

# Connected!

St Mark's CS Multilingual Magazine 2017

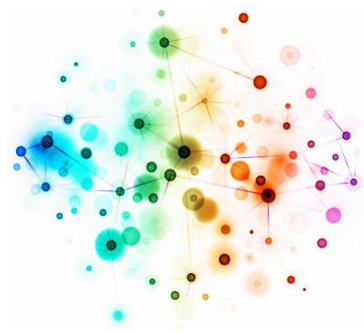
# Welcome!

Welcome to the first multilingual magazine produced by students from St Mark's Language Support Programme. Here you will find a variety of articles, stories, poems and lyrics written in both English and the students' first languages - 14 different languages are represented in this edition.

Our contributors come from all year groups, with half of the pages produced by first and second year students. While some of our contributors have only recently begun to live and learn through English, others are 'graduates' of our programme. A lot of work went into drafting and redrafting the pieces published here. The poetry translations were particularly challenging because, as Nikolai explains in a video made about the students' work : "what you want at the other end is a poem or lyric, not just a simple translation. You have to really think about the meaning *and* the sound of the poems in both languages so it can take a long time to find the right word or phrasing."

Special thanks are due to those parents and other family members who helped with the grammar and spelling checks.

*Dee McGarry, LSP Coordinator*



The students gave a lot of thought to the choice of title for their magazine. In the end they chose 'Connected' the name suggested by Daniela Prause. "Our languages connect us to each other, to the world we live in and also, of course, to ourselves.... to our thoughts, our feelings, our dreams."

The languages represented in this magazine are:  
Arabic, Chinese, Danish,  
English, German, Irish,  
Kurdish, Polish,  
Portuguese,  
Romanian, Russian,  
Slovak, Tagalog  
& Yoruba.

Congratulations to the students on creating this colourful magazine covering such a variety of topics - and in so many different languages! In St Mark's we believe that it is important to encourage students to maintain and develop literacy in their first languages not least because research shows that this can support their learning of English and other languages, as well as school learning in general.

Over 50 languages are spoken here in St Mark's and "Connected" is a celebration of this rich linguistic diversity, of the multilingualism which is a valuable resource for our school community, living as we do in an increasingly multilingual world.

*Eithne Coyne, Principal*

---

# THE AMAZING TARDIGRADE!



*Tardigrades have been found in the deepest oceans and highest mountains and under layers of solid ice in Antarctica -- and they have even travelled to the International Space Station.*

## **Report in English & Romanian by Radu Hrinca**

The Tardigrades are tiny animals, but they are invincible! These microscopic creatures are more widespread than humans, but not many people even know they exist.

Tardigrades can survive in any climatic condition existing on Earth--and even in space! This animal can be boiled, frozen, irradiated or even thrown into the cosmos, but it won't die. They are able to completely stop their metabolism using Cryptobiosis.

The Tardigrades live in moss, lichens, sand and in dust. They feed themselves on algae and tiny invertebrates. They are approximate 0.5mm long and they have eight legs. The group Tardigrades belong to, Ecdysozoa, appeared on the Earth 530 million years ago, in the Cambrian period.

Tardigratele sunt niște animale care au dimensiuni foarte mici și rezistă la orice, mai pe scurt, sunt invincibile. Aceste creaturi microscopice sunt mult mai răspandite în întreaga lume decât oamenii, chiar dacă nu multă lume știe de acestea.

Tardigratele rezistă la orice condiție climatică, inclusiv în spațiu. Această creatură poate fi fiartă, înghețată, iradiată sau chiar aruncată în spațiul cosmic, dar nu va muri. Ea se poate salva apelând la Criptobioză, mecanism prin care își oprește aproape complet metabolismul.

Tardigratele trăiesc în mușchi, licheni, nisip și praf. Se hrănesc cu alge și alte nevertebrate minuscule. Au aproximativ 0.5 mm lungime și opt picioare. Grupul din care fac parte, Ecdysozoa, a apărut pe Pământ în urmă cu 530 de milioane de ani, în perioada Cambriană





## The Story of Xi Shi

Nuair a bhí mé óg sa bhunscoil, d'fhoghlaim mé a lán sean scéalta agus finscéalta Éireannacha. Tá grá mór agam do Chú Chulainn agus Clann Lir. D'fhás mé aníos i gclann Shíneach agus chuala mé a lán scéalta Síneacha freisin. Tá an scéal Xi Shi suimiúil mar tarraingíonn sé stair agus finscéalta Síneacha le chéile.

Tá súil agam go mbainfidh tú taitneamh as.

When I was young in primary school. I learned a lot of old Irish stories and myths. My favourites were Cú Chulainn and the Children of Lir. But because my family is from China I also heard a lot of old Chinese stories growing up. The story of Xi Shi is a very interesting one because it brings Chinese history and legend together. I hope you enjoy it!!

**ANNING WANG**

Xi Shi is thought to have been the most beautiful of the “Four Beauties” of ancient Chinese history. There is a popular saying ‘西施沉鱼’ which means that Xi Shi was so beautiful fish would forget how to swim and would sink away from the surface when she walked by and they saw her reflection in the water.

Xi Shi was born in 506 BC during the Spring and Autumn period when China was one country but made up of different states or mini-kingdoms which were constantly fighting with each other. Xi Shi was from Yue state which had been conquered by Wu.

According to legend, the King of Yue, Gou Jian, and his advisors thought of a way to defeat Wu state and free themselves from its rule. It was widely known that Fu Chai, the King of Wu, had a great weakness for women. Gou Jian knew that if Fu Chai was surrounded by beautiful women he would be so distracted that he would have no energy left to govern Wu properly. But in order for the plan to succeed Gou Jian needed to enlist a loyal woman of stunning beauty who was willing to sacrifice herself for the good of her country. Xi Shi was thus chosen.

Gou Jian ordered his minister Fan Li to take Xi Shi to Fu Chai as a tribute or gift from Yue. On the journey to Wu, Xi Shi fell deeply in love with the wise, kind minister. Before they parted, Xi Shi and Fan Li made a secret pledge of undying love. As expected Fu Chai was so enchanted by Xi Shi and her beauty that he spent more and more time with her and began to neglect his political duties. When he eventually realized that he should not have allowed himself to be so bewitched by Xi Shi, it was too late. Gou Jian invaded Wu and conquered the weakened state. Fu Chai committed suicide and Xi Shi's mission was complete.

Xi Shi was reunited with Fan Li and lived happily ever after.



Xi Shi, Wang Zhaojun, Diaochan and Yang Guifei – the “Four Great Beauties” of Ancient Chinese legends, famous for the influence they had over kings and emperors.

# 西施的故事

西施是中国四大美女中最美的一位。有句著名的成语‘沉鱼落雁’中沉鱼就是用来形容西施的美貌，是说如果看到西施连鱼儿都会忘记怎么游泳而沉于水中。在春秋战国时期，中国是由若干个诸侯国组成的一个统一的国家。西施出生于公元前506年的越国，当时被吴国给占领了。越王勾践被迫为吴国国王夫差服务三年，吃了很多苦。据史书记载，勾践和他的谋士们想到一种方法去打败吴国。众所周知继承王位的夫差是一个沉于美色的男人。勾践认为如果夫差被女色包围，那么他将会分散注意力，而且没有精力来统治国家。但是为了计划能达成，勾践需要一个极为美丽而且对他忠诚的女子，还愿意为了国家的利益而牺牲自己，因此西施被选中。勾践交代他的大臣范蠡护送西施去越国作为贡献礼物。在长时间的途中，西施和这位即英明又亲切的大臣范蠡彼此相爱了。所以在即将到达吴国之前，他们许下了一个承诺，如果西施能平安回来，他们一定要在一起。到吴国后夫差果然对西施的美色着了迷，结果每天都花很多时间与她在一起，并开始忽视管理国家的职责。当他终于意识到他不应该这么迷恋于西施时已经太迟了，勾践带兵入侵了吴国而且取得大胜，夫差自取灭亡了。

西施的使命已经完成了回到越国后，西施与范蠡重聚，并且幸福的生活在一起。

~王安宁





## THE DRAW OF WATER by LUIZA STRUKOVA

I have always loved taking pictures of nature. From a young age I was borrowing my grandfather's camera, looking for a place or a thing to capture. My family often travels around Ireland, on week-ends, holidays and whenever there is free time. An awareness of water has been a part of me my whole life. Where I live in Latvia there is a river. Each summer my passion for water grew every time we went for a swim. When I finally got my first camera, I was capturing everything that I saw. Time went by and my standards rose. I 'demanded' a professional camera, like the one my grandfather has. Since that time my photographs have begun to be more professional ( I think!)

Like the one above.

Я всегда любила фотографировать природу. С раннего детства я забирала камеру моего дедушки, и искала место или вещь чтобы её запечатлить. Моя семья часто путешествует по Ирландии, на выходных, каникулах или если есть свободное время. Тема воды привлекала меня всю мою жизнь. В Латвии, где я живу, есть река. Каждое лето моя страсть к воде увеличивалась каждый раз когда мы ходили плавать. Когда я наконец получила заветную камеру, я захватывала все что видела. Время шло и мои ожидания росли. Я запросила профессиональную камеру, как у моего дедушки. С того времени мои фотографии стали более продвинутыми (Я так думаю!).

Как фотка выше.

## Ocean

I love the ocean,  
Love its freedom,  
The courage of its truth,  
Its calmness, and its storms,  
The noise of the coastal waves,  
And those waves' droplets,  
The power, and the peace of  
This elemental mystery.

I will come in the night,  
Quietly sit by the shore,  
Start a conversation,  
Talk to the storm  
And sing a song  
Softly to the ocean,  
And it will, I know it will  
Open its secrets to me.

And I will be silent,  
In its soul's attention,  
While the night with its cloak,  
Like a mother enfolds us.

*Translation from the Russian  
by Luiza Strukova*



Photographs by  
Luiza - above: a  
mountain lake in  
Wicklow; below:  
the coast looking  
from Killiney Hill  
towards Bray  
Head; opposite:  
sunshine on the  
sea at Killiney

## Океан

Я океан люблю,  
люблю его свободу,  
и смелость честным  
быть,  
и штиль, и непогоду,  
и шум прибрежных волн,  
и этих волн же брызги,  
и силу, и покой  
таинственной стихии.

Так ночью я приду,  
на берег сяду тихо,  
беседу заведу,  
поговорю с стихией  
и песню пропою  
тихонько океану,  
а он, я знаю, мне  
откроет свои тайны.

И буду я молчать,  
его душе внимая,  
покуда ночь плащом,  
как мать нас обнимает.

Сапега И.





# Tyle wiemy o sobie ile nas sprawdzono

Wisława Szymborska to jedna z powszechnie znanych, współczesnych poetek, eseistek i felietonisek polskich. Laureatka Nagrody Nobla w dziedzinie literatury. Jej wiersze często poruszają tematy uniwersalne w sposób prosty oraz błyskotliwy. Jednym z nich jest temat naszego człowieczeństwa i to, jak zachowamy się w sytuacjach ekstremalnych. Czy uda nam się je utrzymać, czy też zostanie ono zatraczone w trudnościach z jakimi przyjdzie nam się mierzyć w przyszłości. Szymborska owy temat porusza w wierszu „Minuta ciszy po Ludwice Wawrzyńskiej”, kwitując go wersem „Tyle wiemy o sobie ile nas sprawdzono”. Poetka używając tych słów ma na myśli to, że prawdziwe, najgłębsze właściwości naszej natury są ukryte głęboko w nas i że ujawniają się w sytuacjach trudnych np. w obliczu ogromnej tragedii, z czym osobiście się zgadzam. Zdanie to uzmysławia nam, że możemy nie zdawać sobie sprawy z naszych wewnętrznych, ukrytych wartości, naszego prawdziwego „ja”. Boimy się wejść w głąb naszej duszy, obawiając się, że odkryjemy tam coś niepokojącego, złego czy nawet niemoralnego.



The illustrations for this article are paintings from a Polish international art competition for school students. The aim of the competition, entitled LUDZIE LUDZIOM ZGOTOWALI TEN LOS (People doomed people to this fate) is "transmit to the young generation the knowledge and the truth about the former Nazi death camp Auschwitz-Birkenau". Above Teresa Cicha, Czech Republic, Page 9: Olena Mergut, Ukraine; Pages 32 & 33: Magdalena Musiałkiewicz, Poland, Olesia Sukmanovska and Wołodimir Niesterowskij, Ukraine.

## Aleksy Banka

Człowiek w życiu nieustannie jest sprawdzany, zaskakiwany wszelakimi wydarzeniami i musi podejmować rozmaite, łatwe oraz trudne decyzje. Dziś nie musimy stawać przed wyborami tak trudnymi jak nasi przodkowie. Nie musimy opuszczać naszych domów i rodzin. Żyjemy we względnym spokoju i bezpieczeństwie. Czasem jednak zadajemy sobie pytanie, czy bylibyśmy w stanie zdać egzamin z człowieczeństwa w sytuacjach skrajnie niebezpiecznych jaką była np. II Wojna Światowa. W tym przypadku z pomocą wychodzi nam naprzeciw literatura, która mimo tego, że nie danam pewności co do naszych własnych zachowań, to jednak przedstawi nam całą galerię ludzkich zachowań w sytuacjach trudnych, niebezpiecznych i wymagających poświęceń. Wiele zasadniczo odmiennych postaw możemy znaleźć w literaturze „pokolenia kolumbów”. Wiele z nich samemu chwyciło za broń i poderwało się do walki z najeźdźcą. Uważali, że obrona kraju jest moralnym obowiązkiem ich, oraz wszystkich ich rodaków. Mimo takich warunków nie przestawali oni tworzyć, choć nie wiedzieli czy los pozwoli komuś odkryć ich talenty, czy przyszłe pokolenia dowiedzą się kiedyś o ich poświęceniu i ich utworach.

**continued on page 32**





## We know ourselves to the extent that we are tested

by Aleksy Banka

Wisława Szymborska was a famous modern Polish poet and essayist, winner of the 1996 Nobel Prize for Literature. Her poems often speak about universal topics in a simple yet clever way. One of her themes concerns our own humanity and how we would behave in extreme situations. Will we keep our humanity or will it be lost in the challenges of our future life?

Szymborska discusses this topic in the poem 'A minute of silence for Ludwika Wawrzynska' encapsulating it in the line "We know ourselves to the extent we have been tested". The poet in using these words wants to say that properties of our inner selves are hidden deep inside us and that they emerge only in difficult times, for example in times of tragedy. I agree with her. This line expresses the idea that we may not be aware of the hidden values that guide us through life, of the true 'me'. We are afraid to see into our deepest thoughts because we fear we could find something disturbing, immoral or evil there.

Human beings are constantly tested, surprised by all kinds of situations and they have to make various decisions, sometimes these are easy and sometimes not. Today most of us don't have to face the difficult dilemmas previous generations dealt with. We live in safety, often have more food than we need, we aren't persecuted so we don't need to flee our homes to survive. We can live in peace.

Yet sometimes we might ask ourselves if we would be able to pass the test of our humanity in extremely dangerous situations like those of World War II. In this case literature can be really helpful, because even if it cannot show us how we would behave, it can present us with a whole gallery of human choices and behaviours in extreme situations, requiring courage and sometimes sacrifice.

We find this in the literature written by, and about, the 'Generation of Columbuses' - the Polish men and women who were born around a hundred years ago into a newly independent Poland but who grew to adulthood in the shadow of World War II.

Many of them stood up and fought the aggressors themselves. They believed that defending their country was their moral duty as well as that of their compatriots. Even in those difficult times 'Columbuses' did not stop creating, although they didn't know if they would live to see the next day or if future generations would ever find out about them and their work. Krzysztof K. Baczyński died in the Warsaw Uprising against the German occupation, fulfilling his responsibility to the homeland, being faithful to his values and thankfully he was and still is remembered by generations of Polish people as a great poet and patriot. Tadeusz Borowski in his "Short Stories" shows the other side of human nature. The stories are set in a concentration camp on the territory of Poland. The author shows us people ready to do anything to survive, people who have forsaken their values and their humanity. A very good example of this is the mother, who disowns her child in order to survive, as she knows that

**continued on page 33**

Back when I was a child  
Before life removed all the  
innocence  
My father would lift me high  
And dance  
with my mother  
and me

And then  
Spin me around 'till I fell asleep  
Then up the stairs  
he would carry me  
And I knew for sure  
I was loved

If I could get another chance  
Another walk  
Another dance with him  
I'd play a song that would  
never ever end  
How I'd love, love, love  
To dance with my father again

*Luther Vandross*



DANCE  
WITH MY  
FATHER

Nung ako'y bata pa  
Nang iwan ako ng aking ama  
Mata'y lumuluha na  
Di kaya ni nanay ng iwan nya  
Sakin ay may bumulong  
Sabi ni tatay na wag iiyak  
Malungkot ako aking ama

Kung may pagkakataon na mayakap sya  
At masabi ko na mahal kita ama  
Awiting to ay alay ko sayo  
Mahal na mahal, mahal kita o aking ama

*Tagalog lyrics by Chantelle Asoy*



I strolled through the woods,  
All on my own,  
I was looking for nothing  
nothing at all.

In the shadows I saw  
A single flower.  
Star lit blossoms,  
Eyelets of light.

I wanted to pluck it,  
But gently she cried:  
'Shall I be picked,  
to wither and die?'

So I dug her out,  
with all her roots  
and brought her to the garden  
of my lovely house.

Then I planted her again,  
a quiet place.  
And now she blooms for me ,  
day after day.

# FOUND

Ich ging im Walde  
So für mich hin,  
Und nichts zu suchen  
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich  
Ein Blümchen steh'n,  
Wie Sterne leuchtend,  
Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt' es brechen,  
Da sagt' es fein:  
"Soll ich zum Welken  
Gebrochen sein?"

Ich grub's mit allen  
Den Würzlein aus,  
Zum Garten trug ich's  
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzt' es wieder  
Am stillen Ort;  
Nun zweigt es immer  
Und blüht so fort.



*"Gefunden", by Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
translated by Daniela Prause.*





سەلاحەددین ئەیوبی لە ساڵی ١١٣٧-١١٣٨ لە  
خێزانیکی کوردی سەر بە یەکیک لە ھۆزە کوردییە  
ناودارەکان بە ناوی ھۆزی رەوادی لە دایک بوو.  
ئەوکات سولتانی میسر توانی شاری جۆلزم لە کریستیانەکان  
پاک بکاتەوە. سەلاحەددین لە ساڵی ١١٦٨ کۆچی کرد بە رەو  
میسر ئەوکات تەمەنی ٣١ ساڵ بوو یاری دەدەری مامی بوو  
دوای ئەوەی مامی کۆچی دوای کرد

پاش سالیکی سەلاحەددین دەست بەکار بوو پاشان  
توانی شارەکە بگرێتەوە سەر دەسەلاتی خویان  
بەلام لەگەڵ ئەوش مامەلە کردنی لەگەڵ خەلک  
زەور باش بوو. رینگەیی بە کریستیانەکان یاوە لە  
شارەکە بمێنەوێ وە کەشتیکانیش بگرێنەوێ بۆ  
پاش ئەوەی سەلاحەددین کۆچی دوای کرد کورەکانی بون بە  
جێنشینی باوکان بەلام زۆری نەخایاند دەسەلاتەکەیی باوکیان  
روخاند ھەر کەسەو شانشینیکی دامەزراند لە دیمەشق، ئەلبوو ھەمز  
لەگەڵ دیار بکر. ئەیوبی کە سولتانی میسر بوو کەسێکی زۆر  
دەولەمەند بوو توانی زۆر بەی شۆنەکان بگرێت لە ساڵی  
١٢٥٠ لە و کات مەملوس توانی میسر بگرێت وە لە ساڵی  
١٢٦٠ مەملوس زۆر بەی ھەرە زۆری شانشینەکەیی ئەیوبی گرت.

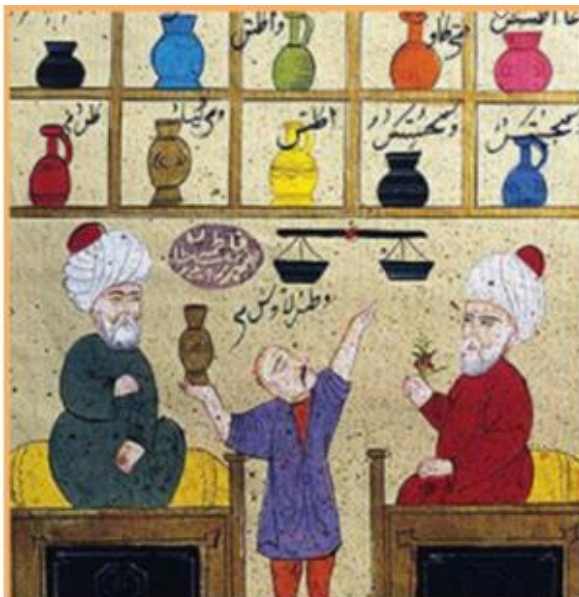
# SALADIN

*Salah ad-Din Yusuf ibn Ayyub (c. 1138-1193) or Saladin, as he is more generally known, is an unusual figure in Middle Eastern history because he earned the respect of Christians, Jews, and Muslims. He was praised for the compassion he showed towards peaceful people of different cultures and religions in times of conflicts.*

## **Widad Nadhari reports in Kurdish and English**

Saladin is the most famous Kurdish leader of all time. He was born almost 900 years ago in Tikrit in northern Iraq which was then called Mesopotamia.

In 1168 Saladin, aged 31 went to Egypt as his uncle's assistant and when his uncle died Saladin took power for himself. He became Sultan of the lands of Egypt, Syria, Palestine and Mesopotamia.



Saladin encouraged science and learning. He opened schools to spread science and maths from the big university in Baghdad to Egypt and Syria. And under his rule many hospitals were built to treat people and train doctors.

Saladin is most famous for being merciful and just. In 1187 he recaptured the city of Jerusalem from the Christian crusaders. After Saladin took the city back he treated everybody well. He let the crusaders leave the city and take their ships back to Europe.

When he died, Saladin's sons and relatives broke up his empire so that they could each have their own small kingdom to rule. Saladin was buried in Damascus and you can still visit his tomb there today in the Umayyad Mosque.



# TORTOISE FLIES TO THE SKY

A long time ago, when animals could still talk, there was a famine in the animal kingdom. It was so bad that there was absolutely no food to eat. Many were suffering, dying one by one. The tortoise didn't want to die so he cunningly set about finding food for himself and his family.

One day, he noticed that the birds were not starving like everyone else. They looked fresh and their feathers were sleek. He wanted to know the reason why, so he went to the birds and asked them.

Of course they were very reluctant to tell the tortoise! But after he tearfully begged and begged and promised to keep their secret, the birds explained that the people of the Sky were responsible for feeding them. Immediately he pleaded for help in getting to the Sky. Due to the fact that Tortoise is infamous throughout the whole Kingdom for his cunning, the birds did not want to help him.

However he cleverly persuaded them that he could get them even more food and they finally agreed to each give him a feather to fly with. Next he said that when going to events like this they should each pick a new name 'for fun'. They took his advice and after they had all made their choices he then told them his chosen name was 'All-of-you'.

**In English and Yoruba, Emmanuella Afolabi recounts a traditional West African tale about how the tortoise got his cracked shell.**

The birds and the tortoise flew off on their journey. When they arrived, they were welcomed by the people of the Sky and introduced themselves with their nicknames. Tortoise had a plan to deceive the birds. When the hosts brought food for their guests, Tortoise made a point of asking who the food was for. "Well, the food is for all of you," the hosts said. With a smirk, Tortoise turned to the birds and stated that since the food was for "All of you" and his chosen name was "All-of-you," the food was for him alone. The poor birds watched angrily as Tortoise ate everything!

When it was time to go, the birds were so angry that they took their feathers from him. He was now unable to fly back to his home. Tortoise begged the birds to send a message to his wife to bring out all the soft things from his house so that he could jump from the Sky without getting hurt. All but one of them refused. The eagle, the angriest of all the birds, agreed to do it.

The eagle flew to Tortoise's house and told his wife that Tortoise had requested that she bring out all the hard things from the house and pile them up outside. Of course, she began to do just that. She brought out the mortar, the plates, the wooden tables...all the hard things you could think of. With his limited vision, Tortoise couldn't see what was being brought out so he assumed that the eagle had given the right message to his wife.

Tortoise got a big surprise when he jumped! He landed on the hardest sharpest objects and his shell broke into many pieces. With the help of his wife, he was able to arrange the pieces so that they fitted back together, but he wasn't able to return it to its former state.

**This is why the tortoise has a cracked shell.**





Ní ìgbà pípé séyìn, nígbà tí àwon eranko lè sòrò, ìyàn búburú n pa ìjoba erankoo run. ìyàn naa burú débipé, kò sí óunje kankan fún àwon eranko láti je ní ìjoba wón. Òpòlopò àwon eranko n jíyá wón sìn kú ní ìkan kan. Ìjàpá ò fé kú ó wán dógbón láti wá óunje fún òun àti ebí rẹ̀.

Ní ojó kan, ìjàpá sàkièsí pé ìyàn naa kòdè àwon eye, wón rí je, wón sì rí mu. Ìjàpá fé mo àsírí won. Pèlú àrékérekè ni ìjàpá lo fi bi àwon eye pé kíni ìdí tí ìyàn naa ò fi dé òdò won.

Àwon eye wòn kòsì fé kí ìjàpá mo àsírí won. Léhin tí ìjàpá ti be àwon eye ni wón lè so fun, ó dè se ilérí láti má so fúún enikíni. Àwon eye so fún ìjàpá pé àwon èyàn tí wón gbé ní òrun ló oún fún won ní óunje.

Nígbà tí ìjàpá gbó àsírí yi, ó bèrè sìn be àwon eye láti fún ní íránlówó láti dé òrun. Torípé gbogbo àwon eranko ní ìjoba mo àrékérekè ìjàpá, wòn ò fé ran ìjàpá lówó láti dé òrun.

Ìjàpá dè wí fún àwon eye pé tí wón bá ràn lówó ó ma dógbón láti gba óunje pípò ní òdò àwon òrun. Àwon eye gba òrò ìjàpá gbó, nwón sise àdéhùn láti fún ìjàpá ní iyé koòkan. Ìjàpá wí fún àwon eye pé nígbà tí àwon èyàn ban lo sí àyeye bí e yí wón ní ló láti mú orúko tuntun. Àwon eye sì mú imòrán ìjàpá, wó mú orúko tuntun. Léhin tí àwon eye ti mú àpésó won, ìjàpá so fún àwon eye pé àpésó rẹ̀ ni 'gbogbo yín'.

Àwon eye àti ìjàpá so àpésó won fun àwon èyàn òrun, nígbà tí wón dé òrun. Àwon èyàn òrun sì tewógbà wón.



Síbèsìè, ìjàpá ní ètò láti tan àwon eye je. Nígbà tí wón gbé óunje wá, ìjàpá beré wípé tani ó ni óunje èyi, àwon èyàn òrun dè so wípé óunje yi ni fún gbogbo yín. Ìjàpá yí padà sí àwon eye ó dè so fún won wípé òun ni ó ni óunje nítorípé àpésó rẹ̀ tí ó mú ni 'gbogbo yín', wón so wípé óunje yi ni fún gbogbo yin. Pèlú ibínú ni àwon eye fi wo ìjàpá je gbogbo óunje tí wón kó wá.

Nígbà tí àsìkò dé fún àwon eye àti ìjàpá láti padà sí ìjoba àwon eranko, àwon eye gba gbogbo iyé tí wón fún ìjàpá. Ìjàpá kò lágbára láti padà sí ilé rẹ̀. Ìjàpá be àwon eye láti ránsé sí iyàwó rẹ̀ pé kókó gbogbo ìkan rírí nínú ilé won, nítorípé ó fé fò láti òrun làà ní àiléwu kankan. Gbogbo àwon eye kò láti jísé èyí àfi awodi. Àwòdì, tí ó jé eranko tí ó bínú jù ló so wípé òun ma jísé èyí.

Àwòdì fò sí ilé ìjàpá ó dè so fún iyàwó ìjàpá pé ìjàpá rán ní ise láti so fún pé kó mú gbogbo ìkan líle nínú ilé rẹ̀ wá sí ita. Iyàwó ìjàpá wán bèrè láti kó gbogbo ìkan líle nínú ilé won wá – òta, tábíli... Nítorípé ìjàpá fé fò láti òrun, ojú rẹ̀ ò tó láti rí ilé rẹ̀ ó dè rò wípé àwòdì jísé fún iyàwó rẹ̀.

Nígbà tí ìjàpá fò láti òrun tó dè wá dé ilé rẹ̀, iyàlénu rẹ̀ p gun. Gbogbo ìkan líle ni ìjàpá bósórí, ikaraùn è dè fò. Pèlú iránlówó iyàwó rẹ̀ lófìlè to ikaraùn è tó ti fò sùgbón ikaraùn naa ò padì sí bí ó ti jé.

**Idí nì yí tì ìjàpá fi ní ikaraùn fífó.**



# SMOK WAWALSKI

**In Polish and English, Emilia Kulczyk retells a famous legend from Poland's second largest city**

Dawno temu, gdy polskimi ziemiami rządził król Krak, w Krakowie pojawił się smok. Było to ogromne zwierzę, o zielonej skórze, długim ogonie i paszczy wypełnionej ostrymi zębami. Smok zadomowił się w jamie pod zamkiem i żądał, aby raz w tygodniu składano mu ofiarę w postaci krowy. Jeżeli nie spełniono jego zachcianki, porywał ludzi.

Na mieszkańców Krakowa padł blady strach, jednak znalazło się kilku śmiałków, którzy twierdzili, że zdołają pokonać smoka. Niestety żaden z nich nie wracał z wyprawy do jamy potwora. Zarówno król, jak i poddani stracili już nadzieję na ratunek. Co tydzień stada bydła boleśnie się kurczyły, gdyż smok wymagał zawsze najdorodniejszych sztuk. Martwiono się, co będzie, gdy pożre już wszystkie

Gdy wydawało się, że wszystko już stracone i lud Krakowa czeka zagłada, na dworze Kraka pojawił się ubogi szewczyk.

- Panie mój, myślę, że jestem w stanie pokonać dręczącego Was smoka - zwrócił się do króla, nisko się kłaniając.

W królewskiej sali rozbrzmiały śmiechy rycerzy.

- Patrzcie go, śmiałek się znalazł.  
- Nie wiesz, że smoka nikt nie jest w stanie pokonać?  
- Zabił już wielu wybitnych wojowników! Jak możesz się z nimi równać?

Jednak Krak był mądrym władcą i wiedział, że nie można marnować żadnej szansy na uwolnienie się od groźnej bestii.

- Dobrze, szewczyku. Pokonaj smoka, a zostaniesz sowicie nagrodzony.

Szewczyk uklonił się i odszedł, obmyślając swój plan. Niebawem wszystko miał już przygotowane. Zabił najdorodniejszego barana, jakiego udało mu się znaleźć, a potem wypchał go siarką i dokładnie zaszył. Zarzucił sobie go na plecy i udał się w kierunku smoczej jamy.

Najciszej jak tylko potrafił zakradł się do samego wejścia, rzucił wypchanego barana i uciekł. Wkrótce z groty wyszedł smok, zwabiony zapachem świeżego mięsa i dostrzegając barana, natychmiast go pożarł. Siarka ukryta w zwierzęciu od razu zaczęła działać, powodując u smoka ogromne pragnienie.

Rzucił się w kierunku Wisły i pił, pił, pił, pił... Wydawało się, że jeszcze chwila i wypije całą Wisłę! I wtedy nagle rozległ się ogromny huk. Smok wypił tak dużo wody, że po prostu pękł. Pomysłowy chłopiec został bohaterem całego miasta, a król sowicie go wynagrodził.

W Krakowie zaś do dziś, u stóp Wawelu, można zobaczyć Smoczą Jamę i ziejącą ogniem figurę wawelskiego smoka, upamiętniającą bohaterski czyn szewczyka.

# The Krakow Dragon

Long ago, when king Krak ruled the Polish lands, a dragon appeared in Krakow. It was a huge animal with green skin, a long tail and a large mouth filled with sharp teeth. The dragon lived in a cave under the castle. It was a perfect place for him because that way he could make the people bring him a cow to eat every week. If he didn't get what he wanted he would kidnap people.

The Krakow citizens were terrified, but there were a few brave soldiers who went to fight the dragon. Unfortunately none of them returned from the dragon's cave. The King and the citizens lost all the hope of being saved. The herd of cattle was getting smaller and smaller each week.

The people were worried about what would happen if all of them were eaten. When it seemed like all hope was gone and the people of Krakow would die, at the court of Krak there showed up a poor shoemaker.

"My dear lord I think that I am able to defeat the dragon" he said to the King while bowing. The only thing you could hear in the royal hall was laughter.

"Look at him, he's so pitiful!"

"Don't you know that nobody is able to defeat the dragon?" said the crowd.

But Krak was a wise man and he knew he could not afford to miss a chance of being free.

"Alright shoemaker, defeat the dragon and you will get well rewarded."

The shoemaker bowed down again and walked away, thinking about his plan. Soon he got everything ready. He killed the best sheep he could find, filled it with sulphur and sewed it up well.

He took the prepared sheep and went to the dragon's cave.

He walked up to the entrance as quietly as he could, threw the sheep into the cave and ran away. Soon the dragon came out and seeing the sheep he ate it instantly. The second he ate the sheep the sulphur that it was filled with started working and the dragon began to feel very thirsty.

He ran towards the river Wisla and he drank and drank and drank and drank. It seemed that he was about to drink up all the water in the Wisla!

Suddenly there was a huge bang. The dragon drank so much water that he simply just burst. The shoemaker was the hero of the whole town and was well rewarded by the king.

Today in Krakow we can still see the dragon's cave under the castle and a figure of the dragon himself.





# Outside is Autumn Afară-i toamnă

One of **Andreea Dina's** favourite poems is "**Afara-i toamna**" by **Mihai Eminescu**. Here she has taken on the challenge of creating an English version of this enigmatic poem

Born in 1850  
Eminescu was  
a Romantic  
poet, novelist  
and journalist.  
He is probably  
Romania's  
most famous  
writer. There  
are statues of  
Eminescu all  
over the  
country, his  
face appears on  
Romanian  
banknotes and  
many schools  
are called after  
him.



Afară-i toamnă, frunza 'mprăștiată,  
Iar vântul svârlă 'n geamuri grele picuri;  
Și tu citești scrisori din roase plicuri  
Și într'un ceas gândești la viața toată.

Pierzându-ți timpul tău cu dulci nimicuri,  
N'ai vrea ca nimeni 'n ușa ta să bată;  
Dar și mai bine-i, când afară-i sloată,  
Să stai visând la foc, de somn să picuri.

Și eu astfel mă uit din jet de gânduri,  
Visez la basmul vechiu al zânei Dochii,  
În juru-mi ceața crește rânduri-rânduri;

De odat'aud foșnirea unei rochii,  
Un moale pas abia atins de scânduri...  
Iar mâni subțiri și reci mi-acoper ochii.



---

Outside is Autumn, leaf splashed  
Wind hurled at windows, rain lashed  
And you reading letters from old envelopes  
And in an hour recalling the whole of your life.

Losing your time with sweet little things ,  
Hoping that no-one will knock on your door.  
But even better, when outside the first snow flurries  
And you are dreaming by the fire,  
Tears fall in sleep.

So I look up from the spray of thoughts,  
I'd been dreaming of the old fairy Dochia,  
Around, there's a fog growing up in layers.

Suddenly the rustling of silk makes me rise  
Steps so soft, barely touching the old floor...  
Then with slender, icy hands you hide my eyes.

---

### BABA DOCHIA

Mentioned in Eminescu's poem, Baba Dochia is an important figure in Romanian folklore. She personifies our impatience waiting for the return of Spring. In one story she throws off one of her nine coats on each day from March 1<sup>st</sup> to March 9<sup>th</sup>. Her name may come from that of the Byzantine martyr St Eudokia whose feast day is March 1<sup>st</sup>.

Baba Dochia este unul dintre cele mai importante personaje din mitologia romaneasca. Unele teorii susțin că numele ar fi legat de Sfanta Martira Evdokia sărbătorită în calendarul de stil vechi pe 1 martie.



## Winged Words

Ghada al-Samman is a famous Syrian poet and journalist who has lived most of her life in exile in Beirut in the Lebanon. Here Daniela Izzaldinova translates two short poems and a fragment of a longer poem from the original Arabic.



I was born in landlocked Damascus  
And longed only to hear the calls of the birds  
swimming above the sea.  
So I flew to Beirut.  
Then I longed to hear the sounds  
of all the seabirds, all over the world...  
And ever since I have been flying.  
This is my story, in full .

ولدت في دمشق  
و اشتجيت فقط أن أسمع صوت طيور البحر  
فطرت إلى بيروت.  
ثم اشتجيت أن أسمع صوت طيور البحار كلها  
و من يومها و أنا أطيّر . . .  
تلك هي حكايتي باختصار و بالتفصيل !



**No matter where I fly , I always fly towards you.  
My heart is a compass that guides me to you.**

أينما حلقت، أطيّر دوماً صوبك  
و قلبي بوصلة تشير إليك.

سأروي لك قصة حياتي باختصار شديد  
خوفاً عليك من الضجر.  
لقد أقتربت أخطاء كثيرة في حياتي . .  
هي التي أنقذت حياتي !

I will tell you the story of my life  
very short, summarized -  
fearing that you might grow weary:  
I made a lot of mistakes in my life  
that saved my life!



Here  
for  
you



Never  
forget  
to  
look  
forward  
to  
someday

Ang nakalipas na hindi maibalik o makalimutan  
Ang hinaharap lang ang pwede nating asahan.

The past you cannot forget or undo  
The future is all we can look forward to.

Sana ay lagi akong nandyan sa tabi mo...  
sa mga panahong ikaw ay humikbi at lumuha

I wish I could be there by your side...  
For all the times you've wept and cried

Alam ko sa puso ko, na ang sinasabi ko ay totoo...  
Na nasasaktan din ako sa sakit na  
nararamdaman mo

Know from my heart, what I say is true,  
That I hurt for the pain you have been  
through

Hindi kana mag-iisa...  
sa isang araw, kalayaan ay iyong makikita

Never alone shall you be,  
Someday, freedom you will see

Sana ang iyong mga pangarap ay iyong makamtan  
At kahit saan ka man, palagi akong  
nandito para sayo.

May your hopes and dreams come true  
No matter where you are,  
I'll always be here for you.

*Tagalog lyrics by Viktoria Asoy*

Nicolette J. Proffitt

# A TASTE OF HOME



by **Nikola Klemperova**, writing  
in **Slovak & English**

Írsko je 2,592 km od môjho domova na Slovensku! Kde som prišla do írsky cítila som sa veľmi smutná za mojím domovom. Chýbala mi moja rodina, priatelia, slovenské počasie, a mesto v ktorom som vyrastala a aj jedlo.

Na Slovensku máme naozaj dobré tradičné jedlá a dezerty. Najznámejšie jedlá boli už pred sto rokmi a odvtedy sa odovzdávajú s generáciou na generáciu. Najtypickejšie prísady sú Bravčové mäso, jahňacie mäso, múka, zemiaky, kapusta a mliečne výrobky ako syr a bryndza (mäkký syr z ovčieho mlieka).

Máme rôzne polievky a dezerty ktoré turisti milujú. Veľmi tradičná slovenská polievka je Kapustnica. Na kapustnicu používame kvasenú kapustu, údené mäso, sušené lesné huby, sušené slivky, klobásky, troška múky a smotanu. Všetciedia kapustnicu na Vianoce. Ďalšie tradičné polievky sú fazulová, sosovica, kuracia, hovädzia alebo zeleninová.

continued on next page

Ireland is 2,592 km from my home in Slovakia! So when I came to Ireland I felt very homesick. I missed my family, friends, the Slovakian weather, the city where I grew up and also the food!

In Slovakia we have a really good tradition in food and desserts. The most famous recipes come from hundreds of years ago and have been passed down from generation to generation.

The most typical ingredients are pork, lamb, flour, potatoes, cabbage and dairy products like cheese and bryndza (a soft cheese made from sheep's milk).

We have lots of different soups and desserts which the tourists love. The most traditional Slovakian soup is Kapustnica or cabbage soup. To make kapustnica we use fermented cabbage, smoked meat, dried forest mushrooms, prunes, sausages, some flour and sour cream.

Everybody eats kapustnica at Christmas time. Other traditional soups are made from beans, lentils, chicken, beef or vegetables.

As for the main course, Slovak cuisine is a bit like Italian and Spanish. Most meals are usually prepared with lard or oil. Halusky is another speciality in Slovakia. It is made from bryndza, potatoes, eggs, flour, salt, pepper and then you put bacon on top.

In Slovakia there are lots of different types of Halusky, but the original one is from Moravia in the eastern part of the Czech Republic.

Another main course is goulash. Goulash is a stew made from onions, ground pepper, marjoram, paprika, fresh peppers, potatoes, semolina and meat. You can have it with either beef, pork, venison or wild game and it is served with dumplings on the side.

# Churros & Trdelnik

Pastries that have travelled the world – from China to Chile, from Turkey to Slovakia!

We use different names in different languages and countries, but you will find the same food and desserts, from west to central to eastern Europe and the Middle East, and even in Africa and Asia as well!

I learned this in first year doing a project on Spain in Mr McGarry's ESL class. It was my job to research food. When I saw a picture of the Spanish fried pastries called Churros I realised that they look very similar to the Trdelnik we have in Slovakia and the Czech Republic.

So I went on the internet and found out that Churros probably came from China over 400 years ago – the recipe was brought to Europe by Portuguese travellers, and then it went from Portugal to Spain, and then the Spanish brought Churros to South America and the Philippines.



Trdelnik is dough rolled around a spit and grilled or baked on hot coals. This sweet pastry can be eaten with chocolate sauce or filled with ice cream – I prefer the chocolate sauce!

There are many stories about where trdelnik came from, nobody is sure. But what is true is that you will find this sweet in many countries from Turkey to Austria, but the best trdelnik is made in Slovakia!

Simona Klemperova

## A TASTE OF HOME ....

Čo sa týka hlavného chodu, slovenskej kuchyne je trochu ako talianska a španielska. Väčšina jedál sa zvyčajne pripravuje zo sadla alebo oleja. Halušky sú ďalšou špecialitou na Slovensku. Sú vyrobené z bryndze, zemiakov, vajec, múky, soli, korenia a potom dáte slaninu na vrch. Na Slovensku existujú veľa rôznych typov Halusok, ale pôvodný recept je z Moravy s východnej časti Českej republiky. Ďalším hlavným predmetom je guláš. Guláš je z cibule, mletého korenia, majoránky, papriky, čerstvého korenia, zemiakov, krupice a mäsa. Môžete ho mať buď s hovädzím, bravčovým, zverinovým alebo divokým zverím a podáva sa s knedličkami na boku.

**Písanie o v nádhernom jedle zo Slovenska mi dáva pocit domova - a hlad!**

**Writing about all the wonderful food from Slovakia makes me feel homesick – and hungry!!!**



# LAME DOG

I have only three legs  
And I barely walk - hobble, hop.  
Kids laugh when they see me,  
They call me "lame dog".

My brothers play  
With the children, but I cannot.  
I want to run like them,  
But I'd fall because I'm lame.

And I'm lonely the whole day  
And I cry when I think  
That lame I will always be  
And still sad I will live.

And I think how happy  
I'd be if I could play...  
I would bark a greeting  
To the children on the road.

How beautiful are those children -  
The good ones - and how much  
I would like to stay  
And play with them!

But the bad-hearted children  
Are ugly, like that one -  
The one who made me lame-  
And I can't love them the same.

With malice he hit me  
With a rock, on the leg.  
And I lay down and cried.  
I thought I would die.

Now he comes and gives me sugar  
And he wants to be good.  
And I would like to bite him,  
just once, on his leg,  
for revenge.

But I let him see me like this,  
To see that a poor dog  
Has a better heart  
Than he had.



## Catelusul Schiop

Eu am numai trei picioare,  
Și de-abia mă mișc: țop, țop,  
Râd când mă-ntâlnesc copiii,  
Și mă cheamă "cuțu șchiop".

Frații mei ceilalți se joacă  
Cu copiii toți, dar eu  
Nu pot alerga ca danșii,  
Că sunt șchiop și cad mereu!

Și stau singur toată ziua  
Și plâng mult când mă  
gândesc  
Că tot șchiop voi fi de-acuma  
Și tot trist am să trăiesc.

Și când mă gândesc ce bine  
M-aș juca și eu acum,  
Și-aș latra și eu din poartă  
La copiii de pe drum!...

Cât sunt de frumoși copiii  
Cei cuminți, și cât de mult  
Mi-ar plăcea să stau cu danșii,  
Să mă joc și să-i ascult

Dar copiii răi la suflet  
Sunt urâți, precum e-acel  
Care m-a șchiopat pe mine,  
Și nu-i pot iubi de fel...

M-a lovit din răutate  
Cu o piatră în picior,  
Și-am zăcut, și-am plâns atâta,  
De credeam că am să mor...

Acum vine și-mi dă zahar  
Și ar vrea să-mi fie bun,  
Și-aș putea să-l mușc odată  
De picior, să mă răzbun.

Dar îl las așa, să vadă  
Răul, că un biet cățel  
Are inima mai bună  
Decât a avut-o



**Klara Anton** translated this famous Romanian children's poem into English. "I think **Elena Farago** wrote this poem to make us all think.... it's not just about dogs.. it's about how we treat others."

# Krokodyl!

## Krokodyl!

Crocodiles are reptiles like snakes and lizards, but did you know they're more closely related to birds and extinct dinosaurs? It's true, crocodiles are about the closest we'll get to the ancient dinosaurs. Crocodiles have been around for 55 million years. They live in water, in rivers, lakes and swamps in many warm parts of the world.

Crocodiles are the biggest living reptiles today. They weigh up to 1 tonne and can be up to 5 metres long. They are able to run quickly and can jump from the water and on land using their legs and tail.

Crocodiles are able to replace each of their 80 teeth up to 50 times in their 35-75 year lifespan. They have the strongest bite of all the animals on Earth. A human bite is only 162 psi and a crocodile's bite is almost 4000 psi. However, it just takes a strong rubber band to stop a crocodile from opening its mouth.

Crocodiles don't chew so they have to rip off large chunks of their prey and swallow those chunks whole.

Crocodiles have shown signs of being clever. They are one of a few predators that can observe behaviour, such as patterns when animals come to the river to drink at the same time each day.

Crocodiles make lots of noises: chirping, a distress call, a hatching call and bellowing. They make a hissing sound when they are angry, to scare people.



### **A REPORT IN ENGLISH AND POLISH BY ERYK WAL**

Krokodyl są gadami podobnymi do węży i jaszczurek, ale czy wiedziałeś że są one bardziej podobne do ptaków i dinozaurów? To prawda że krokodyl są najbardziej podobnymi zwierzętami do dinozaurów na ziemi. Krokodyl żyją na ziemi od 55 milionów lat. Żyją w wodzie, rzekach, jeziorach, na bagnach oraz w ciepłych krajach.

Krokodyl są największymi żyjącymi gadami na ziemi. Wazą do 1 tony i mogą mieć do 5 metrów długości. Są zdolne do biegania bardzo szybko na lądzie oraz do wyskakiwania z wody za pomocą nóg i ogona.

Krokodyl są zdolne do zmiany swoich 80 zębów aż 50 razy przez całe swoje życie. One mają najsilniejszy zgryz ze wszystkich zwierząt na ziemi. Ludzki zgryz ma 162 funty na cal kwadratowy a zgryz krokodyla prawie 4,000 funtów na cal kwadratowy. Jednak za pomocą silnego gumowego pasa można zatrzymać krokodyla przed otwarciem szczęki. Krokodyl nie przeżuwa ofiar muszą połknąć duże kawałki w całości.

Krokodyl są sprytnymi zwierzętami. Co dzień wracają do tej samej rzeki by pić z niej wodę. Krokodyl wydają dużo hałasu : szczebiotanie, wołanie o pomoc, dźwięki wylęgowe oraz ryki. One wydają syczący dźwięk kiedy są złe by przestraszyć ludzi.

---

# The Polish Kings of Winter

Few people know that the first mountaineers to climb Mount Everest in winter were Krzysztof Wielicki and Leszek Cichy from Poland. Krzysztof Wielicki is a huge man and lots of people call him 'The Giant'. Afterwards he said: "That was an odd expedition. Our manager was almost arrested, the Nepalese King was angry with us, we offended the Polish government and a famous mountaineer undermined our success".

Winter expeditions were a specialty of these two Polish climbers. In the seventies and eighties Krzysztof Wielicki and Leszek Cichy were two of the best climbers in the world. In 1977 Andrzej Zawada invited them to join him for a special expedition – the goal was the first ever Mount Everest ascent in winter.

It took them three years to plan. They got help from the Polish group of Mount Everest climbers and the Polish Ministry of Sport, but most of the necessary money they got from Julian Godlewski a millionaire living in Switzerland.

At the end of 1979 Nepal agreed and the Polish climbers built the first base



**Adam Banka reports here in English and Polish on two famous mountain climbers and the day they stood on top of the world.**

under Mount Everest on Khumbu glacier. By the 15th of January 1980 they had built four bases up to 7150 meters above sea level. The next base was harder to build because of bad weather and high winds.

In Andrzej's account we can read: " People started to be sick. On the 11th of February, Leszek Cichy, Walenty Fiut and Krzysztof Wielicki came to the pass. They hid in the tent, it saved their lives but it didn't give them any comfort.

Continuously they fought with the weather and the winds. They could not even make tea! In the tent the temperature was – 40 degrees Celsius".

The road was hard and long but on the 17th February at 14.25 Krzysztof Wielicki and Leszek Cichy became the first people to stand on the roof of the world in winter. "If it was not Everest we probably would not have kept going" said Leszek Cichy.

The descent was dramatic, Krzysztof Wielicki with his frostbitten legs could barely walk and that slowed Leszek Cichy down and night was coming and their flashlight batteries were dead. After the hard journey they came to the base just in time for Wielicki to escape having his fingers amputated.

At the peak Cichy and Wielicki left the rosary beads which they received from Pope John Paul II and the cross which they got from the mother of Stanislaw Lataloo who died on Lhotse in 1974.

After this hard expedition they had a big celebration. They got special cakes decorated with the name of the mountain and their names. They were very happy and very proud.

That was around 35 years ago but I think they haven't forgotten about this event!



## Krzysztof Wielicki i Leszek Cichy Pierwsi ludzie, którzy stanęli na Dachy Świata zimą.

Byli to pierwsi Himalaiści, którzy zdobyli Mount Everest w trakcie zimy. Krzysztof Wielicki przez wielu nazywany Gigantem po wyprawie na Mount Everest powiedział: "To była dziwna wyprawa. Jej kierownik omal nie został aresztowany, pewien król się oburzył, pewien sekretarz partii obraził, a pewien znany alpinista podważył jej sukces".



Zimowe wyprawy stały się specjalnością właśnie tych dwóch Polaków, jak powiedział kiedyś o nich sławny włoski wspinacz Reinhold Messner. W latach 70 i 80 Polacy zaliczali się do światowej czołówki zdobywców gór. Obaj wzięli udział w wyprawie planowanej od 1977 przez Andrzeja Zawadę sławnego polskiego himalaistę, celem wyprawy było pierwsze zimowe wejście na himalajski szczyt.

Polacy dostali wsparcie Polskiego Związku Alpinizmu, Głównego Komitetu Kultury Fizycznej i Turystyki, ale jednak najbardziej potrzebne okazały się pieniądze Juliana Godlewskiego – milionera mieszkającego w Szwajcarii. Nepal pod koniec 1979 r. Wyraził zgodę i w sylwestra 1979 r. Polacy zbudowali pod Mount Everest pierwszą bazę, na lodowcu Khumbu.

Do 15 stycznia 1980r. powstały kolejne 3 obozy aż do wysokości 7150 m.n.p.m. Założenie czwartego obozu było trochę cięższe niż poprzednie, z powodów ostrych wiatrów i nagłej zmiany pogody.

W relacji Andrzeja Zawady jest napisane: "Ludzie zaczęli chorować. 11 lutego Leszek Cichy, Walenty Fiut i Krzysztof Wielicki dotarli na przełęcz. Schowali się zmarznięci do małego namiotu. Ratował im życie, ale nie dawał możliwości odpoczynku. Bez przerwy walczyli z potężną wichurą, trzymając maszt w rękach. Nie byli nawet w stanie ugotować herbaty. W środku w namiocie termometr pokazywał minus 40 st. C".

Droga była trudna i długa. Wielicki wspinał się na szczyt z ogromnym bólem stóp, ponieważ odmroził je sobie w trakcie poprzednich wspinaczek. 17 Lutego o godzinie 14.25 Krzysztof Wielicki i Leszek Cichy jako pierwsi ludzie na Ziemi stanęli na Dachy Świata zimą. Gdyby to nie był Everest pewnie byśmy nie weszli powiedział Leszek Cichy.

Zejście było dramatyczne, Krzysztof Wielicki z odmrożonymi nogami ledwo szedł co spowalniało Leszka Cichego, a noc była już blisko, a baterie w latarkach kończyły się. Podczas drogi znalazł zamarznięte zwłoki Niemki Hannelore Schmatz, która jesienią 1979 r. nie zeszła z góry. Po ciężkiej drodze udało im się dotrzeć do obozu, a Wielicki uniknął amputacji palców.

Cichy i Wielicki na szczycie góry zostawili różaniec, który otrzymali od Jana Pawła II, a także krzyżyk przekazany im przez matkę Stanisława Latały, który w 1974 r. zginął na Lhotse.

Kiedy wszyscy dowiedzieli się o wyczynie himalaistów zaczęli wymyślać historie o nieprawdziwości tej wyprawy, jeden z znanych włoskich himalaistów powiedział, że wyprawa się nie liczy z tego powodu że dotarli na szczyt po czasie jaki dostali od króla Nepalu lecz włoski himalaista nie wiedział, że Polacy go przedłużyli.

# Rio's Wonder of the World



Luiz Santos Suzuki writes in English and Portuguese about a Brazilian statue which has been included among the new "Seven Wonders of the World"

Christ the Redeemer is a statue in Rio de Janeiro that was built as a symbol of Brazilian Christianity.

A priest first suggested the idea in 1850 but it wasn't until 1920 that it became a reality. A group petitioned for support to build a historic statue, the design was chosen from several ideas and construction began, taking nine years to finish.

Today Christ the Redeemer is one of the new seven wonders of the world. It is the largest art deco statue in the world - 98 feet tall (not including the 26 foot pedestal) and the arms stretch to 92 feet wide. The statue had to be constructed in pieces and carried to the mountain top to be erected.

Cristo Redentor é uma estátua no Rio de Janeiro Brasil que foi construída como um símbolo da religiosidade brasileira. Em 1850 a idéia de construir um monumento de religião foi sugerida primeiramente pelo padre católico. Não foi até 1920, quando um grupo pediu apoio para construir uma estátua histórica que se tornou uma realidade. O projeto foi escolhido de várias idéias e construção começou na década de 1920 tendo nove anos para terminar.

Hoje, Cristo Redentor é uma das sete novas maravilhas do mundo. Cristo Redentor é a maior estátua de arte deco do mundo. É 98 pés de altura [não incluindo o pedestal de 26 pés] e os braços stretch a 92 pés de largura. A estátua teve que ser construída em pedaços e levada ao topo da montanha para ser erguida.

Pokémon is an adventure game where you have to catch and train creatures called Pokémon. There are three different ways to play Pokémon; a series of computer games, trading cards and an app called Pokémon Go. There are also 800 episodes in the Pokémon TV series and 20 Pokémon films!

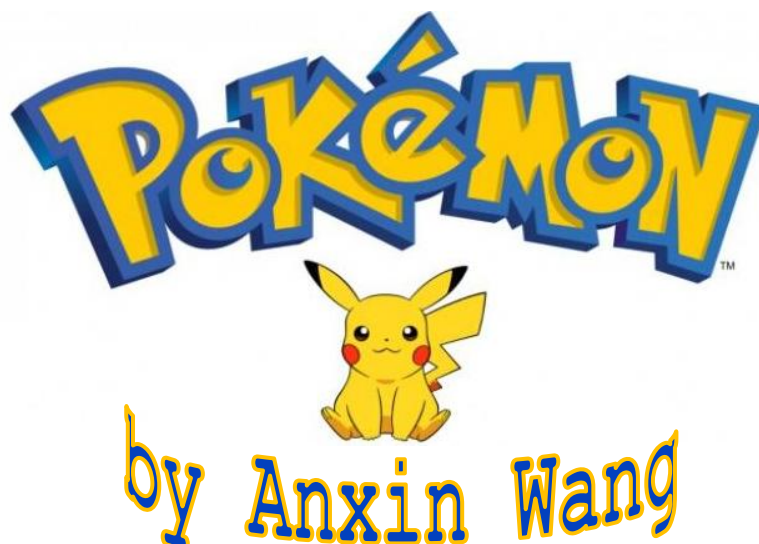
There have been over 21.5 billion Pokémon trading cards sold worldwide. The most expensive card in the world is the Pikachu illustrator card worth 100,000 dollars - only 4 exist. In total there are 802 different Pokémon.

The game I have played is Pokémon Fire Red. It is an exploration game you can play on your DS or phone. In the beginning you create your own character and introduce yourself to a professor called Oak and your arch rival Gary.

Oak offers you and Gary a Pokémon to get started but after that you are on your own. You have to travel across villages catching and training Pokémon and trying to evolve them to the highest level which is level 100. Every time you win a battle against another Pokémon you level up.

I played Pokémon Fire Red for about four months. I caught 75 Pokémon and my best Pokémon was Venusaur because it's level 100 and he has the highest attack in my team.

I really enjoyed Pokémon Fire Red because you have the freedom to travel anywhere you want within the game and catch any Pokémon you like. I would recommend Pokémon Fire Red to my friends and anyone that likes Pokémon.



神奇宝贝是一个冒险游戏，您必须抓住并训练被称为神奇宝贝的生物。有三种不同的方法来玩神奇宝贝；一系列电脑游戏，交易卡和一个名为“神奇宝贝Go”的新应用程序。神奇宝贝TV系列还有20部口袋妖怪电影，共有800集。

世界各地销售了超过215亿个口袋妖怪交易卡。世界上最昂贵的卡是价值10万美元的皮卡丘插画卡，而只有4个存在。-共有802种不同的口袋妖怪。

我玩的游戏是口袋妖怪火红色。这是一款您可以在DS或手机上玩的游戏。一开始你need创造自己的角色，并向自己介绍一个名叫奥克的教授（Oak）和你的对手加里（Gary）。橡树给你和加里一个口袋妖怪开始，但之后你是你自己的。你必须穿过村庄捕捉和训练口袋妖怪，并试图将它们发展到最高水平。一个神奇宝贝可以去的最高水平是100级。每次你赢得一场对抗另一个神奇宝贝的战斗，你就能平息起来。我一直在玩神奇宝贝火红色约4个月。我已经抓住75个口袋妖怪，我最好的口袋妖怪是Venusaur，因为它的100级，他在我的团队中的最高的攻击。

我真的很喜欢口袋妖怪火红，因为你有游戏中任何你想要的任何地方的自由，并且抓住你喜欢的任何神奇宝贝。我会向我的朋友和任何喜欢神奇宝贝的人推荐神奇宝贝。



# ONE DAY LEFT

## EN DAG TILBAGE

by Danish Hip Hop duo Nic & Jay is one of Nikolai Winter's favourite songs. Here is his English version of the opening lyrics



Okay, if you were told that you had one day left to live  
What would you do?  
What would I do?  
I think I would.....

Draw some money from my company's account  
Run out and buy the car I always wanted  
And wave to my neighbour, "hello"  
Yo, the car is new with 24-inch rims  
I would have the girl I love by my side  
Drive towards the ocean  
Don't take anything for granted  
I would call my old friends and girlfriends  
Tell them that they made me who I am  
Look in the rear view mirror and say  
"hey it's been good enough"  
The seat pushed back,  
the window open and the volume up  
I wouldn't care at all about why I was here  
Just smile and enjoy, that I have lived  
I would pick up my friends and family  
And drive further along the ocean all of us together  
The ones who had given me so much of themselves  
I would park the car in the middle of the road  
And there should be music, yeah, my own music  
And everyone would smile, dancing together  
And there would be a barbeque  
And a great bonfire at the beach  
I would tell my brothers that I was proud of them  
Make them see how much they mean to me  
I would tell my mom and dad that I love them  
And ask them if they'd get back together  
Tell my friends that I believe  
That our love is greater than words  
And I would find my lady and tell her  
That I wanted my memory to live on in her  
And there would be a sunset  
in the middle of the ocean  
And a last glass of red wine  
Me with my rockstar Ray Bans and the wind in my hair  
23 years old -- see ya my Dannebrog!

**One day left**  
**Live while you do it, love while you dare it!**

Okay, hvis du fik at vide du havde en dag tilbage at leve  
Hvad ville du så gøre?  
Hvad jeg ville gøre?  
Jeg tror jeg ville..

Hæve lidt penge på min firmakonto  
Løb ned og shop den bil, jeg altid havde tænkt på  
Vink', når jeg så min nabo, "hallo"  
Yo, bilen er ny og 24 tommer allo  
Jeg ville ha' den pige, jeg elsker, ved min side  
Køre ud mod vandet og ikk' ta' noget forgiven  
Jeg ville ringe til gamle venner og kærester  
Fortælle dem, at de har gjort mig til den, jeg er  
Kig mig i bakspejlet og sige, "hey det' godt nok"  
Sædet tilbage, vinduet ned og volumen op  
Jeg ville gi' en \*\*\*\*, hvorfor jeg var her  
Bare smile og nyde, at det var jeg  
Jeg ville samle mine venner og familie op  
Og køre videre ud mod vandet i en samlet flok  
Så ville jeg tænkte på, om jeg havde givet nok igen  
Til dem der har givet mig så meget af dem  
Jeg ville pakere bilen midt ude på vejen  
Og der sku' være musik, jo, min egen  
Og alle ville smile og bounce med hinanden  
Barbarque og kæmpe bål på stranden  
Jeg ville sige til mine brødre, at jeg er stolt af dem  
At de sku' forstå, hvor meget jeg virkelig holder af dem  
Jeg ville sige til min mor og far, at jeg elsker dem  
Og spørge dem, om de ikk' sku'  
prøve at finde sammen igen  
Fortælle mine venner, at jeg tror på  
Vores kærlighed er større, end man kan sætte ord på  
Og jeg ville finde min kvinde og sige til hende  
At jeg havde lyst til at leve videre i hende  
Og solen ville gå ned over vandet,  
mens jeg røg en sidste blå kings  
Drak et sidste glas rødvin  
Vind i håret, rockstar briller på  
23 år - vi ses mit Dannebrog

**En dag tilbage**  
**Lev mens du gør det, elsk mens du tør det!**



Above, some of the students involved in the multilingual magazine and language survey gathered in June to say goodbye to friends who were returning to their home countries, and below, contributors and friends on the Polish stand at St Mark's Culture Day 2017





# Tyle wiemy o sobie ile nas sprawdzono

continued from page 8

Krzysztof Kamil Baczyński, jeden z przedstawicieli owego pokolenia, zginął w okupowanej przez Niemców Warszawie podczas Powstania, wypełniając swój moralny obowiązek, do końca wierny swoim ideałom i szczęśliwie został przez kolejne pokolenia Polaków zapamiętany jako wybitny poeta i patriota.

Tadeusz Borowski w swoich „Opowiadaniach” ukazał drugą stronę ludzkiej psychiki. Akcja utworów dzieje się w obozie koncentracyjnym na obszarze Polski. Autor przedstawia tam zdegradowanych, wypranych ze swoich wartości ludzi, gotowych zrobić wszystko by przetrwać. Przykładem tego jest matka, która wyrzeka się własnego dziecka by przeżyć, ponieważ zdaje sobie sprawę, iż kobiety z dziećmi kierowane są na ogół do komór gazowych bądź niebezpiecznych eksperymentów. Zbrodniarze pracujący w obozach, mimo tego, że sami nie zostali poddani tragedii, również byli pozbawieni jakichkolwiek

„ludzkich” wartości. Po zakończeniu wojny wielu z nich udało się przetrwać, lecz bali się oni wyjść z własnych domów i mieszkań, ponieważ nie byli w stanie spojrzeć w oczy swoim sąsiadom. Mieli zbyt wiele na sumieniu. To pokazuje nam, iż podejmując działanie trzeba mieć na uwadze jego skutki, nawet jeśli podjęto się je w sytuacji ekstremalnej.

Problematykę ciężkich doświadczeń oddziaływujących na ludzką psychikę podejmuje w swoich „Medalionach” również Zofia Nałkowska. Przedstawia ona tych, którzy poddali się wszechobecnemu podczas II wojny światowej złu, oraz tych, którzy potrafili je przewyciężyć i zaprezentować postawę szlachetną mimo tak nieludzkich warunków. „Medaliony” są reportażem. Oznacza to, iż historie, które są w nich przedstawione, opowiadane są przez naocznych świadków. Jest to najlepszy przekaz zachowań ludzkich w trudnej sytuacji, wśród horrorów wojny.

Jedynym komentarzem autorki jest zdanie „ludzie ludziom zgotowali ten los.” Słowa te wzbudzają w nas niepokój o samych siebie i nasze własne człowieczeństwo.

Człowiek nie może oceniać samego siebie dopóki nie znajdzie się w ekstremalnej sytuacji. Wisława Szymborska pisząc „Tyle wiemy o sobie ile nas sprawdzono” moim zdaniem właśnie to miała na myśli. Gdy bylibyśmy głodni to uradlibyśmy jedzenie drugiej osobie? Nie jesteśmy w stanie odpowiedzieć a to pytanie, ponieważ większość z nas nigdy nie była prawdziwie głodna. Gdyby człowiek w sytuacji zagrożenia potrzebował naszej pomocy, to czy pomogliśmy ryzykując własnym życiem? Nie wiemy tego, ponieważ nigdy nie zostaliśmy postawieni w takiej sytuacji. Jesteśmy w stanie domyślać się jak zareagujemy w sytuacjach, w których „nas sprawdzono”, z którymi mieliśmy już wcześniej do czynienia.

Ten problem poruszają pisarze i poeci okresu II wojny. Literatura ta pokazuje najdobitniej, że „Tyle wiemy o sobie ile nas sprawdzono”. W obozach w nieludzkich warunkach człowiek zapominał o swoim człowieczeństwie, stawał się podobny do zastraszonego zwierzęcia, można było odebrać mu nadzieję, miłość, godność i intymność. Czasem jednak ujawniali się bohaterowie tj. Maksymilian Maria Kolbe, który potrafił oddać wszystko co miał, w tym własne życie, za życie drugiego człowieka.





# We know ourselves to the extent that we are tested

by Aleksy Banka

continued from page 9

mothers with children are the first to go to the gas chambers or to become test subjects in dangerous experiments.

Inmates who chose to make life easier for themselves, by helping the Nazis run the death camps, even if they weren't victims of the tragedy themselves, deprived themselves of any human values. When the war ended many of them survived but were afraid to leave their houses or to look into their neighbours' eyes because of the guilt they felt. This shows us that we have to think about the outcomes of our actions no matter how difficult the situation is.

The issue of memories of difficult experiences having an effect on human psychology is explored by Zofia Nalkowska in her book 'Medallions'. She presents us with people who surrendered to omnipresent evil and also those who withstood it, and in so doing demonstrated their dignity and nobility even in inhuman conditions. 'Medallions' is a *reportage*. This means that the stories featured in the book are told by eye witnesses. It's the best record of human behaviour in extremely dangerous and difficult situations, in the midst of the horrors of war. The only part written by the author and not said by witnesses is the comment 'people doomed people to this fate'.



These words awake anxiety and doubts about ourselves and our own humanity.

A man cannot rate himself until he finds himself in extremely difficult situations. Wislawa Szymborska saying "We know ourselves to the extent we have been tested" in my opinion had exactly this in mind. If we were hungry would we steal food from another hungry person? We can't tell because most of us have never truly been in that state. If a person in danger needed our help, would we be able to help? We don't know because we probably were never put in that situation. We certainly know what we would do in situations in which "we have been tested"

This problem is broadly brought up by poets and writers of World War II period. This literature shows very clearly that "we know ourselves only to the extent we have been tested". In concentration camps people sometimes forgot about their humanity, they became similar to frightened animals, the Nazis were able to take their hope, love, dignity and intimacy away from them. On the other side we were presented with great people who were able to sacrifice their most precious treasure for others as Maksymilian Kolbe who gave his life to save the life of another person.





**'Connected' contributors pictured at St Mark's Culture Day 2017, held on November 23rd.**



## Снова

Снова тянет меня к воде –  
морю, озеру, океану...  
Там, где крылья свои воздев,  
чайки в небе бесследно канут,  
что-то бьётся в моей душе  
или в генах...  
Медитерания...  
Через тысячи лет уже:  
страны, странствия и страдания.

Места тихого не найти,  
только грань у воды и тверди  
поднимает из суеты,  
вырывает из страха смерти.  
Атлантический вновь штормит.  
Брошу в бездну монету, коин.  
Как бескраен и грозен вид –  
тоже мечется...  
Неспокоен.

*Этельзон М.*

## Again

Again the water is drawing me,  
To the lake, to the sea, to the ocean.  
Where the wings uplift themselves,  
Seagulls in the sky leaving traceless,  
Something trembles in my soul  
Or in my genes...  
Mediterranean...  
Now after a thousand years:  
Countries, travelling and suffering.

No quiet place to find,  
Only a border of water and sky  
Lifts from the chaos,  
Out from the fear of death.  
Atlantic once again storm-thrown.  
I will toss a coin into the abyss, a coin.  
How endless and dreadful the view-  
Tossing too...  
Restless.

*Translated by Luiza Strukova*



PICTURE: LUIZA STRUKOVA



