

PROBLEMY MIGRACJI I INTEGRACJI

wypowiedzi uczniów polskich Szkół Stowarzyszonych UNESCO



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Pragnę serdecznie podziękować nauczycielom, którzy zachęcili swoich wychowanków do zajęcia się nietatwym tematem migracji i integracji:

p. Barbarze Jujeczce z II LO w Legnicy p. Annie Kasper z Gimnazjum Ekola we Wrocławiu, p. Magdalenie Kosior-Szychiewicz i p. Justynie Stojek z Prywatnego Gimnazjum i Liceum im. I.J. Paderewskiego w Lublinie, p. Anecie Smolińskiej z II LO w Kielcach, p. Bożenie Pakuła z LO im. N. Żmichowskiej w Warszawie oraz tym wszystkim, których nazwiska nie znalazły się na pracach uczniów..

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Krajowy Koordynator
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Wstęp

Problemy migracji i integracji – wypowiedzi uczniów Szkół Stowarzyszonych UNESCO

W maju 2008 roku, ówczesny koordynator niemieckich Szkół Stowarzyszonych UNESCO, p. Karl-Heinz Koehler, zaprosił uczniów Szkół Stowarzyszonych UNESCO wielu krajów świata do przedstawienia przemyśleń na temat migracji, sugerując tematy: „Być obcym w klasie, szkole, na ulicy, w mieście”, „Jak utraciłem/odnalazłem ojczyznę”, „Gdy czułem się obcy”, „Od wykluczenia do przyjaźni”. Na apel odpowiedzieli uczniowie dziewięciu krajów: Austrii, Argentyny, Czech, Iranu, Maroka, Turcji, Stanów Zjednoczonych, Niemiec i Polski. W prezentowanym zbiorze umieściliśmy prace polskich uczniów. Są one dostępne na stronie internetowej www.unesco.pl. Wszystkie prace znajdują się na stronie:

http://www.ups-schulen.de/projekttag_2008_gemeinsameak.php

Migracja, czyli przemieszczanie się ludności, nie jest niczym nowym w historii ludzkości. Ludzie opuszczali i opuszczają swoje miejsca pobytu poszukując pracy, lepszych warunków życia lub uciekając z powodów politycznych czy religijnych. Każda taka zmiana związana jest z lękiem o to, jak „odnajdziemy się” w nowym miejscu, wśród ludzi mówiących innym językiem, wychowanych według innych wzorców kulturowych. Lękiem reagują często środowiska, do których przybywają imigranci. Z racjonalnego punktu widzenia, jest to zrozumiałe. Można jednak zmniejszyć cierpienie, złagodzić trudny czas adaptacji próbując poznać „innego” i ... pozwolić się poznać.

W prezentowanych tekstach znajdują Państwo obraz świata, jakiego być może, szczęśliwie, nie znają. On jednak istnieje - takim doświadczają go niektórzy spośród nas. Oby lektura wypowiedzi uczniów uczyniła nas bardziej wrażliwymi i otwartymi wobec „innych”, a wszystkim, którzy czują się „innymi” dała nadzieję na znalezienie przyjaciół i szybkie zakorzenienie się w nowym miejscu.

/K.U./



Binnie Kim

„From outsider to friend”

Gimnazjum Ekola, Wrocław



From outsider to friend

Binnie Kim

“Come on, Jen. You’re going to be late on your first day of school”- shouted my mum as I was leaving the bathroom, sounding quite disturbed, as I was acting sluggish (I don’t even know if there is a word like that, but I think it’s the best description for my action, like a slug. Slow and lazy)... oh sorry. I have forgotten to introduce myself. My name is Jennifer Colonell. I am 15 years old and I used to live in Cardiff, but my dad got transferred to London at work (he’s a lawyer. It’s a great job, but it gets quite annoying when he starts to get some preaching done about the “wonderful world of law” whenever I do something which does not please him). So it was goodbye Cardiff, and hello London.

For some reason, I don’t like it here. I don’t know why, because there are no reason whatsoever which could make me not to like this place. We have much bigger house than we had in Cardiff, there’s much more places to go shopping than in Cardiff, and its much more modern here than it is in Cardiff, and I don’t have to learn that boring old Welsh (yes!) but I just don’t like this place. It’s just... not mine. It just feels so strange. But like that matters to my mum. She thinks it’s the perfect time for me to get a little more socialized. It’s not like I’m a nerdy little girl who has no friends and who only knows about studying.

It’s that... I get quite shy around people. That’s why I hate Moving. And I hate moving, because I have to leave my old friends, and make new ones. I wanted to stay with my granny in Cardiff, but since I’m the only child (yes. I have no siblings. Yippee.) mum was worried about me even if I was old enough to take care of myself.

Anyway. I managed to pull myself together somehow and got ready, ate breakfast and off we went in my mum’s Volkswagen.

“Why the long face, honey?” mum asked in a call-me-a-sweetie way. “Nothing. Don’t worry, I’ll be fine.” I answered back, frustrated. I think she figured out what is wrong with me and why I am behaving like this since this morning, so she stopped talking.

We arrived. We walked into the building, where a lady who looks like a staff of this school was already waiting for us.

“Are you Mrs. Colonell?” she asked. “Why, yes, I am. And you must be Ms. Goss. Jen, say hello.

This is your headmistress.”

“How do you do?” she asked in a very formal and polite way.

“Not bad, thank you.”

“Okay. Mrs. Colonell, you may leave your daughter now.”

“Oh, right. See you honey.” And there, she left. The headmistress turned to me and said: “Okay now, Jennifer. I’ll take you to your classroom. Here are your timetables, student diary, maps and some information for you to read.”

We headed off to my class. Everybody looked at me as if I was a monkey in the zoo. I know that it's very normal to stare at somebody new, but it's not very pleasant, and especially for a girl who's shy. We arrived at the classroom. Ms. Goss made a triple-gentle knock on the door, and opened it.

The first impression of my new class was... a mess. There were people all sorts of people there. There were people who were concentrating, and also doing nothing, and bunch of dudes sleeping, and groups of girls chatting, some eating and drinking secretly... but once they've seen Ms. Goss, they all stopped what they were doing and stood up. Ms. Goss smiled, and asked one of them:

"Where has your form tutor gone?"

A nerdy looking boy answered, "I think she's gone to the secretary's office, ma'am" and just as he finished, a huge, but kind-hearted looking woman tapped Ms. Goss on the shoulder and asked: "Anything wrong, Ms. Goss?"

"Oh, no. it's just the new student that I've told you about. Jennifer, this is your form tutor, Mrs. Taylor. She's in charge of your class problems and information, and also she teaches German."

"Oh! Guten morgen, I am Mrs. Kristie Taylor."

"My name is Jennifer Colonell. Nice to meet you".

Ms. Goss looked at us with delight and added: "Very well then. I'll leave you guys to it. Have a great day, Jennifer." And left.

Then the class sat down like nothing ever happened. They didn't whisper about me, didn't stare at me, and didn't even take a notice of me. I hoped that no one would give me strange look like on the corridor when I was with Ms. Goss to the classroom, but this was out of sorts. Suddenly, I felt like an invisible person. Of course I wanted this kind of situation but maybe I wanted to be recognized a little...??

Well, I don't know myself that well and especially it happens more often when you are a teen-age girl.

Mrs. Taylor calmed them down by starting to introducing me. "Calm down now!!!! Okay. We have a new girl joining us from this term. Her name is Jennifer Colonell, and she's been living in um... where, dear??"

"Um" in Cardiff, miss."

"Thanks, darling. She's from Cardiff, and I would like you guys to treat her well. Okay. Um..." She turned to me, then said, "Jennifer, I am told by Ms. Goss to give you a student guide, who could help you for a while. Do you mind?" "No, absolutely not".

"Good. You would prefer girls, won't you? It's much better with girls. You know how crazy the teen-aged boy are right? So I'll choose you a friendly girl... Oh Mein Gott!! Hey! Troy! Stop disturbing him, you! Or you'll get your merit points off!! Oops, sorry dear. Okay....let's see...."

I was pretty amazed how she can actually talk to herself, then me, then to another boy while talking to me. She suddenly said:

“Oh!”. So I turned to her.

“Oh!! Jennifer. I have a perfect student guide for you. Stacey, love. Come here for a second.”

This girl called Stacey came out to the front, answered Mrs. Taylor in a very clear voice

“Yes, Miss?”

“Oh, Stacey dear. This is Jennifer Colonell like I introduced to the whole class. Um, I would like you to be her student guide for maybe a couple of weeks, if you don’t mind.”

“Of course, Mrs. Taylor”.

“Lovely. Okay. Take her to the seat next to you, would you sweetie?”

“Sure thing.” and she said to me, very kindly, “Follow me”.

So... I followed her. She led me to the seat next to her and she said “Hi! I’m Stacey Garner. I hope we could make a great friend. So, if you need anything or if you have any problems, just ask me, okay?”

“Um... sure.”

As soon as I have said that, the bell rang.

“Okay, it’s lunchtime now. Did you bring anything to eat or do you have to go to the cafeteria?”

“I have to go to the cafeteria. I haven’t anything.”

“Cool! So I’ll tell you how when we get there. So. How was it like there in Cardiff? Bet it was nice, huh? I’ve always wanted to live somewhere in the country side. It’s just too noisy and polluted in the city...don’t you think?”

“Um... of course”.

Man, she’s chatty... but I was glad that she was being friendly to me, also because we had the same point of view of the city, and how it’s nice to be in the country side....my grandparents live in Newport. You know, right next to Cardiff”.

“yeah, I know! I used to live right in the middle of the two cities! Once, there was a power cut in Newport. Our house was closer to Newport, so we had a power cut as well, but then we got a call from my dad’s friend, by mobile phone of course, that he wants to have tea outside with us. So we went outside by car, then the Newport’s half of the street lamps were off, but the Cardiff’s side of the street lamps were on! It was so funny!”

Wow, I was amazed at myself for being that chatty. I think I was excited because my hometown was the subject of the conversation.

We arrived at the cafeteria. It was packed with people and also indescribably and awfully noisy. My old school in Cardiff was very noisy at lunchtimes but it was much worse here. I think Stacey noticed me with those “oh my god” looks, she said”

“Oh. It’s usually very loud in here, so we’ll get sandwiches and eat outside. It’s really warm outside, so there should be no problem”.

“Oh sure. It sounds great.” “I’ll tell you what you how to buy your lunch here. You walk through the passage there with the tray and pick what you want to eat. Then...then you pay for the food you have chosen.

“I know how the system works. I’m not a freshman.” I guess it sounded a little offensive. She didn’t talk to me no more until the end of school. The only thing we said after that was “bye”.

The next day, I thought I was being too harsh on Stacey, so I decided to apologize to her.

I saw Stacey on the way to the tutor’s class, so I ran up to her and I was about to call her name, when some groups of girls about three or four came up to me and said, “Hey, you’re Jennifer Colonell, right?”

“Yes, I am”.

“Hi. I am in the same class as you are, do you remember me?”

“Not really, no.” I wasn’t trying to be offensive, again, but it just came out like that. But the girl who has been talking to me and seems to be the leader of the group replied me as if she

didn’t care.

“So we’ll get to know each other. My name is Jessica, and this is Sophie, Angela and Gabrielle, but you can just call us Jess, Soph, Angie and Gabi. We prefer it like that, anyway”.

“Okay, but why are you introducing yourselves to me?”

“Oh, I thought it would be nice to be friendly, you know. So see you later, Jennifer”.

These girls... they seemed to be in the popular groups. I was wondering for a very long time when the bell rang. So my chance of apology just got blown away.

From the very beginning of the lesson, till the end of my second day, the popular girls were being friendly to me and helping me at everything I do, which I couldn’t figure out why. But it was nice to hang around with the popular girls. You know, everybody looks at you with envious eyes and such stuffs... I wasn’t very popular in my old school, so I didn’t know what it was like to be popular.

But due to the fact that they’re “taking care of me” I had no chance whatsoever to talk to Stacey or apologize to her. In fact, I haven’t said a word to her all day.

Two weeks later, I have gotten completely used to this school and of being popular. I think I am a pretty fast learner. Anyway, from the very day that the girls became close to me, I had forgotten Stacey. I think she wasn’t very popular. The popular kids hand around with only the popular kids, so I haven’t had an opportunity to talk to her. But I was fine. Things were running smooth. I was enjoying myself too much around the girls. Well it had to be enjoyable, seriously!

We did all the things that girls do in the teen movies. Going shopping, and getting manicure and pedicures done, parties, pyjama parties, and talking about boys etc. So I was just IN to being popular. I did all the these things in Cardiff with my old friends, but with the populars it was twice as much as it was. I had no idea how sly they can be until that day.

We usually meet at the front gate of the school in the morning to go together, but by the time I arrived, there were nobody there. So I thought I was the first one, so I waited, and I waited, and I waited. I've been waiting for maybe half an hour, but still nobody came to the front gate. I thought they were sick altogether or something (it's highly impossible but it's not completely impossible) so I just walked by myself to the school building. As I was walking by, I saw them. I saw Jess, Soph, Angie and Gabi in front of the building, laughing their heads off. I felt a little strange, but I ran up to them to find out what's going on.

"Hey guys! Where have you been! I was waiting for like ages, you know, out there at the front gate".

"Yeah, right. Sorry mate". It was all they said, and kept on talking without me. I didn't know what was going on.

I expected them to say something during the day or maybe explain what happened, but they haven't said a word to me all day. How could they? I was all upset when Stacey came up to me. I was surprised, and simultaneously sorry, because she's the one who helped me at the first place, but I was being all popular and never set an eye on her since. I stammered:

"Oh. H...hey. W...what's up?"

I was feeling all guilty and everything, when she said"

"It's okay. It happens every time there's a new student".

I was curious. I asked her:

"What happens every time?"

"You know, the popular guys. They always get close to the naive new student, and you know, gets close with them, and then they ditch them. Do you know what I'm saying?"

"Oh my god... so it's just like a play to them?"

"That's right. I get to be the student guide most of the time, because I request them to pick me. I want to be a travel guide, so I want to get used to the job I'll be working for. Only it's the different genre".

"Okay, so?"

"So I take care of the new students, and it happens every time".

"The popular guys taking the new guys?"

"Yup. It's sickening. I've told them several times, but guess what? They won't listen. Surprise, surprise".

“So why haven’t you told me? You could have told me that they were doing pranks on new kids”. Well I’ve been trying to, and I have tried to all the kids that I get to student guide, but they’re all “too busy being popular and they won’t even come close to me, so I wait until they’re ditched. Sounds fair enough, doesn’t it?”

I thought about it for a moment, when I came to the conclusion that I’ve been such a horrible girl to my real friend, instead of the ones that are only having fun with me. I finally thought it was the time. Time to apologize for what I’ve done.

“Um.... Stacey. I am so sorry that I’ve been such a jerk. I didn’t know anything about being popular, so I thought for the first time in my life that I was cool, and I was really enjoying school. Well, it was all just a stupid thing now. I feel awful. I am so sorry that I don’t think I’ll be able to make it up to you and I’ve been wanting to say this since my first day. I am sorry if I offended you that day. You know, about the system thing. I was just so upset that I had moved and... I have nothing to say to you”.

Stacey smiled at me and said:

“It’s all right! Everybody makes mistakes. It’s just one of the mistakes that a human can make. No biggie, really”.

“So we’re cool, now?”

“Yeah, we’re cool”

“Awesome! Thanks a lot, Stacey”.

“Oh my god. How many times do I have to repeat? It’s all right, for Christ’s sake! Really. To really show that I am okay, I want to invite you over to my house for a sleepover. Of course if you would like to”.

“Of course I would! My mum wouldn’t mind either. Oh, my god!! Thanks a bunch, Stacey!!!!”

I was hugging and jumping and shouting thank you to Stacey. She said in a cool voice:

“No problem. Let’s go and get your things!!”

In case you’re wondering, I told the girls how stupid it is, and they fought back, but I wasn’t afraid, because I had Stacey with me. I told Ms. Goss about the whole “play” thing. She was extremely furious and called their parents right away. I bet they had no idea how their kids are behaving at school. But the way I see it, most of the parents haven’t the foggiest idea about their children at school. So. That’s it. Thanks for hearing, well in this case reading my story.

Thank you!

* * *

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Agnieszka Krzyżak

*„Difficulties for an „outsider” teenager –
how to start in a new environment”*

Prywatne Gimnazjum im. I.J Paderewskiego, Lublin



Difficulties for an “outside” teenager – how to start in a new environment

Agnieszka Krzyżak

Nowadays many families decide to move from one city to another. There are many reasons why we move. However, the most important problem after a removal, especially for young members of a family, is to find a new place in a new environment. The first serious problem appears when a new neighbour isn't acceptable for other children or teenagers in the neighbourhood. The first step is very important. If a young person decides to stay away from others, he or she will never make any bond with their environment – neither good nor bad. That is why the most needed and the most difficult at the same time is to start a new relationship. It isn't so hard to say “hallo” when you see your neighbour on the street, but it's important to show everybody around that you're here too. For some time people from the environment might not pay attention to a new member of their neighbourhood but it's normal. It's not unusual when someone moves to a new neighbourhood and they need just some time to get accustomed to it.

After making a relationship with the closest environment, for a young person there appears a problem as to a new student at school. For some unknown reason we can observe that in many schools students are put in two groups- of these “Better” and those “Worse”. The new member of the school society is from the beginning put in this worse group. It is the most natural move for all groups of people. For sure the “better” ones are afraid of a new potential danger – a new person who could take their place in a “better” group. The most effective solution for that problem is to show to all students who you really are, not to play someone else, for example not to behave as if you were the most popular singer in the world. If students know who you are, what your likes and dislikes are, if they can rely on you or not, then you will get the most suitable position in the school society. The most important thing is to remember that the position isn't of any importance and if you could be in the group of “better” ones, remember, that some days you were in the worse group and there are still people who didn't change their position – you shouldn't just leave your friends you made friendship with first just because of their position in the school.

To sum up, it isn't difficult for a teenager to find their place in a new environment. The most important is to remember that your character hasn't changed with the change of the place you live in. The young person must show his or her true attitude to others and cannot be afraid of talking with neighbours. A new member of the environment also hasn't got a reputation yet so how we could be judged depends only on us.

* * *

Name: Agnieszka Krzyżak

School: Prywatne Gimnazjum im. J.I. Paderewskiego w Lublinie

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Agata Zachoszcz

„Weltbekannte Kuba”

Prywatne Liceum, im. I.J Paderewskiego, Lublin



Weltbekannte Kuba

Agata Zachoszcz

Wenn man ruhig in seinem Land wohnen kann, ist man sehr zufrieden. Leider nicht alle Nationalitäten können das ruhige Leben führen. Ich komme aus Polen und dort ist Freiheit auf der Tagesordnung. Man kann leicht seine Interessen entwickeln und was er mag, machen.

Mein Hobby ist Salsa tanzen. Ich mache das leidenschaftlich gerne. Ohne Salsa wäre mein Leben sehr langweilig. Zuerst habe ich mich nur mit diesem Tanz beschäftigt. In Kuba sind zahlreiche Musikstile und Tänze entstanden, die zum Teil internationale Verbreitung fanden. Zu ihnen gehören der Son, der Mambo, die Salsa, der Danzon, die Rumba, der Cha-Cha- Cha und die alte und neue Trova. Dann hatte ich noch gern, die kubanische Kultur kennenzulernen.

Ich habe durch den Zufall erfahren, dass die Kubanern wegen der Revolution zu anderen Ländern ausgewandert sind. Ihr Leben ist sehr schwer und mit vielen Problemen verbunden. Viele Leute assoziieren Kuba mit den populärsten Getränken - der Mojito und Cuba Libre – was übersetzt „Freies Kuba“ bedeutet. Meistens werden diese von Touristen getrunken, die sonnige Augenblicke an Kubas Stränden genießen. Doch für die Kubanern ist das Getränk „Freies Kuba“ tägliche Wirklichkeit – Unterbrechungen in der Stromversorgung, Löhne in Höhe von 16 Pesos (16 Euro), Zensur und Regime. Manche Leute glauben nicht an diese Tatsachen, weil die Kubanern sehr optimistisch sind. Die Realität und der Alltag auf Kuba sollten jedoch nicht die Fröhlichkeit ihrer Einwohner, ihr Temperament, ihren Überlebenswillen und ihre Lebensfreude zerstören.

Massenflucht ist an der Tagesordnung, obwohl das unerlaubte Verlassen des Landes als Straftat verfolgt wird. Eine reguläre Ausreise, egal ob zum Zwecke der Reise oder Auswanderung, ist nur nach einem aufwändigen Genehmigungsverfahren möglich. Das bevorzugte Auswanderungsziel sind die USA. Auch kommen die Kubanern nach Polen.

Letztes Jahr habe ich einen Kubaner persönlich kennen gelernt. Er hat mir sehr viel über Kuba erzählt. Wegen der Revolution hat er dieses Land verlassen. Jetzt wohnt er in Breslau und führt einen Tanzkurs Salsa. Zuerst konnte er sich in Polen nicht zurechtfinden, weil unsere Gesellschaft völlig anders ist. Mit der Zeit ist Salsa immer populär geworden. Mein kubanischer Freund fühlt sich jetzt besser. Wenn er sieht, wie polnische Mädchen tanzen, erinnert er sich an Kuba. Das ist gerade das, was er für seine Landsleute machen kann. Sein Heimweh ist sehr groß und er sehnt nach Hause, weil es überall gut ist, aber zu Hause am besten.

* * *

Die Schulerin der ersten Klasse der Oberschule: Agata Zachoszcz, 17 Jahre alt
Schule: Prywatne Liceum im. I. J. Paderewskiego
Die Deutschlehrerin: Magdalena Kosior-Szychiewicz

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Aleksandra Mucha

„Liebes Tagebuch!”

Prywatne Liceum, im. I.J Paderewskiego, Lublin



Liebes Tagebuch!

Ola Mucha

Gestern war einer der besten Tage in meinem Leben! Na gut, ich werde alles Reihe nach beschreiben. Vor fünf Monaten bin ich zur neuen Schule gegangen. Das Gebäude meiner Schule ist sehr groß! Ich bin mich viele Male verloren gegangen! Die Leute haben auf mich einen sehr guten Eindruck gemacht, mir gefielen alle von Anfang an sehr, ich hatte alle gern. Aber da erschien ein Problem. Niemand hatte mich gern. Ich fühlte mich sehr einsam und traurig! Ich musste immer das Mittagessen allein essen. In der Pause saß ich allein an der Wand. Eben immer allein! Alle dachten, dass ich sehr langweilig und dumm bin, weil ich immer in der Pause Bücher las und viel lernte. Warum habe ich immer in der Pause gelernt? Weil ich einfach keine Freizeit hatte! Du, liebes Tagebuch weißt, dass ich immerfort singen muss! Mein Manager sagte doch, wenn ich unsere neuen Songs nicht singen kann, werde ich meine CD-Platte nicht aufnehmen können! Na gut, ich muss zu meinem Problem zurückkehren. Die Leute in der Schule haben mich nicht verstanden. Ich habe viele Male versucht, ihnen alles zu erklären. Aber es war nicht leicht. Sie lachten mich immer aus und niemand hatte Lust, mir zuzuhören. Aber gestern passierte etwas... Gestern in der Pause war ich allein in der Toilette. Ich dachte, dass ich dort ein bisschen singen kann. Und ich begann, zu singen. Ehrlich gesagt, sang ich sehr gut! Ich fühlte mich so gut, dass ich nicht bemerkte, dass ein Mädchen von meiner Klasse auf die Toilette hineinkam! Als ich plötzlich aufhörte, zu singen, lachte sie nicht. Sie applaudierte! Sie sagte, dass ich super war! In diesem Moment musste ich sagen, dass ich Sängerin bin, dass ich meine eigene CD-Platte aufnehmen möchte... Sie war sehr erschlagen! Sie versuchte sich bei mir zu entschuldigen und zu Mittag hatte ich schon ein paar Freunde am Tisch! Es war super! Alle in der Schule mögen mich jetzt sehr und ich bin sehr populär! Und jetzt gehe ich ins Kino mit meinen neuen Freunden! Bis zum nächsten Mal!

* * *

Autor: Aleksandra Mucha, 17 Jahre alt, Prywatne Liceum im. I. J. Paderewskiego
Nauczyciel: Magdalena Kosior-Szychiewicz – nauczyciel języka niemieckiego

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Zofia Staroścjak

„How I found my house”

II Liceum Ogólnokształcące, Kielce



"How I found my house"

Zofia Starościak

Normally, we have one house where we spend our childhood, and our youth. But my story is different.

It all started with my father. My mother –Lily was a great child, perfect daughter. She had never brought any problems to her parents. But one day she met a guy – Jimmy. He was a hippie. You know how it ended. Lily got pregnant and started traveling and living in a caravan. It was my first house, but not for a long time. There were two fold-out beds, a little kitchen. We didn't have any furniture, living-room or something which everyone had in their houses.

After few years, my mother shook off and realized that she treated life like a big game. She was responsible for her child- me. So Lily decided to start real life, send me to school and get a beautiful, white bungalow with a garden and a living-room. We began searching for it. It wasn't easy at all. When people saw a hippie-woman with a small child who looked like a little Buddhist they just slammed the door in front of our faces.

One day an old woman took pity on us and rented us a big room in her house. We had an access to the huge garden full of roses and trees. It was a perfect place to live. But one day, my mum invited old friends to our nest. They had a big hippie-party. The old lady was irritated and decided to get us off from her house.

Once again we didn't have the roof over our heads. Lily always told me that everything would be all right. I realized I was much more mature than my mum, so I decided to take control of our lives. After few weeks I found a suitable house for us. It was a terraced-house with the nice neighborhood. The costs weren't too high so we removed there immediately.

Our lives got changed. Lily, sorry, my mum found new friends in our neighborhood. I finally went to school and got real friends. Now, after this crazy life time, I see that normal home, where you can always hide from troubles, with a garden and a loving family is indispensable to live. I found my home and my true life and now I'm real h(i)appy. =)

* * *

Autor: Zofia Starościak

Szkoła: II LO Kielce

Klasa: II d

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Zefiryna Skrzyniarz

„From outsider to friend”

II Liceum Ogólnokształcące Kielce



From outsider to friend

Zefiryna Skrzyniarz

Personally, I'm a rather shy person. I have to say that I have some difficulties with getting new contacts and I feel confused and embarrassed when I have to talk to a new-known person. For this reason, I was really stressed when I went to my new school for the first time. I was worried about the necessity of introducing myself to my whole class and talking about my hobbies and private life. In fact, I was angry with myself. I wish I was an outgoing person and just behaved normally in such situations.

I knew, I would have some problems connected with it in my new class and unfortunately I wasn't wrong.

During my first day at school I realized that there were many students who knew each other from their previous schools. Nobody talked to me so I didn't try to do this. After a few weeks everybody knew that I was a calm, quiet person and always spent the breaks alone. Eventually, I also got used to this situation. I can't say that I don't like spending time with others, but I felt that I didn't have anybody who really understood me and just liked me.

Time was passing and everybody got to know each other better in my class. They met after lessons, went to parties and discos together. Everybody had, at least, one friend with whom he/she spent much time – everybody, but not me.

One day I heard that one girl from my class said to another that I was strange and didn't belong to a whole class. I felt so sad. I was crying all night and finally, I decided to change my stupid behavior.

Next day I tried to talk to several people from my class that seemed nice to me. Surprisingly, they turned out to be really friendly and even invited me to a party. I didn't know if I should go but, eventually, I decided to do this. At the beginning I felt ashamed again. But later I got to know some really friendly people who talked to me as if they knew me very well. I started to tell them jokes and for the first time I felt really happy.

Since this party, my situation in class has changed a lot. Other students got to know me and realized that I was really an interesting person. Now I have many friends and spend my spare time with them, having a really good fun.

I am so happy that I decided to change my life. Thanks to this, now I feel that I can be a person that I truly am.

* * *

Author: Zefiryna Skrzyniarz

School: II LO w Kielcach

[*powrót do spisu treści*](#)

Agata Rejman i Małgorzata Stokowiec

„Being a stranger in the city”

II Liceum Ogólnokształcące Kielce



Being a stranger in the city

Agata Rejman & Małgorzata Stokowiec

Hi, my name is Sara and I'm seventeen. I don't really think that anybody remember my name, because few years ago for everyone around me I became Amelie. I'm one of thousands inhabitants of Cracow. This city is a little spot on the map somewhere in the world. Like thousands of same_cities is crowded with people who are always hurrying somewhere.

Few years ago I met fantastic people. All of them had plans for future, had dream they really wanted to make come true, had their beloved people, had hope for every coming day. They lived like there was no end, like they were immortal. They could also pretend love, joy, hate, sympathy and kindness the deceive each other. But they had themselves when they had to count on somebody else, when they needed help in anything.

Everything has changed from the time I first met them. Death has changed everything. Hopes are crushed. Dreams would never come true. Love do not exist, the same as friendship. Everywhere is just manipulation and getting from naive people as much as is possible.

They have lost themselves. No one can count now on other person. They're afraid of losing friend, so it's better to don't have it generally. That's how they became strangers to people, who they knew for ages.

This is only an example from my life. The hardest example for me, which hurts really badly still, although from our "split-up" is long over 6 months. We're meeting sometimes, of course. But it's really hard to leave what happened and start again from the very beginning. But there will always be a wall, a pane which will be cause of our indifference and ignorance. We'll be strangers for each other until someone would be courageous enough to brake that pane.

As we all know very well there are lots of people like my group of friends. They are strangers. They are wall-jug past the streets, waiting for "don'tknow-what", looking conspicuously at other people. Not smiling, impassive for joy or any stronger emotions. Just passing by people who are taking as much as they can from life. They don't want to meet anyone, don't want to speak to anyone, just want to be left away in tranquility.

It is not so hard to become a stranger. You don't really need much effort. Day which is worse than normal, stress, pressure, flying time. All of that things are depressive and easily can make you feeling really upset. You want to stay alone, you start to isolate from other people, you become more secretive and speak less about yourself Easy way. Easier than just to overcome what is bad and keep smiling.

We can't stray completely from others as humans need company. Being a stranger in cities isn't very difficult as there are thousands and thousands of people and it is impossible to know everyone. It is a hard way to go according to fact that we don't trust strangers. Would you trust someone who's not talking to you at all?

* * *

Authors: Agata Rejman & Małgorzata Stokowiec

Teacher: Aneta Smolińska

School: II LO im. Jana Śniadeckiego w Kielcach

Class: I "h"

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Paulina Olga Dadańska

*„Einmal fühlte ich mich fremd
und einsam...”*

I Liceum Ogólnokształcące Płońsk



„Einmal fühlte ich mich fremd und einsam...“

Paulina Olga Dadańska

Der Begriff der Einsamkeit wird am häufigsten mit dem Alter und der Krankheit assoziiert. Die Entfremdung tritt in bestimmten Umständen auf und wird vor allem von Leuten empfunden, die z.B. nach dem Asyl suchen oder aus anderen Gründen ihre Heimat verlassen müssen.

Gleichzeitig muss man bemerken, dass fast jeder Mensch die beiden Gefühle im höheren oder niedrigeren Ausmaß empfindet.

Meiner Meinung nach sind Einsamkeit und Entfremdung verschiedene Sachen. Wir sind allein, wenn wir keine Freunde und keine Bekannten haben. Wir fühlen uns fremd in einer neuen Stadt oder in einer neuen Schule. Trotzdem sind wir in solchen Situationen nicht allein, denn wir haben Familie und Freunde. Aber sehr oft stehen diese Empfindungen miteinander im Zusammenhang. Selbstverständlich sind sie nicht angenehm.

Ich empfand diese Gefühle, als ich in einem Sommerferienlager war, in einem fremden Ort, mit unbekanntem Leuten. Ich dachte, ich werde verrückt. Nicht deswegen, dass sich die Leute nicht vorgestellt haben, oder so was. Sie ließen sich einfach nicht kennen lernen. Ich bin ein bisschen schüchtern und bin nicht daran gewöhnt, mich jemandem aufzudrängen. Als ich in der Freizeit ganz allein war, verstand ich, dass mein Familienhaus und meine Freunde für mich sehr wichtig sind. Ich fühlte mich fremd. Der Gedanke, dass ich bald nach Hause zurückkomme und alle Leute, die mir so lieb sind, wiedersehe, gab mir neue Kraft und Hoffnung.

Ich glaube, dass so ein Erlebnis eine notwendige Erfahrung ist. Dann weiß man zu schätzen, was man im Leben hat.

* * *

Author: Paulina Olga Dadańska, 18 years old

School: I Liceum Ogólnokształcące im. Henryka Sienkiewicza w Płońsku

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Maciej Stawicki

Bez tytułu

I Liceum Ogólnokształcące Płońsk



* * *

Maciej Stawicki

Es ist sehr schwer, sich in neuer Umwelt zu befinden. Wenn du „neu“ bist, bist du fremd. Es ist nicht einfach diese Situation zu überstehen. Man soll dann psychisch sehr stark sein. Das Problem liegt sehr oft an uns. Hauptproblem ist unsere Schüchternheit. Die beste Sache, die man machen kann, ist, unsere Ängste und Befürchtungen zu besiegen, uns auf die Leute offen zu machen. Es ist aber unmöglich, das alles ohne Hilfe zu leisten. Diese Hilfe kann man von der Familie bekommen. Sie kann uns helfen diese schwere Zeit durchstehen.

Vaterland ist etwas, was wir in unserem Herzen haben. Persönlich habe ich nie mein Vaterland verloren. Ich finde aber, das muss schrecklich sein. Vaterland ist eigene Kultur, Sprache, Gewohnheit, Tradition usw. Ohne Vaterland wären wir niemand. Man muss täglich für unser Vaterland kämpfen, vielleicht nicht in der richtigen Bedeutung, sondern im übertragenen Sinne. Ich finde mein Vaterland täglich. Nicht nur Vaterland, verstanden als das ganze Land, auch meine Stadt, mein Zuhause und Leute, die mich umgeben.

Ich habe mich sehr oft allein und verlassen gefühlt. Ich weiß also, wie schwer solche Situation ist. Einsamkeit kann viele Ursachen haben. Das Hauptproblem kann sehr oft an uns liegen. Am häufigsten ist der menschliche Neid das Problem, das zwischenmenschliche Beziehungen zerstört.

Freundschaft ist schöne Sache. Sie hilft uns auch unser Leben schritten. Die schönste ist aber treue, echte Freundschaft. Und den echten Freund erkennt man in der Not. In unserem Leben kann man falsche Freunde finden. Diese Leute können uns ausbeuten. Nach ähnlichen Situationen ist es sehr schwer, jemandem noch einmal zu vertrauen. Erst dann treffen wir am häufigsten wahre Leute, die uns helfen können oder möchten. Der Weg von innerer Zerschlagenheit bis zum echten Glück ist aber sehr schwer. Wir müssen also geduldig und auch mutig sein.

* * *

Autor: Maciej Stawicki, 17 lat

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[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Justyna Jadachowska

„Being an outcast in a class...”

Liceum im. Narcyzy Żmichowskiej Warszawa



“Being an outcast in a class...”

(Eminem “Cleaning out my closet”)

Justyna Jadachowska

It does not matter who you are, where you work or where you live. Each of us must have felt strange being among other people at least once in a lifetime. Strange because of our behaviour, problems, thoughts or generally because of ourselves. In such situations, we do not really want to talk to anyone, we think that no one will understand us. We want to isolate ourselves from others.

When I was in a primary school there was one girl in my class who was not talking to anyone from the class. She was sitting by the wall during every break. Only sometimes she used to move from the floor and go somewhere. Up till this day I do not know where she was going. She had only one person with whom she was talking. It was a really uncomfortable situation for the rest of us and I think also for her. Our teacher tried to help her and encouraged us to be friendly to her. What was the outcome? The majority of the class exchanged possibly a few words with her during the next three years. We lost contact with her after grammar school for good.

I remember that this situation was bothering me and I was trying to understand the answer why she was alienated. I talked to my mum about that girl. She said it was partially our fault (I mean my class’s fault) and that we should have done something to help the girl to integrate with us. But it was not as easy as my mum imagined... We could not understand why the girl acted like that, it was so hard and artificial to come up to her and start talking about some unimportant things, like marks or teachers etc. On the other hand, we felt awkward to ask her straight out why she stood far away from the class. So we never solved that problem.

Where did her alienation come from? How many people with problem like hers we have to meet in our life until we start talking about alienation problem without feeling that we are entering another person’s life? Of course not everyone who is alienated from the group needs help. Maybe she has already chosen a group of mates to belong to, or simply likes solitude? There is a very thin line between being alone by choice or being alone because of other people and it is too easy to cross. Here I have related the story of the teenager I met, but I realize that the problem of alienation is omnipresent in every social group. There are adults who feel rejected, socially excluded, unaccepted at home or at work. Many of them live their life among people with whom they exchange casual “Good morning” everyday. And unfortunately their whole conversation ends with these two words, very often. Frightening? Who knows if my generation won’t end up like them some day?

We, young people, imagine our future to be better than the world created by our parents. The question is: how can we change it? First of all – by talking to each other! But with true intentions. We don’t want anymore this small talk, cute smiles, feeling ‘fine’ all the time and playing friendly to all the surrounding world. We believe that everyone deserves honesty, sheer emotions and openness in contacts with another person. Here I see a great role of our teachers and school as such to teach us how to communicate effectively, make real friends or break the ice during the first contact. Children should be educated about

the problem of the social alienation so as when they meet someone like that, they will know how to behave. I have read a lot about this issue and I strongly believe that simple ideas are the best. Why not start from giving a smile to someone who stays aside from the group. You can think that smile is too simple thing to change people's attitudes, but it really works. It breaks the glass of invisibility around the person and encourages some contact. We can try drawing this person into conversations, or games, for example after school. We have to show that it doesn't matter that we do not usually talk, we can always play together and grab an opportunity to talk during this game or any activity.

We cannot just pass by. For too many people, being alone is still a life problem which is impossible to solve by themselves. In my closing comment I would like to quote my friend who said that "It is people's obligation to try to help each other in this already cruel life".

* * *

Author: Justyna Jadachowska, 17 years old

School: LO im. Narczyzy Zmichowskiej w Warszawie

Class: 1d

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Dominik Adamczyk

„Stranger – in class, school, city“

Liceum im. Narczyży Żmichowskiej Warszawa



Stranger – in class, school, city

Dominik Adamczyk

Having read the topics of the essays I paid attention the key word 'stranger' which appeared in most of them. This problem of the increasing human indifference in society is close to me as I have experienced it myself.

Stranger in a city

All my life I have spent in a small town environment. For almost 10 years I attended classes with the same people year by year. I got on well with my peers, we had a lot in common and I felt great in their company for these years. Everything started to change when I joined the high school in Warsaw. Except for new obligations I had to face adapting to the different environment, people and city culture. I moved out from a small town to a bigger, glamorous, noisy capital city. I've been trying to adjust to a big city life. The most depressing thing I observed, which bothers me a lot, is the human alienation in the area where they live. I have read some research which showed that the city inhabitants feel more alienated and excluded than the small towns inhabitants. I have a similar feeling when I am out in the city I feel anonymous for the people I am passing. For other passers-by we are only just a part of a street crowd. Recently I saw on the news a shocking situation where only 3 highschool girls came with help to a suffering man lying on the street. They performed first aid and called an ambulance. It appeared the he had heart attack. If these 3 teenagers hadn't reacted the man would be dead today. Unfortunately we are interested much less in people who surround us. We see a man and we think. 'Eee... he isn't from my family, probably he is drunk'. Even if he is drunk is it right to let him lie on the street? We cannot forget that we are all humans and we should live in harmony and help when a weaker person needs our help.

Stranger in a class

I have always thought that the elementary goal of school is not only to teach but to unite students, teach them teamwork rules and fair play and also develop their open minds to avoid prejudice and intolerance. Unfortunately the contemporary school system fails in this matter. An average teenager of my age struggles to find acceptance in a peer group. The problem of peer exclusion is more and more omnipresent. In school environment we have to face with so called peer pressure to have the best mobile phone, wear designer labels, listen to a commonly recognized music and generally do what your group is doing. Those who cannot meet these requirements are regarded as being worse, and consequently get excluded from the peer group. Another common problem is "the rat race" among teenagers. My friends compare their marks with the other students and they tend to boast about their successes. All others' failures are a great reason to gossip and make fun of others. If the person is popular in their class or school they get more help and attention, an isolated student is alone in his needs. The feeling of being alienated is even bigger. However, I strongly believe that there is much that can be done to improve the present situation of many outcasts living among us, simply by talking about this problem on a public forum.

* * *

Author: Dominik Adamczyk, 17 years old

School: LO im. Narczyzy Zmichowskiej w Warszawie, Class: 1d

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Adam Ziemba

„Between”



Between

Adam Ziemba

„Mummy, mummy! What is between the earth and the sun?“ a small kid seemed to have asked his mother. But Mohammad did not stare at the happy family which was walking through the park enjoying Sunday afternoon. There were a number of things that had been running through Mohammad’s mind since he entered high school in a beautiful and sophisticated city located somewhere in the central-east of Europe. The parents with kids outmarched him rapidly, but maybe it was only him who walked slowly amid the vivid green trees, benefiting from every single sunbeam. He has never really needed the dazzling sun, because of his relatively dark skin in comparison with other citizens who lived in a country.

A man.

Mohammad was a typical example of a genuine virile man. To some extent he has been taking care of his look, but in a contradiction with a majority of Europeans, he has not become a feminine man. The media has propagated weird lifestyle and mindset for him, so he has never taken advantage from them. He has exercised in a gym for 3 years, but then he assessed that his silhouette is muscled enough and he would never have been seen again in any other gym in the world. His classgirls fell in love with his black dark hair which resembles silk of fresh lily’s fragrance. The auburn eyes interested in the surroundings were exploring hidden traps and beauties of a nature. The more attention he paid, the more details he was able to notice and detect. Always smiley face should have attracted people to him, but in fact, there were a few God’s creatures that understood him well.

The problems appeared when he started school and the pupils were reluctant to him. Why? Because of his origin? Mohammad was born here, in this European country. He underwent lots of nasty actions, virtually everyone called him the names, the clashes and arguments were very common. After some months he was able to sacrifice his origin, religion, personality to become normal native guy. But what and who is normal?

I met Mohammad during a students’ exchange. The closest seat to mine was free in the airplane and Mohammad was curious if he could seat there. I nodded affirmatively. He looked scared, at least I thought so. Never have I gotten to know with anyone on board. Mohammad was not really a stranger. The school has been gossiping about his relations with Al-Qaeeda, terrorist dreamt targets and other rubbish like those. After 09/11 and the blasts in the London’s subway, his life has changed dramatically. If I had been him, I would have felt humiliated at the airport, because some people were crying “check if he has a gun!” or “don’t let him enter!” Where did the common decency disappear? Thereupon, the guards checked him more than an hour at the airport. All of his personal things: cell phone, pocket, even clothes were checked carefully.

The plane took off.

I knew that this man is valuable. I tried to make out on to his heart to find out who he really was. What are his distinctive traits and conventions? The questions had seemed to

be unsolved as long as I stood aloof from him. The open minded people would be on a better position as they have no fear to start conversation with a stranger.

A turmoil.

I opened up my heart to him. He did the same. Mohammad recounted me a story of his life. Mohammad's father, Fatih, had migrated from Kuwait when a war in Gulf began. At the outbreak of that war, he was supposed to fight for the freedom in Kuwait, but he climbed up. In Europe, he had fallen in love with a Slavic woman, they got married and have had three kids. One of them is Mohammad. The life in Europe was arduous and tedious for Fatih. He has always wanted to come back to Kuwait, but he had settled down here. He felt responsible for the country that gave him a shelter once.

Patriotism was a core value for Mohammad and his family. Patriotism to a country that he belonged to. I asked him why. Why do you love a country where so many people are racist, where you are undergone a number of mishaps and aggressive incidents? He steeped in the thoughts pondering over using appropriate words to let me understand his feelings. "The world is abundant in God's creatures. Everyone is not the same". I knew that. "The most important thing in human's life is to find people who love you no matter of your color of skin, religion and, furthermore, sexual preferences. Essentially, a man is able to have no more than three close friends. Otherwise, he would not be able to pay much attention on the rest. It is madly significant. You contribute significantly to the life of other people, of people who you love and who love you. Would you like to hurt any of your brother or sister? Or let the stranger hurt your mother or father? Life is not as easy as ABC. I try to stay neutral to the harms experienced from other people. At least, I suppose it all comes from God. It does not kill me, I can survive it and it makes me stronger. My friends help me in solving difficult coincidences or woes. The reliable friend is as important as brain in your head!" I understood, even though it sounded like a mixture of every single sphere of life. "My father keeps to tradition, he loves Kuwait and other countries combined with League of Arab States. Each year, I visit my aunts and uncles in Kuwait, Qatar, Bahrain and my friends in Yemen and Saudi Arabia. Mostly they are against Europe." "Why" I asked. "People from Middle East, beginning with Israel, ending on Iraq are assessed by what fanatics did. We became a target of Media, Internet which say that we are bad in every meaning of this word. They assess negatively the customs, traditions and they belittle our influence in history of Europe. I take it as a thing from God. I believe it must be like that. Who knows, maybe within some years people will change the attitude to me, us."

The plane landed.

I saw Mohammad at the airport. He was between two muscled guards who checked him savagely. I noticed they made him take off his clothes. They strewed his content of luggage on the floor. The guards tore up the photo of Mohammad's parents wittingly. No one reacted. What did he do wrong? Nothing. He just lived.

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Natalia Stremecka

„„Einsam unter „fremden?“

II Liceum Ogólnokształcące Legnica



Einsam unter „fremden“?

Natalia Stremecka

Ich heiÙe Natalia Stremecka und ich bin 18 Jahre alt. Ich wohne in Legnica in Polen, aber ich bin Lemke.

Die Lemken lebten in den Ostbeskiden zwischen San und Poprad in den Karpathen. Dort züchteten sie die Tiere und sie bauten Getreide an. Sie halten die Landwirtschaften. Außerdem sammelten sie im Wald Beeren und anderes Obst. Sie waren sehr gute Handwerker. Die Lemken arbeiteten als die Holzfälleren, die Dachdecker oder die Böttchern. Nach dem Jahr 1945 wurden die Grenzen neu gezogen und die Lemken wurden in der „Aktion Weichsel“ in ihre heutigen Gebite zwangsumgesiedelt. Die Lemken wurden vertrieben, damit sie sich assimilieren.

In der heutigen Zeit leben die Lemken in ganz Polen, hauptsächlich in Westen und Süden von Polen. Meine Großeltern sind auch die Aussiedlere in der „Aktion Weichsel“. Meine Eltern sind schon in Legnica geboren. Ich, mit meinem Bruder und meinen Eltern wohnen hier seit meiner Geburtszeit. Wir erhalten die Traditionen. Wir feiern die Feste nach dem anderen Kalender. Wir sprechen Lemkensprache.

Schwer ist die Identität im Geheimnis zu halten, weil die Nachbarn „alles von allen“ wissen. Ich verberge mich mit meiner Abstammung nie. Die Mitschüller wissen in der Schule, dass ich die Lemke bin. In der Grundschule waren die Kinder überrascht, weil das die Neuigkeit war. Ich musste ihnen alles erklären und auf die Fragen antworten. Im Gymnasium und Lyceum ist anderes. Meine Kolleginen wissen mehr von den Lemken oder sie haben von dieser Minderheit gehört.

Ich gehöre zum Lemkogruppe „Kyczera“. In dieser Gruppe sind nur die jungen Lemken.

Die Gruppe hat einmal wöchentlich die Probe. Als Belohnung fahren oder fliegen wir in verschiedene Länder. Seitdem ich in der Gruppe bin, habe ich zum Beispiel Indiën, Indonesiën und Peru besichtigt. In diesem Jahr fliege ich nach Israël. Wir geben auch viele Konzerte und wir nehmen an Wertbewerbe teil.

In bin sehr stolz, dass ich die Lemke bin. Ich finde, dass ich nie Probleme mit dem Kontakt zu Menschen dadurch halte. Die Leute achten mich. Ich habe viele Freude und Freuden in der Schule. Ich fühle mich nicht einsam unter „fremden“.

* * *

Autor: Natalia Stremecka

Szkoła: II LO w Legnicy

[powrót do spisu treści](#)

Roksana Dąbrowska

*„Avez-vous déjà entendu parler des
Lemkoviens?”*

II Liceum Ogólnokształcące Legnica



Avez-vous déjà entendu parler des Lemkoviens?

Roksana Dąbrowska

Je m'appelle Roksana, j'ai 18 ans et je suis Lemkoviennne. Actuellement j'habite avec ma famille à Legnica, en Pologne.

Mais mes racines viennent d'une petite population des slaves orientaux qui, avant la Deuxième Guerre Mondiale, vivaient traditionnellement dans les Carpates polonaises, entre le confluent des rivières Oślawa et Laborec au sud et le Poprad au nord.

Mes grands-parents étaient nés là-bas, dans les montagnes. Les Lemkoviens occupaient un territoire de 150 km de long et de 60 km de large, appelé la Lemkivschyna ou bien la Lemkovyna. Ils s'occupaient de leurs champs, moutons et menaient une vie de paysans, calme et tranquille. Jusqu'en 1944 il existait sur le territoire polonais 300 villages exclusivement lemkoviens.

À l'issue de la Deuxième guerre Mondiale, un grand nombre de Lemkoviens ont été expulsés de la Pologne vers l'Ukraine dans les années 1944-1946. En 1947 l'Opération Vistule (en polonais: Operacja Wisła) exécutée par l'Armée Polonaise, a entraîné la déportation de la population lemkovienne dans les „Territoires Recouverts” au nord et à l'ouest du pays.

Exilés, au nombre de 140 000 -150 000, expulsés de leurs villages, mais très unis, par leur langue, culture, tradition, religion, ils vivent dans des colonies dispersées un peu partout en Pologne. Ils ont décidé de garder, protéger et cultiver leurs traditions et leur langue, et de ne pas oublier leur histoire.

On nous appelle "les derniers Mohicans européens"....

Mes parents sont nés déjà à Legnica. Elle, venant de l'Eglise uniate, lui, de l'Eglise orthodoxe, ils se sont connus pendant une fête lemkovienne. Maintenant mes parents et mes grands-parents font tout pour que je sache qui je suis, et moi, je le sais bien que je suis lemkovienne et j'en suis fière. Ils m'ont transmis notre langue lemkovienne, nos traditions, notre culture, le culte de nos belles fêtes.

Je fréquente le lycée d'enseignement général. Je pense que les autres, mes amis, ils acceptent mon identité lemkovienne, je ne la cache jamais. Ils sont curieux et ils veulent savoir un peu plus sur ma nationalité. J'ai beaucoup d'amis.

Je chante et je danse dans un groupe folklorique lemkovien „KYCZERA”. Nous voyageons dans le monde entier en portant partout notre culture. Je suis active dans *la cerkiew*, notre église orthodoxe.

Je vis dans „deux mondes” qui collaborent l'un avec l'autre. Je n'ai pas honte de mes origines, au contraire, je parle de notre minorité ethnique. Je ne me sens pas étrangère. Mes grands-parents ont perdu leur partie et ils étaient obligés de recommencer et de construire leur vie loin de leurs montagnes.

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