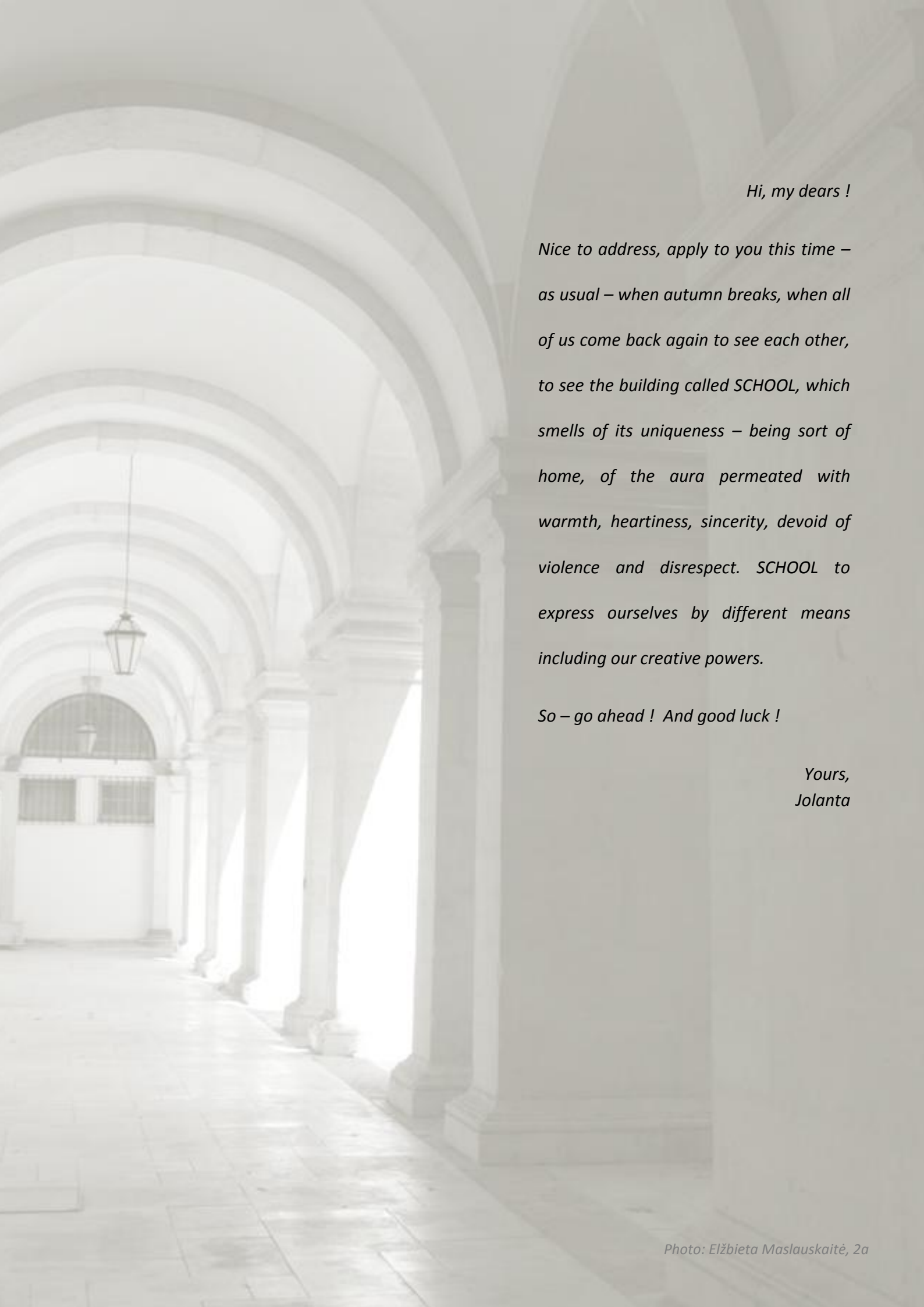


A person wearing a full-body white hazmat suit and a hood is standing in a dark industrial or laboratory setting at night. The scene is illuminated by overhead fluorescent lights, creating a high-contrast, moody atmosphere. The person is positioned on the left side of the frame, looking towards the right. In the foreground, there are several large, dark, rounded objects, possibly pieces of equipment or containers. The background shows a building with a grid-like structure on its roof and some trees in the distance under a dark, cloudy sky.

ENGLISH CORNER

2019



Hi, my dears !

Nice to address, apply to you this time – as usual – when autumn breaks, when all of us come back again to see each other, to see the building called SCHOOL, which smells of its uniqueness – being sort of home, of the aura permeated with warmth, heartiness, sincerity, devoid of violence and disrespect. SCHOOL to express ourselves by different means including our creative powers.

So – go ahead ! And good luck !

*Yours,
Jolanta*

*Moments like these -
They give You so much.*

*Just be prepared -
They happen so fast.*

*When everything goes -
Open your eyes.*

*See what you got -
The meaning is that...*

*When all that You wish for -
You have in your hands -
Don't step aside,
And never come back...*

Kotryna Griciūtė, 1A.



Photo: Nojus Buivydas, 2a

A MIRROR

- Who are you ?

She asked a mirror. He just stayed there and said :

- Well, humans call me an object which reflects a clear image. They notice me everywhere. But why ?

She stared at him. Then said :

- Maybe they notice not you, but themselves. So do I.

At the moment I am staring not at you, but at myself. I am talking to you, thinking that you are listening, but I am talking to myself. It's all in my mind. I am asking you - what do I look like today ? What is my goal and mood for today ? You show me all the things that I care about.

You can be mad, sad and not show me what I want to see. You show me your dishevelled hair, dirty clothing, under the eye bags. It's all a lie. You are not real. You are on my mind. I talk to myself.

I can control what I look like today and my mood for today. If I think I look good, you will show me that. If I am not feeling well and sad, you will show me that.

I stared at myself in your reflection and said -

- I want you to be happy every day and show me what I want to see. I want to see the better version of myself. I know that you are listening. I just have to think about it.

Austėja Kriškanaitė, 1A



Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

A photograph of a person jumping into a lake. The person is in the lower right foreground, arms raised, wearing blue shorts. The lake is calm with light ripples. In the background, there is a dense forest of green trees. A rope swing hangs from a tree branch in the upper right. The overall scene is bright and natural.

FEAR

The ice is breaking

And the wind is rustling

Shivers all around me -

Red leaves which are falling

Grey tones are taking over

No colours in this world

An old lady with a pink scarf

Starts crying in the dark

Crystal, lucid water

So cold, that is burning

Tears are falling on me

I see the shadows only

Red roses on the ground

Fears everyone around

The pressure on my chest

The sculptures, which can't help

Patricija Oginskaite, 1a

Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a



Photo: Nojus Buivydas, 2a

As I walk into the garden I cannot help seeing a nightmare in front of me... An old apple tree... My old apple tree, cut down to the ground. This image crushes my heart and my soul as I remember all of the fun times that I had here in my childhood – how I climbed it everyday, how I fell down from it and how my grandmother always worried that I would get hurt... But now it's all different. Now I'm alone. This tree is dead and I can't bring anything back. I should have visited more often, I should have cared more, but now it's too late – I can only regret it all. Unless in the end – when all is dark, when all is in the past...

Dovilė Kažemėkaitė, 4B



Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

EXCHANGE REACTION

Lively streets

Marvellous city of Naples

Ceaseless local markets

Paramount attribute

Two tourists

Lacking simple pair of socks

Made their way

Towards the endless market

Demanding glimpses from the sellers

Scalped the sun-kissed skin

Socks-man offered product

Tranquil tourist spoke:

Three coins I'll give away

HOSPITAL TEST!

Exclaimed the angry Neapolitan

Exchange failed

No socks obtained

Elas Aidukas, 4B

OPEN

YOUR EYES

Some of us are afraid to look up. We're too scared to be let down. We're scared to look down because we'll get fed up. Looking right because we're terrified to be left. Staring left because nothing is right. Look forward. You're never turning back. Ever.

Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

THROUGH AND
THROUGH

I will find a way to you. I will be there for you. Everything finds its place in the course of time. Through happiness of having your person. Everyone deserves a human being. They will be with you through the darkest times, through hard and awful times. But they will never upset you. I promise. Just through and through.

Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

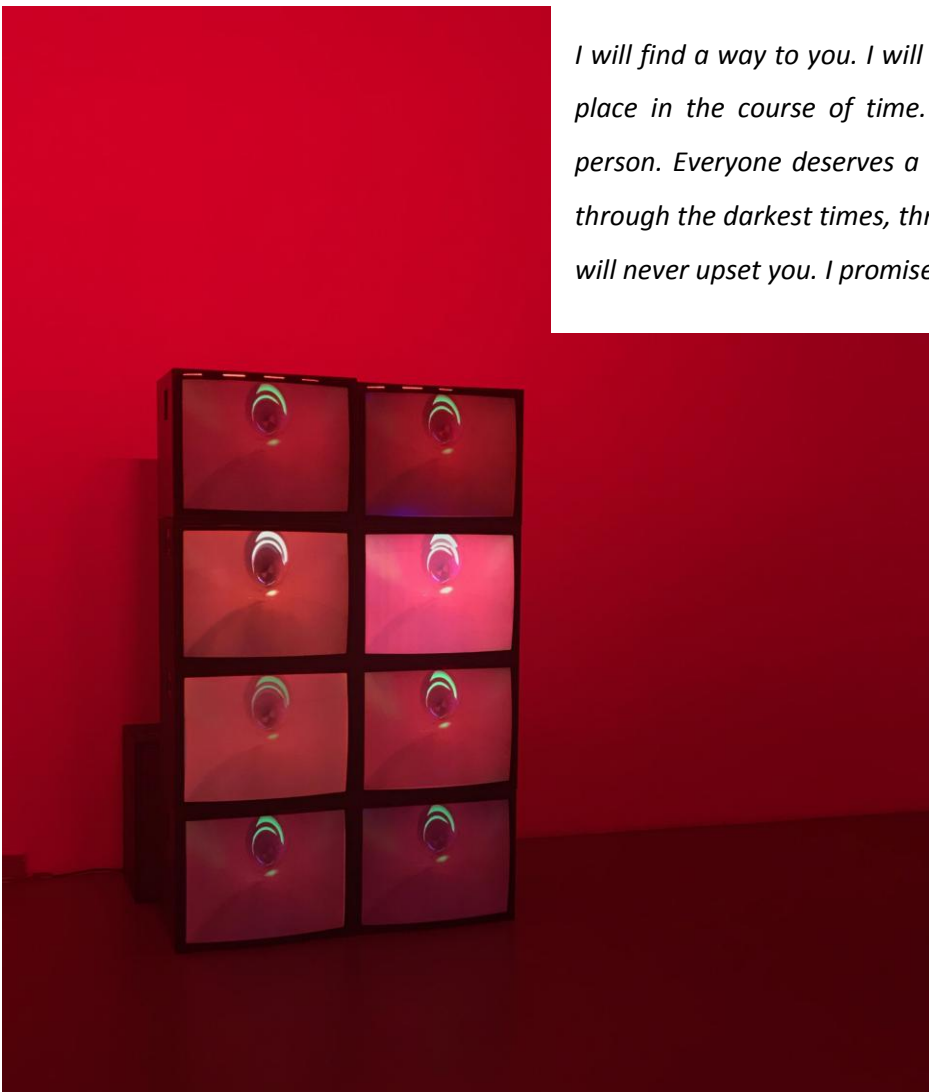


Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

CLUELESS

This world was created for people. For clueless people who have no idea, no clue of what to do with this gift that was presented in front of us on a plate. With a fork and a knife by the side. With an empty cup on the table. We're all starving for more. That was just an appetizer.



Photo: Elżbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

FORGIVENESS

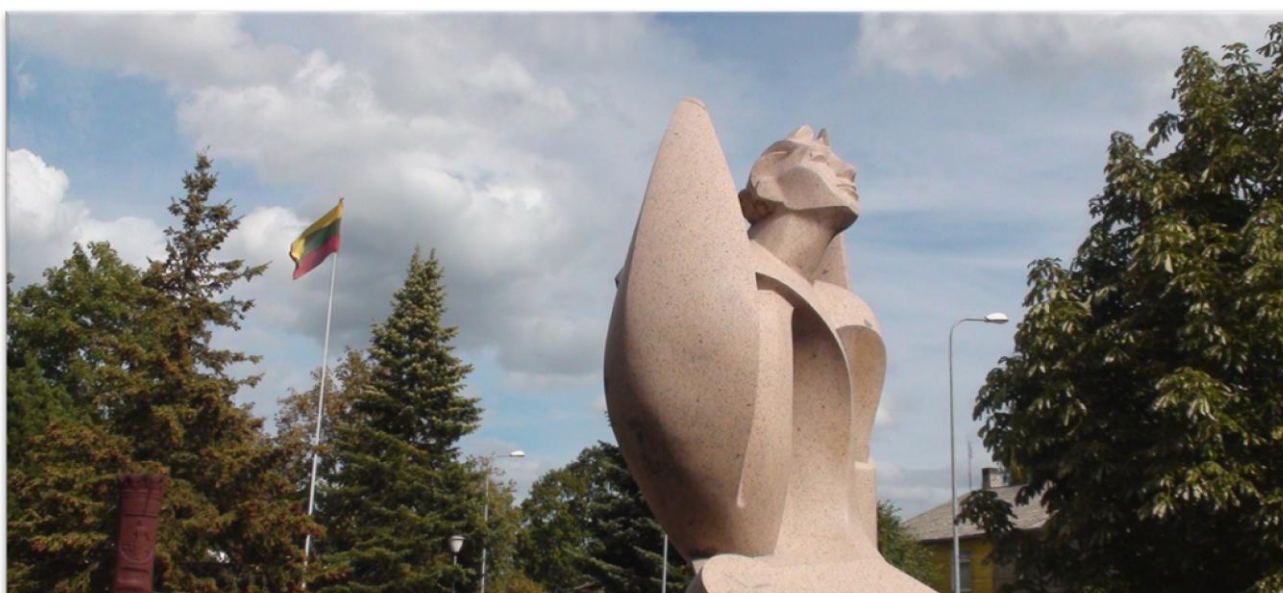
How can someone forgive. Do they forget? Can everything be like it once did? Can it?! Or are we stuck in this awful position of uncomfortable relationships. Why can't we relive some moments? Say different words or act in a different way. We can't redo what's already done and that's the truth. Nasty truth you see in everything they do.

Elżbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

GOODBYE

She says it. That evil word flies out of her mouth. And everything disappears. The blood – red sunset. The lake, which her sister has always admired. Bare feet, swooping into the cold summer grass. The balcony, where she has always counted stars with her granddad. Never managed to count them all. And never will. The secret spot. Small pond, hidden by trees. Her favorite place in the world. The parks. The house. The memories. Everything fitted into a small town. Everything what was meaningful. Everything what felt like home. Everything has been stolen by a seven – letter word. And won't be given back.

Austėja Narkevičiūtė 1a





HAPPINESS

*The sun is rising,
Nature is waking up.*

*Kids are laughing,
Butterflies are flying.*

*Living everyday like it's a gift,
Throwing all the negativity away*

*No crying,
No lying are left in this world.*

*Everyone is happy,
Everyone is friendly.*

*Happiness reigns our hearts,
Peace rules our lives.*

Dorotėja Dilytė, 1a



SOAK THROUGH

His body was tragically resilient, so much that it sometimes made him feel more invincible than he should. The taunted fate by running out into the storm with a million keys tied to his fingers. He never understood why it was desperate to stay, when he himself barely flinched at the idea of going. It had a stubborn perseverance to repair itself, no matter how twisted, crooked and uneven the improper healing made him, it was urgent to leave no wound open. They all leaked through and soak inside of him. He hadn't truly recover from a single scrapped knee or punch to the gut, not that he would ever admit to such a statement of weakness. Every time it gets cold outside, he can feel the ache of each and every one of those broken bones and shattered hearts all at once. Because when you're not spoon-fed love, you learn to lick it off knives. So he just files them all away, categorizing by how much it hurt.

Jorūnė Jankauskaitė, 4B

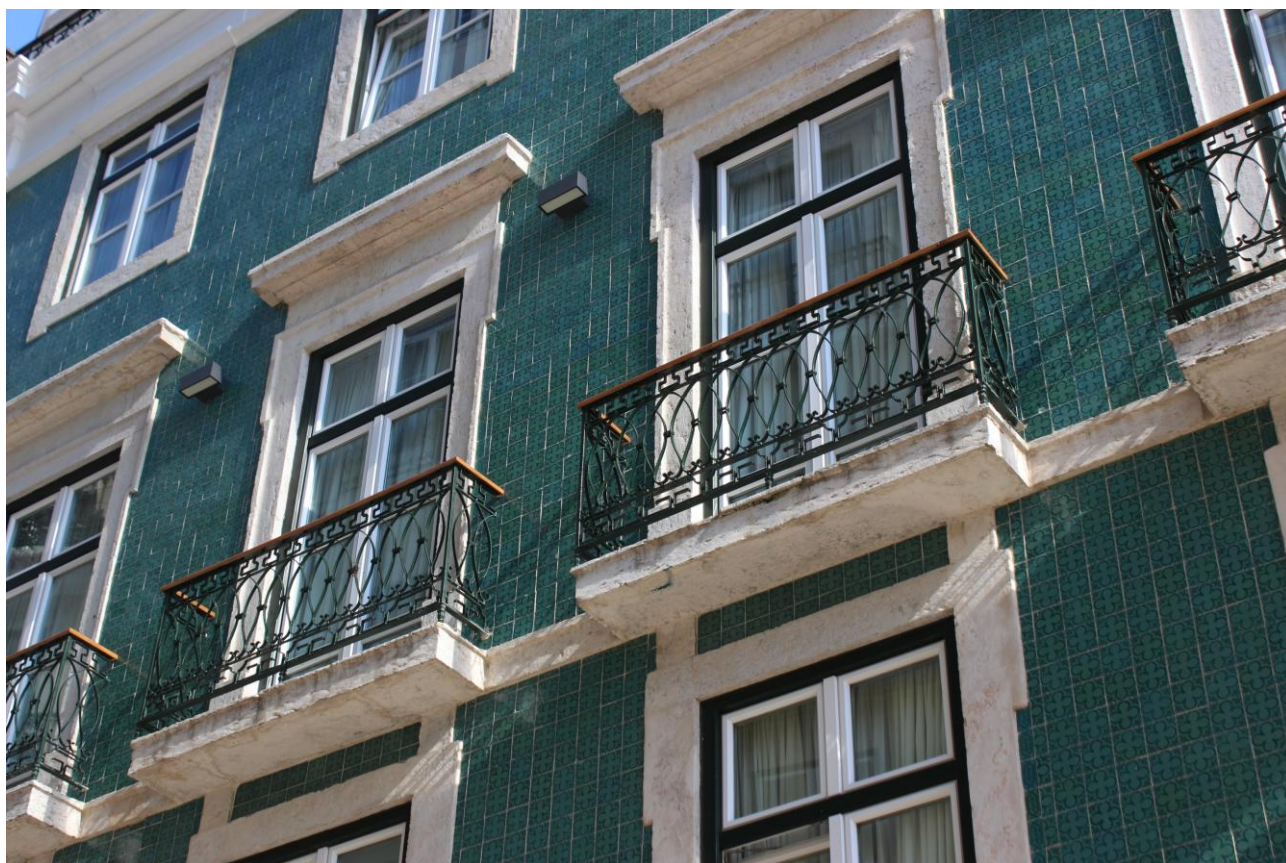


Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

PUSH AND PULL

Their fingertips were tugging on the sky like the wind tugged at the edges of their dreams. Henry loved how he could stir the stars like tea leaves in a cup, while David wanted to grab it by the fistful and tear the whole thing open ,so it could spill and finally explain its secrets to him, answer the questions he had been screaming into the void for years.

Jorūnė Jankauskaitė, 4B

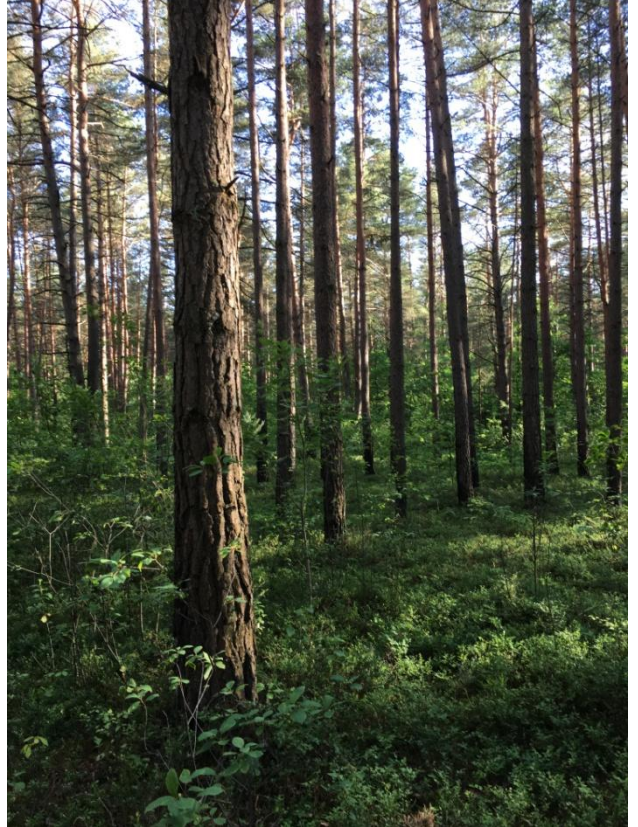


Photo: Nojus Buivydas, 2a

Photo: Nojus Buivydas, 2a

The sky covers all the matter on Earth, the living as well as those who do not, but they serve a purpose for all the life on Earth and because of them the Earth is as beautiful as it is. Mountains which forever grow, but never grow up and are as tall as the sky itself, fields covered with green cloaks, rainbow-coloured plants, deserts enwrapped with brownish color, seas and lakes which paint the horizon in blue-green colors and even glaciers which make our world even more various and extraordinary.

Birds create music which can be heard throughout the whole forest. Wolves howl and create an astonishing acapello melody which gives the forest a feeling of secrecy, easy fear or enjoyment for some. Splashes of rain and wood cracking are heard in wooden houses, where people sit near a fireplace and enjoy the warmth of the fire with their family members, thunder striking the Earth, all of this create a melody and also a feeling one of a kind, which is uncomparable to any other.



The feeling of walking in the forest, listening to those magnificent sounds, enjoying the fresh air. The feeling that calms your soul and your body, fills you with positivity, hope. Then suddenly it all stops and gets stuck in time... and you wonder what has happened? Then you open your eyes and see that the winter has come, covering everything with layers of snow. All the birds have flown away very far, some are hiding deep in the ground. But shortly you understand that all this is temporary, after some time the time will go on, animals will be awake, birds will return to their homeland and the forest again will be full of animals and the same feeling will return to the hearts of people.

*Autumn is like a new beginning
The time when the holidays are killing.
But why do you feel so mad?
Be happy, don't be sad!
You'll get lots of new news
And will see many many new views.*

Rokas Baltkojis, 1A



SOUL

Once upon a time
A little boy learnt to rhyme
He sang a song to a lonely tree
Anytime, every week.

People were afraid of him,
They looked at him
Like he was doing a sin.

But only a little man knew the story
About a fallen soul in glory.

A hundred years ago
There was a strong man
Who killed people with a bow,
But only did he know
That his soul was about to explode.

He didn't like emotions
So he killed them with his potions,
But one day he saw a girl
He thought she was a pearl.

A pearl that only he could hold,
But he knew he would never be loved.

So he came to the witch of the sea
And heard a song named weirdly "Tree",
He was desperate to heal
From pathetic love of dream.

And the witch said -
tell me the only person that you need to be
complete.
Only did he know what affection means,
What it did to him.

He became a tree,
A lonely tree of the sea.
He didn't have anybody
Only a little man
Who knew the glory.

So his soul just fell
To a lonely boy named Glory.

Marta Vailionytė 2A



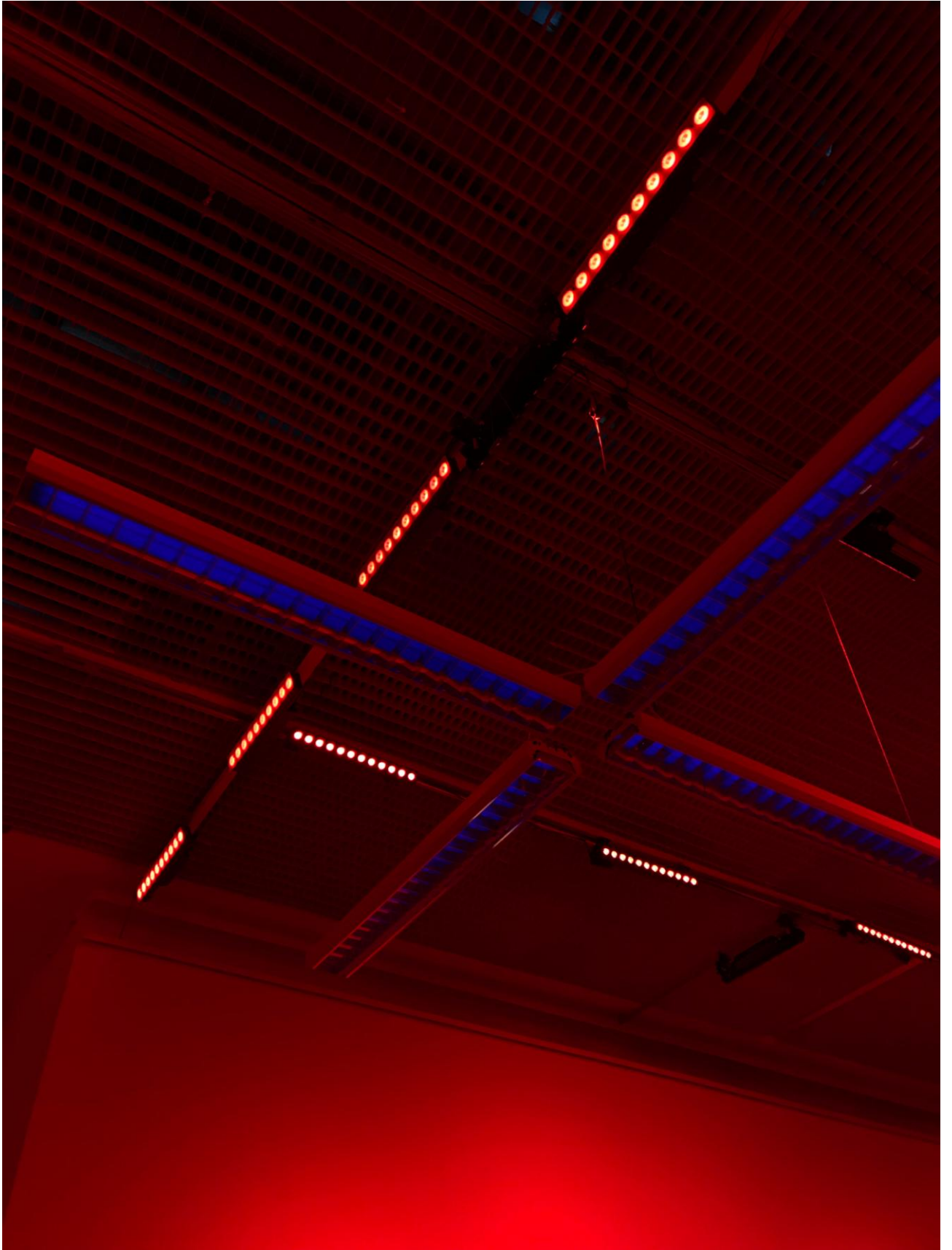


Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a



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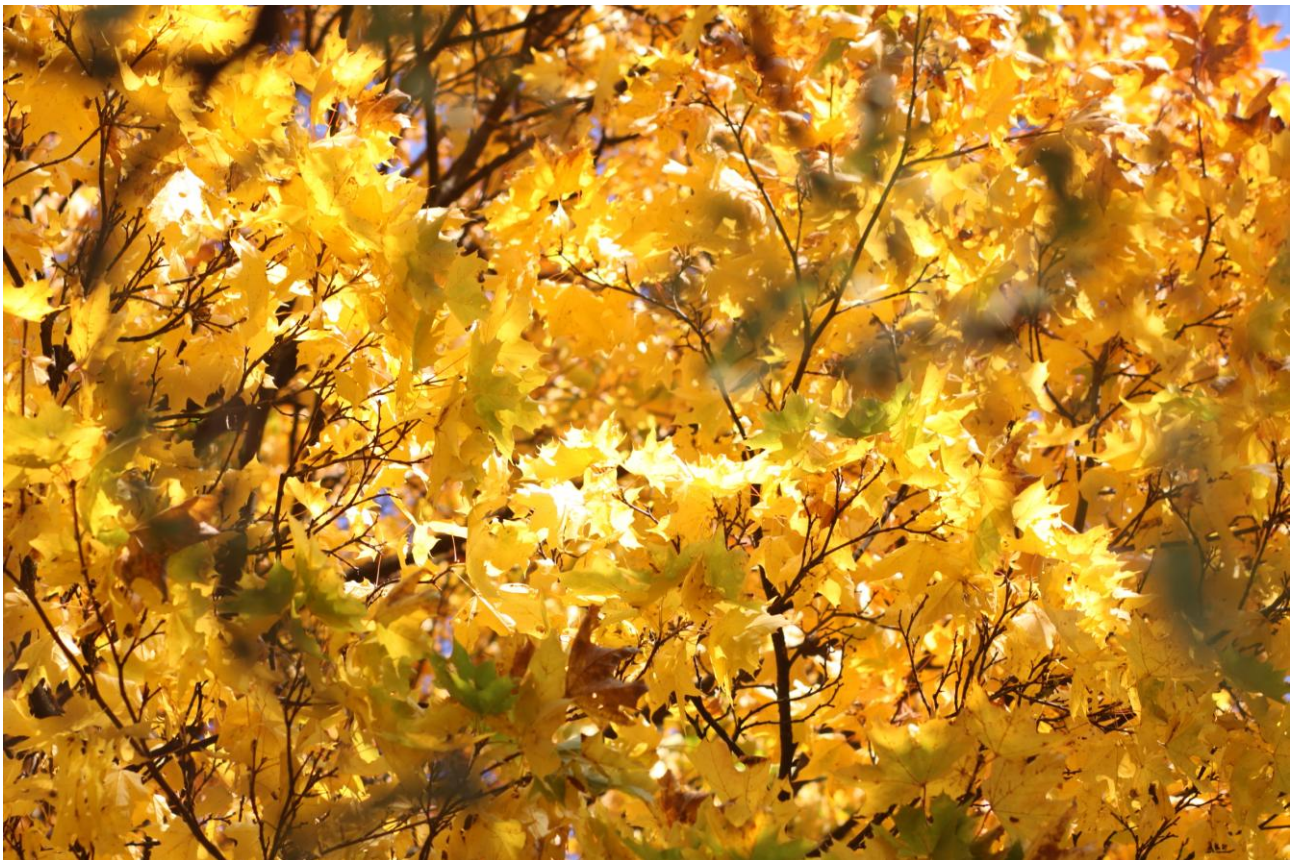


Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a



Photo: Nojus Buivydas, 2a

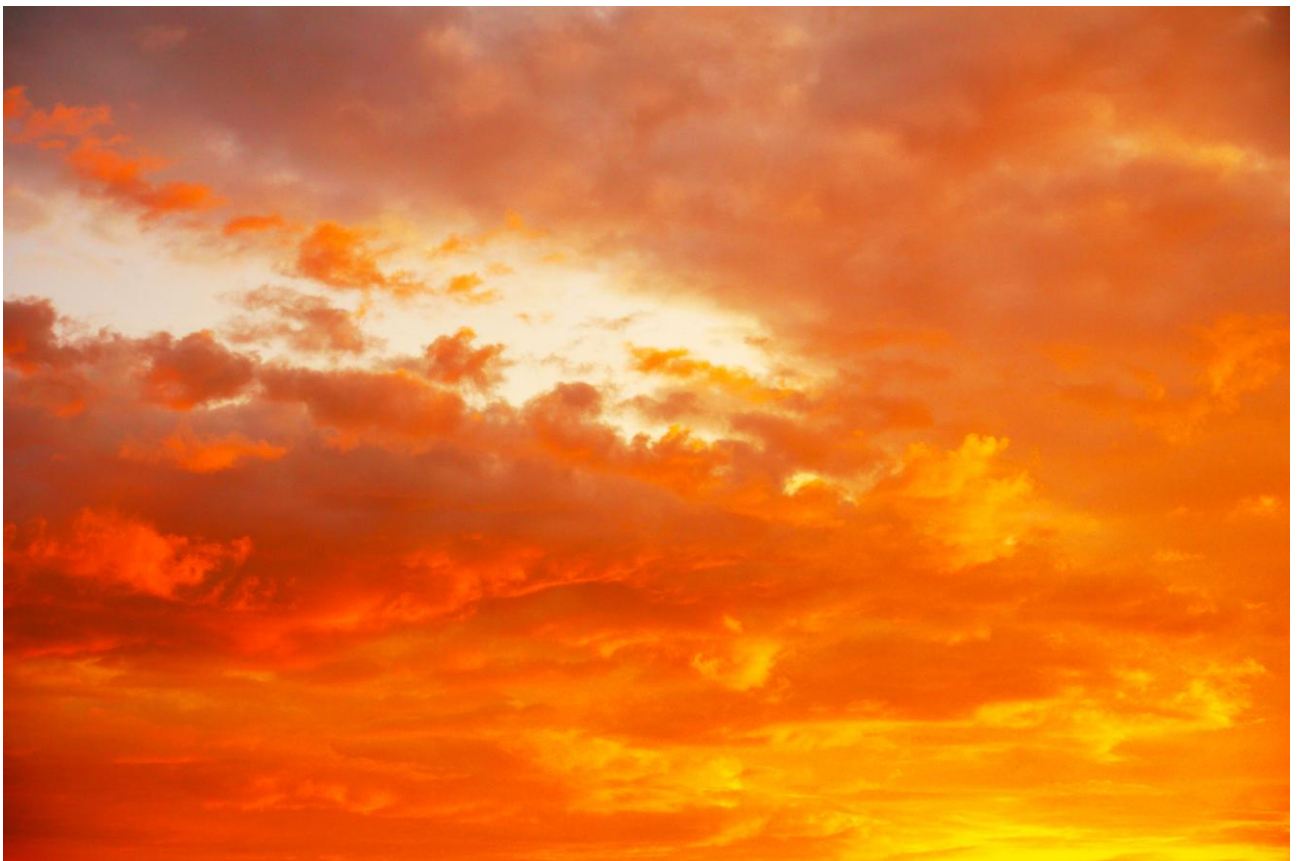


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Photo: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 2a

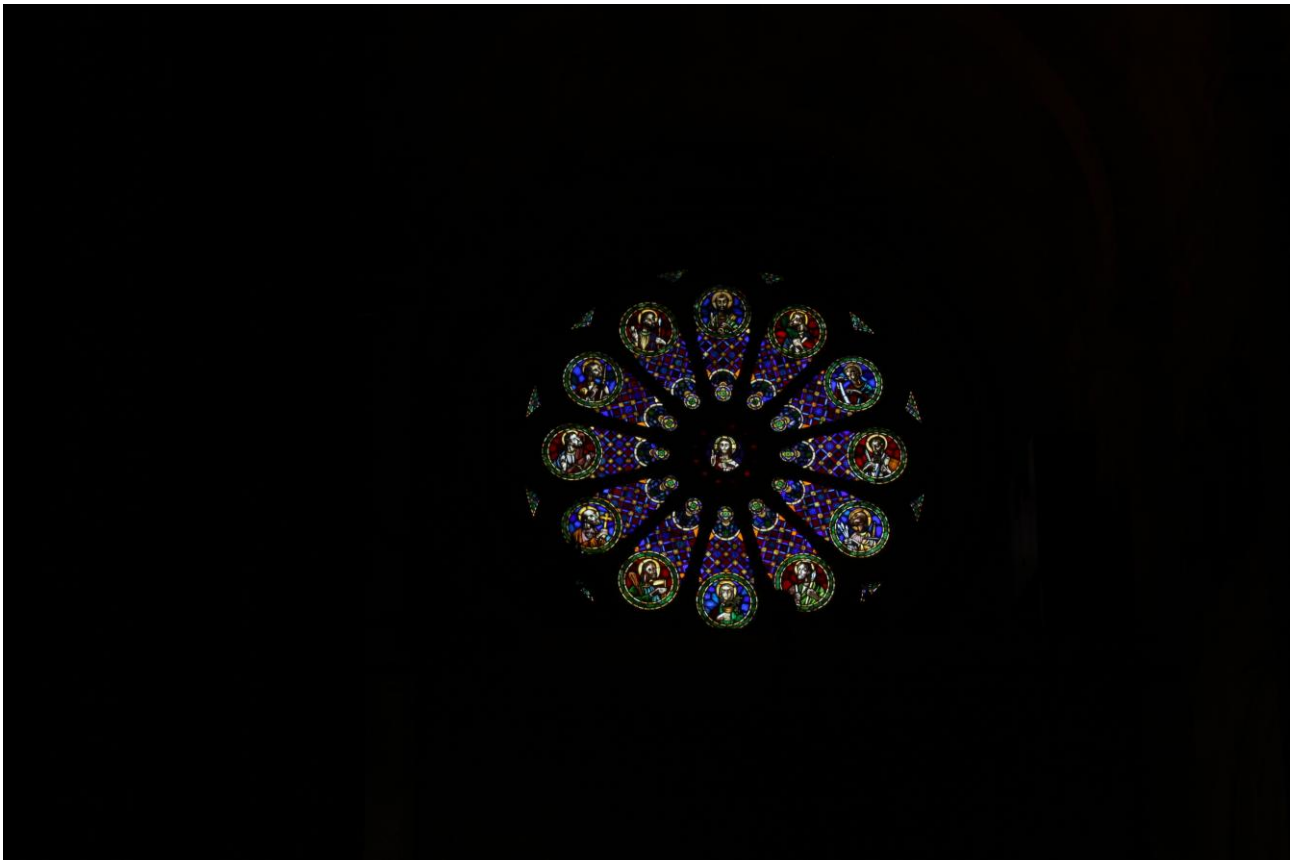


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