

Short Story Collection

by Class 1.B

Selected Reviews

A collection of short stories written by students of 1.B consists of stories by 23 different authors with a wide spectrum of genres. Featuring stories that range from those based on true events through mystery and historical drama to Sci-fi, A Collection of Short Stories displays writers' hilarious events, memories and their deepest imagination. This collection even includes authors' autobiographies.

Let me start by saying why this book is so special and worth reading. The stories were written by students, which means they are not as professionally written as stories by other big authors, but you can also see how much hard work, thought and emotions they put into their stories. There are many short stories to look forward to and that is what makes it so easy to binge read, relax and not feel sorry for leaving it for a while (which you will not be able to do anyway, since it's so good).

This collection deserves so much appreciation. It's so wonderful to think it was written only by students. You should check out this fresh, gripping story collection!

Reviewed by **Miriama Nemcová**

To everyone who enjoys reading stories that make the reader feel good, but also keep him in suspense at the same time, I would recommend reading a short story called **"Summer treasure"** by the talented author **Zuzana Mečířová**.

Set on a lovely summer day, Summer treasure tells a story of two friends who were enjoying the beginning of holidays when they found some mysterious object. They immediately start to speculate about what the thing is and if it could possibly be a real treasure.

The story is well-written with amazing vivid descriptions, that make the reader feel the beautiful calm atmosphere of the incoming holidays. It's also worth mentioning that the story is based on true events and not just some made-up fiction. Yet, there are unexpected twists thanks to which the story makes every curious soul read without stopping until the end.

Reviewed by **Viktória Drábiková**

"A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed" by **Andrej Klapica** is an excellent story that takes place in forest called Skull located in Minnesota. This adventure story is about two men, Jack and Fin, who set out on an adventurous hike.

The story begins, when darkness engulfs the entire forest and it starts to rain. Shortly after that, an accident occurs and Fin is injured, the fight for life starts off... Other obstacles are different types of predators, which could attack the main characters. But the strong friendship and the bravery have greater power than the enemy.

This story is well-written with dynamic, valiant dialogs. The plot was gripping and really fast paced. It uses a direct foray into the story, which is one of an aspect I enjoyed. Characters are brave; they help each other in terrible conditions. The environment is set for usual adventure story with typical frighteningly and action elements.

I highly recommend A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed. It is written in engaging way; it will be interested interesting for all age categories, mostly for teenagers.

Reviewed by **Branislav Halabrin**

The story **"How I found out my fish was not a fish"** by **Miriama Nemcová** talks about author's comical childhood experience with her pet – a small fish. It is based on true events and it takes place in Miriam's house shortly after the joyful celebration of her eighth birthday with her closest family that also took part in this hilarious incident.

The story starts with a delightful celebration of author's eighth birthday at which she gets her dream pet – a fish. She names it Emil and in a short period of time they become the best of friends. One night after the party, Miriam cannot sleep and feels like something's off. She gets up and rushes to the aquarium as if something terrible is about to happen. And it did! Young Miriam runs to tell her mom about it. Later on, there's an unexpected and witty plot twist that explains everything, even things you didn't notice at first.

This story is beautifully written and it is astonishing how the author uses the language and all the adjectives that create such emotional and vivid images. Despite the story itself being short it was a pleasure to read it, a pure satisfaction. I love how Miriam was honest about her emotions in the story and how she perfectly pictured herself as a child. When I think of her experience it always brings smile to my face.

I thoroughly recommend this awesome story. It is well-written, hilarious, easy to read and people who like true-based events are going to love this masterpiece as much as I do.

Reviewed by **Artur Halo**

"The Grand Ball" by **Viktória Drábiková** is a historical drama that tells a story about two regular boys, Charlie and River. They find themselves at a Grand Ball, full of classy people. And right when one of them wonders how they got invited, an unexpected twist happens that changes everything.

It is a well-written story, the dialogues and interactions between the characters were raw and made them feel very real. I could feel the emotions of the characters through their words and actions. Despite the fact that the story is rather short, it still managed to pick up the pace of the plot quickly. The one aspect that I really adored was how the short form made the story feel more mysterious, and many things were left up to the interpretation of the reader.

I think the story is awesome, and I can't deny that I would love to see more of it. I would definitely recommend it to people who enjoy stories of this genre.

Reviewed by **Alžbeta Hlatká**

The story **"After the Moon Blew Up"** by **Samuel Bagar** is a sci-fi short story about a man's day in a dystopian world where Earth's moon exploded because of unknown reasons.

The short story starts off by stating it was a "sunny night", this statement becomes clear after the author tells us that the moon has exploded. The protagonist used to work in an animal shelter. While taking a walk a piece of the Moon lands in front of him and he decides to touch it. Touching it gives him a feeling of power and heightened senses, but after moments the stone falls apart before he could study it.

This short story intrigued me. The author portrays a different kind of futuristic dystopia than most authors. The protagonist is also different, most story protagonists are cheerful and thoughtful of other living beings, but this protagonist seems to be depressed and pessimistic. The style of writing the author uses is very artistic, he uses lots of epithets and describes the world in a depressive and cynical manner. The story cuts off very quickly, which leads me to believe it is a set-up for a sequel.

The work and creativity put into this short story is astounding, but it ends off too soon. I definitely recommend this read to people looking for getting into something new and original.

Reviewed by **Martin Panák**

Content

Short Stories	4
Based on True Events.....	4
How I Found Out My Fish Was Not a Fish by Miriama Nemcová	4
Runaway Pepo by Ema Vatrťová.....	5
Summer Treasure by Zuzana Mečřřová.....	6
Camping Trip by Boris Jurčaga.....	7
All’s Well that Ends Well by Dominik Kišš.....	8
Raid of the Renegade Friend’s House by Matúš Šintál.....	9
Summer Party by Anonymous	11
My Paris Story by Sára Vlčáková	12
Lost in the Biggest Aquapark in Europe by Anonymous	13
Coincidence? by Tamara Krupová	14
Something Scary – Branislav Halabrín.....	15
Skiing Accident by Martin Panák.....	16
My Experience from the Wilderness by Adam Polonský	17
Realistic Fiction	19
Timmy’s Clover Plant by Anonymous	19
The Day I Was Shaking Like a Leaf by Samuel Hutta.....	20
A Stressful Story by Oliver Ján Tremboš	21
Adventure	25
A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed by Andrej Klapica	25
Mystery	26
The Treasure of Honor by Elena Košková	26
Murder Mystery by Tobias Munk.....	31
Historical Drama.....	32
The Secret of the Steam Train by Kristína Vlasáková	32
The Night Before the Royal Wedding by Anonymous	33
The Grand Ball by Viktória Drábřřková	35
Sci-fi	36
After the Moon Blew Up by Samuel Bagar	36
Author Biographies	37

Short Stories

Based on True Events

How I Found Out My Fish Was Not a Fish by Miriama Nemcová

I always wanted a fish. Starting from a very young age, I've loved fish. Even my best friend was my fish (I thought he was) named Emil, whom I got from my beloved mom on my eighth Birthday.

A few days passed since my birthday party. I couldn't sleep, which made me get up from bed with the thought of going to talk with Emil. So, I stood up, searched around my bedside table, which is next to my bed with Finding Nemo bedsheet, until my hand touched a flashlight that I keep there, in case a monster will come and eat me. I switched on the flashlight with a smile on my face while heading towards the aquarium, as if my life depended on it. I looked into the aquarium, but I couldn't find Emil anywhere! What if something happened to him? I suddenly yawned, so I just shrugged off the thought and went to bed again. The next morning, I quickly got up from bed, put on my fluffy pink slippers and headed towards the aquarium once again. But Emil was nowhere to be found.

I burst into tears. Sweat was running down my back. I was crying like a baby, which made my mom rush into my room, asking what happened. But I couldn't stop the tears from flowing. With my dry throat, I was unable to make any sound except sniffing and crying over my dearest fish. I loved Emil so dearly. As an eight-year-old, I didn't have many friends. Emil was the only one. After a while of crying, I told mom about the problem. After this, she looked into the aquarium herself. She put her hand inside the aquarium and handed me a wet object that looked quite familiar. IT WAS EMIL! His magnificent rainbowfish colours and the watery smell. "My beautiful fish!" I happily exclaimed. The joy ended as soon as I realized he isn't moving.

"Honey come with me, I'll show you something," mommy told me as she saw the unhappy look on my face. I toddled towards her and carefully watched her. I looked at her with a confused look while she opened Emil's stomach and inserted an oval thing. A battery. She saw my questionable look and explained: "Emil is not real fish honey. He is just a toy. I thought you would know." She then giggled and handed Emil to me.

I felt betrayed.

Runaway Pepo by Ema Vatrťová

One cold and rainy evening, when I was 6 years old, one terrible thing happened in our house. Our parrot has flown away!

It was a normal evening when I and my parents were watching a movie. Since the film was very boring for me, I decided to go play with my pet. It was a beautiful turquoise parrot called Pepo. I released him from the cage, but I did not even realize that we had an open balcony in the room. And now it has come. My pet disappeared from my hands and the cold breeze from outside attracted him directly to the balcony. He flew away! We could not do anything anymore, so we had to go look for him right away. We were searching our parrot all night, but unfortunately, we did not find him. The next day we decided to write an ad and hung out posters all over the town about our lost pet. After a whole week of searching, we could not find Pepo. The ad was also seen by a lot of people, but no one contacted us. Desperate and sad, we sat on a park bench, but we still believed in the hope that Pepo would be found. And so it happened. After a while we received a phone call from a man from a nearby village that a beautiful turquoise parrot had landed on his balcony. Unbelievable! I was so happy! We immediately entered in the car and went for him. We happily took our pet in our hands and rewarded the man with some money and milk chocolate. It was an amazing feeling that Pepo was again with us. We missed him very much.

It was a difficult and strenuous week for us and also for Pepo, but we did it. Since then, we have been careful, that nothing like this happens again.



Summer Treasure by Zuzana Mečířová

The sun was shining brightly; birds were chirping; children were giggling. It was a perfect day. However, the best part of it was only about to begin. It was the last day of school which means that summer vacations were about to officially begin!

My friend Sabina and I were on our way home; we were barefoot, cheerfully skipping and making plans for the next two months. When we were about to cross the bridge, something caught my eyes. "Sabina, look!" I shouted and pointed my finger at the stream below us. Sabina stopped immediately and looked at me with a puzzled expression on her face. "What is going on?" she asked and looked at the thing I was pointing to. Her eyes caught a simple glance of the mysterious object sunken in the water. "What do you think it is? I think it is an army helmet!" Sabina started speculating about its origin. "Do you think that we have found some treasure?!" I blabbed out and without any thinking, ran to the shore. In the mere second, Sabina stood next to me. "It is too far; I cannot take hold of it," I said as I was trying to reach the thing. The stream was not too deep so, we could easily wade through it. But on the bottom, there was too much mud. Suddenly, I got a perfect idea. I took the longest stick I could find and tried to get our treasure out. It took many attempts. However, finally, I got hold of our treasure. We were disappointed when we found out that it was some old blue jug. Although we still went home to clean it up.

I was the one who took the jug home. I made a vase from it. It got a special place in the living room and every summer we place wildflowers in it. In the end, our mysterious object was not a treasure, but for me, the memories of getting it were priceless. I was upset when I found out that my beloved brother threw it away. Thank you, Martin.

Camping Trip by Boris Jurčaga

A few years ago, my dad and uncle thought it would be a great experience for us if we went/to go camping, but it didn't exactly fulfill our expectations.

My dad, my uncle Martin, my cousin Mathew and I got in a car and drove off to a nearby forest. Everything was going well. Little did we know, this was about to change. We prepared the tents and went for a walk. By the time we got back, it was already getting dark, so my dad decided to cook dinner while my uncle was preparing the campfire. My dad went to pick up the food from the car but he had trouble finding it. "Are you sure you packed the food?" he asked Martin. "Wasn't that your responsibility?" Martin replied with a confused look. I could tell just by their expressions that food was not one of the things we brought with us, unlike my uncle's overconfidence. We sat around the campfire, talked, and ate crackers that my cousin packed with him. As we talked it got darker and darker so we went to sleep in the tents. One of the tents seemed to have a hole in it but it didn't matter at the time. Unfortunately for my cousin, who was sleeping in the damaged tent, after a while it started raining. It was now pitch black and the wind started picking up. "Maybe we should sleep in the car," I said. "It's just a short shower, I am sure it'll be over in a few minutes" Martin shouted confidently. Few minutes had passed, but the rain wasn't stopping. In fact, it seemed to get worse. The wind was as loud as a lion's roar. It was impossible to sleep. I took out a flashlight and stepped out of the tent. I and Matthew, who was already soaking wet, ran for the car as fast as we could to avoid the rain pouring down on us/getting soaking wet (just a suggestion). My dad followed soon after and even Martin decided it was too much. We spent that night in the car.

In the morning we got up and saw the tents devastated by the strong winds. We packed our things and headed home. It was a long night. Hungry and exhausted, I was glad to be finally be in the comfort of my house.

All's Well that Ends Well by Dominik Kišš

It was a delightful winter Sunday morning in small-town Piestany in Slovakia. The alarm was ringing and 12 years old Tom never woke up as fast and with so much enthusiasm as he did today. On this day, he was going to the United States for the first time in his life.

Before he and his family drive to the airport in the late evening, there are two floorball matches in which Tom has to participate. Energized with so much joy, he gets on the team bus and goes to play the game. He was so excited that he had to tell about his incredible upcoming holiday to his teammates. Every one of them was very jealous.

The team, led by captain Tom, absolutely terrorized the first opponent and won 12:3. Tom thought the day can't get any better than this. The second game showed no stopping of surprisingly fabulous play of Toms team. They had a great day, almost everybody appeared on the scoresheet and had fun. Until one Toms shift. Chasing the opponent player, trying to block the shot, he got grossly slashed to his right thumb on hand. Tom was writhing in pain and he could not make a single move with the thumb. He slowly came to the bench and the doctor took care of him with a cold medical spray and gave him a special bandage. The doctor advised him to not play the rest of the game and visit the hospital after the game. As great as his mood was from early morning that fast he fell to sadness. All the time from the slash, to coming home he was praying that the thumb did not get broken. Immediately after he came home, his father took him to hospital. The medical staff made an x-ray image for him. The moment of truth, the doctor was coming down the hallway with the image in his hands. Tom was shaking like a leaf. The doctor approached him and said: "Your thumb is not broken," immediately a huge smile appeared on Tom's face, "it is just bumped. I recommend you to wear the bandage for one more day," Doctor said.

Tom, back in the great mood, and his father went home, prepared for the way to the airport, and the best adventure of Tom's life could begin.

Raid of the Renegade Friend's House by Matúš Šintál

"Okay, take a few steps back, I am going to rip the fence gate open," said Sebastian scintillatingly, while we were looking at him, frightened.

Day earlier....

Finally! I shouted with pure excitement after another boring online-school-day has finished. To celebrate my survival, I started dressing up to go for an exhausting run when, a notification tinkled cheerfully on my phone. I quickly looked at the phone, to find a message. Francesco, a good friend of mine, invited me for a cup of sweet Christmas punch to the city centre. I texted him asking if we are were going alone and he answered me in an instant: "Sebastian, Gabi, Valerie and Amber are also going." I was totally okay with that because we all knew each other and I thought it would be fine. The plan was to meet up near the town marketplace at 2 o'clock the next day.

It was the "punch" day and everything seemed right. 30 minutes before the meet up everyone confirmed their attendance, so I peacefully went to the marketplace. I managed to come there 10 minutes earlier and to my surprise Sebastian was already there. We had a small chat and joked that Gabi won't come like the last time and after a few minutes passed, Francesco came. It was already 2 o'clock and three people were missing. Confused, we started calling the girls to ask them where they are. Funnily enough, Valerie and Amber were waiting near the other marketplace, so we went to meet each other. But the real fun begun when we tried to seek Gabi. She didn't pick up the phone and we were really confused about that. Francesco decided to check the messenger app and so he did. When he opened the group chat, he started laughing ironically. Gabi has written that she wouldn't come and even better, she sent the message at 2 o'clock, the exact time she was supposed to be here. We weren't very angry we rather laughed because now it was the second out of two times, she did this.

We met Amber and Valerie and told them what had happened and they immediately started laughing hysterically. When they tamed their laughter, we went for the punch. While we were going there, we talked about our revenge on Gabi, for her traitorous acts. We came up with many various vengeful plans but mine, which was said out of pure wit stuck the best.

We decided to raid Gabi's house.

There was just a little problem. Gabi lived in a village located one and a half kilometre to the east of our hometown. I thought that it was impossible to get there on foot because there was a river between the communes and the only bridge crossable on foot was under reconstruction, so it didn't seem like an option. I told it to my friends and they started chuckling, it turned out that there was an easy way to cross the river by a small safe bridge.

With that thing solved, we actually went off and headed to Gabi's house. The journey was pretty straightforward until we reached the village. Silly enough, there was another pretty significant problem. The girls knew the approximate location of Gabi's house but not the exact one. Therefore, we followed them until we got stuck. There were around 5 potential Gabi houses in the area. Hilariously this, made us surrender. We concluded that we had done everything we could, so we just called her on the mobile phone again. Absurdly enough, she

didn't pick up the phone again. We tried to call her several times however, she still wasn't near the phone.

We had to come up with a different solution. We were all brainstorming, when a brilliant idea flashed into my mind. I recalled that Gabi once sent a photo of snow which was shot out of her window. I relentlessly grasped my phone and scanned every photo in my gallery. "LETS GOO!" screamed I enthusiastically. We could now ultimately confirm Gabi's house location.

It was a slightly rusty, cyan-painted house with a beautiful oak roof. The house was between two gardens, it was enveloped by an old wooden plank fence. The house was on a hill which caused the back garden to be steep. Although the garden was steep it was huge, hence I think Gabi's family had tremendous fun in it.

First of all, we went for the doorbell however, it was not there. We walked the fence around and found a little very decayed lock on a damaged fence gate. By the time we were all losing patience so Sebastian tried to amuse us. He came to the fence. "Okay, take a few steps back, I am going to rip the fence gate open," said Sebastian scintillatingly, while we were looking at him, frightened. He tried to rip it but to our delight Sebastian tore a wooden plank out of the fence. There are no words that could describe our feelings. In the moment he did it, I was holding my phone, so I immediately started taking photos of him wielding the 2-metre-long wooden plank that was apparently taller than him. The moment was priceless even though we were terrified. We settled that we won't tell about it to anyone.

At this time, we did not know what to do, so we walked to the front of the house. Astonishingly to us there was a light burning inside the one of the windows. We were stunned. We could see Gabi talking to her brother. All that was left to do was to catch their attention. Most of us were too shy to jump around and wave hands, except for Sebastian. He jumped on the fence without a second thought and thankfully, Gabi's brother noticed him and asked Gabi to look out.

It took her 10 seconds to realise what was going on and another 10 seconds to grab her coat and sprint out of the house. She asked us: "What are you doing here?" We playfully answered her "We came to give you a visit." To our surprise she didn't act up much, she took it as if nothing happened and walked us to the end of the street and then backed up to her house.

We then, exhausted and tired from all the action, strolled to our hometown in the warm beams of setting sun.

Summer Party by Anonymous

It was the last day of the summer holidays and my cousin and I hadn't experienced any adventure yet. It was high time to do something...

The day began like any other day. We lazily got out of bed, brushed our teeth slowly. After breakfast we started thinking about what exciting things we could do. It occurred to us that we could go to a "Summer party". We decided not to tell our parents about it, because they wouldn't let us in there. We thought that the most exciting night of the whole summer was waiting for us. The night was approaching and we were slowly getting ready for bed so that our parents would think we were going to sleep. When everything was quiet in the house, we made sure that my parents were asleep and we climbed out of the house through the window. When we arrived at the place, no party was taking place there. Barbie asked me "What's going on?" I quickly searched the internet and found out that the date of party was 31.8.2019 not 2020. We both started laughing at how silly we were. We had no choice but to go home.

As we approached the house, I saw a police car parked in front of our house. We immediately realized that something had gone wrong and I was in a cold sweat. We tried to slip into the house inconspicuously through the window. To our great surprise, a policeman was already standing there. He looked at us and shouted: "I found them!" My mother immediately ran into the room and hugged me with tears of happiness in her eyes. Embracing us, she explained to us that was afraid that somebody had kidnapped us.

For the next two weeks, my parents treated me very coldly and I therefore felt like under the weather. Today we laugh at this adventure of mine.

My Paris Story by Sára Vlčáková

It all started when I was eleven. I got my ticket to Paris from my grandma. I dreamed about it since I was five. I was really happy and excited.

So me and my grandma packed our suitcases and went to Paris. For my grandma it was her first flight by plane so she was scared a little but when we arrived she told me that it was amazing. So we were here, in the city of my dreams. I was so excited and when we arrived to our hotel I called my mummy that we are ok because she was scared if everything went good. The next day our trip begin. We visited a lot of beautiful Paris monuments like Louvre, Notre-Dame and Eiffel Tower. We also visited a lot of amazing restaurants and shops. I tried some traditional Paris food like snails or macaroons. It tasted amazing. My grandma was scared to try snails so she tried only macaroons. When we got back to our hotel my grandma told me that tomorrow we are going to visit the Eiffel Tower. I was so excited because I always wanted to stand on the top so I could see whole Paris but in small version.

So the next day we visited the Eiffel Tower and It was like awesome. I saw the whole Paris under me. I was so happy and I started to crying because my dream finally came true.

I need to say that for me Paris is the most beautiful city in the world and I am so happy I could be there. I found out something about history and I think I also practised my speaking skills. We saw a lot of beautiful places in Paris and I am also very happy that my dream came true. It was really beautiful trip and I hope one day I will visit Paris again.

Lost in the Biggest Aquapark in Europe by Anonymous

One day, my cousin and I got lost in an aquapark in Spain. Do you want to know the whole story? Let's get into it.

The story begins in Benidorm, Spain. We were on holiday and it was a nice sunny day when my family decided to go to the aquapark. We were looking forward to it and we were really impatient. After an hour of what seemed an endless journey, we finally reached the aquapark. "It's so enormous!", my cousin Marcos shouted. We put our towels on the grass, used sunscreen and ran to the waterslides. After a few hours of sliding we both agreed that we should buy something to eat. Unfortunately, we forgot where our parents were. "We are lost in the biggest aquapark in Europe and we can't even speak Spanish!", I told to my cousin panic-stricken. "What are we going to do now?", I asked helplessly. "Maybe we should look for somebody who can speak English and ask for a phone to call our parents.", said Marcos. "What a great idea!", I answered. After a few minutes, one kind woman gave us her cell phone to call our parents. Unluckily, they didn't answer. We were really worried. The woman also gave us some money so we could buy something to eat. We really appreciated that and went to the buffet. We bought two hot dogs and as we were sitting, we heard suddenly: "Look, there they are!", someone shouted. We turned around and saw our parents. I couldn't believe what my eyes saw and I think that Marcos could neither. We were beside ourselves with happiness.

We will never ever run straight ahead to something we want without remembering the way or some capture points by which we can orient ourselves.

Coincidence? by Tamara Krupová

“Yes!” my sister and I shouted happily, hearing the best news ever. We were going to drive on desert dunes. We were extremely excited, but we had no idea that this experience would be a little different than we thought...

Our vacation in Dubai was almost over and my family and I decided to spend our last day of this vacation in the desert. I was really curious, because I had never been in a desert before. We started packing right away enthusiastically. It was a little stressful. We had to take sufficient amount of food and water and we couldn't forget anything. When everything was finally packed and ready for our adventure, we got in the car and drove off.

After one hour of boring drive, we finally saw it. The desert! It was like going through a gate and finding ourselves in another world. It was really crazy. The car was shaking and we were all laughing and enjoying the beauty of that crazy, but absolutely peaceful place. Just my mum, dad, sister and me in a small car and for miles away nothing. Just sand. Stunning sand dunes making one gigantic artwork.

But this dream soon became a nightmare. Our car suddenly stopped. In the middle of nowhere. Horrible! We jumped out of the car and tried to figure out what had happened. But after thirty minutes we still didn't know anything. I was really scared and stressed. I started to think about what will happen, if we are not able to repair the car and nobody finds us. I was shaking like a leaf until I saw something unbelievable. A large herd of camels passed majestically ahead of us. Astonished by the magnificence, we stood motionless and silent because we didn't want to interrupt them. It was the most stunning thing in the whole world. When they left, we tried to start the car again. It worked. It worked like new. Normally we would be shocked, but that day we had experienced so many strange things, that we just got in the car and drove away.

Now, when I think about it, it is a little scary. It is like someone wanted us to see that magic of nature. Whatever it was, one thing is for sure, that day we will never forget.



Something Scary – Branislav Halabrín

It was a terrible day, puddles, mud and water everywhere, no birds singing, just a typical dreary autumn day. So, my father and I decided to go for a walk in a nearby grove, because we didn't want to continue to lie at home and do nothing.

While we were dressing up our pleasant friend Martin arrived. "Hey Martin, are you going for a walk with us?" I screamed. He agreed, so we could start our trip.

On the way to the forest we noticed that a lot of mushrooms were growing there, so I took off my jacket and we picked them up and placed them into it. Amazed, we gathered them until we came into the forest, there were a lot of different types of them.

Suddenly, as we stepped out of the way into the woods. It started to drizzle and the weather was foggy.

A few meters away I saw something unusual. There were traces of blood on the ground. I wanted to find out what the reason of these traces was. I came closer and saw a torn deer, but at the same time something started to run away into the bushes. Frightened, I dropped all mushrooms to the ground. "Come here, I found something!" I whispered. They hadn't even come to me yet, and they saw it too. Martin shouted: "It is a wolf, run! ". When I was running, I turned back and it really was a wolf.

Tired, sweaty and dirty, we came home with an incredible experience, which we will certainly speak at our meetings and celebrations. We haven't entered that forest since then.

Skiing Accident by Martin Panák

It was a pleasant snowy day in Veľká Rača. The sun was shining, everything was quiet, the skiing slopes were not even open yet.

My family was staying in a comfortable hut right on the slope, so if you wanted to go skiing, you simply just put on your skis and took off. I was getting ready to hit the slopes when suddenly, I heard a knock on the door. It was my grandpa. He was always the first one to get up and go skiing. Grandpa came looking for me because I was his skiing partner. I wholeheartedly agreed to go skiing with him.

When I set my foot outside the chilly, humid air hit my face. It was somehow pleasant and unpleasant at the same time. We rode down the slope a couple of times alone but then my brother and dad joined us. My brother was boasting about his skiing abilities, so I challenged him to race and he agreed.

We started at the top of the mountain and the finish line was supposed to be the start of the cableway. It seemed to be a close race but near the end there was a sharp turn on the slope. Since we were not making any turns to ski at low stable speeds, we were skiing at extreme speeds. I recognized that at the speeds we were riding it was impossible to make the turn to the cableway, so I fell on purpose to slow down. Unfortunately, my brother did not recognize this fact in time and fell into a stream running alongside the slope. My dad and grandpa came rushing to help him, shouting, and swearing. He was okay, but a rock almost penetrated his helmet.

I love skiing and competing with my brother, and I am grateful that he did not suffer any major injuries, but I am definitely the better skier.

My Experience from the Wilderness by Adam Polonský

My beautiful stay in the High Tatras was interrupted by the eager and restless Sofia, my good friend and the organizer of the party, who kept asking me if I wanted to go with her and other friends to a wooden cottage in the middle of the wilderness and celebrate her birthday in there. "Listen, I don't want to go there and I didn't even plan to go there," I said with an annoyed tone. "But it doesn't matter, come with us, it will be fun, you will definitely not be bored and you will not be hungry either, we have a lot of good food," Sofia said convincingly. Despite all the obstacles that await me, I decided to go with them. Dressed and packed up, I went downstairs where Rick, Sofia, Anna and Zoe were waiting for me.

A driver was waiting for us at the entrance, who informed us that we were going on an ATV with a smaller trailer attached to it on which Sofia and Anna were going to sit with most of the things and food. Rick, Zoe and I were supposed to sit on a quad bike with other stuff. Packed, we set off on a rough, mountainous and long journey. At first, we could not find the right way to the ski lift, along which we would easily get to the path that leads directly to the wooden cottage. After a few minutes of searching and constantly turning, we finally found the right one, so as soon as we came across it, the driver did not hesitate and went full gas. I thought the road wouldn't be so bumpy and rough. At that time there were about 2 metres of snow. So, closing my eyes, I thought I could do it. But suddenly the wheels and chassis started hurling snow into my, Rick's and Zoe's faces. I felt like 100 snowballs were hitting my face. "You'll have to endure it, we're not far from a dirt road," the driver shouted. I held on tight thinking, "I have to resist and withstand all the snow and frost," because of which I was shaking like a leaf. And I'm not even talking about Sofia and Anna, they barely held on to the trailer and they weren't far from falling out. We soon arrived on a dirt road on which was even more snow. Frozen, we stepped out and looked at each other, surprised and horrified. But another problem was waiting for us at the top....

As I mentioned, there was a lot of snow on that road, as there was minimal movement of people or cars, so the snow could not settle down and it was still high and fluffy. We couldn't get over it with the trailer, so we fell into the snow again. Surrounded by huge snowdrifts, we were stuck in the middle of beautiful fairy-tale-esque nature, too bad we could not appreciate it at the moment. The driver got the idea that he would uncouple the trailer and go on his own to find out how much snow was in front of us, and even if it would be possible to get there at all. After a few minutes, he still didn't call and we didn't even hear the sound of an ATV. We began to worry that something had happened to him. We speculated that he was attacked by a bear or a group of wolves. Frozen and tired, we were losing hope of him returning at all, when all of a sudden, we heard his moaning voice telling us that he had fallen into the snow once again and we had to pull the whole trailer and take the other things in our hands. Shocked that he called out and relieved that he was alive, we set off. Zoe and Anna were pulling a trailer and bags, food and other stuff were carried by Sofia, Rick and me. We had to carry all these things for about a kilometre. Completely exhausted and tired, we reached the wooden cottage, it was slowly getting dark. Rick, Sofia and I arrived first, but Zoe and Anna were pretty far behind as

they were pulling the trailer. So, Rick and I, as gentlemen, came back to them and suggested they could go, and we'd make it up for them. Meanwhile, Sofia and the driver went to the place where the driver fell into a pile of snow, because there was a birthday cake (probably the most valuable item of all of this, as it was a birthday party) and some other things in the quad's storage. After an incredibly strenuous journey, we finally entered the wooden cottage....

As soon as I entered the living room, I knew immediately that I had to light a fire, because the indoor temperature of the cottage could be compared to a freezer. As the only person who could handle an axe, I decided to chop the wood. While I was chopping the wood, our driver left. We were officially left unattended in the middle of the wilderness. Later, Sofia and Zoe came and asked me if I was not hungry. "Listen, Adam, come and get something to eat, we have just come, you surely must be hungry, Rick is already enjoying some fries," Sofia said. "Sure, I'll be there right when I'll be done," I said. After a few minutes of chopping, we had enough wood to start a fire. As we ate, Anna came running and announced that she had already put all the wood in the fireplace and that someone would have to go out to the woodshed. After a light and cold dinner, we decided who would go for the wood. Of course, the girls were scared like chickens, so Rick and I had to work it out. We got dressed, picked up our flashlights, and set off on a terrible mission. To my expectations, I thought the girls would want to scare us. But I was still worried about Rick, since he was quite the scaredy cat. "Rick, I feel like something's moving in that forest," Zoe said ironically. I said, "Rick, do not believe her, she's just making it up, you better give me more wood." "All right," Rick whispered. Sofia suddenly shouted, "Watch out, the bear is running towards you." Rick, screaming like a banshee, immediately ran to the entrance and I quickly picked up the buckets full of heavy wood and started running away, which wasn't a good idea because a lot of the wood had fallen into the snow and I stumbled and fell into the snow. Angry and humiliated, I returned to the door. Sofia, Zoe and Anna could not tame their laughter. Their laughter stopped when I told them that I would not return for the wood I had dropped. So, I made Sofia go for the wood I had lost. When she arrived, she realized it wasn't easy, so we reconciled. Later we organized a small party at which we played some board games, ate a cake, danced and sang. We were tired enough to go to bed. The girls were scared all night because something was banging down and they were afraid to fall asleep. But in the end, we all fell asleep.

Unexpectedly, I woke up early in the morning, so I just lay in bed thinking about what had happened the day before, I even laughed a little about it. I then waited until everyone woke up. We had cheap breakfast, which consisted of a few fries and the remains of last night's party. Later we decided to go skiing and bobsledding on the hillside, which was located below the cottage. Rick, Anna and I bobbed because only Sofia and Zoe had skis. And we of course had to have a snowball fight. After that, only the departure was before us. So, we packed up, cleaned the cottage, and Sofia's father was already waiting for us.

As we went on with our lives, we all will surely remember this experience forever.

Realistic Fiction

Timmy's Clover Plant by Anonymous

Today, we bring our favourite plant to school and show it to everyone! We don't have a lot of money, so we can't afford expensive plants, but yesterday my mom gave me a small one. It is fragile, but I still love it. I walk into the classroom with a smile on my face. Kids look at me, on my plant and they start laughing. One of them - Chad walks up to me: "What did you bring? Clover? I have hundreds of those in my garden." The kids are still laughing and I feel as small as an ant. Suddenly we hear a familiar voice: "What is all this noise about? Sit down on your seats!" It is our teacher, Miss Taylor. "Chad and everyone else are mean to me, because my plant is small," I say with a sad face. Chad denies: "What are you talking about? I never said that." "You did! Liar!" I shout. "Alright that's enough," says Miss Taylor. "Timmy, show me your plant." I give my plant to her. Miss Taylor smiles. "It's true that it is fragile and sick, however we can fix that!". She puts the plant on a table, takes out a small shovel and a bag of fertilizer. "This, my children, is a very special fertilizer. It is expensive, but very effective. If you fertilize your plant regularly and don't neglect it, it will be healthy and pretty," she says. I look at her with joy. "Hey! But what about me? I want my plant to be healthy too! Is my plant not important?" Chad whines with a grumpy face as he points on his big chrysanthemum. "Yours is already big and strong. Don't worry, your plant is important too! But right now, Timmy's plant needs the fertilizer more than yours does," says Miss Taylor with a calm voice and looks at me. "Someday, your plant will be just as healthy as his. But only if it gets the love and attention it needs."

The Day I Was Shaking Like a Leaf by Samuel Hutta

„Who is here? I will find you, get out of this building!“ someone screamed. We stayed calm and did not say anything but I was shaking like a leaf. (Do you want to know how it ended? So I will tell you this how I got to this tricky situation.)

It was late evening of Friday 5th February in Podolie. My 3 friends Nico, Mario, and Joseph and I were out and talking about things we could do. “Shall we go to the old school building?”, Nico asked. “Yes of course let’s go it will be fun!”, Joseph replied. “Nah, I do not want to,” I said. “Why?” Mario asked reproachfully. “Are there not any cameras?” Joseph added. “I am afraid, what if someone comes there? What will we do?” I said in fear.

In the end we went there, despite my disagreement. After 5 minutes the old school building appeared in front of us. Again, my insecurity took hold of me and for the last time I asked: “Are there not any cameras?” But my friends ignored me. “How do we get inside?” Mario inquired. “Through a half-open window back there,” Nico quickly answered. “How do you know that?” Mario asked again. “I have been there a few times”, Nico said. We moved to that window. “Push it! Push it!” Joseph shouted quietly. “Holy Moly! There is a lot of broken glass on the floor!” I screamed. “I am going first!” Mario offered bravely.

When we got inside, we did not see anything. “Turn on the flashlight on your mobile,” I said quietly. We took easy steps to the main corridor. Nico was our leader, he was like a fish in the water there. „Come on! Hurry up to the first floor!“ he told us excitedly. „What the heck?!“, we said spontaneously. A lot of school stuff like desks, chairs and old documents. We started searching old documents. „Wow! Here is everything about school in Podolie,“ I muttered in surprise. „What will we do with it?“ Mario asked. Joseph answered very quickly: „I have a lighter, do we set them on fire?“ „Yes that is a great idea Jose!“ we replied promptly. So Joseph pulled out a lighter and set them on fire. „Brinnnnnnng,“ the fire alarm was triggered. „What now?“, I inquired very timidly. „We must get out of here!“, Mario shouted. So we ran to the window that we had got inside through. „Who is here? I will find you, get out of this building!“ somebody screamed. We stayed calm and did not say anything but I was shaking like a leaf. Then something came to my mind. The person who was coming towards where we were was the Major of the village. I grabbed a piece of glass and threw it across the hall. It broke in the opposite room.

While the Major was searching that room, we got out of the building and ran away. I was as happy as a clam to be out of there. „Ohhhhhh! Stop I cannot breathe!“ Nico yelled. So we stopped 300 meters from the old school building. „Guys, this was the a close one!“ I reported.

Minutes later the car of the Major stopped in front of us. „What does he want?“

„Does he know that we were there?“ He came to us and asked: „Do you know of someone who was in the old school building now? Or were you there?“

A Stressful Story by Oliver Ján Tremboš

Part 1. – Oliver's point of view

I have finally completed writing a letter and was happy to send it to my French teacher. I had been working on it for nearly 2 hours, so when my mother finished baking biscuits, I took a small break. My head was full of French words and phrases, so I didn't notice that our dog, Many, was missing.

At first, I wasn't afraid, he was perhaps in my brother's bedroom. But before long I realised that he was absent and I searched the whole house. My brother checked the garden and my parents looked for him even in our pantry! I started to think that he could run away. But why? Perchance another dog passed over the road, and he ran after him. My heart beat rapidly, and I got an idea that we should try to find him on the streets. Outside it was below zero degrees and the sun had been already down the horizon!

I immediately grabbed my jacket and mask and started looking for him. I ran like the wind, and was devastated. "He is already dead, maybe he was trying to cross a road and a car killed him!" I wondered, and I rushed to a park near our church.

The square was empty, only leaves on the trees were shaking and making a noise. Lit pavement was highly contrasting with the dark and petrifying sky. Miniature stars were quietening the gigantic cloudy dragon which had appeared in the heavens. An enormous church, a heart of the town, was totally raising the ghostliness.

But I wasn't scared. "Many! My little puppy! Where are you! Please! Many! ..." I screamed. Nobody responded, almost nothing returned my echo. It was a cold evening and I forgot to wear warm clothes, so I was shaking like a leaf. But I didn't feel anything, my brain lost consciousness. All of a sudden, I saw a person with a dog. It seemed exactly like a Many. I quickly ran closer to them. While I was reaching the person and the dog, I remembered all the delightful memories I had had with Many. I remembered the day when we adopted him, when he ate all the cakes which my mother had made, even how he was crying when I was rushing to school. When I woke up from my dreams, I was near them. The man looked at me and the dog started to bark. That wasn't Many, nor it was his race.

When I calmed down, I realised that Many was a clever dog, and he probably knew how to get back home, so I returned to our residence. While I was walking, I met my mum. She hadn't found him, but she had the same thought – he is still in our house. When we arrived home, I was feeling very miserable. He wasn't in the hall. I took off my clothes and shoes and I put away my mask. "Many!!! Where had you been the entire time?!" I asked him promptly when he appeared in the door and I was relieved and delighted that we finally found him! Of course, he didn't answer, but my aunt told me that he was in the basement! How did he get there? Why didn't we hear him? We still don't have an explanation. My puppy was so tired, maybe he had been barking all the time!

But that is not the end... My brother was missing. He went to look for Many to another part of the town, but he hadn't taken his mobile phone. My terrifying and stressful evening has just begun...

Part 2. – Patrick's point of view

I woke up. The computer was still alive, but I didn't know why I had fallen asleep. "Maybe I was tired after doing the chemistry project" I thought, "but what woke me up?" I heard some noises, so I decided to take a small break. While I was going downstairs, I noticed that the door to our basement was opened, but everyone was in the salon, so I quickly closed it. I came down to our cosy living room with a tranquil fire in the stove. But my brother, Oliver, wasn't at ease. His eyes were restless looking for something. When he caught a sight of myself, he promptly told me the petrifying information: Our dog, Many, is missing!!!

"This must be some kind of a joke! That isn't funny, Oliver!" I dynamically answered. But his eyes were looking at me seriously, so I realized that's not a prank. He swiftly ran to the hall and put on his - didn't warm enough - clothes. "I am going to look for him, I would search the entire town, just to find him!" Oliver told me, and he went away. I tried to think in a sensible way. I checked the garden and garage. The only place I didn't review was the basement ... Oh, how foolish I was! ...

I realized that the more people are looking for Many, the bigger is the chance to find him, so I put my clothes on and went outside. The only thing I didn't grab was my phone. But let's go back to the story. Oliver and mum were searching the church area, so I should check a small park near the supermarket. "He might be there for sure!" I thought.

It was a cold winter evening, but there was no snow on the pavement. There were no lights on the street, so it was very dark everywhere. Only numerous stars were swimming in the infinity of the misty and enormous space. Maybe someone was looking from the heavens at me, at small and innocent human, which was sailing on the Earth across the whole spatial sphere to unknown target.

When I reached the park, nobody was on the road, which used to be crowded, nobody was in the restaurants, which used to be filled of laughing and smiling people at this time. "Many, where are you! Please, just tell me!" I shouted. It was impossible to find him there, perhaps he went to the forest, where we used to go for a walk frequently." He will definitely find the way back at home." I guessed. "If not, then we should look for him tomorrow because it is already dark and I can't see even my shoes!" I said quietly. I had searched the area a bit again, but I didn't find anything, nor any proof, so I decided to go to our house. But then I realized that I didn't know the way home! I was in the unknown part of town, and I wasn't able to see anything, because the sky became darker and the stars disappeared. I wanted to call home for help, but I forgot to grab my cell phone, so I was hopeless. There wasn't anybody outside, so the only thing I could do, was to walk.

Part 3. – My dog's point of view

"Hmm, what's that smell?" I thought, "the smell of cooked beef and potatoes! Woof! Woof!" My ripped body lifted and I swiftly ran into the kitchen. To my surprise, the smell wasn't coming from the kitchen, because my mother, wasn't there. "She makes the best food I have ever eaten!" I said to myself loudly, but nobody answered, because my adopters weren't able

to speak in my dog's language. But the smell was very intensive, so I started to look for the food...

"The basement door is opened, maybe that's where the food is located! And I have never been there, I should search that area!" I wondered. I carefully came closer and closer to the door, and the smell was still more and more intensive. I slightly came down to the basement, because I hoped there is the dish I dreamed of.

Black. Just black and dark. I didn't see anything, just the light from the living room. I rushed as fast as I could closer to the door. But unfortunately, someone closed it at the same time I wanted to run. "Why I came here?! I miss my mum! Patrick, Oliver! Where are you?" I barked, but the only thing I heard was the echo. Oh, how frightened I was ... I thought that's the end of the world ...

In the black colour, you can see everything, but at the same time, you can't see anything. In this colour, you can imagine a lot of things – you can see dragons, but fortunately, there aren't any. You can spot there a field with some flowers, but unfortunately, there aren't any flowers. Black colour is a port to another dimension, where everything is just a dream. It is a gate to another world where no wars and no crimes occur, but it is still in your mind. All, you are able to see, is just your imagination.

I tried numerous times to bark, but nothing happened. I stayed in one location, because it was dangerous to move in that huge darkness. Then, unexpectedly the darkness was gone. An enormous lightness filled my eyes. I wasn't able to see anything, but I felt that someone grabbed and picked me up. The next minute, I was totally blinded, and I was worried: "What's going on? Where I am? Who picked me up?" After that terrible minute, I saw my aunt! "Oh, she saved my life!!! But where are the others? Where is the entire family?" "Obviously, nobody answered, because I am a dog...

The hall door suddenly opened and there was Oliver in. He saw very sad, maybe he was worried about myself. When he caught a sight of myself, his face seemed to be happy like a baby and he started fondling me and he was very cheerful at once. Oliver gave me to my lair, because I was so tired of all that barking in the basement. I nearly fell asleep, when I found out the next horrible information: my master, Patrick, was still missing! I hadn't found out that he is missing and his brother was really doubting about him. "We should search for him! It's my fault that he is missing right now! Let's go!" I said, but mum and Oliver heard just my barking. But now I know that they understood.

It was dark outside and the street lights weren't visible. The moon and the stars were covered in thick dimly clouds. My dog eyes weren't great enough to see where I was going with Oliver. When we arrived to the park near a supermarket, I recognized that Patrick is somewhere here. Oliver wasn't able to see anything, but I used my forgotten ability – the sense of smell. I started looking for him everywhere...

"I found him!" I started barking, so Oliver was able to find us. Patrick was near the supermarket, because he couldn't locate the way back. At last, we were smiling and laughing and we were happy.

All of a sudden, I lost them and I wasn't able to hear or see anything. Everywhere was just the colour of black. "No! I wanna be with them, this is like a horrible dream!" I shouted, and everything stopped.

I woke up and I realized that all of my struggles were just in a dream...

Adventure

A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed by Andrej Klapica

The darkness engulfed the entire forest. Now, Jack and Fin couldn't even see a meter forward and the movement was horrible in these rainy conditions. Howling of wolves and other terrifying noises of wildlife were coming from all around. They had to get out of there if they wanted to see the sun again.

Jack and Fin were in the gigantic forest called Skull located in Minnesota on an adventurous hike. It was full of different predators and because of a sudden change of the weather they had to fight for their lives.

Jack ran as a wind through the forest... at least he was trying to, but the terrible conditions didn't allow it to him. Fin wanted to imitate him, but there was a problem. He had a bad-looking wound on his thigh which occurred when he fell down on a sharp stone. It hurt terribly. Although he was a well-built young man, he stopped and screamed: "I can't continue," Jack turned and saw Fin kneeling in mud, "carry on and save your life. Don't care about me." "I won't leave you here," Jack promised and immediately took him on his back.

It was extremely hard to run while carrying a person on his back and soon he needed a rest. But he didn't waste time during a short break. As an experienced (about forty year old) ex-soldier, he managed to treat the wound although it was difficult in the dark night.

Suddenly, the wolves' howling got louder. Red dots appeared near them. Both of them indignantly realised that hungry wolves were prepared to hunt. Fin started to shake as a leaf. Fortunately, Jack got an idea. Crawling, they reached a little cave which provided them a shelter. In silence, they waited until the wolves went off.

In a few minutes they didn't hear anything but rain. They sensed their opportunity and carefully got to the nearest village. "Thank you for your help, Jack," whispered Fin. "Good friends never leave each other without help!" These were the Jacks last words before they exhausted fell asleep.

Mystery

The Treasure of Honor by Elena Košková

It was a beautiful pleasant Friday morning. The Sun was shining, the sky was blue without a cloud and you could hear birds chirping from far away. It was the middle of the summer holidays, so obviously kids didn't have to go to school and they could finally enjoy the warm weather and summer adventures.

Julia was in a hurry, because she was supposed to meet her best friend Jess in the park at 2 o'clock and the town hall clock had just struck. She ran to the park and saw Jess waiting and nervously stepping beside Vincent. Vincent was an old statue, that was towering in the southern corner of the park. The statue wasn't depicting any important person, it was just a decoration, a piece of art that was created by famous artist Alfborn Lowell. And one day, when Julia and Jess were walking past this statue, they stopped for a little bit and decided to name him. He was strong and majestic so he deserved an equally significant name. And Vincent means a winning and overcoming man.

When Jess looked up from her phone, she immediately saw Julia coming towards her.

„Finally! I know I should be familiar with your perception of time by now, but I always hope that you'll be finally on time,” remarked Jess and gave Julia that stern look, that usually moms have, when you don't clean the kitchen.

„Oh, dear Jess! I think we've been best friends for a quite long time and you should already know about my time problems, but as my best best friend in the entire world, you could forgive me, don't you think?” Julia teased her a little bit, knowing only too well that Jess wasn't serious.

They had known each other since elementary school and they had been like sisters. Other people called them JJ, when they were together. Their personalities were very similar and different at the same time, therefore they complemented each other very well. Jess was 2 months older than Julia and she had two older sisters. She had long straight black hair, tiny nose, rosy cheeks and unique grey eyes. She was very adventurous and outgoing. It was so fun hanging out with her. She loved sports and crazy activities. On the other hand, Julia wasn't that good in sports. She was very spontaneous, but also very calm and kind of shy. She had medium-length curly brown hair, round nose, dark green eyes and a big smile. She had an older brother. They were living in an old house on the Silkford cliff.

„Of course, but we really have to hurry up, because the girls are waiting for us. You know that Nadia has discovered something, that she wants to tell us about,” Jess rolled her eyes and they headed quickly to a small café with a big terrace and a fabulous view of the bay.

The girls were sitting at their table and waved at Jess and Julia. When they all settled down, Nadia started talking immediately about, what she had discovered.

„You're not going to believe this! Remember how I texted you yesterday, that I had to clean the attic with my annoying siblings? At first it was so boring and I had enough of that dust, because of my allergy. But then! I found this old wooden chest after my great-grandfather. I

tried to find the key, but my parents said that it got lost during our move. But the lock was very old, so it was very simple to just break it with a hammer. And what I found inside is like an old treasure! I found there my great-grandfather's uniform; you know that he was a colonel. Some old letters, my great-grandmother's love letters and also this book," she suddenly pulled an old ragged book with a damp scratched cover from her flower bag. The other girls looked at her in amazement.

„What is it?" asked Clara, their other redhead friend. She really loved history and old things and when she saw the book you could see little sparks in her eyes.

„It's my great-grandfather's old diary. And when you turn to page 61," she spoke with an excitement in her face, „there's a treasure map! "

„Wait, really?" Jess leaned over to see the map better.

„I don't see anything there are just some writings, but there is no map," she noted and seemed confused.

But Nadia didn't look disappointed, quite the opposite: „No! You don't understand Jess! These writings are clues, which are supposed to lead you to the treasure! There are three of them and I think I already know what the first clue means," Nadia explained to her enthusiastically.

„And would you be so nice to share it with us?" Julia was interested.

„I think the first one might lead to my family's antiquarian. Listen: The old books rest here, they welcome other ones, there's a noble fountain near, next to three sons." Nadia read the poem with fascinated look on her face.

„The old books rest here, they welcome other ones..., that really sounds like a second-hand bookshop!" Julia remarked.

„And the noble fountain is probably General Capdock's fountain, next to your family's bookstore!" Clara joined in.

„I think that three sons indicate the town theatre. The Theatre of Three Sons!" said Nadia.

„We have to go there immediately and ask your grandma about it, I'm sure she can help us with the second clue!" Clara said in a hurry and paid the waiter.

The girls packed their thing too and went to Antique Books, an old bookstore located on Wilfred Square. They stormed into the bookstore and they headed straight to the cash register, where Nadia's grandma was sitting.

When she noticed them, she smiled at them and said: „Nadi, darling what are you doing here, I thought you wanted to go to the cinema for that new period drama, that just came out,".

„No, the premiere is next week, but you're not going to believe what we've discovered!" and she told her all about the attic cleaning, the old chest, great-grandfather's diary and of course the treasure.

„And we really need your help with the next clue, could you please help us?" Jess asked her.

„Oh, sure! Read it to me please, I'm excited, my grandfather always had this weird passion, when it comes to riddles and mysteries.

Nadia pulled out the diary out of her bag and handed it to Clara, who started reading:

„Where records are kept, mysteries of the past, you have to search to access, the answer quite fast.”

„What? Another history-connected thing?” Jess rolled her eyes with disappointment.

Nadia’s grandma ignored her moaning and said: „There’s only one place this can lead us to, the town archive,”.

„Grandma you’re genius! Thank you so much! Now we have to go,” Nadia quickly jumped to her feet and slung the bag over her shoulder.

She ran straight to the door, but she bumped into someone. It was her cousin Jack with his best friends Rey and Daniel.

„Hi! What are you girls doing in here?” he seemed surprised.

„We are on a little treasure hunt. What about you guys?” asked Julia.

„Grandma told me, that she has some comics for us. Would you mind if we joined you on your treasure hunt?” Jack said looking at her pleadingly.

„Of course, you can! But we really should go now,” Jess noted. They greeted grandma and went to the town archive. It was a medium-sized old building opposite the town hall with Ionic columns on the facade. They walked up the stairs and walked in. Miss Dempley welcomed them and asked them what they needed.

„Could you please tell us if you have any records from the period of the civil war?” asked her Julia, hoping that they were at the right place.

„Of course, I can help. Second floor, section 28, you’re welcome,” she said quickly and gave them a card with the section number on it.

„Thank you,” they said and rushed to the second floor. It took them a couple minutes to find the right section, but when they already found it, they instantly started searching for some information.

After half an hour, they still didn’t find anything and started losing hope, but then Julia exclaimed: „Guys! I think I found something. Basically, they say here that your great-grandfather also fought in the civil war and that he saved and hid a wounded enemy soldier Jonathan Rossel. And as an expression of gratitude, he gave him something. He changed his last name and they became neighbours with your great-grandfather Nadia. Do you think that the something might be the treasure?” she asked them fascinated.

„It can be, it really sounds like it, but where is it then?” Jack said.

„That’s why we have to solve the last clue, but the thing is that the clue has two parts,” Jess pointed to a neat faded note.

„Read the first part, please,” Clara said.

Rey started reading the first part: „The place you can always come back to, the place where you grew, you can find it there, but only if you care.”

„What? Where can it be?” Nadia was confused.

„I’m trying to figure it out,” said Jack.

Suddenly Clara exclaimed: „Nadia and Jack, can you please tell me if it’s your great-grandfather’s house, that your grandparents are currently living in? And when it was built exactly?”

„Yes, he built the house before the civil war,” Nadia said.

„Then, this could be the place, that we are looking for,” Clara noted with excitement and a big smile on her face.

„Logically it fits, your great-grandfather wanted the treasure to stay in the family, maybe for worse times,” added Julia.

„Okay then. Let's go find this treasure!” Daniel said with enthusiasm.

„But how do we get there? It's on the other side of the town!” Jess remarked disappointed.

„My dad can take us there,” Rey offered.

„That's amazing, can you call him please?” Julia asked.

„I texted him already,” Rey smiled, „he'll be waiting for us near the bus stop.”

They ran to the bus stop as fast as they could. When they got there, they were short of breath.

They greeted Mr. Belcher and after about five minutes of driving they finally got there. They thanked him for the ride and went to ring the bell. Jack's older brother opened them and looked surprised: „What are you doing here? Do you need something?”

„We are on a treasure hunt right now and clues brought us to this place,” Nadia quickly explained. Marc looked confused, shrugged and let them in. They all went to the living room and sat down.

Jack started reading the second part of the last clue: „The warm place to stay, when the cold doesn't want to go away, you sit there with a cup of tea, sweetened with honey from a bee, fire is my dear friend, when the night comes to an end.”

„I have no idea,” Jess said miserably.

„Me neither,” the boys concurred.

„Hmmm.... I think I might figure it out,” exclaimed Julia, „the fireplace is a perfect place to hide something!”

„You're right,” Jess and Nadia knelt by the empty fireplace. They began to search. They were looking for loose bricks and rough surface. When they started losing hope, because there was nothing unusual there, Daniel asked Jack and Nadia: „Is this the oldest fireplace in this house?”

„No, it isn't there's also one in the kitchen....,” suddenly something came to her mind and Nadia sprinted to the kitchen, the others followed her.

„How could I be so foolish? This is the oldest fireplace in the house and it was built before the civil war happened. This is our last chance,” they started searching the fireplace again, but they couldn't reach the left corner. Daniel decided to help them and stretched his arm toward the corner and as he felt the brick wall, he stopped. Then something rumbled and he pulled out an old dusty brick. He leaned over again and pulled out a small box. He opened it and there was a brilliant ring with a blue shiny gem. They couldn't believe their eyes.

„We found it!” Jack shouted and they all began to jump for joy. It was amazing. Later they explained everything to Nadia's grandparents and they decided to include the ring in the town's exposition in the local museum. The other children told their parents about this awesome

adventure, they had experienced and knew that they would definitely not forget this day. It was like from a movie.

Murder Mystery by Tobias Munk

When I arrived at the scene it was clear that it was abandoned in a hurry. The room was in a bad shape. It's scent. It smelled like blood. That's when something caught the corner of my right eye. A dead body. My body started to tremble, because a dark silhouette emerged from behind. I ran as fast as I could down the stairs and out of the flat house.

2 weeks later...

I woke up after yet another nightmare. I did not tell anyone about what had happened. This was what only I saw and there was no way I would talk about it in public. I was about to exit my flat when I heard knocking on the door. I wondered what in the world it could be. But when I opened my door there was nothing. Just a little scrap of paper. It stated "do not ever come back to this place". Ever! I thought to myself if I should visit this weird place. I decided that I will risk it. Anyway, I had nothing to lose.

I ate lunch at McDonalds, rested for a while and left for the place. In case anything happened, I had my gun and as always, I carried a little picture of my wife. She died 2 years ago. Nobody knows what happened that day. But I still believe she is alive. I went to my car and drove off. I did not know what to expect but I was scared.

The place was a mess. The flat was old and very ugly. It smelled of garbage and blood. It had probably been abandoned for a very long time. Anyway, I entered the block of flats. I quietly crept up the stairs and on the 3rd floor I turned right towards. My body trembled with fear as I got closer. The sounds that were coming from there were even more scary. Then I opened the door very slowly. No one seemed to be there. Then all of a sudden something grabbed my shoulder and pulled me back. "So, you decided to come anyway", it said. "What do you want!", I screamed in fear. "You still did not realize who I am, huh," it continued. "Let me go you monster!" I exclaimed. "So you call your wife a monster, ok" I froze. I looked back and saw the pale face of my wife. She pointed a gun at my head. "What is this for, honey!" "Listen I trust you and all that, but I don't want anyone to know that I still live. It would get me into real trouble. I have no choice honey I'm really sorry." she pulled the trigger and that's the last thing I remembered.

I thought she killed me at first, but somehow, I managed to get out of there unharmed. I needed to find her but I had no clue where she was. I had to find out more about what she was hiding...

Historical Drama

The Secret of the Steam Train by Kristína Vlasáková

It was 1914 and Helen with her 2-year-old daughter Agnes lived in a tiny flat next to the noisy old railway station in a very small town. Her husband had left her 1 year ago because he couldn't support her and their child. Helen was very poor, so she found a job in a huge factory far from her home. She had to travel to the work every day of the week. As every day, this time too she travelled to work by a steam train, holding Agnes with one hand and a huge black travel bag in the other. She worked for long hours and she couldn't leave her daughter alone at home. Every time she travelled by the steam train, she bought only one ticket. Only one for only one person. Not one for her and second for her child. She didn't have enough money so she couldn't afford to buy two tickets. Helen got on the steam train and sat down on an old dusty seat in a third-class train car. Smiling at her little daughter she sometimes looked around if the conductor had appeared. The steam train began to move, and Helen put Agnes on her knees. Two hours later when they were only 10 kilometres before reaching the city where her work was, a conductor suddenly appeared and started to check the passenger's tickets. She quickly opened the huge black travel bag and hid Agnes into it. Helen placed the bag with Agnes under the old seat and command her to be quiet. When the ticket inspector came to her, he politely asked for her ticket. She handed him the ticket nervously and slowly. Suddenly the steam train stopped abruptly, and Helen didn't notice that her black travel bag had changed the place with another black bag. She quickly took her ticket from the conductor and grabbed the wrong bag. Helen got off the stem train and found some place where she could pick Agnes out of the travel bag. When she opened the bag, she found out that her daughter wasn't there. She panicked. Looking around her, she tried to find her daughter but Agnes wasn't there. So, Helen quickly got on the steam train and looked for Agnes under her seat. But Agnes wasn't there either. Disappointed, Helen left the train and sat down on a wooden bench at the station. A few minutes later she heard a child's laughter. A childish laugh that reminded her so much of Agnes. Helen stood up, dusted off her clothes, and walked tensely toward the child's laughter. The happiest moment in her life was when she saw her daughter standing next to the conductor. Helen ran to her daughter and hugged her tightly.

The conductor blamed Helen her behaviour, but he understood her at the same time. He promised that he would never tell anyone about her secret. About the secret that every day and every week a woman called Helen travelled to her work with her daughter by this steam train and never bought the ticket for her daughter. And about the woman who had hidden her daughter in the huge black travel bag. And Helen promised him that she would never more hide Agnes into the huge black travel bag. Whenever this conductor wanted to check the tickets in the wagon where Helen was, he skipped her and continued to another wagon.

The Night Before the Royal Wedding by Anonymous

It was an early night at the castle. You could feel that even though it was night-time, the whole place was in a very lively atmosphere. The servants were running all around the huge building, finishing up the last preparations for the following day, making sure all the food was cooked and decorations set up. What was happening the next day, you may ask?

The next day was the day of the prince's wedding. Everyone was in a bright mood, cheerfully putting in all the effort to make it the best day possible, yet, the prince's mood was quite the opposite. He tried to mask it on the outside, covering his face with a big smile, but on the inside, he wasn't nearly as happy as everyone else.

The quiet atmosphere inside the prince's room was disturbed as one of the servants knocked on the door, proceeded to gently open it and said, "Prince Clay, you have a visitor." The prince looked behind him at the opened door with a slightly confused look, and muttered, "At this time? Well then, let him in."

Clay's body suddenly froze as he saw the visitor in question. To Clay's surprise, it wasn't just anyone. It was a man his age with short dark hair, brown eyes and a slim built, slightly shorter than him. It was his long-time best friend, George. They knew had known each other ever since they were little, but as they grew older, they were able to spend less and less time together because of their duties.

"Long time no see Clay," the other man exclaimed, as Clay got up and pulled him into a hug. "You came! I'm so glad to see you." Clay said with a smile as he pulled away from the other. George then proceeded to take a seat next to him. "Well, there was no way I would turn down an invitation to my best friend's wedding." George said, paused for a minute, and then added, "Congratulations by the way, I'm really happy for you," with a genuine smile. Clay tried his best to return the smile back, but his best friend knew him better than anyone else. George sensed something wasn't quite right, and shot him a worried look. "Hey, are you alright?" George questioned, and then continued, "You know you can tell me anything, right?" as he put a hand on Clay's shoulder with a reassuring expression on his face.

Clay sighed, and whispered, "You're right." After pausing for a bit, Clay continued, "You know, this wedding and everything, I ... I don't want it. My father does. Even after I told him that I didn't want it, he wouldn't listen to me and arranged it anyways." As he finished his sentence, he saw his friend's expression turn from a worried one to a sad, sympathetic one.

"Oh. I'm really sorry for that, I didn't know." George whispered, but he was cut off immediately by Clay, who said, "Oh don't be. It's not your fault, and there's not really much we can do anyways."

Afterwards, the air in the room was filled with silence. It lasted a good few minutes, but was suddenly broken off by George, who muttered, "I have an idea." Clay gave him a curious look and further nodded to signal for him to continue. "What if we get out of here? Like, right now?" George blurted out, and grinned slightly at the other. "What?" Clay questioned with a puzzled look on his face. George then answered, "Well, just like I said. What if .. we get out of here, right now. We can sneak out through the rear, hop on our horses and just, leave." Clay

looked at him with an expression that the other man couldn't quite read well, looking confused, curious and excited all at the same time. "Just like we used to when we were younger. With no plan, no directions, just the two of us. Do you remember?" George continued after few seconds of silence, with a smile on his face.

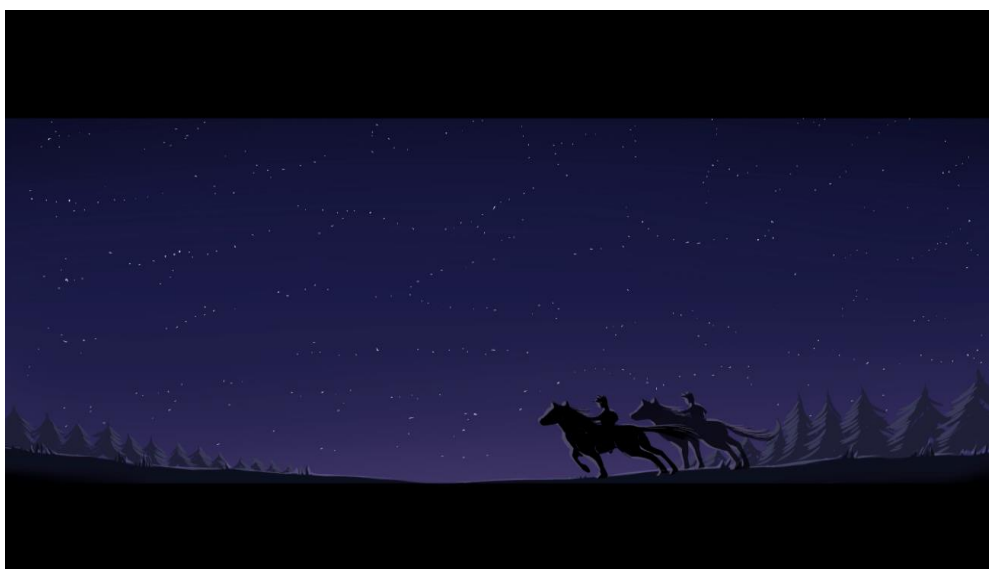
"Of course, I do. How could I forget?" Clay said as he smiled, recalling the fond memories the two of them had made throughout their lives. "But .. you know I have to do this. It's the right thing to do for the kingdom." Clay remarked, with hesitation and nervousness in his tone. He then looked at George, who had his gaze fixed on the night sky visible through the room window. "You know, Clay, you always do what's right for the kingdom. You always follow orders, fulfilling what the kingdom wants you to be. But, tell me, have you ever done something that was for you? Have you ever done something for yourself?" he said carefully, as he looked up from the window at his friend. Momentarily, silence hit the air once again, allowing George to continue by saying, "I don't think you did. But you should really try it sometime. Because if you don't, I don't think you can be happy."

Clay became quiet, too occupied with his own thoughts. He knew that this could get him in so much trouble, but George was right. He wasn't going to be happy like this. He did so much for the kingdom, but never did anything for himself. And now, he has a chance to feel free, to do what would make him happy.

The decision was obvious. He wanted to be happy.

George anxiously awaited for what his friend was going to say, when suddenly, Clay giggled and said, "You really know me by heart." As Clay looked up, he saw his friend grin with a spark of joy in his eyes. That sentence was more than enough for George to understand that he was in.

Afterwards, they both got up and proceeded to sneak out of the room. They then quickly stopped by the kitchen and the armoury to pick up some things that could come in handy, trying to avoid any unwanted attention. When they got everything they needed, they rushed down the hallways, headed to the stables placed in the rear of the castles. Once they reached it, they hopped on their horses and ran off into the night, laughter and excitement filling up the air. They felt like they were young again, feeling free like a bird soaring through the sky. They didn't know where they were headed, or how long they were going to be gone for, but it didn't matter. They had each other, and as long as they were together, they knew that they were able to conquer any challenge.



The Grand Ball by Viktória Drábiková

“Look at all these elegant people! I still cannot believe we got in here. What do you think?”

“Well, I think that you’re a liar, Charlie.”

“Does it really matter? Can’t you just enjoy the fact that we are at the classiest ball in the country?” handing an envelope to River, Charlie added: “Here’s your invitation if anyone asks. Now let’s have some fun.” Even though River was still a bit angry that Charlie lied about going to a theatre, it was too hard to resist the beauty of the Grand ball.

Everyone in the dance hall was wearing clothes worth more than River could imagine. But these people didn’t look mean or self-centred, as the media portrayed the upper class. They appeared very kind and seeing their happy smiles, it was impossible to not be happy with them.

Suddenly, something else caught River’s attention. Two huge men were taking Charlie away. Rushing to them, River asked in panic:

“What are you doing? Where are they taking you?”

“It’s alright, don’t worry about me. I’ll be right back, just don’t do anything stupid,” Charlie replied in a surprisingly calm tone.

But River wasn’t calm. “What does this all mean? Were the invitations fake? Are they stolen? Why didn’t they take me too?”

Still thinking about what just happened, River realised that everyone moved to the main hall.

“Excuse me, but why is everyone here?” asked River one of the waiters.

“Organizer of the ball is giving the speech,” whispered the waiter back.

“Ladies and gentlemen, dear guests, it’s my great pleasure to welcome you again on our annual Grand ball,” the organizer began to talk. Hearing a familiar voice, River looked up and saw the organizer – it was none other than Charlie.

After the Moon Blew Up by Samuel Bagar

It was a sunny night. The moon was still destroyed and its ruins were lingering in the night sky. I was getting up from the bed, once called mine, that was as hard and as cold as my unforgiving heart. I used to help animal shelters, but since Jupiter collided with Uranus, I couldn't care less about those puny beggars. I took off from the gratuitous structure, called my "home", for a walk. As I was stepping along the sidewalk, the summer-coloured orange leaves were jumping around, as if they wanted to get out from an unending cycle of misery and despair. Few meters later, a lunar fragment landed in front of me, one of the consequences of the Moon blowing up. I had to check it out, I've only seen something like this on the Netflixes. As I touched it, a vibrant feeling came across me, I felt omnipotent. I sensed that my friend, Albedo, was rounding up tools in his garage. I wanted to look further into his unexpectedly suspicious activities, but in a blink of an eye, the lunar fragment fell apart into mere dust, and with it my omnipotence. On that remarkable day, I decided to go back to my house, grab a FuturoCam™ and take a commemorative photo of the moon dust. And even later, in the evening of that day, I cried myself to sleep.

Author Biographies

Samuel Bagar was born on September 17, 2005 in Bratislava, but soon after, he and his parents moved to a village called Prašník, to a farm, so his father could fulfil his life-long dream of having a farm. He has attended a primary school in Vrbové, a town near Prašník, for 8 years, since 2012 and is currently bilingually studying at the Pierre de Coubertin high school in Piešťany. During his primary school study, he participated in many varying competitions and became successful in math-related ones, namely Pytagoriáda, which he won 3 times in a row in his region, and the Math Olympiad, where he reached the podium once. For these achievements, his primary school hung up a portrait of him in their Hall of Fame. In his first year of high school, he participated in two competitions, Fyzikálny Náboj, where he helped his team of four students to be the best team in the Trnava region, and the English Olympiad, where he placed third among the best bilingual students of his school.

My name is **Veronika Čechvalová**. I was born 6th June 2006. When I was 6 years old I started elementary school at Brezová school in Piešťany. In middle school, I was selected to math class. My first story that I ever wrote won a third place in a writing competition, when I was 11. In 2020, I was accepted to Pierre de Coubertin's gymnasium. I have a younger sister and I like skiing, dancing and drawing. In the future, I hope I will be able to graduate and then get accepted to collage in Brno. As for my job, I would like to do something connected with art.

Dominik Kiss is a Slovak professional hockey player (born 7th of February, 1999). He grew up in Piešťany, Slovakia with his parents, older brother and younger sister. He started his hockey career in Michalovce where he played from 2005 to 2016. A highly touted prospect, Kiss got drafted to the NHL 1st overall by Washington Capitals (draft 2016). With the Washington Capitals, he signed a 3-year entry level contract (\$825k per year). Dominik Kiss won a Stanley Cup in his rookie season (2017-2018) with the Washington Capitals, and was named the rookie of the year, winner of Maurice "Rocket" Richard Trophy (most goals of the season), and the MVP (most valuable player) of 2017-2018 play-offs. He has two All-Stars game appearances and 326 points (147 goals, 179 assists) so far.

Kristína Vlasáková was born on 21 November 2005 in Piešťany. She has one younger brother and a sister. She lives with her family in the village of Radošina near Piešťany. From 2012 to 2020 she studied at a primary school in Radošina. During her studies at the primary school in Radošina, she performed in the school theatre and took part in recitation competitions. She is currently a student at the Pierre de Coubertin Gymnasium in Piešťany and the Ladislav Mokrý Elementary Art School in Topoľčany. At Elementary Art school in Topoľčany she studies piano and keyboard playing. Her future plans include graduating from college and successfully pursuing the profession of her choice.

My name is **Gréta Malíková**. I was born on June 17, 2006 in Nové Zámky, where I lived until the time, I moved to Piešťany with my parents. I am currently student of bilingual Gymnazium in Piešťany. I choose this school because I am naturally curious to learn and in future, I would like to study at foreign university natural sciences or medicine. I believe that my biggest hobby-rowing, will help me gain a scholarship. I have been rowing since I was ten and I take part in rowing competitions. My biggest success is the 3rd place at the championships of the Czech Republic. My dream is to qualify for some big international rowing championships, to stand on the podium and hear the Slovak anthem. Later in the future, I would like to use my skills to fight for gender, ethnic and social equality.

Andrej Klapica was born on 30 November 2005 in Piešťany, Slovakia. He is a student of a high school Pierre de Coubertin in Piešťany, he emphasizes his education and also plays hockey for the HOBA Bratislava ice hockey club.

Andrej grew up as a middle child with two sisters in Piešťany. He appeared a couple of times on a stage playing a successful theatre with a few of his relatives. He also plays the piano and has experiences with concerts.

His started playing hockey in the ŠHK 37 Piešťany ice hockey club, where he spent 9 seasons. In year 2020 he moved to the HOBA Bratislava ice hockey club where he found better conditions for a personal hockey development. His hockey target for the future is to take his hockey career on a professional level.

My name is **Martin Panák** and I was born in Trenčín in 2005. I currently live in Nové Mesto nad Váhom in my family of five.

I attend Gymnázium Pierra de Coubertina in Piešťany. I decided to go to this school because I wanted to perfect my English.

Since 2014 I have been weightlifting and it has become a passion. While I was in primary school, I attended of the English language Olympics every year where I usually achieved a decent position.

In my free time I like playing video games, watching sci-fi and fantasy movies, and going out with my group friends.

After I finish school I plan to make a living in entertainment or management while continuing my weightlifting career.

Miriama Nemcová is a Slovak student and (kind of) an author, born on the 10th of December, 2005, in Trnava. Miriama has not written many stories, meaning 'How I found out my fish was not a fish' is one of her first short stories (not including previous school projects, HW). From the age of 6, she attended elementary school in Dubovany, reaching the age of 10 (4th grade), She started going to elementary school in Veľké Kostoľany. She hasn't won any awards literature wise but has won several fishing awards, which used to be her adored hobby. Currently, she is not interested in fishing anymore. She stated, she would love to become a veterinarian or an animal worker.

Viktória Drábiková (31.3. 2006, Bratislava) has been writing mostly short poems since she was about 10 years old and in 7th grade, she successfully participated in a local writing competition. The short story *The Grand Ball* is Viktória's first prose. In her free time, Viktória learns foreign languages, plays piano and attends local arts school where she practices fine arts. After finishing secondary school, Viktória would like to study diplomacy or law at university.

Oliver Ján Tremboš is a Slovak author of short stories. He was born in Piešťany in 2005. His parents are teachers at the university of Nitra and Bratislava. He and his older brother are students at the Grammar School of Pierre de Coubertin in his home town.

He won several diplomas in geographic and historical competitions. Not only that, but he loves playing the piano and his favourite subject is mathematics. Tremboš does not hide his huge affection for France and French literature, from where he gains suggestions.

His next plan is to pass the school-leaving exams and to be admitted to one of the most imposing universities in Europe, preferably in France. He would like to have an employment that involves knowledge of natural sciences or the English language.

During his first class at a new grammar school, he wrote his debut book "A Stressful Story", about a real-life event which happened in his life, although he added some fiction parts too. He got the idea of writing after a petrifying event which will keep in his mind forever.

Adam Polonský was born on April 8, in the year 2005 in the picturesque town of Trenčín. He grew up and made many friends in the small village of Modrová.

He studied at the primary school in Moravany nad Váhom and is currently improving his education at the Pierre de Coubertin Secondary Bilingual School in Piešťany.

Adam loves sports but doesn't play any sports actively. When he was younger, he participated in several competitions such as the OXDOG Floorball Cup, where he fought against teams from all over Slovakia and finished with his team in 5th place, the McDonald Football Cup and many running competitions. In his free time, he derives pleasure from cycling around his lovely village. Adam likes to pass his time with computers, especially, he likes to play computer games with his friends.

In the near future, he would like to play Floorball more actively and when he will be older, he would like to have a family and work as a computer hardware engineer.

Tobias Munk - It was a beautiful Easter Saturday morning. 15.4.2006 at 9.00 in the morning I saw the world for the first time. Everyone was looking forward to me. The first words, steps and, of course, falls followed. And so days, weeks, months passed and when I reached 4 years of age I started going to kindergarten. I liked it there. Drawing, playing, sleeping after lunch, what more can only be desired. But I didn't even think about it and school started. I met a lot of new friends with whom I still am friends. From the second grade I started playing my sport competitively. Since then, I have to learn well and train a lot. That's why I'm glad I got into this perfect high school.

GENERAL

INFORMATION

Boris Jurčaga is a student at Pierre de Coubertin grammar school in Piešťany. He was born on March 3rd, 2005 in Moravany nad Váhom, a small village near the town of Piešťany.

FAMILY

BACKGROUND

Boris Jurčaga is the son of Boris and Jane Jurčaga. His mother, an elementary teacher currently teaching in Banka, was born in Ratnovce, but later moved to Moravany with her parents. His father, a programmer and IT technician, was from Piešťany, however he too moved to Moravany after a few years.

WORKS

His work began several years ago as he was attending primary school. He is the author of a few short stories. His most notable work is the story A Camping Trip, a short story about his personal experiences with camping.

His next story is currently in the works.

EDUCATION

He attended primary school in his hometown of Moravany, where he achieved reasonably good results thanks to which he got admitted to the (Pierre de Coubertin) grammar school in Piešťany, where he is studying to this day.

PRIZES

AND

AWARDS

While in primary school, Boris competed in several English language competitions, both local and regional. Unfortunately, his efforts did not earn him any significant awards.

INTERESTING

FACTS

His father's parents weren't from Slovakia. They moved there from the Czech Republic, back then a part of Czechoslovakia. However, his family originated in Poland, only moving to Czechoslovakia during the Second World War.

PLANS

FOR

FUTURE

Jurčaga doesn't have any plans for the future for now, although he plans on writing more short stories and expanding his education.

Zuzana Mečířová was born 10.11.2005 in a small village, Veľké Kostoľany. She attended here preschool education and elementary school. Currently, she is a student in secondary grammar school Pierre de Coubertin. She started writing poems in the sixth grade. The first story that she has ever written was given to her mother as a present for her birthday. Since then, she has written poems as a present for everyone. Her motto is quite simple: "If you have no expectations there is nothing that can bring you a disappointment."

Adela Sedláčiková is a young starting writer. She was born in Piešťany on 28 October 2005. Her debut was a collaboration of 26 stories, written by her and her classmates. At present she lives in a small village with her supporting family. She has a strong artistic spirit, apart from writing she likes painting and drawing, as well as she is a passionate reader and owner of at least 100 books. She aims to travel, to gather more themes and ideas for her upcoming books.

Elena Košková is a Slovak author of short stories. She was born in a small town of Piešťany in 2005. A couple years ago, she discovered her passion in writing. Since then, she wrote a few short stories and her dream is to write and publish a real book one day.

Her mother is a pharmacist and her father is a lawyer. She has one older brother, who is student at secondary school in their hometown just like her. It was in her first year at this school that her popular short story was written.

In the past she has participated in several recitation competitions. She has also competed in a couple History and English competitions. Elena has attended several keyboard concerts and dance performances.

Elena is an avid reader and her favourite book genres are Detective & Mystery, Historical Fiction and Fantasy. Her favourite authors, who inspire her in her work are Agatha Christie, Jane Austen, L.M. Montgomery and L.M. Alcott.

In her free time Elena spends most of her time reading, writing, painting, playing keyboard, spending time with her friends, watching movies, doing something fun. She also enjoys long walks in nature. Her big imagination and spontaneity are a big part of her. She used to play basketball and dance, when she was younger, but she is currently attending an art class and music lessons. Her future plans include graduating college, traveling, finding a stable job and slowly settling down.

Matúš Šintál is an ordinary person living in an ordinary town of Piešťany in an ordinary country in centre of Europe. Mathew was born in the year of 2005 in his hometown. Mathew's parents wanted to live a peaceful boring life, but his father was sent to Russia because of his work and Mathew with family went with him. After 4 years of Russian school Mathew was never the same...

Mathew returned to Slovakia in the year 2016 and was heavily obsessed with computer games. He spent most of his days by going to school and then playing computer games to the late night. In the early seventh grade Mathew decided to put his abnormal height to use, and so he started playing basketball. Mathew was fascinated with it and trained many hours, trying to catch up to his more skilled teammates. By the time he played basketball his school grades got better, his body got stronger and his confidence got a major boost.

As the 8-grade initiated, many of Mathew's classmates started considering bilingual courses. Mathew was sceptical about them until the one event happened. Mathew's teacher of English language chose him to participate in a team English-based competition. Mathew had a great time competing and to his surprise they won. Mathew was finally convinced enough to consider the Bilingual course.

It wasn't easy but Mathew got accepted to the gymnasium in his hometown. Mathew's delight from the success couldn't be described by any words.

One of Mathew's favourite subjects was English writing on which he once wrote his silliest story: "Raid of the Renegade Friend's house" which didn't make him famous but he had an exceptional time writing it.

My name is **Branislav Halabrin** and I was born on the 23th of January, 2006 in Myjava. I grew up and still live in Vrbové. I attended the primary school Komenského in Vrbové and now I study at the grammar school Pier de Coubertin in Piešťany. I participated at many water polo tournaments, also in foreign, with excellent results. I was chosen into the Slovakia representation of the water polo last month. In the future I would like to well graduate at the grammar school and then continue my studies at the university.

Samuel Hutta is a hyperactive person born in October 11, 2005, in a town called Piešťany. Then he moved to his village Podolie where he lived for 8 years. In 2013 he and his family moved to a near village called Častkovce. This move changed his life.

Gradually, as he grew older he loved one sport, that sport was football. In 2010 at the age of 5, his mother brought him to the football field in Podolie. Although before he showed up to the coach and teammates, he started crying and didn't want to go. But he suddenly saw his friend Adam from the street where Samuel lived. He came to the pitch and it completely changed his life. When he started school, he was the best student in the class, but he was not one of the favorites between the teacher. It had one reason, his head-teacher did not like him much cause of his attitude she liked quiet intelligent students. Despite that Sam was very intelligent, he was hyperactive and always talking. But Sam did not care and always focused on himself. Next 3 years of his life have been always the same, but every day he was getting better in football and potential to be a good footballer grew up.

But the year 2013 came and Sam had to move to Častkovce. It was the biggest change for him despite it was only 2 kilometers from Podolie. So he started playing football for OK Častkovce. He found out that he is a great finisher and in the 2nd season there, Samuel scored 50 goals and became the top scorer of the 3rd Slovakian league. After one match 2 men came to him and they were scouts from 2 different 1st league Slovakian team. One from Spartak Trnava and another from AS Trenčín. Although Sam loves Spartak Trnava he chose AS Trenčín, because it was closer to his home. It was only his 3rd month there and he injured seriously. He was out for 5 months and he was never the same player.

As a 7-graded he began to think about bilingual studies as he liked languages and knew English very well. So he started learning English a lot more to get to the gymnasium in Piešťany. After one year he filed the application to school with his grades in last 2 years. Because of the Covid-19 situation the exams were cancelled.

Then April 2020 came and results of admission to school were official. Samuel found his name there. He was as happy clam to be there. At first he was a little bit skeptical if he really wants to go there but he decided to go.

Nowadays is the year 2021 and he is having a great time in a new school with his classmates and it silly that he cannot go to school. Favorites subject in school are English Conversation, English and English writing. At the end, I have one great message for you. Samuel has returned to his form in football and is better than ever.

It was October 30, 2005 and 5:00 a.m. when a child was born. It was me. My name is **Ema Vatrťová** and I was born in a town Piešťany in a small country Slovakia, which is located in Central Europe. It is a beautiful country that I am very proud of and I am really happy to live here.

I started my education at Brezová primary school in Piešťany, which prepared me to get to my dream grammar school. My dream school was the English bilingual grammar school of Pierre de Coubertin in Piešťany. I have been attending this school for almost a year and in addition to improving my English, I also try to improve in other languages such as French and Russian. In my free time I like to read English books and listen to French and Russian songs. Among other things, I am also interested in sports for example football, basketball, athletics etc. My favourite sport is tennis, which I play regularly from my eight years old. I toured many tournaments where I received various awards. My biggest success is 3rd place at the regional championships in singles and doubles. In the future, I would like to be a tennis coach for children in another country, where in addition to work, I would also improve in my English.

Erik Ranostaj is an athlete with 3 years of competing alongside the sports team of TJ družba Piešťany. Erik is currently living in a small town of Piešťany in Slovakia. He was born on the 15th of January in Piešťany into an ordinary family. Erik was attending elementary school for eight years when he got accepted to the Pierre De Coubertin grammar school. In addition to his student life, he does athletics. He achieved his first success in the winter of 2018, when he won the 2nd place in the 300m run at the national indoor championship. In the summer of 2019 Erik and his team finished up 2nd in the 4x60m relay run at the national championship. In the year of 2020, when the pandemic started all the athletic competitions have been stopped and Erik didn't achieve any achievement. "If I can't compete now, I'll train to do my best at the next competition", Erik says.