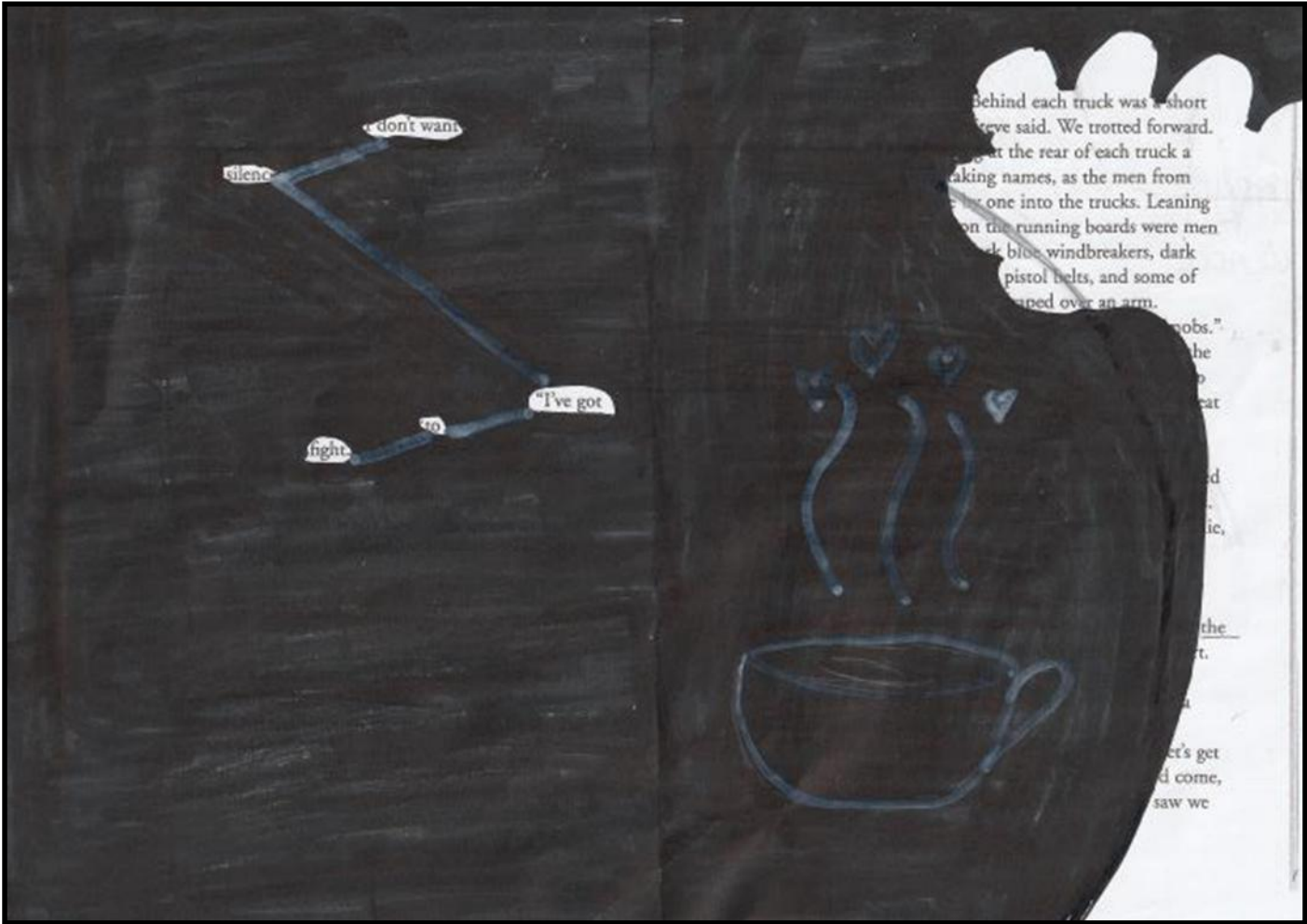


Svjetski dan poezije

21. ožujka 2021.

Radovi učenika 6. r.

OŠ grofa Janka Draškovića Klenovnik



Marija Kolačko, 6. r.

pretty rich. I guessed that was why he didn't seem bothered at all about taking charity from us. If it had been me, taking charity from Eddie Driscoll's mom or Johnny Bright's, I'd have been embarrassed; but Charlie just sat there happily eating his peanut butter sandwich. But he'd taken the trouble to borrow a clean shirt from somebody before he'd come to see me, so he must have been a little embarrassed about who he was now.

"I've got to ask Mom something," I said. I went out to the living room, where Mom was taking down the curtains to wash them, and asked her if she'd sew up the pocket to Charlie's jacket. She said she would. I went back to the kitchen. Charlie was sitting there chewing on the last of his sandwich, but he seemed sort of bent forward like he'd just sat down, and I had got a funny feeling that he'd just dashed back to his chair. "Mom said she'd sew up your coat."

"Would she really?"

"Sure. She said it would only take a minute."

"Can I go to the bathroom first?"

"Sure," I said. I showed him where, and in a couple of minutes he came back holding the jacket. Mom sewed it up. Then he said he had to go, he was supposed to meet somebody. "I just came over to make sure you weren't mad at me about Joey." I wished he hadn't said that in front of Mom, but she didn't say anything. I went outside with him. When he reached the sidewalk he said, "Petey, I didn't borrow this shirt from any kid. I stole it off a carton in front of a store. I couldn't stand looking the way

I did anymore. The guy was sitting there on a stool watching me, but some women started asking him about something and as soon as he turned his head I snatched a shirt and ran. I was around the corner before he could do anything."

He looked me full in the face, daring me to scold him. But I wouldn't do that. "Maybe I'd have done the same in your place."

Then he said he'd come again sometime. "I just wanted to make sure you weren't mad at me about Joey."

We said goodbye, and he turned and walked away. But he was walking a little funny, and I knew that he'd got something tucked down in his pants. He snatched something up when I'd gone out of the kitchen and shoved it into his jacket pocket; and when I'd told him that Mom would sew his jacket for him he'd gone into the bathroom and shoved whatever it was into his pants. It made me mad, a little; but how could you get real mad at somebody who lived the way he did?

May passed and June came, and Ruth came home from college. Her first night home, she came into my room and sat on the edge of my bed, her chin on her hands. "Are you going back to college?" I said.

"No," she said. "I can't. Dad says he can't afford it." She shook her head so that her brown hair flew. "I hate this Depression. I hate it. Why did it have to happen?"

"A kid I used to know back in second grade is living in a shack in the Hooverville."

She breathed out a long sigh. "Yeah, I know. A lot of

~~the~~ ~~but~~ ~~then~~ ~~jokes~~ ~~were~~ ~~about~~ ~~me.~~
"Please start whenever you like." ~~Don't~~ ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~noise."~~ If I had been Amadeus, I ~~would~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~jumping~~ ~~up~~ ~~and~~ ~~down~~ ~~with~~ ~~anxiety.~~ ~~Amadeus~~ ~~had~~ ~~a~~ ~~quiet~~ ~~kind~~ ~~of~~ ~~stillness~~ ~~like~~ ~~a~~ ~~pool~~ ~~of~~ ~~water~~ ~~that~~ ~~you~~ ~~could~~ ~~drop~~ ~~anything~~ ~~into~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~it~~ ~~would~~ ~~not~~ ~~have~~ ~~disturbed~~ ~~the~~ ~~pool~~ ~~besides~~ ~~a~~ ~~momentary~~ ~~ripple.~~ Just having Amadeus there gave me confidence.

"I'd like to play now, Amadeus," I said.

"Well," and Amadeus nodded to me approvingly, "well, go on."

I shut my eyes against all the furry faces and I tilted my head up toward the night sky, toward the stars. Suddenly my song had found me. It was "Sweetwater," the song Jubal had played at that winter party—but now I made it my own. I took the melody and I played it like an Argan, modeling my song after an Argan song about a lost child looking for its mother. All the months of frustration poured out of me. I played like I was the lost, lonely child calling across the empty light-years of space to Mother Earth.

When I felt the song was finished, I put the ~~instrument~~ ~~down~~ ~~to~~ ~~see~~ ~~Amadeus~~ ~~looking~~ ~~at~~ ~~himself.~~ The other Argans looked a little stunned. Amadeus ~~started~~ ~~to~~ ~~play~~ ~~a~~ ~~melody~~ ~~like~~ ~~an~~ ~~Argan~~ ~~song.~~ He ~~whispered~~ ~~Keel~~ ~~Pine~~ ~~that~~ ~~played~~ ~~by~~ ~~himself~~ ~~out~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~melody~~ ~~and~~ ~~his~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~and~~ ~~looking~~ ~~up~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~stars,~~ ~~Amadeus~~ ~~was~~ ~~filled~~ ~~with~~ ~~music.~~

"Really?" The other girl lifted her eyebrows curiously. "It must be pretty important if you want to see the *head monk*!"

"Oh it is! It's the most important thing that can happen to me," Dawan whispered fervently.

"What can be so important for girls our age, Sister?" the flowergirl asked.

"It's about my schooling," Dawan answered hesitantly, ignoring her last remark.

"You're schooling, huh? You go to school? There was a curious curiosity in the girl's voice. "What does it take anyway, learning . . . books and stuff?"

Dawan started to answer with enthusiasm, telling her of the new books they read, of the new ideas explained to them, of the sums they could do, but then she suddenly faltered and stopped. The flowergirl was listening to her so intently, a frank longing in her eyes.

"My brother goes to school, too," she muttered, mashing a stray feather into the mud beneath her big toe, "but he doesn't talk about it the way you do."

In the uneasy pause that followed Dawan avoided looking at the other girl's face. "Well, what does he say about school, then?" she finally asked.

The girl shrugged. "Vichai? Huh, he hardly even talks about it at all. He just . . ."

"Vichai?" Dawan interrupted. "He's in my class. He sits behind me." She looked at her friend with fresh interest. "So you're his sister? Funny, I never knew he even had a sister."

"Why should you? He never mentions me to any-

one." She snorted, "Nobody ever mentions me. I don't go to school or do anything important. No, I'm just me, old Bao. I sell lotus buds and caged sparrows every morning, that's all. Nothing special about . . ." She stopped abruptly, as if she had just remembered something. Leaning forward, she asked Dawan tersely, "Wait a minute, did you say you sat in front of my teacher?"

"Well, yes I do—why?"

"Right in front of him?"

Dawan nodded. "Yes," she repeated warily. "Why?"

But Bao only remained silent, staring at Dawan's lotus. "Of course," she murmured after a while.

"That's why it was so important . . . going to the temple today . . . and the head monk too . . ."

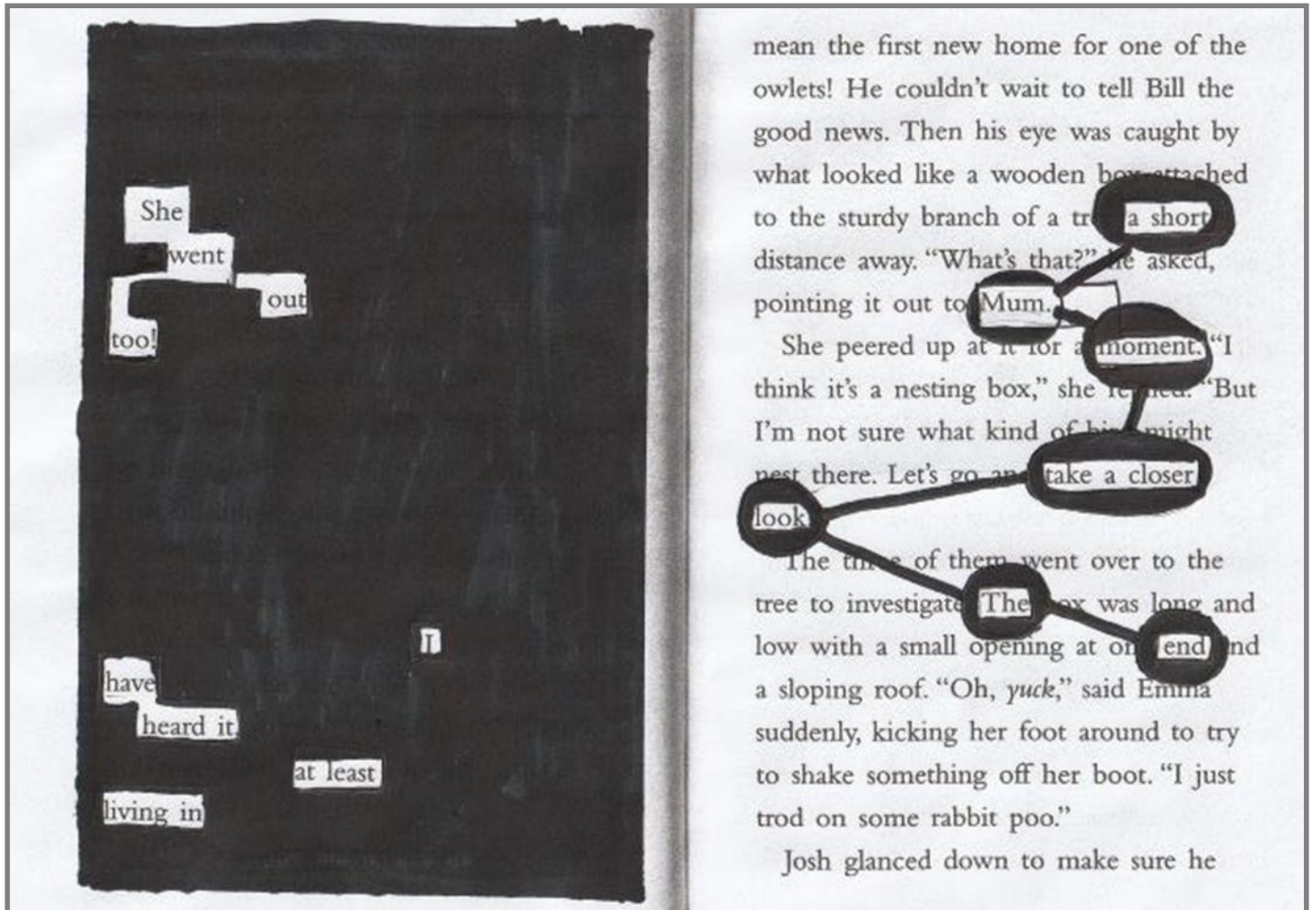
"What are you talking about?" Dawan demanded, flicking a fly off her ankle.

For answer, Bao looked the schoolgirl straight in the eye and announced triumphantly, "You're Dawan, aren't you? You're the one who won the school prize." Without waiting for any confirmation, she reached out and brushed aside the hair on Dawan's forehead and scrutinized the exposed forehead.

"You must have an awful lot of brains stored up in there to have won that prize," she commented.

Dawan pulled away, embarrassed. "Don't be silly, Bao. I'm not a freak or anything. Don't treat me like one!"

Bao withdrew her arm awkwardly and let it dangle



Mihael Šarko, 6. r.

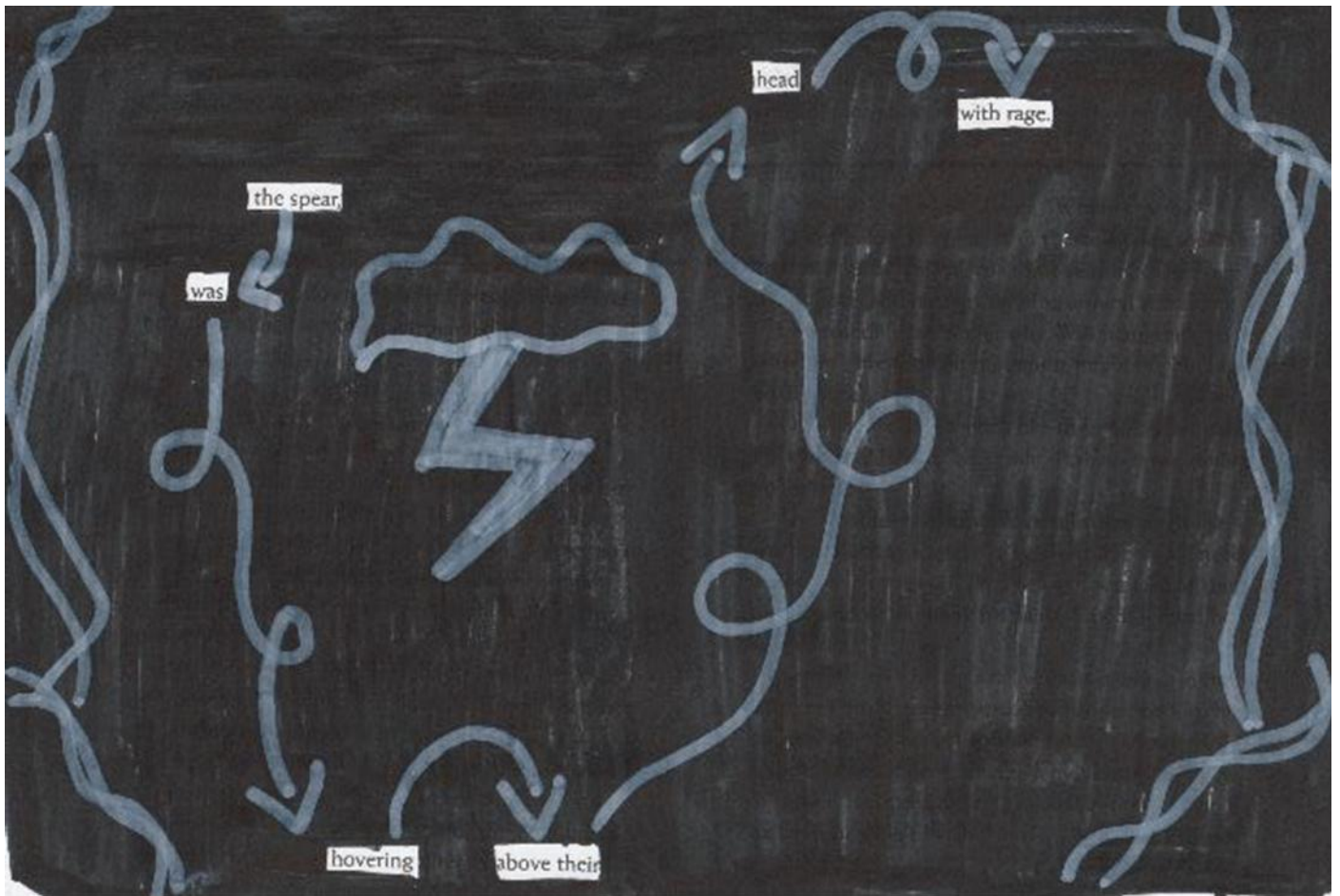
Mrs. Gratias again paused and this time turned her ear toward the window. "I *do* hear a noise," she exclaimed aloud. "There's something in the yard."

Grizzly's ears were perked. He no longer lay in slumber. He sat up in a crouch, watching his owner.

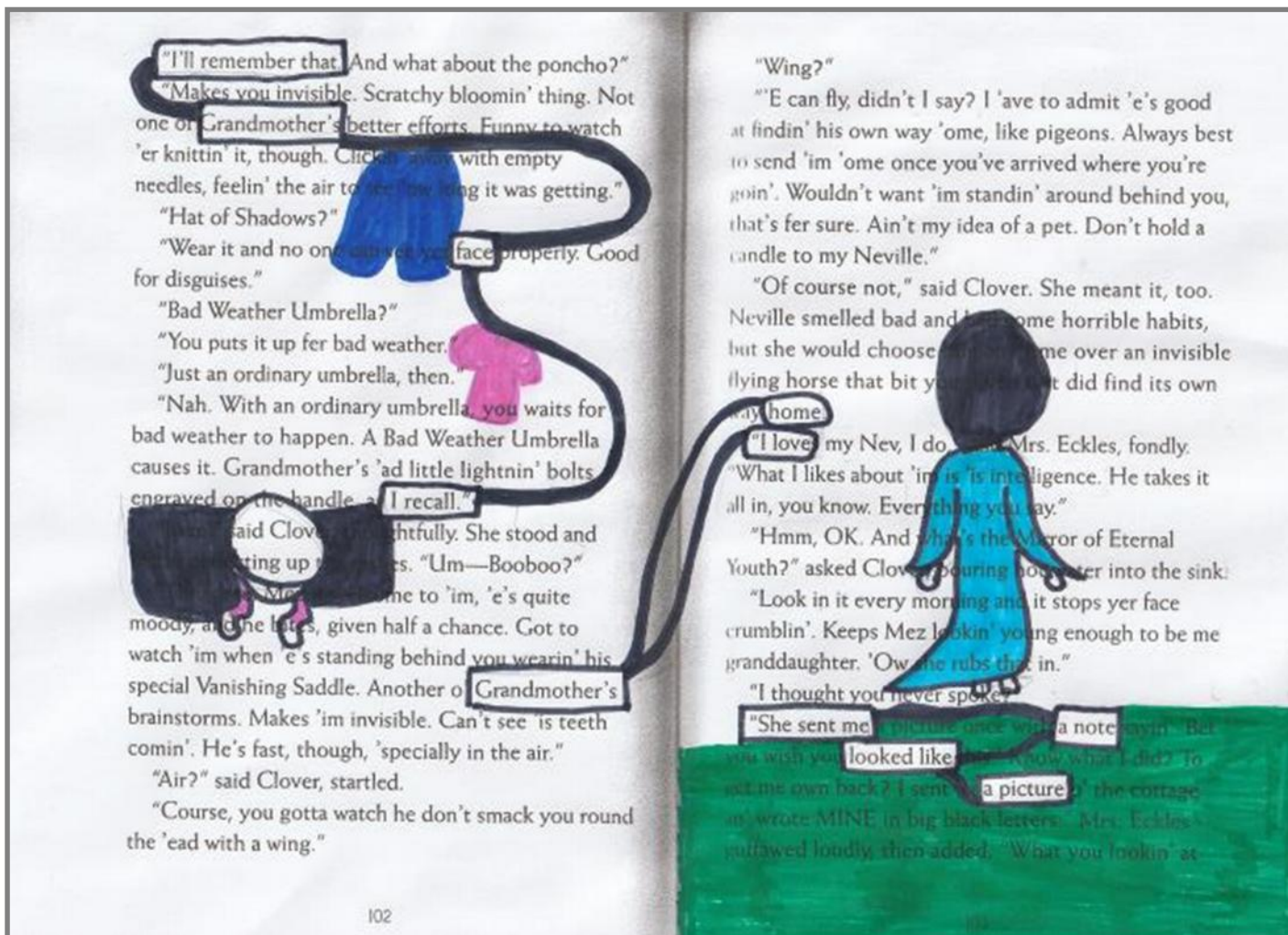
"It's probably nothing more than some birds fighting over scraps," Mrs. Gratias said, again out loud. "But I better take a look ~~to be sure~~ **be sure**. She started walking toward the front door, the only entrance to the cabin, when she noticed that Grizzly was sitting up. The dog, leashed to a heavy table, was looking at her eagerly. "Oh, all right," Mrs. Gratias said, and she **turned back** and untied the leash. "You might as well get some exercise **to**. At the rate **you** ~~are going to be too big to~~ get back inside the cabin before long." She laughed and went to the door.

As Mrs. Gratias stepped outside into the sunlight, she glanced back at Theresa, who continued to sleep soundly near the door. She smiled warmly at her tiny daughter. Instead of closing the door, she left it open just a crack.

The air was brisk and refreshing. Mrs. Gratias hugged herself to keep warm as she walked to the rear of the cabin. As she neared the backyard, she paused to listen. Clearly, something was in the yard behind the house. She stepped boldly around the corner to see what it could be.



Nino Cuković 6. r.



Petra Galić, 6. r.



Just beyond the border they stopped at a poor and simple hut to rest and ask directions. They were greeted by an old Lapp Woman who was drying strips of codfish over a whale-oil lamp. Gerda was so overcome by cold and exhaustion that she could hardly speak. The reindeer told her story for her.

"You poor creatures," said the kindly Lapp Woman, when he had finished. "You've got a long way yet to go. You must now travel hundreds of miles to the top of the world to the Snow Queen's northern palace. For that is where she is now, burning her Bengal lights for us to see to the south."

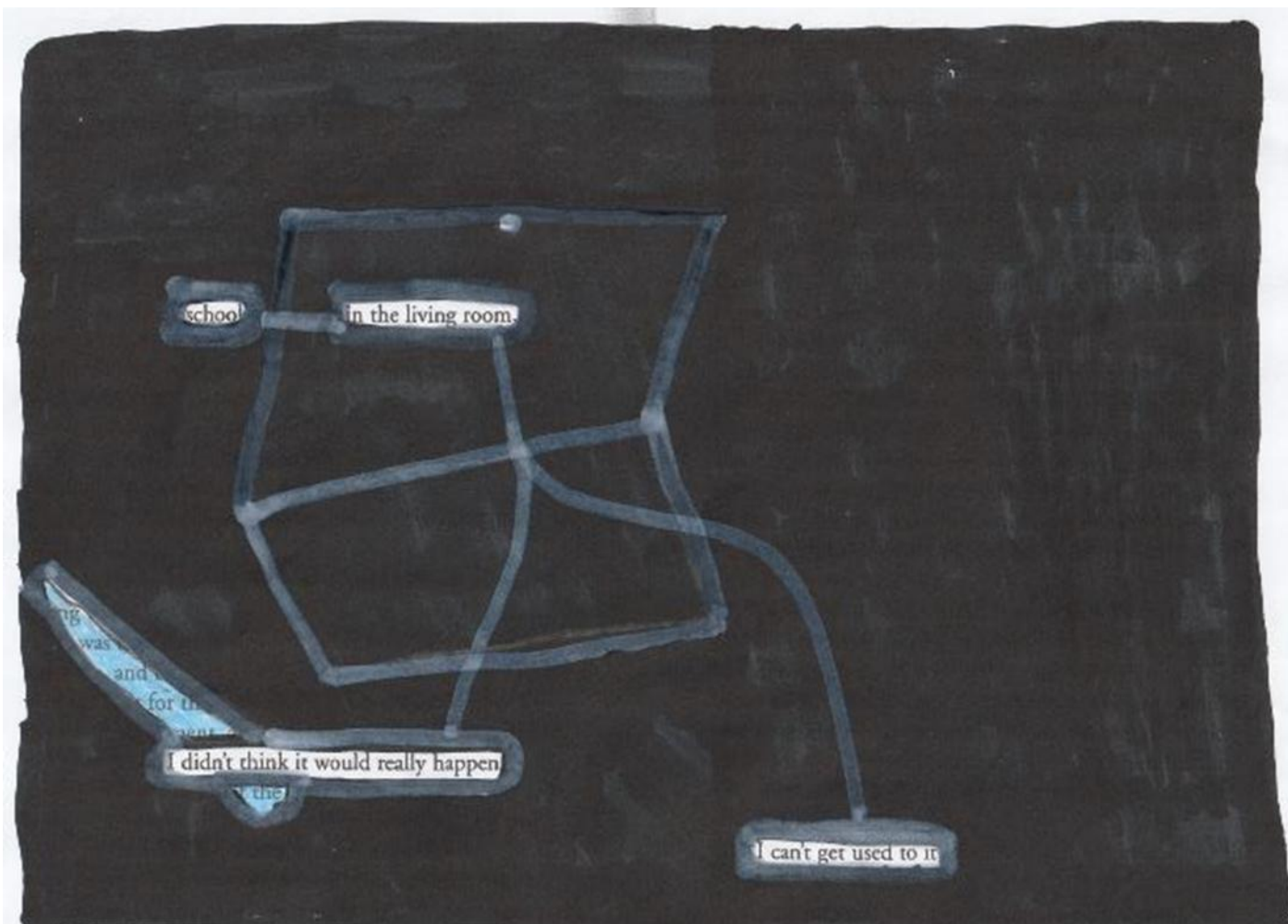
When they had eaten and warmed themselves by her fire, the old Lapp Woman took up one of the codfish she had been drying. She wrote some strange markings upon it. Then she gave it to Gerda, saying, "Take this, child, and if you find her, give it to my sister, the Finn Woman. She will help you to reach the Snow Queen's castle."

Next morning they thanked the old woman, and she wished them a fond good-by. Then the gallant reindeer sprang away again toward the tracery of beautiful lights flickering in the northern sky.

Over lakes and valleys they sped once more. Then the reindeer stopped and pointed with his right antler to a curious spot in a deep valley below. All they could see was a thin thread of smoke curling out of the deep mantle of snow. When they came nearer, they saw a chimney poking up from a large snow drift. Gerda knocked on the chimney. Right up through the smoke appeared a large, round face smiling gaily in welcome. Gerda knew immediately that they had come to the right place. The face was smudged with soot and surrounded by matted hair, but it looked uncannily like that of the old Lapp Woman. "Excuse me," Gerda said, "but are you the Finn Woman?"

"Oh, yes," said the woman, pausing herself up to the lip of the chimney.

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Davor Maček, 6. r.

"Hang on a minute, Cat." Frank now entered the conversation, ready for battle. "You can't seriously expect us to take you with us!"

"Why not?" I knew this was coming and had my armory of arguments ready.

"It's too dangerous."

"Let me ask you a question, my lord: who's been living in luxury since he was born and who's been looking after herself on the streets since she could walk?"

"That's not the point, Cat."

"Isn't it?"

"Will, talk to her, please!"

"To be honest with you, Frank," said Mr. Dixon, shaking out the newspaper he'd taken from his pocket, "I cannot see that having a young lady as one of the party will put any of us at risk, rather the opposite. People will assume we're just out for a night on the town. Miss Royal will doubtless rise above any reflections on her character that may result. I think she is used to doing that. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"*

*Shame on him who thinks evil.

... a wonderful man! I gave Mr. Dixon a
... smile. X

"Thank you, sir. I care little for false privacy
... my friends are in danger." I wanted to add
... was sure Frank and his family would stand by
... monetary difficulties with Billy, but knew
... I wasn't supposed to know
... and he would not then be for broadcasting it.

Mr. Dixon returned my smile. "Quite so. Then
that's settled." X

In one night, I should have listened to Frank, not Mr.
Dixon. Instead, I found myself entering the Honest
Tar at nine that evening in the company of Frank,
Pedro, Mr. Dixon, and Joseph. It was a low place,
somewhat like the Jolly Boatman off The Strand back
home: the only attraction was the cheap beer
dispensed by a rouged barmaid. Frank bought a round
for everyone and carried our drinks to the table.

"What now?" he asked, slopping the beer onto
the unwashed surface.

"Get talking to people," I whispered, pushing
my mug away. I didn't like beer, as it made my head

its broken neck back in joint. "See, it's dead. It won't ever fly back into the sky again. It's dead."

There was a strange stillness to her movements as she got up slowly, her hands cupping the small sparrow.

Both boys were panting, but Vichai had calmed down, and was staring sullenly at his sister. Bao stepped towards him, the sparrow balanced carefully in her outstretched hand.

"Well, are you satisfied now, Brother? Do you still want to sell this little bird? You could sell it for a discount, you know."

The anger that smoldered in Vichai's eyes seemed for an instant to catch fire again as he swung out to slap his sister, but Kwai immediately restrained him. Vichai thought better of it, and let his palm fall loosely to his side instead. Then, wriggling free of Kwai's hold, he strode away pushing his way through the crowd.

Bao turned back to Kwai, and thanked him quietly for helping her. Then, with more curiosity, she asked him, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before? You look familiar? Do I know you?"

Kwai shook his head. "My name is Kwai."

Bao frowned. "Kwai?" Then she understood, and looked down at Dawan, who was still kneeling next to the broken bird-cages. "Your brother? This is your brother Kwai?"

In the next moment, she found that she could not speak. She wanted to

many things

I



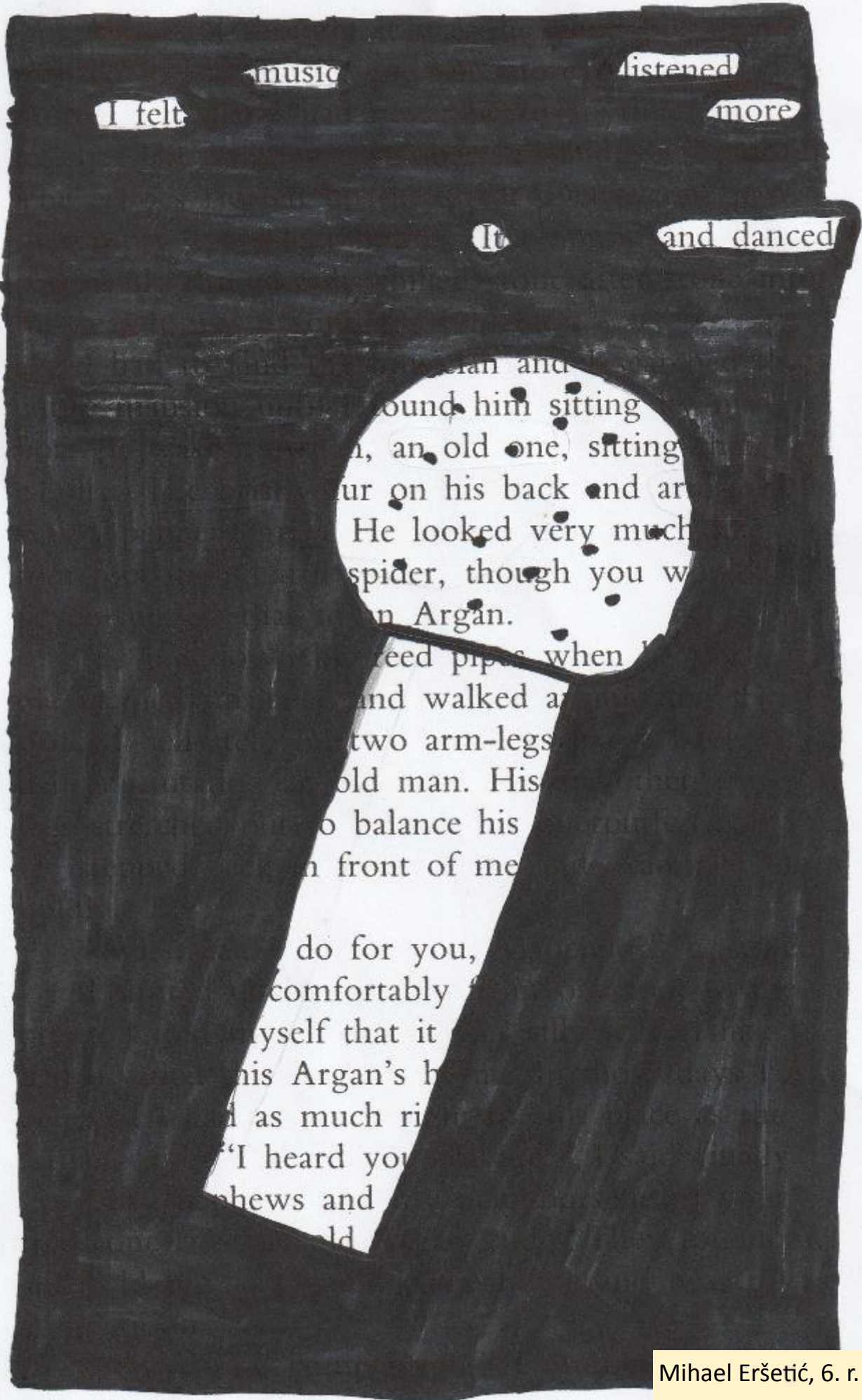
have

a time

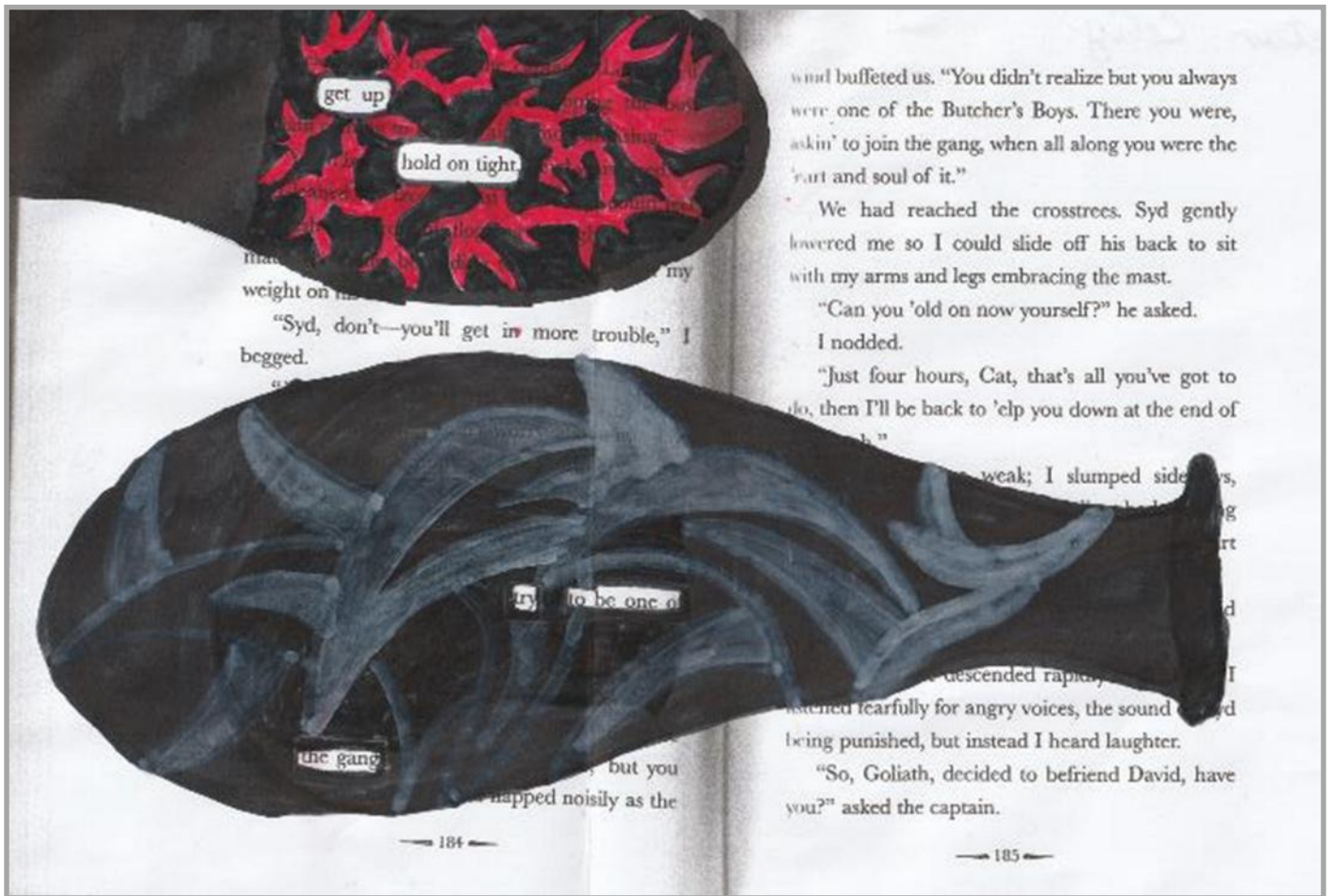
a minute

the coins

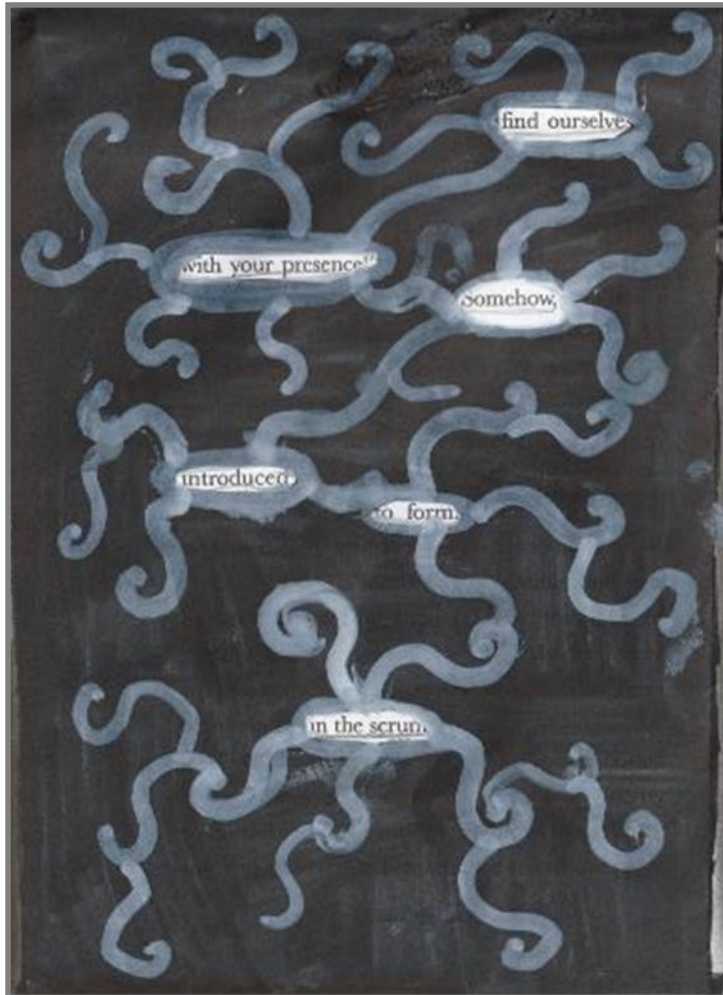
in a leather sack



Mihael Eršetić, 6. r.

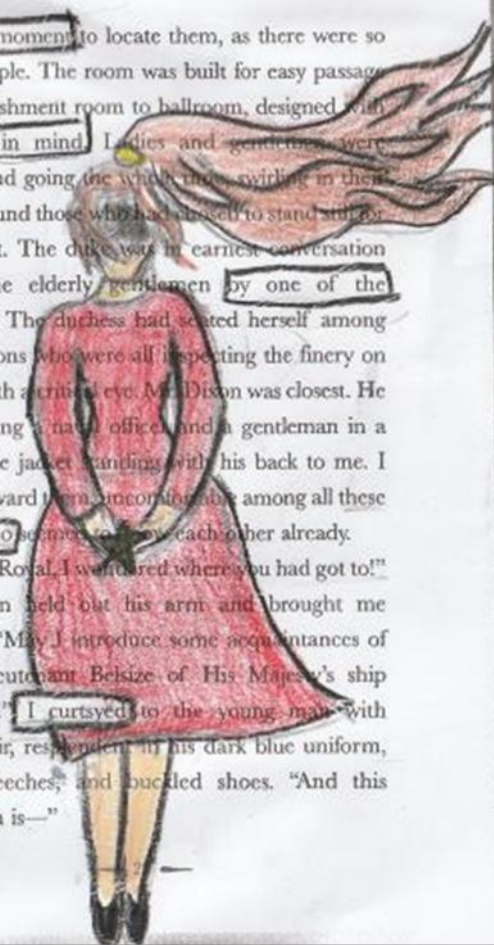


Petar Čelig, 6. r.



It took a moment to locate them, as there were so many people. The room was built for easy passage from refreshment room to ballroom, designed with mingling in mind. Ladies and gentlemen were coming and going (the whole time, swirling in their finery around those who had chosen to stand still) for a moment. The duke was in earnest conversation with some elderly gentlemen by one of the fireplaces. The duchess had seated herself among four matrons who were all inspecting the finery on display with a critical eye. Mr. Dixon was closest. He was greeting a naval officer and a gentleman in a fine purple jacket standing with his back to me. I moved toward them unconsciously among all these people who seemed to know each other already.

"Miss Royal, I wondered where you had got to!" Mr. Dixon held out his arm and brought me forward. "May I introduce some acquaintances of mine? Lieutenant Belsize of His Majesty's ship *Courageous*." I curtsied to the young man with ginger hair, respectful in his dark blue uniform, white breeches, and buckled shoes. "And this gentleman is—"



Karla Srednoselec, 6. r.

body. In fact, the food was so heavy that Barnaby thought it might be safe to take his rucksack off, and he placed it under his feet.

'Eat your dinner, Wilson,' said the boy's mother as she dug into the bottom of a bucket of popcorn for a finger-coating of salt.

'You're fading away,' said the father, licking the ketchup and mustard mixture that had spilled onto the hot dog wrapper.

'I am eating,' said Wilson, putting a single piece of popcorn in his mouth and chewing it carefully. 'I hate all this junk,' he added in a whisper, turning to Barnaby. 'They won't be happy until I look just like them.'

'Well, you can't eat like this all the time,' agreed Barnaby, enjoying every bite. 'But when you're hungry, like I am—'

'You have a funny accent,' said Wilson, interrupting him. 'What's the matter with your voice?'

'Nothing,' said Barnaby. 'I'm Australian.'

'I have an aunt who lives in Melbourne,' said Wilson. 'Although I've never been there. Is it true that the water in the toilet goes the wrong way round there?'

'It depends what you think the right way is, I suppose,' said Barnaby.

Wilson thought about this and gave a little grunt of agreement. 'Who's your favourite football player?' he asked after a moment.

'Kieren Jack,' said Barnaby, who had watched the number fifteen play dozens of times on television and had a poster of him on his bedroom wall. 'I'm a Sydney Swans man.'

'Never heard of him,' said Wilson. 'Never heard of them either.'

'Well, he's only the greatest footballer in the history of the world,' said Barnaby.

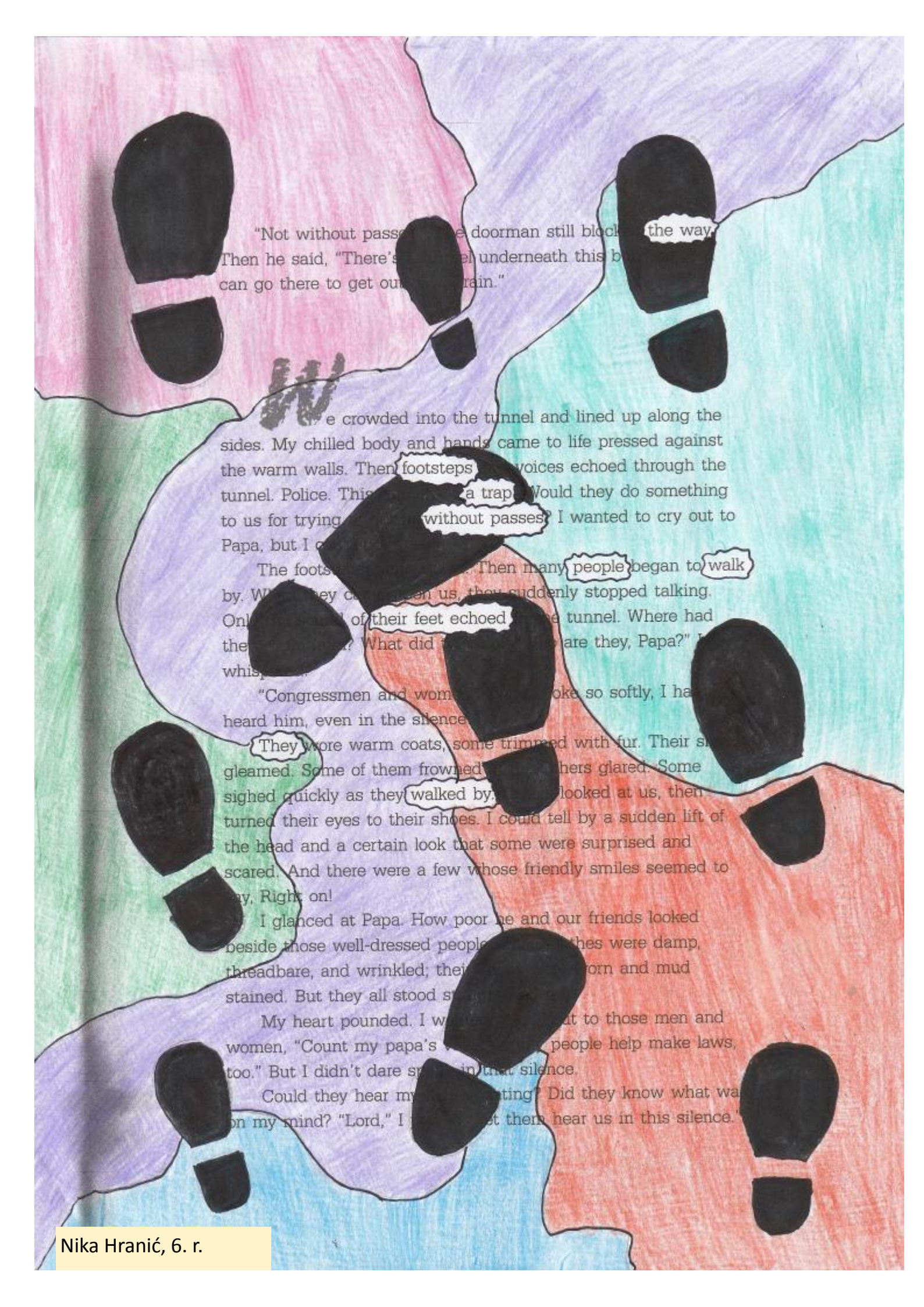
'I like Cody Harper,' said Wilson, pointing down at the team that had just run out onto the field — to massive cheers from the crowd. 'The greatest kicker the Argonauts have ever had.'

'Which one's he?' asked Barnaby.

'Number seven,' said Wilson. 'Although he's having a rotten season. The fans all want the manager to drop him. Not me though. I know he'll come good one of these days. What the—?'

A great groan came from the crowd as the sky suddenly opened and the rain began. There was a great heaving sound, and the motors on either side of the open roof kicked into gear to close it. Barnaby looked up in disappointment. He quite liked being able to gaze up at the tower looming over them.

'That's where all the tourists go,' said Wilson, seeing where Barnaby's eyes were focused. 'They take the elevator to the top, then walk out onto a glass floor and look down over the city. One more jelly, I think,' he added, reaching into the bag of



"Not without passes," the doorman still blocked the way. Then he said, "There's a tunnel underneath this building. You can go there to get out of the train."

We crowded into the tunnel and lined up along the sides. My chilled body and hands came to life pressed against the warm walls. Then footsteps and voices echoed through the tunnel. Police. This was a trap! Would they do something to us for trying to get out without passes? I wanted to cry out to Papa, but I couldn't.

The footsteps stopped. Then many people began to walk by. When they came within us, they suddenly stopped talking. Only the sound of their feet echoed through the tunnel. Where had they come from? What did they want? "Are they, Papa?" I whispered.

"Congressmen and women," Papa spoke so softly, I hardly heard him, even in the silence.

They wore warm coats, some trimmed with fur. Their shoes gleamed. Some of them frowned, others glared. Some sighed quickly as they walked by. They looked at us, then turned their eyes to their shoes. I could tell by a sudden lift of the head and a certain look that some were surprised and scared. And there were a few whose friendly smiles seemed to say, Right on!

I glanced at Papa. How poor he and our friends looked beside those well-dressed people. Their clothes were damp, threadbare, and wrinkled; their shoes were worn and mud stained. But they all stood straight.

My heart pounded. I wanted to shout to those men and women, "Count my papa's shoes among the people help make laws, too." But I didn't dare speak in that silence.

Could they hear my shouting? Did they know what was on my mind? "Lord," I thought, "I hope they hear us in this silence."