



Kdo sem v času pandemije?

Who am I in this time of the pandemic?

*Izdelki so nastali v okviru pouka angleščine na daljavo na Gimnaziji Vič,  
kot odziv na projekt Slovenskega etnografskega muzeja  
»Kdo SEM v času pandemije?«*

*Kdo sem v času pandemije? Who am I in this time of the pandemic?*

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# PROSE, POETRY, AND THOUGHTS

## *PROZA, POEZIJA IN MISLI*

*the food in quarantine  
tastes like never before  
it tastes like loneliness*

*If you worry about the future, you lose a moment in the present.*

*talking to my friend*

*I can't hear her*

*"CHECK YOUR CONNECTION AND TRY AGAIN"*

*a mask greets my face  
a moment of sheer discomfort  
foggy glasses*

Vid Avsec, 1. c

*the food in quarantine  
tastes like never before  
it tastes like loneliness.*

Aleš Bajcar, 1. e

*Oh, this covid-19  
brought up the next level of hygiene.  
It really is cruel,  
and it respects no rule.*

*You have to be careful,  
but never too fearful.  
Especially when you're at that stage  
and you're not at the youngest of age.*

*But look at the bright side,  
you can never be over-supplied.  
We have to stay strong,  
it won't be for long.*

Zoja Berčič, 1. c

*If you worry about the future, you lose a moment in the present.*

Zala Komar Pucelj, 1. e

*less pollution  
I can clearly see  
my non-existent social life*

*quarantine perplexion  
heroin or disinfectant  
that is the question*

Rebeka Caserman, 1. e

*the virus is here  
I'm at home most of the time  
my life is the same*

Rebeka Čepon, 1. e

*a constant cycle  
to my desk and to my bed  
counting down the days*

Pia Koritnik, 1. e

*no alarm clock buzz  
friends all online, no school fun  
the corona crisis*

Luka Kravanja Žemva, 1. c

*school at home  
computer on my table  
works with maximum power*

Lara Mihelič, 1. e

*patient in the intensive care  
an empty look in his eyes  
the cry of relatives behind the glass*

Mark Mihelič, 1. e

*Living in quarantine,  
Strange times?  
Very strange times.*

*Staring at the computer screen.  
School,  
A lot of work,  
A lot of patience.*

*Bored in free time.  
Video games?  
No, I don't like them.  
Books?  
Absolutely.*

*Playing board games,  
Arguing,  
Arguing,  
Friends again.*

*Expecting the end of self-isolation,  
I don't think it's over yet,  
But it's close.*

*Expecting a second wave in the autumn...*

Matija Ihan Švigelj, 1. c

### *EVERYDAY GAME*

*A new day,  
I want to go away.  
the same, same, same,  
that's my everyday game.*

*The coronavirus is here  
and it is everything I hear.  
I don't like it very much  
because nothing can be touched.*

*We can't see our friends,  
we have to wait for it to end.  
Everything is gonna be ok  
because the corona will go away.*

Pavlina Marušič, 1. c

*invisible danger*

*sinking into darkness*

*I'm dying inside*

Petja Svetina, 1. c

*I'm sad to see*

*that the world to be*

*had to take a pee*

Laura Lucija Schwarzbartl, 2. e

*As the water is rising, I can see my reflection getting closer and closer. The image on the surface is looking right back at me with eyes filled with fear. I stand still in disbelief. My fate has been sealed and I know there's nothing I can do. Gargling noises were heard from beneath as they were coming up with bubbles. I fall on my knees and spit out my last words: "And they told me getting coronavirus is the worst thing that could happen to me in quarantine. Pff, clogging my toilet is way worse!"*

Domen Cvar, 2. e

*Stuck in quarantine  
worse than I have ever been  
watching movies that I've seen.*

*Stuck in quarantine  
hope thrown away in the bin  
trying not to be mean.*

*Stuck in quarantine  
finally getting my body lean  
and keeping my room clean.*

*Stuck in quarantine  
celebrating seventeen  
watching my friends on the screen.*

Tinkara Klemenčič, 2. e

*volumes of books*

*colourful windows*

*my view into the world*

Špela Pogačar, 2. e

*on the TV screen  
tiny particles of death  
how can I trust them?*

*Matija Debeljak, 3. a*

*not a single soul  
everyone staying at home  
the great solitude*

*Ula Dragman, 3. a*

*making up stories  
and painting abstract pictures  
of what could have been*

*Eva Gjura, 3. a*

*glowing screen  
at which I stare  
full of faces*

*Jure Zupančič, 3. a*

*buried memory  
petrichor evokes sorrow  
moments reappear*

*Manca Dremelj, 4. e*

*I'm studying maths  
reading Kosovel's Kons. 5  
numbers everywhere*

*Ela Kovač, 4. e*

*EVERYTHING'S "JUST FINE"*

*Once more we find,  
Ourselves at war.  
This time we'll win,  
I'm pretty sure.*

*We stand united,  
In one cause,  
Trying to escape,  
A virus's claws.*

*Soldiers in blue,  
Volunteer,  
To go to battle,  
For just our cheer.*

*Yet people stuck,  
In their homes,  
Have started talking,  
To their combs.*

*To those poor people,  
I have to say,  
There's still some time,  
Till grand D-Day.*

*But think about,  
The importance then,  
For we all know,  
We'll meet again.*

*Once this passes,  
There will be,  
Laughter, peace,  
Some harmony.*

*So cheer up, mate,  
And just unplug.  
When this all ends,  
You'll get a hug.*

Maj Dimitrijevič, 4. e

*I might be locked  
but I am free  
my mind cannot be captured*

*all the empty streets  
filled by the wandering minds  
of people indoors*

Ana Karolina Starič Drusany, 4. e

Miha Zorko, 4. e

### *DAYDREAMING*

*I'm lying on the grass  
I'm looking at the sky  
Imagining that I can fly*

*Lost in my own mind  
These stories yet untold  
Existing in my dreamy world*

*In my castle on the cloud  
Where nothing's as it seems  
A planet of a million dreams*

*Is there anyone trying to find me?  
Taking me back to where I need to be?  
I wake up to see reality.*

Manica Voje, 4. a

## MOTIVATION

*I should really start on my school work now, I think, as I'm lying in bed. The sun is already shining, and I still haven't started my day. I have geography and history today, and that essay that I should have written days ago. I still haven't read that book that's lying on my bedside table. Let's not forget the video call I have scheduled later in the day. My chemistry notebook is patiently waiting for me to open it, but my bed is far too comfortable for that. I'll just do it later.*

Nina Smole, 1. e

*At first I liked being in quarantine, because I always managed to make myself busy. But now every day is the same and I can't distinguish between days anymore. Even the food tastes the same. The streets are empty and cities are closing. I miss hanging out with my friends, the excitement of waiting for school to finish on Fridays and looking forward to the weekend. How long can I endure this?*

Lana Lucija Šebenik, 2. e

*beautiful day*

*talking to my friend*

*the sun is shining*

*I can't hear her*

*I forgot my mask*

*"CHECK YOUR CONNECTION AND TRY AGAIN"*

Ajda Zdešar, 2. e

*COVID-19 simply took a pen  
and draw this pandemic over  
women  
and men.*

*But who am I right now?  
Can I help somehow?*

*I've been in quarantine for a while  
and I don't have a big smile  
anymore.*

*There are many sad stories  
and that worries.*

*It reminds me I should be thankful  
to wake up each morning.*

*It reminds me I should be happy  
to be with my family.*

*It reminds me not everyone has  
someone  
to talk to.*

*I take my phone  
and I call people that are alone.  
Because the only thing  
we can give each other right now  
is love.  
So, I love everyone,  
including myself.*

*But not everybody  
is as lucky as I am.*

*Some people  
are fighting mental health issues.*

*Some people  
are fighting hunger.*

*Some people  
are fighting for their lives.*

*Sadly, some people  
are no longer with us.*

*So, yes.  
In some ways I can help.  
We all can.*

*We can talk.  
We can love  
and we must love.  
Just as we always should.  
Just as I always should.  
And I will.  
To stand against the pandemic,  
to fight for world health.*

*I'm starting today.  
Instead of taking a pen  
as COVID-19 did,  
I'm taking a highlighter  
and with those little steps  
I'm going to make world brighter.*

Daša Radin, 1. e

## WHO AM I?

*“Be who you are  
and you will get far,”  
they said to me.*

*I listened and went for my dreams,  
It was working just fine or so it seems.*

*While I was rushing to get to the top,  
The world said clear and loud: “STOP.”  
Suddenly I was stuck at home,  
Scared to death of feeling alone.  
Unused to boredom I was feeling trapped,  
Felt like my freedom was kidnapped.*

*Now I’m sitting here eight weeks later,  
feeling just fine,  
I’m not anymore a quarantine hater.*

*After being miserable for a while,  
feeling bad for myself,  
finally got used to the new lifestyle.*

*I had a lot of time to think,  
figured out what I want,  
so my heart and my soul are finally in sync.*

*I discovered my true passion  
and with all the people suffering,  
what truly means to have compassion.*

*So now I am enjoying my time alone,  
with my family all at home.  
But I’m still hopping this quarantine soon ends,  
because I do really miss my friends.*

Eva Torkar, 2. e

*Sun, rain, wind, snow, storm, calm. The scenery in front of my window was ever-changing, like a really long movie was playing in front of me. Sometimes the curtains were open, sometimes they were closed. She only likes to keep them open during the nice weather. She liked to close her eyes when the bad weather came and tried to pretend like it wasn't there. Like a small child that is scared to death of thunderstorms and just wants to hide under the blanket. That's precisely how she wanted to hide away when she saw and heard what was happening outside, on the other side of the slightly stained glass. Everything she knew about the world suddenly turned upside down. Nothing was the same, and she hated change. It was like she had to learn how to walk and talk again. Like a small child. And she hated this. She didn't feel the wind on her skin, and she couldn't touch the raindrops falling from the sky. She was there, but at the same time she wasn't. It has been months since she has felt anything, feeling trapped. She was a bird destined to be in a cage. The world scared her even more than it used to before. She lost everything, and even though she knew there were people outside who had it way worse, she couldn't help but feel like she was slipping down a very steep slide and there was no way she could stop her fall. She spent years in hope she would escape this cage that has trapped her before, and she eventually managed to do that. But right now, the movie playing outside was a horror movie, and she couldn't think of a way this could end well, or anytime soon. She didn't like horror movies one bit. She was still so young, losing her precious time inside. And now she had no place to hide or run to from the nasty creatures inside her cage that came to visit her every single night. She had her own horror movie inside her delicate birdcage, and she wanted to break out so badly. She wasn't a child anymore, but she wasn't an adult yet. This wasn't a rollercoaster she enjoyed. Quite the opposite, she hated it, and she enjoyed wild rides more than anything. She felt like this was a huge test she had to pass for life – how to efficiently adapt as quickly as you can, endure the pain, fear and everything that you find scary, and hope. She was running out of hope, and she couldn't go out to find some. "Little things," she constantly told herself. The sun beaming down on her. The promise of something better. She was scared more than anything, but she was prepared to battle this like a true war hero. It will be hard for her, she knows it. Waking up everyday and facing the big, scary movie scenes like a hero. She needed to be her own hero for the time being.*

Inja Ajda Hvala, 2. e

## QUARANTINE DIARY

### ***I think ... Friday?***

*These days the highlight of my day seems to be my morning coffee. Well, can you still call it a morning coffee if it was made at one in the afternoon? I woke up at twelve, so technically, I think it's okay. I keep telling myself that this lockdown won't last. But it's been so long that I've stopped counting. My best friend right now is my cat. She's probably stressed because we're home all the time. I sometimes wish I was a cat. My life would be so much simpler. I'd have an owner that would feed me and I could sleep all day. But since I can't turn myself into a cat, haven't really figured out how to do that yet, I will just try to live as a human for a little while longer. It is 5 pm right now and I have absolutely no idea what to do with myself. If I'm completely honest, I don't know what to do with myself even when the world isn't going insane. So does that mean everything is normal? I don't know. Tonight my family and I are going to my uncle's house. We do this every Friday. We eat pizza, so at least this is nice.*

### ***Definitely Tuesday***

*It is currently 4 am and I am just contemplating whether or not I should cut my hair. ... And I've just cut my bangs. Congratulations to me, right? Why do I have so many stupid ideas? I am currently having a mental breakdown because of my hair. I keep telling myself that it will grow back, but to be honest my hair grows so slow that I'll probably be stuck with this stupid hair for a long time. Anyway, I think it's best if I go to bed and I'll deal with this thing tomorrow.*

### ***Wednesday, but I don't know which one***

*AAAGGHHH! I scream as I see myself in the mirror for the first time after yesterday's hair disaster. Now my hair is just another problem that I am currently dealing with. I've been putting all schoolwork aside. It's so hard to motivate yourself when there is no one pushing you. It's the same as people who go to the gym and workout by themselves and the other people who choose workout classes with a trainer instead because they have no motivation. I unfortunately belong to the second group of people. And now, because all of my workout classes have been cancelled, I haven't worked out in two months. It has been so comforting slowly becoming a couch potato. I've just decided that summer body 2020 is officially cancelled. I have no intentions to start eating healthily and I don't think it will happen any time soon.*

### ***Thursday probably***

*It's the next day and I've just made the best lunch ever. I believe that melted cheese has become my best friend in the past months. Maybe it was godsent. Probably not, but I don't exclude the possibility. Anyway, I've tried painting today. A big mistake. I knew that I had no talent for drawing, but now I have absolutely proved it to myself. I suck at drawing. It is now 2 am and I am contemplating whether I should go to sleep or no. I think my sleeping schedule has never been this bad but I don't care that much really.*

### ***Friday (don't know the date though)***

*It's the next day. I am so late with all of my assignments. Like what are they going to do if I don't turn them in? Email me? I don't know. I have been avoiding all of my physics assignments. If I couldn't do them when the teacher was helping me, I can't do them by myself. It is weird trying to teach yourself things that somebody else is supposed to explain to you.*

### ***Sunday***

*It is probably day 404 of quarantine. At least that's what it feels like. This entire year feels like such an error. Anyways, I think I'm going to end the quarantine diaries here since nothing interesting has happened yet and it has been two weeks. I hope this ends soon. We can get through this.*

Julija Balkovec, 2. e

*Sitting in a chair, I look out through the rear window and hear the people laughing in the rising dusk. Above them, nothing but spacious and blank sky along with my heart desperately wanting golden shine and stars covered with mysterious mist.*

*The restfulness of my mind and the eagerness of my dream is growing underneath the stars that I have painted in the sky. The exquisiteness is tickling my senses and makes me raise my hand in their way. To my surprise, I seize for the stars and shunt them away.*

*At that moment, I feel the need to see it as it is all by itself. To explore it from where the sun rises and sun sets. To daydream it and to experience it. It's nothing like I have expected and there is no word that can depict its majesty. Life.*

Hana Lupinc Korošec, 2. e

*There's faux air of tranquillity in my room as I scroll through Instagram. The never-ending feed has just been refreshed, but it feels like I've already seen it countless times. Minutes go by faster than the posts, and the panic in my chest is getting harder to ignore. I should've started working on my Sociology paper long ago, and yet, I still lie there on the bed, motionless.*

*Even though my phone battery soon gives out, procrastination fails to stop. I can't seem to abstain from my new least-favourite hobby – staring at the ceiling.*

Eva Malec, 2. e

*Who am I?*

*A person who wakes up every day and hopes that when she opens her eyes and checks her phone she will finally read some good news for a change.*

*Even after everything she has heard, read, or witnessed she hopes for good news.*

*There have been mornings when she woke up with that hope and one quick look at her phone took it away.*

*But she still hopes, believes, and waits for that day when she wakes up with a smile on her face.*

Pia Pavlič, 2. e

## *MY FAMILY MEMBERS' LITTLE PROJECTS*

*Since the lockdown, every single member of my family has decided to start their own little project (even my cat, Kepica, has decided to thoroughly examine and taste every plant that can be found in the house).*

*My mom has decided to make a hotbed and although the process was full of arguing and compromises with the rest of the family, it turned out pretty fine. Quite pretty actually. In the meantime, I've learned to duck when she has videoconferences, because things get way too heated, way too quickly for my liking.*

*My grandma and grandpa were happy to pass on their knowledge of gardening to eager (my mom) and a little less eager (me) family members. They also found some time for themselves, now that they don't have to drive me around (I live in a village, where buses don't drive). They are now quite privy with computers and smartphones.*

*My uncle's new project was including his new girlfriend in our merry little family. We kept having barbecues where we would all hang out. After the seventh barbecue in two weeks, I was accused of not being social enough, because I would depart to my room after 2 hours or so. Now we have occasional board game nights, often enough for my uncle's liking and short enough for my liking.*

*I learned to navigate school life with family duties. Even though I can't have trainings (dance) the way I used to, there are still online classes and I've started to connect more with nature by taking a walk every day and reading books outside. I now look at living in a countryside with newfound joy, because I realized it gives you a lot of freedom and being outside gives me a kind of peace I never knew I could have.*

Maruša Lapajne Škrjanc, 2. e

**Who am I in this pandemic?** That is a good question. But, should I be asking myself that? For now, I will take just the first part of it. Who am I?

I do not know the answer to this question, even though I think a lot about it. How should I define my answer? I think a better question is, who should I be? But sadly, I do not know that either.

As a teenager I am given rules that I need to follow, boxes that I should fit in, but I usually do not, things that I should know and thing that I have to learn. That can be a big problem. The rules are not a part of it, that part is easy because I respect them. The things that I should know, but I do not, I will learn and the ones that I have to learn, well, they come with. But the boxes are a problem. A huge one if I am honest. Have not they always been?

If you do not fit into a box, you become a problem because you stand out, are different, unique, and maybe even because you have a voice and are brave enough to use it. That is not going to be me. At least for a very long time. I am not a big speaker, but I respect the ones that dare, because when a young person speaks their mind, politely and respectfully, and shares their opinions, you can see joy in their eyes, pride in their smiles, feel happiness in their hearts, and freedom in the wings that they get.

Yes, wings that they get. Because when you open yourself up to the world and embrace it, you get to see it in a different way. You get a feeling that you have been given wings with which you can fly up high.

I am trying to find my own box in this wild world, the box that I will create and the box that will give me wings. Wings, with which I will be able to fly high and far, see the world and people from a different perspective and find the real me along the way. Maybe that is where I will get answers to all the questions. Maybe that is where I will be able to say, that is who I am, loud enough for everyone to hear.

For now, I will just whisper that I am trying to be a teenage traveller, hoping to find her box in this world full of wonders and unknown stories, wishing to find herself a long the way. And who am I in this pandemic? Just a teenager trying to survive.

Kaja Lena Fenko, 2. e

## THE LOCKDOWN BREAK-IN

*Back in the spring of 2020, quarantine had us all on our toes. It was a strange time, mostly because no one knew how long the new laws would remain in effect. It was no different for me. The same routine over and over again, day after day... A visit from a friend here and there, but after that I went right back to the usual.*

*This one weekend, when the travel laws were became more liberal, my parents decided to go check up on our beach house in Croatia. Subsequently, I had the whole apartment to myself. It felt nice. A little break from school and the pressure of a full house. We had already acquired most of the grades, so the online classroom remained (for the most part) dormant. Almost like a hornet nest no one wants to poke.*

*I spent my Friday night watching Netflix and playing videogames. I had not felt this blissful for a while. The next day I woke up around noon and no one was around to criticise that decision. I went for a jog, then cooked some chicken with rice. Another calm evening followed. I had just recently found a great show, so my day pretty much consisted of watching Netflix and eating.*

*During the opening scene of the 7<sup>th</sup> episode that day, I hear the front door open. It was like one of those moment in a horror film where everything is about to go wrong. Regardless, common sense was telling me that no murderer would walk into an apartment building surrounded by cameras, take the elevator up to the 5<sup>th</sup> floor and try to break in. "It is most likely that the wind blew the door open." It would not be the first time it had happened, although I did remember locking up.*

*It still took courage to stand up from the couch and head to the door. I gathered myself and started walking. The door was open, but it did not look like a break in and I distinctly remembered locking it when I came back from the jog. To stop this from happening again, I turned the lock twice. "Now, let the murderer try to break in!" I thought while running back to the living room as to not miss another second of the show.*

*As I sat back down on the couch, I thought I felt something strange. It was a feeling deep in my chest that was telling me to get out right away. A survival instinct of sorts that one would only need if in proximity of a true monster. I heard my heart beating faster and faster, but looking around the room, I saw nothing out of the ordinary. I was too scared to look in the hallway, so I peeked through the keyhole. The end of the hallway (where the front door was) was dark as I had only left a single light on. I saw a silhouette right by the front door. It appeared human, standing at around 7 feet and with its back turned to me. The morbid feeling intensified to the point where I was unable to move. I stared at the figure, which just stood there, looking at the door as*

*though it had no purpose or intent. I looked away for a moment to dial the police and then focused my eyes back on the keyhole while waiting for the call to go through. It was still standing there. "Operator. What do you wish to report?" As I heard those words, a stomping began coming from the hall. I quickly looked through the hole one last time before locking the door with a key I had put in my pocket after the front door incident. With the last glimpse, I spotted the monster running in the light closest to the living room. There was nothing human about it. Its arms were severely out of proportion, extending to its knees; it was naked and had no body hair. Its body, devoid of pigmentation, appeared white in colour. The jaw was open beyond what is normal for a human. It looked like at any point it was about to let out a screech, but never did.*

*I dropped the phone with the operator still on the other end, ran to the bathroom and locked myself in. It was a fight-or-flight moment and I damn well knew I couldn't take on that thing. It began banging and ramming into the living room door. The sound of the door breaking down filled me with horror, which mixed with the feeling of darkness and near death pushed me in a black and seemingly endless abyss. I jumped in the bathtub, which was as far from the door as one could be, and curled up in a ball. The thing smashed a vase that was on the table in the middle of the living room and approached the bathroom door. I could see the shadow of the tall body under the door. The door handle moved but when the creature found the room to be locked, it didn't break it down like before. It just stood there. I do not know how much time had passed between that and the arrival of two police cars, but when the sound of sirens reached my bathroom window, the shadow was gone.*

*I thank God every day that the police department tracked my call after hearing banging and running. No one was ever arrested and the whole thing was written off as a failed break-in. But I know what I saw. There was nothing missing afterwards, just a smashed vase and a broken-down door. The horrific image of the figure still visits me in my nightmares. I was told it was probably the stress and fear that made me see thing and although I never believed it for a second, I pretended to agree. Insisting with the monster attack story would just land me in an insane asylum. "The quarantine has us all on our toes," they said. "It is a strange time." The police officers checked all the security cameras around the building. The only thing they saw was a shadow of a large person in the corner of a video taken by a liquor store camera.*

*There have been no further incidents, yet when I am walking alone in the dark, I still sometimes get that exact same feeling of being watched from afar.*

*Jaka Slapar, 2. e*

*If a bomb goes off, you know you are in danger. But a family skiing in Italy didn't hear nor see the danger that was all around them. They went home and a girl got sick. Her dad called the doctor and a nurse there said that the girl should stay at home.*

*After a week, the girl still coughed and the dad called again. This time another nurse said that she should see the doctor. And the girl went there and mentioned this horrible disease and a young man, not yet a doctor, only laughed at her. So she went home.*

*After two weeks, the girl was still not better, her illness got worse. She couldn't breathe and coughed and coughed. So, the dad called the doctor again. The girl went there, but now, there was another doctor. The lady asked almost no questions, she had heard a lot about this small and silent danger on the news. She went out and yelled at the young man so loud that all the people in the waiting rooms and halls heard her. The doctor entered the room once again. This time dressed like an astronaut. She had to examine the girl, but she was so scared that her knees shook and she couldn't steady her hand.*

*Quickly she took the girl and her dad to a tiny room with only one bar stool in it. And there they waited and waited for hours until they were told to go home.*

*Before they even got home, the girl's mom called. She already knew what had happened. She heard all about it from the girl's grandmother, who heard from a friend of a friend. Everybody already heard the girl has this dangerous disease, even though she hadn't even been tested yet.*

*The girl and her dad went to a drive-in testing point and she got tested and then they waited some more. The family waited for hours for a call. The girl's mom had been questioned and bullied every day at the school where she worked. Her colleagues wondered why she didn't stay at home after the family had returned from Italy, and why she hadn't called a doctor before she took the girl there. All of that were lies people heard from gossips. The family did everything as they were told, but scared people are mean and violent.*

*The mom was scared, too. She was panicking, as were other family members. Except for the girl. She was tired of not knowing what is wrong with her and the only thing she wanted was to get better.*

*And then the call came.*

*A lady said that the test was negative and that it was good news. Everyone was happy, except for the girl. For her, this was not a relief, this meant they still didn't know what was wrong with her and the test could have been a false negative, too.*

*At the end of the third week. The girl went to the clinic again, because she still had a high fever and cough. The young doctor from was there again. The girl heard a lot of "I-told-you-so's" and a "maybe-pneumonia" talk but still no real diagnosis and no medicine.*

*After full four weeks had passed, the girl woke up, finally without a fever and just a mild cough. The same day all the students in the country woke up to their corona experience of self-isolation and distance learning.*

*Today, 12 weeks have already passed since the girl was last in school. If it wasn't her final year of school, she probably wouldn't go back to school this year at all.*

Zala Jelinčič, 4. a

Another 1pm waking yawn  
Another missed run  
Another aw i-have-no-motivation c'mon  
Another homework undone  
Another chocolate gone  
Another Netflix marathone  
Another setting sun  
Another prison line drawn  
Another day in quarantine done

But on the other hand

Doing a part in a pandemic like this  
Hell yes, pass me another chocolate, please



Pia Marie Ružič, 1. c

#### SILENCE

I never knew I missed the silence  
of this big planet we call our home,  
but in this silence I've heard nature sing;  
a sound I've never heard before.

I stand outside in the shining sun  
that paints a masterpiece,  
I bravely wait for the pouring rain  
to write a symphony.

Mother Earth is singing a beautiful Ode  
to the silence she has gained,  
and yet we plan to - soon enough -  
take it all away.

I take long walks while I still can,  
for I know what is to come:  
after we start to live again,  
the silence will be gone.

Maruša Florjančič, 4. a

## PHOTOS AND MEMES

### *FOTOGRAFIJE IN MEMI*



**Gal Banko, 4. a**

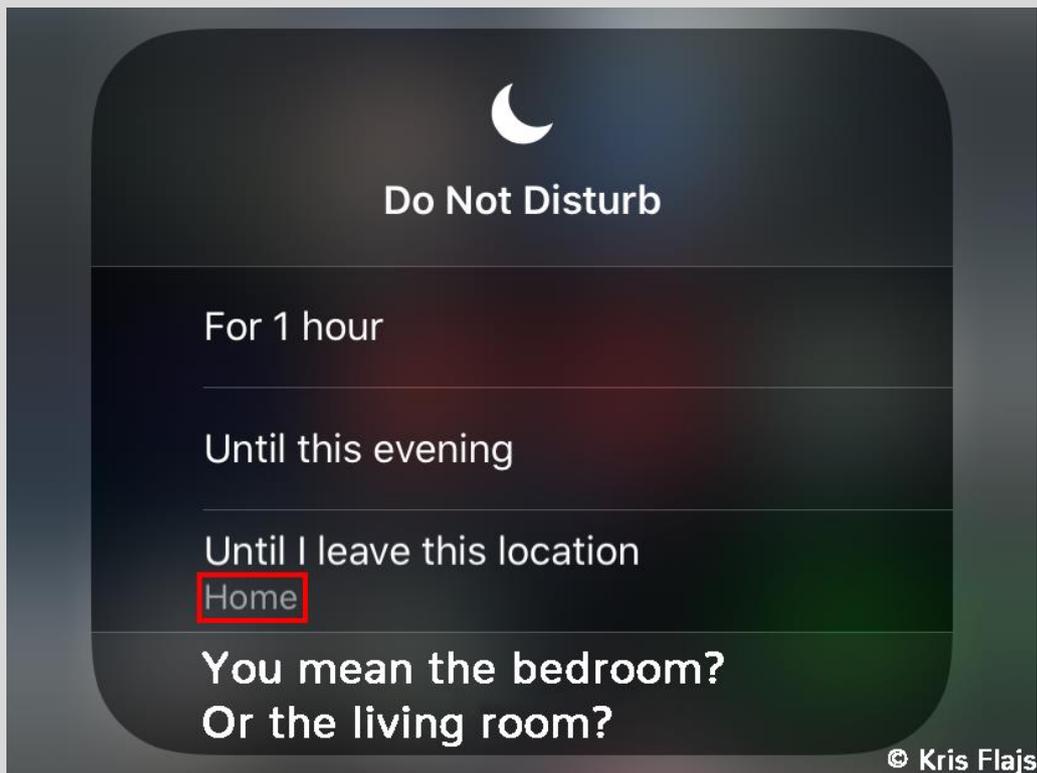
**Walking around all alone in self  
isolation**



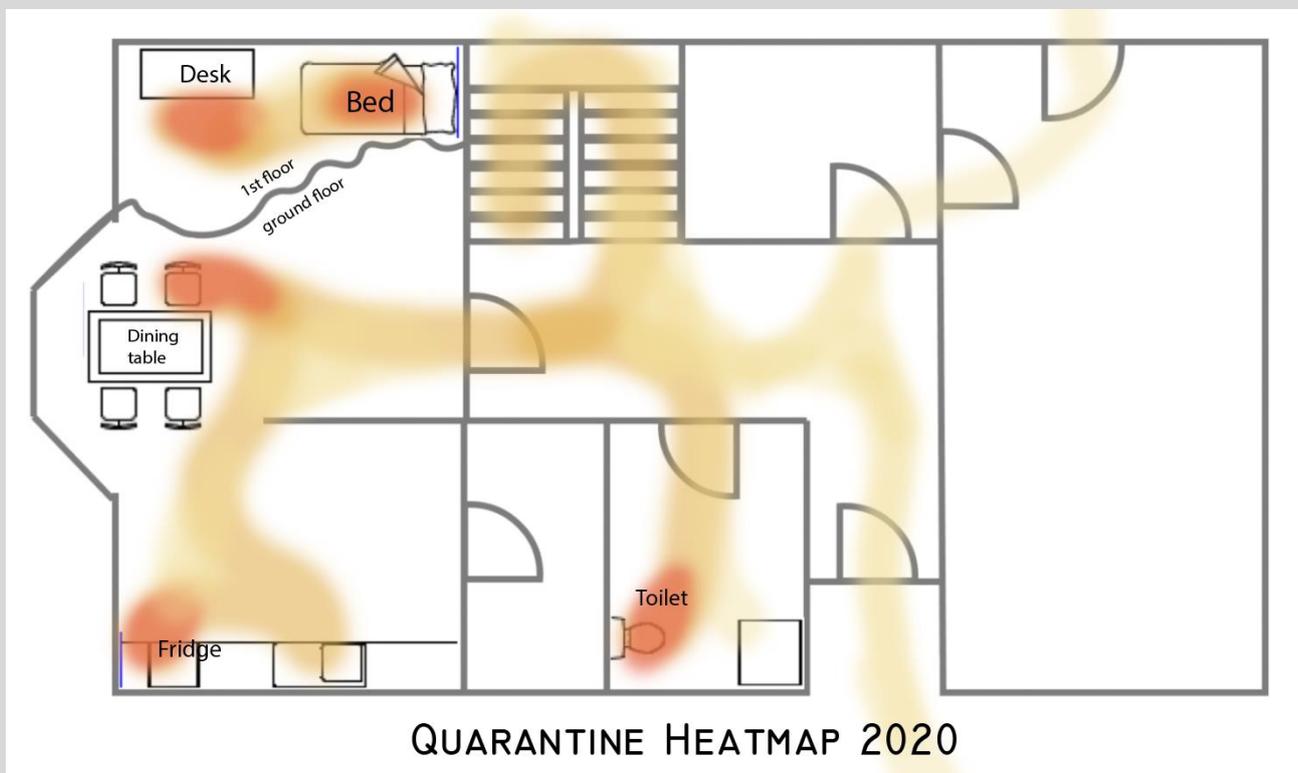
**Rok Capuder, 4. a**



**Kris Flajs, 4. a**



**Tadej Strah, 4. a**



**Andraž Tomšič in Rok Torkar, 4. a**



**Sara Jazbec, 4. e**

ME (TO MY MUM): "I HAVE A ZOOM CONFERENCE TODAY!"

MY MUM IN TEN MINUTES: "DO YOU HAVE ANY ZOOM CONFERENCES TODAY?"

**ME:**



Ana Pikovnik, 4. e



**Emma Purkart, 4. e**



*This is how I love spending my days these days. Taking walks or running in the countryside. I had a chance to reconnect with myself during this time of isolation. It is so much easier to realize what the most important things to you are, without this hectic life we usually live. I had to establish a new daily routine and at first it was hard. Staying motivated to study without having a structured day was quite tough for me. But waking up early, working out, knowing why it is important to be productive and also having some me time, helped me establish a new normality I would like to keep even after we go back to school.*

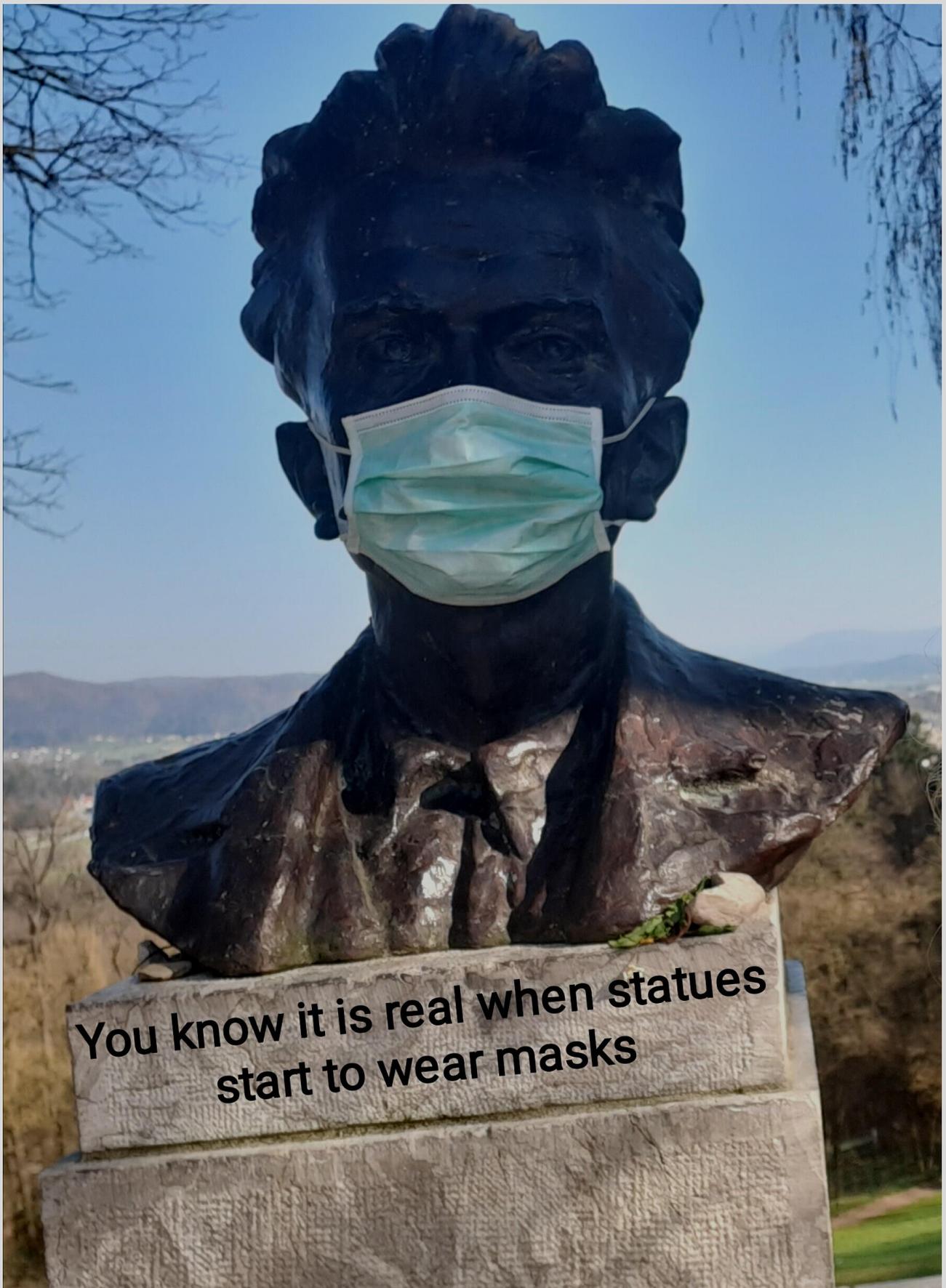
**Jure Valentinčič, 4. e**



**Tito Karanjac Kroflič, 1. e**

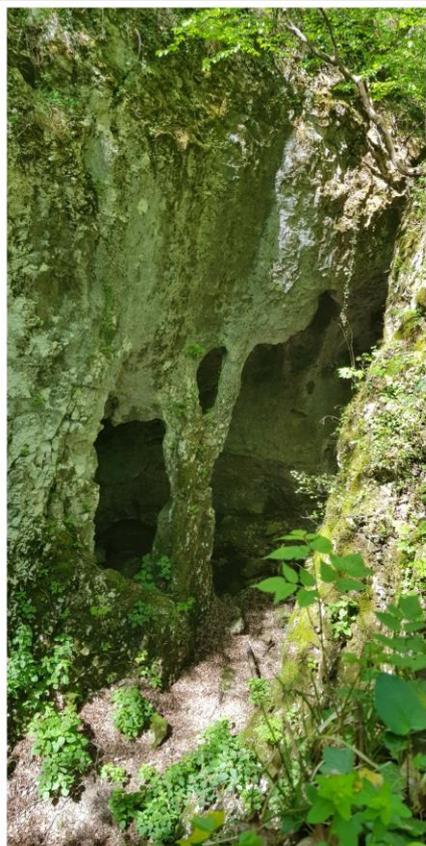


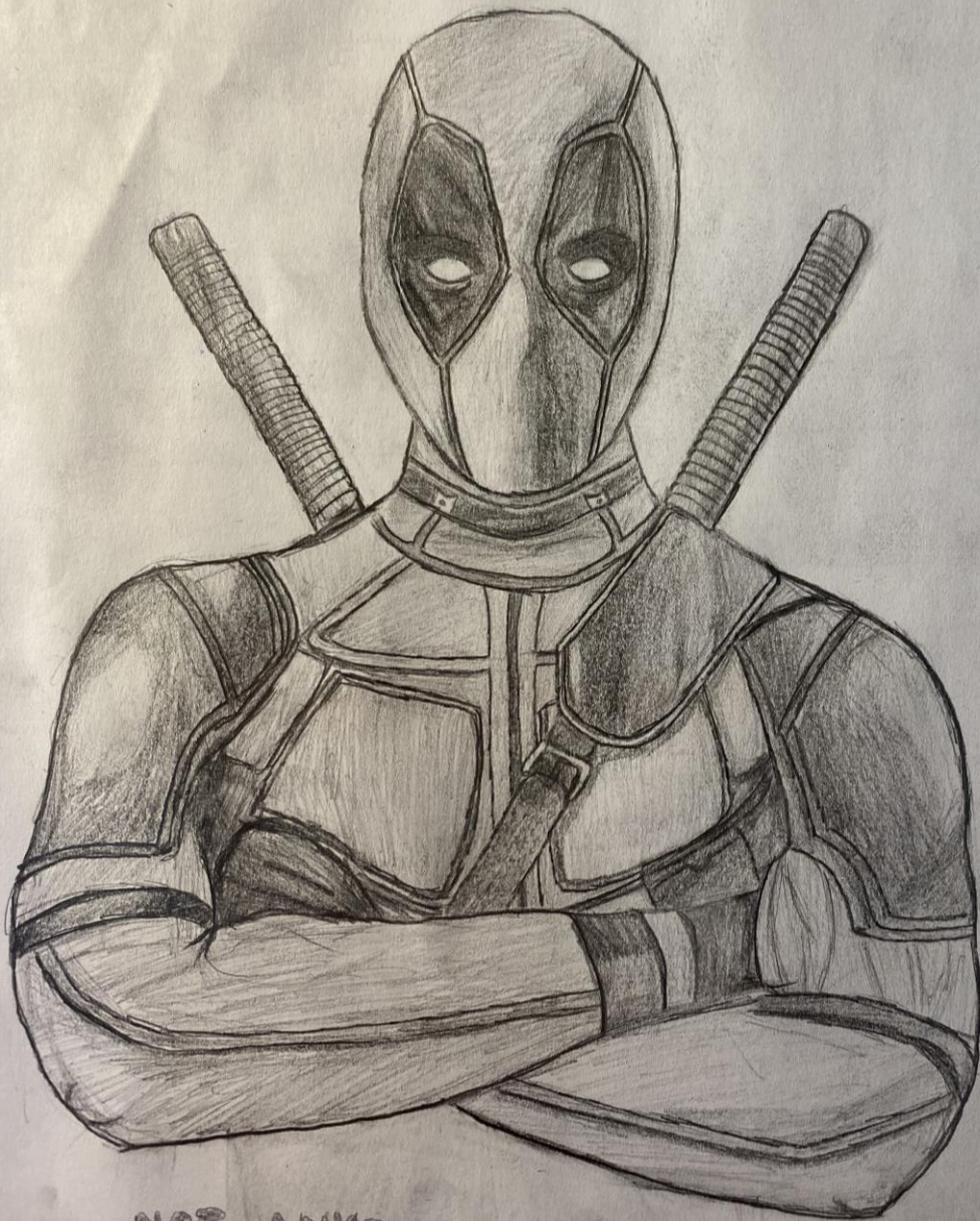




**You know it is real when statues  
start to wear masks**

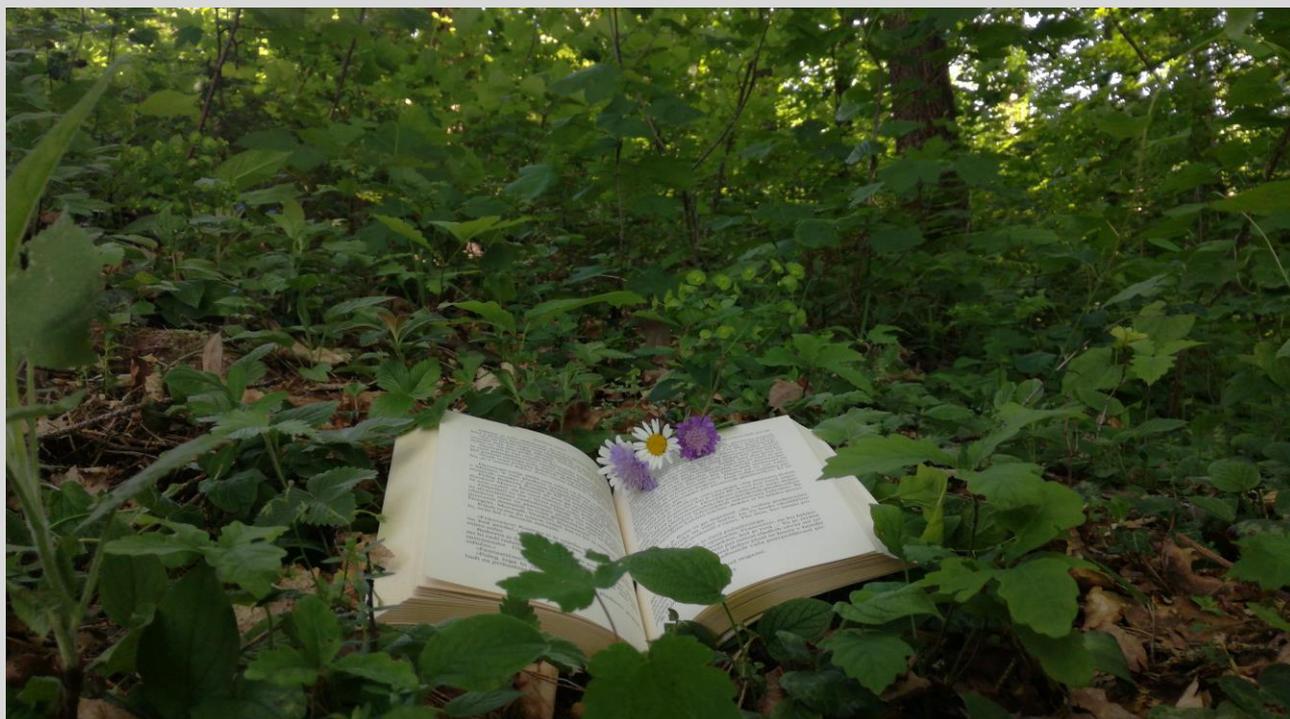
**Gaja Kreševič Cimperman, 1. e**





NOT ANYONE CAN SHRUG OFF  
A PNEUMONIA LIKE ME, SO I SUGGEST  
YOU TO STAY AT HOME!

**Neža Prosen, 1. e**



**Samo Skornšek, 1. c**



## Pia Kladnik, 2. e



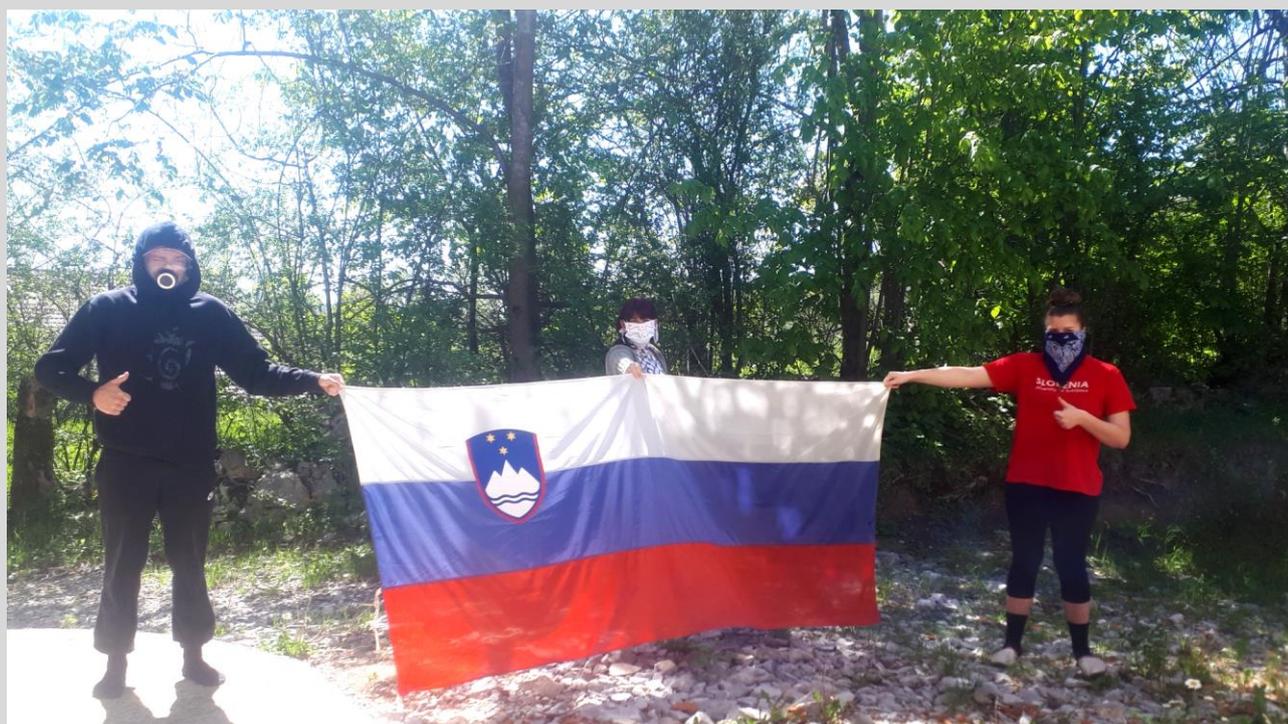
## Hana Renko, 2.e

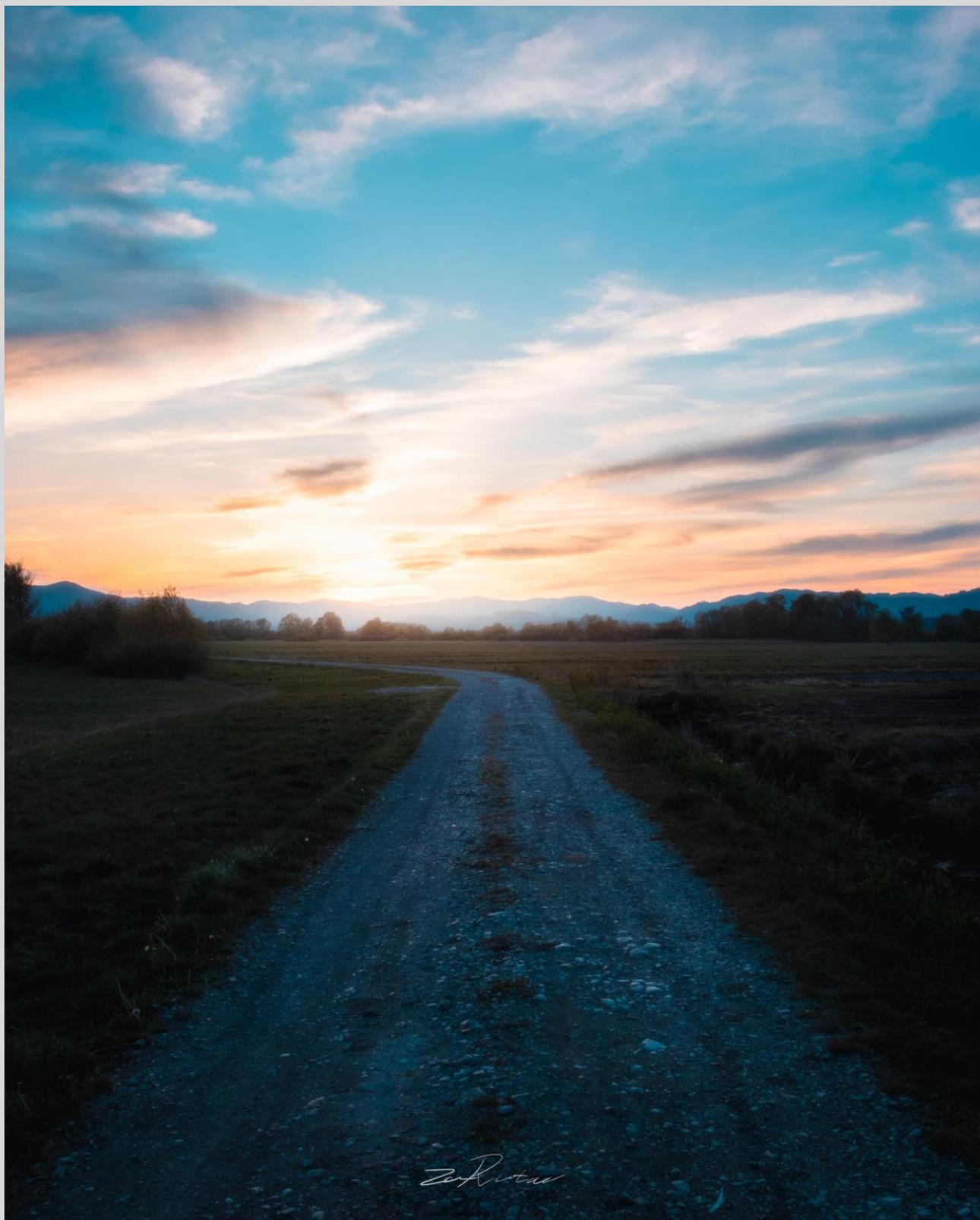


**Nina Robar, 2. e**



**Tine Sotlar, 2. e**





**Lana Šturm, 2. e**



**Lano Zupančič, 2. e**



**Nikolaj Ivan Krašek, 3. a**





**Tara Komac, 1. c**

