



ENGLISH CUP 2024

PROSE TOPIC: *Imagine: You've become a 70-year-old man (woman) and you are living the life of a pensioner for one week.*

POEM TOPIC: *Write a poem with a title: "The Chapter of My Life"*

RESULTS:

Poem – younger students (14 PARTICIPANTS)

- 1st Lucie Kohoutková KIA**
- 2nd Maya Frouzová 1.A**
- 3rd Anna Slobodina 1.B**
- 4th Anežka Hořáková KIA
- 5th Marie Skaláková 1.C

Poem – older students (9 PARTICIPANTS)

- 1st Barbora Lukášová SPB**
- 2nd Marie Špalková SXB**
- 3rd Klára Hesová 3.A**
- 4th Alvin Gelner 3.A
- 4th Anna Gregorová 3.A
- 5th Karolína Vlčková SXA

Special prize – Klára Gajdošová 3.A

Diary entry – younger students (21 PARTICIPANTS)

- 1st Huong Ly Vu KIA**
- 2nd Anna Slobodina 1.B**
- 3rd Veronika Čecháková KAA**
- 4th Kateřina Kupková KIA
- 5th Jan Havel 1.C

Diary entry – older students (20 PARTICIPANTS)

- 1st Karolína Vlčková SXA**
- 2nd Adam Slunečko SXB**
- 3rd Dolgorma A Khulan 2.B**
- 4th Marie Špalková SXB
- 5th Richard Zíka SXB

PROSE – YOUNGER STUDENTS

Imagine: You've become a 70-year-old man (woman) and you are living the life of a pensioner for one week.

Write down a diary entry using approximately 200 words. Don't forget the paragraphs!

Dear Diary,

I'm sincerely sorry for forgetting about you yet again. I know that it is no excuse and that I promised my therapist that I'll sit down with my thoughts and feelings more regularly... But to put it simply, it has been harder than ever before.

As the days pass by, I feel that I am slowly being forgotten by my family. The calls have become less frequent and the visits keep getting shorter and shorter. It's almost as if nobody wants to hear an old man ramble about the seemingly distant past. Who would've thought?

Despite the grudge I had against everyone for not being present after all I've done for them, I can't exactly blame them. I just wish I had somebody to lean on, a shoulder to cry on.

After Margareth's passing, everything's been feeling so grey. I can't stand seeing young happy couples with their whole life ahead of them, knowing that I'm never going to walk hand in hand with the love of my life ever again.

Each day I spend reminiscing about our time together and I wonder what my purpose here is without her. Not even my damned son cares about me.

I hate to be the old bitter man I've become. It's almost as if I'm just a shell of my former self. But what else are my days supposed to be about without her? Without light, there's just darkness.

Huong Ly Vu, 5KVI A

Dear diary,

11th November 2024

I probably became too lonely. Ever since my dear husband had left us, I have no one to talk to. Today was great. I had breakfast, lunch, then dinner. Played sudoku for a little, but you surely know how it is for an old woman to live alone.

Dear diary,

13th November 2024

Today I noticed an unusual thing. On the photos placed on top of my fireplace were people. People, who I cannot recognize. That was a week ago. At first, I didn't pay attention to it, but then the kind man, who brings me groceries...I can't remember his name.

Dear diary,

15th November 2024

I miss my husband Anthony (or was it Arthur?). His jokes used to crack up my pessimistic mood, but now I just stare at the empty side of our bed, eat my food alone and listen to his favorite music.

Dear diary,

16th November 2024

I found out, that one page was saved. I don't remember writing it, and I'm scared. I notice my memory slowly fade away, blurring my loved ones' faces, washing away their voices. The only thing I'm still able to do is to write to you, my dear diary. Don't you find this amusing? Of course, you don't, but I'm sure that someone, who was once close to me, definitely would. If I could only remember ...

Anna Slobodina, 1. B

Dear diary,

Everyone used to say that we should be happy if we manage to get pension at at least seventy. Happy isn't the word I would use.

You see, my dear friend came to visit me today – with the assistance of her son, of course, since she's been having trouble walking lately. We used to do so many things together and yet now, we just sat down and drank tea. Can you imagine? I'm not allowed to drink coffee anymore, because my doctor says it could be dangerous for my system. As if my system isn't already completely done.

It's the evening now, and if the coffee situation isn't bad enough for you, here came another news of the day – I don't know where I put my glasses. I can't even see the television clearly, not alone read like I always do. I've been forgetting a lot of stuff lately, I think. I don't know it surely, obviously. I don't remember. But I recall that during my childhood, my mother complained about our grandma's behavior. She ended up acting the same when she hit the same age. Am I now acting the same, Is the cycle repeating? Oh, God. Well, good luck, caretakers! Or, whatever your names are! I don't remember it. (Oh, and they can't turn the heating up sometimes. Just an idea).

Veronika Čeláková, 4KAA

Dear diary,

22nd May 2020

Today I am official old! Why? You may ask. Well, I'm officially retired.

Prolog: this is a diary of a 70-year-old woman, whose husband died in a car crash and she cannot accept it.

Dearest diary,

30th April 2032

It's been a while since I wrote here. And some things have changed, so here are the updates. Number one, everyone always used to tell me that becoming old is the worst thing that can happen to you, but I cannot disagree more. For example, look at my day, I woke up with the love of my life by my side and then we went shopping. In the afternoon we watched a movie and fell asleep together. Does it get any better?

Yours truly Lizzie.

Dearest diary,

1st May 2032

My family has been really rude lately. They only want me to seek help, but I've never been happier. I love them, but it's really weird that they don't "like" to see me happy. Guess your really have to become old, to truly understand the joys of being a pensioner.

My loveliest diary,

2nd May 2032

today was an ordinary day, I spent it with my husband cooking and then we did some work in the garden. It's just, something was missing. I don't know, I've probably just been retired for way too long. Maybe I could try new hobby or something. Something that would make me feel alive again.

Lovely Liz

My chamber of darkest secrets

3rd May 2032

I met someone new and I really like him. And I know this reckless behavior is supposed to go more with the youth, but it's just... He's amazing, but maybe it's just platonic love. Right? Well, even if I wanted to start something I couldn't! I'm a married woman! And I love my husband! God! Someone help me. Should I tell this to my husband? Or should I just accept him as a friend? Neither of those outcomes are the greatest. Guess, I'll just have to choose the lesser of two evils. I wish something could help me decide.

Yours devoted Elizabeth

Kateřina Kupková, 5KVIA

May 17th

Dear diary, today is finally the day I retire for good. I don't know what to do with my time. I spent the whole day watching TV and sleeping.

May 18th

Today I wanted to be active so I walked 5 miles and visited my grand daughter Efletafra. She taught me how to use my cellular phone and she promised me she will visit me tomorrow to help me even more. Then I walked home.

May 19th

This morning I accidently prepared for work. When I was listening to the radio a bird flew into my window and died. Ever since my dog has been really scared. I took him for a walk and he was happy but as soon as we returned, he was trembling in fear again. Also, Efle never came.

May 20th

Today I woke up to loud banging and since I live alone, I got scared. I called Efle but she didn't answer. So, I stood up and I went to check I didn't find anything and my dog was nowhere to find.

May 21st

Today I woke up to the smell of rotten meat. I also saw a 1D foot figure in the corner of my room. I screamed in terror and it disappeared.

May 22nd

Today I took some pills and slept with the lights on and nothing happened.

May 23rd

Today I woke up in complete darkness and I was unable to move. I felt something grabbing my leg and I lost my sight.

My a 24 t h

I need help I hear screaming and feel like something is

consuming my body. It wants me dead!

Jan Havel, 1.C

PROSE – OLDER STUDENTS

December 25, 2024

Today, it has been hard.

Worse than usual.

Seeing all those happy families take their grandmas and grandpas home makes me feel very lonely.

Agnes's son just arrived. I can hear laughter from the other side of the wall. I know he can't take her home. She know so too, but she was so happy he decided to come visit her. I wish I could say I'm happy for her. I mean- I am, however my smile still faded as soon as I left her room. I hate to admit it, but I feel so jealous.

I never complained about my son not coming to see me. It was never easy with him. He pays for my stay here, and that should be enough. Is it, though?

Ever since Phil... It was always us two against this world. Us against work our kids, age...In the end, however, it was just him versus his illness. I still remember him young and full of life.

Agnes would say I need to stop being so soapy. That she know she gets it. She still has her family.

I try to be strong. I do, for Phil. But I can see the nurse's face every time she has to help me, to give me pills. It's coming, sooner or later.

Happy Christmas, Phil, I'll see you soon.

Karolína Vlčková, 6SXA

5th of May

Today was a pretty normal day. I had oatmeal with some orange juice as usual. A few young people came to the nursing home today. They were hosting the annual bingo competition. As I was sitting in my bed I looked at my medal of honor and the flashbacks started again. I can still feel the pain in my left leg even though it's been gone for a long time. I can also feel the lifeless body of my buddy Jake in my arms. Still miss him that poor bastard.

6th of May

Hooray! It's oatmeal and orange juice time again. Even though it may seem kind of repetitive and boring I still enjoy it. Today was the first round of the bingo competition. And I get 2nd place! In 1st place was my good first Susan, the reigning champion from last year. As I got to bed I heard some strange noises from the hallway. It sounded like talking so I figured that it's probably just nurses on smoke break but we don't have a male nurse. Ah, I'm sure it's nothing.

7th of May

You know the drill. Oatmeal and orange juice. Second round of bingo today and I got 1st place. This year I will dethrone Susan. I can feel it in my bones. I got an e-mail from the Arab prince Abdunalah Rakhshmanov. He said that he needs 10.000 dollars so he can book a hotel because his card apparently declined and then he will send me 1.000.000. Huh, it seems legit. Unfortunately, I don't have that kind of money right now. At night I heard that voice again so I went to the hallway and Jake was standing there! But how? He said that it's not important and we got to chatting. Unfortunately, the nurse saw us and escorted me to my room looking pretty distraught.

8th of May

New day, same meal. The final round of bingo is here and I win! I got onto the stage to get my price. I looked to the audience and Jake was there I signaled for him to come to the stage with me and we started talking. The nurses were

looking very concerned. In my room, I chatted with Jake about the good old times. A nurse walked in and started saying something to me. I ignored her and kept talking with Jake. The only thing that I could clearly hear are: "Asylum" and "schizophrenia".

9th of May

THIS PROPERTY HAS BEEN SEIZED BY THE TON HANKS' ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE AND MENTHALLY UNSTABLE INC.

Robert John, CEO:



Adam Slunečko, 6SXB

23rd December

I woke up to silly laughter of the neighborhood children, the kind of innocence I haven't heard in a while made my heart stop. Excited to see my own grandchildren, I started preparing. Decorating this shabby home of mine tired me out fast. Sometimes, I forget I am not, who I used to be. At least I will be my old, not so lonely self again for the week to come.

25th December

Sorry my friend for not updating you before bed but I have been so busy I had forgotten about you entirely and that's good right? Forgive me if it's not. Mariam and Johnny are staying for the week with the kids. I held newborn Jane for the first time, it felt like I was holding my own baby girl 30 years ago and I cried and cried. This feeling of belonging when carrying my whole world in my hands I had forgotten about it.

26th December

As I am writing to you, the children are running around playing with their new toys from Santa. Johnny is baking up something in the kitchen while Mariam is trying to lull baby Jane to sleep. Are you mad? Mad that my entries have been short, crude. Not two pages long.

Well, I am mad but mostly sad. Sad that the only time I feel home is this week on Christmas. I want to feel warm and smiley every day. It's greed, I am being greedy, I know. How could I just ask them to stay, to leave their lives, cities away from me. I won't do that. I will go back and embrace the silence. Loneliness is in my bones now.

So, don't be mad, you will get your 2 pages again and after Christmas tree as always.

Kateřina Dolgormaa, 2.B

"Somewhere over the rain..." – that is my alarm clock, which woke me up today to some kind of a sick joke. The first thing I notice when I try to get out of bed is the excruciating pain in my lower back. I stop in my tracks and try to remain calm. I could have simply slept wrong right? Or I'm getting my period, when I am a woman after all, and our bodies mate us! That fantasy comes to an end when I glance in the mirror. "Who are you?!" I exclaim and quickly realize that this is in fact my own reflection.

How do I go about this? Did I travel in time or are my parents downstairs? Do I go back to sleep? To school? To die? What's going on?! I manage to forget about every single joint and vertebra hurting and get off to find a calendar when I finally find one, I can't hold back a scream "1984?!!"

Well, I guess that explains a part of what's happening. I'm in someone else's body. God all this stress makes me so hungry, let's make some breakfast. As soon as I step into the kitchen, some sort of grandma magic takes over my body and I have the ability to make me a mean cinnamon French toast. "Huh..., Do all women become chefs as the first grandchild is born?" I wonder. Let's test this theory.

Obviously, I find knitting needles and such an adorable ball of yarn that there should be a kitten playing with it. I sit down on the rocking chair and – "OMG! I'm knitting a sweater! An itchy sweater!" I am not sure what this means but I don't care. Let's get baking.

Marie Špalková, 6 SXB

Monday

Today was a horrible day, I woke up with a headache so bad, I barely walked to the kitchen to get my meds. Then my daughter Eve visited me and told me a very bad news> The result from the doctor, came and they found out I have dementia! I don't get it, dementia is for old people, not me. I'm not old yet! Anyways, Eve then told me that they can't take care of my house so they will be putting me into senior house by Thursday. I hate my life.

Tuesday

Today wasn't that bad. I went to the pub with my old friends and we chatted and drank beer. We talked about my wife, that sadly passed away three years ago. I was very sad, but when we started drinking, everything was better. When I got home, I got a call from Eve saying that she saw me in the pub and she will kill me if I do it again. Today was a great day!

Wednesday

I don't remember much from last night but I sure know it was fun. Not this morning though. I lied all day in bed and was suffering from hunger. Tomorrow I am going to the senior house. That will suck.

Thursday

I woke up and Eve was already by my bed. I screamed and kicked around me but Eve was determined. When we arrived there, I got put in a grey room with a bed looking like not even a slave would go there. So, this is it, here I will spend my next 20 years. Great. At least the food isn't so bad, but they absolutely don't care about my boredom. What am I supposed to do here? Play bingo with those old men? Watch TV with these grannies? Never!

Friday

This day was very bad. I fell to the ground and hit my head really hard. Apparently, I have to go to the surgery. I don't understand, I feel great. But Eve and doctors insisted so I agreed.

Saturday

Or is it Saturday? I don't remember much. The doctors told me it is a complex surgery and I might not survive this, but I'm sure I will! Anyways, I will write here after the surgery is done. I can't wait!

Sunday

Dear diary, this is Eve. My father John sadly passed away during the surgery. Words can't express how much he meant to me and reading this broke my heart. His last words were: "I hope I won't survive this, I don't wanna go back to that damn room!" I sure know now he's in a better place. Rest in Peace, John.

Richard Zíka, 6SXB

POEM – YOUNGER STUDENTS

Write a poem with a title: "The Chapter of My Life"

THE CHAPTER OF MY LIFE

You can't see it, it's still there
the fear of not belonging anywhere
and with the things I had to face
you would think I'm out of that place.

But I'm not and it's been years
the blood is running through my ears
I felt it then, I feel it now
standing here, just looking down.

The cold feeling crawling up my spine
It comes back – just time to time.
But the storm of thoughts that stared then?
It never disappear again.

“Am I perfect, am I good?”

When I told them, no one understood.

If my crust always seems so polished
now could my insides ever be demolished?

The pretty things you told me?

I guess they made me feel less lonely.

But to fix me? Make me better?

No. That is what I'm saying with this letter.

But at the current number of my age,
I'm just longing to turn the page.

And hey! I don't want to close the book
so please – stop giving me that look.

Lucie Kohoutková, SKVIA

The chapter of my life

I could open myself like a book
and roam through the pages
it's not often, to give it a look
to go through the countless phrases.

To drown in the past
that's what I refuse to do
it's not that I'm afraid.
But those moments didn't last
so I still roam through that book.
While I do a new page is made.

Chapter by a chapter I can't hear anything
but monotone ruffling of pages.
The book of my life, where written is everything
I think I'll close it and save it for later.

Why past?
Shouldn't I look towards the future?
and not worry about my mistakes?
I'm not the first nor the last
who wants to get rid of them
I swear I'll do what it takes.

So I just leave the book open
but hidden well inside
internally hoping
it won't ruin my pride.

We all act like we are the best
and show only pages
that we know others will like
but sometimes I just want to get it off my chest
for the hell of it
and for my own sake.

Maya Frousová, 1. A

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Ever since I was little,
I always have known,
that I wanted knowledge,
which I didn't yet own.

At the age of four,
I learned how to read,
first in two languages,
then it became three.
English, Czech and Russian,
my vision worsened so much,
but nothing could overcome my passion
for reading fairytales and such.

In primary school,
gosh, it was so boring
to listen to kinds stuttering slowly,
but I have learned how to control my temper,
and helped others to achieve my tempo.

Secondary school now is not as easy,
I'm additionally learning German and Spanish,
why have I been so cheesy?!
Now I wear contacts every day,
Try to study hard,
But sometimes I fail.

Well it's alright, I'll manage
to make my parents proud,
even though my private life
is kinda falling apart.
I'm not so smart
like I was before,
I can't find a place,
where I belong.

I feel like I'm standing on the top of a ladder,
I'm scared of being somewhere so tall,
but it doesn't really matter,
my friends will catch me if I fall.

Anna Slobodina, 1.B

The story of my life

Let me tell you a short story,
it really isn't long, don't worry!
It's gonna be fast and I won't use the brakes,
only about five minutes, that's what it takes!

First it was born, a tiny red blob,
always screaming not seeming to stop.
It learnt to speak by the age of one,
and hasn't stopped talking since,
Someone save the mum!

It wasn't that stupid,
and by the age of four,
it counted to hundred
and read books alone.

When time has come,
it went to school,
it had very good grades
and made two friends too!

But the rest of the class thought it was so weird,
so they drew on its bag and kept hiding its things.
But that didn't break it,
but made it stronger,
it swore to leave
and feel sad no longer.

And so it did,
it now lives happily
with a few new friends
and it's family.

Anežka Hořáková, 5KVI A

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

As I am writing this, making a deep dive,
I am trying to remember and reflect on my life.
Let's take a look on the good and the bad,
the funny, horrific or when I was mad.
All the beautiful moments when I was crying happily,
spending time with friends, love and my family.
Times when I was stressed about my future,
that had been haunting me like a scary creature,
all the French exams, competitions, a bit difficult for me,
me as a teen still discovering who I want to be,

yet, I still miss my friends and all of those who left me.
It has been a long way, but there's even more,
time keeps on going, I also need to move on.
Though sometimes I have felt like a sweater with holes,
cute, but I'd need a little friendly soul.
So many times I have cried
'cause someone who loved me had died.
Just a few years into adulthood,
yet, still I hope this poem is at least a little good.

Marie Skaláková, 1. C

POEM – OLDER STUDENTS

The story of my life

The day I was born is the day that I die,
just for one day I feel I'm alive.
I was given wings so that I can fly,
but what will I be if I don't fly high.

My wings are my freedom, my life and my death.
Is freedom worth dying for? And shall I live dying?

I want to live fully, live happy, just live,
But what is the reason if there is just me.
What will be after my short happy day?
For others it's meaningless, I think it eternal.

The day I shall die, that day is today,
my children are born, my body decays.

They are my future, my life and my death.
They are the freedom I have longed for.
And for them I have died and for them I have fought,
so will they choose freedom, death of both?

Barbora Lukášová, 7 SPB

The story of my life

Once upon a time,
a child started to whine,
and there began the line,
of the life, that is mine.

The child learned to walk,
a year later, started to talk,
and which might come as a shock,
in it's throat of illness it had a knot.

I was constantly sick,
Each month of medicine I'd get a prick,
But my gain is thick.
My wounds I don't lick.

Later, in school, I made a friend
Thinking this friendship would never come to an end,
Yet friendships falling apart is the latest trend,
And our relationship in time I couldn't mend.

My new school I was certainly a struggle,
I was always stepping into of back luck a puddle.
Each night, sobbing, with my blanket I'd cuddle.
My whole life, like mild, was starting to curdle.

I would always in solitude cry.
I went from out going to shy.

Not even I know why,
which made my mother with worry sign.

Now, with my life I am content,
It's perfect to some extent –
Everyone has of sadness a moment,
I'm winning of live the tournament.
I believe, I'm winning of life, the tournament.

Marie Špalková, 6SXB

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

Birth, school, marriage, birth, death
that's how it's supposed to be
that's how it's talked about
that's how your ancestor lived

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
was I born into the right generation?
do I belong here?
even though I feel like I don't
I'm not courageous enough to live like I want to...
yet!

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
old enough to express what I crave
friends, fun, beer, music, nature and art
the parts of my life they cannot give me at home
but bad manners, they say...

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
you should do everything to please men, they say...
you should find your man and make him happy, they say...
is it really that outrageous to never marry?
to be the best version of myself without a man?
scandalous, unusual, awful, they say...

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
don't wait too long
your biological clock is tickling
but I'm not ready!
Too bad, darling, all of your ancestors did it, they say...

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
grandchildren everywhere
not a thing to do
not a thought I could occupy my brain with
dear, that's how everyone does it though, they say...

birth, school, marriage, birth, death
perhaps I should have been more of a rebel
perhaps I should have had fought for what I crave even after puberty...

Klára Hesová, 3.A

The story of my life

The exposition felt pure.
Memories of these old times
are the best kind of cure
for my now worried mind.
This part of childhood
I could miss every day
as I for a return to that fairy tale pray.

No hero can stay for long.
Although not brave, even I had to give up
my mother's bedtime song
and move along the flow of my story
to the promised glory of maturity.
As my journey gets tangled more,
pour your love on me, mother, only you can cure my soul.

How does one know what his main purpose is?
To leave behind the old
and mold your new lord, find lips to kiss
and miss what once was as you change once again.
Build a house, move to the city
and pity yourself as you desperately try
to call it your home.

I do not crave a story.
I avoid all progress,
So guess as I try to regress to long gone chapter
If I can ever learn to let go
And earn a place in this forever changing world.
Forgive me for not believing
There is more to come,
My story ended in the moment you let me go, mom.

Alvin Gelner, 3. A

The story of my life

The dawn brings hope, the dusk brings peace.
And on one Sunday morning when even time was almost breezed
a hope was given to the Miss, that wished for all and even this.
She gave a gift, a gift of life – to me, her daughter. She gave me life.
Time went by, much faster than I can rhyme.
We grew together right next to each other
like two pieces of puzzle, one never without the other.
She was the only thing I needed and I was the one thing that brought her hope.

But life can't be all just laughs
we argued, we cried like there was no past
we forget where we belong, we said things that shouldn't have been told.
But we talked, we grew and we evolved.

We became stronger so it was easier to let each other know that
I became the thing she needed and she became the one to bring me hope.
Our paths crossed again like life always planned.

That's the story of my life, the story of a woman who gave it to me.
To which I owe it all and over more that I can simply recall.
That's the story of love that I want to be told.

Anna Gregorová, 3. A

The story of my life

As somebody wise has once said,
history always repeats itself.
Plenty times the price I have paid
not being able to change myself.

I love with the whole of my heart
forgive all that was said and done.
To the point where I fall apart,
a battle I couldn't have won.

TO loved ones I bare all my insides,
show my deepest secrets with trust.
I lack the voice of reason that cries,
to keep some parts hidden I must.

Only late do I realize,
how wrong my judgement has been.
When I am repaid just with lies,
their time sefl finally seen.

It all comes full circle in aa way,
When, with an appearance of a saint
A hero comes to save my day,
Just to get bored and cut me down again.

It's always the same,
and maybe one day I'll learn,
it may not end so lame,
if it's their affection I'll first earn.

Karolína Vičková, 6 SXA

SPECIAL PRICE FOR A SPECIAL ACHIEVMENT AND AN EXTRAORDINARY POEM

The story of my life

This poem is dedicated to the people surviving in Gaza or Ukraine these days. (It is day to day life in there)

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR LIFE

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

TIC EVERY SINGLE MINUTE THERE IS TWOHUNDREDANDFIFTY THREE CHILDREN BEING BORN
TAC EVERY SINGLE MINUTE ONEHUNDRED AND SIX PEOPLE DIE
TIC EVERY ONE MINUTE EQUALS OF THIRTEEN BREATHE INS
TAC EVERY ONE MINUTE EQUALS OF THIRTEEN BREATH OUTS
TIC AND I DON'T EVEN COUNT HOW MANY TIMES I BLINK
TAC IN MY SILENT PRAYERS

TIC TAC TIC TAC TIC TAC

TIC TOMORROW IS EXACTLY IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS
TAC TWENTY-THREE HOURS AND FIFTY-NINE MINUTES
TIC SO I JUST WORRY AGAIN
TAC THAT I MIGHT FORGET ABOUT THE DANGER OF LIFE
TIC I HEAR EXPLOSION SO I SILENTLY PRAY
TAC I SILENTLY PRAY THAT IT IS NOT YOU
TIC AND EVEN THOUGH THER IS THIRTEEN IHHALES
TAC NOT A SINGLE EXHALE IN IT

TIC TAC TIC TAC

TIC ANOTHER TWOHUNDRED AND THREE KINDS WERE BORN TO THE WORLD
TAC ANOTHER ONE HUNDRED AND SIX PEOPLE DIED
TIC IN MY WORLD THOUGH THERE ARE MORE AND MORE PEOPLE DYING
TAC AND NOT EVEN PRAYERS CAN CHANGE THAT FACT
TIC I DO NOT COUNT THE NEW BORN ANYMORE
TAC I STILL DO COUNT THE DEAD ONES
TIC I CANNOT COUNT THEM ON FINGERS OF ONE HAND
TAC SO I START TO FEAR IN MIGHT HAVE BEEN YOU
TIC I DO NOT BLINK ANYMORE IN MY PRAYERS
TAC AND WORDS IN THEM ARE MEANINGLESS

TIC TAC TIC TAC

TIC I DON'T BELIEVE KIDS ARE STILL BEING BORN
TAC I DON'T BELIEVE SOMEBODY WOULD LET THEM DIE
TIC I DON'T BELIEVE SO I DON'T BLINK
TAC I DON'T BELIEVE SO I DON'T PRAY

TIC TAC

TIC ONE SINGLE INHALE ON ONE MINUTE
TAC ONE EXHALE OF GRIEF
TIC ONE GRIEF
TAC OF ALL THE NEWBORN AND BURRIED CHILDREN

WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR LIFE

Klára Gajdošová, 3. A