a tender age, because of the family problems he chose the street life, a dangerous entourage and the night life. Alex, this brave teenager had hobbies, like break-dance and hip-hop music. He loved the music and dance so much that he was gathering his friends, taking them to the crosswalks and doing break-dance until they were making cars chains that couldn't pass because of them. Some people were appreciating their talent, even more they were turning the music louder to make Alex and his friends feel better, but the others were honking and insulting them for the silly thing they were doing in the traffic.

This stage lasted for a few years.

Endowed with the street life experience, he decided to take the road abroad.

Once he got to



Spain, through the bad social circles he found there, he started to destroy himself slowly (drugs, tattoos, alcohol and gambling games). Because of these vices he lost a lot in his life (money, health, friends, family, etc..). He was treating this bad problem carelessly and he didn't listen to the advice of the persons who wanted to help him out. He continued losing more and more friends; family problems appeared (the divorce of his parents, the death of his elder brother), health problems that finally made him understand that he had to

change and seek a brighter side of life.

After this “nightmare”, Alex succeeded in finding a honest job and a purpose in life, which offered him a better outlook of life. Of course, he couldn't give up all those vices at once but he succeeded to realize another important thing in his life: The marriage. Once with settling down with a family of his own, the next and the most important step was the birth of his son, which made Alex realize that he had to give up his vices for good, at least in order to give his son a good example. With the assistance and the support of his wife and son, he succeeded with many efforts to get rid of the dark life he had led before. He was kind enough to answer some of my questions, so as to offer us a more direct sharing of his life story.

“Why did you take shelter by doing bad things and didn't fight to prove that you can realize good things?”

Alex: “*The circle of friends is very dangerous. I began to go out with kids older than me who weren't making so good things and I wanted to see how they are having so much fun. Once you begin using alcohol and drugs you need a lot of will and power to give them up! I didn't know how to fight and I had brothers took my part in everything.*”

“Do you regret his phase of your life?”

Alex: “*Yes! I regret a lot that I destroyed my life and I wasn't a strong boy. My wife and my child helped to finish once and for all this trouble from my life, although I disappointed them too in the past.*”

“Do you still use these substances?”

Alex: “*No way! I don't even have to think about them anymore... they are the most bad temptations of my life.*”

\*\*\*Alex' advice these days for you is to always listen to the ones you love and your parents' advices, and never choose the easiest way in life, and also, always think what entourages you choose to spend your time with.

Patricia Pocol, XA



## A hero of the homeland

My family got one hero, my great-grandfather, Avram Ionel. He lived in a small village from North of Romania, in Culcea. He lived for 77 years and he was in the 2 world wars.

In the first one, my country was against Russia and he was captured by the Russian army. He had been locked for 3 years until he escaped. During this time, he found the love of his life, unfortunately the romance was for short time because he couldn't forget about his woman from Romania.

After he had escaped from the camp, alongside with other runaways, they had to walk carefully because they were on foreign territory, in Russia, so they made a plan - to advance only at night and during the day they slept on the hay balloons. Sometimes they stayed for a few days to rest after such a distance.

At home, no one could believe this cause everybody had thought that they were already dead. He proved that the love always wins for getting to his woman. This story is true, told by his son's wife and this story is almost like in the romance and war novels.

He survived the World War II without falling in captivity and after the war he was allowed to go home. Although all these wars produced only damage, a lot of people from the village, who had been on the battlefield, came back safely and lived a long time after.

**Avram Vasile, XF**

## A Special DESTINY

When I think about my family the first person who appears in my mind is my grandfather. I truly admire him for his way of looking at things. He went through some terrible experiences, which I want to share with you. At the age of 19, he was recruited by the Hungarian

army and fight for them

He fought in the army for 3 years. All this time he was fighting in the front line which was the strongest one but in the same time very dangerous for soldiers' lives.

He couldn't go home even for one day. He had nightmares after the war because he saw horrible things, for example pregnant women stabbed and killed or people who lost some parts of the body. These things affected him for life time.

One day during the fight, one enemy tried



to shoot him but he failed. Being in the front line, he was forced to kill him, a thing that let him with a scar in his soul forever. During the war he spent one week in the Carpathian mountains without food and drink. In

this time he saw a car in the forest. He thought the car was full of food for the soldiers. But in the car was no food to be given to the soldiers and he was struggling to survive.

In the last year of the war he was sent to Russia as a prisoner where he got typhoid fever. After 3 years of war he returned home but the family couldn't recognize him.

For me, my grandfather is an example to follow. Even if he has been through a lot, he is still a positive man. He was so lucky that in the end he succeeded to remain alive in such horrible conditions.

**Iulia Mociran, XE**

## THE STORY OF MY HERO

Constantin Parvu was a very brave and handsome young man who fought in a dramatic battle near Carei during the World War II. He was one of the bravest and wisest soldiers of the Romanian army. He was awarded the military medal for bravery and courage and he was my grand-grandfather. I knew him and all his war stories because he used to tell me important details of his life when I was a little girl. At first I thought they were just stories, having nothing to do with reality.

My great-grandfather was born in Cerasu, Prahova, in 1923. After graduation primary school, he went to Ploiesti, where he studied and worked in the same time, to become a famous tailor. He designed clothes for the rich people in Ploiesti and Bucharest. Thus, he met some of the well-known families of the time, such as: Stolnici, Magheru and Cantacozino. Unfortunately, the war broke out, and grand-grandfather had to leave his job and go to war when he was just 19 years old. He fought courageously to liberate Slovakia and the Czech Republic, reaching the Tatra Mountains. He came back to his native



country and he worked for the Romanian army in Baia Mare.

Here, he finally found out that the war was over in 1945 and he was free to go to his family and village.

But he never left Maramures County because he had found his true love – my grand grandmother Maria and moved to Căvnic, where he became a miner and a well-known tailor. They had four children, my grandmother being the first born one. They built together a beautiful family and a modern house. He died in 2012 having all his big family around.

I am very proud to tell the story of my great-grandfather- a war hero and a wise man.

**Sandra Costeniuc, IXA**

## A new life in the promise land

Achim Barbos was born and raised in Romania under Communist rule. He and his wife had five children. Because he could see no



future in communist Romania for his children, he secretly started making plans for him and his family to

get to America. In 1981 he decided to cross the Romanian and Yugoslavian borders on foot and head for Austria to earn enough money to send for his family. Walking through Yugoslavia he was arrested in the city of Maribor near the Austrian border and ended up in jail.

After 12 days of imprisonment, one of the guards opened his cell door one night and told him he was free. He could not go back to Romania because he would have been killed so he carried on with his plan and arrived in Austria some three weeks later with battered feet and physically sick. After two weeks of quarantine he was allowed to work in the immigration camp and was actually able to send money back to his family in Romania.

After spending six month working in the immigration camp a church in California sponsored Achim and brought him to America. His dream had come true, however left behind were his wife and five children. After reaching California he learned that his wife and children were being constantly harassed by the secret police..He also learned he had been branded a traitor by the authorities. Meeting other Romanians in a similar plight there in California in 1982, Achim set off to Washington with these men to protest against the communist rule in

Romania. He and his fellow countrymen went on a hunger strike for five days in front of the Romanian Embassy, the White House and Congress. They finally received assistance from California Senator Lantos and Congressman Donnie Myer. President Reagan sent a letter to the Romania government on behalf of human rights in their country. This event gained national news coverage. He came back to Romania after 30 years with his wife Brenda, and build a hotel which was going to be used as a place where the teams from US could stay while they work with the orphans and the people in need. I learned more about this amazing man from my friend, a teenager who had the chance to help them around at the campground.

Roberta Birta, XI

## The story of a brave man

Before he went to war, my grand-grandfather was an farmer and lived in a village at the root of a mountain. Most people who lived in the village then were farmers. They grew seasonal plants and bred animals for meat.

In 1943 my grand-grandfather had to join the army. The training took one year and then he was placed to fight in Budapest as a simple soldier. One day, when he was in the attic of a building, which he had to defend, a bomb fell



over the roof spreading shell splinters inside. My grand-grandfather was lucky, because there were 4 casualties; but a five centimeters shell splinter entered in his leg. Because there were no hospitals and specialized

doctors, the soldiers needed to cut his leg in 3 pieces to stop the infection that would lead to death. The recovery took a couple of months. And then they sent him to his family. All were surprised to see my grand-grandfather without a leg, but they were happy because they didn't bring him in a coffin.

After his arrival my grand-grandfather realized that he needed to adapt to the situation, because he couldn't work the land anymore. So, he and my great-grandfather went to the market and bought a sewing machine and learned to sew clothes and to repair them when needed. Then he sewed clothes for family members and villagers, and made wooden tools. There, he didn't need to learn because he was good at it from the time before the war when that was just a hobby. Then, he made a living from sewing and timber work lest he should be a burden for the family.

He was brave, but not because of what he had done during the war, but because he had the power to change himself.

Razvan Valentin Pop, XF

## My great-grandfather, a great man.

Not everyone's life is as interesting as others but it doesn't matter what you've done in your life, but how you do it and that's why I chose to write this article about my great-grandfather, Second World War veteran, father, grandfather and great-grandfather for me. He used to tell me that what he wasn't as great as I thought, but I still believe his life was very amazing and I can just dream to have such an interesting and long life like his.

Beginnings: He was born on 18 March 1921 in the village called “Ciocotis” being the first child of his family. He had 3 sisters and 3 brothers and being the biggest child meant that he had to take care of them and help his family with the household chores. He also did whatever he



could to make money for him and his family. After the First World War there was a period of poverty so most of them were left alone to cut their grass. He told me that even if it was hard



and his parents were strict and put him to work he liked that period and he

considered that the work had many benefits for children and the grown-ups.

At the age of 16 years he left his family and he went to his aunt towards the South for a better life but there he encountered a lot of problems and managed to return after 3 years with no money left and no help from anyone. He said that this was one of the hardest periods of his life because he had to do everything from the beginning and start it all over again. After he had saved some money he bought some land and an old mill that he repaired after some time.

At 23 years he was recruited for the Second World War on the Hungary side along with most of the young men of that village. He was took directly from the military training and



put in the front line of the fight, but for a short period of time

because after he managed to learn the Magyar language, he was released from the military service and put to do other things because he wasn't trained at all to use weapons and there was no time for training

him. After that he became a keeper for his garrison for several months and until the end of the war he had to dig trenches. He returned home, back to his life on foot from Poland.

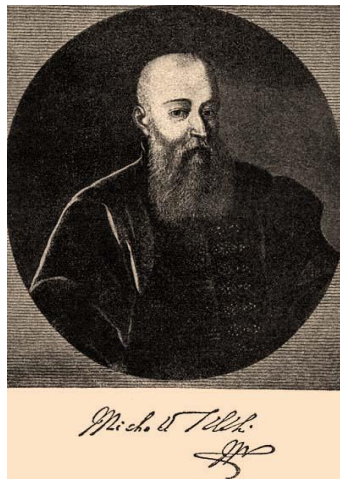
He died at the end of last summer on 9<sup>th</sup> September 2015 at the age of 94, without having any health problems.

In conclusion I believe that he had a beautiful life despite the fact that it wasn't always as easy as it looked. You have to move forward no matter what, follow your destiny doing what you like and what you think is best for you and the persons around you.

**Babiciu Alexandru, XI F**

## A man of sacrifice

This story is about my great-grandfather called Mihai. He was born in 1930. Mihai was raised in Satulung, the place where I live in the present. He graduated only the elementary classes because at that time not everyone could go to school. Most of the people were poor.



After my great-grandfather finished the elementary classes in 1941, he stayed home and helped his family with the agriculture, the common of the people at that time. At the age of 16 years, in 1946, Mihai started attending the

courses of an art school in Baia Mare with the purpose of learning how to play the violin. He learned with the professor Cobza Maricel who taught Mihai how to master the sounds made by a violin and how to produce them, with the purpose of delighting those who were listening to him. It took 4 years for my great-

grandfather to be able to master the violin, but in the end, he could sing almost any song with that instrument.

Meanwhile, Satulung was conquered among other nearby villages by Austro-Hungarian Imperium and they send a Hungarian king in Satulung. The king was called Teleky, a man with no mercy and love for others. He took almost every land from the people, leaving them poorer than they were before.

Also, Teleky banned people from



meeting in large groups and organizing events. My great-grandfather didn't agree and he organized a lot of hidden meetings in the forest near the village, where he played the violin and the others danced and talked happily to each other.

Not long after the king heard what was happening from a scout, a soldier of the king's army, he sent six men to kidnap Mihai. My father told me that my great-grandfather managed to kill two of the men sent by the king to kidnap him. Anyway, Mihai was taken by force, being interrogated and tortured by Teleky.

After the interrogation, Mihai was sent to jail and tried to escape by digging a hole in the soil with a piece of rotten wood but unfortunately he got sick and died in the torments of lung cancer. (picture 1 - king Teleki ; picture 2- Teleky Castle)

**Petrica Vlad , XI F**

## A destiny at dawn

I want to talk about one of my old good friend, his name is Bogar Doru, we were colleagues from the first grade to eighth grade .

I chose Doru because he inspires me, he taught me that impossible is just a big word told by people who find it easier to live in the world they've been given , than to explore the power they have to change it. Impossible is not a fact, it's an opinion , not a declaration , a dare.

Doru and his brother lived in an orphanage since they were little. I met Doru in the first grade, we were so shy and so young back then. Since he was a child he was very smart and talented. He loved drawing and he had a great imagination that helped him a lot. He's drawings were so amazing and detailed , full of emotions an a bit complicated to do for his age. After all Doru had a bad financial condition and he was discriminated for living in an orphanage, but he ignored all of those obstacles and he continued to believe in his dream, to be someone respected in this world. Nowadays, at the age of 18<sup>th</sup> he is working for Lorar Coza, a big fashion designer from our city. He is making sketches of his own and designs fashion collections.



I'm so proud of him and his results , his dream came true and he accomplished it by himself. I learned that if you give your best you can do everything that you wish and dream.

**Andreea Asztalos, XIE**

**One Hero Out of a Thousand**

Twenty-six years have passed since Romanians grew tired of the Communist regime and took to the streets to remove the dictatorship. Liberty was paid in blood, and more than 1,000 people made the supreme sacrifice for us to be able to live in a free country. Sergiu Butuza, my grandparents' neighbour, is among these people.

He was born on September 14, 1967, in the town of Dej, Cluj county. He graduated the Agro-industrial Highschool in Ileanda commune, Sălaj county, the place where he also spent his childhood. He obtained a qualification as an agricultural mechanic and electrician. On December 23, 1989, Sergiu Butuza got on the train to Bucharest with a group of four young men, who were going to the capital to support the protests. His family's efforts to stop him were in vain, as he was a free spirit, with freedom ideals in his heart. Before leaving, he visited my grandparents to give them the news and say goodbye.

Once in Bucharest, at 7 a.m. the group began to march towards the Republican Palace Square, where they joined other protesters. Around 8 p.m., Sergiu was shot from the left side. The bullet perforated his shoulder through the back of his neck, sectioning his backbone and leaving him paralyzed. Two of his friends were away to get food, but the other two took the flag around Sergiu's neck and used it to drag him beside a wall. Sergiu said he was not badly injured and asked his friends to mention nothing about his condition to his family upon their return home. The two young men were afraid and went to find the rest of the group, leaving Sergiu all alone.

When the friends got back home, Sergiu's family asked them about the young man. At first, they did not want to say anything, but they eventually confessed. After the family found out

about Sergiu, they contacted all their acquaintances in Bucharest to help them find their son. His name was discovered in the records of the Municipal Hospital, but Sergiu was not there.

On December 29, Sergiu's father went to the capital alone looking for his son. He searched and searched for him for two days, in hospitals and at the Institute of Legal Medicine, but could not find him. He went back to the Municipal Hospital, where an army officer helped him to look for the young man in every ward, but Sergiu was nowhere to be found. However, Sergiu's father discovered that his son was considered a terrorist and that was why he could not be located anywhere. Thus, he returned home to get proof that his son was not a criminal. After a while Sergiu's father received a letter saying that he was alive at a hospital in Bucharest and had not undergone any surgery. As soon as he arrived home, Sergiu's father took the documents he needed and returned to Bucharest together with his wife.

When his parents found Sergiu, he was pale, wearing a shirt that had been turned inside out. He had cigarette burns on his skin and lash marks on his abdomen. He was lying on a rubber mat and the nurses had not even given him a glass of water. They simply tied a bottle of water to his hand and left the medicine on the bedside table, but he could not reach out for them, as he was paralyzed. Why had this happened? He had been mocked and mistreated, but even if he had been a terrorist, he should have received proper care ... Sergiu's parents told him that he was going to get better, but he barely managed to answer: “I do not feel sorry about anything, except about the people in this hospital”. Nobody had helped him. His mother washed the bedclothes and his clothes, putting them on the radiator to dry.

On January 5, Sergiu died in the presence of his parents, sister and brother-in-law. He was



then taken home and, as the train entered Ileanda commune, it began hissing. That was how all the villagers knew Sergiu was coming home. In the funeral procession, he was accompanied by about 1,000 people who wanted to pay their last respects.

Sometimes, when you miss someone you love but has passed away, the only place where you can “visit” him or her is by a cold white cross, which inspires you hope that maybe the dead can feel your presence and that the candle burning by the cross can light the way to their souls

**Podea Simina Amalia, X E**

## My Grandmother's Courage

Lucreția, my grandmother is a brave woman who lived a tough life. She was born in 1925, in a village located in the county of Sălaj. She's 91 years old but she still remembers things almost perfectly.

She had to hide from the Russian soldiers. They came into those small villages and raped or kidnapped young women. People couldn't do anything about it but to hide their women. My grandmother's first encounter with



the soldiers was very dangerous. She was on the field, away from her yard. She was lucky enough to see them first. If

she had ran home, they could have seen her running and they would have shot her. She saw her neighbour's cow lying in the grass so she hid behind it. After a few hours, the soldiers were gone and she ran home, very scared. She was lucky but she was also courageous.

The second encounter was even more dangerous. „What doesn't kill you, will surely try again (and make you stronger)”□. She was

visiting a family from the same village as hers when the man of the house saw the Russian soldiers coming across his garden. He ran inside and told the women. His wife took Lucreția in the attic and hid her under a big box and took the ladder. When the soldiers arrived, they asked if the family had any young women there. They asked for food and water, then searched the house for women. They didn't left very soon... My grandmother had to stay in the attic for 3 days without food. She told me it had been God's will, her hopes and prayers that had kept her alive.

For me, my grandmother's courage is a great source of inspiration. Her biggest wish is to see me grown up with good grades and long hair. She encourages me to keep on going, never give up and remember who I am and where I come from.

**Rosu Teodora, 11J**

## Hope dies last

My great grandfather Constantin was born in 1902 in a modest village from Moldavia. He was a hard working man, a good Christian but he was also very bossy. He had a nice family, a wife and seven kids, one of them being my grandfather.

The story dates back, during the second world war, when the hunger hit bad. The country was invaded by Germans, Russians and Hungarians. The Russians were entering people's homes and devastating everything, sometimes even burning everything on the way out. My great



grandfather was attacked by them in the house, but he escaped jumping out the window of one of the rooms. This was not the end of it because he was caught on the street and forced to cross the border with them and be their servant.

Close to the border, in a moment when the kidnappers didn't pay attention, he managed to hide in a wheat field. At the age of 25 he enlisted in the army and ended up all the way in Tatra Mountains. What he lived there was horror. For 5 years no one knew anything of him until one day when he just appeared in front of the gate in old dirty ripped clothes. He only told a few stories from those years, saying that he was forced to keep some secrets.

He died in 1986 and was buried in the village that he was born in.

**Focsaneanu Andreea, XE**

## *Glad to be alive*

The only person I know with a special destiny is Achim Andrei. He is ninety-six years old. What makes him special is that he survived the war. Achim Andrei is my neighbor. Last year in December, he was invited to our school to talk about his experience in the Second World War. At age of eighteen he enrolled in the army. He says it was the worst day of his life. He remembered how every young man was placed in the train, and taken to the military headquarters. He was the first who got the weapon, then he was sent to the front line and forced to kill if wanted to defend the country. He said he had seen death with his own eyes.

After ten days in the front line, he was taken prisoner by the Turks, who tortured him to say where their military base was, then he was shot in his right leg. “I felt that my days were ending”, he said. He was lucky, because after a week of torture in the hands of the Turks, he managed to escape, reaching the military base

from Hungary, wounded at one foot. Then he was treated by a woman who hid him in her house. After a while he took a risk and got in a train which transported wounded soldiers. He eventually got back to Romania.

He is a strong man with a special destiny, because he is among the few who escaped alive from the war. And today he lives with the memories of the awful horrors that he went through, but grateful for being alive.

**Cupsea Vasile Alin, XIE**

## *A hero in my heart*

An example of patriotism and unconditioned love was my great grandfather, Podina Gheorghe, who, at the beginning of the war was in military stage at a unit in Brasov. He was sent to the battlefield among many other soldiers from the Romanian army.

With tears in his eyes and trembling voice, he was telling us stories about harsh conditions he's gone through, the dangers he was exposed to countless times on the fields



Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Russia. His courage, his youth and his hope that one day he will come back to his wife and daughter whom he hadn't seen for such a long time, helped him get over the horrors of war.

He was proudly saying “I heard the bullets flying near me but with the help of God and self-trust, I made it out every time “.

The decorations he was wearing on holidays reminded us that he was a war veteran. I always felt proud that I am one of his great granddaughters. His memory will forever remain in my heart. Even if he is an unknown, worthless man for many people, for me he will always be a special hero.

**Alexandra Podina, XC**

## MY UNCLE

This is the story of my uncle's life, a short one, unfortunately. He has been present and active in my life ever since I was born, and I grew up knowing that he was always there, waiting for my brother and I to visit him, so we could go out together.

We loved joining him wherever he had to go and he never complained; because he didn't have any kids, we were his kids. He was a soldier back in the day, but because of some medical issues, he left the army and tried to find a job, but to no avail. One day a friend offered him the opportunity to go abroad, bring cars into the country, fix them if any kind of repairs were needed and sell them.

That was his job, and I've always known him as the uncle who goes abroad, brings cars and sweets for me and my brother. I admit...we were very spoiled. Every time someone told me I looked like him, I felt so proud, and because my relation with my father wasn't the best, I consider him as my dad.

Then the tragedy struck; he was told that



he had a tumor on the right side of the brain but as it turned out, it could be removed by surgery and even better news, it wasn't cancerous. He underwent the surgery but he seemed more distant with me and my brother, and the relation between us became colder, and before I knew it, I wasn't following him everywhere anymore.

Two years after the tumor was found, I arrived home one day only to find my grandma crying and my mom walking up and down the apartment preparing to leave. I was told that my uncle had a car accident in Germany, but I wasn't so worried, because I didn't know how bad it was, and as I found out more details about what had happened, two things became clear: he wasn't going to make it and somehow I had to hide the terrible truth from my grandmother. A week later, I came back from school and the first thing my grandma said was that he died.... unfortunately, I had already found out the tragic news from my other uncle, his brother, who expressed his regrets on Facebook.

He had all the money he wanted, escaped death once, his family loved him and misses him very much, but you never know when you have to go, that's a lesson I learned.

**Andrei Achim, X F**

## A real life miracle

*“Miracles happen every day; change your perception of what a miracle is and you'll see than all around you.”*

This is the case of my uncle whose car plunged off a bridge straight into the water. Incredibly, he managed to survive the ordeal. Many newspapers reported his dramatic escape from death.

When he finally recovered from the shock, he told us that he wanted the whole story told. He wanted people to know how God's power gave him superhuman strength to break free from a watery grave.

As he recalled, everything happened in a heartbeat but it left like an eternity - his mind



was racing with thoughts and prayers for the car to stop on the bridge. But there was no way to escape. Then suddenly, fortune struck. He told



us that, at that moment, trying to defy death he reached out to God. He said that God gave

him strength to unfasten his seatbelt and then pull himself out of the driver's window, swim to the surface, then to the shore where help arrived.

If we change our perception, we will see that miracles surround us.

**Ana Moldovanu, IX A**

## Another kind of destiny

Buciuman Ion was born on June 26th, 1920. He had two brothers and was born in a small village from Maramures County - Lăpușel, son of Buciuman Gheorghe and Reghina.



In 1939, he married Sofia Grumaz and had two children, George and Maria. On September 1, 1939 the Nazi Germany invaded

Poland and World War II began, and two years later Ion was called to enroll in the Hungarian army. He was sent to the front. During the war he received orders to withdraw and put down the weapons.

On the way to the military base, he was captured by some Soviets and sent to a horrible

force camp from Siberia where he was put to hard labour. He had to dig ditches and chop wood for the Russian army.

After seven years he returned to his wife, Sofia. In 1949 they had their next child, Eugenia and five more children were born after her: Ana, Ion, Vasile, Angela and Mihai. He had eight children and did his best to take care of all of them.

In 1961 the Communist agrarian reform started. All the people were forced to join C.A.P. Life was a torture in Lăpușel during the Communist regime and C.A.P's supervisors were very rough.

After a stroke, Ion underwent a brain surgery. Unfortunately, after the surgery he lost his memory and when he started to recover, his first words were prayers. Eleven years later, because of a respiratory failure, his brain couldn't be oxygenated anymore and he died on December 15, 1996 at the age of 75.

**Razvan Timis, IX F**

## My grandmother's destiny

My grandma was born in 1949 in Baia Mare. I remember looking at different pictures with her in the photo album and the wonderful time spent with my grandparents when I used to visit them. My grandma was a tall and elegant woman, with short, black hair and brown eyes.



She always had a busy life, full of problems and obstacles. My grandma worked in commerce and she was

a firm owner. She married my grandpa and had two children - my father and my uncle. My

grandma made a lot of sacrifices for her family and enjoyed going on long walks in the nature, in the countryside.

When I was a little girl, I used to walk with my grandma and a few other family members to church in the Old Town. She also used to visit us and take good care of me.

Unfortunately, in 2007 at the age of 58 she was diagnosed with brain tumour and after a couple of months she died when I was 7 years old.

To sum up, my grandma was a role model for me because she taught me that the people around me - my family and friends - are very important. They are the ones you can count on when everything turns out wrong and everybody else has turned their backs on you.

**Alesandra Buda, X F**

## Willingness – the key to success

My brother's name is Marius and he is 8 years older than me. He has a very interesting life story of how he got where he is now. All of us want to accomplish a lot of things but only some of us achieve something in life. When he was young, Marius was an ordinary child who practiced high swimming performance. He started to swim in the first grade and he kept doing it until he graduated from high school. He won a lot of competitions and medals during his swimming performance. Maybe you are wondering what is so special about my brother... well, even if he was a swimmer trying to be just like Michael Phelps or Camelia Potec, he tried to learn in order to go to the best high school in the city and he managed to do it; he went to Colegiul National „Gheorghe Șincai” from Baia Mare.



Once he was in high school, he started to skip classes because he went to swimming practice and trained for competitions. He did it just to stay at home and get some rest. His math teacher was angry with him and right after taking attendance before the class started, he gave by brother the lowest possible grade not once, but several times without any reason.



After a while the math teacher realised that he was a good student who just skipped classes in order to rest after a tiring swimming competition.

After graduating from high school, he applied to various universities and was accepted by several of them. Even a university from USA accepted him but he decided to go to a university from Denmark where some of his old friends were. My mom was very stressed while packing his luggage and she put a lot of food cans in one of his suitcases. When Marius arrived in Budapest, getting ready to fly to Copenhagen, all of his cans were confiscated by a security officer. As soon as my brother and one of his friends got to Denmark, he called and told us that they were

ok but they were left with no food cans and would try to find jobs as quickly as possible. He wanted to get a job so that our parents wouldn't have to send him any money. He told me that everything was much more expensive in Denmark than in our country. Our mom sent him a parcel with plenty of food

and my brother managed to find a job. In the first year of university he realised that everything he learnt there, he had already known. In the last year of university he did his

internship at a very big company called “Isobar”. After he finished the university courses he started to work full time for Isobar and was very appreciated by his managers. In four years he was promoted and became a Design Director, which is the third most important job in the company.

He came back home every year on holidays and thought about setting up a business in Romania together with his girlfriend so he decided to give up his well-paid job. Marius came back in the country in order to develop his own business with his friends.

The manager from Isobar contacted Marius after a year asking him to return and accept a new job offer because they needed him. He thought about it and decided to go back again in order to learn more. He left his own business to his friends and went with his girlfriend back to Copenhagen to work. He is still there, probably working all day long but he says he intends to return to Romania.

**Ciprian Crisan, IX F**

## *Facing Destiny*

Destiny... a word that raises many questions but at the same time, a word that makes a difference in people's lives.



My grandfather had been through a lot. He is 67 years old, tall and quite funny. He was born in Buzăști and comes from a modest family, with four children. Now he is retired after 35 years of priesthood.

He was in the army and he told me that they were taken to training and had a

very strict schedule. Their uniform was very heavy and sometimes was unbearable. Even though he joined the army for only two months, he was grateful that he didn't have to take part in a battle.

However, he now remembers fondly those days and he is proud of everything he did.

**Ioana Draghiș, Școala Gimnazială “Nicolae Iorga”**

## *Life can change any second*

The person I chose to describe is my mother, Glodan Delia. She was born on April 6 and is 42 years old. She has two brothers and is the middle child. She married at the age of 19. She has two children (I'm one of them ☐). At the moment she is working as a electric equipment repairman.

She went through a lot in life, both good and bad times. A year ago she escaped death, as they say. Everything started with plain dizziness and a terrible headache. She decided to have some lab tests which eventually changed her entire life. The next day she received a phone call from her family doctor who told her that she



was dying. The doctor told her that she had to go to the hospital immediately. She was shocked, she began to panic after hearing the news.

She went to hospital and found out that her haemoglobin value was 6, when normally it was supposed to be 14. So, her condition was very serious. All the doctors who saw her said that she was very lucky because another person would have been dead long time ago. After three days she underwent a surgery for a fibroid.



The operation was a success and gradually she recovered after taking care of herself with lots of patience. Many things have changed, healthwise and she realized that a healthy person could die at any moment.

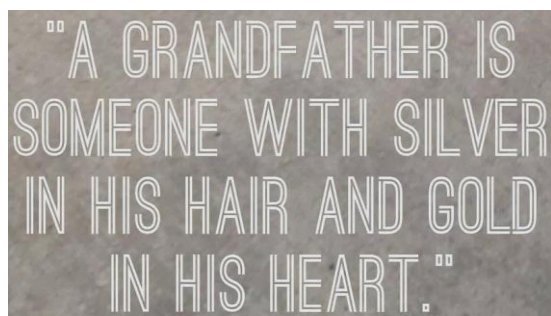
**Mariana Glodan, X A**

## My Role Model

He was Martin. I say “was” because he died 5 years ago. He was a pretty tall person with an adorable face. He was my uncle and we got along very well.

When he was young, his parents sent him to forestry high school but he was enrolled in an automechanic vocational school. At the age of 18 he decided to join the army. Due to his mechanical knowledge, he became a plane pilot and he actually piloted a plane in World War II. He was discharged from the army at the age of 21.

After that he decided to go to university, but he couldn't finish it because his parents didn't have enough money to help him attend a university. He decided to save money by working in different places because he really wanted to be a university student. He saved



some money and after the first year he founded stable service. He attended a forestry university for four years and became the general director of the forestry in our county for 30 years.

At the age of 70 he was suspected of lung cancer because of an untreated illness. He fought the disease for 10 years but eventually didn't survive. He died at the age of 80.

**Ionut Iuga, X F**

## My hero

Rus Ioan is my grandfather. He was born on 23 May, 1943 in Baia Mare and spent his childhood in Groși with his parents Dumitru and Eudochia.



My grandfather had a different destiny because of some unpleasant events and obstacles which prevented him from fulfilling his dream. He attended primary and middle school, took some music lessons and worked for 43 years at UMR as a welder.

His dream was to play the taragot and be part of a band, but all his dreams were shattered; after three years of playing the taragot, he was forced to sell it to build a house for his wife and children. His parents passed away shortly after he got married.

He had three boys and two girls, who chose to live in the same parental home. He was a very good father and grandfather and shared everything he had with his children and grandchildren. After 70 years of hard work he was diagnosed with an incurable disease, and after three years of suffering, he died.

Even though my grandfather had a different fate and went through a lot in life, he never lost self-confidence and continued to work for his children and grandchildren. His own life is in fact a lesson for me.

**Geanina Rus, X F**

## My grandfather's story

Penzes Stefan, my grandpa, was born on 9 January, 1949 in Oradea. At the age of 25 he moved to Baia Mare on business. He is a gregarious and sociable man who loves both hard work and having fun.

My grandpa was never hospitalised until the age of 59 when he had severe abdominal pain. The doctors discovered that he had a tumour; two months later he lost a lot of weight and blood but chose not to say anything to his family or to the doctors because he was afraid his condition was getting worse.



He was lucky because in a short period of time my mother (his daughter) found the best oncologist in Cluj who scheduled him for an emergency surgery.

The surgery lasted five hours. After the surgery, the doctor told us to pray for his life because his condition was getting worse. With the help of God, he miraculously escaped but his happiness and well-being were short-lived because after five years, at the age of 65, he had a heart attack. Because it was an emergency, he was again hospitalised and had to go through another complicated surgery a month later.

He somehow managed to get over his serious health issues and start a new life. As his doctors said, he was born a second time.

**Larisa Contiu, IX A**

## A Woman of Destiny

Every human's life is a story. It can be short, but intense, it can be adventurous or sad

with a happy end or joyful with a tragic end. It can also be dull or meaningless. If I had to talk about someone's life, then I would talk about my grandmother's life.

She was born in a family of common people, in the countryside, the fourth child of the family. At the age of two she lost her mother, and continued to live in the countryside with her father who remarried. Her elder brothers were away at school. She also had a step brother from her father's second marriage. She lived her short childhood with her step brother, carefree until the age of 7 when her father died. After the tragic event she continued to live together with her step mother and brothers for a little while.

Then one of her elder brothers, who was married at that time, decided to take and raise her in the middle of his own family, encouraging her to go to school. But her life wasn't the same and she was somehow forced to grow up without having the chance to experience her childhood years.



She returned to her native village on vacations and just for a little

while. At the end of primary school, feeling burdened, she moved to one of her elder sisters. Later, she got a job in a confectionery. She didn't want to listen to her brother who insisted on continuing her studies and wanted to be her own boss. At the age of 18 she met my grandfather, who worked as a butcher and decided to marry him.

After 3 years of marriage she was told her younger brother died in an accident just after graduation. She was married for 26 years, had five kids and became a widow at the age of

44. Her youngest child was only five so she had to work hard in order to support her family all by herself.

Her four daughters take care of her and she lives with her son who unfortunately is sick and needs constant help and support. She is also a loving and caring grandmother who has blessed me with lots of kindness and love. I tend to believe that her eventful life has turned into an ocean of kindness, gentleness and compassion.

**Voicu Babiciu, X F**

## *My old neighbour*

I think that everybody has a neighbour, a friend or even a family member who is a little bit unusual or different from the rest of us. Well, I have a neighbour. His name is Maroșan Ghorghie who is... guess what? 98 years old!!! He's really old, right? How cool he



will be when he turns 100? He was born in Baia Mare, Firiza and grew up in a big

family. But his childhood wasn't perfect, it was actually quite bad. His family had financial problems and there were times when the place they called 'home' wasn't in fact a real one because they didn't always have a place to live in.

When he was 20 he joined the army and was sent to the front when World War II started. He fought for his life and for others but he was taken hostage by the Hungarians. They took him in different places trying to torture even kill him. But he was lucky to find a way to escape. He ran away and found himself in Russia where he was attacked by some people who thought he was going to hurt them. He eventually returned home where he got married

and had two children.

After all he has been through and almost 100 years old, he's still a farmer. In fact, he was a farmer all his life. He had all kinds of animals which he took care of. Now he only has two or three dogs and some sheep. He even speaks three languages. But what made me laugh when I talked to him is that he still smokes and he has done it all his life. I spent some hours just talking to him because it took him some time to remember past events but to be honest... it was worth it.

**Ancuta Pop, IX A**

## *Determination*

This is an interview with my grandfather, who is an architect. His name is Pena Constantin and he is 80 years old and still



working.

Q: Ok, first things first, please tell me when and where you were born.

A: I was born on July 22, 1936 in a small village named Dracea, Teleorman County.

Q: What can you tell me about your childhood and your family?

A: My family used to work in agriculture, and my parents were peasants. My job was to help them with the harvesting and taking care of animals. I started school in my native village. Later on, after I graduated the 7<sup>th</sup> grade and passed an exam, I was accepted at "Unirea" High School in Turnu Magurele, 20 km away from my native village. I graduated



from high school, even though I always went home on weekends to help my parents.

Q: What did you do after you had graduated from high school?



A: I worked as a substitute teacher for two years. Then I began my mandatory military service in the marine which lasted three years. In all those years, I kept preparing for college, because I knew that was what I wanted to do.

Q: What motivated you to become an architect?

A: During the military service I worked as a technical draftsman at the Danube Fleet Command which influenced my future college choice. As a result, in 1960 I was accepted at the Institute of Architecture “Ion Mincu” in Bucharest, which I graduated in 1966.

Q: How did you end up in Baia Mare?

A: After graduation I was assigned to work at the Direction of Systematization and Architecture in Construction from Maramures County, where I started working on 4 October, 1966. In 1967 we were only two architects in the entire city after the administrative division.

Q: Can you tell me several things about some of your architecture and design projects?

A: Within the institution I formed a new young team of draftsmen and technicians. Together with the team members I planned and designed about 40 churches and monasteries... here on the wall you can see a part of them.

Also, I worked on hospitals, high schools, two of which you can see here (he shows me the photos) - “Petru Rareș” High School from Târgu Lăpuș and in the second

picture the hospital from Târgu Lăpuș.

Q: I am so proud of your work! Thank you very much, for taking the time to answer my questions, grandpa! □

**Sergiu Breban, IX A**

## The destiny of my role model

Eugen Schenpf was born on June 12, 1938 in Ocna Sugatag, Maramures county. His family had German roots. He began his studies in Sighetu Marmatiei, where he attended primary school and high school. After finishing high school, he enrolled in the military marina, where he spent 3 years. Destiny brought him back and decided to continue his studies in Satu Mare and later graduated from university in Baia Mare.

Being a Sergeant, he always mastered the combat techniques and he was rewarded for this. He was one of the most appreciated people in this region and he always stepped forward with his logical-creative thinking. After the Second World War, he participated in the reconstruction of the mines in Sulina and Sf. Gheorghe region, fulfilling with honor his military duties and orders. After successfully finishing the marine military stage, his family received a note in which my grandfather was praised and acknowledged for his devotion. He would have liked to be part of the military marines but he decided to return to Maramures. After graduating from the Technical School from Satu Mare, he married Livia and moved to Cavnic. Being a very good team leader and organizer, he supervised mine-worker teams at Mina Cavnic. He was always appreciated for his great achievements at his work place. His passions and love for Cavnic and its citizens motivated him to invent, create and develop

different machines and techniques used for mining. The machinery that he built at his workshop is called Torchetat and it actually helped workers in the mine. To perfect and evolve in his field, he attended the university from Baia Mare. His accomplishment in the mining field was quickly acknowledged and was nominated for the leading position in the workplace.

Because he was passionate about mining equipment and operating mechanisms, he always invented and developed new methods to ease workers' job in the mine. After inventing the Torchetat Machine, he also invented the Hole Making Machine used by the workers in the underground. This machine made the workers' life easier and safer.



During the years my grandfather E. Schenpf became a very important and appreciated man in our town. He is well known and very appreciated for his inventions that were

built and tested by himself. At first he started with small inventions and later he developed the machines which changed the mining field forever. While working and inventing for E.M. Cavnic, he was also a teacher at the high school from Cavnic. He taught technical studies and also painting because he loved children very much.

His activity ended suddenly at the age of 59. He died from a stroke. Destiny gave him the opportunity to be creative, successful and inventive. His devotion for his community was immensurable. He was a fighter, an inventor and a great teacher. My grandfather was and still is my hero. He is my role model alongside with my parents.

**Mihaela Perciovici, IX**

## On angels' wings

Along the years I have learnt that life can be challenging for each of us. A person's life can change in the blink of an eye. You live today, but tomorrow is never granted. Many people don't think about this and live their lives in a chaotic way

My brother's life changed as soon as he found out about his illness. His name is Vasile and he is 19. He should be in college now, but things didn't work out the way he wanted. He thought about doing many things, but god had other plans in store for him. His life turned slowly into a living hell.

For almost five months he has been staying in hospital, fighting with cancer. This medical condition has destroyed his whole life and has made him suffer terribly. Before he got sick, he weighed 75 kg, whereas now he weighs a little more than half. All this nightmare came about because he didn't go to check his health condition in time, and from a simple dental problem, it developed into merciless cancer.

I wonder whether it was God's will or just a mistake that cost him so much.

My advice for you is to take care of your health while you still can, otherwise you may risk letting the problems develop into something else.

As I have been writing this article, my brother has passed away. He is flying on angels' wing to a better world, where his soul can rest and why not, make a new start.

**Maria Muntean, IXA**



# Destiny

\*\*\* Excerpt from a future book \*\*\*

## Chapter I: The universe

With the creation of the universe, many galaxies and planets were made, but five shining lights were stronger than any other. One of them looked like a dragon made of stars - a constellation, the Dragon of destiny; another one was like a human made of pure light, a light that gave the universe its beauty. The third one was a 5-headed creature: a bull's, a goat's, a snake's, a lion's and a bat's, which ordered the universe and controlled other planets. Life itself was bestowed upon the next light, which looked like a graceful bird. It gave life to other planets, making sure each one was unique and had its own history. The last one was less powerful than the rest but had control over 5 stars, each one with their own task: to end the life of whom didn't take it seriously and guide the faithful ones to safety and glory.



But, as the lights were exploring the universe they encountered something: the void, a world of darkness. Seven emotions, multiple faces and a massive body, that was Darkness. Doubt, fear, anger, despair, violence, hatred and pride began to overflow the universe as it awakened. The lights, known as the guardians, had to stop it. Darkness stated that it was the first one created by the universe. “It used to be so much quieter before YOU arrived here and destroyed EVERYTHING!”

The battle continued for millions of years, destroying planets, life and beauty. The universe became a battleground for the powerful beings. But one day they couldn't fight

anymore. Darkness, in a weakened state, destroyed the lights with the remaining power, therefore taking its own life. But it didn't notice something. They were not fully defeated, but split into 5 other lights that chose a planet in which they would be reincarnated as humans.

One generation went after another, each one containing a different star that would choose its host.

Their chosen planet was none other than Earth. They shot the first generation, the second one after 100 years and the third one after 200 years. The third generation was discovered by Darkness. They noticed that instead of being an amalgam of negative emotions, it looked like a woman without eyes and a black tail. Each generation had to teach the following and they were called masters and apprentices. While distracted, the second generation's few remaining guardians left their apprentices alone, therefore giving Darkness the perfect opportunity to strike. She tortured them and eventually corrupted some of the guardians, giving them the power to fully awaken their light. Some of them willingly accepted it but others didn't, which led to their death. Eighty eight years have passed since that incident and the fourth generation is about to be chosen. Fortunately, Darkness was trapped alongside its corrupted guardians in a rose made of light by a second light guardian. That guardian has lost everything: family, friends, and failed her fellow apprentice. She defeated Darkness in blind rage, proving that humans can be more powerful than even the former guardians themselves.

## Chapter II: The calm before the storm

My twin brother, John, is so annoying. Being muscular doesn't necessarily mean being strong. Strength comes in many ways like charisma or spirit,



or even intellect. Even though we look alike... we... are not. He's prideful, tough and plays basketball, I'm just a nerd who plays video games and envies his last family member. Why can't we be like Nora and Francesca? They are always together, playing together, working together. It is as if they were made for each other... huh... I envy them too, don't I? Come to think of it, Francisca was sad too, but her parents found Nora on the streets. She was so happy to have a little sister.

And there's one more friend I haven't mentioned. Well, he's not really my friend, but he hangs out with John a lot. ... I'm pathetic. Every time my brother wants go somewhere together, I refuse. Each time Nora and Francesca come to visit us, I lock myself up in my room. I wish I could tell someone how I feel.

My twin brother, Michael, is so annoying. He thinks he is the best because he gets ten at every test. Smartness comes in many ways, spirit or charisma or even strength. Even though we look alike, I feel like we're not. It's like we're not even brothers! Who am I kidding? He is better than me. He's good at school, everybody loves him and thinks he is cute and teachers think that he has a brighter future than mine. I ... envy him. I wish we were like Francisca and Nora. Come to think of it, Nora told me that she didn't trust anyone after her parents abandoned her, but after she saw Francesca's smile something changed. I want that to happen to us, too. Ugh, I have to stop! I need to put an end to this jealousy.

I'm heading to my best friend's house, knock at his windows as usual, but nobody answers. Why? He never comes out of there without me and if he had gone somewhere, he would've phoned me...

I have to do something about this awful situation, so my plan is to befriend John and ask him to give me some advice. Thank God he doesn't use his phone very often - this is the opportunity to call

his friend and pretend to be John. Well! Apparently, he has only two phone numbers: mine and presumably his best friend's, David. Huh, that's a pretty name. I call him and ask to meet somewhere for a chat. I can't believe I'm doing this! WHY? This is the most excruciating thing I have ever done. The anxiety is stabbing my heart with a giant sword! It hurts... but I cannot give up. I swear to myself that I'm going to fix things up.

I leave the house and go to the place David suggested, the park. On my way, I trip. Curse you, stupid pebble! But what's even worse, I've lost my glasses! A boy walks up to me. What am I supposed to do? I'm not talkative, how should I speak to him?

“So, are you going to stand there ? What do you want to talk about?” *He thinks I'm my brother because I've lost my glasses, thank you pebble!*

“Um, I want to make things right with my brother, Jo... uh, I mean Michael.”

“That was it? Well... I have a brilliant idea, Jonathan!” *Wow, he calls him Jonathan, hah, I almost laughed.*

“Let's meet at the mall, all five of us.”

“Five?”

“Yes, I, you, Michael and the sisters.”

“That's a great idea indeed, David.”

“Thanks, Michael.”

“Michael? I'm John.”

“Lying is a sin, Michael. Firstly, John doesn't speak like you do, he doesn't have that haircut and he doesn't tri-....”

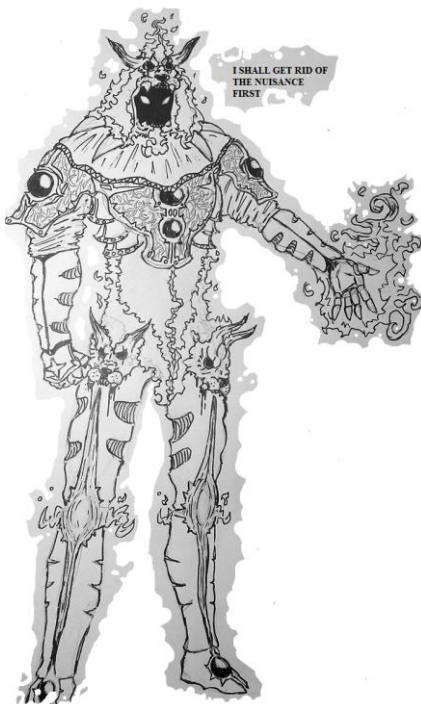
“Fine, I get it. Sorry I – ...”

“Save that for later, looks like you are in trouble, guess who that person looking at you with an angry face is? “

It was John! NOOO! What am I supposed to do now, he probably thinks I did it to hurt him or... I don't know. He's getting near, somebody help!

*To be continued....*

**Mihai Chis, IXA**



## Un destin digne à suivre

La personne qui m'a plus impressionnée est nul autre que mon arrière-grand-père, Peterfi Istvan (n. 1906 – m.1978, il était botaniste, chimiste et phyto-physiologiste).

Il a réussi à devenir une personne reconnue à Cluj-Napoca et en particulier dans l'histoire de l'Université Babes-Bolyai. Il a réussi à faire de la performance dans le domaine dans lequel il aimait à travailler et à étudier, la biologie. Il a étudié la biologie.

Il a enseigné jusqu'en 1976, puis il est devenu doyen de la Faculté des Sciences Naturelles et depuis quelques années, vice-recteur de l'Université Babes-Bolyai.

Les années passant, il a obtenu son doctorat avec une thèse consacrée à l'étude des algues vertes. Pendant sa vie il a écrit plusieurs livres en roumain comme: "Nutriția plantelor (La nutrition des plantes)", "Alge tuficole din Munții Căliman (Algues roseaux dans Călimani)" et aussi en hongrois "A növények növekedésének és fejlődésének élettani alapjai (Les bases physiologiques de la croissance et le développement des plantes)", livre que j'ai dans ma bibliothèque personnelle et je suis fier de l'avoir.

Pour moi, mon arrière-grand-père est une personne qui mérite d'être un vrai modèle. Je réussirai, sans doute, de marcher sur ses talons.

**PETERFI ANDREA**, la XIIème C

## Vie mouvementée

La personne que j'apprécie le plus est mon grand-père, Gheorghe Pașca, qui a travaillé depuis qu'il était un enfant pour avoir tout ce tout ce qu'il voulait dans la vie.

Avec seulement quatre années de scolarité, Il a travaillé à la Coopérative Agricole de Production, le CAP des années du communisme) jusqu'à 21 ans, quand il a été forcé d'aller dans l'armée. Après 2 ans de

service militaire, il revient dans son village natal, et se fait embaucher à la mine Cavnic. A 27 ans, il a épousé ma grand-mère, ils ont eu 3 enfants et mes grands-parents vivent encore aujourd'hui.

Après une jeunesse mouvementée,

période dans laquelle il a été forcé de se diviser entre le travail, une femme malade et enfants, en 1990 à 49 ans, il a décidé de prendre sa retraite. En 2005, il a subi un traumatisme après la perte d'une des filles, malade de cancer. Maintenant à l'âge de 75 ans, il travaille dans l'agriculture et il dit qu'il se sent aussi bien qu'à ses 20 ans.



**BERINCZAN DENIS**, la XIIème A

## La promesse

Bonjour! Mon nom est Birta Cristian et j'ai 19 ans, je suis sociable, optimiste, dynamique, gentilhomme, respectueux, et beaucoup d'autres. J'aime la musique et surtout le violon. A ce sujet, je vais vous raconter un peu de mon grand-père qui est, et sera pour toujours mon modèle, même s'il est mort d'il ya 3 ans. Le temps a passé si vite, mais je me rappelle de lui avec beaucoup d'affection.

Il s'appelait Cornel et provenait de Sălaj. Paysan travailleur, il n'a pas trop eu de bonnes relations avec l'école et tout ce qu'elle implique. Amoureux des arts, il aimait aussi à sculpter le bois, à faire toutes sortes de choses, des modèles. Mais il avait encore un plus grand plaisir – la musique. Mélangeant l'artisanat et la musique, il a confectionné de ses propres mains un instrument comme un violon. Ces plaisirs ne restent pas seulement au niveau du passe-temps pour ainsi dire, ils deviennent plus tard ses

métiers, à savoir : charpentier, respectivement violoniste.

Il avait deux frères, qui à leur tour, aimaient la musique, mais sans talent, comme lui. Malgré que l'un de ses frères aînés, le privilégié de la famille, avait un vrai violon, lui, mon grand-père avait quelque chose de spécial, étant doué d'un talent à part. Il jouait du violon magnifiquement... Voyant cela, ses parents lui ont acheté un vrai violon. À l'époque, il n'y avait pas trop d'écoles de musique où il aurait pu apprendre à développer ce talent et il a dû passer sa vie parmi les Tsiganes et les Hongrois de la région, des musiciens authentiques dont il a appris beaucoup et très rapidement. C'était sa chance.



Au fil du temps, il a fait des progrès en musique, et même le grand violoniste Victor Negrea lui a proposé de faire partie de son ensemble musical. Il était un homme qui

aimait la vie, en jouant dans toutes sortes d'endroits, jusqu'à ce qu'il a épousé ma grand-mère, et a perdu lentement cet amour pour le violon, car il était occupé avec la famille et avait d'autres responsabilités.

En 2006, lorsque j'avais 10 ans, il a décidé d'apporter en sa visite chez nous, un de ses anciens violons, et de me montrer comment ça fonctionne. A l'écouter, j'étais tellement fasciné que je me suis décidé de prendre des cours de violon. Mon grand-père m'a appris, lui-aussi, à jouer du violon. Entre temps, moi, déçu par la non communication avec mon prof de violon, j'ai arrêté. Ce fut un choc pour lui, qui ne savait pas pourquoi j'ai abandonné si facilement, parce que nous étions tous les deux natures combattants, je pense que ce talent pour le violon je l'ai hérité de lui. Du reste, nous étions opposés. Lui, calme, moi, dynamique, lui, pudique, moi, sociable et ainsi de suite. Il s'est fâché contre moi pour l'abandon des

études musicales. Après quelque 5 ans, je suis revenu à cette passion, mais, malheureusement, mon grand-père était tombé malade.

Après environ un an, j'ai beaucoup progressé, et j'ai été même encouragé à continuer par de grands musiciens, lorsque je me préparais d'avoir mon premier spectacle et mon grand-père en était très heureux. Malheureusement, le cancer de mon grand-père arrivait dans la dernière étape et deux jours avant le spectacle il était mort. Je me souviens jouant sur scène avec un faux sourire, ennuyé, en attendant la fin du spectacle, j'étais extrêmement triste parce que dans la salle, une place était vide : celle où aurait dû être mon grand-père, qui ne m'avait jamais vu à mon premier spectacle.

**BIRTA CRISTIAN**, la XIIème A

## **AMOUR ET VIOLENCE**

Contrairement à d'autres enfants qui ont perdu leurs grands-parents à un jeune âge, je dois encore la possibilité de profiter de leurs conseils, caresses et bonté.

Ma grand-mère et mon grand-père ont eu une très heureuse histoire. Jusqu'à un moment donné. Point terminus. Dans chaque famille il y a des moments difficiles, mais aussi des moments heureux. En raison de l'alcool, mon grand-père a perdu son côté humain et était violent et agressait impitoyablement sa famille. Ma grand-mère était seule, elle n'avait personne à côté d'elle pour la soutenir, et pendant 40 ans a accepté finalement vivre dans la violence.

Par conséquent, ce qui m'a impressionnée le plus dans l'histoire de vie de ma grand-mère, est la force et la confiance qu'elle a eues tout au long de sa vie, de supporter autant de temps que l'amour tourne sans peu de regret dans la violence. Quelle leçon de vie je tire de cette histoire ? La violence ne mène nulle part et l'amour pourrait se perdre en chemin.

**BRATA RALUCA**, la Xème D



## Destin tourmenté

*La personne dont la vie m'a le plus impressionnée dans c'est ma grand-mère, âgée de 76, Maria, - un destin tourmenté. Issue d'une riche famille nombreuse, mariée à un prêtre, ma grand-mère a vécu une expérience tout a fait inattendue. Mon grand-père a été emprisonné par les communistes, à cause de sa classe sociale assez aisée. Privée de nourriture, parce que les communistes les ont dépossédés, et mon grand-mère était mort en prison, ma grand-mère avait été obligée de lutter avec les difficultés et d'élever aussi ses frères. Elle se confie : « A 18, j'ai reçu ma première paire de chaussures de ma sœur. La vie n'a pas été si généreuse avec moi, pleine de privations, de douleurs et de tristesse. Mais, toi, ma petite-fille, tu dois faire de sorte que ta vie soit réussie... »*

*Ce que j'ai appris de toutes ses histoires ? – C'est que la vie nous met toujours à l'épreuve, et nous, les jeunes, avons l'obligation morale d'apprécier les personnes âgées, de les respecter et de prendre soin d'elles, parce qu'elles ont beaucoup souffert et non seulement pour cela, elles ont besoin de notre affection avec laquelle nous pouvons soulager la douleur de leur passé.*

**BUTUZA ANDREEA**, la XIIème A

## Il faut simplement comprendre...

Vous ne pouvez jamais savoir ce qui est dans l'âme de l'homme ou ce qui se passe, quels obstacles il a à traverser, qui lui offrira un coup de main, ou tout simplement quelle sera sa vie...

À l'âge de 17 ans, Dumitru, mon cousin, a quitté sa famille pour se faire une vie à l'étranger. Après neuf ans, il est retourné dans le pays pour revoir sa famille, et un soir, il nous a fait part de tous les ennuis, obstacles et

difficultés de là-bas. .

Son histoire m'a montré que tous les efforts sont possibles, parce que ce qui me semble



incroyable est comment un adolescent de 17 ans pourrait passer par des privations, seul, voyageant à travers dix pays, sans argent ni abri, qui a été contraint de dormir dans le parc ou ailleurs, mais quand même, la chance lui a

souri un jour, devenant un homme les pieds sur terre.

Ce que j'ai appris de son histoire ? Je ne dois jamais à avoir peur de quoi que ce soit dans la vie. Il faut simplement comprendre.

**CAUNI ANUȚA**, la IX-ème B

## Une grand-mère pas comme les autres...

La personne âgée que j'admire vraiment est ma grand-mère. Depuis mon enfance, elle avait été une personne pleine de compassion et m'aimait beaucoup. Encore elle est un bon ami à moi avec qui je partage beaucoup de choses. Elle est une personne bienveillante et bonne qui possède un bon cœur. Elle essaie d'aider les autres avec ses efforts plus élevés. Je sais que dès mon enfance et nous avons eu beaucoup de souvenirs heureux ensemble.

C'est une femme qui a réussi dans la vie. Elle a consacré sa vie à ses enfants et les a éduqués et réussissant à se débrouiller seuls, à être indépendants. Elle possède une personnalité agréable et charmante qui illumine les gens autour d'elle. Elle est le genre de femme gentille, d'ailleurs.

Je l'aime et je l'admire par de nombreuses raisons. La plus importante est son amour inconditionnel et l'affection qu'il me porte. Elle est un bon mentor qui peut me montrer des

façons positives de vivre et me guide dans mes moments de détresse. Parler avec elle est une expérience apaisante et les histoires qu'elle raconte sont toujours attrayantes et pleines de moralité. J'ai appris d'elle avoir une attitude positive et une bonne capacité de raisonnement. Pour tout cela et pour la forte liaison qui existe entre nous, je l'admire beaucoup.

**CHINDRIȘ MIHAI**, la XIIème A

## HISTOIRE INCROYABLE

L'histoire commence. C'est un amour interdit, entre un jeune homme marié et une autre jeune fille, prête à se marier elle aussi. Ces deux sont tombés amoureux l'un de l'autre dans leur jeunesse, mais leur amour était en vain, car ils étaient voués à se marier à d'autres personnes, comme demandait la tradition de leurs parents.

Le jeune homme aimait sa famille aveuglement, mais il ne pouvait pas négliger l'envie de son cœur. Cependant pour le jeune homme le temps d'aller à la guerre est venu. Il avait laissé sa famille et son grand amour.

Après un temps, sa famille reçut une lettre de lui en donnant de ses nouvelles : il n'était pas encore mort. Mais celle-ci était la première et la dernière lettre qu'ils ont reçue. Personne ne savait rien de lui, pensant qu'il était mort, sans donner aucun signe de vie tous pensaient la même chose.

En revanche ce qu'ils ne savaient pas était son retour silencieux, à sa vieillesse, sans dire à personne. Sa femme n'était plus vivante, donc il est parti chez ses enfants, qui avaient déjà des familles eux aussi, en se présentant comme un étranger, et ceux-là bien sûr qu'ils ne l'ont pas reconnu, mais l'ont invité dans leurs maisons et l'ont servi comme s'il était un simple voyageur. Heureux. Parce que ses enfants ont un bon cœur et ils ont été bien élevés par sa femme.

Puis s'est rendu à la tombe de sa femme pour la remercier pour tout ce qu'elle avait fait

pour ses enfants. Ensuite il est parti voir son premier amour, qui vivait encore, aussi sous la posture d'un voyageur. Celle-là l'a invité à sa table, en lui racontant de son premier amour. Elle était si heureuse qu'il était en vie.

Les deux ont parlé pendant des heures entières des événements de leurs vies. Finalement, notre jeune homme est retourné en Russie ou il s'était installé après la guerre, et avait une nouvelle vie.

**CHIRA GEORGIANA**, la Xème D

## Ame perdue

Si je t'appelle, tu m'entends? Si je te dis que je t'aime, tu souris? Grand-mère, pourquoi tu m'as quittée si tôt? Mon cœur battait à côté de toi, quand tu as donné ton souffle! Je sens la douleur et la souffrance de ton âme traversant mes pensées. Ton départ, les larmes versées, tes



yeux que j'ai perdus, me font demander au Seigneur Dieu que tu retournes, passer un certain temps avec moi.

Le destin, voilà à quoi me battre... Si je pouvais remonter le temps, grand-mère, combien je serais aujourd'hui heureuse ! Grand-mère! Je pleure, tu m'entends? Je suis ici, tu es où ? Grand-mère,

écoute-moi une seconde, je voudrais avoir une petite conversation avec toi! Grand-mère, es-tu heureuse là-bas, dans l'autre monde? Je sais que tu ne me connais pas, je sais qu'il est étrange qu'un enfant venu au monde après ta disparition, voudrait t'appeler pour avoir à qui dire « grand-mère ».

Mais grand-mère, je te connais des photos où tu souris, ce qui me semble être la plus belle bijouterie, tes yeux brillent et répandent un bonheur spécial – celui de ton

exceptionnel âme. J'aurais été la plus chanceuse petite-fille du monde si j'avais eu la chance de t'avoir dans ma vie, grand-mère !

**GÎRBOUAN CRISTINA**, la Xème D

## Malchances vaincues

Je voudrais vous présenter une histoire sur une personne courageuse, mon père. À l'âge de 28 ans, il a eu un accident, en se rendant vers son travail. Le bus est tombé dans un gouffre. Il a été transporté dans un hôpital de Târgu Mureș, ayant subi une intervention chirurgicale difficile.

Après un mois passé à hôpital, il a été bien récupéré. À l'âge de 38 ans, il a travaillé dans une mine à Baia Sprie. A la suite d'un renversement d'un wagon, il a souffert un nouvel accident. Les événements malheureux ne s'arrêtent pas ici.... Il a travaillé dans une firme où il s'était de nouveau accidenté, c'est fois-ci, à l'épaule, à cause d'une gauchère manœuvre exécutée par un travailleur d'une grue.



Pour moi, mon père est un modèle, menant une vie dure qui ne lui avait pas laissé la liberté de choix, il m'apprend que

rien n'a pas de certitude dans la vie. Mon père parle légèrement à propos de ces événements, à cause desquels il a appris à apprécier davantage le présent.

Ainsi, ayant un fort caractère, il ne s'est pas laissé vaincre par toutes ses épreuves. Il se sent chanceux que quelque chose de pire n'a pas eu lieu. Ces incidents l'ont incité de vivre la vie comme l'on peut. Il est un modèle à suivre et je suis fière de l'avoir comme père.

**DRĂJILĂ CRISTINA**, la Xème D

## Mon grand-père

La personne dont j'écris est mon grand-père, Bartos Laszlo Gabor, mort depuis 8 ans à 62 ans. Provenant d'une famille riche, il a travaillé depuis sa jeunesse pour aider sa famille dans les mines de Șuitor, où il n'était facile de travailler, dans des conditions difficiles, navette, hivers durs, froids et neige profonde.

Il a pris sa retraite à l'âge de 45 ans, souffrant de beaucoup de maladies comme silicose et diabète, qui ont marqué sa vie et à cause desquelles il est mort à 62 ans!

Marié à 26 ans, il a eu trois filles, dont pour deux, il n'a pas été leur père biologique, ma grand-mère étant mariée avant, son ex-mari ayant été mort, noyé dans un lac. Il les a toutes grandies comme si c'étaient les siennes, n'a jamais fait aucune différence.

«À l'époque, il n'était pas très facile de s'occuper d'une grande famille, pas facile à vivre, il n'y avait pas les moyens d'aujourd'hui», m'a dit-il, il y a si longtemps, avant sa mort. Je peux dire avec certitude qu'il a aimé ses petits-enfants, "Les Trois Mousquetaires" comme il avait l'habitude de nous nommer. Il nous a beaucoup aimés, comme la prune de ses yeux, et nous a soutenus toutes les situations.

Ça fait déjà 10 ans depuis sa mort, et je suis désolée de l'avoir perdu, j'aurais voulu passer plus de temps avec lui, nous aurions pu parler davantage. Il a été un grand-père exemplaire, de mon point de vue, savait si bien s'occuper de moi, me défendant en permanence pour mes petites bêtises d'enfant. Il m'a appris à aller à vélo, jouer aux échecs, aux cartes, il jouait tout le temps avec moi, se promenait avec moi, m'a aidée à l'école et à prendre soin des animaux, de les aimer, de les considérer comme mes semblables. C'est pour cela que je l'aimais et je l'aimerai pour toujours.

**DUNCA MELITA**, la XIIème A



## La force de la pensée

C'est une histoire de ma vie qui a marqué mon existence et a stimulé et choi de ma future profession. Mon père a subi un accident vasculaire cérébral et dans sa vie a commencé une grande lutte pour survie. Sorti de l'hôpital, j'ai été si heureuse d'être à nouveau, ensemble. Mon père allait de mieux en mieux, sa récupération étant de jour en jour positive. Mais ce bonheur n'a pas duré très longtemps, car en raison d'une perfusion mal administrée, mon père avait été dans un état critique encore pire que celui d'avant.

J'ai eu un grand choc, surtout quand il a fait une crise devant moi. Il a été à nouveau hospitalisé,



se trouvant dans un état extrêmement grave. Il était loin de moi, je ne pouvais pas le voir, son état de santé allant de

mal en pire. Les médecins ne lui ont donné aucun espoir de se récupérer. Ils craignaient le cancer, car ils lui avaient dépisté une tumeur au cerveau qui avait envahi tout son crâne.

Je me souviens encore de l'effrayante peur que j'ai ressentie alors. Des images terrifiantes traversaient mon esprit. Je n'avais qu'un seul désir en tête, voir mon père comme je le savais avant. L'atmosphère de l'hôpital, la douleur qui envahissait les couloirs, le désespoir, la maladie qui régnait partout... tout ça pour moi ont été un vrai cauchemar.

Quand je suis entrée dans la chambre de mon père, j'ai senti un frisson et j'étais sur le point de quitter la réserve, ne pouvant pas contrôler mes larmes. Je l'ai vu allongé sur le lit, incapable de parler ou de bouger, mais j'ai lu dans ses yeux l'amour et la force de surmonter

toute maladie pour être avec sa famille.

Depuis lors, ma mère l'a emmené dans un autre hôpital avec la pensée que d'autres médecins donneront leur opinion et ce fut ainsi. Les médecins de cet hôpital étaient optimistes à l'égard de son état.

Dans ces moments de désespoir je suis allée avec ma tante chez une clairvoyante dont les paroles s'étaient imprimées profondément dans mon esprit "Si vous passez de septembre 23, votre père vivra."

Je ne sais pas si c'était le destin, Dieu, ou le pouvoir de vaincre, mais mon père s'est remis en forme, il a appris à revivre sous nos yeux pleins d'espoir. De lors il a aimé et apprécié au maximum toutes les petites choses de sa vie. Cette histoire a marqué mon existence et m'a poussée à vouloir devenir médecin pour aider les gens, apporter les sourires sur leurs visages, leur transmettre l'énergie positive et sauver leurs vies.

FEIDI DENISA, la XIIème A

## Vainqueur comme révolutionnaire, perdant dans la lutte avec la vie

Je me souviens avec une grande joie de mon grand-père en tant qu'un homme merveilleux, ouvert, affectueux et toujours de bonne humeur. Il me parlait souvent de la dureté de la vie et de ses expériences.

Une qualité à part à lui est la façon dans laquelle il savait m'encourager et me soutenir à tous les égards. Il est mort il ya cinq ans, plus précisément à Pentecôte.

À 58 ans, il est entré dans le coma parce qu'il souffrait du diabète et il a pris de l'insuline expirée, ce qui a grandement affecté sa santé. Je partage avec vous quelque chose que j'ai appris récemment sur lui, à savoir que mon grand-père a été l'un des participants de la révolution de 1989. Il n'a pas été d'accord avec le système communiste et a rejoint les révolutionnaires, prenant ainsi part à diverses manifestations et même à la révolution roumaine.

Il a accompagné le groupe de révolutionnaires, en participant à l'émeute de Bucarest, pour lutter contre la dictature de Ceausescu. Il a pris part à des manifestations et nous, les membres de sa famille, sommes fiers de cet aspect de sa vie.

Il a survécu à la révolution, mais pas à la maladie. Pour moi, mon grand-père est un héros dans le vrai sens du mot.

**GARBOVIGH PAULA**, la Xème D

## ERREUR MEDICALE au coût d'une vie...

Il y a certainement beaucoup de gens qui ont des histoires de vie tragiques, admirables, des vies plus faciles tandis que d'autres sont mis aux difficultés.



J'ai choisi d'écrire sur le cas malheureux de mon oncle qui a perdu sa femme depuis 8 ans. Elle est partie de ce monde, en laissant son bébé, âgé de 2 ans à l'époque, son mari et de nombreux parents en souffrance. Ils

menaient une vie heureuse jusqu'à ce qu'elle ait découvert son cancer. Mon oncle a mené une dure bataille avec lui-même, il a fait beaucoup d'efforts pour l'aider à s'en sortir. Cependant, elle est morte après une opération risquée. Une erreur médicale qui l'a coûtée sa vie. La négligence des médecins a détruit une belle famille; c'était affreux et triste en même temps ! On ne lui a jamais rendu justice. Toutefois, mon oncle n'a pas renoncé à espérer à une vie belle, à côté de son fils. Maintenant, il est à l'étranger et

il se bat pour offrir à son fils une vie tranquille. Sa souffrance ne disparaîtra jamais. Dans un moment d'inattention, il a été séparé à jamais de la personne qu'il aimait indiciblement. La vie est parfois si difficile pour quelques-uns...

**GHERMAN VASILICA**, la XIème A

## Témoignages de guerre

**Interview** prise à M. Dumitru Pop, vétéran de guerre, âgé de 92 ans, participant à la Seconde Guerre mondiale.

- Vous êtes l'un des participants à la Seconde Guerre Mondiale. Comment vous a-t-elle semblé cette période de votre vie ?
- C'était horrible, un souvenir moins agréable que je ne peux pas effacer, car j'ai été prisonnier en Russie. C'était tragique.
- Pourquoi avez-vous été emprisonné ?
- Parce que je me suis battu sur le front et on m'a pris prisonnier.
- Combien de temps avez-vous été loin de la maison?
- 7 ans.
- Et comment avez-vous survécu?
- Très difficilement, on a eu de grands moments de privations : liberté, nourriture, droits



humains, isolement, mal de ma famille, etc. Affamé, je mangeais tout ce qui sortait de la

poubelle, tout ce qui était jeté, par exemple des restes de pommes de terre, des pelures. Il était très difficile en termes de nourriture. Je buvais de l'eau des flaques seulement, ce qui était sale, un vrai cauchemar. Et inutile de vous parler de toutes les privations et les limitations de là-bas. La vie en prison m'a paru comme une nuit noire qui ne prenait pas fin...Mais, finalement, j'ai pris ma liberté, moi et mes compagnons de souffrance. Il m'arrive de

penser aujourd'hui que notre combat a été en vain, mais je vis avec l'espoir, dans mon idéalisme, que la société va changer, que le système politique actuel va se rendre compte qu'il y a une grande responsabilité vis-à-vis de nos jeunes, principalement, qu'on n'oublie pas les sacrifices des ancêtres, que mes petits-fils auront une autre vie, beaucoup meilleure que la mienne... C'est normal, quoi d'autre vouloir pour ceux qu'on aime ?

- Je vous remercie pour cette interview.
- Bon courage !

**GROS FLORINA**, la XIème A

maison pour retourner dans la maison parentale. Au retour de l'armée de son mari, elle a été accusée par les parents adoptifs d'avoir quitté la maison, d'être paresseuse et insouciante pour les tâches de la maison.

Ainsi, elle a divorcé et quelques années plus tard avait épousé un homme divorcé ayant su l'apprécier à sa vraie valeur. De cette histoire j'ai appris qu'avant de prendre une décision si importante comme celle du mariage, il faut penser deux fois avant d'agir. Pour moi c'est une leçon de vie.

**HORGOS GEORGIANA**, la XIIème A

## L'histoire de ma grand-mère

Une grand-mère reste toujours une grand-mère. La mienne est la plus spéciale de toutes. Son nom est Maria Danciu, âgée de 87 ans, issue de Ciocotis, le département de Maramures, un village aux habitants travailleurs, accueillants et de bon cœur.



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Ma grand-mère est née dans une famille pauvre de six enfants: quatre garçons et deux filles. Ayant des problèmes financiers, les petits n'ont pas pu aller à l'école, ils ont été obligés de travailler pour survivre. À 12 ans, ma grand-mère a dû prendre soin d'une famille riche de 3 jeunes enfants et travailler dans leur ménage. Son travail a été récompensé: un endroit pour dormir et manger. En ce moment-là et, les filles se mariaient jeunes. Ma grand-mère à 15 ans s'est mariée avec un garçon adopté, provenant d'une famille riche.

Après le départ de son mari pour le service militaire, elle a été forcée de rester seule. A ce moment-là, il lui est arrivé quelque chose qui l'avait marquée: son père adoptif a essayé de la violer plusieurs fois, et elle, lui opposant résistance, a finalement fuit de la



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## Chère grand-mère,

Grand-mère. Un mot. Mille qualités. Une multitude de sentiments et d'inquiétudes. Inquiétudes que tu te faisais pour moi plus de fois. Tu es la seule de mes grands-parents que j'ai encore. Tu es une personne très forte qui n'a jamais cédé devant la maladie, la difficulté et la douleur, essayant de nous protéger contre tout ce qui était mauvais et douloureux. Tu m'as toujours aidée au besoin et tes conseils m'ont été extrêmement utiles, tu étais toujours là pour moi.

Tu me manques. J'ai mal des moments où j'étais petite et jouais avec toi.

Maintenant, je sens que tu as vieilli et le moment de ne pas pouvoir être avec toi me fait peur. Je voudrais pouvoir passer plus de temps avec toi, parce que la relation entre nous se perd...nous nous distançons et je ne sais pas pourquoi. .

Je tiens à te remercier pour tous nos moments "grand-mère – petite-fille" et je profite de cela pour te dire que je t'aime et j'ai encore tellement besoin de toi. Reviens dans ma vie, grand-mère !

**HOTEA ROXANA**, la Xème D



## ***L'histoire d'un héros***

Je me souviens encore des jours passés avec toi, les jours où tu as joué avec moi en me soutenant en toutes mes bêtises, lorsque tu me caressais et m'embrassais sur les joues rouges, combien me manquent ces moments ..

Grand-père, pour moi tu es le plus grand héros! Pour le courage de te battre pour nous, pour notre pays dans la Seconde Guerre Mondiale, quand tu étais justement un adolescent de 17 ans. J'aurais aimé rester près de toi t'écouter avec impatience pour me raconter ta vie!

Je sais que tu as été emprisonné par les Hongrois. Pendant la nuit tu t'es échappé en envelopant les barreaux de la fenêtre de la cellule, et tu es sauté dans la rivière, même si tu ne savais pas nager. J'essaie de comprendre ton désespoir, ton besoin de liberté. Puis tu es tombé prisonnier chez les Russes. Endurant la faim et n'avoir rien à manger, toi et tes camarades, les prisonniers, vous avez été obligés de vous nourrir des chiens et des chats pour survivre. L'hiver, vous n'avez eu rien à vous réchauffer. Alors, comment vous avez dû raser la graisse sur les planchers pour la manger et combien vous avez été torturés et tués. À un moment donné vous avez réussi à vous évader à nouveau et vous avez fait à pied tout le chemin jusqu'à la maison, en Roumanie. Vous vous cachiez le jour pour ne pas vous faire attraper. Quand tu étais rentré chez toi, tes bottes n'avaient plus de semelles, tu étais fatigué, affamé mais heureux d'avoir retrouvé ta famille. Et pour que tu n'oublies jamais les atrocités de la guerre et les maux que vous as traversés, tu tenais sous le matelas du lit, ta veste bleue, bien pliée, ta casquette, ton sac et ton bracelet en cuir brun.

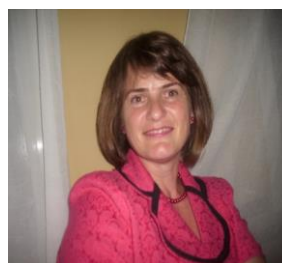
A la maison non plus, n'était pas mieux, car les Hongrois et les Russes vous persécutaient, en vous volant la nourriture et les animaux, en profitant sexuellement de vos filles et femmes... Et ils ont fusillé des êtres chers à vous, juste pour le plaisir de tuer! Un

comportement si humiliant! Et la terreur! Les pauvres hommes se cachaient derrière les couvertures mises aux fenêtres, pour qu'on ne voyait pas la lumière de la lampe de nuit. Beaucoup se sont sauvés dans les bois pour se cacher et échapper à la suplice.

Pour moi, tu resteras toujours un héros !

**KOMLOSI BEATRISZ**, la Xème D

## **Conseil maternel**



Aujourd'hui, je pense vous présenter brièvement une personne exceptionnelle de mon existence. Il s'agit, en fait, de ma mère. En me racontant l'histoire de son enfance, elle m'a

convaincue de l'importance qui a l'école dans mon chemin existentiel.

Quand ma mère a fini ses 8 classes en notre commune, elle voulait continuer ses études au lycée, mais ses parents ne l'ont pas encouragée. Ensuite, ma mère s'est mariée à un âge fragile et maintenant elle regrette de n'avoir pas fini l'école à son temps. Ma mère m'a inspiré l'ambition de me former professionnellement et son impulsion vis-à-vis des études est pour moi, une leçon fondamentale de vie!

**MARC ALEXANDRA**, la IXème B

## **Mon héros**

Mon héros est mon arrière grand-père, Havrinca Gheorghe. A l'âge de dix-huit ans, il a participé à la Seconde Guerre mondiale (1939-1945).

Il a lutté sur la première ligne du front. Ils se sont battus pour notre liberté et bien-être d'aujourd'hui. Après des nuits blanches, où le froid féroce leur faisait geler les doigts, pris des rhumatismes et souffrant de ses jambes et de la colonne vertébrale, il a été mis en liberté et envoyé à la maison pour y être mieux traité. A

cette époque-là, le service militaire était obligatoire dès l'âge de dix-huit ans (âge de la majorité). Il est un des combattants pour le pays et pour notre bien.



Pour moi, mon arrière grand père est un vrai héros, même si à cause de ses problèmes de santé, il a été renvoyé à la maison. Il a lutté dans le premier bataillon sur la première ligne du front. Je suis fier d'avoir un arrière grand-père combattant dans la Seconde Guerre mondiale.

Il est mort à l'âge de 72ans, laissant seule ma grand-mère, Havrincea Reghina, qui a atteint le respectable âge de quatre-vingt quatre ans et je prie Dieu de la tenir beaucoup sur terre.

De sa vie j'ai appris ce que signifient l'héroïsme, la lutte, le courage et la fierté d'être combattant sur le front.

**PĂCURAR OCTAVIAN**, la XIème A

## Décision de ma vie

Il y a quelques moments dans la vie qui peuvent te changer le radicalement. Mon style de vie a beaucoup changé lorsque mon grand-père m'avait quittée. Il était la personne que j'aimais le plus.

Je savais à peu près six mois avant qu'il allait mourir, mais je n'aurais jamais pensé que ses derniers mots allaient changer



ma vie! Mon grand-père était une personne très croyante. Après sa mort, grâce à lui, je suis devenue la

personne la plus réalisée maintenant, parce que je sens Dieu dans mon cœur.

Mon grand-père était le meilleur homme que j'aie jamais rencontré, et après un an depuis son départ, je crois qu'il serait vraiment heureux de voir ce fort changement en moi et qu'il est resté pour toujours ma si chère inspiration...

**PETROVAN RALUCA**, la XIIème C

## Chers grands-parents

Par cette lettre, je voudrais vous montrer mon amour et gratitude que je vous porte. De vous j'ai hérité le respect pour les autres, la reconnaissance pour tout ce qui est bon dans ma vie, l'âme avec laquelle je me dirige en tous mes actes, la responsabilité de mes conduites et pas dernièrement la loyauté pour mes chers.



Je tiens à vous dire que ces choses m'ont été très utiles, et je me sens chanceuse de vous avoir près de moi. Vous êtes et vous resterez un modèle authentique dans ma vie, parce que la façon dont vous m'avez élevée, l'harmonie dont j'ai bénéficié, l'amour sincère et simple que seuls les grands-parents peuvent m'offrir, tout ça me font sentir une puissance avec laquelle je pourrais aller à l'autre bout du monde. Quand je traverse des moments où j'ai besoin d'appui, je me rappelle une discussion mature portée avec toi, grand-père, une sorte de morale de la vie. Tu me disais alors : « La vie est un rêve que chaque personne vit à l'aide de ses forces, que rien dans le monde, ne peut démolir ».

C'est toi qui m'as conseillée de ne permettre à personne de me faire souffrir. Je suis très fière de m'avoir élevée, vous êtes les grands-parents, que tout enfant aimerait avoir. Je vous dois la reconnaissance d'avoir essayé de me donner une direction dans la vie. Sincèrement, votre enfant Alexandra

**PODE ALEXANDRA**, la Xème D

## Chacun a son modèle

Je pense toujours comment je pourrais formuler dans une belle phrase ce que je sens sur mon arrière-grand-père, et chaque fois j'arrive à la conclusion de ne pas réussir à trouver les mots pour en exprimer la véritable valeur de celui-ci.

J'e l'aime inconditionnellement, comme un deuxième papa, dès le moment où il m'a pris pour la première fois dans ses bras. Il a toujours été un exemple pour moi, et aussi pour mon père. Je l'ai toujours vu comme un héros et un exemple digne de suivre.

C'était un homme jovial, qui a toujours



eu un bon mot à dire et a su apporter un sourire sur les lèvres de ceux qui les entouraient. Je l'ai toujours considéré comme un homme fort doué d'une volonté de fer. Pour aller à l'école et terminer au moins quatre classes, il a dû travailler comme apprenti à l'âge de 7 ans, pour pouvoir se payer les vêtements et les livres nécessaires pour l'école.

Il était un homme qui tenait sa parole et respectait toutes ses promesses. Il m'a priée de faire comme lui, parole donnée, parole tenue.

Il a été un combattant de la seconde guerre mondiale, ayant été décoré pour son courage impressionnant. Grâce à lui, j'ai presque « découvert » la guerre... J'ai appris beaucoup de choses de cet homme si cher à moi qui reste et restera un vrai modèle.

**POP ALEXANDRA**, la XIIème A



## Chère maman,

Je t'écris parce que, autrement, je ne sais pas si j'ai le courage de te dire tout cela. Je devais le faire il y a longtemps. Pardonne-moi. Pour tous les moments où je t'ai déçue. Pour chaque fois que j'ai trompé tes attentes.

Pour mes mensonges et gaucheries de petite fille. Tu m'as offert ton amour sans rien demander en échange, mais je n'avais pas confiance en toi, par contre, je me suis dévoilée et confessé à d'autres personnes, pas à toi, comme ça aurait été normal. J'en suis honteuse, maman. J'ai de la honte, mais j'admets que tu avais raison. Que je me suis trompée et tu avais raison. Et les gens m'ont laissée tomber, ils m'ont trahie.

Et maintenant je reviens dans tes bras chaleureux pour panser mon âme, toi, mon plus



efficace médicament, toi qui me soulage toujours avec douceur et compréhension.

Pardonne-moi parce que je suis trop souvent égoïste et têtue. Parce que je ne sais presque rien de la vie. Et pour le fait de t'avoir fâchée tant de fois. Et je sais que mes mots jetés au hasard t'ont fait très mal. Je t'admire tellement ! J'envie ta force de pardonner et la volonté incommensurable de ne jamais abandonner. Tu es la seule qui a cru en moi plus que personne d'autre. Tu m'as toujours montré le droit chemin. Enfin, je tiens à te remercier pour tout ce que tu m'as donné. J'espère qu'il n'est pas trop tard pour te dire que de toutes

les mères du monde c'est toi la meilleure!

Pardonne-moi, je te remercie et je t'aime!

**ROMAN DENISA**, la XIIème A



## Une grand-mère encore présente en mes pensées

Ma grand-mère avait 18 ans quand elle s'était mariée avec un homme de 42 ans. Ils ont eu un bon mariage, mais difficile, car son époux, veuf à l'époque, avait 7 enfants. De leur mariage ont résulté encore neuf enfants, donc un



total de 16 enfants. Vie difficile quand on a 16 enfants à élever, mais les bœufs, les vaches, les chevaux de leur ménage leur ont permis d'assurer la nourriture pour les bébés.

Elle a pris le temps de la guerre et de la famine. La guerre a duré trois ans, de 1940 à 1943, et période pendant laquelle on avait incendié des maisons, les animaux avaient été pris, et d'autres atrocités encore.

Pour survivre à cette guerre, ma grand-mère et sa famille ont fui vers les montagnes et là ils ont à peine réussi à survivre. Je peux dire qu'aujourd'hui, après sa mort, à l'âge vénérable de 86 ans, je réalise sa dure expérience de vie.

Je peux dire que ce fut l'une des personnes les plus fortes et les plus courageuses que j'ai rencontrée, douée d'un cœur tout à fait exceptionnel.

A sa mort, j'ai beaucoup souffert, même si j'étais très petite! Ce que j'ai appris de ma grand-mère était d'aller toujours sur le bon chemin de la vie, de respecter mes parents, d'apprécier tous les moments de la vie et de ne jamais perdre la confiance en Dieu.

**SEVERA MARIA**, la IXème B

## TEMOIGNAGE

C'est une histoire racontée par mon père.

C'est un événement de la vie de ma mère, déroulé au cours de la Seconde Guerre mondiale, lorsque l'armée soviétique passait sur le territoire de la Roumanie, pour repousser l'armée allemande. A cette époque-là, un épisode étrange a eu lieu dans la maison de ma mère. Ma grand-mère était morte, donc ma mère avait été enlevée par mon grand-père. Les soldats soviétiques ont confisqué toute la nourriture de la maison, de même le foin pour le donner aux chevaux. Affamés et assoiffés, les soviétiques ont utilisé l'eau d'un marais pour préparer à manger dans un tonneau de fer-blanc, dehors, au-dessus du feu. Même si mon grand-père a fait savoir aux soldats que l'eau du bassin



était plein de vers, ils ne lui avaient pas obéi. Le repas terminé, les soldats ont forcé mon grand-père d'en goûter lui-aussi. Celui-ci s'y est conformé, sa vie étant en péril, menacé par les soviétiques d'être

tué. Pendant ce temps ma mère pleurait, très effrayée. Quand les soldats soviétiques sont partis, ils avaient détruit, en grande partie, tout leur ménage. Cet épisode a été un cauchemar qui avait affecté ma mère pour toute sa vie.

Cet épisode m'a appris de regarder la vie avec différents yeux, de la chérir et d'être content pour tout ce que j'ai.

**SILADI TEODORA**, la XIème

## « Ne renonce jamais!!! »

Parler de quelqu'un de ma famille .... C'est un sujet intéressant et en même temps triste, parce que la personne qui a influencé le plus ma vie était ma tante - pour moi, une seconde mère.

Je l'ai beaucoup aimée, et je l'aime à l'instant, même si elle est disparue. Il y'a plus d'un an de son éloignement, à l'Hôpital "Constantin Oprea" de Baia Mare, à cause d'une maladie terrible .... Un fléau, malheureusement si présent sur Terre .... Le cancer.

J'ai choisi de parler de ma tante, malgré le fait que son histoire est si triste, parce que juste un jour avant de nous quitter, de ses dernières forces, elle m'a appelé à son chevet et a arraché en moi la promesse de devenir médecin. En dépit de ses

douleurs physiques indescriptibles, elle voulait juste me le dire : "Que tu deviennes un homme respecté", puis quelques minutes plus tard, elle est entrée dans le coma. Ça m'a changé, en fait?

La réponse est OUI. Je sais. Je me rends compte que dans la vie, on peut tout perdre en moins d'une minute mais la chose la plus importante est que toute vie est un combat. Et pour devenir un homme respecté, je dois apprécier chaque moment avec ceux que j'aime, parce que chaque moment est passant et pourrait être le dernier !!!

Cette personne si chère à moi m'a appris à ne jamais renoncer, à ne pas me laisser entraver par les difficultés inhérentes et à avoir confiance en avenir.

**SZASZ ROBERT**, la XIIème

## *Rien sans travail*

Gens, lieux, événements...une série de 3 qui, d'une manière ou d'autre influencent notre vie et nos actions futures. Une marque sur les décisions à prendre, un coup de main sur nos actes.

Nous idolâtrons, aimons, apprécions, Chérissons, valorisons! Je ne pense pas faire une erreur en affirmant que presque toutes les personnes ont au moins une idole, sorte de mentor dont les conseils elles tiennent compte.



En enfance, par exemple, nous idolâtrions les acteurs des films, les chanteurs qui ravissaient nos sens... Par le temps, nous arrivons à nous laisser inspirer par des gens qui ont réussi dans la vie ou qui se sont distingués par des actes de courage de nature à éveiller en nous des sentiments positifs qui nous remplissent d'une énergie insatiable.

Jusqu'à présent, il y a eu quelques personnes qui avaient inspiré et marqué mon parcours existentiel. Une d'elles c'est mon cousin. De lui j'ai appris ce que c'est la lutte continue pour arriver là où on veut, en dépit des obstacles rencontrés le chemin faisant. On doit savoir quels sont nos limites et comment les surmonter. Le destin de mon cousin a été remarquable. Depuis le lycée, il savait exactement ce qu'il voulait de la vie. Un jour il a décidé de passer un test en anglais en ligne qu'il avait réussi brillamment. Grâce à ce fait, il a été sélectionné pour faire des études à l'University Aberystwysh de Londres. Après trois années passées en Angleterre, il est revenu au pays plein d'espoir et après un travail acharné et beaucoup de sacrifices, il est devenu directeur d'une grande chaîne de magasins de Baia Mare. C'est lui qui m'a fait ouvrir les yeux pour voir que lorsqu'on veut atteindre un but, il faut surmonter tous les obstacles car quand on fait ce qu'on aime tout semble facile et réalisable, mais avec une seule condition : LE TRAVAIL. D'après cette valeur il s'est guidé toute une vie. Sa devise ? Même si la vie peut surprendre parfois, il faut être persistant, travailler avec persévérance et ne jamais se décourager pour arriver au but proposé. Je trouve que son exemple est remarquable et jusque là, c'est lui qui a mis sa marque sur mon parcours et m'a guidée en tout ce que j'ai réalisé.

**TALPOȘ ALEXANDRA**, la XIIème

**LICEUL TEORETIC “EMIL RACOVITĂ”  
BAIA MARE, B-dul Republicii, nr. 8**

Director, prof. Mariana POP  
Director adj., prof. Felicia ILIEȘIU

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**Coordonatori:**

**Prof. CARMEN PETREAN – limba engleză**  
**Prof. RODICA CONSTANTINESCU – limba engleză**  
**Prof. ADRIANA FLORIAN – limba franceză**  
**Prof. AURICA BOZGA – limba franceză**

**Colaboratori:**

**Prof. CARMEN RÂȘCO – limba engleză**  
**Prof. BIANCA POP – limba engleză**  
**prof. ANAMARIA BUIA – limba engleză**

**Tehnoredactare si editare: prof. RODICA CONSTANTINESCU**

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