

USTVARJALNO PISANJE V TUJEM JEZIKU
(CREATIVE WRITING)



Z malo domišljije in dokaj dobrega znanja tujega jezika je ustvarjalno pisanje tudi v tujem jeziku užitek. Na naši šoli je veliko ustvarjalnih učencev, ki znajo svoje misli prenesti v besedo.

Vabim vas k prijetnem branju prispevkov učencev iz 9.A razreda.

mag. Magdalena Bobek

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What happens after a horror film

by Miša Bele

I have seen a lot of horror movies, but I never had a nightmare after them. This time it was different.

It was Saturday evening. I was sitting at the cinema with my friends and we were watching a horror film. It was really scary. After I came home, I went to bed. All this time I had this strange feelingand my dream began.

I was sitting in the garden with my friend. While we were talking, some dogs ran around the lawn. It started to rain, so I went inside. My friend disappeared. When I looked around the house, everything was upside-down. I saw my dad trying to reach the fridge. Chairs, the table and other things were glued to the wall. When I tried to climb into my room, something grabbed my leg and pulled me into a maths class at school. The walls started to move, and they were getting closer and closer to me. All this time someone was calling me. While I was trying to escape, something hit me on my back. Then I woke up.

It was my mum who was calling me and my sister who was trying to wake me up. Later while I was thinking about my dream, I realized that almost everything that happened in the horror film appeared in my dream. It was as if all the pieces were in the right place.

A NEW LIFE

By Miša Bele

My name is Miša Bele and I was born in Slovenia. I've lived there for 10 years until my mum got a job in Spain – Valencia. At first I was surprised and I didn't know what to think. Then I became sad and I started to look for another option. Nothing I tried worked. I didn't have a choice and we moved to Spain. I said goodbye to all of my friends and my relatives and Slovenia.

I was in Spain before as an exchange student but my Spanish friends were very far away. At first I didn't know where to go. I started going to school. There were a lot of faces I didn't know and nobody wanted to talk to me. A lot of time has gone by and I've made a couple of friends and people on the street are starting to talk to me. I learned their language, traditions, culture and their lifestyle. In time I almost forgot about my old friends but we still talk on Facebook. My friends often ask me why I didn't go back, because I've lived here for 10 years now. I don't know if I want to go back.

People changed, the town has changed. It's not the same anymore. I decided that I'm going to go for a visit but I'm afraid that I'm going to feel like a stranger. I love my new life here and I'm not moving back.

An Unforgettable Nightmare

by Urška Godina

Last night I had a dream I will never forget.

I was walking on the beach on a sunny day. When I came closer to the sea and stepped into the 'waves', I started falling. It seemed like I was falling off a chasm. While I was falling, I tried to scream, but I couldn't produce a single sound. Suddenly I realized that I was in a room with my hands tied up onto the chair I was sitting on. The room was filled with old furniture. There was a dirty window in front of me and all I could see were empty fields and ravens were flying over the dark sky. Then I saw a strange creature next to me. It was tall and it was wearing a long, black dress, and its head was covered with a black hood, so I couldn't see its face. I was terrified when I noticed a scythe in its hand. I realized that the creature in front of me was death – Matilda! I was screaming loudly although I knew that nobody could hear me.

I was in my warm, safe bed again. Everything was in its place – the posters on the wall, my writing desk was in front of the window, my night table was next to my bed.... Suddenly I saw a strange thing coming from under my bed. When I looked closely, I realized that it was Matilda with her scythe coming to get me again...!!

Then I woke up on the floor next to my bed....There was no one under it.

A NEW LIFE

by Urška Godina

My name is Urška and I'm 15 years old. My family and I moved from our original home 3 years ago. We lived in Slovenia before. We moved to Spain because my parents got a better job there. That step was difficult for everyone in our family because it's hard to leave your homeland.

Moving to Spain was the hardest thing in my life because I didn't want to lose my old

friends.

Since I've been in Spain, we write to each other by e-mail, but that's not the same as seeing them in real life. However, I have also made new friends here in Spain. People here are wonderful - they're communicative and kind. The school I'm visiting is fantastic and the teachers are great. I also adore our little house in Albacete. The weather is warmer and sunnier than in my homeland, Slovenia.

Sometimes I really miss living in my mother country, but once a year, when we visit it, I notice that nothing's the same anymore - everything has changed. So I don't think I would move back there forever. I've got used to my new life in Spain. My family and my new friends are here now and new adventures that are waiting for me.

A Strange Dream

by Matevž Šelj

It started like a normal day. I went to school and when I came back home, there wasn't anyone there. I noticed that there wasn't anyone else on the streets either. But I ignored that. In the afternoon I went outside to read a new book that I got in the library. While I was reading, I heard a strange noise coming from behind the house. It was very annoying, so I went to check it out. I couldn't believe what I saw.

There was something in the air and it looked like a UFO, and even if I haven't seen one in my life, I knew it was a UFO. Suddenly the door opened and there was my school friend Jakob, standing in front of the entrance. He looked like he came from Mars. It was Marshian Jakob! Suddenly he turned on some kind of machine that shot a ray and started pulling me into the air. I was floating! I was so scared that I couldn't even look. When I was more than twenty metres in the air, the UFO and ray that was pulling me up disappeared, and I started falling. Right before I hit the ground, my alarm clock woke me up. It was eight o'clock. I overslept.

A New Life

by Matevž Šelj

My name is Matevž Šelj. I was born in Postojna and lived in a small village called Zagorje until seven years ago when my family and I first moved. My new home was set in Berlin, because my mother had a very flexible schedule and place of her job.

Living outside Slovenia was quite difficult for me back then, especially because I didn't speak German at all. Luckily for me and my brother, our parents knew German quite well. I slowly started to learn the new language. Because of my lack of German language knowledge I went to some kind of international school where everybody spoke English which, in fact, I speak very well. But it was really hard to adapt to the new schoolmates and teachers, because I didn't know anyone. I really missed my friends and we had no contact with each other. After two years of living in Germany, we moved to London. It's a beautiful city but it was a bit awkward at first since they drive on the left side of the road. There are a lot of tourist attractions in England and I've seen them all. Adapting to the new school wasn't so hard this time. I was older and spoke better English than back then. Three years later my new home was in Brisbane, Australia. It was a bit weird at first. Hot all year long and a chance to go swimming every day. Thanks to Facebook, I could get in touch with all my old friends. I barely even spoke Slovene at that time, except with my family and old friends. I made some new friends, too, but it's not the same talking to someone you haven't seen for five years or some kid you've just met.

Anyway, now, after two years, we're preparing for our next move. We're moving back to Slovenia!

A dream I will never forget

by Leon Žagar

One day when it was about eight I went to bed early, because I was really, really tired. Soon after I fell asleep I started dreaming.

At first I found myself in the middle of a bar. It was a scene from a movie that I still remember. I was sitting on a stool with my head resting on the bar. Everything was moving, the chairs, tables, stools,...everything. I stood up and started looking around the room. Suddenly a man appeared. When he turned around I saw his face. The moment I realized who he was, I started running.

I felt much stronger than I really was at the time. Then I saw myself in a shard of glass as a man in his mid 40s. I had a goatee and long, grey hair. I was wearing a white suit, and by the looks of it, it was about the year 1550. Haystacks everywhere, wooden cups, petroleum lamps... But there was no time. The man started catching up with me. I ran as fast as I could when suddenly my legs didn't move anymore. I fell. The man grabbed me, pulled me into an alley, put a small blade next to my neck,

pushed down and pulled! Blood! I woke up. I was at home in my bed. It was warm and I could hear the rain hitting the window outside.

A New Life

by Leon Žagar

My name is Leon and I'm 14 years old. In the last five years, my family has moved to many places around the globe. My dad is a well-known architect and we move because he has to be at his project's worksite at all times.

We are now staying in Dubai where he is planning the first inhabitable man-made island in the shape of a palm tree. I'm going to the International School of Dubai, where I study in English.

In 2007 my dad got his first big project on the Panau Islands. Our first move was very difficult, because everything we had, everyone we knew and all the memories stayed here in Slovenia. When we got to the Panau Islands I felt very lost, alone and lonely. I had no friends, I didn't know the people and I thought I could never adapt to the food, living habits, all the different holidays... A whole new culture. The first two months were the hardest. I missed all my friends, I couldn't get new ones, because I wasn't good at the language which the natives spoke and the only thing I could talk to was my diary. Slowly, things started to take a turn for the better. I met a family who lived on the other side of town, the Johnsons. They were American, so we were able to talk and have fun together.

Unfortunately in late 2010 we had to move again, because my dad got a new project. Now I'm here, in the middle of nowhere, on the hunt for new friends, new adventures, new places, a whole new life.

A new life - Urška Bubnič

I was born in Slovenia in town called Postojna. I spent my childhood in the village Klenik. When I was twelve years old my father got an offer for a job from abroad. He accepted the

offer and six months later we moved to Switzerland to a town called Bern. I left all my friends. At first I missed my relatives and my home, but now I don't miss them anymore, because I have new friends here in Bern. My life has changed when my father accepted the offer. At first I thought that I would never learn to speak German, but over the months I eventually learned.

I think that after nine years of living in Switzerland I wouldn't move back to Slovenia, because I have a new life here in Bern. I'd like to have a family here in Bern and I like to visit my relatives one day.

A NEW LIFE

by Meta Bobek

My name is Meta Bobek and I'm Slovenian. My family and I moved to Australia a long time ago, because my father got a new job there. Moving to Australia was really hard for me. At first I was a little scared and nervous because I didn't know anyone there and I didn't know their culture. I remember my first day of school. I was so terrified, that I didn't say a word the whole day. But then I started to making friends and having fun. Many times we went to the cinema and shopping together. I really started to feel at home, that's why I didn't come back earlier. I've been in Sydney for ten years now and I love my new life here. My life has really changed and wouldn't come back to live in Slovenia. I still have some friends from my home land, but I lost most of them. I think that where your heart, friends and family are there is your home.