**Unhuman humanity – the true story about humans**

**(The Intruders)**

Planet Earth has been a home to a large variety of species, including us – humans. Many of us relate the term primitive to human society at a very early stage of development. However, the truth is, modern savages driven by the notion of power and money are the ones who best describe this term – primitive.

Disillusioned by everyday news, sooner or later, one realises that this world is led by a bunch of ignorant, self-absorbed ego-maniacs who continuously raise conflicts among people just to strengthen their power and wealth. The authorities don’t care about the innocent victims of their regimes. And what is even worse is the realisation that majorities don’t see through this situation and wars continue. The fact is, we should not be afraid of some alien enemies; we have become **the intruders** in our own world.

Of course, there are individuals who strive to make this world a better place for all of us, but they are becoming the endangered species. However, as they say, “Karma is a bitch,” and soon we will have to pay for all the wrong that has been done. At that point, wealth and weapon won’t really be of much use, will they?

Daša Vilar, 9. a

**The old Friend**

**(The Pictues)**

I used to have a friend – a homeless woman, always sitting on a bench in a nearby park with a pile of photo albums by her side. I was always wandering why she was clinging to these albums so badly, but then again, I didn’t really pay much attention to it. She always had a kind smile on her face as she was telling me about her life. She had actually led a happy life until she lost her job first and soon afterwards her husband left her. That marked the beginning of her homeless life.

We chatted one day, as usually, about her life and when I was about to leave, she stopped me and handed me **the pictures** – one was a photo of her family and their house, and the other was a photo of me, which surprised me. She noticed that and she said: “You’ll understand one day.”

Next day I was strolling along the park, trying to find my friend, but the bench was unoccupied. I asked the park cleaner if he had seen her, but he looked at me with a sad expression in his eyes and told me that she had passed away early in the morning.

It struck me that I had lost a very dear friend of mine and then I suddenly realised that she honoured me with her most valuable legacy – the memories of her happy family life and our friendship.

And from that day on, photos have a deep meaning to me, as they empower us with the memories from the past to be stronger as we fight with the present for the future.

Gašper Roblek, 9.a

 LIFE'S TOO SHORT

I was bored. I was on my phone for hours. For three days now. When suddenly I heard my grandma calling

me. ˝What?˝ I shouted ˝Come here, Liza˝ said my grandma.˝ I want to tell you something. Do you know how I met

your grandpa˝. I was watching in anticipation. ˝Well…˝ she started ˝I almost never went out, but I was always

complaining that I have no friends . It was on New Year's Day. My parents told me to get some apples for a pie

from the store. I was grumpy because I didn't want to go. As I was walking, I saw a guy who was on the other side of

the road, looking like he was having problems with his bike. I went there and helped him , and so we start hanging

out. And so here we are 80 years later.˝˝What's the point˝ I asked. ˝The point is that you have to stop wasting time

on stupid things, and live while you can. Life's too short to waste it. ˝

Daša Vilar

THINGS AREN'T AS THEY SEEM

On the school days she always felt good in the morning. She stepped on the school property and felt a good energy, she was full of joy.

 She entered the school and the firs guy who walked past by greeted her and gave her a high-five. And so did the others. ˝Hey ˝,˝ What's up, girl?˝,˝ Hi there˝. People liked her. She was really popular and she had a lot of friends at school. But when final lesson ended she didn't go home like everybody else. She always stayed and talked with teachers until they said they have to go. That's because, when the school ended, her ˝good life˝ ended too. When she was standing in font of the school watching kids hugging their parents and going home, her eyes started watering. She had no home, she had no parents. She was living on the street with a bunch of other abandoned kids, called the outlaws. She earned money by singing.

 One day in school a girl came to her and said ˝I wish I had a life like you˝ and she just said ˝We all have something that others want, you have something that I want and I have something you want. But believe me, what you have is much better than what I have. Things aren't always as they look like˝.

Daša Vilar

**Things aren’t always as they seem**

**(the outlaws)**

It was another school day and she felt absolutely great in the morning. The moment she stepped onto the school property, she could feel positive energy taking over her.

As she entered the school, the first guy who walked past her, greeted her joyfully and gave her high five. Soon others followed: “Hey, what’s up, girl?”, “Hi, there.” People simply loved her and she was one of the most popular girls at school.

But then, when her classes ended, she didn’t go home, like everybody else. She was always the eager student who was caught up in long conversations with her teachers until they too had to return to their family obligations. It was all because, when school ended, her life ended too, at least the “good life”.

When she found herself in front of school, observing other kids hugging their parents and heading home, her eyes filled with tears. She had no parents, no home. She was living in the streets with a bunch of other abandoned kids, the outlaws. She earned her living by singing in the streets.

One day, a girl approached her at school and cried: “I wish I had your life,” and she replied: “We all possess something others strive for. So do you. And, believe me, what you have is much more valuable than what I have. Things aren’t always as they seem.”

Daša Vilar, OŠ Kolezija, 9. r

**The Sign**

**(Below the Stairs)**

I burst threw the cellar door and noticed stairs leading in all directions. I picked the ones descending and they led me into a room full of food. After hours being haunted by some bloodthirsty apparition, I finally felt safe but, absolutely exhausted and dog hungry, so I grabbed the first thing in my reach. As I tried to gobble a piece of meat, it vanished. Then as I was trying to get hold of the rest of the food, it all disappeared. The empty room suddenly revealed a button. Desperate to, finally, get away from this twilight zone situation, I pressed on it. A secret door opened and revealed another set of stairs. I went on, and **below the stairs**, there were signs written all over the walls. In the middle of one, there was a circle. Carefully I approached and raised my hand to touch it, but then……

Ben Taft Kržan, 8. B

**In Love with Death**

**(White Satin)**

Love, pain, often indistinguishable concepts. I had been warned not to get involved with her. But the moment my eyes spotted her, I was entangled with her almost divine beauty. It was heavenly while it lasted. Then, out of nowhere, she discarded me. I was doomed, cast out of heaven and hell, all alone, lying on her white satin dress. I woke up and thought it had all been just a nightmare, but no. There I was, all curled up in my bed, hanging desperately to her white satin dress. Love, death, whatever.

Tamara Lazić, 8. B

**Simply magical**

**(Jumble)**

Just ten minutes to go. So many people running aimlessly across the big hall. Suspense filling in every corner of the place. Sasha shouting: “Five minutes, people! The moment of truth has come! Now you are to deliver.”

Assuming the positions, the curtain raised and adrenalin screaming at the top of its voice, the show started.

I plunged into my character and it all went perfectly smooth. I felt electricity going through my body and then…

Deafening applause filled in the theatre, the audience standing up unwilling to let go of the performance they had just seen.

Relief and pride overflow my body. It was simply magical.

Lara Butinar, 8. a

**The Paradox of Good and Bad**

**(The Outlaws)**

Reading books and watching films, I have come across many outlaws – from Robin Hood to privates and hackers, who captivate our attention and imagination, because their actions are unpredictable and against the law.

Being an outlaw, however, requires courage for outstanding, often life-saving actions. Slovene literary hero Martin Krpan, for example, sold English salt, which was illegal at the time, simply to earn his living.

On the other hand, outlaws can also commit serious crimes, like pirates who have for centuries robbed innocent ships passing by.

This shows that there are different perspectives to the treatment of **the outlaws**.

My favourite outlaw is Robin Hood, who stole from the rich and gave to the poor. I have always liked him for that.

In short, acting against the law does not necessarily have a negative connotation. It can actually change the world for the better with a great investment of courage and nobility.

Devi Kuščer, 7. B

**The New Me**

**(New Year’s Day)**

It was New Year’s Day. I woke up early. It was still dark outside. Snow flakes were fluttering through my open window.

I took a glimpse in the mirror and stopped instantly. I stood there for a long time to make sure that the pale creature with dark circles around its eyes and sharp fangs staring at me was actually me. Suddenly great thirst overtook my body. But I craved not for water but for blood.

In the next moment, I was out in the street killing random pedestrians. I didn’t care the least about the victims for as long as I could quench my thirst for blood.

That afternoon all newspapers reported about mysterious brutal murder spree, but I was already heading towards the next country for the next prey.

I didn’t care about my family and old friends that I had left behind. A new life was before me – a life of a vampire.

Looking forward to meeting you….sooon….

Ronja Vendramin Vesel

**The Call**

**(Below the Stairs)**

 Jeremy was a man in his 30s. He lived alone in his eerie ancient apartment and every day he followed the same routines, wake up, go to work, watch TV and eat junk food. Luckily, his job paid him well, so he could afford a cleaner not to rot in his rubbish.

On one of his idle Sundays, he was disturbed form his nap by a telephone call: “I am the viper and I’m 30 miles from your door,” and that was it. Jeremy suspected it was just some teenagers pranking him from **below the stairs**, so he returned to his usual couch potato life style. After a while, the phone rang again and the same voice said: “I am the viper and I am 20 miles from your home.” Slightly unnerved, he decided to ignore the whole thing though. However, the phone rang again. This time the voice repeated his statement with a slight change; now he, the viper, was 10 minutes from his home. Before panic could completely overthrow his sanity, someone rang at the door. Jeremy felt entrapped by this mysterious situation. As if hypnotised he headed towards the door. His heart pounding and hands sweating, he opened the door carefully closing his eyes at the same time. The voice said: “I am the viper and I came here to wipe your windows.” “Oh, good,” Jeremy replied and returned to his couch.

Nika Kapitanovič 6.c