

KAPLJICE ŽIVLJENJA

OŠ Frana Roša, Celje

OPERACIJA GTTTOM

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"Lej, lej, lej. Kaj pa imamo tukaj?" je zapredla Lisica. Zajec je prestrašeno gledal. "Um, korenčke??" Planila je na njega in odprla svoja usta, da bi ga požrla. Zajec Zajček se je umaknil na levo in zbežal. Lisici je spodrsnilo in padla je čez rob v temno luknjo. Zajček je veselo skakljal naprej, nato se je spomnil, v katero luknjo je padla Lisica. Zdirjal je nazaj, primaknil dolgo vejo in pomagal Zvitorepki. Lisica, ali Zvitorepka kot so jo klicali, se mu je zahvalila. "Si v redu?" jo je vprašal, ko se je čistila. Bila je vsa sajasta in sluzasta kot motorno olje. "Bom preživela," je odgovorila. "Padla sem na kup umazanih, strupenih in ostrih stvari. Med tem

sem se spotaknila v sod z zdrizasto tekočino. Naravnost v to neživljenjsko močvaro!" Vse živali tega gozda so vedele za ta odlagališča. Največja so bila tri pri Odlomljenem Vrhu in dva na severu Velikega gozda. Na začetku so bila sumljiva, vendar ne nevarna. Zdaj? Zastrupila so večino rek Velikega gozda in uničevala življenje v tleh. Nekaj je bilo treba ukreniti. Zvitorepka se je pritožila Sovi Oki, vrhovnem sodniku v tej skupnosti. Globoko v osrčju gozda, med koreninami Najstarejšega Drevesa, se je zbral koncil. Stari medved, Rjavi Medved, Sova Oka, Zajec Zajček, Ris, Jelen in njegova sestra Doe, kosi, vrane, veveri-

ce, krdele Sivih Volkov, polh, siničke in cel sprevod drugih radovednih ptic, ter Ježi in Svinje. Vsi pomembni so prišli. "Pozdravljeni na zboru in sestanku najvišje pomembnosti," je začel Oka. "Naša edina tema so Strupene Močvare ali odlagališča." "Zakaj odlagališča?" je zanimalo veverico.



"Ljudje odlagajo svoje stvari na naš dom in smetijo na naših tleh. Zastrupljajo in ubijajo našo preteklost, sedanost in prihodnost. Žal se ne zavedajo, da so tudi oni bili del tega in da v bistvu škodijo tudi sebi." Sivi Volk je zarenčal: "Dol z njimi!" "Bodi

potrpežljiv, moramo opazovati naše nasprotnike. Fino bi bilo, da bi naredili nekaj, kar bo pokazalo,..." "K-Kaj??" je zakrakala Vrana. "Vdrimo v njihove domove, *Give them a taste of their own medicine*. Dol z njimi!!!" "Strinjam se! Preveč nas

je trpelo in umiralo zaradi njihove nevednosti in egoizma!! Nikoli ne pomislijo, da bi skrbeli za druge! Dol z njimi!!!" je ponovila Zvitorepka. "Dol z njimi!!!" so kričale srake. In tako je bilo odločeno. Ljudem bodo vrnilo milo za drago. Vrane in srake

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- OPERACIJA GTTTOM
- OPERATION GTTOM
- ENO projekt

so bombardirale njihove "avtomobile", medvedi so začeli krasti med po mafijsko, živali so odnesle njihove smeti in jih "odložile" na parkirna mesta. Kaos. Še pri lovcih, so se zajci uprli. Zajčji kung fu. Ljudje niso vedeli, kaj se je zgodilo. Zdaj, po treh mesecih noben človek ne stopi v Veliki gozd. Zastrupljene reke so se očistile. Mati narava, življenje je dobilo čas, da je popravilo napake svojih otrok. Tudi živali so se umirile. Poslale so izvidnico, da je poročala o stanju "ekološkega vedenja" ljudi in, glej ga, no, - niso več smetili. Sprejeli so zakone in se jih držali. Tudi drugod po vsej pokrajini se je spremenilo.

Mogoče živali niso ravnale ravno moralno in so udarile z železno pestjo, vendar je delovalo. Počasi, zelo počasi se je stanje začelo izboljševati. Stari medved, poglavar Rjavih Medvedov in vodja Rdečih Tac so postali pravi mafijski voditelji. Brez njih in medu operacija GTTOM ne bi bila uspešna. Seveda so jih ptice strmoglavile na tla. Vsi v skupnosti Velikega gozda so bili enotni in ljudje so se veliko naučili od njih. Sova Oka je zaskovikal. Seveda, tudi živali se učijo od ljudi. "Ni nauk te pravljičice, da začneš vojno. Eno od

misli je, da lahko nekaj narediš sam za nekoga, ki vedno daje in redko kaj vzame - narava. Da se ustaviš in vidiš, kaj ljudje počnejo za vsakim vogalom, da spoznaš, da nismo sami na tem planetu, da se zahvališ življenju za vse možnosti, kar ti jih je dalo. Čas je da se zavedamo, da z zanemarjanjem narave škodujemo sebi in drugim. Vsi."



***Give them a taste of their own
medicine.***

OPERATION GTTOM

"Look, look, look. What have we got here?" purred Fox. Rabbit looked frightened. "Um, carrots?" She lunged at him and opened her mouth to swallow him. Rabbit Little moved to the left and ran away. Fox slipped and she fell over the edge into a dark hole. Little happily hopped and then he remembered which hole the Cunning Fox fell in. He ran back, shifted a branch and helped her out. Fox thanked him. "Are you all right?" he

asked when she was cleaning her fur. She was covered in ash and slimy from motor oil. "I'll survive," she answered. "I fell on a pile of dirty, poisonous and sharp things. After that I tripped into a barrel of oil. Right in this lifeless marsh." All the animals in this forest knew about these dump

sites. The biggest were three at the Broken Top and two in the north of the Great Forest. In the beginning they were suspicious, but not lethal. Now? They poisoned most of the rivers of the Great Forest and destroyed life underground. Something had to be done.



Cunning Fox or Curled tail complained to the old Owl, the supreme judge in this community. Deep in the heart of the forest, between the roots of the Oldest Tree, the council gathered. Grand Bear, Brown Bears, old Owl, Rabbit Little, Lynx, head of the deer and his sister Doe, blackbirds, crow, squirrels, a pack of Grey Wolves, The Dormouse and a parade of curious birds, Hedgehogs and Hogs. All the important animals were here. “Welcome to the meeting of the highest importance,” the old Owl started. “Our only theme is the Poisoned Marsh or dump sites.” “Why dump sites?” wondered a squirrel.

“People dump things in our home and leave trash on our ground. They poison and kill our past, present and future. Sadly, they do not know that they were a part of this too and that they damage themselves as well.” The Grey Wolf growled. “Down with them!” “Be patient, we have to observe our enemies. Why don’t we do something that will show...” “W-what?!” a crow cawed. “Let’s break into their homes, *Give them a taste of their own medicine.* Down with them!!” “Agreed! Too many of us suffered and

died because of their ignorance and egoism!! They never think to care about others! Down with them!!” repeated Curled Tail. “Down with them,” the ravens shouted. So it was decided. People will get what they deserve. Crows and ravens bombarded people’s vehicles, bears started to steal honey, the mafia style, animals took their trash away and ‘dumped’ them on parking spots. Chaos.



The rabbits stood up against the hunters. Rabbit’s kung fu. People didn’t know what happened. Now, after 3 months no human dares to step into the Great Forest. Poisoned rivers were cleaned. Mother Nature, life was given time to fix the mistakes of her children. Even the animals calmed down. They sent a patrol to report about the ‘ecologic behaviour’ of the people and what do you know- people stopped polluting. They ap-

proved the laws and kept to them. Elsewhere, over the whole country things changed. Maybe the animals didn’t do things morally and they acted with an iron fist, but it worked. Slowly, really slowly the state began

It’s time for us to realize that with neglecting the nature, we harm ourselves and others. All of us.

to improve. Old Bear, the chief of Brown Bears and the leader of Bloody Paws became real mafia leaders. Without them and the honey, operation GTTOM wouldn’t succeed. But birds crashed them back on the ground. Everyone in the community of the Great Forest was equal and people learned a lot from them. Old Owl howled. Of course, even animals learn from humans. “The point of this story is not to start

a war. One of the thoughts is to do something for someone, who always gives and rarely takes- nature. To stop and see what people do behind every corner, to know that we aren’t alone on this planet, to thank life for all the chances it gave them to you. It’s time for us to realize that with neglecting the nature, we harm ourselves and others. All of us.”

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PEACE FOREST –

ENO umetniški projekt ob Mednarodnem letu gozdov 2011

Gospod Esko-Pekka Tiitinen je napisal knjigo *The Drops of Life (Kapljice življenja)*.

Učenci ENO šol v Sloveniji (med njimi je tudi naša šola) so na osnovi zgodbe *Kapljice življenja* napisali nadaljevanje zgodbe oziroma napisali novo zgodbo, ki izpostavlja najbolj pereče ekološke probleme v Sloveniji. Vsako zgodbo so tudi ilustrirali. Enako so naredile tudi druge ENO šole po svetu.

Vsaka ENO šola je nato izbrala dve oziroma tri najboljše zgodbe in ilustracije ter jih poslala nacionalnemu koordinatorju, ki bo izmed vseh prispelih zgodb izbral dve najboljši v Sloveniji.

Zgodbi bosta prevedeni v angleščino in objavljeni v spletni knjigi z naslovom *Gozd miru*. Knjiga bo izdana online 16. 9. 2011 na ENO konferenci na

Finskem. Prav tako bo izdana na vrhu generalne skupščine v New Yorku, 21. 9. 2011.

***Gozd miru* bo prispevek k mednarodnem letu gozdov.**

