

# ENJOY



ENGLISH JOURNAL FOR YOU

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND CULTURE

WHAT  
HAPPENED

an open online day at the  
department

CREATIVITY

poems, riddles and more

READERS'  
CORNER

wonders of Alice,  
the Jungle Book  
and the Secret Garden

TRANSLATION

different languages

+ *extra pinch of ART*

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Enjoy  
English Journal for You

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*In this issue, you'll find:*

- ☐ Editorial
- ☐ What happened
- ☐ CreARTivity
- ☐ Translation
- ☐ Readers' corner

*+ an extra pinch of ART*

## Dear Enjoys,

the winter term is slowly coming to an end and I believe we are all waiting for Christmas holidays with excitement. Of course, there will be several exams we have to take responsibility for (and some theses to be written, too), but the time is always right to slow down and read a good piece of something ;).

Yes, we have struggled with a number of difficulties throughout the semester...masks were made obligatory during the teaching process, our classes were restricted to a certain number of participants and, in the end we ended up in the online regime...again. Despite these, and I dare to speak on behalf of all of us - teachers and students, we did not lose our motivation and willingness to study and create. We have held an open day with many workshops...we have written songs, riddles and different kinds of poems. We have translated various remarkable texts and written exciting reviews of extraordinary books. We have also presented our own art and its meaning to us.

Are you interested?

The following pages are then  
here for you to EnJoY!

Love,  
Klāudia Pauliková





# Department of English Language and Culture Opens Doors to the Future

BY RENÁTA KUNOVÁ

On 24th November the Department of English Language and Culture hosted a "Virtual Open Doors Day". Unfortunately, the times are tough and even though we would like to see all the students who are interested in studying at our great university in person, it was not possible. But we have adapted to the situation. The programme was truly varied and there were many workshops prepared, both by professors and students of our department. A lot of areas were covered, and we hope that every student who attended our online workshops found at least one which suited their interests the most.

The first workshop was hosted by associate professor Elena Kováčiková, PhD. and held the name: "Who is a good English teacher?" This workshop was focused on associate professor's experience as a teacher and advice for any future teachers. Every student could hear the real-life experience of a teacher, whose job is simply her mission. As a warm-up activity, she told students to think of any good teacher that they met during their studies and try to come up with good qualities that this teacher had. It was a great activity that made all the participants look back and remember. Thank you, associate professor Kováčiková, for being a role model for future teachers.

Magister Gregor Vnučko, who is our former student, hosted the second workshop called: "English folklore and its impact on our daily life". It was very interesting to see how many parts of our daily lives are affected by English

folklore. Movies, songs, posters, and many other products of culture have their origin or are inspired by English folklore. We would like to thank Mr. Vnučko for such exciting and refreshing addition to our programme.

The third workshop held the name "There is much more to English than we think" and was prepared and hosted by doctor Klaudia Pauliková. This workshop was very practical, and students could try many activities focused on studies at our department. All the activities related to actual subjects that we have. I must say that students were very creative and even created beautiful short poems. Doctor Pauliková, thank you for such a great and practical workshop.

"How well do you think you can speak English?" This is probably a question that many students ask themselves and was also the name of our fourth workshop, hosted by our PhD. student Magister Petra Ivenz. As with the previous workshop, this one was also very practical and fun, and students could try many great activities. Activities were focused on pronunciation, varieties of English, and interesting vocabulary. Perhaps, at the end of this workshop, some of the students found an answer to the first question. Mrs. Ivenz, thank you for being a part of our Open Doors Day.

The last workshop called "Wars, Intrigues, Affairs – a peek into British past", was hosted by our third-year students Renáta Kunová and Rebeka Kováčová. This workshop was focused on many interesting parts of English



history, which is full of intriguing events and mysterious affairs. Students could learn about the worst plague in history, as well as about the inspiration for the popular series Game of Thrones. At the end of the workshop, there was a fun quiz concerning topics from the presentation.

As the last part of our Open Doors Day, doc. Mgr. Elena Kováčiková, PhD. led a short discussion between the students interested in studying at our department and our teachers. There were many interesting questions and topics discussed.

I would like to thank everyone who attended all the workshops or supported this event in any other way. Even though we couldn't meet at the department in person, we still hope that our workshops sparked interest in our possible future students.





# PROGRAM

ONLINE WORKSHOPS

**Who is a good English teacher?**

Mgr. Elena Kováčiková, PhD.

 **15:00 – 15:30**

**English folklore and its impact on our daily life**

Mgr. Gregor Vnučko

 **15:30 – 16:00**

**There is so much more to English than we think**

Mgr. Klaudia Pauliková, PhD.

 **16:00 – 16:30**

**How well do you think you can speak English?**


Mgr. Petra Ivenz

 **16:30 – 17:00**

**Wars, Intrigues, Affairs - a peek into British past**


Renáta Kunová

Rebeka Kováčová

 **17:00 – 17:30**

**Diskusia učiteľov a študentov KAJaK s uchádzačmi o štúdium**

doc. Mgr. Eva Reid, PhD.

 **17:30 – 18:00**

<https://www.kajk.pf.ukf.sk/>

# Acrostic poems

## Rain

Rampant darkness approaching  
 Abyss slowly enclosing  
 Idleness will keep you warm  
 Now shut the door and end the storm

*Renáta Kunová*

## Autumn

A day is getting shorter  
 U'r cheeks are red  
 The night is much colder  
 Umbrella above my head  
 My shoes are soaking wet  
 Now I just want to be in bed

*Sofia Janáková*

## Life

Life is beautiful, just think about it,  
 I've got my family all around me,  
 Friends and good memories, they all surround me,  
 Even if in the end they'll be all collided...

*Josef Rácz*

## Archie

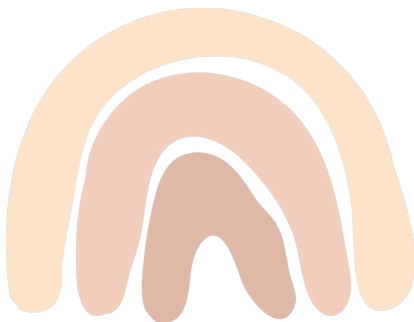
Affectionate, a cat so dear  
 Regal he definitely is  
 Catlike I'm not sure he is  
 Hungry he always is  
 Intrigued he's too lazy to be, but  
 Everlasting love he brings out in me

*Ema Hráan*

## Life

Living life to the fullest  
 It makes my special power strongest  
 Fulfilling days with things I love  
 Everything I am capable of

*Simona Riedlmajer*



## Dad

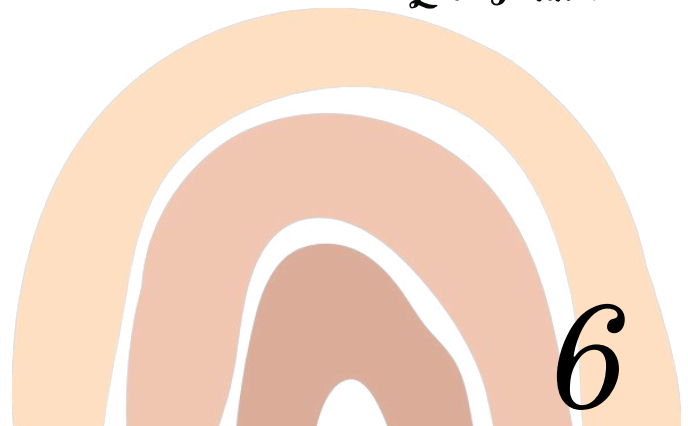
Describe what your father means to you  
 A man like no other loves you  
 Defense and support will be with you

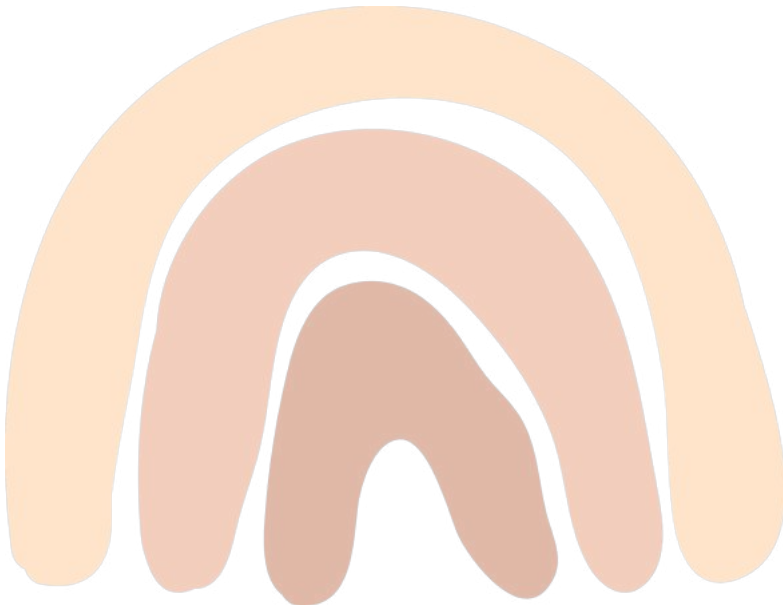
*Anna Yakubenko*

## Hope

Half the battle won with it in your mind  
 Only reason making you cling to life  
 Promise of a better time  
 Elect to see the light in the dark

*Lucia Judinová*





## God

Give him all your heart  
Over the night he starts to  
Do great things in your life

*Barbora Kopecká*

## War

Why are you always trying to summon me?  
And you try to win everything using me?  
Repetition is the middle name of me.

*Daniel Kováč*

## Earth Poem

Places are full of people  
Ordinary, unique  
Earth holds them softly in her arms with  
Motherly caring

*Jana Stovičková*



## Flow of thoughts

What if I have a test on Thursday? I did not study. Yes, I will study tomorrow, but what if I don't cover everything. But the test should be easy. Why is my mom in front of my room? What is she doing? I cannot wait for January to have a break. That is such a weirdly shaped cactus. I should probably turn on the Christmas lights in my room. My room is such a mess. I should clean it. Why do I still have earphones? I am not even listening to anything. What a weird noise my dog makes when she barks. Ema is in a bad mood sometimes. I have to go to the store to buy Christmas lights. I don't know if I am hungry. I am such a mess sometimes. I am not a big fan of that shade of pink, but whatever. I hope it doesn't rain tomorrow. People are so weird. How can they be okay to live in such a polluted place? I don't think the protests will be effective. This folder is falling apart. My phone is dying. Where is my charger?

*Anja Hráan*



## The 09:34 departure from St Leonards-on-Sea

Three days ago, it started to rain, and it looked like it would never stop. The gutters filled with rainwater and started to overflow, the carefully maintained lawn in front of the Home was soaked to the brim and the grass was beginning to peel away from the soil. A lake had formed in the middle of the lawn and small rivers of water were pouring onto the gravel pavement, and the wooden patio, where you could enjoy your breakfast during the short summers, was half submerged.

All of a sudden, the rain has changed and was now pounding heavily on the roof of the Home. Abbas was sitting in the living room looking out of the window. He was feeling cold and despite several blankets laid on and around him, he was shivering slightly. His frail wasted body could no longer keep any heat. One of the nurses, he was now too confused to remember which one, has kindly placed a cup of hot tea on the tray in front of him. It had two sugars and just a dash of milk, she said. Abbas has never liked the English tea. He thought it unpalatable and before his mind became a tangle of chaotic memories and fantasy, he would dream of putting a dried date in his mouth and sipping the hot, freshly brewed, dark golden-brown liquid through the rich sweetness of the fruit, just like his grandfather used to do.

Behind the window, wind picked up and strong gusts were shaping the rain into synchronised sheets. 'Sheets', Abbas suddenly became aware of his thoughts. 'What sheets? Why grandfather?' And then it came to him. A memory as clear as a photograph, entered his muddled mind. Sheets of dyed fabric, hanging from drying lines in the sun, moving in unison in the light morning breeze. He was 5 years old, running through his grandfather's dyehouse and the tinted textiles were flashing past him like colourful ribbons on a tail of some giant kite - yellow and blue, red and purple, green and orange. Female workers were pointing at him, smiling. 'Come here darling', one of them called out to him, 'I have something for you'. He ignored her and kept running past the women and the multicoloured cloths, his feet working as hard as they could, his eyes locked at the end of the long corridor between the pieces of fabrics where his grandfather stood. Terrified that his grandfather might not see him, he shouted 'I am here! Grandpapa!'. But he saw him, and returned and smiled and although Abbas was still miles away, he bent down his knees and outstretched his arms in welcome.

It was 09:34.

*Alexandra Grmanová*

## In the Nick of Time

I feel quite a familiar feeling of having a lot of work to do but doing nothing despite that. Everybody says it's normal and that almost everybody does their work only when they really need to, but is it actually true? There's no way humanity would be going forward that way, I wonder whether it's easy to break this bad habit or if it's a really hard process. My tooth feels weird for some reason. Maybe I should go to the dentist someday. Speaking of which I haven't been to the dentist in ages, she is probably going to be very upset that I skip my annual check-ups. Anyway, I need to set up an alarm clock for tomorrow. I need to go to the post office and pay some checks. I hate that it's dark outside so early, it feels like I'm living in a den and that doesn't feel good. I also wonder what I'll buy for lunch tomorrow. I think I'll have some beans with tomato sauce. My eyes felt kind of tired I think I'll take a short nap.

*Dominik Vitan*

## From the gut of a poem

In a feeling of loneliness, I run to invisible people shrouded in the haze of past times.

It often happens to me, in essence, that I blend in with the wallpaper on the walls and the tiled bathrooms of this cursed world.

I'm good at drowning, I've always been, and as I wade through the black molasses of my streams, I feel compelled to read the last page of the book of eternal life.

Perhaps it will appear to me as Venus herself, spread the curtain of her Milky Ways, and straighten me at her side, into a series of passions damned.

There, in peace, I will rest like a rag doll on a satin chair, a joy intoxicated by my savior.

Starting today, I am finally free ...

**Ema Kováčová**

## Train of Thought

Okay so let's start. I do feel a bit hungry, but I don't feel like having a big dinner, maybe I'll just pack few tangerines and take them with me for a walk. But, before the walk will I go to the online youth meeting or I will skip it today, I'm not sure, maybe I'll just tune in for a half an hour. But I need to change my clothes before that and put the clothes I am wearing into the washing bin. I might have those tangerines and maybe an apple during youth meeting, I may add some hazelnuts, so it keeps me going for longer. When I meet Lidija I need to go get some money from the ATM and pay the gym membership, but I don't know where else we will go, I don't know how cold it is outside and what I should wear, do I wear my docs or other boots, it was snowing but I think it stopped. Will I wear the coat or the winter jacket? I might be cold in the coat but too warm in the jacket, well it depends on what I decide to wear under it. I should buy a new coat for the wedding. But, will I get the money from dad or will I exchange some euros? I don't know, who knows if I'll even find something I like in the shops, and right now I have realised that I set the timer for five hours and not five minutes, so I've been writing for six minutes.

**Kristina Čmelík**

## Thoughts

Nice Tuesday evening and I am sitting here in my office writing whatever comes to my mind and they are not very fun thoughts that I have but still I would like to put them on this paper but they change from time to time and it all depends if I am alone or if someone special is by my side like right now when next to me is sitting my girlfriend and hopefully my future wife and mom of our children one day when we finish this university and start living our adult lives properly with teaching kids and adults the beautiful language that we study all these years which is sometimes hard and all we can do is move day by day and do not get stuck somewhere where we do not want to be stuck if it is mentally or physically with people that drain our energy when we are with them and it is better to leave them behind with their pathetic lives and thoughts....

**Martin Matušňák**

## When the Lesson is Over

OK, the lesson has finished. What to do now? Should I eat? Yes, probably but what? I am so tired and i do not want to cook, but I must. I have pasta and that will be really quick dinner, so I can manage that. What to do next? I should call Katka, we have not seen each other whole one day, I miss her already. I will write her a message to come visit me. Then what? This week started pretty rough and hard, I already do not have strength to deal with all of my learning problems. I should study tomorrow, because I have a test on Thursday. But wait... I do not have all the materials, oh God. I must write to someone, and I do not want to bother but on the other hand, I must if I want to pass that test. I should write to Anja, yes definitely, she will have everything. Good. Oh, I would go out tonight somewhere to loosen up a little bit, but nothing is opened. Shame.... I would like to drink one or two...maybe even three glasses of gin tonic. Oh, I forgot. I cannot drink because I am sick. Nevermind, first I must be healthy then when I finish all the tests this and next week, I will enjoy my evening with Katka and gin tonic. I am freezing right now, when I open my window, it is so cold. This day has no ending... I need to sleep, but wait... I know myself. I will be in bed at 10pm, trying to fall asleep but then I will end up on TikTok till 1am... I must stop doing that. But I just cannot. It is so addictive. Oh great, and tomorrow I need to go to work. Let's see when my bus is coming tomorrow, because I am so lazy to walk to my work. I need to change that habit. I must be more active. OK, I promise New Year, new me. Oh, stop with that Kristina. Every year you say the same thing and nothing changes. But this year it will be different. I hope so. I will wait for January and then I will go to the gym. I do not want to go there, but I must if I want to do something good for my body. Oh God, I cannot wait to go home. My grandmother will make me such amazing dishes. I will gain pounds I can see that already. But I should enjoy Christmas. Oh, I am so hungry now. Yes, it is definitely time to go to cook. Okay let's go.

**Kristina Kužiak**

## Garden Hermits

If I go to sleep at eleven, I will still have seven hours to sleep before I need to wake up. Then I need to finish the essay and start preparing for the test.

Why is he standing in the kitchen? Is he reading the tin from the soup? Why is he doing it right now? Why does it annoy me? Probably because I am tired. I do not like doing some of my fine art assignments in this semester, I wish I had more time to do what I like or what needs to be done, instead of meaningless work, that is nothing to me and it is something for others.

My back hurts from this chair. I sit on it whole day, and at this point I have hunchback. I am here all alone whole day. Once I read stories about garden Hermits and how they were fashionable in 19th century, and rich people hired old men to be their garden Hermits. Wonder if would like that. What do you do as a garden Hermit? Do you need to care for the garden, or you are just there? It must be nice to live in the garden, but probably also quite wet and dirty. Also, you probably need to have beard. I bet I would look great in a beard, shame I cannot grow one.

**Magdaléna Valachová**



## Limericks

### Teacher's Day

People are lying on the beach  
but the sun is nowhere to reach  
Friendly cloud hides it well  
But what about that horrible smell?  
We need to leave, we have lesson to teach

*Jana Stovičková*

### A Helping Hand

There is a story to be said  
He gave me a piece of bread  
I thanked him with all my heart  
For me it was a brand new start

*Barbora Kopecká*

### The Pill

There once was a man from hill  
who one day took some pill  
But we can surely decide  
that it was not a suicide  
For the next day he had an erection still

*Alexandra Grmanová*

## Haiku

### Flowers

I have five flowers  
The sun is shining on them  
It takes few hours

**Barbora Kopecká**

### End of Paradise

Sorrow, burning ties  
From the darkness, she will rise  
Tear drops from her eyes

Sword in bloody hand  
Dragon's tears burn red and bright  
End of paradise

**Dominik Jenčák**

### No more meekness

Cold rain hits the leaves  
Flowers bowing their heads  
Sun! No more meekness

**Alexandra Grmanová**

## Nonsense Poem

### The Fly

There was a fly  
who could not fly  
he may try  
but would not fly

-

He did pry  
the birds of sky  
to help him fly  
but they did lie

-

Come little fly  
in our beaks lie  
we'll take you high  
teach you to fly

-

And so the fly  
in the beak lie  
his death was sigh  
in the stomach he die

**Bruno Kopček**

## Song

## Bird Within Me

There's a bird within my stomach  
 I carried him to you  
 For you to save him  
 Before the dried rivers  
 Before the murdered trees  
 I want you to hear him

-

She doesn't exist very well  
 She doesn't know how to tell  
 Pretty lies  
 In the shade of nothing

-

She will lose her balance  
 She will tame her silence  
 To hit your target

-

There's a bird within my stomach  
 I carried him to you  
 For you to keep him  
 Before the fallen Moon  
 Before the broken wings  
 I want you to hear him

-

She doesn't exist very well  
 She doesn't know how to tell  
 Pretty lies  
 In the shade of nothing

-

She will lose her balance  
 She will tame her silence  
 To hit your target

See the song at <https://youtu.be/LfUayxA360M>

*Terézia Guttenová*

## Poem Riddles

## Spider-man

Not an insect  
 Yet more than a man  
 He is from New York sent  
 He does what he can  
 A friendly neighbour  
 Wrote about in the paper  
 He swings to save  
 To his mask he is a slave

## John Coffey

Sentenced to death  
 For a crime not his own  
 A magic through breath  
 And kind to the bone  
 He cleanses the soul  
 To leave you whole  
 Of the dark he's afraid  
 To rest he is laid

## Gandalf

To get to power  
 He paid an arm and a leg  
 Under his black glower  
 For your life you will beg  
 A father of two  
 And a son of the dark  
 His final coup  
 The prophecies mark

## Tyrion Lannister

He reaches long  
 Yet stands short  
 To influence the strong  
 Manipulation is a sport  
 By love betrayed  
 By family disdained  
 He holds not the power of sword  
 In his mind his might is stored

*Bruno Kopček*



Richard Brautigan: A High Building in Singapore

Richard Brautigan: Vysoká budova v Singapore

Translated by Renáta Kunová

Je to práve vysoká budova v Singapore, v ktorej spočíva jediný pôvab tohto dňa stráveného v San Franciscu. Kráčam po ulici, cítim sa príšerne a moja spomalená myseľ je dnes asi tak funkčná ako atramentová machuľa. Okolo prechádza mladá mamička a o čomsi rozpráva svojej malej dcérke, ktorá je naozaj príliš malá na to, aby už vedela rozprávať. Aj napriek tomu o niečom nadšene šteboce svojej mame. Vôbec nerozumiem o čom hovorí, je predsa ešte taká maličká.

Myslím to vážne, je to ešte úplne malé dieťa.

Potom jej mama odpovie čosi, čo ma úplne osvieti. „Bola to vysoká budova v Singapore,“ povie svojej malej dcérke, ktorá nadšene odvetí a znie pritom ako strieborná detská hrkálka. „Áno! Bola to vysoká budova v Singapore!“

Richard Brautigan: Ernest Hemingway's Typist

Richard Brautigan: Hemingwayova pisárka

Translated by Renáta Kunová

Znie to ako anjelská hudba. Môj priateľ sa práve vrátil z New Yorku, kde si nechal urobiť prepis na stroji od pisárky Ernesta Hemingwaya.

Je úspešným spisovateľom, a tak šiel a získal to najlepšie čo sa dalo. Zhodou okolností to je žena, ktorá robila prepis pre Ernesta Hemingwaya. Je to niečo neuveriteľné, ba priam dych vyrážajúce.

Pisárka Ernesta Hemingwaya!

Je splneným snom každého mladého spisovateľa. Jej ruky, ktoré sú ako čembalo sa dokonalo dopĺňajú s jej intenzívnym pohľadom, ktorý zakončuje hlboký zvuk písania.

Zaplatil jej pätnásť dolárov za hodinu. To je viac ako zarobí inštalatér alebo elektrikár.

120 dolárov denne! Za pisárku!

Povedal, že pre teba urobí všetko. Len jej podáš kópiu a ako zázrakom máš dokonalý a bezchybný pravopis a interpunkciu, ktorá je tak krásna, až ti to natisne slzy do očí. Odstavce od nej sa ponášajú na samotné grécke chrámy. A k tomu všetkému za teba ešte aj dokončí vety.

Patrí Ernestovi Hemingwayovi.

Hemingwayova pisárka.

Richard Brautigan: A Study in California Flowers

Richard Brautigan: Manifest kalifornských kvetov

Translated by Renáta Kunová

Ach, zrazu kráčam nevedno kam a nič tam nie je ani keď dorazím. Sedím v kaviarni a počujem rozprávať akúsi ženu, ktorej šatník je určite väčší než môj celý pozemský majetok.

Je zdobená žltou farbou, šperkami a jazykom, ktorému nerozumiem. Nástoľčivo hovorí o niečom nedôležitom a trvá si na svojom. To tvrdím preto, lebo muž ktorý ju sprevádza, jej tie reči jednoducho nežerie a neprítomne hľadá do prázdna.

Ten muž zatiaľ nepovedal ani slovo odkedy si sem sadli so šálkami kávy, ktoré im robia spoločnosť ako pomyselní malí čierni psíci. Možno už jednoducho nemá záujem hovoriť. Myslím si, že je to jej manžel.

Zrazu žena prepne do angličtiny a v jedinom jazyku, ktorému rozumiem vraví: „Mal by to vedieť. Sú to jeho kvety.“ Žiadna odpoveď. Ohlušujúce ticho sa ozýva a vracia až na začiatok, kde nič nemohlo byť inak.

Narodil som sa, aby som naveky zaznamenal toto: Týchto ľudí nepoznám a nie sú to moje kvety.

Richard Brautigan: A High Building in Singapore

Richard Brautigan: Egy magas épület Szingapúrban

Translated by Jozef Rác

Egy magas épület az, ami őrzi egyetlen gyönyörűségét e San Francisco-i napnak, ahol az utcán sétálok lefelé, szörnyen érezve magam.

Egy fiatal anyuka halad el mellettem a kislányával, aki tényleg még ahhoz is túl kicsi, hogy beszéljen, ennek ellenére nagyon izgatottan gagyog valamiről az anyukájának. Nem teljesen értem mit, hisz még olyan kicsi. Mármost, ez egy apró kölyök.

Majd az anyuka válaszol neki, és belobbantja a napom az ostoba megvilágításával. „Egy magas épület volt az Szingapúrban,” mondja a kislányának, aki lelkesen válaszol, mint egy élénk hangú fillér, „Igen, egy magas épület volt Szingapúrban!”.

Richard Brautigan: A Study in California Flowers

Richard Brautigan: Egy tanulmány kaliforniai virágokról

Translated by Jozef Rác

Ó, hirtelen semmi látnivaló nincs sem úton odafelé, sem, amikor odaérek. Pedig egy kávéházban ülök és egy nőt hallgatok, aki több ruhát visel, mint amennyi pénzem van összesen.

Sárgában pompázik, ékszerekkel teli, valamint egy olyan nyelvet beszél, amit nem is értek. Nagyon ragaszkodva, de mégis valami teljesen lényegtelen dologról beszél. Mindezt azért tudom, mert a férfi, aki vele van egyet sem vesz belőle, csak üres tekintettel bámul a nagyvilágba.

A férfi meg sem szólalt mióta leültek egy csésze kávéval, amik úgy kísérték őket, mint két fekete kiskutya. Talán már nem is akar többé megszólalni. Azt hiszem ő a férje.

A nő hirtelen angolra vált. Az egyetlen nyelvre, amit megértek. „Neki tudnia kellene, hisz ezek az ő virágai.” Ennek ellenére egy válasz sem hangzik el.

Azért születtem, hogy ezt megörökítsem: Nem ismerem ezeket azt emberek és ezek nem az én virágaim.



Richard Brautigan: A Complete History of Germany and Japan

Richard Brautigan: Kompletná história Nemecka a Japonska

Translated by Simona Riedlmajer

Pár rokov dozadu (počas druhej svetovej vojny) som žil v moteli hneď vedľa baliarní Swift, čo je len veľmi eufemistickým pomenovaním bitúnka.

Zabíjali tam prasatá podrezávaním hrdiel, po ktorom nasledoval kvílivý nárek, hodinu po hodine, deň po dni, týždeň po týždni, mesiac po mesiaci až pokým sa z jari nestalo leto, z leta jeseň. Tento nárek by sa dal porovnať s operou, ktorá by sa odohrávala za zvuku likvidácie odpadkov.

Nejako som si myslel, že zabíjanie všetkých tých prasiat má niečo spoločné s výhrou vo vojne. Možno preto, že všetko ostatné s tým niečo spoločné malo.

Počas prvého týždňa, či dvoch, kým sme žili v moteli, ma to veľmi trápilo. Všetok ten krik, bolo ťažké ho počúvať, ale potom som si na to zvykol a stal sa z toho zvuk ako každý iný: spev vtákov v korunách stromov alebo zvuk poludňajšej píšťalky či rádia, alebo nákladiaka, ktorý práve prechádzal okolo, alebo ľudské hlasy či volanie na večeru, atď.

"Môžeš sa hrať po večeri."

Kedykoľvek, keď prasatá nekvičali, to ticho znelo ako keby sa im pokazil stroj.

Richard Brautigan: September California

Richard Brautigan: Septembrová Kalifornia

Translated by Simona Hodulíková

22. september znamená, že ona leží na pláži v čiernych plavkách a veľmi starostlivo si meria teplotu.

Je krásna. Je vysoká, bledá a očividne sekretárka z ulice Montgomery, ktorá tri roky študovala na štátnej univerzite San Jose. Toto nie je prvýkrát, čo si na pláži v čiernych plavkách meria teplotu.

Zdá sa, že si to užíva a ja z nej nedokážem spustiť oči. Za teplomerom je loď, ktorá vypláva zo Sanfranciského zálivu a smeruje do miest na druhom konci sveta, do oných lokalít.

Jej vlasy majú rovnakú farbu ako tá loď. Takmer vidím kapitána. Rozpráva niečo jednému z posádky.

Ona si práve vyberá teplomer z úst, pozerá naň, usmieva sa a všetko je v poriadku. Odkladá ho preč, do malého ružovo-fialového puzdra.

Námorník nerozumie tomu, čo kapitán povedal, a tak to kapitán musí zopakovať.



## Down the Reading-Hole with Alice

Why is it important to read *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*? *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* includes everything that a maturing child is looking for. It is one of the works that understand the importance of finding our identity and Lewis Carroll uses Alice to do that. Alice goes through struggles of finding out who she is, with an underlying tone reminding her that she has little time left to find out. It uses humour, wordplays, riddles, and ineffectual violence to entertain both child and adult readers. It is a healthy read for every child, who is on a verge of adolescence.



The literary fairy tale *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* Alice's quest is much deeper and not that straightforward, because knowledge and identity are at stake. In many

fairy tales the quest is quite straightforward to understand for children (saving the princess, finding the way back home). But in *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* the quest is not that clear at first. And as the child grows and re-reads the book it becomes more obvious. In Alice's case, the risk of the quest is higher because it has to do with self-discovery and finding her identity. Also, the quests are more analytical, and Alice needs intelligence and wit to achieve it. Alice's curiosity plays an important role in her quest as well. A hint of the quest is revealed when the Caterpillar asks her a question: "*Who are you?*". Another symbol for maturing is the symbol of time through the fairy tale. Carroll in the beginning portraits Alice as a child without a strong self-identity, with no confidence in her actions because she is still learning so much. The quests deal with a question that all children go through at one point in their lives, especially when they are teenagers. This book is perfectly tailored for more mature children who understand Alice's struggles and make them associate with her on a human level.

Children know when they are in a world of magic. Children need to know when they are transported into the world of magic, and it can become even more real for them. Mostly, because the tale starts in the real world, and the reader acknowledges the magic and the world that was created thanks to the author. Furthermore, magic is accepted as a dream, vision, and imagination. It can teach the child how creative the human mind can be and that

they can also vision, dream and imagine whatever they want. It will create healthy boundaries between what is real and what is not.

The fairy tale does not contain violence or death and the ending is worth it. In *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* the author uses ineffectual violence. This means that there is just an illusion of a fight, but no one is harmed. For example, when the Queen of Hearts wants a lot of people executed. However, they are not, because The King of Hearts has sympathy for them. It is crucial for the child to know that violence is not the answer to the problems. Also, in this case the Queen of Hearts does not die or is punished in any way at the end. It is essential to be presented with struggles of the real world, such as fights and violence, but healthily. To do that the problem must be presented in a way where the child can understand it and learn from it and is not scared to continue reading. Another important fact to mention is the ending. For many the ending may seem as sad because Alice realises that all of that was just a dream. However, the ending itself is not sad at all. Alice realises that it was just a dream but is happy when her sister wants to know about her dream. In the end, she is happy to tell the story to her sister, so the memory of her quest lives on and she is happy to experience it multiple times.

Lewis Carroll uses a lot of verbal humour and is also fun for adults when they read it to children. Overall, Lewis Carroll uses syntax, morphology, semantic, phonology and pragmatic wordplays throughout the fairy tale to evoke humour. For example: ““And

*how many hours a day did you do lessons?” said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject. “Ten hours the first day,” said the Mock Turtle: “nine the next, and so on.” “What a curious plan!” exclaimed Alice. “That’s the reason they’re called lessons,” the Gryphon remarked: “because they lessen from day to day.” (Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland, chapter IX) Moreover, Lewis Carroll uses riddles to engage children in the story. The author does not only use witty remarks and humour in dialogue but also plays with the names of the characters. The author uses names such as Cheshire cat that was always grinning, because it is connected to its characteristic feature. It was inspired by the popular phrase “to grin like a Cheshire Cat”. Or Mad Hatter, which also shows the personal trait of the character.*





These are just a few reasons why reading *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. From looking for an identity to funny wordplays that engage children with the story. Essentially, it is the children that see themselves in Alice or perhaps in other characters helping them to deal with their problems, because children go through a rollercoaster of emotions just like adults do. Meanwhile, Lewis Carroll engages them with riddles, the author also presents ineffectual violence and in today's era it is important for children to understand violence is not an answer. However, it is upon the reader to see for themselves and explore the magical world of Wonderland and maybe solve some riddles of life on their way.



written by Vivien Lea Vilková



## *Why adults should read Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*

Lewis Carroll's nonsense tale *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* is one of the most remarkable and influential work in the world. This book hovers between fantasy and literary nonsense. Even though Carroll was a professor of mathematics and logic, his work doesn't seem to have logic at all. Many people argue whether it was written for children or adults, as it contains several hidden references that only adults understand. Primarily it is labelled as a children's novel, but can this nonsense tale carry an appeal for adults too?

The story follows a young girl's adventures as she falls down the rabbit hole into a hallucinatory and nonsense world full of imaginary places and creatures, such as the disappearing Cheshire Cat, the Caterpillar who smokes hookah or the White Rabbit, who is wearing a waistcoat. The author utilizes enormous amounts of literary puns, metaphors, personifications and other literary devices throughout the whole novel. There are several references which are hidden and only understandable for adult readers. The first one is Alice's growth and shrinkage. Sometimes she grows and shrinks, which symbolizes the changes during puberty. Her distraction with the continuous disproportionately growing and shrinking, and finding the right size, summons how confusing growing up can be. Carroll wanted to show how the character itself is changing. The

only problem was that Alice was only seven at that time, so she was too young to transform into a teenager. She also gets in trouble because she is still in her childhood stage and because of her curiosity. In Wonderland she has no parent or adult figure around to help and guide her, so without hesitating she opens a cookie jar and eats the cookie.

Another hidden reference is that Alice is the same as Eve, who falls into sin. Alice's story begins in a garden, which reminds the reader of the Garden of Eden. However, Alice doesn't taste the forbidden apple, she goes down the rabbit hole and drips into an imaginary world. This act makes some changes which are irreversible. We consider children innocent until they do something bad. Alice by resisting the temptation and crawling into the rabbit hole, "tastes the forbidden fruit", drops into adult life and becomes guilty. She retreats away from reality which reflects her desire to remain a child, rather than facing time.



During her adventures in Wonderland, Alice often questions herself, her own mind. The goal is to form a strong, confident and independent person through the imaginary creatures she meets in this nonsense world. For that, she must behave in a certain way in unexpected situations which she faces during the whole story. It can be hard for her, because she is still a child, and as we know children are often confused and lost:

*"I wonder if I've been changed in the night. Let me think. Was I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is 'Who in the world am I?' Ah, that's the great puzzle!" (Carroll, 1994, 15 p.)*

Without an adult's guidance and help, she must try her best to use sound judgement, also she has to be fearless and learn who she is to get back to her normal life. When she meets the Caterpillar, his first words were *"Who are you?"* and Alice begins questioning her identity and deciding who exactly she is. He plays an important role in the development of Alice's identity. He also teaches her how to handle unexpected situations and difficulties. Alice from a naïve, silly and a girl who has no idea what's happening around her, turns into a mature, self-assertive person thanks to the experiences and encounters she meets in Wonderland. All these hidden references and many more, clearly states that this book is not only meant for children, but also for adult readers.

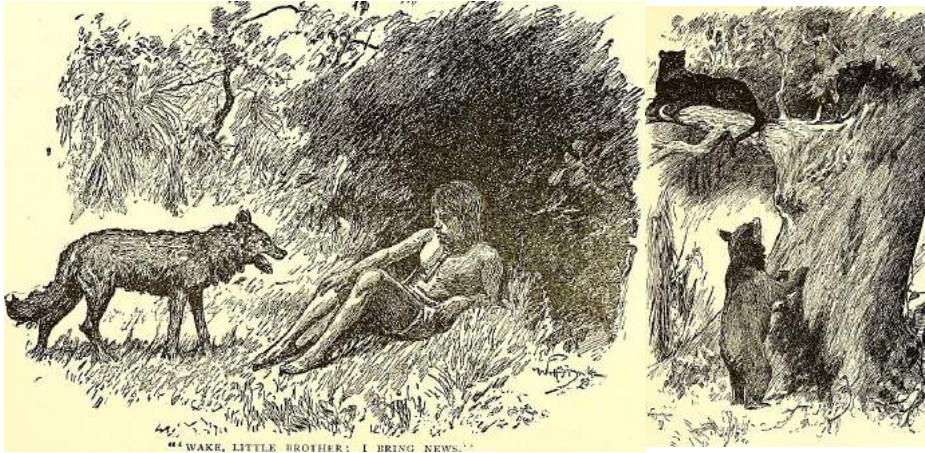


Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is loved by children and adults alike, even though in Carroll's time it was viewed as a children's book, unlike nowadays. There is no doubt that no matter how old the readers are, they will be transported to a dreamland and become children again. The author did not create this work with any moral message or tendency, or to criticize the society. He just wanted to create a pure fantasy, a magical world and nonsense story for his young admirers, especially for Alice.

*written by Bellina Adriana Vanyová*



## The Jungle Book by Rudyard Kipling



Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book* brings me a lot of nostalgia, as I remember growing up with it. When I was a child I spent a lot of my free time with my grandmother, usually walking in forests or around the wooded areas of the neighborhood. I can only assume that is the reason I loved the story – because it is closely connected to nature. The book is divided into multiple chapters, some of them containing short songs and illustrations. Some of the original illustrations were done by Rudyard's father, which I found fascinating. The story also jumps from past to present quite a lot, which keeps it unpredictable and interesting.

It begins with a small naked boy, crawling into a cave to hide from the king of the jungle, Shere Khan. The wild tiger struggles to enter the cave. The child does not seem to care that the cave is not empty. He is now hiding in a home of a wolf pack, warming himself against the soft fur of the wolf cubs. Shere Khan leaves in anger and promises he will return and kill the little human. The mother wolf names him Mowgli, which means little frog. And soon enough the boy is presented at the Wolf Council, where other members must approve of him. He is allowed to stay in the pack, as long as two members, apart from the mother or father, speak for him. The first animal we witness to speak is Baloo, an old bear. We later learn that he is the teacher of the wolf cubs. Next animal to speak for Mowgli is Bagheera, the black panther who offers a bull just to keep Mowgli in the pack. A decision is made and Mowgli gets to stay, therefore is being protected from Shere Khan. He grows up to be a very handy boy, who knows how to hunt and take care of himself in the jungle. Baloo teaches him the languages of other animals, along with the rules of the jungle, which all animals must obey. Mowgli is aware of the vicious tiger and the danger he is in however he is not scared. In fact, he aspires to kill the tiger when he grows older.

Original illustrations of *The Jungle Book* retrieved from:

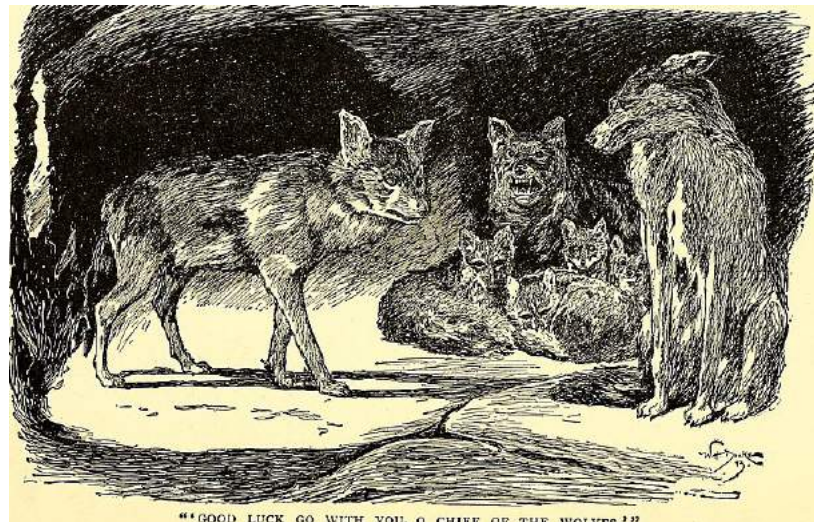
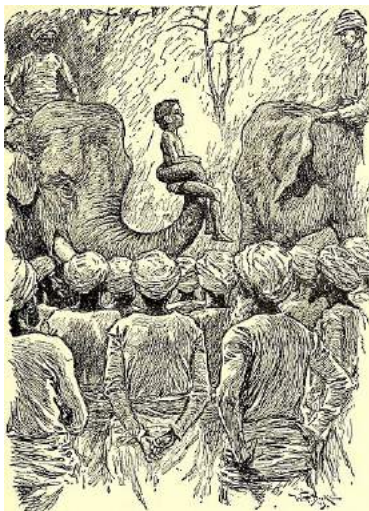
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Mowgli learns that the only way to defeat Shere Khan is with the one thing everybody in the jungle fears – the red flower. He sneaks into the village and steals the red flower and soon he learns that he must feed it with dry twigs so it does not die. One day after the tiger tries to attack, the wolf pack decides perhaps the boy should return to his home. Mowgli now knows what it feels like to be heartbroken and he does as they say. He starts a new chapter of his life in the nearby village with people. He is busy learning new skills and how to speak, but a part of him still misses the jungle, as well as his furry family. The story jumps back to when Mowgli was abducted by monkeys, the only species that does not obey the rules of the jungle. Baloo and Bagheera call Kaa, a giant python and together they come to the monkey village which is full of old ruins. The animals fight the monkeys and save the little boy from being held captive. Kaa soon becomes a friend of Mowgli's and he has yet another majestic creature to protect him.

The story comes back to Mowgli spending his days looking after cattle at the village. The wolves come and warn him that Shere Khan is coming and he is looking for him. Mowgli, together with his wolf father, divides the herd of cattle to confuse the tiger and as soon as he comes, they trap him. Soon enough the big creature is dead and the villagers become angry with Mowgli. He is sent back to the jungle and the villagers desire to kill the boy. The animals end up destroying the village and sending the people further away. Mowgli realizes he is the king of the jungle, now that Shere Khan is gone. As the story progresses, we witness many other adventures and animal characters, such as the old white cobra, seals or elephants. Later on, when Mowgli grows up to be a young man, he is feeling unwell and decides to visit the humans one more time. He is reunited with the familiar faces who once again welcome him into their family and help him get better. The story ends with Mowgli saying goodbye to his animal friends and continuing his life with his own kind.



"GOOD LUCK GO WITH YOU, O CHIEF OF THE WOLVES."

Original illustrations of The Jungle Book retrieved from:

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The book has many themes and lessons which all children should be taught. One of the main themes is loyalty and family. From the moment Mowgli is acquainted with the wolves all the way to the very end, he learns that family is the most important value of life and no matter if they are his own blood or not, they will always protect each other. Kipling also brings forward the importance of rules and obedience. Mowgli knows that as long as he respects others and obeys the rules, he will be safe. I believe that the author tries to emphasize hierarchy and identity as well. Shere Khan represents the top authority in the jungle, which is replaced by Mowgli once he kills him. The stronger the animal, the more respect they have, which I think can also be translated into daily life. As for the identity, Mowgli struggles with this matter throughout the whole book. He feels as if he belongs to the jungle, but he can see he is different and therefore he should live with humans, who look more like him. However, once he enters the village for the first time, he feels more different than ever. I consider it a beautiful metaphor, as sometimes people struggle to fit into boxes and it is important to know that no matter how different you are, you are just as worthy of love and respect as anybody else.

To this day I have tears in my eyes reading the ending of the book. Partly because it brings so many memories, but also because it carries several important and beautiful messages. I think it is a shame that the mainstream media is making fairytales less and less about morals, but rather so they are eye catching and fulfill a comedic purpose. Thus, I think we should focus on traditional and folk stories, such as this one when teaching young children. I consider *The Jungle Book* one of the most valuable pieces of children's literature and I hope its story will continue to live for as long as possible.

*written by Barbora Telenáková*



## Frances Hodgson Burnett: *The Secret Garden*

The *Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett is an exceptionally beautiful, powerful, and heartfelt book. The main characters of the book are three children who grab everyone's hearts, and it doesn't matter if you are a child or an adult. As the name of the book suggests, an important role in the story is also played by the secret garden, which offers us abstract beauty and insight into nature. In addition, the garden is a means of immediate love and understanding.

The main heroine of the story is a little girl Mary, a cold-hearted girl who can't cry. She grows up in a wealthy family in India, but her parents pay no attention to her. Nanny is in charge of her upbringing, but in essence she is forced to take care of herself. After the unfortunate death of the parents, she is sent to England to her relatives. There she meets her miserable and sad uncle, whose wife died. Mary finds a new home in his terrifying, gloomy mansion. Here she meets her new friend Dickon – a local boy and a servant. One day, Mary discovers the key to the secret garden, which belonged to her uncle's deceased wife, and no one stepped into it for a long time. Together with Dickon, they bring back its beauty and life. Meanwhile, she also finds out that her cousin Colin also lives in the house. He is a sick child who thinks he is going to die soon. His father, among other things, is not interested in him and the servants take care of him. Mary starts telling Colin about the secret garden and based on her words, Colin decides to go out. Nature has a salutary effect on him, and he begins to heal. Eventually, his relationship with his father is mended.

Both Mary and Colin grew up in families without love or interest, which had a negative impact on their souls. They never knew what a family was or what it was like to have friends. That's why they were so spoiled, annoying and self-centred children. Over time, they undergo an inner transformation. The ice inside them is melting and they are becoming happy children who enjoy their childhood and mutual friendship. Not only their friend Dickon helps them with this, but also the maid Martha, and most importantly – the secret garden. There is a saying that places and people can heal. It is this saying that we encounter in this book.

The story is a beautiful celebration of an innocent childhood, nature and its magic, friendship, and hope. It is a story about inner strength. With the desire to live, one can change everything. The book confirms in us the feelings that despite today's accelerated times and the world of property, we all need to be loved.

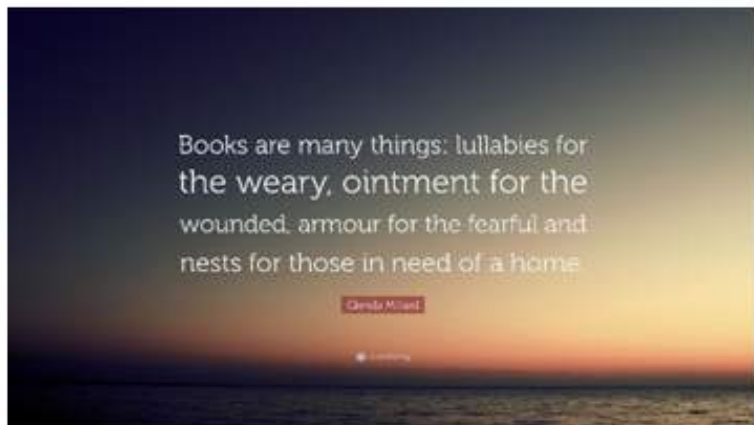
*written by Katerina Sáčeková*



## Art to us is ...

Term art has many definitions and they are all correct in their own way. It is not specified what is and what is not art, we can find it in everything. Artistic activity is a way of relaxation that has beneficial effects on the human psyche, mind, and body. Every type of art has its followers, and most of the people like more than just one. The type of art you go for depends on the situation, mood, time, and many other aspects, and that's why art is such an interesting human creation.

The art to me means visiting all the beautiful historical monuments, or painting a nice picture, or listening to music that speaks to me. But most of all, art to me is reading. It can be anything - poems, or novels, anything the reader loves to read. There is so much to explore while reading a good book. Whether you like romance, thrillers, or even historic books, you will always find something new in every one of them. There is this one quote which says: *"No two persons ever read the same book."* And when you think about it, it is true. Every one of us is unique and has their own feelings, so one book can be understood differently to every individual. – **Michaela Sečanská**



Art can be found anywhere, even in the places where you wouldn't expect it. For example, one of my favourite kinds of art is present on football stadiums. Or, actually on any sports stadium, but since football has the biggest fan base among sports and it's also my beloved sport, I chose this specific example. We can say that football itself can be a form of art, especially on the highest levels. But that's not what I have in mind. I'm talking about amazing choreographies done by hundreds, in some cases even by thousands of fans. Whole club fan bases voluntarily contribute to help raise the money for huge arts, which are then revealed on one of the stands before or during the matches. They are often completed with flares in colours of the club. That, plus all the chants and songs sung by fans, creates the amazing atmosphere on many stadiums around the world. Therefore, this in my opinion is definitely an art. – **Daniel Šimo**



Source of pictures:

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As well, it is also a great way to spend your free time. It is a quality time during which our stress is released and our body and head relax. I think that everyone could find some kind of art that they would enjoy and in their free time they could relax like this. It's not about the result, it does not have to look amazing, it is about the process of making. For example, I like painting. I don't do it professionally, but it's a form of relaxation for me and I like to play with colour mixing. It calms me down and helps me clear my thoughts. – *Sofia Jaňáková*



To sum it up, for us the art is anything that entertains, interests or can be a free time activity. It can be found in almost every aspect of everyday life, but also in the most complicated or rare things. That's why it doesn't matter what types of people or characters we are. We all have forms of art that we are into. And therefore, art is one of the most amazing things existing.

”



## Art to us is ...

Art is an integral part of the life of every state, city and person. The word “art” has many definitions, characteristics and features, but each person represents it in his own way. In my opinion, **art is a figurative reflection of reality, the main goal is to familiarize a person with the beautiful, sensual, interesting and beautiful, sometimes even inexplicable and contradictory.** As for me, art is a very mixed feeling. This is spiritual harmony, admiration and even imitation. Art shows us how a person can open up, what are his thoughts, feelings and state of mind.

*Daria Fonlankina*

First things first, I can say and ensure you that art to me is a part of my everyday life. It is not only because **my work is photography**, which is part of visual arts, but I love music, films, pictures... Art is everywhere around me. **It keeps me calm, happy, and it makes me feel special.** I do not think that I have days without any artsy touch. Art is a part of my everyday life as my work, my hobby, my best friend.

Secondly, art to me is a source of creativity. **It is a way of expressing my deepest thoughts, and it also shows my emotional power.** I love writing and reading, and when I write my thoughts, I feel better, lightly, and calmer. I know that, while I do not stop my creativity, I can do whatever I want, because I know, that my mind will create something amazing. Art is a way, how we can train our creativity and imagination. Then we can use it as an expression of ourselves.

At least but not less important, **art to me is a store of freedom.** I would say that this is the most important, to feel free in our minds. I think, that when people feel free inside themselves, they will free anywhere in the world. I hope and believe, that this is the true sense of art. Guarantee freedom for anyone, who let art to be part of his or her life. Have an open mind, let the art enter it, and wait for what will happen.

*Simona Riedlmajer*

Art helps to master science and deepen knowledge gradually. It is an essential part of human development. **Art influences our life from all angles, making it diverse, bright, lively, interesting, and rich, helping the human being to better and better understand his destiny in this world. You cannot underestimate the role of art in life.** Without emotions and feelings, the person is one-sided and uninteresting. It must be developed, comprehensively, and the senses of beauty are not the least of them. I'm sure there's no man in the world who is not interested in any art form.

*Anna Yakubenko*



Note: The photography displayed is Simona Riedlmajer's own work of art.



## Art to us is ...

## Literature

Art in general is classified as a range of human activities that involve creating and an aim to express technical proficiency, beauty, emotions, or conceptual ideas. All forms of art require dedication and also talent, which is not something that everybody has. Art is literally everywhere. But for me, the most beautiful art is literature. Reading is such a good leisure time activity. Literature uses imagination and fantasy to express ideas. The authors use literature to get their ideas and thoughts out to the world. They must have a really good imagination and ideas to come up with in these works. Books. Poems. Different stories about love, loss, finding yourself. Because that is what I can enjoy, and I really know how to appreciate it.

Books are for me the most beautiful art that has ever been made. As Jhumpa Lahiri said: *"That's the thing about books. They let you travel without moving your feet."* By reading a fictional story, we can transport ourselves into different worlds which were created by writers and their unique imagination. Through literature we can live a life of a fictional character with all their struggles and victories through their eyes and thoughts. As an American fantasy writer George R.R. Martin once said: *"A reader lives a thousand lives before he dies. The man who never reads lives only one."* And this is so true. Even though when you read a book more times and you know what it is about, you can still find new things in it. You see things in other way that you have seen them the first time you read it.

I think that art is supposed to make you feel something. It does not matter whether we talk about feelings, emotions or even scents. Through books I can feel. Feel more than during the ordinary day when I do nothing special. Apparently, I like to suffer because I adore books that make me feel sad. If a book makes me bawl like a baby, that book immediately becomes my favourite. We read or listen to words which make us feel emotions like sadness, anger, happiness, inspiration, or fear. We imagine all those scenes, faces and places in our heads. When I read, I live the life of someone else. I get to feel what they feel, see what they do and that is why literature and reading is the most enjoyable art to me.

In conclusion, art is a variety of human activities that produces something new. These works require commitment and good ideas. Art is supposed to send a message to the viewers and reveal the thoughts of the author. Books offer the readers a chance to get to know different worlds, their characters and also to get to know their stories that were created by the author. The aim of literature is to make sure that the work invokes emotions in the reader.

Written by: Simona Hodulíková, Violeta Gubová, Iveta Hamiová





THANKS FOR BEING  
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