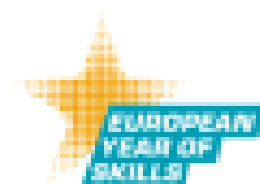


Liceul Teoretic Teiuș, Alba

ZIUA EUROPEANĂ a Limbilor



Toți împreună!
All together!
Tous ensemble!



Nr. 1/2023, Alba Iulia

ZIUA EUROPEANĂ a Limbilor



**Toți împreună!
All together!
Tous ensemble!**

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ZIUA EUROPEANĂ A LIMBILOR

Toți împreună! – All together! – Tous ensemble!

MARIUS COSMIN PINTEA 21 SEPTEMBRIE 2023 07:12 UTC

Tradition

In a small village there is a tradition
Fueled by a lot of soul's ambition
Wandering from door to door
All day and then some more

The singing wakes up the streets
They are awaited like gifts
In the Village of Deutsch-Kreuz
Every year, every Christmas night

*Elev: Busuioc Dragoș
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic "I. C. Drăgușanu", Victoria*

The High School Years

*I still remember my first day,
13th of September, early autumn Monday.
I was wearing a pretty dress,
Black and white as I can confess.
We took mom's car, leaving the house,
And I felt scared just like a mouse..
We arrived there after some time,
I think my face was like a lime,
Cause there was I, in front of it:
A new chapter I can defeat.*

*Mom left so I went to my cousin,
The history teacher, very pleasant.
We stayed with the others, waiting to go,
But then something happened that made me say "oh"..
A pretty girl came and asked which class I am from,
I said 9th grade G, but didn't know she'd become
One of my dearest friends I got,
Different blood, same minds I thought.*

*I've earned someone I love a lot,
Someone who's here, not just some cloth.
The next year left so fast..
It was like a blast.
I had the same desk mate, my dear,
My sweet friend Lari, like in the previous year.*

*We didn't realise how fast the time flew,
It was like a gum you spit after you chew.
Now I'm in 11th grade, in a different high school,
It's pretty nice here, the people are "cool"..
But sometimes I do miss the start,
Sometimes it feels like I would tear apart,
Cause I grew up and walked with the time,
And left some things, which felt like a crime..
Just had to go, move with the clock,
Even if I wanted to press "block".*

*Soon I'll be old, smiling with tears,
Remembering about my high school years.*

*Elevă: Andonoaei Vasilica-Georgiana,
Clasa a XI-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic "I. C. Drăgușanu", Victoria*

Poem about Nature

Walking in this dark forest
Wondering all alone with my thoughts
Thinking about this immense space
Filled with all sorts of wonderful creatures

Where are they hiding?
Am I scaring them?
As I wander,
A dear suddenly appears in front of me,
And disappears just as fast,

I look over at the sky,
And see this shining moon.
What a beautiful sight!
Its friends, the stars,
Like dozens of diamonds stuck to the
night sky shine even brighter.

And I ask myself,
Who am I to deserve such a beautiful
world?

*Elevă: Dinescu Ana-Maria
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic "I. C. Drăgușanu", Victoria*

Sunset

*When the rays meet
they slowly lie on the ground
And they look so sweet
they heat everything around*

*Like an unforgettable hug
Like a beautifully painted mug*

*New colors but all well-defined
My dear, everything is kind*

*And now everything ends
The sun is hiding again
It's as if time stopped at sunset
It was just a poem
Now I can forget*

Elevă: Ignat Antonia Ioana
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic "I. C. Drăgușanu", Victoria

The Love Between Us

The Sun and the Moon are two different things,
Although, they are in love with each other;
Sadly, because they can't hug, it stings like a knife in
the heart...

But their love is too strong and..
They just want to feel their lips.

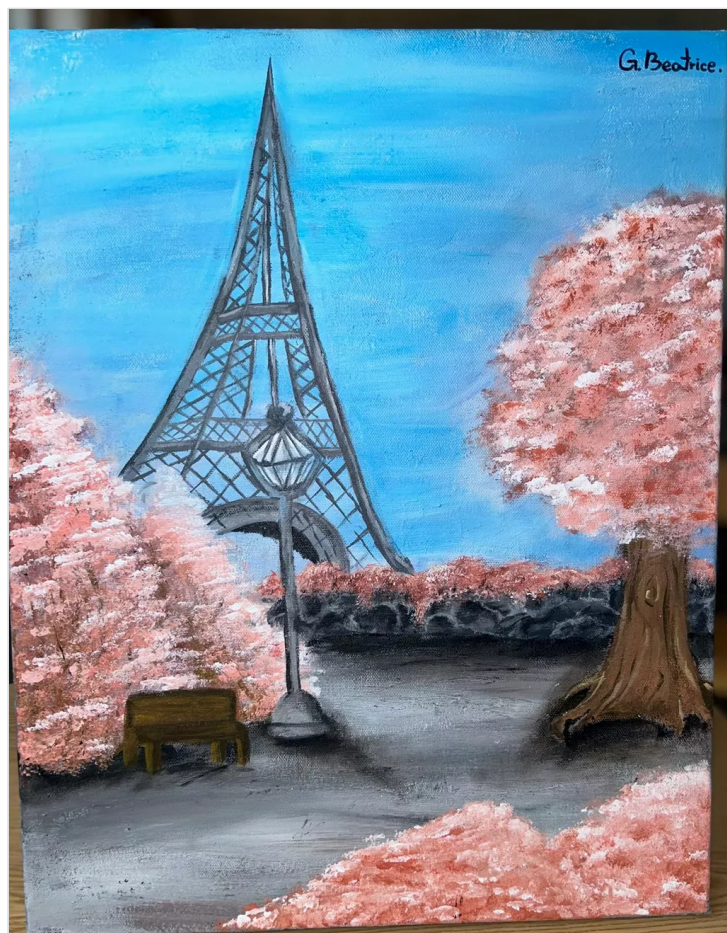
The Sun and the Moon are two different things;
But their love is just pure and innocent...
They hug and kiss every three times a year•
And when it ends it's hard to say goodbye.
But maybe, when the world ends..
And everything will disappear,
They'll be together.. forever..

A lunar eclipse

Elevă: Racu Adriana Maria
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic "I. C. Drăgușanu", Victoria

Amour

Eleva Giurgiu Beatrice
Clasa a X-a D



La Tour Eiffel

Eleva Mara Tamara
Clasa a X-a D
Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



monologue blac- Paul Vicinius

Eleva: Boldor Ana/ XB
Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

**(comme un éclat éphémère d'un cœur décoloré)
et seulement après avoir vu sa larme
lui relevant sa pâleur
je savais qu'il m'avait entendu
qu'il a compris
qui lui parlait.**

**et seulement après que
la larme
a séché
j'ai compris que tu savais que le désert des tatars t'a
parlé
ta désolation
et ton armée indiscipliné et rebelle
monsieur le colonel
moi
ta progéniture
père**



monologue blanc- Paul Vinicius

Eleva: Boldor Ana / XB
Prof. coord. Buta Ramona
Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

monologue blanc

De Paul Vinicius

**la dernière fois que je l'ai vu
il était sur un lit
numéroté
de cet hôpital**

**sa barbe avais poussé
(en son absence)
Car lui
je ne pouvais pas dire
qu'il était encore en vie.**

**j'étais hypnotisé en regardant toutes ces machines
connectées.
qui l'a vécu
à sa place
ne pas me décider
à qui je parle.**

**je n'ai pas pu lui adresser plus d'une phrase
trébuchante
confuse
stérile
comme une porte qui s'ouvre brusquement pour toi
et instantanément
se ferme
dans ton nez.**

Escape room

You find yourself lost somewhere in Europe. There is nothing around that tells you exactly where in Europe you are. You don't understand the language spoken in the country and can't recognise any of the landmarks. There is a navigation system next to you, but it is locked with a code. If you can find out the combination of numbers, you'll be able to find out you where you are.

It was a fun activity, where students worked in groups to get the code to escape the room.

Clasele IX U, X U, XI U - Liceul Teoretic Teius



Scoica/ Le coquillage- Lucian Blaga

Eleva Rodean Lorena / XIB
 Prof coord.: Buta Ramona
 Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

Scoica
 (volumele "Peantele lumii" -
 anul aparitiei 1919)
 Lucian Blaga

Le coquillage
 Lucian Blaga

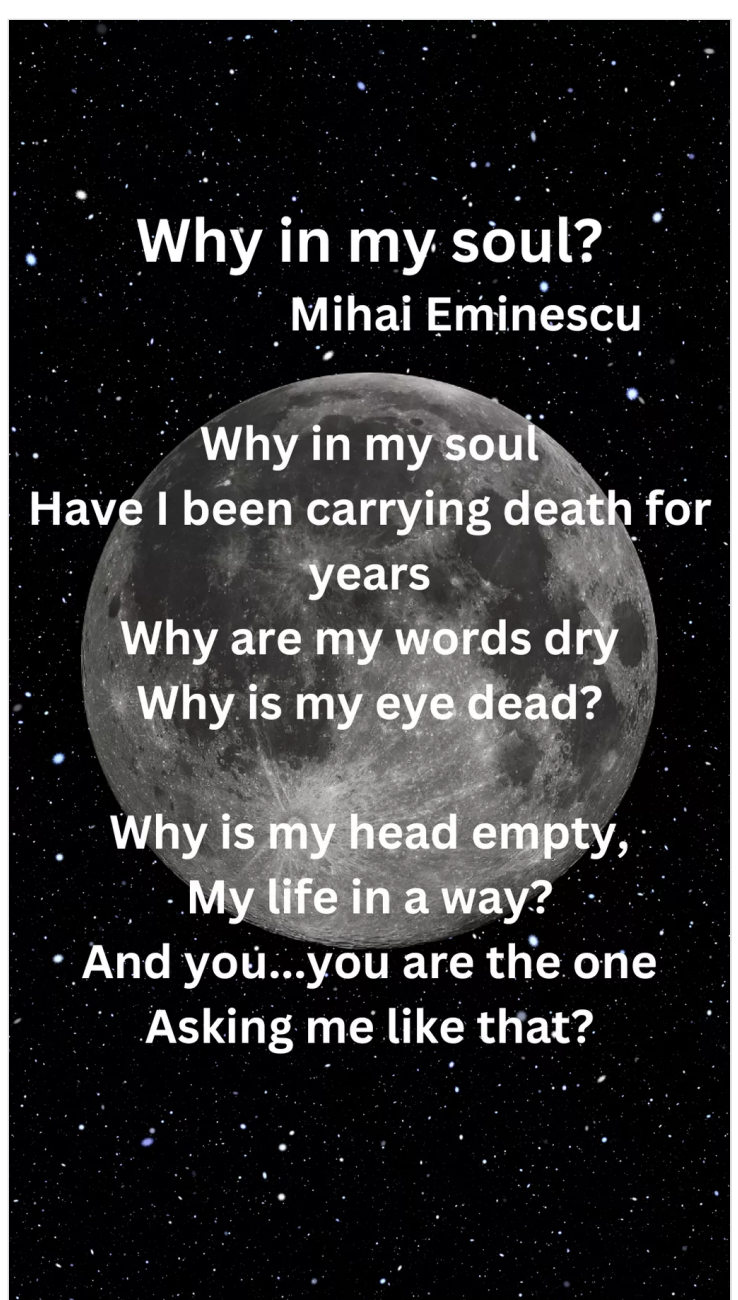
C-un zămbet îndrăzneț privesc în mine
 și înina
 mi-o prind în mână. Tremurând
 îmi strâng comoara la ureche și ascult.
 Îmi pare
 oă țin în mâini o scoală,
 în care
 prelung și neînțeles
 răsună zvonul unei mări necunoscute.
 O, voi ajunge, voi ajunge
 vreodată pe malul acelei mări,
 pe care azi
 o simt,
 dar nu o văd

Avec un sourire audacieux je regarde en moi-même
 et mon cœur
 je le tiens dans ma main. En frémissant
 je mis mon trésor à l'oreille et j'écoute.
 Il me semble
 que je tiens un coquillage aux mains
 dans lequel résonne
 longuement et incompris
 le murmure d'une mer inconnue sonne.
 Oh, j'arriverais, j'arriverais
 jadis sur le bord
 de cette mer-là que aujourd'hui
 je la sens,
 mais je ne la vois pas ?

Traducere: Elavii
 Rodean Lorena, XIB
 Prof. coord.: Buta Ramona
 Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

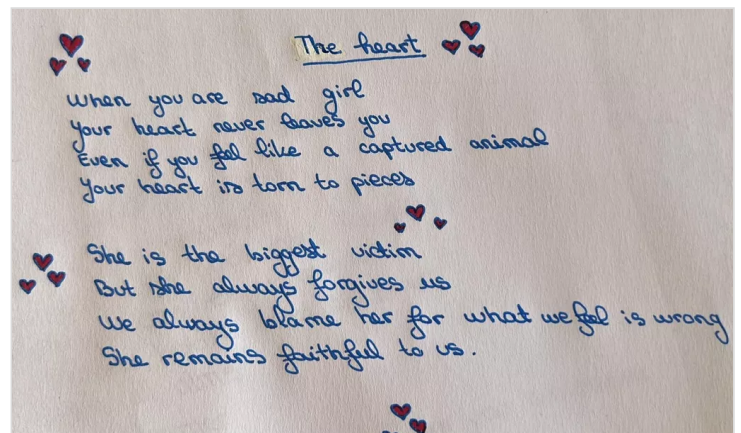
Why in my soul?

Suciu Alexia / XI B / Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



The heart

Fetita Ioana / XIB / Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Inner Child

Danciu Larisa / XI B / Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

Inner child

Danciu Larisa

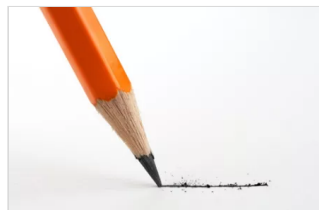
I want to tell you that I'm good
That I tried my best for YOU
I have tried to make you HAPPY
Every time we were unhealthy.

I will try to make you proud
For the person I became
I will always think of you
Giving all I have to you.



Pencil

Danciu Larisa / XI B / Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Pencil Tudor Arghezi

Soul, make yourself, child
And slip stealthily

Through corn with cobs and tassels,
So that you can enjoy yourself more
Gather letters, books and feathers
Give them all alms
To a new learner,
Let him suffer too.

The thought won't steal from you anymore
Through meadows end forest,
With the echo of the words
When the sorrows hurt you
That mumbles are lies
Forget them all and all their meanings.

Symbols

Bogdan Naomi/XII B/ Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Happy Language Day

Bogdan Naomi/XII B/Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Cooking time

Activitate culinara - Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Cooking

clip video 0:53

PADLET DRIVE

Freedom

Istvan Paula/X D? Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

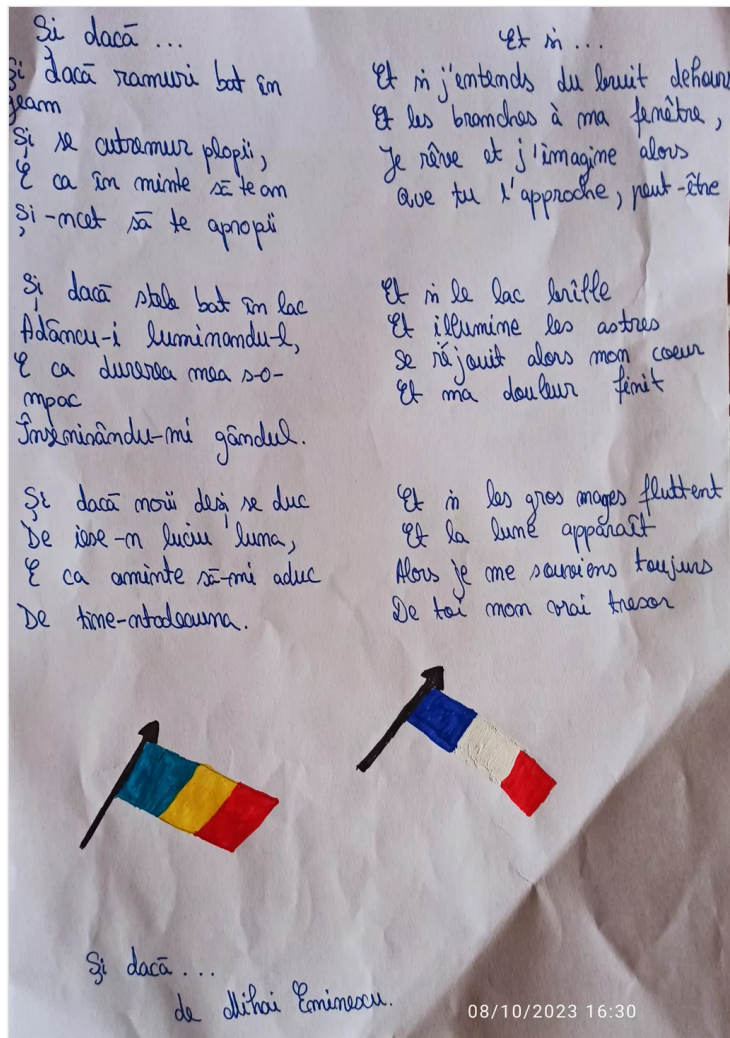


Eu și o umbrelă

Mancaș Georgiana/ XIB/ Liceul Tehnologic Aiud

Ziua Europeană a Limbilor

Szabo Andreea/ XIB/ Liceul Tehnologic Aiud



Meteș Maria-Dumitrella
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Și dacã.../ Et si...- Mihai Eminescu

Popa Tabita/ XIB / Liceul Tehnologic Aiud Prof coord: Buta
Ramona

Attente

*Que ferais-tu, si je venais,
Je t'embrassais et je t'aimais...?
Tu me répondrais?
Un petit mot... tu me dirais?*

*Je préférerais même que tu te tais
Que tu m'aimes, ruais que tu le fais...
Je n'en désire rien de plus
Ton amour me ferais... bien.*

*Je ne pourrais, même te parler...
Comme je t'aime quand je te regarde.
Comme je t'admire quand tu me parles,
Et comme j'aimerais que tu m'aime...*

*Je perdrais ma voix et
Je ne pourrais pas parler de moi.
Hais à quoi bou te dire de moi?
Quand ma vice c'est toi!*

*Élève: Meteș Maria-Dumitrela
Clase: X U
Prof. coord. Adriana Săsarman*

Meteș Maria-Dumitrela
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Așteptare

*Ce ai face de-aș veni,
De te-aș cuprinde, te-aș iubi...?
Mi-ai răspunde într-un fel?
Îmi vei spune-un cuvântel?*

*Aș prefera chiar și să taci
Să mă iubești, doar să o faci...
Nu vreau să-ți cer nimic mai mult
Iubirea ta este chiar... mult.*

*Nu aș putea să îți vorbesc
Cum te iubesc când... te privesc.
Cum te admir; când îmi vorbești,
Și cum aș vrea să mă iubești...*

*Mi-aș pierde graiul și n-aș putea
Să-ți spun despre ființa mea.
Dar ce folos să-ți spun ceva?
Când EA este viața TA!*

*Meteș Maria-Dumitrela
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș*

La Journée européenne des langues, fête de l'histoire,
Nous unie tous, de l'est à l'ouest.
Dans chaque mot, un monde se cache,
Et par la langue, un cœur rencontre un autre cœur.

Parle, écris, chante, ris,
Dans toutes les langues, rien ne t'arrête!
Chaque langue, un bijou brillant,
Dans la Journée des langues, est une fête.

Rêve dans toutes les langues,
Essaie de créer une nouvelle histoire!
La Journée des langues, une grande fête dans les cœurs, laisse
une empreinte de valeur.

Oniche Andrei
Polhac Robert

Liceul Teoretic Teiuș
a XII a U



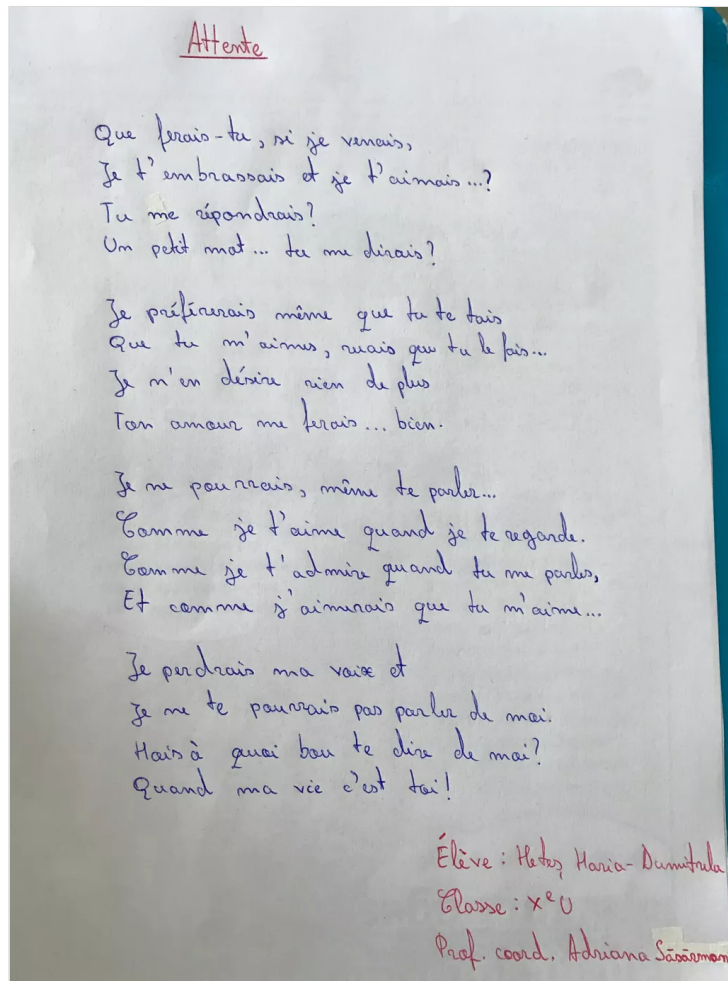
Ignat Bianca, clasa a Xa Real, Liceul teoretic Ion Codru
Dragusanu, Victoria

Autumn

I adore sunshine, I adore tree
I adore dancing in the breeze
Leaves turn orange, then brown,
Sailing gracefully to the ground.
They are crispy, they crunch,
Raked up in bunches, a fall lunch!

Metes Maria-Dumitrelea
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Ignat Bianca, clasa a X a real, Liceul teoretic Ion Codru
Drăgușanu, Victoria



All together for life,peace,hope and love(clasa a IX U Popescu
Andrei;Bârlog Darius;Balica Alexandru;Băieșan Robert)



L'automne

J'aime l'automne en France
Les feuilles dansent et se balancent
Les arbres se parent des couleurs
Une symphonie de tons et de chaleurs
Les vignobles se preparent pour la vendange
Et les châteaux se parent d'un charme étrange
Les rues se parent de douces brises
Et les cafés invitent à des rencontres exquises
L'automne en France est un vrai délice.

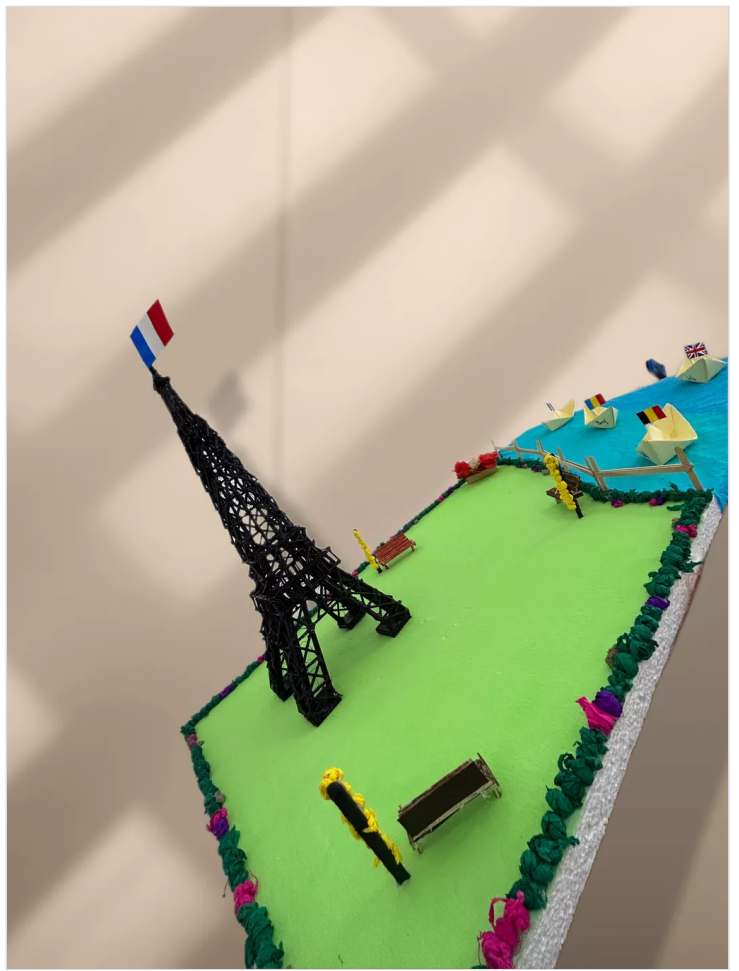


La tour Eiffel

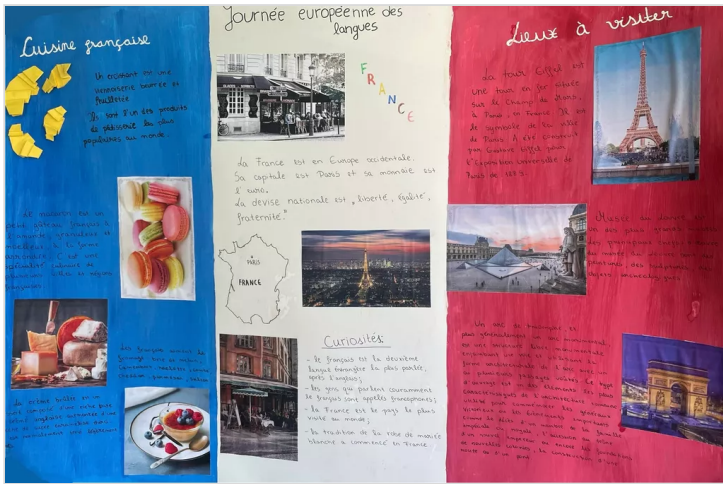
Pilțu Diana Lorena
clasa a XI-a Real
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș



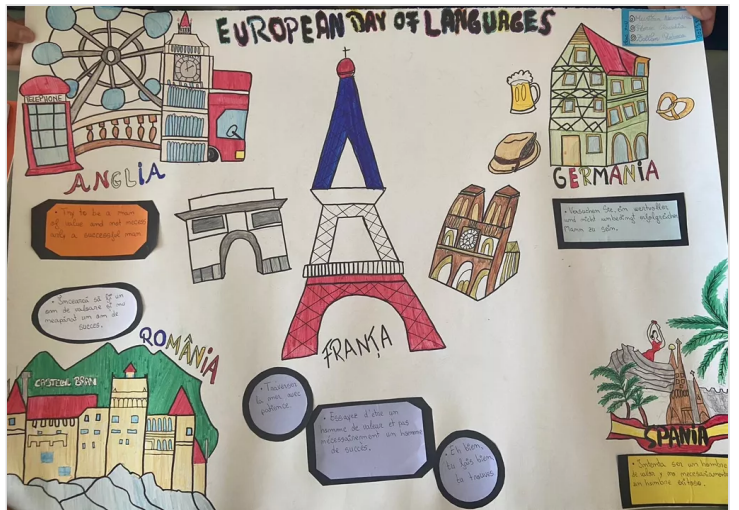
Negru Patricia, Stuhuleț Paula
Clasa a XI-a R, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș



Florea Claudia, Muntean Ioana, Zoltan Rebeca
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș
Clasa a X-a U



Oprîța Ana, Pop Cristiana, Tecșa Daria
Clasa a X-a R
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș



Maștei Roxana
Clasa a X-a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș



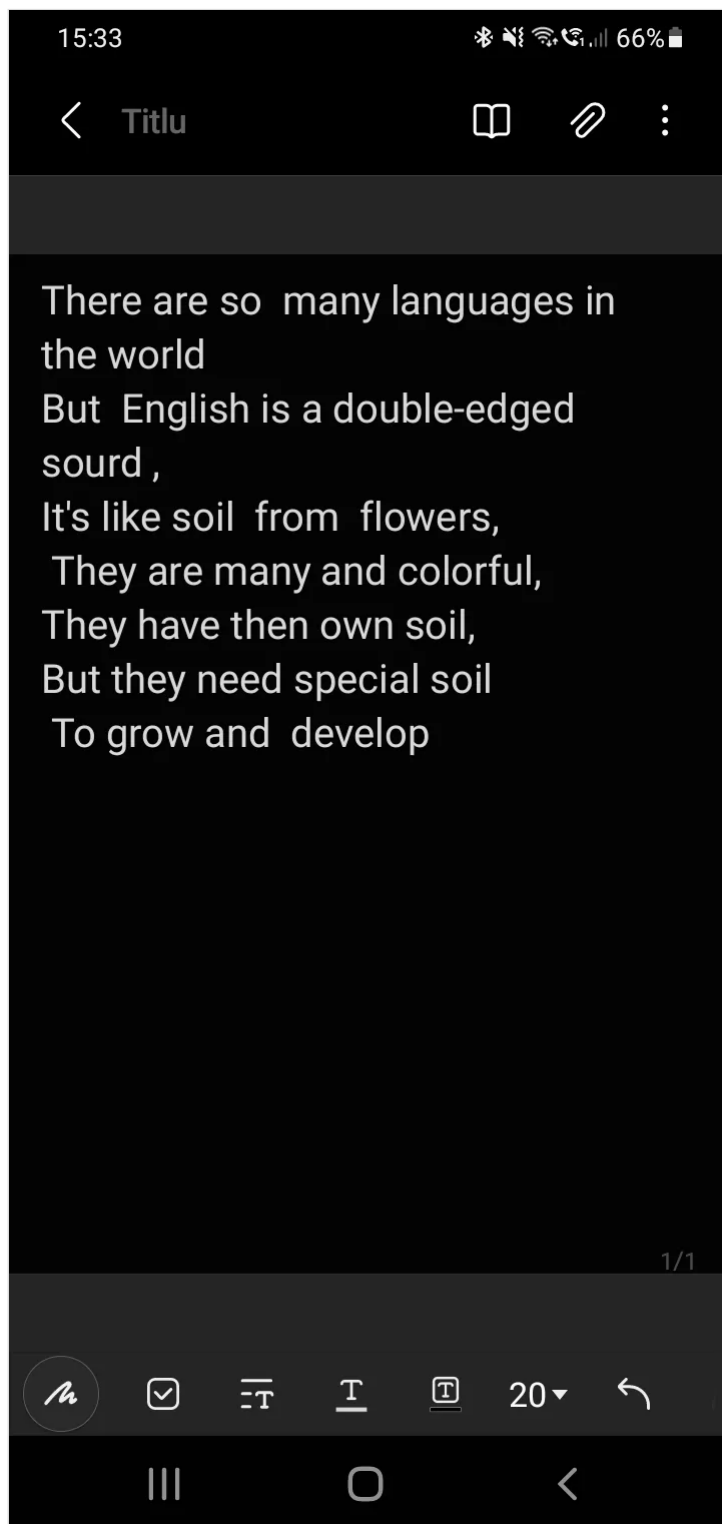
Ne dorim să nu mai fim la școală,
Dar asta o să ne lipsească enorm
Copilărie nu pleca
Mai stai puțin măcar...

Mărcuș Florina Tatiana

Clasa a 9 a

Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Hopirtean Anita colegiul național "Titu Maiorescu " clasa a IXa A

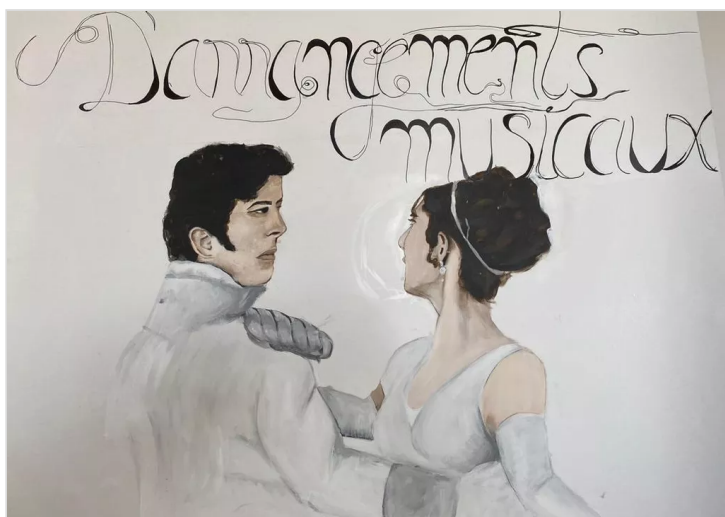


D'arrangements musicaux

Popa Olteanu Alexandra

Clasa a X a U

"Liceul Teoretic Teiuș"



Copilărie unde ești?

Îmi e dor de clipele bune

Unde e fericirea?

Unde e copilăria?

De ce ne maturizăm așa repede?

Suntem niște păsări care zboară prea repede

Ne dorim să fim adulți

Aldea Antonia, clasa a XI-a R, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Doar vorbe

Note pe portativ sunt gândurile mele,
Eu încercând să ți le cânt, tu mi-ai călcat pe ele.
Și când am răsărit din nou, tu ai văzut apusul,
Îndepărtându-te-n ecou, ți-am auzit surâsul.

Și-am zis doar vorbe lungi, care-au căzut în foc,
Iar lacrimile mele dulci au înghețat pe loc.
A noastră dragoste de-apoi, prea dulce totodată,
S-a transformat într-un imens război și nu s-a mai întors vreodată.

Juste des mots

Notes sur portatif sont mes pensées,
En essayant de te les chanter, tu leur as marché dessus.
Et quand je me suis levé à nouveau, tu as vu le coucher de soleil,
S'éloignant en écho, j'ai entendu ton sourire.

J'ai dit de longs mots, qui sont tombés en feu,
Et mes douces larmes ont gelé sur place.
Notre amour, trop sucré aussi,
Est devenu une énorme guerre et n'est jamais revenu.



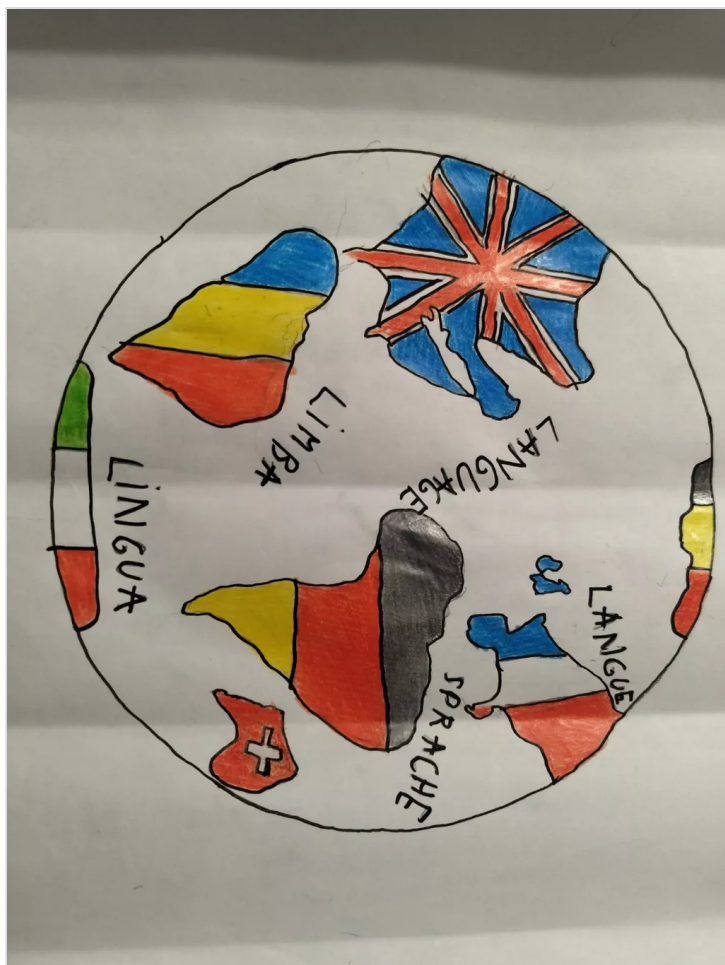
Pop Bianca-Luisa, clasa a XII-a Real, Liceul Teoretic Teius, prof. coordonator Oltean Corina.

Music heals souls

I close my eyes, tune out the world,
Headphones around my fingers curled
As I lay down on the bed,
Trying to clear out my head.
Slowly let go of the dread
Music fills my veins, instead,
And it takes me far, away,
In a place where I belong
With no night, and with no day.
It takes me home.

Moldovan Maria, Singorean Alexandra Colegiul Național "Titu Maiorescu" Clasa a IX-a B

Gavrilas Cristian, colegiul national "Titu Maiorescu" Aiud clasa IX-A



Bunea Andra, clasa a IX-a A, Colegiul Național "Titu Maiorescu" Aiud



Obrejan Luiza Maria , clasa a IX a U, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Copilărie

Unde ești copilărie ?
Cu joc și veselie,
Acum a rămas doar nostalgie.

Seara când ieșeam
Pe strazi și ne jucam,
Copii noi eram,
Și până noaptea stăteam.

Jocuri inventam
Și tare ne distram.
Mult mai râdeam
Și nicio grijă nu aveam.

"National Day of Languages" Andrei Cristina Iulia, Colegiul Național "Titu Maiorescu", Clasa a IX-a C

12:55

4G 88%

In Europe's embrace, languages intertwine,
A symphony of languages, so divine.
United by diversity, they all convene,
Expressions of culture, a human machine.

French whispers softly, romantic delight,
Italian sings with passion, through the night.
Spanish dances, fiery and bold,
A celebration of life, stories untold.

German marches forth, precise and strong,
Polish spills poetry, in a rhythmic song.
Greek chants ancient myths, to the sky,
Norwegian tales, echoes from on high.

Russian exudes mystery, a bittersweet spell,
Irish charms with tales, upon hills they dwell.
Portuguese whispers secrets, by the sea,
Hungarian dances, spirited and free.

Dutch paints windmills, in strokes of grace,
Romanian weaves folklore, a tale to embrace.
Finnish whispers solace, amidst the snow,
Czech echoes legends, as they forever grow.

Each language a treasure, a gift so rare,
Nurturing humanity with love and care.
Through words we connect, bridges are built,
A tapestry of voices, where spirits are fulfilled.

So let us cherish, these gifts we receive,
The languages of Europe, with hearts that
believe.
For in their melodies, we find unity,
A reminder that we are one, in our humanity.

Aldea Antonia, clasa a XI-a R, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Please come back

Love's like flowers, they all bloom
Now they're dead, I may assume.
That dark scent, it starts to fade
It cuts the air. What a sharp blade.

Why's love hard, my dearest friend?
Please, come home, don't let it end.
Don't let it sink into that blackness
Please, come back, I'll drown in sadness.

Aldea Antonia, clasa a XI-a R, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Gloomy

The witches fly across my town
Their red brooms cry with blood,
No sound.

They travel back and forth through storms
Even if God's nature mourns.

Their hands may play with cards or tarot
decks
With crosses on their long white necks.

They make you sob, they make you cry
'til your eyes they'll be all dry.

They'll make you blind, don't be upset
Their souls may light your cigarette.
And what you'll hear you won't regret,
It's just a ghost, her name's Colette.

I am cursed now, the church bell rings
All my wounds now bleed,
It badly stings.

The witches fly across my town
I'm cursed, it hurts,
They'll let me drown.

Stan Ecaterina, clasa a XII-a C, Colegiul Național „Titu Maiorescu” Aiud

Like lanterns that beam.

Ducks slip through reeds awake,

Velvet lilies float alike:

Dancing damsels, silver swans

Swinging all their pearly gowns.

Fish slumber in the pond

Down the depths of gloomy chasms

In the darkness they are blind

Chasing their silent symphony of dreams.

No one dares to make a sound

To disturb the after dark

Only specks of light that spark

And the infinite serene is found.

Stan_Ecaterina_Poezie.docx

Document Word

PADLET DRIVE

Faladau Andreea, clasa a XII-a B, Colegiul Național „Titu Maiorescu”

All the residents speak French
The German language hides
A lot of very strange sounds

The Italian language with melodious notes
Enchants us when in air it floats
Spanish with its energetic vibes
Makes us feel very surprised
This is just a small part we call
For all of us our beloved home.

Welcome-to-European-land2

Document Word

PADLET DRIVE

Mihețiu Andra si Bocănicu Roxana
Clasa a X-a U
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș



A noastră Europa
Miclea Andrei

A noastră Europa-i mare
Întinsă pe 50 de state
Cu multe limbi vorbite
Și oameni de etnii diferite.

Locuitori mulți devenim
Țări unite, noi sa fim
Căci azi e ziua despre ele
Ale ei limbi europene.

Nord, sud, est sau vest
Nu contează țara in rest
Să acordam importanță
Pentru mai multă toleranță.

Miclea Andrei Răzvan
Clasa a XII- a Uman
Liceul Teoretic Teiuș

Raffaella Ispas, clasa A XII-a A Științele Naturii, Colegiul Național
"Titu Maiorescu" Aiud



Languages

there are so many languages
that people speak worldwide
these show how we have differences
we cannot let them set us apart

The world has been exposed to changes
And so has communication
From the beginning 'till this moment
The earth has never been on vacation

We love to have our differences
It makes un individuals
And this also applies to
on travel and communication

Ispas Raffaella, Clasa a XII-a A Științele Naturii, Colegiul Național
"Titu Maiorescu" Aiud

acorduri muzicale

m-aș pierde iar prin cântece intermediare
ceva abstract, stors de realitate
note împrăștiate pe portativ, dar
închise de cei neidentificate
ceva ca la "sol", dar
mai "fa"
să mă prindă în pași de dans
cu tonuri gravate peste semitonuri
cromatismele să-și spună dorul
negru peste alb
repetând că
dansul îți aparține.

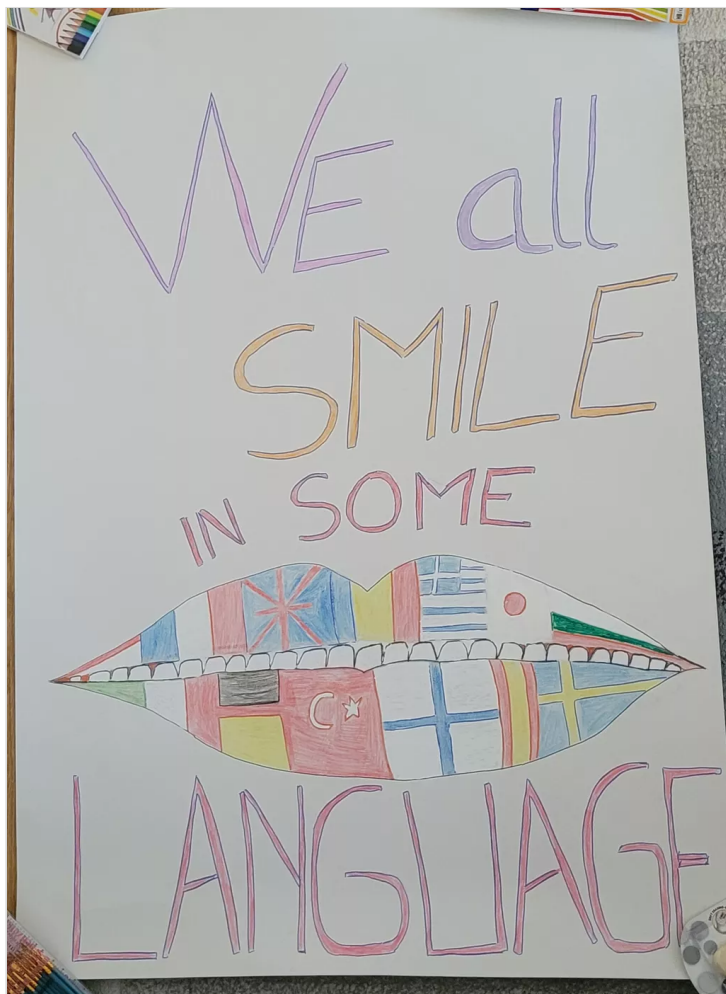
d'arrangements musicaux

je me perdrais à nouveau dans des chansons intermédiaires
quelque chose d'abstrait, pressé par la réalité
des notes éparpillées sur le portatif, mais
fermées par des clés non identifiées
quelque chose comme "sol", mais
plus comme "fa"

pour m'attraper dans des pas de danse
avec des tons gravés sur les semitons
pour sur les chromatismes disent leur souhait
noir sur blanc
en répétant que
la danse t'appartient.
- propre création

Rancea Ayana Maria, "Liceul Teoretic Teiuș", clasa a X-a UMAN,
Teiuș, jud. Alba

Clasa a IX U Popescu Andrei; Bârlog Darius; Balica
Alexandru; Băieșan Robert



Pe vremuri

atunci
când răsăritul de soare se împărțea în două,
iar
copilul smulgea florile înverșunat
măinile ni se despărțeau, dar totuși
uitam să ne privim și
am coborât de pe lună
eram aceeași atunci, mereu, să știi.
tăcerea - răspuns sonor
frica - explozie de cuvinte
pentru ce, pentru ce să trăim?

ne întrebăm, mulți, cum
realitatea nu ne aparține
era a lor, nici măcar a ta
nu mă puteam obișnui,
nu voiam.
pe vremea când griul era noul roz
albastrul se închidea în sine și totuși
recunoșteam roșul
pedeapsă pentru ființe fără putere
ca mine.
noapte de opaiț pe ochii mei
copilul m-a tras de mânecă, hipnotizată de
transformarea lui în bărbat.
florile - petele sale sângerii
zâmbetul - termen exclus de zgomot
prea zgomotos totul, și în interior
frica mereu doar o explozie de cuvinte
de ce, cum, pentru ce, cine ne salvează?
nu știam cum e cu un răsărit întreg,
nu despicasem până atunci aerul
am aflat, cred
doar când priveam înapoi
și florile chiar s-au ofilit
și copilul-bărbat a dispărut,
dar zgomotul s-a oprit
nu mai era repetitiv și obsesiv
nu mai era, însă, nici luna
nu mai era realitatea
doar timp, timp pentru a construi
altă nouă
datorită doar copilului care a smuls din rădăcină
adevărata buruiună.
- creație proprie

Rancea Ayana Maria, "Liceul Teoretic Teiuș", clasa a X-a UMAN,
Teiuș, jud. Alba, profesor coordonator: Romina Pop

Ziua Europeana a Limbilor

Rat Robert, Colegiul National "Titu Maiorescu" Aiud, Clasa a IX-a
C.



Sacota Ștefania, Liceul Teoretic Teiuș, Clasa a X-a R



Cazamir Larisa, Colegiul National "Titu Maiorescu" Aiud, Clasa a IX a C

In moments of joy or times of sorrow
A friend is there, today and tomorrow
They lend us a listening ear
And offer support without any fear.

With a friend, we share memories and dreams
Building a bond that forever shines
Through ups and downs, they stand by our side
A true friend, in whom we confide.

Oancăș Daria-Cristina, Colegiul Național „Titu Maiorescu” Aiud, clasa XII C.

Childhood-the deepest surprise

In childhood's realm, where dreams take flight,
Imagination shines so bright.
With laughter, games, and endless play
Childhood memories forever stay.

Running through fields, carefree and wild,
Catching butterflies, like a joyful child.
Exploring the world with curious eyes,
Each day, a new adventure, a sweet surprise.

Building sandcastles on the shore,
Hearing waves crashing, wanting more.
Innocence and wonder fill the air,
Childhood's magic beyond compare.

Ciulea Beatrice-Diana, Colegiul Național “Titu Maiorescu” Aiud, clasa a XII-a C.



A real friend!

A friend is like a shining star
Guiding us from afar
Through thick and thin, they're always near
Bringing laughter and wiping away any tears.

Where did you come from?

Where did you come from
And who put you in my way?
I lost my peace, I lost my mind,
From looking into your eyes.

So, please tell me,
Where did you come from
And who put you in my way?
Maybe you're just a figment of my imagination
And you're not even here.

But me and you,
We could be everything
If you just tell me:
“Where did you come from?”
And “Who put you in my way?”

Biro Mara-Maria, Colegiul Național "Titu Maiorescu" Aiud, clasa XII C.