

STŘEDNÍ ŠKOLA  
DESIGNU A UMĚNÍ,  
KNIŽNÍ KULTURY  
A EKONOMIKY  
NÁHORNÍ

WHERE  
VISUAL  
ARTS  
MEET  
CREATIVE  
WRITING

ENGLISH  
SHORT STORY CONTEST  
2023/2024





## Cats

Kinga Nowak, 2010

## Do cats go to heaven?

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Šárka Kroupová, 3. B

Theo was asleep. And suddenly he was not.

Now that he woke up, he was well aware this place wasn't his home. He, after all, lived in a small apartment in Quantico. Not on an island. But Theo was a cat, and a simple city cat doesn't know what an island looks like.

In the far distance, Theo recognized another cat. He decided to walk over, and was astonished by how quickly he overcame the distance. The other cat seemed to be so far away, yet he reached it with just a few steps.

„Theodore,“ said the other cat in a thick Russian accent.

„Who are you?“ asked Theo in return, his voice bearing a hint of uncertainty.

„Vladimir,“ the cat replied, as he spared the newcomer a sideways glance before turning his head back to the ocean.

„Where are we?“ He asked Vladimir, mindlessly dragging his paw through the sand.

„On an island.“

„An island?“ Repeated Theodore. He already knew that, even though he had never seen such a place before.

„Yes, an island of cats.“ His voice was laced with irritation as he had to explain this simple thing to the American newcomer.

„So I'm dead?“

„Yes.“

„Are you dead too?“ He asked the obvious.

„We're all dead here“ stated Vladimir. A colorful bird flew by, and with a swift movement of his paw, Vladimir caught it, piercing it with his claws. „It's like heaven, but on water,“ added the cat, biting into the animal.

„But I don't like water.“

„Sucks to be you.“

„So we stay here? Forever and ever? Is this the end?“

„Sucks to be you.“

„So we stay here? Forever and ever? Is this the end?“

„Maybe yes, maybe no. Some cats leave after a while,“ answered Vladimir, his mouth covered in feathers of the poor bird.

„Where do they go then?“ Urged the American cat.

„I don't know, don't ask me. I'm just a cat.”

He decided to let Vladimir be, and started walking along the shore again. He came across many other cats. Most of them in groups. He was surprised by the fact that many of those kittens came to him, initiating a conversation. All those cats seemed to be interested in him! His owner back in Quantico had people coming over from time to time to chat as well. However, they never seemed to wish to include Theo in their activities. He did not understand the human language, after all. But still, he would have liked to be included. Theodore never had friends.

Then his newfound cat friends started talking about the “upcoming”, and suddenly he didn't feel as included as before.

By the time he got back to Vladimir, there was no sign of his snack anymore. As he sat down beside the Russian cat, he noticed more of his friends gathering on the beach, seemingly waiting for something. All of them were looking up to the sky.

„What is happening?” Asked Theodore as he noticed Vladimir taking his seat, the same way like others.

„The upcoming, of course. Now sit down and be quiet,” answered the other cat. Theodore chose to listen to Vladimir's command, quietly sitting down.

After an eternity, he noticed a small orb appear in the sky. The object grew larger, and to his horror, Theo realised it was nearing them. He took a proper look at the strange object, and suddenly he had an aha moment. It was a plane! He was sure of it, though he had never seen one before.

The plane landed on the shore, and its door opened. The air was laced with a sense of excitement. Theodore now understood that this was the “upcoming” everyone talked about. The silence was broken by a loud, deep voice. He couldn't pinpoint where the sound was coming from. The mysterious voice started calling out names, and the chosen kittens quickly made their way inside the plane. Once the last kitten was on board, the door closed. The plane took off with its new passengers, flying somewhere far away.

„Where are they going?” Asked Theodore, watching the plane disappear in the sky.

„I don't know. I've already told you, I'm just a cat” replied his Russian friend, as all the cats started waving to the receding plane. Theodore followed, slowly waving with the rest. He wondered where all the kittens were going, hoping to be chosen next.

Maybe he will go back to Quantico.

## Me and my human

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Nina Marcinová, 3. A2

Every day is a good day. Me and my friend spend hours lounging around, basking in the sunlight, and enjoying the sweet, fresh breeze. When our fur gets too hot, we cool down in a nearby stream and then hide in a cave for the remaining hours. At night, we hunt. We don't hunt prey like our smaller counterparts, rather, we scavenge the sleeping world for troubled and lonely souls, helping them out however best we can. Sometimes they dream of a parent who is missing from their lives or a partner who isn't cooperating. Other times, the dreams contain nightmarish visuals of broken hearts and lost friends. All that we see, as it happens around us. Every night, the once peaceful land is shaken up by all kinds of apparitions, each centred around a human who is visiting from the waking world. Why does this happen, you ask? That is a mystery not for me to solve, but I like to think it's because humans seem to have such a hard time wherever they are during the day that this place can become a sort of sanctuary for them. Though, of course, it is not always very pleasant. I may not know for sure why it happens, but I do not find the reason to be of much importance.

I like humans. From what I have seen, these creatures are, at their core, just the same as us. They have friends, just like us. They are sad when bad things happen and rejoice when something exceeds their expectations, just like us. But I have to wonder why they all seem so glum, even surrounded by beautiful flowers and towering hills, whispering willows, and rivers that sound like symphonies. It's such a shame, really. Such intelligent creatures who produce such beautiful art and are capable of so much kindness, compassion, gentleness, and peace never learn to enjoy it. I wonder how that must feel. Maybe I can ask one someday.

Here one comes now, I think to myself one night as I stick my head out of the cave to behold the sight of a man standing next to a broken-down house. I creep a little closer so as to get a better look. The man is staring at the grey building, looking as still as a statue. Crying, I realise. I carefully step next to the little creature, being careful not to scare him, but he seems not to notice. I waddle a little closer, and he seems to register me. I sense the tenseness in his face, not sure whether I am a threat. I lay down gently next to him to show my intentions. He seems hesitant at first, but after a while, he slowly sits down on the ground next to me. I lay my head on his lap, and he hesitantly touches the fur on my head, as if scared that I would turn on him at any moment. The minutes pass, and with them does his uncertainty. At last, the tears burst out of him, and he starts to shake with emotion. I cry with him. Though I do not know what plagues this man, I feel his pain in my heart. Though I do not know him at this moment, we are one creature, united in our grief and comfort to one another. The night passes like the tide, and the sun starts peeking above the horizon, excited to dance above the sky another day. Me and my human look up at the splendid sunrise together, thinking maybe things won't be so bad.

## One cat or another?

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Barbora Neumannová, 2. B

'Doesn't look like heaven to me.'

'Don't be prematurely gloomy. At least the stones are not rolling from that pyramid.' Ginger sighed. It all seemed so mesmerizing.

When they escaped the shelter, a feeling of relief came through their mind. New interests, ideas, future and most importantly, freedom.

But now, they are lost in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by sea and trees.

'You know what?' said Pluto, the black cat.

'What?'

'Maybe, this all had to happen. Maybe, this is the place where we are supposed to stay.'

'Good thought,' said Ginger.

'Look, a parrot! It's floating in the sky!'

'This is real freedom,' pointed Pluto.

'Why do you think?'

'Well, it can fly as much as it wants and explore every place in this filthy world.'

'I do not agree. The simple question is, what is the definition of freedom. In my opinion, freedom does not exist. There is always someone or something that will limit you and most of the time, you don't even realize it. So for me, freedom is a state of mind.'

'So what are we going to do, if freedom does not exist?' asked Pluto.

'Create our own freedom in our heads and explore this inspiring land.'

## Cute cat couple

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Veronika "Andrew" Smejkalová, 1.D

"Why do we have to go through this? I thought we were a perfect couple." Said a blonde girl wearing a green sweater with black pants and headphones around her neck. "No baby, it's okay, take a few deep breaths and then I'll tell you what's happening, but first you have to calm down."

A tall black haired boy wipes a girl's tears with a piece of his clothing and hugs her tightly. "In..1 2 3 and out 1 2 3." Girl tries to breathe, but suddenly she falls on her knees, big tears coming down from her big blue eyes. "Daniel! I love you, why don't you get it? You've been ignoring me for a few weeks, you're always staying at home and I don't know what's going on."

Daniel picks her up and looks her deeply in the eyes. "Ari, please listen. I know I've been acting really bad lately, but I have a good reason." whispers Dan.

Ari looks down on the cold floor. "What good reason?" she asks. "Remember how you asked me if it's possible that in another universe we are a cute cat couple?" says Dan.

Ari looks up at Daniel with her sad eyes, she whispers: "You didn't answer."

The boy opens his black backpack and starts searching in it. "What the hell? What are you searching for?" Ari screams.

"Close your eyes my girl." Ari gets confused, but closes her eyes. Dan takes out a big canvas with cat painting on it. "Here's my answer babe, open your eyes." Ari opens her eyes, and as soon as she sees that beautiful painting, her eyes fill up with tears. Happy tears.

"Is.. is this us?" she says. "Yes my dear, of course." Ari hugs Dan really tight and her lips start to smile. "I LOVE YOU!" She screams. "I love you too sweetheart" Dan smiles and hugs his girlfriend back. "I'm that in the other universe, we are saying meow meow to each other right now." Dan says with a calm voice and closes his pretty brown eyes.

## Broken promise

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Petra Rathouská, 2.B

Why are you still trying? Why are you still standing? You were supposed to burn in hell. Your personal worst nightmare. YOU broke our promise. You swore on your life. That we don't betray each other. U promised.

It was a rainy, sad morning. In my hand was a revolver. And in front of me was my dead friend Padlo. Between his open cold eyes was a small pool of his crimson red blood. Why did I do this? I broke our promise just because. Because what? Was I scared? What will I do now? What if? And then there was a second gunshot. Cloud of scared pigeons took off. And then everything went silent.



## Small garden ghost

Paul Klee, 1929



## Lily's Blue

Barbora Fischerová, 3. B

I remember that Lily Douglas was a nice, obedient, perfectly imperfect girl. Not too weird but not too eccentric by her lack of weirdness, with just enough space for a friend. In fact, she was too lonely, considering her perfection. She blended in maybe a little too well.

Regardless, that just made her all the more perfect.

She didn't know much about the various plants in her family's garden, despite the uncountable amount of times her grandmother explained every strand of grass and named every petal the soil underneath their feet nurtured. What she did know, however, was that there were bad plants and bad organisms which longed to wreck the beauty – and her grandmother's playground of a castle needed protection.

In her honourable quest to seek a proper guardian, she, one fateful day, stumbled upon a small garden ghost, resting amongst the flora. He introduced himself as Ghouldezack, the one feared by the weeds and everything that prays on the garden's downfall. Thus, their alliance planted seeds for a trusty friendship, which quickly began to sprout and bloom.

Ghouldezack didn't need any payment for his work, every snail, insect and weed that he brought to their doom was his food and he loved food. All Ghouldezack asked was for Lily to be his friend, to be loyal and honest to him. That was all he needed for his life to be truly fulfilling.

They spent time together in the garden, he talked about all the plants they had and she listened patiently. He even proved to be a better teacher than her grandmother! She taught him all the nursery rhymes and everything she learned in school and he listened patiently. They played games in the garden, soon all around the house, even out in the streets. Lily began taking him along everywhere she went and Ghouldezack got to see the world from her eyes.

The cruel, cruel world that did not deserve her angelic, perfectly imperfect presence at all.

As Lily grew, so did Ghouldezack and so did his appetite. When one eats the same thing over and over, it very likely becomes a pest – which is ironic, considering pests are the only aspect of his diet. Just as there are carnivores, herbivores and omnivores (the one Lily is, as he learned through the years), Ghouldezack was a pestivore. But even carnivores eat different flesh, herbivores eat different plants and omnivores, well, they keep their menu especially variable. All Ghouldezack ever desired was a slight change, something new, another taste, an original experience, a little change in the routine.

How could it possibly be his fault that her parents were so restrictive of her behaviour? All Ghouldezack did was the job he swore to do. He protected the castle.

And how could it possibly be his fault that her teachers were so strict? Or her classmates being too unappreciative of her existence?

How could it possibly be his fault that the whole world was turned against his precious friend Lily when it was supposed to revolve around her? He paved her way to the thrones.

Thrones he was taking care of for them.

Remember, Lily? When I am king, dilly dilly, silly Lily, you shall be queen. That is what you taught him, what you taught me when we were small. That is what he, what I, did for you, all for you, everything just for you.

And you dare run away from me, Lily Douglas? From your best friend? Your faithful protector? Your virtuous devotee?

You weren't meant to fear me, I was meant to protect your castle. Alas, it appears to me I never learn. You, my beloved Lily, are just another perfectly imperfect pebble in the path that I pave.

## Mum's garden

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Ema Švábenská, 2. A2k

I have to tell you a story. Indubitably a mysterious, unbelievable one, perhaps defying the laws of life as we know it. But I swear on the blood flowing through my veins, the events I am about to describe are true and nothing but true.

I live in a two story house, the precise location of which I choose to keep to myself. The important part is the huge garden. Ever since my mother died, I have spent my days there, caring for flowers and vegetables she planted and loved her whole life. I walk among the daisies and daffodils and pick big red tomatoes, clearing my head of the reality of life and my father's worsening depression.

The day before yesterday was one of those you cannot wait for to end. I returned home from school shortly before dusk, hungry and exhausted. My dad was asleep on the couch, as usual. I had no energy whatsoever, so I just put a frozen pizza in the oven and walked out to the garden to breathe a little.

That's when I saw it. A petite movement in one of the circular flower beds that progressed from stem to stem. I was startled, for sure, but I wasn't scared, though I knew neither wind, nor any small animal could possibly cause this type of fuss in the plants. I kept still, waiting for the creature to move somewhere I could see it. Then finally, what I thought to be the top of its head peaked out from behind the greenery, but only for a second. I assume it had to notice me staring, because it immediately jumped right back. I rushed to where I watched it disappear, but there were no signs of its presence anywhere.

My mind puzzled, understandably, I walked right back into the house. The pizza was ready so I took it upstairs to my bedroom and in spite of my experience fell fast asleep right after I swallowed the last bite.

Yesterday was Saturday, so I could sleep in. But as soon as I remembered what happened the previous night, slumber was the last thing on my mind. I had to know exactly what the thing in my garden was. So I made a plan to stay up the next night and watch it from my window. But first I had to take care of my dad.

For lunch, I decided to make a salad with the veggies that grow in our garden. When I went to pick them though, I noticed something. For the very first time since my mom's passing, the plants... glowed. I can't really explain it, but the blossoms were brighter, the cucumbers bigger and the tomatoes juicier. Could it be that the secret to my mom's perfect flowers and tasty fruits was this garden ghost?

I did stay up and actually saw him tonight. He was bright coloured and no bigger than an average cat. I watched him dance around our garden, making sure to pay attention to every single leaf. And he saw me, too. He smiled, and I just knew he's going to bring back the magic my mother's garden had during her life. It's a gift that he's here. I promise to try my best to make him feel welcome, and I beg you, if he ever appears at your house, do the same.

# Nightmare

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Hana Pejchová, 4. A2p

I am a monster...

You would probably think exactly that if you found me under your bed. Curled up into a ball, breathing silently not to wake you up.

I learned to hide well in the shadows, waiting for you to fall asleep and start dreaming.

And when that happens...

When your breathing gets regular and your mind opens for your fantasy...

I crawl from underneath your bed.

Don't get me wrong, little one...

Even though we, the creatures from the shadows, are feeding off your fears and nightmares, fuelling them to the verge of you waking up in tears, not all of us are bad...

Or at least not me.

I have known you from the start. When your head was too heavy for you to lift it up. The time your eyes were too blind to see me...

I care about you, little one.

When you started having nightmares, I fuelled myself from them, I admit. But when I saw your eyes wide in fear, the tears rolled down your face...

*I... couldn't*

I felt something in my chest. A strange crawling feeling. I *felt* what you humans call "guilty". I was stunned, I wanted to soothe you. To take you in my arms and rock you back and forth to calm you down like your mother always does...

But...

As I moved to crawl from underneath your bed, your eyes went wider in shock.

I wasn't interested in your fear anymore, I wanted to help you!

But you screamed in sheer horror. Seeing my grotesque body. You screamed so loud I ran away to hide in your closet with a brand new feeling. I never knew monsters like me could cry. But the salty liquid going down my face proved that we are more similar to each other than you would initially think...

I am not mad, my little one... I am the one who scared you.

It was my fault...

So I've decided that day... That whatever it takes, I have to keep you safe from the fear. I didn't want to see you cry anymore.

When the monster doesn't consume nightmares for a while, its body starts to adapt to the world around. It becomes moldable. It doesn't exactly hurt us to not consume the negative feelings for a while, we are quite durable creatures. But from that day I started to feed myself from your "sweet dreams", then it became a problem...

I am so weak...

But at least I can proudly say I lasted as long as you needed. And yes, I feel proud, another feeling I discovered thanks to you. I protected you from the nightmares, reinforcing your good dreams instead. My body changed... It is not that twisted unnatural shape you've seen last time. If you'd seen me, you would probably mistake me for one of your toys you are now passing to younger kids. My body is bright and colorful now. I find it funny that I have gone so far from my previous form...

I think you would like it... I hope you *will* like it.

I am weak, little one. Even though I love to protect you, I know I won't be there for you for much longer. I know I could just *feed* from you like I did back then... but I wouldn't break my promise... I wouldn't make you scared again...

But before I go, I want you to see me... Even though you won't probably notice me amongst the toys on the shelf...

It is now or never, I feel it, so I spent the whole night getting up here.

I keep telling myself it is worth it, we will finally see each other eye to eye.

I am so excited, *my little one*...

## Me between two worlds

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Lenka Nováková, 1. B

The only mirrors I want to see myself in are books. When I read, I see myself between the lines. An observer of all things. She hides behind corners, wraps herself in curtains, and peers beneath characters. A smiling girl with a brown ponytail. Red cheeks stained from running in the mountains and forests. Lips crimson from the eternal laughter that accompanies her. And especially her hazel eyes, cheerful, giving joy. I envy her. My guide to all the mysterious hidden worlds. She just flits between the pages. She could be a sorceress or an archduchess.

I often let her guide me. We're like sisters, so alike and yet so different. I'm developing qualities and giving her abilities I wish I had.

I don't like to say goodbye to her every night. She runs off to the ball with a bunch of friends, where she twirls around the dance floor in a princess dress and I have to go back to all the problems I ran away from.

I shut the book. I put it on the bedside table.

There's a big mirror in the hallway between my room and the kitchen. A girl with short hair the color of dirty blonde looks into it. Every ounce of my body is visible and my face is accentuated by a large nose. Compared to my friend, I feel like a monster.

So I try to at least act like my made-up sister. I smile at people, but they stare at the gap between my front teeth more than me. I feel like everybody laughs at me when I do something wrong. That I can't be the fun and popular member of society.

I turn my face away and run to hide back in the safety of my room.

I open the book. My sister just defeated a dragon and saved the entire town and I don't even have the energy to talk to people. She looks into my tearful green eyes with her cheerful hazel ones. I have to smile. And so I sit here in my room, laughing, and tears fall into my open book.

„Get me out of here,“ I beg her.

„Wherever you wish, you can be anyone anywhere.“ She holds out her hand. I place my palm in hers.

„Take me somewhere where I can forget all my problems.“

„I love you, sister,“ she whispers before pulling me into a swirl of letters.

„I love you too, my dear sister, my dear Belle.“

## The smiley garden

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Valerie Ečerová, 3. B

I often walk around that house, it's the shortest path to school. The house is pretty ancient, could be almost called dilapidated, and with that overgrown, dried-up garden, it simply makes me feel anxious every time I pass it. A single sight at it resembles an eye to hell. I wonder how many winters had to pass for it to get into its current state. I wasn't born yesterday, and I swear that this house hasn't changed a bit through the whole time!

This was all going through my head when, once again, I was found walking by the house payment. But this time it was different, I don't mean something on the house, I suddenly felt some new feelings growing in me?! I felt my frosty blue hands stretching out for the rusty old house gate handle. The second I gently pulled it, the doors rushed open, but somehow the handle stayed grasped in my hands as if it was frozen to it.

An ice-cold wind hit my rosy cheeks. I stepped in, almost slipping on an icy brick path. When I managed to maintain my balance, I eventually got to prospect it around. The path wasn't throughout any longer, halfway to the house entrance were bushes of plants busting their way through the bricks. At first sight, they looked like corn, but the more I stared, the worse they seemed. It was getting madly unsettling with each blink. I faced them with my back and aggressively rubbed my eyes in hope of getting this madness away! My eyelashes began to glue together, I was freezing to a Siberian death. „I should be going home anyway,“ a regret passes through my mind like a racing Formula 1 car.

I prayed to leave, to take that step forward the gate, but I couldn't make it. My shoes, my entire legs seemed to be glued to the path all of a sudden. The nightmare continued, in a moment I couldn't feel the beat of my heart, I couldn't even close my eyelids, as if I turned into an actual ice-statue. Soft tickling feeling started to spread from my stomach through veins, ending up ticking all around my skin. I saw an artfully smiley face leaning into mine. The last thing I remember from this world are my arms, slowly turning into leaves with bloody roses.

## Small garden ghost

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Adéla Zívalová, 1. A2

In a tiny village, in a deep forest, you could maybe notice a girl on peaceful days. She looked like a fairy, pale like an angel, walking around with her little dog. Her tiny little dog was more like a kindred spirit to her, a soulmate. Once her little dog got older, he was losing his strength. His owner, the mysterious girl, was too fast for him. He got sad and nervous whenever his owner wanted to go for a walk or a trip to nowhere. The owner began to notice quickly that her dog isn't quite himself. The two of them were connected to each other, almost as if they had a string that joined them together. She quickly realized and understood what made her little dog so upset.

People in their tiny village started to notice that the little girl and her little dog stopped going for walks together. They almost got worried a bit about them.

The old little dog, that was so important to his owner, has passed away after a few months. Peacefully, in her arms, he slowly left her, the spark in his eyes slowly faded away.

With tears falling down to the ground, the girl buried the little body of her precious little baby, her best friend, in her garden under a huge peach tree.

Her little dog couldn't rest in peace however. He felt and heard the pain that his owner was in, so one day, he came back to visit her. That day, like every other day, the girl cried at his grave. This day, however, quickly changed from being like the other ones. She felt that something was different, she felt as if she was being watched almost! It might have just been her gut feeling, telling her that she wasn't alone, hinting her that there is someone behind her.

She slowly turned around with tears in her eyes from mourning her loss. She noticed something, or rather someone in a corner of her eye. She saw a little ghost under the falling petals of the peach tree. The little girl, tired from mourning every day, recognised what the little creature was! It was her precious little dog, her puppy. Tiny like his body, colourful like his soul, there he was, visiting his best friend, his owner. And as the long days were passing by, the little ghost of the little dog visited his owner everyday in the garden.

They have been meeting each other under the peach tree every day.



## Her colors of the palette

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Liv Tichá, 4. C

She was white, like the pure energy of the unknown I saw when we first met.

She smiled at me.

“Sorry, didn’t mean to.”

Then she turned around and wanted to go away, blushing with embarrassment. And I reached out my hand to stop her.

“It’s okay. I wasn’t looking where I was going.”

She turned back to me and told me her name, but I forgot it right away.

Because she turned green, like the healing power she woke up in me.

She decided to give me her number, and I gave her mine. Although she never texted me first, she always made sure she asked me how I was and reminded me to drink some water. She also always found me in the library corridors whenever I came there. I think she worked there, she couldn’t be there every time I was there otherwise, right? And we chatted and chatted for hours, and I wished that the time would never end. But I had to go home at some point, so I waved my goodbyes and hoped she would be there the next day.

And she was yellow, like the radiating joy she showed me every single day.

My heart stopped a beat every time we spoke, but her face was always so bright I almost never recognised her on my own, she needed to be the first.

My face hurt from all the smiling, but for her I kept it up, so that the warmth of my heart could go out. I was afraid it’d burst otherwise.

“Would you like to go out with me sometime?”

I gave her a look as I didn’t expect it. A gave her a cheerful nod in excitement.

And from that moment she was pink, for all of my love that grew every single day.

It was one date after another, one month after countless weeks. We were together every day, being simply happy.

And like that, we got together for real, she was my significant other and I was her’s. But after some time, something else grew inside.

And she was slowly becoming red, with the anger she repressed.

She was slowly becoming vengeful towards all the people that made her angry, but never me. She always acted sweet, making me confused about what was going on inside her head.

The shine slowly went out, making her features a bit clearer every time.

Slowly, she became deep purple, with those deep feelings that I couldn't recognise.

My mind spun around and stumbled on its way, only to be found with her again. It wasn't like I didn't love her anymore, I just couldn't feel the things I did before. They were overshadowed by something else and I didn't like it. I didn't like her.

Like nothing she turned blue, swallowing my heart with broken sadness.

"Are you feeling okay dear?"

I looked at her with sorrow in my eyes as I smiled, wishing to tell her I want to go. But I couldn't, because there was still some pink left.

I cried and cried my heart out every night, hoping for that sadness to go away, but it never did.

So one day I did it. I ran away.

Leaving her when she was black, like the gratefulness and happy memories that were tinted in the vision of nothing but fear.

## Whispers of doubts

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Nicol Majerová. 2. B

In the world, there were a lot of things she needed to learn. It may sound unconvincingly, but even she didn't know everything. In truth, she never understood the world. She never understood the meaning of life. She didn't even see any meanings in things she had ever done. Poeple said that she was different (yet, they always wanted to say weird). Yet, she was. She had heard strange voices in her head willing her to do things she didn't want to. Yet, she was different in a strange way, always suddenly collapsing in the middle of the road, covering her ears. She wanted the voices in her head to fade. She wanted to be like an ordinary girl in this human society. But, will it do any better? She didn't want that unsolicited attention. She wanted her doubts to disappear. Yet one day, she coincidentally met a person who was just like her. Strange. bewildered by society. She thought that she reached heaven. She thought that she's found her soulmate. That she isn't left in this world alone. But then, she recognized his natural self. It was way too far from his gentle and caring version of him. Even now, when she remembered him, she was almost trembling at the verge of tears with his name in mind. Since then, the voices in her head were fading, just how she wished to. But yet, a bit of her doubts remained, exposing a wall around her emotions. Around her mind. It had the form of a sort of small triangle with a human face. It was scaring her in her dreams, since her soulmate died. Even though she prayed and wished as she wanted, it still lingered in her. The small triangle was a scary being, built up by her doubts. One day, when she didn't have enough energy to survive throughout the day, it regained a form of a sort of dog with a strange head- more like a chicken, growing bigger as she had more and more doubts. She had another chance in life, meeting a bright star in it, yet the dog remained, whispering into her ear: „You still have a lot to learn.”

Later, when she was sitting in front of me in the psychiatric clinic, she told me that she was afraid. That she was afraid of losing him, experiencing all things she had experienced before. That she was doubting her options all over again. That she wasn't ready to overdo it again. But yet throughout these circumstances, I knew that she had started to slowly heal herself. And I knew that she's always been stronger than she thought...

# Story of the Pip the pixie

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Olivie Anna Čiháková, 1.D

This is a story of a pixie named Pip, he is a shy but curious creature I would know, but who am I?

I am the narrator of his story, but Pip doesn't know I exist because it isn't allowed. I was created when he was born. I follow him everywhere he decides to go. Everybody has this voice in this garden. The big garden is full of life and amazing creatures that you wouldn't even imagine, for example: The gnomes, one eyed fish, tall living trees, flying frogs and so much more!

Each morning Pip wakes up in his small wooden house with a roof made of leaves, in his little bed.

He yawns and stretches his crooked arms, he then goes behind his house and picks up his favorite food, a blue carrot and some purple apples he makes his food and sits in his chair. As he looks at the other empty chair near the window Pip suddenly feels lonely, he looks out as the other pixies talk and run around just outside his house so he decides to go talk to them, "wonderful idea" he thinks. He runs out waving happily, smiling his best smile, but the other pixies do not like Pip running at them so suddenly, they jump back in surprise, whispering amongst them.

Some say hi others stay silent as all of them make their way out of Pips area, saying they have to go.

Pip says goodbye to all of them, making his way to the river. It's a big river at least 6 meters wide and deep, almost like the sea. He sits down at the edge picking the most beautiful rocks he can find, it was a while after when the garden got dark and wind began to howl. I wanted to tell him to go home but I'm not allowed to speak to him I said to myself, it's against the rules of the garden. I looked at him shivering in the wind when he suddenly almost fell into the raging river.

He would be sitting there all night till he would fall in if I didn't call out to him!

„Pip do you hear me?“ I called but the wind was too strong for him to hear me, I called out again.

„Please pip come back home, it's way too windy here!“

Finally he looked around him, into the dark trees and leaves, into the bushes and into the water but he didn't see me, none can see me, I have nobody, just a voice.

„W-whos there!? I can´t see you but I know you´re there!“

„Pip please be careful on the edge!“ I said calmly as he looked down into the water, then quickly jumped back, he looked nervous, similar to me.

„I´m the narrator of...your story Pip, but you probably don´t know about me..“

Pip looked slightly puzzled when his face lit up with excitement, I wasn´t sure why.

„W-wait your my narrator!? I knew I recognized you!“ Pip yelled out happily spinning on the spot.

I was so surprised I almost lost my voice!

„You do?!“

It was a few months ago when we finally spoke together and since then we almost didn´t stop, Pip isn´t finally alone and I have somebody to talk to about anything I wish!

And I must say this is my favorite story of all of them.

# The Ugly Duckling

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Rozálie Nováková, 1. B

Once upon a time there was a duck and she had four ducklings. Three of them were really beautiful, smart and other animals praised them all the time. The fourth duckling was ugly and an outcast. Nobody liked him.

The Duck family lived on a farm with other animals. Peers of the ugly duckling made fun of him and bullied him everyday. The ugly duckling thought that at least grown ups would be a little bit smarter and be friendly to him. But the exact opposite is true. All his life he had to put up with taunting and insults from other residents of the farm. At some point the duckling decided to run away.

Early in the morning he got up and left the barn before anyone woke up. After getting out he headed down the path away from the farm. However he came across two boys along the way. He recognized one of them. He was the son of the farmers whose farm the duckling grew up on. Their son was known for his cruelty and rudeness. He treated other people the same way animals treated the ugly duckling. Suddenly both of the boys trailed after him. That made the ugly duckling really anxious.

After a while they made it to a gate leading away from the farm. The duckling was feeling ecstatic. He didn't have to be bullied by others anymore. He can start living freely, on his own. But then someone abruptly threw a stone at him. The ugly duckling turned around and saw both of the boys picking up stones and throwing them at him. The duckling was furious. That was the last straw. He won't be harmed ever again. He quickly started running towards the boys and bit into the stomach of the farmer's son. The boy began screaming and wailing loudly. His friend tried to help the little farmer. But the ugly duckling won't give up easily, he pecked at both boys. When he realized that neither of them was moving, he stopped his attacks and saw what he had done.

The son of the farmers had a big hole in his belly and his intestines with other organs were creeping out of him. The other boy had his eyes pecked out with some other gashes all over his body. The ugly duckling was really satisfied with his work. He could finally leave the farm. He turned around to leave and out of the blue he heard a loud noise.

Someone shot him. It was the farmer. When he heard the screams and wails of the boys, he went to see what was happening. Unfortunately he came too late. Both of the boys were laying dead in the grass. And their murderer wanted to escape. That's why the farmer didn't hesitate any second and shot the ugly duckling with a gun he carried for assurance.

After a while the duckling woke up and found out he was a ghost. He tried to leave the farm but it was impossible. He is going to wander around the farm blood-stained forever, he is going to appear only to bullies and cruel people and scare them to death. Those are the consequences for bullying the ugly duckling.

## Fear not to fear

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Nikita Zacharov, 1. B

“My friends, my dearest friends...I know that by this effort and this endeavor I am to be committing a sort of suicide.”

All of the present “dearest friends” take a confused look of worry at each other after hearing such unthinkable combinations of words from their...pal.

“But I also feel (greatly) that this extraordinary confession of mine – the exposure of the dark-dark backstage behind the everlasting look of openness and welcoming in my eyes which have made you such a show through all these years that maybe, just maybe, you’ll even feel sorry for me - is needed and right so that I can hopefully save at least some part of my existence from a lie, just like most of us do... live in a lie...often even without acknowledging it.”

The look of confusion being deepened, deepened, deepened...

“Well, nevertheless. My friends, my dear...dear and loyal...friends. First of all, I wanted to say that I’m sorry. We had so much fun, didn’t we? And I certainly hope we still are going to. So much fun, mishaps, troubles, and anecdotes that we will remember and tell each other again and again and again and laugh uncontrollably until our ribs start to hurt on our deathbeds... Or at least I hope...but please, keep in mind: You’ve always possessed such power over me; maybe like most of the people in my life. And that’s because I feared, I fear and until this point, I have even feared not to fear. But I see today’s achievement as, hopefully, transformative, something like my own catharsis and that by today I will get to a new cognition on the question of my coexistence with the object of my overpowering fear - people. That the cathartic cleansing and crystallization of the purity of my core will then be even more glorified by your acceptance and validation, chiefly the important acceptance... acceptance of a friend.

The friends, pals, buddies, the clique are brought down even more and more by the dangerous branches of thoughts of words which are actuated for their crucial consideration. This is just about to take its true colors, everyone pays the most careful attention not to miss out on any single word.

“Haha...”

...

“Sorry...you really don’t know me, do you? I am so sorry. I hoped and actually thought that I’d stop this bullshit halfway through, that I’d acknowledge what a stupid decision this was, but something still keeps pushing me...”

...

“I Lied. I lied to all of you, for a very long time. And that lie is my face and my face is my surface which I made you believe in as if it was the true shape and fabric of my shattered soul. This makes me an unreliable oxidation which you can only really talk about in unsure thought processes. Because who was there with you the whole time anyway? Now, when I decided to finally be honest and truthful, it really wasn’t me.

I only showed up after I got home (To my old family home back then, to my little work apartment now), ready to break to my solitude weeping from the horrible tiredness, existential exhaustion, and mainly from the fact of how much energy I had to play out to make myself suitable for whatever I thought you wanted to have beside you... You appeared as my first and last choice for the possibility of achieving at least some human connection. And I was frightened, scared, horrified of you people, but I also needed you as the basic question of human biology, nature, and some portion of socialization so that I would not go absolutely insane. And so one fear made another fear made another fear whereas now when I finally announced who this person in me really is, I hope that this overcoming holds such potential, that I'll get the power to finally discard and delete all of my fears... the listed and unlisted.

"...Please, please, please"

"...I'm not who I seemed to be"

"...I'm just like a little vulnerable child that goes running in the backyard, laughing on and on whilst jumping around and then suddenly - breaks something. Oh gosh, just by a mistake... Look at him, the kid is staring with his glass eyes seemingly so transparent, so sorry, so scared. And this little child, again, little vulnerable child is now firing its beams of dependency at you...please."

Crucial silence.

"We don't need to be friends with a child."



## **How children believe everything they hear**

Michelle Patricia Babincová, 2. A2k

Sometimes I like to think that this is normal. The way we talk and co-exist in some peace. To be honest I knew from a young age it was not.

Morning comes as always so quickly and I cannot wait to go to school. I love learning, I just wish I had someone to talk to. Ever since my friend moved to a different classroom the only person I can actually talk to is my teacher. She's nice sometimes.

In today's reading class, we read a story about a ghost. Not some lame ghost but a garden one. It was supposed to bring happiness and health to the garden. Some kind of a magic aura.

I wish we had one home. I know we don't have a garden but some flowers would be enough, right?

I'd love to ask mom if we get one. Not today though. She looked stressed in the morning. I think my brother wasn't happy about going to school. Just the usual.

In art class I've got an idea. Like if we can't have him I could draw him. Maybe then he will pay a visit himself. Or the drawing itself will carry on his magic.

My small garden ghost was hidden in my bag as I went home. I thought to myself what my mom is going to think about him. I personally adore him. Mix of green and yellow colors look good on him.

My mom was home. She was sitting next to the table with a glass of wine. Or maybe it's just from yesterday. She looked at the TV and I just sat on her bed.

After a short conversation I have made up my mind. I was not going to tell her. I think she would not take him seriously and she would make the magic disappear. I was not going to let that happen. So I have kept him. Like a little secret. I talked to him and let him carry my feelings with him. But I was desperate. No matter how much I spoke to him, begged him and believed, everything was still the same.

My mother didn't love me.

But she liked me, at least.

I haven't got more friends.

Well it got compensated by visits from a social worker.

She's been nice to me, even though my mother has called her every curse word I know.

Life was still the same.

Even though my little garden ghost didn't make my problems disappear, it was nice to talk about it with him.

I still sometimes wish my mother loved me.

But I'm too proud to admit it out loud.

## Small Garden Ghost

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Tereza Petra Čěšková, 2. B

I'm alone and walking in the cold rain. I'm missing the destination I want to get to. But I don't want to go back now that I finally feel the rain. It was nice at first, but now I don't know where to go from here. The cold streams of water are chilling on my skin, my jacket is long soaked. I walk straight towards the shining point. The way it rises in height, perhaps even trying to mimic the sun. I could get there. But it's far away and my little feet hurt like never in my life.

I stand knee-deep in water, knowing I can't walk there. But could I swim there? I try the first pace, followed by another, and I can make it. I twitch uncertainly with each wave, but the finish is coming. The glow is getting brighter and brighter until it stings my eyes. I just want darkness for a while so I can get right to the spot. And after a moment, the light begins to flicker and go out. So I climb up the wall and stand under the glass thing protecting the miracle. Telling us where to go at night and resting during the day. I look at this thing, and I see a door. It's a small, inconspicuous one, but it's there. I don't mind going in, do you? Just to be sure, though, I look around to all sides, but I can't see very far, but if I can't see them they don't have much chance of seeing me.

So I slip in stealthily. With a calmer breath I look around the interior, where there is almost nothing but a bar in the middle. So I lie down on the floor and with my eyes closed I think how great it would be to be bathed in that pleasant glow. And it does. A warm glow envelops my body as it slowly lulls me to sleep. Through the foggy veil in my mind, I hear voices in the distance. I want to know what they are saying, so I try to wake up as quickly as possible. And then I notice that the light is no longer on. But why would it be on now? I've slept a long time, and in the meantime the sun has managed to appear, tracing its semicircle in the sky again. The colors have turned into pastel shades of orange, signaling everyone to go to sleep. Everyone but me, that is. I just want to find out how this thing works. How I controlled the light and if I can stay here. I've always wanted so badly to have a place to come back to, and maybe I've already found it.

## **His name is Cristov**

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Petra Rathouská, 2. B

He is a small library fairy. When he is scared he can blend like a chameleon. He is shy and doesn't show it to people often. The exceptions are young students. When a student comes to the library. He will jump out of his hiding place and help you. But only if you have a mind full of curiosity. So maybe next time when you want to study somewhere try your local library and not surf only on the internet. Maybe you will be lucky and Cristov will help you.

Who wouldn't like to be taught by a magical creature as our smart Cristov right?

