



STEZICE

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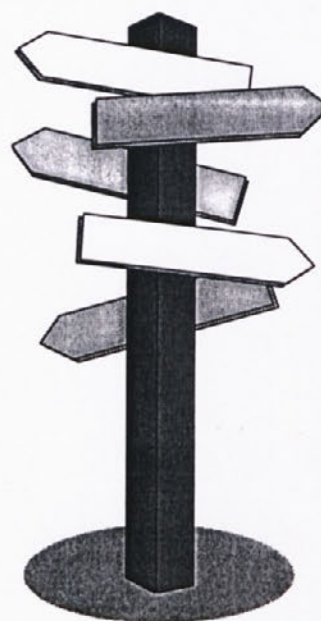


SMEROKAZ



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UVODNIK	1	
LJUBEZENSKA	2	
PESEM	3	
SLOVO	4	
MEDTEM KO RAZMIŠLJAM O LJUBEZNI		5
MORAŠ!	6	
KO NIMAM KAM	7	
NOV ZAČETEK	8	
TEBE USVAJAM	9	
TIŠINA	10	
ALI VEŠ?	11	
NEDOŽIVETA POPOLNOST		12
VSTAJA	13	
BESEDE	14	
LJUBEZEN	15	
BLACK COFEE	16	
LJUBEZEN, MIR, HARMONIJA		17
SPREGANJE	19	
TURJAŠKA ROZAMUNDA		20
GLOBOKO V MENI	21	
NEKOČ PRINCI, DANES KONJI		22
KARIKATURE	23	
O STRIPU	24	



KDO SMO?

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UVODNIK

Samo ti živiš v svojem telesu. Igraš glavno vlogo v svojem življenju. Odločaš o scenariju, režiji, izbiri igralcev ter o spreminjanju oseb in prizorov, ki ti niso všeč. Ko to nalogo sprejmeš resno in odgovorno, si lahko ustvariš življenje, kakršnega želiš živeti in v katerem boš užival. Za prihodnost nastopaj modro, načrtno in z znanjem. To je pomembno za lastno osebnost, ki se razvija in razteza v prihodnost.

Za izzive sedanjosti in prihodnosti je zaželjeno, da smo odločni, odgovorni, da znamo razumno uporabiti svoje sposobnosti, izraziti svoja čustva, uveljavljati svoje pravice in uspešno sodelovati z drugimi. Poleg tega je že Shakespeare zapisal, da smo ljudje igralci. Nastopamo in na okolici pustimo določen vtis.

Stari Grki veljajo za modre. Pomemben element grške etike je harmonija. Uspešno in srečno življenje je harmonično, za kar je potrebna vrlina zmernosti. Zmernost v željah, užitkih in strasteh, samokontrola, notranji mir - so bogastvo osebe.

Zapisala sem tekst, ki sem ga nekje zasledila in se mi je zdela dobra iztočnica za življenje vnaprej. Poskušajte se zavedati svoje edinstvenosti, a hkrati sprejemajte ljudi okoli sebe!

Želim si, da vam v življenju uspe doseči čim več ciljev! Vendar pazite, da se ne boste preveč omejevali le nase ... **LJUBEZEN je nekaj velikega ... naj bo današnji dan začetek (če še ni) ...**

Srečno!

Glavna urednica



*Vse, kar je v letu ptice,
je v srcu človeka,
ki ljubi.*

LJUBEZENSKA

Sploh ne morem pisati,
Pa pišem.
Ne morem pisati,
Kaj je v moji zmedeni glavi,
Pa pišem.
Ne vem, kako naj ti povem,
Kar vem, da ne smem,
Pa vseeno pišem.
Strah me je,
Da razbil bi mi sanje,
In spregovorim te besede,
Ki kot jastrebi kljuvajo me.
Pa vseeno pišem,
Ko vem,
Da ne smem.
Kaj bi dala, da bi bil tu,
Da bil bi takrat, ko pel je tabu.
Kaj bi dala, da pogledal bi me
Samo za hip,
In ozdravil bi vse.

Strah mi sedaj misli obsede,
Ko spregovorim te besede:
LJUBIM TE,
HOČEM TE,
POGREŠAM TE!
Kaj boš storil zdaj,
Ko meni ni poti nazaj?
Sem že tu pred vrati,
Čakam, da odpreš mi,
Ali pustiš, da srce umre mi.

Pišem,
Ko vem,
Da ne smem.
In te vprašam,
Kaj boš zdaj,
Ko meni ni poti nazaj?



Še vedno taka kot nekoč,
prevzetna mala deklica,
ki lovi listje v vlažni jeseni
in ima opečena stopala
od večne hoje po žgočem soncu.
Nisi opešala in še vedno si lepa,
a nikoli lepša od sebe.
Živiš samo v željah.
In stopaš po tankem snegu,
Ki prši pod tvojimi nogami,
Kot misli mnogih,
Ki pršijo nate.
Povej, še vedno spiš, pokrita s srci,
ki strla si jih tisočerim?
In še letiš, s krili iz sanj,
ki ukradla si jih meni?
Jaz tako ne spim
In ne sanjam
Ko vedno znova stremim proti tebi
In jezero ne počiva v tihoti
Ampak je budno
In se peni od ljubosumja.
Še veš, da je obup brat ljubezni?
In tišina sestra temi?
Še veš, da mi pomeniš več kot le norost?
Da, spominjam se
Kako si cepetala po travi in se zasmejala
Nasmehnil sem se nazaj in te videl,
ko si v njegovih mislih zaspala.



SLOVO

Mar veš, da je sonce najlepše,
tik preden zaide,
in žeja največja,
tik preden jo pogasimo?

Vse je najlepše, tik preden mine.
Toda ravno zato odide,
saj sluti,
da bi nadaljnja prisotnost
povzročila neko neravnovesje, zmedo.

Takrat odide tudi srce,
saj ve, da mora oditi,
preden za obzorjem zgine
še zadnji sončni žarek,
saj bi potem zgubljeno tavalo v temi
in bi bila njegova pot
prav zares končana.

Nikoli in nikdar ne dajaj obljube,
ki jih ne moreš izpolniti,
in ne ostani, če je prišel čas,
da odideš!

Predvsem pa verjemi,
da tudi srce, ki odhaja -
LJUBI!





MEDTEM KO RAZMIŠLJAM O LJUBEZNI

Sem, kar mislim. Sem, kar čutim. Ljubim ali sovražim. Mislim in si lažem ...
Sem, kar sem. Najslabši in najboljši. Zakaj sem? Ker vem, da sem. Verjamem, da je
moj čas tu: Zdaj pa ... živeti. Kako? Gledam ... gledam ... postajam del njih ... Zdi
se mi ..., da ne čutim bolečine. Vidim nekoga ... znan mi je obraz ... ampak, kdo je
to? Zakaj ne vem? Ker nočem vedeti! Glej ga! Govori mi besede, ki jih ne slišim ...
Le kaj bi rad od mene? Pusti me pri miru! Ali ne vidiš, da nimam časa zate!
Saj ga še zase nimam dovolj ... Ne stoj pred menoj, ker nisi boljši od mene ... Prej
slabši ... tako pravijo ... Težko je danes živeti! Preveč dela je ... ! Kdo to sploh ve,
saj sem sam za vse ... Ne počutim se dobro ... Čutim, da mi nekaj manjka, pa čeprav
sem mislil, da imam vse ... Vendar, k sreči, nisem brezdomec, temveč kralj sveta!!!
Sveta ..., ki ne obstaja po smrti. Domišljam si ... vse ... Sedaj iščem svojo
pikapolonico, ki mi bo izpolnila še zadnjo željo ... Želim si nekaj, kar je resnično ...
razkošno ... ima moč ... srečo ... ekstazo ... to je ... LJUBEZEN.
Kako vem, da ljubezen je ...? Večna uganka v pravem pomenu besede, ki je ne zna
vsak razkriti ...



⁵
mislim, torej sem



MORAŠ!

Včasih enostavno moraš oditi!

Ne preostane ti nič drugega,
kot da stečeš stran
in se ne oziraš nazaj!

Včasih je najbolje enostavno pozabiti!

Pozabiti vse strastne poljube,
ljubeče dotike
in neme poglede.

Enostavno se moraš pretvarjati,
da ti ni mar,

da je tvoje srce iz železa
in da tudi ti, kot drugi
nisi sposoben imeti rad.

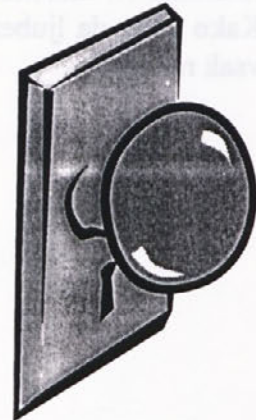
Moraš tesno zapreti vrata,
da ne slišiš smeha,
ko odhajaš v noč -
s solznimi očmi in obotavljajočimi se koraki.

Saj nočeš vedeti,
da jim ni mar
in da so bili vsi ti objemi
kar tako,
za kratek čas.

Včasih enostavno moraš oditi,
čeprav vsaka celica v tvojem telesu
želi ostati.

Bolje je tako.
Naj te vidijo pokončnega,
čeprav si ves strt,
naj te vidijo odhajati sitega,
čeprav tvoje srce umira od lakote.

Odidi brez spominov,
brez upanja,
pojdi v grenkem spoznanju,
da te enostavno niso bili vredni.



TEBE USVAJAM

KO NIMAM KAM ...

Kako hitro se ti zdi, da se ti je svet obrnil na glavo? Kako hitro postanemo ranljivi? Kako hitro sem se spremenila? Prehitro. Le en klic, le ena beseda in zbudiš se ujet v drugem človeku.

Tesnoba, ki me obdaja, je neznosna in težko se je pretvarjati pred navidezno idealnim svetom. Težko mi je dihati zrak. Težko mi je opazovati srečne ljudi, težko se smejem, zame ni sonca in še težje dojemam stvari, ki se prepletajo okoli mene. In kar je najtežje, zvila sem se v trden oklep in tu notri samevam. To je moj svet. Ne dopuščam nikomur, da bi se mi približal, ne sprejemam sočustvovanja.

Ste bili že kdaj ujeti v svetu, v katerem ste se sprehajali po poti in se je ta pot čez čas delila še na dve poti in še na dve in ...? Ste že bili kdaj ujeti v svetu, v katerem se vam je dozdevalo, da vam nihče ne zna in ne more pomagati? In vsaka taka pot je le še tišja in skromnejša. Ko se vam sonce zdi tako daleč. Ko pa imam zlomljeno srce. Ko pa sem občutila to, čemur mi pravimo izdaja. Obtožili so me. Ne vidim več barv, vse so same sence. V puščavi občutij čakam. Čakam. Pišem besede. A ne znam. Ne morem! Ker me boli! Izgubljam vso svojo moč. Prividi. Vem, da lahko, pa ne morem. Tresem se. Ne vem, kam bi sama s sabo. Potim se. Začela sem teči, ker te vsak dan le še bolj čutim. Tečem. Konec? Kje je konec? Ustavim se. Kam je šel moj pogum? Kje se skrivam? Tu sem. Pa vem, da lahko. LAHKO! Če pa tako zelo boli. Smeh? Slišim smeh? Prisluhnem. Ne znam več zidati oblakov.

EJ! Rada bi dihala. Zakaj mi ne pustiš, da bi preprosto nekoga imela rada? Odveži me! Je to preveč, kar zahtevam od tebe?

Mogoče bo pa jutri bolje? Ker danes ne zmorem.





NOV ZAČETEK!

Prazniki so za nami in novo leto, ki ga bomo letos označevali kot leto 2002, se je že začelo. Kaj pa lansko leto? Ste se tudi vi ob koncu leta v družbi svoje družine, mogoče prijateljev, ob polni mizi dobrot in smehu vprašali, kaj vam je uspelo in česa niste postorili v tem letu? Koga ste izgubili? Koga osrečili? Kaj ste naredili zase in za druge?

Vsako leto ljudi za novoletne praznike popade mrzlica nakupovanja, ki je sama sicer ne razumem dobro in se ti, kolikor se le da, izognem, saj prazniki ne pomenijo imeti najlepše okrašeno jelko na Zemlji ne največjega darila pod njo. Novo leto in vsi ti prazniki, ki spadajo zraven, bi morali biti zato, da se (če se to ne zgodi že prej, pa bi se moralo) ljudje družimo med sabo, da se skupaj veselimo prihoda novega leta, da se skupaj sprostimo od vsakdanjih skrbi, da se zabavamo, da se skrijemo pred vsakdanjim življenjem. Mogoče tudi zato, da za trenutek pobegnemo iz tega ponorelega sveta. Ali pa samo ugasnemo televizor in vzamemo v roke dobro knjigo ... Kaj ne?

Ne pa tako, kot to počnemo: cele dneve nakupujemo, da bi se s tem oddolžili za vse, česar nismo storili in smo zaradi tega, navsezadnje, tudi slabe volje. In ob vsem tem ne znamo uživati.

Kaj je lahko lepšega od sprehoda skozi mesto, ki se kopa v lučeh in v vonju toplih napitkov? Kaj je lahko lepšega od prejetega klica tvoje(ga) prijateljice(ja), ki ti za novo leto zaželi čim več uspehov in smeha? Kaj nam bodo vsa ta darila, kupljena v ne-vem-kateri »najboljši«
trgovini? Pozabili bomo na to, kdo nam jih je podaril in kdaj smo jih dobili.

Prav bi bilo, da bi se za take praznike, kot je valentinovo, obdarovali s srcem in s smehljaji na obrazih, ne pa s količino porabljenega denarja in odkupovanju z denarjem za vse pretekle grehe.

Ni boljšega darila, kot je darilo, dano iz srca. Storite nekaj za to, da se vas bodo bližnji ob koncu leta spomnili. Poizkusite biti letos prijazni, najprej do sebe, pa seveda tudi do drugih, naredite čimveč tistega, kar vas dela zadovoljne. Bodite dobri, pomagajte ter obdarujte drugim sebe. In ne pozabite, da smo vsi le ljudje. Imejte se radi!

Vseh moštvo ne moreš oditi,
čprav vsaka odica v tvojem tlesu
mali oditi.

Bojje je tako.
Naj te vidijo pelam'nega,
čprav si vsaj stit,
naj te vidijo odhajati sitoga,
čprav tvoje srce waita od lakota.

Oditi brez spominov
brez upanja,
pojih v prostem speruzda,
da se moštvo nivo bili vredni.



TEBE USVAJAM

Tebe usvajam, ti si prostor, ločen, neskončen, neopisljiv, ne – ne -, harmonija ne-jev, prazen. Poželjivi duh. Ki se lima na tvoje izzivalne oči; zapleteni duh, poln tvoje opojne, preproste drže, ki ne bi prenesel, da bi si stala nasproti. In najlepše je, da je razumljivo in nerazumno, zakaj. Iz mojih ust bi uhajal modri zrak, divjino bi zaslutil v mojem dihu, ukresale bi se vile in se zapletale v tvoje okleščene jambore, tvojo osamljeno dušo bi jemala kodravost mojih možgan ... Ti bi govoril, svet bi še enkrat oživel iz tvojih gladkih dlani, tvoje misli bi pretekle nekaj krogov, sprva, potem bi pogledal vstran, morda bi pobegnil v izginuli svet ali pa bi skrbno umeščal vezalke v notranjost adidask, kjer je še malo prej zavzemala skoraj ves razpoložljivi prostor tvoja topla noga.

Na tej točki bi morala obstati.

Kljub želji. Želji, ki je ne čutim, tako velika je.

Zanjo je treba napisati molitve in peti, valovati kot sirena in nato skopneti potihoma in nežno kot zadnji trenutek.

Pripovedujem ti; nenehno, iz ognjenih zubljev vstaja moj obraz k tebi. Dobivaš energijo, zaklenjene spomine in razdalje. Res si, resen. Nič te ne priključuje. Brcaš žogo in misliš na deklico, ki te je vznemirjala z uporno tišino.

V trenutek sva se zrasla pri koreninah.



Igra življenja.
Gromozanski pajek.
Omejeno srce.
Razočaranje.

TIŠINA

Hladen zrak, ki ga
Diham, mi razžira srce.
Hladen pozdrav
Me zjutraj zbudi v samoto.

Kje so tiste tople besede? Kje sonce?
Kje so tisti dnevi, ko sem bila metulj?

Odrpta knjiga leži na tleh:
Ljubezen?... Pred mano je
Še en dan, v katerega sem
Se zbudila sama.

...brez tebe...





ALI VEŠ?

Ali veš, da so v tvojih očeh
ujete vse mavrice mojega dneva?
Mar veš, da je v tvojem smehu
skrito moje veselje?

Kaj pa to, da je v tvoji tišini
skrit moj obup
in s tvojimi besedami
odhaja tudi moje upanje?

Pa veš, da si krivec
za moje neprespane noči
in budilka za moja mračna jutra?

Kaj veš, zakaj odvrčam pogled,
čprav bi lahko vse življenje
gledala v to modrino?

In zakaj te čutim v njegovih dotikih,
okušam v njegovih poljubih?
Pa zakaj skušam pozabiti nekaj,
kar se sploh ni zgodilo?

Ali ti poznaš odgovor?
Jaz ... ga ne!!!



NEDOŽIVETA POPOLNOST

Zaprem utrujene oči
in v odsevu nevidne svetlobe
se na nočnem nebu sredi nemega leska zvezd
nariše lutka.
Njene oči so čudovito motne
in pogled – ostro zapeljiv.

Mislím na to lutko
in ta misel mi neskončno ugaja.
Želim si dotakniti
ledene roke,
ki nesimetrično štrlijo iz podhranjene podobe.
Želim si objeti
to smešno rahitično figuro,
ker me vsak dotik obmetava kot mrzel ocean.
Želim se zagristi
v osušeno kožo
in se kot lubadar prisesati na hladno telo.
Redki lasje – dišijo čudovito
in vdrte oči me oživljajo.
Obožujem to misel!
Obožujem celo to, kar čutim –
strah, bolečino, žalost, prezir.
In bolj ko trpim,
manj me boli;
manj čutim.

V mojem kraljestvu osamljenih zvezd
ta podoba nato mehko izgine.

nedoživeta popolnost



Anonimno



Jasmina Jordan

VSTAJA

Nisem te prosil za dušo
niti za krila, s katerimi ne morem leteti.
Hotel sem nekaj drugega, globljega, dragocenejšega.

Dal si mi življenje in ga priredil po svoje.
Zakaj?
Misliš, da mi ne moreš zaupati
in da zna samo tvoja duša ustvarjati žive kipe?

Zmotil si se.
Nisem prestrašen in ujet med štiri stene tvojega sveta,
nisem ujetnik pravljice, ki si jo ustvaril zase.
Dovolj mi je tvojega obnašanja!

Si kot bog;
brez kril letiš in nedolžnim vžigaš simbol svoje neizmerne nenasitnosti.
Z žarečim žezlom jih suvaš v rebra in jim lomiš kolena.

Preveč aroganten si, če misliš, da se v vsakomur skriva tvoja hrbtenica
in da je moje telo brez tebe prazno.
Misliš, da si Sonce, da si središče Vesolja, da se Zemlja vrti okoli tebe.
Nihče na tem svetu ni tako pomemben.
Tudi ti ne!



NEDOŽIVETA POKLONOST

BESEDE



Bel metulj mi skuša
Povedati ... bel metulj.
Povedati to, da nisem
Več lepa.

Nisem več lepa, ker
Me več ni. Ni mojih obrisov,
Dlani in prstov,
Ni mojih oči, ni moje duše.

Ni mojega metulja,
Ki bi me vrnil nazaj!



Jasmina Jordan

LJUBEZEN

Nekoč je Ljubezen s polno bisago in velikim nasmehom hodila po svetu. Njen korak je bil odločen in pot svetla. Razdajala se je vsakomur in ni hotela prav nič v zameno, saj jo je prav to razdajanje bogatilo in osrečevalo. Ljudje so ji odpirali okna in jo vabili k sebi. Otroci so se igrali z njenimi zlatimi lasmi in vdihovali njeno sladko opojnost. Zaljubljeni so srkali njene slastne sokove in se napajali s sladkim nektarjem iz njenih oči. Mož in žena pa sta lebdela na njeni srebrni pajčevini večnosti. Vsi ljudje so bili polni nje in ona je bila polna ljudi. Življenje je bilo popolno - raj na Zemlji.

Toda bogovom to ni bilo pogodu. Ideja o dveh rajih jim ni bila všeč. Tako so poslali po Ljubezen. Prišel je sel, jo oklenil ter jo odpeljal v nebo. Bogovi so jo lepo sprejeli. Obljubljali so ji tone zlata in rubinov, smaragde in druge dragocenosti, če le ostane pri njih in jim služi. Ljubezen pa je le sklonila glavo in žalostno zavzdihnila. Vse to bogastvo ji ni pomenilo nič. Ona je potrebovala ljudi prav tako, kot so oni potrebovali njo. Mirno je sedela in točila solze in vsa prigovarjanja bogov ji niso prišla do živega. Tedaj pa so se le-ti raztogotili ter ji dejali: »Za takšno izdajo te čaka najhujša smrt. Poslali te bomo na Zemljo, kjer te čaka počasno umiranje. Poslali te bomo nazaj in gledala boš, kako počasi polziš iz človeških src. Postajala boš vse bolj slabotna, dokler ne boš nekega dne izpuhtela in nihče se te ne bo več spominjal!« Grozovito se je zablistalo in Ljubezen je treščila na Zemljo.

Bila je vsa prestrašena. Tolažila se je, da so bile tisto le prazne grožnje in je ljudje ne bi nikoli zapustili. Toda na njeno grozo so se prerokbe uresničile. Ljudje so s praznimi očmi gledali vanjo, a je niso prepoznali, v njih se je naselilo ljubosumje, napuh, jeza, laži, dvom ter druge nadloge, ki so jih na Zemljo poslali bogovi. Ljubezni so zapirali vrata ter jo kot kugo odganjali z njihovih dvorišč. Za njih je pomenila ranljivost, nemoč. Vanjo so metali kamenje, ji trgali obleko ter jo psovali. Revica je tekala sem ter tja in jim skušala ubežati. In ko je že skoraj obupala, so k njej pritekli otroci. Prinesli so ji hrano, obleko, ji počesali lase ter ji v oči zopet nalili sladkega nektarja. Dali so ji bivališče v svojih srcih in jo zopet oživili.

In tako Ljubezen prebiva v vsakem izmed nas, vse dokler nosimo v sebi tisto nedolžno otroško srce. Vse dokler smo iskreni in prvobitni, nas povsod spremlja in bogati naše življenje in odide le, če jo sami odženemo. Takrat postanemo neobčutljivi za ljudi okoli nas, hladni v sebi.

Zato ohranimo otroka v sebi in naj se zgodi karkoli, naj nas življenje še tako kruto premetava in nastavlja pasti, nikoli ne smemo izgubiti sposobnosti - LJUBITI!!!



BLACK COFEE

-Pour a cup of black coffee
 you make love to me so lovely
 stay with me all night long
 don't let me feel alone

Anything you do it makes me happy
 you know when I'm alone I feel so crappy
 don't let me fall asleep
 later we will count the sheep

I don't want an end to this day
 though I know I'll be using that spray
 the night is like my misery
 it is there only to hurt me

the silence has her own noises
 they are far away lost voices
 they speak so tempting you can't resist
 to listen to the magic of their kiss

who wants to think about tomorrow
 it's just another day full of sorrow
 so pour a cup of black coffee-





LJUBEZEN, MIR, HARMONIJA

Huh, pravega ste našli za pisanje o ljubezni. Takega, ki mu je sošolka rekla »izbirčni idealist«, takega, ki verjame še v stara viteška načela romantične ljubezni in se zato zdi še samemu sebi včasih popolnoma trapast.

Je že res, da je ljubezen v današnjih časih popolnoma banalna – šmrklje v sedmem razredu osnovne šole hodijo z dvajsetletnimi dilerji, ki jih izkoriščajo za vsi-dobro-vemo-kaj, one pa imajo občutek, da doživljajo nekaj nesmrtnega, oh, večnega. Ker so najstnice po načinu razmišljanja seveda svetlobna leta daleč od nas, umsko zavrtih najstnikov, hodijo zato z deset let starejšimi intelektualci, ki so po pomoti končali srednjo rudarsko in se po mestu vozijo z merdotom od črnogorsko-mafijskega očeta, pretepajo po lokalih in mislijo, da je epska zgodba navodilo za uporabo videorekordeja. Da pa se ne bodo ljube deklice razbesnele, ne smem pozabiti še rulječih in slinastih najstnikov, ki gredo na ženske po podgurskem načelu »lepa ku prasica, dobra ku kurba« in na vrata stranišča pišejo lestvico »katera ima najbolj fafačke ustnice«. Pa smo v začaranem krogu. Dekleta iščejo starejšega lepotca s fotrovim avtomobilom, fantje iščejo tako ki ... hja, »najraje da«.

Joooooooooooooooooj. Popolnoma sem zgrešil, kajne? Dekleta vendar iščejo romantiko in princa na belem konju, fantje pa preprosto deklico, ki bi jim kuhala, rodila dva tečna froca in se v trenutku iz gospodinje in maserke prešvicanih nog spremenila v seksi zapeljivko. Komplicirano. Iz televizij smo bombardirani z imidžem babnic iz serije Seks v mestu, kjer iščejo: a) bogatega, b) najbolj obdarjenega, c) manekena, d) starejšega šarmantnega gospoda iz visoke družbe, ali pa način Ally McBeal, ki se daje dol v avtopralnici s popolnim neznancom in s pogledom slači mišičastega črnega odvetnika, a seveda išče tisto praaaaaaaaavo ljubezen. No, boste porekli, saj ima vendar Larrya, ki ga igra prekrasni Robert Downey Junior! Mhm, ampak revež se je prenašpikal in sedaj javka na kliniki za odvisnike, tako da – Ally bo zopet samska in pripravljena na nove one-night-stand avanture, tokrat mogoče celo v mesnici. Ali pa kar v pisarni.

Uh, zašel sem. Saj vendar pišem za Stezice, ki jih bere novomeški intelektualni pomladek. Razlike v ljubezni med nami in našimi starši (no, starejšimi) gotovo obstajajo in so naravnost gromozanske. Najstniki pač še vedno najbolj gledamo na zunanost in to ne zaradi narave. To je preprosto ideal sodobnega sveta, kjer se na vsaki naslovnici, ovitku cedeja, filmskem plakatu ali oglasu na televiziji razteguje popolna manekena/maneken s kvadratnimi trebušnjimi mišicami. Ideal so nam torej ustvarili, ni nam prirojen – če bi bilo večino manekenk malce zavaljenih in z rahlimi brki, uganite, katere bi vam bile najbolj všeč. Nobenega ne krivim za to, saj je problem, čemur jaz rad pravim »globalna lepota«, veliko prevelik in močan, da bi kdorkoli od nas lahko na njega vplival.

V redu – mogoče sem malce besen. Najbrž zato, ker je na gimnaziji nekaj res krasnih parčkov, ki jih je prav prijetno pogledati - stiskajoče se po hodnikih, ker ima veliko ljudi, s katerimi se pogovarjam, realen pogled na ljubezen in v potencialnih partnerjih iščejo harmonijo zunanje in notranje lepote in ker hvalabogu zanimivost in svežina največkrat premaga zunanost. Ampak zakaj hudiča še vedno obstajajo tisti nagnusni klišeji v stilu »lepe ženske ljubijo barabe« in »vrečko čez glavo, sej guzo ma dobro!«. Če samo preletiš zaupne rubrike, vidiš



neumna pisma v stilu »sem petnajstletnica s triindvajsetletnim fantom, ki me bo pustil, če ne spim z njim, a ga vendar imam takooooo rada!« in »Moji sošolci imajo vsi daljše tiče kot jast!«. Dajte no! Je to ljubezen? Je – platonska! Kajti s tem izrazom jaz pojmem ljubezen brez čustev, brez razumevanja, brez prijateljstva, čeprav se zavedam njenega pravega pomena. Problem je, kot vedno, v najstniški naivnosti in nerazmišljanju.

Da razčistim še eno stvar – fantazije so nujno potrebne in koristne, kajti v njih si čaramo popolnost. Največja napaka pa je, če si popolnost iščemo v resničnosti, še posebno, če je popolnost izkrivljena in nam tako prej ali slej škodi.

Ljudje se razlikujemo kot dan in noč. Tudi v ljubezni in v iskanju partnerja, tukaj se razlikujemo, zelo. Za podobnosti je pač kriva globalna ljubezen in tudi hormončki. Pomembna pa je realnost – a ne v stilu, da iščem zdravo/zdravega samico/samca za parjenje, ampak da ohraniš fantazije in spoznaš, da je otipljiva realnost, čeprav nepopolna, veliko lepša.

Dotik velja, kajne?

Aja – lepo valentinovo. Jemljite me z rezervo, kajti ljubezen je še vedno nekaj najlepšega – pa naj bo še tako čudna.





SPREGANJE

JAZ sem poln samega sebe,
TI si poln samega sebe,
ON je poln samega sebe,
MI smo polni samih sebe,
VI ste polni samih sebe,
ONI so polni samih sebe,
ona je polna ...





TURJAŠKA ROZAMUNDA

KAPLAN OSTROVRHAR

Vsi plemiči na dvor so prihajali
in Rozamundo osvajali.
Glavni med njimi je bil Ostrovrhar,
Rozamunda bila mu je prava mrha.

Skoraj bila sta že poročena,
vendar pevec ni imel tega namena.

Ostrovrharju predlagal je,
da še v Bosno pogledat gre.

Tam bila je Lejla lepotica,
Rozamunda mu je naročila,
da knjej naj bo pripeljana ta tica.

Ostrovrhar hitro je odšel,
še predno od Rozamunde posloviti se je uspel.

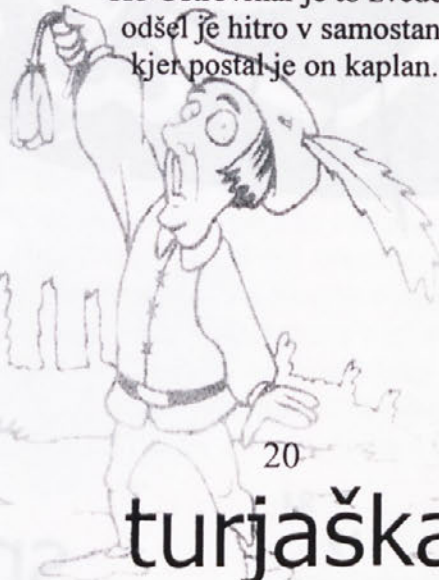
Prišel je v Bosno Lejli cvetoči,
ko videl jo je,
zaželel si jo je.

A ona bila je hladna do moških,
raje naslanjala se na ženskih je joških.

Ker tega on vedel ni,
odpeljal jo je v svoj dom
na sončni skalici.

Tam se Lejla z Rozamundo je spoprijateljila,
se z njo veselila in ljubila.

Ko Ostrovrhar je to zvedel,
odšel je hitro v samostan,
kjer postal je on kaplan.





Marka Kočever



GLOBOKO V MENI

O, dojenček, dojenček, kako naj bi vedela, da nekaj ni bilo prav,
o, dojenček, dojenček, ne bi te smela pustiti,
zdaj pa tu ob pravem času si, pokaži mi, kako bi hotel, da bi bilo,
povej mi, dojenček, ker moram vedeti zdaj,
zato ker – moja osamljenost me ubija,
in jaz, jaz moram priznati, da še verjamem,
in ko sem s teboj, se mi zrola,
daj mi znak, zadeni me, dojenček, še enkrat.

(Priredili: Tinkara, Nina, Zana, Karmen, Slobodan)





NEKOČ PRINCI, DANES KONJI

Ali poznate zgodnico o princu na belem konju? Seveda jo. Ampak, v današnjem času je prišlo do majhnega preobrata.

Pride samo konj: konj, ki razmišlja s spodnjo glavo; konj, ki razmišlja z zgornjo glavo; konj, ki sploh ne razmišlja. Kakšna sreča za nas, princeske!

Nekoč si imel izbiro med princem in konjem in si izbral konja, danes pa še izbire nimaš ...

DAN BANKROTA

P: "Oh, ... ljubček moj ... Ti moj tolarček (muc, muc). Kolikokrat po 1000 pozornosti mi boš namenil letos?"

K: "Toliko, kolikor poljubčkov pozornosti si mi "spodaj" namenila."

P: "Ah, tako malo?" (kot da moja mucka ni podhranjena ... shit, zdaj nimam za šminko!)

Legenda:

P= princeska

K= konj





Marko Kočevar

KARIKATURE





O STRIPU

Pozdravljeni dragi bralci in bralke Stezic ..., kakorkoli že, nahajate se približno na zadnji strani Stezic. Če ste slučajno opazili (slučajno!) so Stezice, ki ležijo pred vami, vse v srčkih in v vsaki drugi vrstici boste našli besedo ljubezen. Čisto valentinčkasto. OK, preidimo k bistvu. Gotovo vsi dobro poznate ljubezen, katere kemijska enačba se glasi: moški + ženska → ... Torej, to je ljubezen, ki jo poznamo vsi (vendar vsi poznamo tudi, khm, drugačne kombinacije). Morda je ta večna tema Adama in Eve že malo preveč razdelana in predelana. Na vseh IN časopisih se vam (vsaj večini, no) pogled ustavi na sliki s tesno, skoraj že pretesno objetima moškim in žensko. Ampak ali ste že kdaj pomislil, da bi videli koga objetega z denarjem? Ne, tudi Bill Gates zaenkrat še ne objema denarja. Vam še vedno ni jasno? Oglejmo si naslednjo kemijsko enačbo (ne, ne delate nadur iz kemije): človek + denar → ... Kako vam je všeč? Prav gotovo vas večina vztraja pri prejšnji enačbi. No, želim vam predstaviti ljubezen do denarja (kakšno olajšanje, ko enkrat poveš bistvo). Če bi sedaj obrnili eno stran naprej, boste opazili strip (nekateri pa boste videli samo nekaj črnih črt), kjer je vse polno kovancev.

In seveda govorimo o EVRU, ki je, vsaj mislim, plod spodnje enačbe. Zdaj boste seveda rekli, da ljubezni do denarja ne poznate. Pa mi, lepo prosim, povejte, kdo je tudi po tri ure čakal pred raznimi menjalnicami in bankami čakal, da si ogleda evro? Mislim, da velika večina.

Ne skrbite, skoraj vsi ljudje moderne dobe so zaljubljeni v denar (ker jaz nisem). Namreč, denar je že v starem veku postal del človekovega vsakdanjika. Seveda, so ga najprej zavračali, vendar pa smo ... so se zaljubili vanj. Na primer, kaj pa tole: Denar je sveta vladar. In zdaj boste rekli, da že pošteno pretiravam. Ampak vseeno.

Pred kratkim se je pojavil evro (in je še vedno vroča tema). No, in strip na naslednji stran vam želi predstaviti evro malo z drugačne strani (kako sta se v stripu znašla Brad Pitt in Osama bin Laden ne vem). Mogoče strip prikazuje malce negativno stran Mission evro. Torej, ljudje v stripu so čisto nori na evro in popadla jih je prava evro evforija.

Zato si strip preberite do konca (do tam, kjer čistilka uniči TV sceno) in pomislite. Kaj pomislite? No, predvsem pazite, da tudi vas ne popade evro evforija. Imejte pa vseeno radi evro (tako kot nekateri politiki, ki so si že prvi dan evra z njim kupili sendvič. Žal pa ne vem, kdaj bodo evro uvedli tudi v naši »oštariji«). Imejte ga radi kot denar. Kajti prevelika ljubezen z denarjem stoji na trhlih stebrih. In če se vrnem nazaj.

Mislim, da je najlepša ljubezen lahko samo med nami, ljudmi. In v tej ljubezni denar nima kaj iskati. Zato se na pamet naučite prvo enačbo in jo upoštevajte (no, ne ravno dobesedno ...). Da pa ostanete splošno razgledani ljudje, si le preberite strip o ljudeh, ki so zaljubljeni v denar. Preprosteje. Preberite si strip o evru ... In lahko ga tudi pobarvate ...

DRAGE GLEDALKE,
IN DRAGI GLEDALCI
PRAVKAR SE
JE RODILA, KIH
NOVA
ZVEZDA...

EURO...

EURO...

EURO...

EURO...

TAKO, EURO JE POSTAL
ČEZ NOČ ZVEZDA.
DA JE POSTAL...

... ZVEZDNIK,
SE JE MOREL
ŠE BRAD PITT.
BOLJ POTRUDITI...

LJUDI JE OBSEDIA
PRAVA...

EURO
HAST DU
SCHON
DEIN EURO?

MEIKE

EUROMANIA...
... KAKO, NIMATE
JIH VEČ...?!

€
EURO

VSO EVROPO JE
ZASEDEL EURO...

VSO? NE!
MAJHEN DEL
SE ŠE UPIRA
OSVAJALSKEMU
EURU...

OXFORD

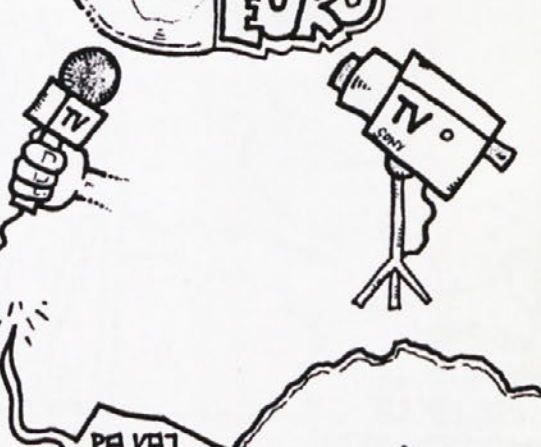
PRAVIH, MI
ANGLEŽI... SKODELICO
ČAJA, LEPO PROSIM...
NO, MI STO ODRŽALI
SVOJ "BRITISH"
FUNT...

IN ZAKAJ
STE ODRŽALI
FUNT, DRUGI PA
IMAJO
EURO...

SAD, SAD!
PRAVIH, MI
ANGLEŽI STO
NEKAJ
POSEBNEGA!

OXFORD

AVESTE
DA SE
STRINJAM...



BRUNO! SVAJ SE BO VSE SKUP' KMALU PODDRLOO!

paper

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BEING IN LOVE WITH TWINS

(READ: TO BE IN A DILEMMA)

written by: KaT (the ED)

A story written by true story (C. – thank you for inspiration!)



“What a great guy!” Aleena said. His name was Samson and he had a good looking body, pretty smile and he was thought to be kind and funny, as well. She fell for him instantly and from the day she first saw the image of him, she couldn't get him out of her mind.

One day she went to have a drink and there he was – just as she had remembered him – good looking with a wonderful, unique smile. The next thing that went through her mind was the sentence – Why not? – and so she went into action. Her eyes were checking him from his toe finger to the top of his hair and she started blinking seductively every time he turned his head in her direction. As he saw her sitting there, with a smile up to her ears, he couldn't resist but to smile back. Her heart was faster than her mind and so she didn't hesitate to go and ask him if she could use his lighter, which was her strategy to win a guy, usually sufficient to at least start a minor chat. They knew each other by sight and her lighter trick worked, because

he seemed to be quite interested in talking to her...until she said: »So, Samson, are you free this afternoon?«, because it turned out that Samson actually wasn't Samson, he only had Samson's body and smile. She realised that she was flirting with a second half of the zygote, that is with Samson's twin brother and that was the most confusing thing that has ever happened to her – after all, that smile of his, for which she thought was unique, definitely didn't seem unique anymore.

When we see identical twins in public we cannot help but stare and wonder how something like this can be possible. The question of the story: »Are twins one person partitioned into two bodies or are they actually two totally different persons trapped in same looking bodies?«

Identical twins share 100% of their DNA and are the same sex. They have similar hand and foot prints, but different finger prints and teeth marks. Even their personalities have the same basics, although the final image of them depends not only on DNA, but on the environment and self-actualisation, as well (scientifically told). The problem are their bodies which look the same, specially if the hair style or clothing or even the way they move and act are the same. According to scientists, we can imagine twins to be tied with some kind of invisible rope, which connects them in a certain way. There are twins who walk the same, blink the same with their eyes, bite their nails in the same way, etc. And it's very hard to control for example the way you blink from your brother's. It's the same as trying to control your heart beat - sorry pal, you can't do it, because you were born with it and the rhythm of your heart beat is written in your genes.

Because of all these common things twins are often lumped in the same basket with a sticker on that says: »Hey, it's me – a bit here and a bit there.« Is it really necessary to do this or is it possible to talk about two totally different persons?

The background of the story: Samson closed his eyes every time he saw blood, because his stomach couldn't handle seeing

this red liquid. Oscar, his twin brother, did the same. Samson's smile was wide, after a long time quite annoying, but extremely attractive. And so was Oscar's. When Samson was nervous he started to bite his upper lip and touch the tips of his fingers with his thumb. Oscar did exactly the same. When Samson was having a cup of coffee one day, Aleena passed, smiled at him and blinked as best as she could, but he just turned his head away, glanced at the cup and wondered about the procedure of good coffee-making. Oscar did quite the contrary – he smiled back and wondered which the best way to win her heart would be.

She has only seen the outside of the twin-couple and as they looked the same, seemed to be acting the same, she didn't know anymore which half of the zygote the one had fallen in love with was, which was something impossible for her to handle. After all, if the same DNA splits in two parts...it's like splitting the content of one person into two bodies. That was how Aleena saw it and if she was wrong, she missed one hell of a chance to love and be loved by a potential match of her life – Oscar.

P.S – For those who want to know the rest of the story: At the end, Aleena marries this guy called Habib and she gives birth to two baby twins, she finds out that she has a twin sister in Ulan Bator, which was separated from her at birth and given to adoption, and realises that her real birth date makes her a Gemini. (I made this part up ☺)

LOVE'S BEAUTIFUL



愛
LOVE

YOU

Written by: Katja Povše, 1.e

Love is beautiful tonight
like a rainbow's light
together with you
between roses at night.

You are that star
who puts the light
on the sky
you are the sun
who gives my world a shine.

Your love hit me like a thunderbolt
I don't know
how to touch the right cord
how to give you my word.

Love is all I feel
you are all I need
and just stand
in front of you
dream with you.

Your look shows me
the way to paradise
your smile is tender
and so are your blue eyes.

You light the fire in my soul
I've just got
an angel's call.

The LOVE radiator

written by: K.G.B.

For "centuries" young couples in love have met (not really secretly) on the #5683 radiator! If you are wondering what the number stands for you had better check your cell phone!! But WAIT!! You mustn't use the magic radiator or the number if you are not in love!! There could be a great disaster if you use them improperly or to harm other!! You want to know more?????????.....you had better read this story!!

In the early 20th century our "new" school was built but unfortunately only boys could go to this school and every one of them was sad and "unsatisfied. "..."This went on for years and years and....than a young female teacher began to lecture at this school and everybody looked at her like she was an alien....except one young, handsome teacher. They soon fell madly in love but they didn't want to meet in the teachers lounge, so they picked up a special place.....where else than on the LOVE radiator...they spent every free minute there and they had their little arguments but also a lot of pleasant moments! If you know what I meanok, to continue the story, their love went on and on, until one day they had to part because the mean school director fired that young woman because of his envy for the great love! Young couple had to end their relationship because she was sent abroad....The magic part of the story is that they met for the last time on the radiator just before the young woman left. At 11pm, when everybody was sound asleep they had their last date on the radiator and that night was to change the future of every young couple that will be meeting there...a CURSE was uttered, going something like this "all lovers that will be meeting here will be blessed with the eternal love which we could not have, and every moment spent here will be like in paradise..."I do not remember the rest...well, don't blame me, it WAS a long time ago. Anyway, the lovers

kissed for the last time and went on with their lives without one another.

The curse is still there (believe me), and it will be so until the young couple is reunited in the great beyond. Lucky us, wouldn't you say?

After a while nobody could remember the young couple but after them many more came and through all these years they all had something in common, the LOVE radiator. Many have been punished for meeting with girls or boys...can you believe that?? A lot of young lovers started their love there, many have ended....and today?? The situation is the same as it was 20 years ago but the magic remains and the legacy continues....

So, if you have the person you care about beside you while you are reading this, grab them by the hand and take them to one of the most magic places in Novo mesto...you know where...right??

AFRICAN LOVE



WHAT IS LOVE?

written by: Jaša Bartelj

What do you imagine under the term of love? Love is the strongest force on this planet. People have fought and died for love. It's everywhere: in poems, songs, books, movies...

Love is the perfect feeling which fills our body and soul. It can get you higher than any drug but you can also hit rock bottom because of it. We can do silly things when in love like singing serenades, fighting with competitors...

Love is unbelievable. You can't hold or catch it but you can feel it all around you all the time. That's why Cupid's arrow can hit you at any time.

Love is worth getting up in the morning. If you're not in love you still have hope. Love gives hope, answers – meaning. When you discover love a whole new world of happiness, hope and sometimes even disappointment and pain opens in front of you. You must remember, that after rain there is always sunshine and the cloud of life lifts you up again.

How should I simply tell you what it's like to be in love?

Picture your mothers' smile, your best friend, your best holiday, your first sympathy, your pet... Mix it all together and multiply it by a million and that'll feel something like true love.

Love be with you!

HOW TO WRITE A LOVE LETTER?

written by: Jaša Bartelj



Every love letter is always something very personal and there is no template for a good one.

Before you start writing, think about what comes to your mind with these questions: What do you feel for this person?

What do you like about this person (smile, hair, eyes, figure, nature, temperament...)

It's very important that the compliments are real and not made up.

Don't write unessential things in the letter. The essential part are your feelings. Find a verse, write your own or include a poem into your letter. If you don't know the person well, don't forget to write that you would like to get to know her/him better.

I hope I have been of any help!



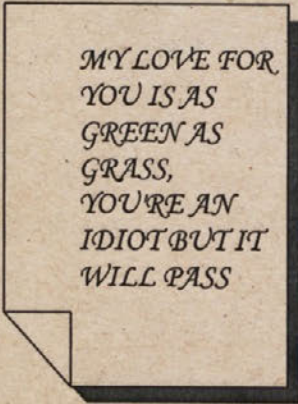
LOVE

written by: Tinchy, 2.f

Everybody knows that 14th February is St. Valentine's day. The day when you show your dearest ones how you appreciate them. It is a sort of a holiday which we celebrate almost all around the world. Everybody experiences it in a different way. In Great Britain on that day red roses or gillyflowers are given to passers-by in the streets. In USA young people compete who will send more anonymous love messages. They actually have meetings where they read and write lyrics, etc..

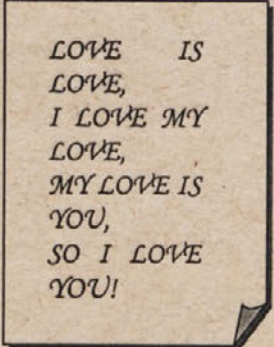
You'll say: that's great, a holiday of love! But tell me, where's the real Valentine's spirit? For some years now this day is being commercialised and sometimes changed into something rather stupid. People go and buy expensive gifts to their dear ones but they have already forgotten that the finest gifts are given from the heart and not measured by how much they cost. OK, I won't say that it isn't nice if you are given a golden ring or something like that, but gifts aren't the point of this holiday. Love is. We talk about it every day. In love we are all beginners and professionals at the same time. Many writers have already written what love is. But we are sometimes behaving like biggest fools. We are longing for some ideals and we don't do anything to achieve them because we are a weird species. Love isn't something logical like other things in life. Love has to be dictated from the heart, it has to be the soul, the pain in the chest and butterflies in the stomach. I know that it's hard to make a step forward in which we could make a fool of ourselves but in key moments we should think in another way: It's even worse to think for your entire life about lost opportunities, that could have been but weren't. That's why courage always holds. The one who demonstrates this strongest feeling isn't a fool, a fool and a coward is the one, who cannot receive a compliment as strong as love.

So, why don't you send a valentine card to someone you like? You can write something like this:



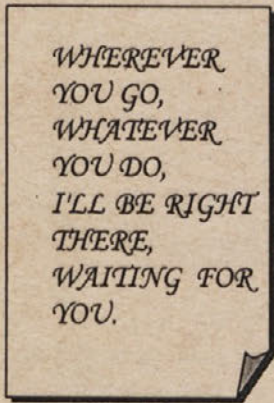
MY LOVE FOR
YOU IS AS
GREEN AS
GRASS,
YOU'RE AN
IDIOT BUT IT
WILL PASS

No, it won't work if you want to impress somebody. Maybe something like this?



LOVE IS
LOVE,
I LOVE MY
LOVE,
MY LOVE IS
YOU,
SO I LOVE
YOU!

Or:



WHEREVER
YOU GO,
WHATEVER
YOU DO,
I'LL BE RIGHT
THERE,
WAITING FOR
YOU.

That's better, don't you think?
I hope that you'll get a lot of valentine's cards. Happy Valentine's day!

10 THINGS GUYS LOVE ABOUT GIRLS

written by: Melita

1 LOOKS

She should be pretty, not too made-up, sexy; big chest, simple dressed.

2 HER SOUL

She shouldn't be weird, out-standing or wacky. She should be simple.

3 HER EYES

The colour depends on a guy, otherwise they should go with her face.

4 HER VOICE

It's wanted to be normal, nice, calm and self-contained

5 HER SMELL

She mustn't smell bad (NO SMOKING!)

6 HER BREATH

Should be fresh, it's wanted to taste like menthol. She must have clean teeth.

7 KISSES

Knowledge of practical French is wanted!!!!

8 BEHAVIOUR

She shouldn't be too out-standing, she should be flexible, kind and out-going.

9 HIS LIFE GOALS

Should be: taking care of kids and get married.

10 SURPRISES

She should surprise with her happiness.

And this research was made with high school guys. It seems girls' wishes are totally different from guys'-they are quite simple and their list is short.

10 THINGS GIRLS LOVE ABOUT GUYS

1 HIS SOUL

He should be nice, make a girl feel good, let her know he loves her, pay attention to her, be funny, interesting, honest.

2 EYES

Must always lean on the girl he loves!!!!

3 SMILE

So big he shows his teeth

4 VOICE

Is very important as well; it should be sexy!

5 TALK

He shouldn't be ashamed to talk and he should make a good conversation

6 MESSAGES

He should get the girls phone number and surprise her with messages. They should be interesting, funny, lovely and emotional.

7 THE WAY HE WALKS

His walk should be self-confident, strong and powerful.

8 SMELL

It should be refreshing, attractive (NO SMOKING!)

9 LITTLE SURPRISES

His gifts should be something small, just to show her attention.

10 LOOKS

Girls fell on it, but they realise it doesn't matter that much (but it depends on the girl)

Girls are looking for perfect guys in a white car and are very picky about it. I did this research with girls of this high school.

SUMMER LOVE

written by: Melita

We all want Summer to be here. It's holiday time, people are happy, we wear short skirts... Is that the reason for all that love in the air? Maybe we're just a species who mate better in summer ?

There's Summer and a complete stranger passed you. The next second you know you're stuck in the same place, tent or beach with him making out. Can that really be love? Just like that? Or are we just looking for some fun and company for Summer holidays? We definitely want some company to party and enjoy free days with. But what happens when that week of camping or hanging-out ends? He has to leave, you have other things in store. Who's really hurt? The one who falls in love. It's difficult to maintain love over a long distance, so if we don't want to be hurt, we mustn't fall in love. And what if this Summer you'll meet him again? Are you able to have a conversation with him or can you just say »hi« or even none of that?

THE PAIN

Written by: Katja Povše, 1.e

Take these blood-stained tears
from my sad eyes,
they are just painful
my whole world is tearful.

The pain is everywhere
but no tender smile anywhere.

Nothing's gonna make me alive
nothing's gonna make me fly
that I could touch the sky.

Please, take me away
here I lost my dreamy days
here I lost my happy face.

I can't see anything
the light dazzles me
nobody can hold me.



I WANNA LOVE AGAIN

written by: March

Watch me when I'm smiling
Hear me when I'm crying
Tell me I'm not serious and down-to-earth
But I'm same person since my birth.

I felt my beating heart when I saw her eyes
But I guess her pretty face was just disguise
Cause as soon as I find out who she is for
real
I've died inside and there was nothing left to
feel.

I remember when I was a little boy playing
in a sand
I was smiling, I was happy, I did not have to
pretend
I'm eighteen now and I'm not half that
satisfied and glad
my emotions have gone far away, inside of
me I'm dead.

I loved her, I spent all my energy just for
loving that girl so sweet
She was all my thoughts and dreams, I
thought she's all I need...
And she left a mark in me and she took my
belief and love away
Everything has changed, I'm so much
different since that day.

Watch me when I'm smiling
Hear me when I'm crying
I've lied, I've changed, I'm not same guy
I hope I will change again before I die.

WHAT'S UP, LOVE!

Written by: Betty, 2.f

1. If you love someone you _____ his/her wishes, beliefs, rights and minds.
2. You can express your feelings *writing* a _____.
3. When some girl or boy is so *attractive*, adorable, cute and she/he has a special magic that attracts you with a great power you can say that she/he has such a _____.
4. I _____ you.
5. Matt was unfaithful to Jessica but she *forgave* him because she knew that _____ is the right way to save their relationship.
6. Jack came home and opened the door. He said to his lovely wife, Christine: "_____, I'm home!"
7. A *sweet* name for your beloved: _____.
8. Love brings you *joy* = _____.
9. We should be calm and *patient* no matter what happens. We must have _____.
10. Oh, Tommy! I love you so much! Give me a *biig* _____!
11. Physical _____ can be a part of love, too.
12. Pet name for a *cat* and for your partner.
13. If you get a gift from your dearest you should be *thankful* and you should show your _____.
14. *Sex* IS a part of love, but in many cases it's just a _____.
15. *Season* of the year when it is hot and beautiful and it is a perfect time for short *romances*.



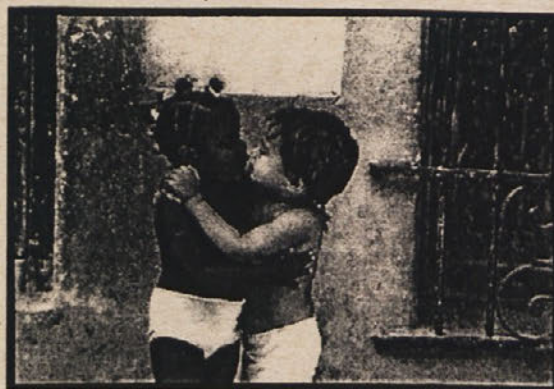
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At the end you can read the title of one love song which is written in the middle.

OH, THAT TIME IN LOVE

written by: Urska Turk

When's the best time for love? What do we feel like when we're in love? Some people say we see birds and angels flying around our heads. Is it so? I can't see birds, I actually can't see anything at that time. Everything spins around the person I love. Love exists and will always be present in this world. I hope. It's all an old story, which goes somehow like this: Sometimes you walk into a very special day. And you find out that you like your friend, class-mate or a guy you've just met, a bit more than usual. Then questions appear in your head: « Is it worth ruining that wonderful friendship, is it right to be in love with your class-mate? Will he want to be a friend when all this stops? » And there is the most difficult one: « How to show that stranger just a bit more explicitly that I like him? » A guy you talked to before every day is now someone that makes you feel nervous and you keep thinking: « Does he know? Is it right? Was I silly? » You want to meet him as often as possible and everything that happens makes you wonder even more. »Oh, would I like to get his phone number, talk to him and find out how he feels about me. Feelings are killing you while you're trying to do everything in the normal fashion. It seems that it isn't happening to him. Are guys cooler than girls or can they just pretend that well? I think that the time you want someone is filled with more feelings that later aren't quite the same. It's great to wish someone and difficult at that time. I guess each girl likes different a kind of guy, but we all like those who don't spend too much time thinking what to do, but actually do something. And what happens then? Then there's someone you can always think about.



I'm trying not to fall for you

written by: March

I've never told how I appreciate all you have
The skies are blue and here are you
With smile, your eyes are bad disguise
I can see you didn't forget.
Neither did i. no I couldn't.

How soon we do forget?...

I'm glad that we have become friends
But sometimes when I'm close to you I
don't feel that way
Only depressing truth keeps me away from
your lips
Only your eyes convinced that this is it
Warn me that I've run away so there I
should stay.

I want you to know that I miss you so...

I'm now here in front of my own world
In front of my silent friend that keeps my
secrets
I've lost, I've let you go
And any tear will be too much
Cause in my memories we're happy.

I'm trying not to fall for you this one last
time...

We Belong To This World Together

Where's
my love?

Written by: Urška & Jessy

I have a friend who doesn't believe in love between classmates not even in love between two people in the same school. Why does that fear exist? Isn't it great to have the person you love right in the class next-door?



You can see him/her every 45 minutes! But

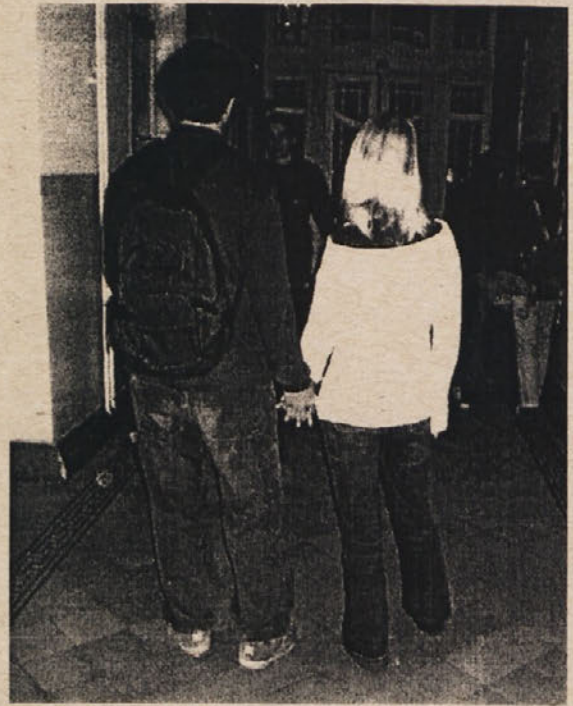
what happens when the couple brakes up?? Is it still so romantic seeing your ex in the hall? How can you be so sure your love will last? After all, average teenager's relationship lasts three or four months, only few last for all four years that we spend in this school.

Since there are many couples in our school. Jessy and I were running through the halls with our camera and taking some photos of this "school" love. I must admit these lovers gave me the feeling that my friend was wrong because they looked really happy. See for yourself if you don't believe me!

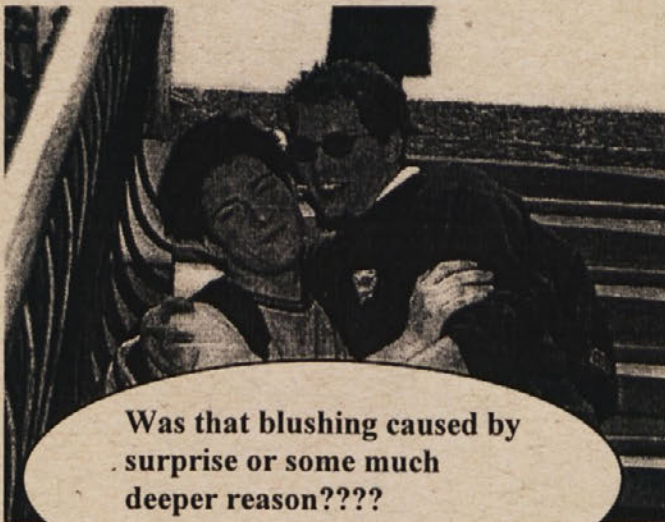
He has a
→ to my
♥!



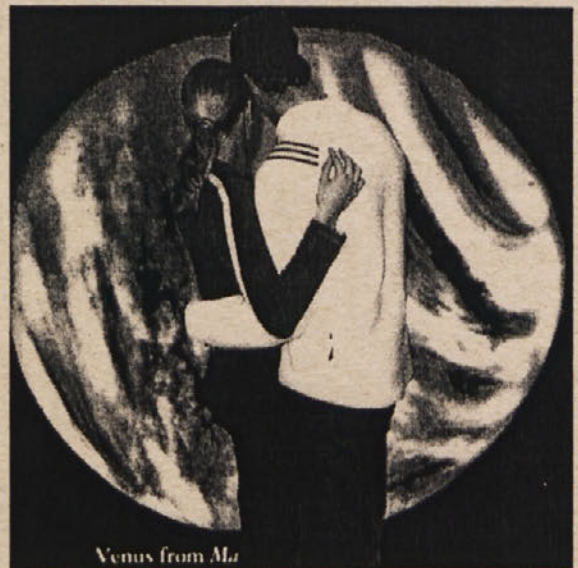
Viva ESPaGnA!



IT'S BEEN A WHILE...45min!!!!



Was that blushing caused by surprise or some much deeper reason????



Venus from Ma

You can't fight the moonlight!



FREE HUG CUPON!

You can get a free hug from me anytime!



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You can get a free hug from me anytime!



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For extra lazy readers Paper is giving you a free and easy Valentines card. Just cut it out and send it to your lover.

