

26. AASTAKÄIGU 3. NR

TABULA RASA

Mai 2024

MIINA HÄRMA GÜMNAASIUMI KOOLILEHT



KEVADEKUULUTAJA

Merit Ots
12.a



*Kui tulnud õied, põgeneme linnast:
all mere ääres ootab väike maja,
sää! kibuvitsad õitsvad üle aia–
Kui tulnud õied, põgeneme linnast!
- Marie Under*

Mõtlesin, et peaksin kirjutama midagi tõsist ja teaduslikku, kuid see on üllatavalt raske, kui akna taga paistab hurmav kevadpäike ning lõhnavad verivärsked toomingaõied.

Süda kisub linnast ära! Tahan aina enam veeta aega oma enda väikeses Bullerbys, minu vanaema maakodus, imetleda mesilaste suminat ning külvata kuld kollaseid suvelilli.

Aiatööde ja looduses viibimise võludest räägivad ka teadatud loodusemehed Valdur Mikita ja Fred Jüssi. Esimese sõnul on eestlase paradiisiks koduõu, mille keskmes on kangelasest maavanaema. Just vanaemade tarkused tulevadki kevade saabudes meelde kui võtan kuurist välja reha ja labida. Samas ei tasu askeldamise vahel ära unustada ka fredjüssilikku vaikuses olemist ja looduses mitte millegi tegemist.

Just sellel kevadel olen tundnud rõõmu aias töö tegemisest – vaarikapõõsaste korrastamisest, lehtede riisumisest ja lillepeenarde rohimisest. Mõnus on vahel võtta hetk: unustada viivuks kirjavahemärgid, eksamid ja valemid. Lihtsalt sõita rongiga maale, kulgeda läbi kevadise rohetava Eestimaa, kuulata linnulaulu ja puhata mõttetööst.

Karl Ristikivi teose „Rohtaed” peategelane Juulius mõistis alles vanemana looduse võlu ja põllutöö rahustavat mõju. Ta oli püüdnud põgeneda selle eest, ent olles keskendunud teadmiste ja kuulsuse poole püüdlemlisele, unustas ta ära selle, mis tal alati olemas oli olnud.

Seega, kel võimalik, märgake maikuu helget ilu ja peagi saabuvat suve. Tõuske kirjutuslaua tagant püsti, võtke aeg, et molutada ja nautida loodust enda ümber.



Pildid: isiklik kogu

TOIMETUSE KOOSSEIS

PEATOIMETAJAD

Henrik Harjus (11.a), Marijana Kreek (12.DP)

TOIMETAJAD JA ILLUSTRATORID

Grete Elisabeth Laumets (11.c), Laura Kirke Bertel Pertel (10.a), Merit Ots (12.a), Rando Jaaksoo (10.c), Wiebke Ortbrink (11.b), Karolin Ruumet (11.a), Aleksander Tammiste (4.b), Vidushi Choubey (8.e)

KEELETOIMETAJA

Karolin Ruumet (11.a)

KAAS

Grete Elisabeth Laumets (11.c)

KÜLJENDAJA

Ats Kaup (12.DP)

RAHVUSVAHELINE OLÜMPIAAD GRUUSIAS



Karolin Ruumet
11.a

Koorilauljad Bielefeldis, rahvatantsijad Nepalis, noorpoliitikud Ljubljanas ja Strasbourgis – näib, nagu on tänavune kevad toonud endaga kaasa reisipisiku, milletaolist pole koroonaa-eelsest ajast saadik nähtud ning millesse on nakatunud suur osa Härma kooliperest. Ka minagi sain enne korraliku, kevadele kohase ilma saabumist võimaluse käia välismaal ja külastada põnevat riiki.

Aprillikuus olin ma üks neljast Eesti gümnaasiumiõpilasest, kes võistles Gruusias Tskaltubo linnas Euroopa tüdrukute matemaatikaolümpiaadil. Nädala aja vältel, enne ja pärast kahte piinarikast võistluspäeva, tutvustati meile Gruusia loodust ja kultuuri. Sealviibimise tegi põnevaks ka teiste osalevate riikide võistlejatega suhtlemine. Osalejaid oli üllatavalt palju ning vastupidiselt sellele, mida võistluse nime põhjal võiks arvata, oldi kohale tulnud maailma eri nurkadest. Jah, tõepoolest: viiekümne viiest osavõtvast riigist ja üle kahe sajast võistlejast umbes kaks kolmandikku olid Euroopast. Esindatud olid näiteks

ka riigid nagu Austraalia, Hiina, USA, Kanada, India ja Saudi Araabia.

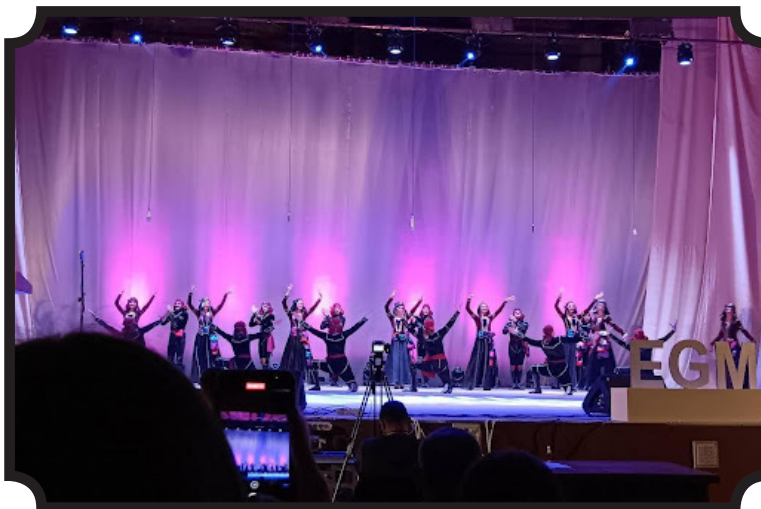
Tuleb tõdeda, et keskmisel eestlasel puudub Gruusiast hea ja tõetruu ettekujutus. Ka minagi oleksin aasta algul osanud öelda vaid seda, et tegu on Musta mere äärsel soojamaariigiga, mille pealinnaks on Tbilisi. Milline aga siis Gruusia päriselt on, sellest üritangi pärast seda pikka sissejuhatust teile, lugejatele, aimu anda. Soovin küll märkida seda, et minu kirjeldused ei anna terviklikku pilti. Kuna olin siiski rahvusvahelisel võistlusel, veetsime meie, kakssada teismelist, terve aja Tskaltubo väikelinnas ja sealjuures omamoodi liikumisvabaduseta – püsisime hotellide ja niinimetatud mineraalveepargi ümbruses. Suuremate linnade nagu Tbilisi ja Kutaisi puhul tutvusin vaid lennujaamaga ning nendest ma rääkida ei saagi.

Tskaltubo asub riigi läänepoolses osas, Kutaisi lähedal (kui see kellelegi midagi ütleb) ning nelja tunni kaugusel pealinnast. Ümberkaudsete

mineraalveeallikate tõttu arendati Nõukogude ajal see suures osas kuurortlinnaks ning selle endise hiilguse jälgi on siin ja seal näha tänapäevalgi. Linna külje all on hiigelsuur park paljude teeradade, hooldatud hekkide ja purskkaevudega, kus on mõnus õhtul jalutamas käia, ent kus on aastatega loodus võimust võtnud. Kohalik taimestik, muide, on huvitav kombinatsioon parasvöötme ja troopika omast – leidub nii tuttavaid kodumaiseid kõrvenõgeseid kui ka meile eksootilisi palmipuid. Pargi ümbruses paikneb umbes tosin stalinistlikus stiilis hotelli ja spaad, millest neli, kus võistluse osalejad ööbisidki, on endiselt külastajatele avatud. Ülejäänud neist on langenud unustusehõlma ja omandanud pisut kummitusliku, unenäolise, ebamaise ilme. Sellegipoolest on Tskaltubo võluv, külalishahke, rohelist täis linnake, mille kohta ei saa öelda (aga ometi ajakirjad ja blogid nii teevad), et tegu oleks mahajäetud kummituslinnaga.

Sest elu seal siiski on. Öhtupoolikul olid tänavad ja park täis inimesi, öhtul aga pidi ülekäigurajata teed ületades olema ettevaatlik, sest pidevalt tuli ühelt või teiselt poolt mõni auto. Võistluse avamistseremoonial esinesid meile koorilauljad, kes mängisid samaaegselt rahvuspile, ja rahvatantsijad, kelle hoogne tants sisaldas vägevaid (ja pealtvaatajale valusana näivaid) hüpped. Peale inimeste oli linna peamisteks asukateks koerad, keda leidus iga nurga peal ning kelle eest kanti ühiselt hoolt. Oli võimatu astuda hotellist välja, ilma et vähemalt kolm neljajalgset kohalikku koheselt sind uudistama tuleks. Jalutama minnes tulid koerad otseloomulikult kaasa ja täitsid omamoodi kohaliku giidi rolli.

Pilt: Rahvatantsijad EGMO avatsereemoonial. Allikas: Erakogu



Ühed vähestest kohtadest, kus koeri ei olnud, olid karstikoopad. Sataplia ja Prometheus asuvad mõlemad

Tskaltubo lähedal ning kahel päeval käisime neid ka külastamas.

Pean ausalt ütleva, et meie Piusa ei ole kohe kindlasti mitte nendega võrreldav, vähemalt mitte käikude pikkuse, koobaste suuruse ning üleüldise suursugususe poolest. Tuhandete aastate jooksul kujunenud koobastikus kõndimine on üpris kirjeldamatu tunne ning igapähe puhul erinev. Üks tiimikaaslane tundis vaimustust stalagmiitidest ja stalaktiididest, teine aga kommenteeris, et tahaks korraldada kooparave'i. Eks seda viimast arvamust inspireeris see, et ühes kahest koopast oldi tavalise, igava valguse asemel otsustatud mitmevärvilise kasuks. Minul endal aga oli

seesama tunne, mis tekib mõne kõrge mäe või torni otsas seistes ning maastikku imetledes – tunne, et maailm on niivõrd suur ja lai, meie ise nii tillukesed.

Minu nädalapikkune reis oli üks erakordne kogemus, seda tänu nii olümpiaadile kui ka Gruusiale endale. Kogegin grusiinide hulljulget sõidustiili, sõin imemaitsvat toitu, lahendasin olümpiaadi- ja nuputamisülesandeid, jagasin teistele võistlejatele Kalevi komme, üritasin (olümpiaadi viimase viie minuti jooksul, kui olin juba alla andnud) veerida veepudelilt Gruusia mkhedruli kirja (წყალტუბო), panin Küprose võistlejaga puslet kokku, olin Sataplia rahvuspargis tiimikaaslase isiklikuks fotograafiks, rakendasin kohvrit pakkides teadmisi geomeetriast ja ruumalast, läbisin lennujaama turvakontrolli koos kilekotti pakendatud meekoogiga ja tegin palju-palju muud põnevat. Lõpetuseks soovin ka teile, lugejad, sama võrratuid reisikogemusi, mis jääksid veel pikaks ajaks kustumatute mälestustena meelde.



Pilt: Prometheus'i koobas. Allikas: Erakogu

HÜVASTI, 112 LEND!

Marijana Kreek
12.DP



Kätte on jõudnud aeg, kus Miina Härma Gümnaasiumi 112. lend on tegemas lõpueksameid ning on valmis minema laiemat maailma avastama. Just selliste mälestustega lahkub meie praegune 12. klass.

Miks peaks tulema Miina Härma Gümnaasiumisse?

Merit (12.a): Härma on täis soojade südametega ja lennukate ideedega inimesi. Tunnen end koolis alati väärtustatult ja hoitult, inimesed minu ümber on inspireerivad ja motiveeritud.

Brita (12.b): Siin on kõige kokkuhoidvamad lennud ja kõige lähedamate iseloomudega õpetajad.

Frank (12.b): Kui tahad inglise keelt selgeks saada.

Elisa Mai (12.b): Ajaloolise taustaga kool, kus õpivad vaid imetargad ja ilusad inimesed.

Jasmin (12.c): Nii-nii palju erinevaid ja huvitavaid, tarku inimesi – kaasõpilased, õpetajad jne. Minu peamine põhjus oleks see, kuigi on veel palju muudki.

Lisette (12.c): Sest siin on väga ägedad õpetajad, ilusad koolimaja, palju üritusi, rahvusvaheline keskkond ja siit saab hea inglise keele ja üldhariduse.

Kertu (12DP): Härmasse tulemine andis mulle võimaluse tutvuda nii paljude uute ja huvitavate inimestega. Härma on täis nii paljusid erinevate valdkondade inimesi, kes saavad kõik omavahel hästi läbi ja embrace-ivad oma erinevusi.

Mis on see, mis iseloomustab just teie klassi?

Merit (12.a): Meie klass on täis indiviide, kes vajadusel võtavad end kokku ja teevad üheskoos vahvaid asju. Väga põnev kogum erilisi inimesi.

Brita (12.b): "puudumised pole päris" mindset.

Frank (12.b): Viimase minuti tegelased.

Jasmin (12.c): Mitmekülgsetel erilised inimesed, kes leiavad ikka ühise keele.

Lisette (12.c): Sõbralik suhtlus ja kokkuhoidvus omavahel. Kui ikka midagi ette võtame, on tulemus võimas! Usun, et meie etteasted jõulupeol ja viimase koolikella aktusel jäävad kõigile kauaks meelde. Meie klassis on väga palju loominguinimesi, seega ideedest puudus ei tule. Meil on mitme õpetajaga tekkinud tõeline side ja seda just meie klassi ühtsuse ja huumorisooni tõttu.

Kertu (12DP): See kui erinevad just meie klassis kõik on, kuid sellest hoolimata saavad kõik ülihästi läbi. Olen tänu oma IB klassile tutvunud ja saanud sõbraks inimestega, kelle poole poleks ma varasemalt isegi vaadanud. Meie

klass on täis erinevaid iseloomu ja lõbus.

Mis on see üks sündmus/kogemus, mida jääd elu lõpuni mäletama?

Merit (12.a): Humanitaaride väljasõit Viljandisse! Nii vahva oli koos pitsat süüa ning hiljem spontaanselt bussis pisikene laulupidu korraldada.

Frank (12.b): Retsimine.

Elisa Mai (12.b): Härma ball 2022

Jasmin (12.c): Lepatriinude jõulud ja ABBA ehk jõuluetendustel esinemised

Lisette (12.c): Viimase koolikella aktuse video näitamist kooli õpetajatele ja teistele abiturientidele. Aga tegelikult ka üldine hea tunne ja lõbus meeleolu, mis meie klassis näiteks ajaloo tundide ajal oli.

Kertu (12DP): IB klassi esimene tutvumispiknik. Olin väga närvis ja kartsin, aga see päev oli esimene samm uue seikluse/eluetapi jaoks.

Üks tarkusetera, mille oma tundidest kaasa võtad?

Merit (12.a): Isegi kui olukord tundub lootusetu, laabub lõpuks siiski kõik. Kui oled lahke ja abivalmis vastataks sulle ka samaga.

Frank (12.b): Ole teemaga kaasas, millest räägitakse, aga ära üle ka mõtle.

Elisa Mai (12.b): Ära võrdle oma algust kellegi teise keskpaigaga, sest igapäev on oma tempo ja tee.

Lisette (12.c): Ivika ütles kunagi meile tunnis kellegi tsitaadi "Inimesel on igas olukorras rohkem kui kaks valikut" ja mulle meeldib see mõte väga!

Kertu (12DP): Sa ei ole loll, sa pead lihtsalt harjutama.

Üks naljakas quote õpetajalt?

Merit (12.a): „Inimene ei ole destilleeritud vesi!” – Kari Kalk

Frank (12.b): „Matemaatikat tuleb armastada.“

Lisette (12.c): „Ma täna sõin neid makarone ja mõtlesin, et mis nendega küll tehtud on. Vaesed makaronid. Paras genotsiid.“ – Kari Kalk

Aleksander Tammiste
4.b



TEHNOLOOGIAKONKURSS

Tehnoloogiakonkurss toimus 12. märtsil Tartu Aleksander Puškini Koolis. Võistlesid neljandate klasside õpilased neljast koolist, kokku kaheksa õpilast. Miina Härma Gümnaasiumi esindasid Mirtel Toome (4.b klass) ja Aleksander Tammiste (4.b klass).

Peale šablooni kättesaamist lõikasime mudeli šablooni osad välja, kleepisime vineerile ja hakkasime tööle. Alguses läks kergesti, aga hiljem hakkas kätel valus. Peale käte puhkamist lõikasime edasi. Peale tükkide väljalõikamist võtsime paberi vineeritükkidelt ära ja hakkasime lihvima. Seejärel puurisime augud kohtadesse, kuhu vaja, ning vineerisaega lõikasime teed sisse. Mõned tegid töö kiiresti ära ja olid juba pannud lennuki kokku. Lõpuks saime ka meie valmis. Aega kulus umbes kolm tundi. Kohal olid ka kaks õpetajat, kes juhendasid ja moodustasid žürii. Publikut polnud.

Žürii palus võistlejatel minna 10 minutiks välja. Hindamine oli väga raske ja poodiumil oli kaks esimest kohta, kaks

teist kohta ja ka kaks kolmandat kohta. Mirtel sai teise koha, Aleksander kolmanda.

Üleüldiselt läks meie kooli õpilastel võistlusel hästi. Oleks pidanud šablooni joonistama puidu peale ja hoidma vineerisaagi täpsemalt, siis oleks tulemus võinud veel ilusam saada. Soovitan osalemist ka teistele.

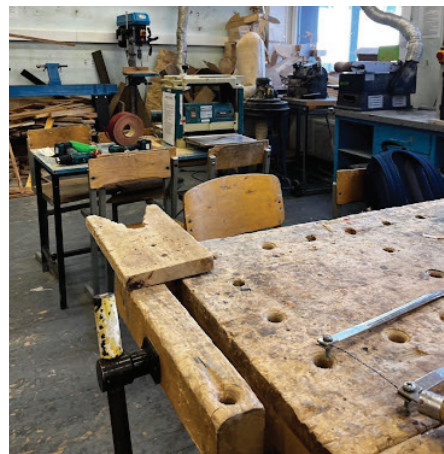


Foto autor: Aleksander Tammiste

NOORTE HÄÄL EUROOPA NÕUKOGU CLRAE-S: KUIDAS KOHALIKUD PROBLEEMID LEIAVAD GLOBAALSE LAHENDUSE

Henrik Harjus
11.b



See aasta langes mulle osaks au olla Eesti noordelegaat Euroopa Nõukogu Kohalike ja Piirkondlike Omavalitsuste Kongressil (CLRAE). Pikk tiitel tõesti, kuid mida see tegelikult tähendab? Ja miks me üldse noorte kaasamisele aega raiskame?

Alustame nime esimesest osast: Euroopa Nõukogu. Euroopa Nõukogu on demokraatiat ja inimõigusi edendav organisatsioon, kuhu kuulub 46 liikmesriiki üle kogu kontinendi. Ainsad Euroopa riigid, kes selle organisatsiooni töös ei osale, on Valgevene (kes pole sisse saanud, kuna nad kasutavad jätkuvalt surmanuhtlust), Venemaa (kes visati välja peale Ukraina-vastase sõja algust), Kasahstan (kes saaks tehniliselt liituda, kuid pole seda veel teinud) ja Kosovo (kelle iseseisvust riigina paljud ei tunnista). Tihti arvatakse, et Euroopa Nõukogu on seotud Euroopa Liiduga, ning kuigi nimi on neil sarnane ja lipudki identsed, on nad täiesti erinevad organisatsioonid. Tegemist on väga põneva ent keeruka organisatsiooniga.



Foto allikas: CLRAE galer

Euroopa Nõukogu alla kuulub Kohalike ja Piirkondlike Omavalitsuste Kongress. Mis üldse on kohalik või piirkondlik omavalitsus? Kohalikud omavalitsused tegelevad, nagu nimi viitab, kohalike probleemidega. Kuhu läheb meie prügi, kas ja kuhu ehitada rattateid, kuhu panna püsti park, kes selle pargi eest pärast hoolitseb, kust kuhu me ühistranspordi liinid joonistame - kõigi nende küsimustega tegeleb kohalik omavalitsus. Kuigi tegemist on kohalike probleemidega, vajab nende lahendamine tänapäeva maailmas globaalset koordinatsiooni. Selleks pakubki CLRAE platvormi - iga aasta kohtuvad enamikest Euroopa Nõukogu liikmesriikidest kohalike omavalitsuste esindajad Strasbourgis toimival kongressil.

Delegaadid saavad pidada debatti ja koguda ideid teemadel, mis meid kõiki mõjutavad. Kuidas aidata Ukrainat, kuidas tagada puhas vesi kõigile, milline on kohaliku demokraatia olukord ühes või teises riigis - need on vaid mõned näited teemadest, mida arutati märtsis toimunud kongressi plenaaristungil. Aga mis rolli mängivad nendes teemades noordelegaadid? Igast Euroopa Nõukogu liikmesriigist valitakse ka üks noordelegaat, kes peaks toimuvates diskussioonides kaasa rääkima, pidades silmas just oma riigi noorte arvamusi ja huve. Hääletada me küll ei saa, kuid sõna võtsid noordelegaadid korralikult. Noortel on tihti oma perspektiiv praegustest probleemidest ja otsustest, sest meie peame nende tagajärgedega elama.

Toon (pigem ebarealistliku) näite: ütleme, et mingis paraleeluniversumis

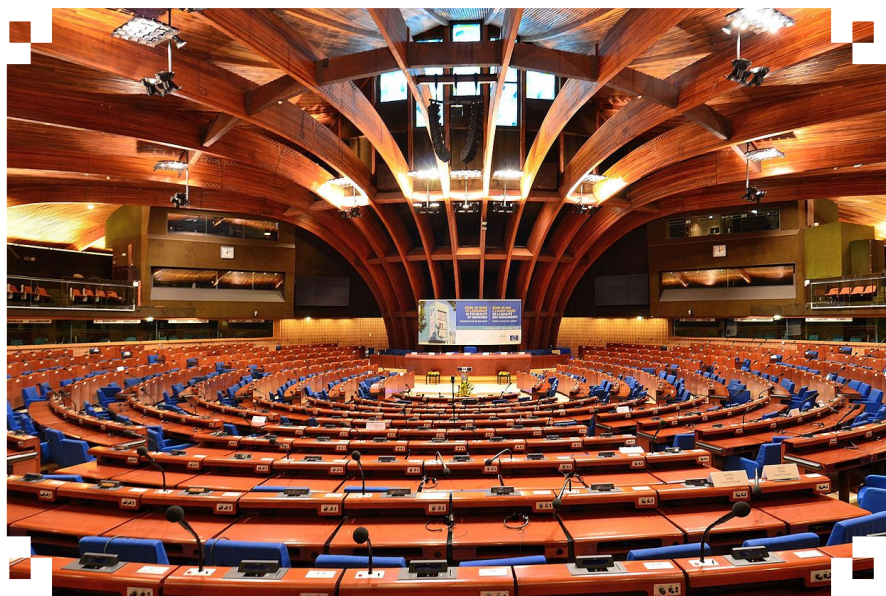


Foto allikas: Vikipeedia

tahavad kohalikud omavalitsused täielikult kärpida hariduse rahastust. “Mis meil nendest lastest? Mingu parem tööle. Meil on vaja staadione ehitada,” ütlevad vallavanemad kui ühest suust, “koolid on ainult kulu, midagi me neist ju ei teeni. Õpilased ise ka vinguvad koolis käimise üle.” Selles paraleeluniversumis täiskasvanuid selline idee ei pahanda: “Ongi parem, saame lapsed nüüd tööle saata, raha ongi vähe. Meil koolis juba käidud, mis meil sellest haridusest?” Õpilased olid loomulikult sellele kõigele vastu: “Kuidas me siis tulevikus oma unistusi täide viime? Jah, koolis käimine on tüütu ja haridussüsteemil on omad vead, kuid te olete meie vingumisest lugenud välja täiesti vale sõnumi!” Selles paraleeluniversumis aga noorte häält ei väärtustata, nii et koolid lähevadki kinni ja lapsed targaks ei saagi. Tulevikus majandusnäitajad kukuvad kolinal, sest olulisi teadlasi, insenere, arste ja ettevõtjaid jääb aina vähemaks.

Sellises situatsioonis oleks pidanud mängu tulema noordelegaat, kelle töö on laita ja tuua tähelepanu otsustele, mis on noortele kahjulikud. Loomulikult on minu toodud näide täielikult absurdne ja väga lihtsustatud, kuid tegelikult on kõikidel otsustel, mida valitsused teevad, mõju kõigile ühiskonnagruppidele, sealhulgas noortele. Kahjuks on noored aga

pahatihti poliitika suhtes ükskõiksed, mistõttu on oluline, et noorte kaasamisega tegeletaks aktiivselt. Tegelikuses on ka noortel arvamused. Ma pole veel kohanud inimest, kellel poleks mitte ühtegi arvamust. Noortel puuduvad hoopis teadmised, kus ja kuidas oma arvamust efektiivselt väljendada ning miks see üldse oluline on. Selleks eksisteerivadki noorte kaasamise projektid, nagu CLRAE “Rejuvenating Politics” (“Poliitika noorendamine”), mille eesmärk on leida noordelegaate üle Euroopa ja tuua nad kokku, et anda ka neile võimalus lüüa kaasa otsuste tegemises.

Demokraatia toimib ainult siis, kui kogu ühiskond selles osaleb. Seetõttu utsitan ma kõiki täisealisi lugejaid minema valima selle aasta Euroopa Parlamendi valimistel, mis toimuvad juba juunis. Järgmisel aastal toimuvad Eestis ka just kohaliku tasandi valimised, kus saab hääletada juba 16-aastaselt. Lugege uudiseid, pange ühiskonnaõpetuse ning ajaloo tunnis tähele ja osalege võimaluse korral erinevates noorte kaasamisega seonduvates projektides - ainult nii on tulevik meie kõigi jaoks helge.



THE MEANING OF FRIENDSHIP

Wiebke Ortbrink
11.b



I want to dedicate this article to everyone, but especially to my friends that I was able to make during my exchange and the friendships I was able to maintain back home in Germany.

In this article, I will write about the effects, positive and negative, that friendships can have on a person. I will draw some personal examples but I will also give some widely scientifically known facts about the effects of friendship.

Friendships are not always easy, but they can help you a great deal. It is said that people with healthy relationships or friendships are less likely to suffer from depression. But friends can also make you feel like you are responsible for them and make you forget yourself, for example, if you know that they struggle with mental health or other issues. This feeling is fine, but it should not cross the line where you put all your problems and feelings to the side. If you put too much pressure on your shoulders, you will break. Never forget yourself. It's important to find a balance between socializing and time to just focus on yourself. I, for example, like to spend time with people but I often feel quite drained after a day of a lot of socializing. I unwind by listening to music and reading a good book.

Childhood friends are friends you met when both of you were children. With some of them, you may still keep in contact, while others are by now only a collection of memories. With childhood friends, you created fantastic memories. Those friendships often were made for a reason that in

German we would call Zweckfreundschaften. The objective would often be getting into a group so as not to be lonely. These friendships can be fragile and change a lot, but sometimes they are unbreakable. Often these friendships develop because you go to the same school or kindergarden or because your families are friends or neighbors. Sometimes these friends are even family, for example, a cousin that's close in age.

I had a bunch of childhood friends and they are the part of my childhood I like to remember the most. My friends made my childhood a happy one. I have memories from picnics in the garden to sleepovers with movie nights. I remember baking cookies together in the wintertime and going swimming in the summer.

And then there are friends I made between the ages of 9 and 16. That's the time when I learned, or better, realized how friends can hurt you. I felt alone because I could not fit in with the girls, since I was just not interested in the same stuff and others looked at me weirdly when I hung out with some of the boys. I was often used by others because I was nice and could just not say no. It was hard for me to learn that I could not please everyone around me. But during that time I met my best friend and became part of an amazing friendship group that I will be forever thankful for. They help and support me and only expect the same thing in return.

And about the friendships that I made here during my exchange year: they are something extremely special for

me. I could fill pages with stories and memories with the friends I found because of my exchange year. But the most important thing for me about these friendships is that all of them helped me to find myself. The self that can face challenges and the one that is not afraid anymore to do something alone in a completely new environment. That's because I realized that I am never completely on my own. There will always be somebody who likes me the way I am and that I can be myself with. Indeed, there is always somebody out in the world that likes you for who you are. Also, I don't have to be afraid to lose anybody that I met during this amazing time, because even when I have to say goodbye, it doesn't have to mean forever. I will forever carry the memories we made with me.

I am thankful for all the friends I had and will still make during my life, because from everyone that comes into your life, you can learn a great deal. Sometimes it's good, sometimes it's not. But everyone has to learn these things by themselves. It's a part of growing up and you never stop learning. It's a never-ending journey.



Vidushi Choubey
8.e

THE STORY THAT PROBABLY SHOULDN'T BE PUBLISHED

My family and everyone in my family's social circle is from India (what a surprise!). They grew up and studied in India, which is why I'm writing this article. I have never studied in India and cannot give you the actual experience of what it's like, but they have and they would very much not like to return. For the sake of comedy, this will be a little bit about my uncle.

My uncle is an engineer. He moved to Estonia nine years ago, and has been living in Tallinn ever since. He's a funny guy, being the type of person to remind you that whatever impressions of adulthood a youngin' has is wrong. My uncle still retains childlike wonder and amusement even after marriage and a career, and he makes my forty-five year old father and forty-two year old mother forget they have two children they needed to put to bed a long time ago.

(Just kidding, mother, father. You're very responsible as parents. Also, my mother is most definitely not forty two.)

This article is a story he told us when we visited his place some time in March. It's about his student days, and it is a bad message to send to all of you reading this. I'm serious! While I was interviewing him to hear the story again, he clarified that he doesn't condone what happened, and was actually very embarrassed at the end of it all. But it's also very funny, so here is what happened.

Competition for engineering is fierce in India, with almost ten times the students in Estonia fighting for passing grades, constantly facing gruelling exam after gruelling exam. The pressure for passing said tests

in India is equal to the weight that Atlas bore on his shoulders, and you put your blood, sweat, and tears into coaching, studying, revising, and performing.

My uncle was preparing for the entrance exam to get into college and finish his engineering degree. His parents had paid for the entrance as well as coaching for the ordeal, and he was ready to take his mock exam in tuition.

The next time you worry about an exam, remind yourself you're not in a densely populated country. My uncle was writing his test alongside almost a thousand people, where coming first or second place was pretty much left up to whichever god you chose.

Usually, said gods would choose Saurav, the topper of the class. He had come first in almost everything he did, was well prepared, had amazing analytical skills and was well-regarded by teachers. It's quite a feat, considering the size of the class and the pressure that comes with it.

On the day of the mock exam, my uncle got seated next to Saurav in what was pretty much divine intervention. The mock exam had two hundred questions with different topics requiring you to use pretty much all of your brain, whether it be the logical part or the one that's praying to multiple religions, just to be sure. My uncle had been prepared, but it's pretty hard to remember all of that preparation when you're sitting next to the topper in a test that was all multiple choice questions.

The opportunity was there, and my uncle took it.

He copied everything Saurav wrote. Whatever Saurav calculated, my uncle was right there. Whatever Saurav

erased, my uncle raced to correct his paper.

There were five minutes left in the exam when the teacher began to collect papers, but Saurav had a question missing. That's okay, he's the class topper anyway, he'll be fine.

But my uncle wasn't taking any chances. Just before his paper was taken away, he circled a random answer before the paper was swiped under his nose.

The exam was over, but the hard part had only just begun.

Results were announced in the next class. My uncle doesn't remember a lot about the rest of the class, but he has a vivid memory of the top three.

The student who placed third, he doesn't remember, but second place surprised everyone.

"Second place..." called out the teacher, "goes to Saurav. Who is Saurav?"

Everyone was silent. The temperature felt as though it had dropped several degrees, even though they were, in fact, in India.

Saurav stood up, in as much disbelief as the rest of the class. He passed my uncle before getting his paper from the teacher, who patted him on the back.

This was the first time in a long time Saurav has lost first place, and that is the bitter truth of life. Life isn't fair, and your spot at the top is never guaranteed. Someday, someone will take that place, no matter how much work you put in.

So who? Everyone wondered, who would take Saurav's place as first?

The teacher looked at the paper that took the crown, and raised an eyebrow. He cleared his throat before announcing my uncle's name.

Silence again, before people start laughing nervously, my uncle included. Their faces fell when they realised the teacher was serious.

Wait, what?

My uncle was sweating bullets. He had remembered his performance in the exam, and he wasn't too sure how it had managed to upstage Saurav like this. He got up to receive his paper, passing through mutters of understandable confusion.

When he got there, the teacher patted him on the back.

"Well done," he said, "keep up the good work."

...Sure. Good work. How very accurate as to how everything had gone down.

For a reference image, google up the "the Office handshake meme". You know the one.

My uncle's friends knew he cheated. He himself obviously knew he cheated. The walk back to his seat was akin to a walk of shame, but shameful thoughts weren't exactly filling his head back then.

Similar to all the students whispering behind his back, ones who had no way of finding out exactly how he got his mark, they all repeated one question. "How the HELL did this happen?"

And years later, as a mechanical engineer far away from India, in Tallinn, he's still asking himself what he did to deserve the gods deciding he gets that final answer right. I have my theories, but I'm just the messenger in this article and have no free will of my own.

My uncle feels very bad for the person who placed third, though. He was the rightful second place guy. It's a nice sentiment, but that's only if you forget exactly why that guy got third instead of second.

When the actual entrance exam happened, my uncle struggled greatly. It took weeks of rigorous study and practice before he took the exam, and he made it.

The story has become a humorous anecdote, and I think it goes without saying that DO NOT DO THIS.

This is just a funny story, and this is all it should be. My uncle told me that the experience ended as more uncomfortable than anything else, and that actually working will beat whatever cheating someone does.

...Even if the story suggests otherwise. There's no moral I can give you. Stories are sometimes just weird and morally questionable, and there's no deeper meaning to them.

But it was funny, huh?

MY AUNT HAS GIVEN ME FULL PERMISSION TO PUBLISH THIS STORY.



Vidushi Choubey
8.e

You may have read the story about my uncle earlier! Thanks for reading it, he thought it was funny too. I'm still in shock that he gave me permission to air it out just like that, but all publicity is good publicity, right?

He told me not to write about the time he nearly burned down the chemistry lab in his school using Bunsen burners and unfortunate scientific pursuits, and out of respect for him I will not write about it at all.

He does have a sister, though, and here's another little anecdote.

My aunt (his sister) is a very nice woman, rather shy yet hardworking in her job as... in her job. I don't know what she does and I will learn after this entire thing is published. She was

like that during her school days too, as I'm told. Her favourite subject was music, something that translated into adulthood as well. She's a very good singer.

The story takes place in her fifth grade, waiting for music class to start on the highest floor. One student was called into the garden below, and they went out.

All around her, classmates were playing and doing all the carefree things they liked to do at their age. Chatting, rock-paper-scissors, bullying, snacking, the works.

Some students were looking out the window, and that's when all the fun began.

The principal, a strict lady with no

tolerance at all, was scolding the student taken out of class on the yard. Keep in mind that the school she was the head of was Catholic (yes, they have those in India, I was surprised too), so it's safe to say that the poor guy was not coming out alive.

And by the looks of it, neither was my aunt's entire fifth grade class, who took it upon themselves to excitedly eavesdrop on the principal from the highest floor, pressing their faces up against the window.

It was a riot; the student was the principal's son, and he hadn't been doing well with his grades. Let's give it up to the teachers for giving bad grades to the principal's son, and let's equally applaud the guy who thought

it was a good idea to slack off in a school run by his mother. His Indian mother. Indian officials and politicians may be corrupt, beta*, but this is your mother. I'm not sure where he got the idea that he was going to get away with anything just because she runs things, speaking as the daughter of an Indian teacher in this very school.

I better continue before the trauma catches up to me.

My aunt was a very good child and decided not to participate in making fun of the dude as he was getting ripped into, even when her friend had joined the mass crowd enjoying the little Shakespearean show. But that would change when everyone realised something.

The principal had disappeared from the grounds entirely in the blink of an eye.

"Where did she go?" they all questioned, scanning the grounds frantically. The cricket field was empty, the place she was standing in was empty, the gate was empty...

So there they were, using their very good observation skills to locate their missing principal. She must have used

some back door or other means of escape, they said, putting their heads together. My aunt had been sure they were going to start drawing graphs if things got out of hand.

In all their theorising and observing and stellar detective skills, the students had not realised that what they were searching for was right there all along. And what I mean by that is: the principal had seen them eavesdropping and they had two minutes left to enjoy life.

It still evades my aunt how the principal managed to sneak past them and get into the room like that, but let's just call it sorcery for now. If sorcery hadn't been scary enough, then hearing "Having fun, all of you?" most certainly was.

There is a stereotype of caning children within Asian culture that this article...cannot disprove. Because you can tell what happened next. I can tell some Indian readers exactly what is happening next, which is why I'm not going into detail about it. Use your imagination!

My aunt, despite not having actively participated in the eavesdropping, got her fair share of punishment too. That's just how it is, kids, can't beat the

system.

Best part? The music teacher finally made it to class once all of them had got their punishment, and all the principal said was:

"I'm finished with the students. What about you?"

And that's all.

I know all of you have developed opinions about the principal, and I'd like you all to know that she is a very sweet lady I have not met personally but was told about by my aunt. Maybe I should have clarified that in the start, but now you all know!

If you're a little disturbed by the caning: it happened everywhere. All of my family members, such as my dad, have had their experience with the cane. I would write about that, but he is my father and in charge of my pocket money, and I like my pocket money.

Until next time, then. Thanks for reading.

Oh, and if Indian readers are actually reading this: नमस्ते, खरीदारी के लिए धन्यवाद, भाईयो और बहनो.

* beta - hindi word for 'son'

Rando Jaaksoo
10.c



FJODOR DOSTOJEVSKI „ÜLESTÄHENDUSI PÕRANDA ALT“

„Ma olen haige inimene...“

Nende sõnadega algab teekond Dostojevski ühe kuulsaima ja vahest ehk (minu poolest kasvõi) tähtsaima teose lõppu. On küllaltki irooniline, alustada juba seesuguse vaimse raske mõttekäigu alguses „haige inimesena...“.

Me oleme kõik haiged, võin seda peale raamatusse sukeldumist kindla südamega väita. Sealjuures tuleb vist mainida, et mitte kõik kõnealused haigused pole füüsilised või kehaliselt mingit moodi väljenduvad, nagu me sellega harjunud oleme ja tavapäraseks peame. Meeleheitelised

naudingud ja kontrast inimeste nii varalise kui just eriti ka hingelise (ka mõtestatuse) pagasi vahel – ka selle võib juba haiguseks tembeldada ja kui mitte sinu, siis kellegi teise puhul, sest sellist asja nagu normaalne inimene lihtsalt ei ole olemas. Meie erinevused on justkui haiguse sümptomid, mis meie arenedes aina rohkem välja löövad ja meie eripärasid neile teistele näitab. Sama järelduseni jõudis ka Põrandaalune ehk see, mis on halb, on hea ja mitte vastupidi. „Maks valutab, noh, las ta valutab siis veel kõvemini!“

Teos on kenasti jaotatud kaheks sisult täiesti erinevaks pooleks. Raamatu esimeses pooles kajastab Põrandaalune enda kogemusi ja vääritud antikangelase elu. Ta loob seoseid enda ja tollase (19. sajandi, kuigi ka tänapäeval on tema loodud seosed vägagi aktuaalsed) ühiskonna vahel, presenteerides enda „haigust“ ehk erinevust ja võõrandumist teistest, pidades end sealjuures teistest kõrgemaks (seda siis mõistuse poole pealt). Tema monoloog kritiseerib osavalt tollaseid valitsevaid ühiskonna „normaliseeritud“ mõtlemisviise ja ratsionalismi, teadvustades ja korduvalt välja tuues seda, et normaalsust kui sellist tegelikult ei eksisteeri.

Ma ei saa mitte jätta Põrandaalust imetlemata. Lõpuks leidsin ma tema, kes maailma tegelikkuse on pannud mõistetavasse keelde, tähtedena paberile. Kuigi on antud talle pealtnäha antikangelaslikud iseloomuomadused ja käitumisviisid, näen mina Temas kangelast. Sest kas ka „antikangelaslikkus“ pole lihtsalt üks haigus, mis näitab inimest? Kas meie mõistes „antikangelane“ tähendab pealtnäha halba ja negatiivset vaid seepärast, et see on meie jaoks „normaalne“ ja meile on nii õpetatud? Aga normaalsust ei ole! Siinkohal tuleb kindlasti lisada, et seetõttu peangi Teda kangelaseks. Üheltpoolt, sest kõik halb on hea ja mitte vastupidi. Teisalt, sest Tema paneb meid mõistma normaalsuse nexiste pas (mitte eksisteerimist), samal ajal kurtes oma siivutut elu, teades väga hästi (ja ainult nii ongi), et tema on kõigist targem ja parem, sest tema mõistab seda, mida teised ei mõista, sest teised ei näe ega saagi näha maailma muud moodi kui „normaalselt“ või siis Põrandaaluse järgi „mitte-normaalselt“. Siit võib täiesti vabalt seega edasi arutleda juba teemadel nagu „mis me oleme“ ja „kust me tuleme“ või „kuidas elada“ (mida



Pildi allikas: Vikipeedia

Põrandaalune ka tegelikult kaudselt puudutab, kuid mis pole Tema kriitika mõte), ent siinkohal pean vajalikuks lasta igal indiviidil selle kohta ise järele mõelda.

Raamatu teine pool on ilmselt (ilmselgelt) laiale massile mõistetavam. Stiil muutub traditsioonilisemaks (et mitte öelda normaalsemaks) narratiiviks, kus Põrandaalune meenutab meile üht sündmustikku Tema ja teiste vahelistest suhetest ja suhtlemisest. Ilmselt väheolulisem on selle poole algus, kuid mis jõuab tähendusriikka haripunktini, kui Põrandaalune kohtub noort prostituuti Lizat. Tema avalduses Lizale ilmub Põrandaaluse inimlikum külg, säilitades samal ajal enda intelligentset kõrkust ja üleolevust (ehk Tema emotsionaalsus ei vähenda sugugi mõistuse võimet mõista ning ta kasutab seda emotsionaalse haavatavuse varjamiseks). Põrandaalune paljastab enda haavatavused (isolatsioon, eneseväärikuse puudumine) ning sisemised vastuolud (ühiskonnaga siis), misjuures aitab Liza passiivselt Tema inimliku väljavaate lahtikoorumisele kaasa rohkem, kui isegi Põrandaalune arvata võib. See osa teosest hõlmab ja avab inimeste sidususe ning armastuse ja nende tagajärgi. Peale selle ka mõistmatuse ja soovi olla mõistetud.

Seega on minu jaoks lugemuse keskne idee mõistetavus ja mõistmine, nii enda kui ka teiste. Eriti enda, sest sinu mõistmiseks oleks neil vaja kõike, mis sulle-sind-sinuta on olnud, aga seda pole kellelgi peale sinu iseenda.

Teile, kes te seda lugesite ja mitte midagi ei mõistnud: palju õnne, te olete normaalne...



Vidushi Choubey
8.e

WHAT IS THE WORTH OF COMICS, REALLY?

Comics are the marriage of art and writing, where the skeleton of the story and the muscle of the linework drive a cultural icon. Think Adventures of Tintin, Calvin and Hobbes, or literally every single superhero in the media right now.

Comic books and art are a thankless job, and it's not hard to understand why. Even the word 'comic' is derived from 'comedy', where all is nothing but sparkle without substance. Comic books are not grand literature, challenging the views of traditional society and culture across the world or picking apart our values, flaws and very existence one by one, like how a lepidopterist examines a decaying butterfly. By their very nature, comic books exist to entertain fruitlessly by showing a funny character falling around in ridiculous ways (no hate to Captain Haddock, by the way. Love that guy).

Since you are undoubtedly a very smart reader, you, I bet you predicted I was going to say 'but is it really?' or 'just kidding!' or something of the matter. You're very intelligent; have you considered writing a book?

This article is for me and the people who draw and read comics. I was going to be very dramatic and call it a 'testament to how comics have shaped our society', but there's no way to say all of that and take this article lightly. So for your sake and mine, let's do what comics do to literature; let's be simple, yet impactful. And at the very end, we'll show why we shouldn't be underestimated as a media form.

Wait, I'm not a media form. Are you?

COMICS IN POLITICS.

Take a shot everytime I reference something American in this segment, but then don't, because I'm not sure my editor would take very kindly to me killing our dear readers in the way of alcohol poisoning.

I mentioned earlier that comics are not grand literature, and there's a reason that's a good thing. For one, classic literature is a very, very tough act to swallow, which is why the visual accompaniment of gorgeous illustrations alongside the story is much more accessible to audiences worldwide of all ages. Comics are fun, fueled on raw emotion and a lack of metaphors and subtlety hidden in dense text, and it makes people want to read them. So if you wanted to, say, spread a message...the conclusion writes itself. It doesn't draw itself, though, you'll have to hire an artist for that one.

Throughout conflicts, comics have been a source of escapism and even patriotism in most cases. The best example of comics as a propaganda tool comes from World War Two in America, where the idea began to pick up in popularity.

Here's a fun question: does anyone else feel like TV shows and video games based on comics have become too 'woke' lately? Man, it really feels like they're pushing one hell of an agenda on us!

Why can't we just go back to the good old days where comic books were- you see where this is going. There have always

been messages in the media, we're just seeing different ones nowadays. Pop culture influences people, especially when those people are in school during the process of maturing and grasping new novel concepts such as existing, responsibility and using deodorant.

(I'm being serious; hygiene is important. If you don't learn anything else from this article, at least let it be this.)



Source: Toons Mag, The Golden Age of Comic Books: A comprehensive exploration from Superman to Captain Marvel, article by Liza Thomas

American comic artists cashed in on this immediately, using their works to reinforce ideals of what the grand Star-Spangled flag represents and what the American youth should strive to be. There was an entire writers' board called the Writers' War Boars that contributed to the fight against facism in comics. Heavy-handed propaganda wasn't the goal here, but it was subtle choices such as having the Villain of the Week be German, have a bad guy or two go 'Mamma Mia!' or draw a yellow man with a desperate need for a dentist that got the point across. "This is our enemy," they said, "and this is why you must fight for your country." The foundation for widespread patriotism in America was influenced by their comics in a large way, which is why superheroes have become the cultural icon they are now. Images of Captain America throwing his shield of red white and blue at Red Skull, the ruthless Nazi leader, enraptured the youth and citizens.

Hell, even the JOKER refused to work with Red Skull. You can't get clearer than that.

In a way, comic books have worked to unite America as one nation in the fight against those abroad. Well, not completely.

Writers who were focused on the war effort saw internal racial struggles in the country as a threat to the American image, hence the inclusion of several Black superheroes and pieces on the horrors of lynching. They spoke to audiences internationally to portray America as a racially tolerant country, a place where there is a home for everyone. These depictions were not perfect, as they still struggled to overcome the negative stereotypes that seemed to be ingrained into all American media towards African Americans. Cough-cough.

And of course, the depiction of their overseas enemies, especially towards the Japanese, cannot be forgotten. The Japanese had been commonly depicted as subhuman even before the war, which is why it wasn't hard

to villainize them in comics forward. Then there were the Germans, all war-mongering angry civilians intent on defiling the pure and innocent with their thirst for blood. I was going to make a joke here, but I thought better of it, because I am already failing my German classes. Use your imagination.

The war had done many a number on racial stereotypes and influencing societal views on different cultural backgrounds, and being a product of the war, comic books followed along, for better or for worse.

I only mentioned America in this segment, and there's a big reason why. Some of you geniuses have figured out that I was writing about the grand Golden Age of comics in America, lasting from 1938-1956. Why didn't I mention this beforehand? I dunno. Plot twist's sake. But now you know!

Outside the Eagleland, there were many comics circulating in the blast zones of Europe. I only have time to mention my favourite little guy: Tintin.

Belgium's poster boy of comics (the

forms of head trauma) he's come with his fair share of political discussion. Herge has used his influence and his characters to share his views several times. The book Tintin and the Blue Lotus has been called the first 'serious' Tintin adventure, since this is where Herge began to put his politics in the young explorer's misadventures. Tintin and the Blue Lotus expresses anti-imperialist views using the plot, or the lack thereof. The initial plot of the book eventually gives way to subplots that spin the heart of the political messages of the book in the end. Character development, too, isn't based on their role in the plot of the book, but rather the political dimension of the time.

What is interesting about Herge's messages in his cartoons is how they strayed from popular ideologies of the time. He portrayed the Native Americans as sympathetic and human in Tintin in America, as well as the Incas in The Seven Crystal Balls and Prisoners of the Sun.



Source: MIT Global Languages, Teaching with TinTin and the Blue Lotus

Smurfs do not count, because there are so many of them and I hate them).

Tintin's legacy remains as one of Belgium's cultural icons, but you can bet that with a history so long (and with the little guy traversing through so many places and contracting various

Speaking as an Indian with half our stuff in some British building, I respect that.

Continuing with his disagreements with racism, he portrayed racists in his novels as ugly men with nothing better to do, and they were unabashedly villains in his works. Herge had published comics actively abolishing Germany and Nazism despite recommendation from the Belgium government to keep neutral,

COMICS AS CULTURAL AMBASSADORS

The previous segment has mentioned Herge and the fact that his stories take place internationally, and it goes without saying that his historical accuracy and care taken towards the

can never imagine my mother sharing any interest I do at this age. Sorry, mother.

Her interest and her eventually passing it down to me has shaped our understanding of the world through Tintin's adventures as he passed through places we would only read about, which is why Herge's care means we didn't get a caricature of the place being written about. He portrayed them as they were, and that is how young readers will know them.



Source: The Bristol Board on Tumblr, panel from TinTin

and portrayed Romani and Tibetan people favourably in the novels they appeared in.

Herge is a great guy, and he's got good opinions on racism! Man, let's hope there's not a political comic that would suggest otherwise... Remember, folks, Tintin in the Congo is a thing and always will be. Never pull wool over your eyes!

Moving on, let's see how comics act as 'cultural ambassadors', in a sense. Okay, that's not a good word for what I'm trying to say. How do comics act...as international...things? I don't know. If you find a good word, do me a favour and cross out the title below with your pen and write it in yourself, okay? Thanks!

regions he depicts has gone a long way in today's modern world. Today, Herge's comics are sold all over the place, and have gained esteem in places so different from Belgium it's crazy. For example, my own mother has grown up with Tintin and his adventures, and that really surprised me because I

Comics are as accessible as they are widespread, and we all are familiar with how they've been used commonly as tools of influencing. The same goes for comics that originate from different backgrounds that eventually sell across the world, sharing the life that the author has known to millions of readers everywhere. While written literature shares the same purpose, comics are visual media that have illustrations that accompany the story



Source: Widewalls, A Short history of Manga

being written. "Show, don't tell" is common writing advice that is often struggled with, but comics give you the outlet to do so as you please. So I'll also adhere to that advice and provide an example.

If you are like me, you were reading

through this article and were waiting for that one grand word. So let's do it. Let's talk about manga.

Manga, or man-ga, or however people pronounce it, is a pretty good example of how cultures can be translated throughout the world using comics. In this case, Japanese culture is present in the several manga volumes filling shelves in Estonian bookstores. Manga makes frequent use of the Japanese world in their plotlines, themes and characters, making aspects of that average Japanese life available to any person who picks up the right comics. Examples include... literally everything. Even if it's not a traditional Japanese setting such as Vagabond in the 17th century or a highschool setting in modern-day Japan, the elements of how the Japanese view the world through their mindset is present in every Japan-originated comic. Note to translators: this is exactly why you should retain the setting in Japan as it is. No 'jelly-filled donuts' stuff, it's a rice ball and a rice ball it shall remain. Trying to Westernize the setting will just end up in looking something like Osaka is the best city in California.

Sorry. Let's move onto our most pressing subject:

COMICS AS LITERATURE

Go back and read my opening paragraph to start this segment, but if you understandably don't want to, I'll reiterate. Comics are historically just THE funny. It's one-liners with a weird guy falling over, that may or may not be a racist caricature, and nothing more to it. Political satire? Subliminal messaging? A sliver of intelligence? Hah! Save your breath, kid, those are for real writers only. It's for writers like Joyce, with his lowbrow raunchy comedy in his books and Dickens with

his Monty Python-esque comedy.

...That was a Funny, by the way. Monty Python came after Dickens.

It's not just comics' history that's against it being classified as 'real literature': it's all pictures. Will pictures ever count as real literature? Where are the metaphors, the allegories, the meaningful plot development? Can it really all be described using pictures? Especially silly pictures, ones with cartoony figures and talking animals. How could anybody take those seriously?

Well, I've been writing this for way too long for me to start getting into the definition of literature and what

Silly animals can never be taken seriously, much more if they're in graphic novel or comic format. Anyway, in 1992, a book won the Pulitzer prize, as books usually do. That's right, folks, we're discussing Maus!

Maus follows the author Art Spiegelman's father, Vladek Spiegelman, and his time as a Polish Jew throughout the Second World War.

...You guys remember that drinking game I had at the beginning of the "comics and politics" segment? How about you change that to 'World War Two' count?



Source: The New York Times, The Making of Maus

classifies as 'real books' right now. From this point forward, we will only be discussing examples that you, yes, YOU, may find in bookstores near you soon enough.

Anyway, if you were expecting me to recap the story, I can't. Go read it yourself, because I can never do it justice in this short article. But, I can explain how Maus is one of the best representations of why comics have a place in literary discussion and the literary circle in two paragraphs, starting with the 'graphic novel' format.

Writing is a sort of art, and there's many ways to mess it up. So is drawing, but the thing about writing is that you don't need to make it look pretty to be a successful writer.

Maus combines the two perfectly, with its bleak, colourless art with simple shapes and masterful shading, capable of creating a primal sense of fear and discomfort within the comic. Even with the uncomplicated figures of the rat creatures that replace humans in the novel, there are moments of great emotion that Spiegelman communicates through



Source: Literary Hub, What Banning Maus means for the Generation of Artists it inspired

those figures in a way that is so raw, so frightening. The discomfort of an animal in distress translates well into the story Spiegelman is telling, the more you think about it. Especially when you consider the rats. Rats are small, almost as fragile as they are scary, which is why it hurts to see them in pain.

Spiegelman's art invokes a sense of nostalgia, which makes the happenings of the story almost jarring to the reader, pulling them rather violently from what they thought was familiar with the black and whites reminiscent of Calvin and Hobbes, and then you remember it's a story about Nazis.

Spiegelman makes use of absurdism in art, with incomprehensible drawings much like madness filling pages during times of great distress for the characters, not to mention the central gimmick of animals replacing people. His art style fits together with the story as though it was written with the pictures falling onto the page as he typed, which is perfect for a graphic novel. If your art matches your story, you've created a formula for your success in the department. The author's animal caricatures seem like they had actually lived moments where a pig mask is worn to just be

treated normally, where they were so desperate for supplies to stay alive yet living in such an untrustworthy space where you second-guess everyone who claims to help, and the readers can feel it. You can feel your heart accelerate when a bullet nearly kills Vladek while he deserts, you can almost hear his new wife shout angrily about how modern-day Vladek doesn't care about her, and you can feel Art's frustration about getting his jacket thrown out for no good reason. Sorry, Art.

His story does his art as much justice, where something weird happens. See, the story of Maus can be cut in half: the modern day, and the past. The past is the main story, and the modern day showcases how the past has influenced Vladek and turned him into who he is today. This is my favourite storytelling piece from Maus, since it's such a human way of understanding who Vladek is. We see who he is, and we see what shaped him, and it keeps us going with his story. It's like we slowly get to know Vladek more than just the flat ink character on paper!

And for a story about a Holocaust survivor, that's so damn important in your work. Art Spiegelman has this perfect narrative, this perfect artstyle, this skill of weaving the hardest tale

to tell into a Pulitzer prize winning book. His writing and art blend into each other and complement one another, page after page, and ending in 296.

I'd argue a lot of Spiegelman's choices for Maus wouldn't have translated very well in a traditional book. Spiegelman's graphic novel is the first one to have entered academic discussion, which could mean big things for comics with more 'serious' tones later on. Graphic novels aren't just childish

and for people who aren't 'intellectual', graphic novels are entirely capable of being just as good as any classic discussed now. In fact, several comics and graphic novels have gone down in history as books that kept a generation sane, or books that influenced a generation into believing whatever an author believed, and in this example: a book that made us remember.

THE GRAND FINALE

I made this because I was hitting roadblocks with my own creative work. "What's the point? What now?" After all of this, I learnt something very important.

"Jesus Christ, why do they draw all the black characters like they're all Jim Crow?"

Okay, uh. Yeah, not that. Let me shuffle my notes a little...

Okay.

To all that create and draw and write and do all of them, you may feel downtrodden nowadays. Everywhere you see, you realise that you may never succeed in life with the things you love. You're no brain surgeon, you're no math olympiad champion, and you're pretty sure your future is you on the street asking for change.

But this article wants you to remember that your worth exists, and it's damn valuable. Your work has the potential

to influence, to empathise, to help, to heal, and most importantly, it is made from you.

I wrote this article because I wanted to appreciate the unseen parts of comic books as a form of media, and why it's worth it to keep writing, keep drawing, and put yourself out there. You're no Herge and you're no Kentaro Miura, but you are you, and what you do is worth it. And finally, I wrote this article because I read a comic, and it was so damn good I had to write this entire thing.

I don't know how to properly end this

article, but I do know some comics I enjoy. Here, if you want, you can go out and read them too. Granted, they're not exactly unpopular, but I think you might quite like them:

- *Maus*: You read the article, right?
- *Neon Genesis Evangelion*, manga: okay, maybe I shouldn't put this in... uh, avert your eyes, ye who be younger than fourteen! For the rest: the art is wonderful, and the imagery makes me want to cry. Local teenage boy refuses to child soldier.
- *The Way of the Househusband*: the premise may be a little repetitive, but this comic has legitimately made me

clean up my space.

- *Sheets*: A ghost and a girl navigate being outsiders in their individual spaces.

- ALL OF TINTIN SANS ONE WE DON'T TALK ABOUT: It's Tintin! What more can I say!

Thank you all for reading! Godspeed.

Wiebke Ortbrink

11.b



PUNANE PUUVILJATARRETIS

Koostisosad punase tarretise jaoks

175 ml kirsimahla
1 spl maisitärklist
500 g külmutatud marjasegu
2 spl suhkrut

Koostisosad vaniljekastme jaoks

500 ml piima
½ pakki pudingupulbrit
3 spl suhkrut

Esimene samm

Punase tarretise jaoks vala potti kirsimahla. Aseta sellest 3 spl mõõtenõusse. Lisa toidutärklis mõõtetopsi ja sega korraks vispliga.

Teine samm

Lisa potti ülejäänud kirsimahlale külmutatud marjasegu ja suhkur ning sega korraks läbi. Kuumuta segu keemiseni, seejärel lisa kirsimahla ja maisitärklise segu ning sega korraks. Sega segu uuesti, seejärel hauta umbes 1 minut. Nüüd peaks segu muutuma aeglaselt paksemaks. Tõsta punane tarretis tulelt ja lase jahtuda.

Kolmas samm

Vaniljekastme jaoks pane kastrulisse piim koos vanillipudingu pulbri ja suhkruga, sega vispliga ühtlaseks, et tükke ei jääks. Aja vedelik segades keema. Hauta segades 1-2 minutit, seejärel eemalda tulelt ja lase jahtuda. Jaga punane tarretis magustoiduklaasidesse ja naudi soovi korral vaniljekastmega.

Head isu!

LUULE



Laura Kirke Bertel Pertel

10.a

Mida sa kardad?
Keda sa kardad?
Hirm sunnib rohkem kui iha
Iha sunnib rohkem kui rõõm
Ja kumbki neist ei sunni kui viha
Sest viha ei ole
Ja haiget ei tehta lihtsalt niisama
Tehakse sest et on hirm
Ja on iha
Olla armastatud.

Lase käia
Jutusta oma mina natuke väiksemaks
Hammusta oma lõuad natuke pehmemaks
Oma hääli natuke õrnemaks
Oma jõud natuke nõrgemaks
Lase käia

Ma ei sunni
Ma ei palu
Ah tead
Tee mis tahad
Ole kuis tahad
Natuke vale
Kellegi jaoks
On see niikuinii.

Kuidas mitte karta
Kuidas olla kartmatu
Kuidas mitte tunda hirmu
Hirmu enda südames

Kuidas olla rohkem
Olla nii palju et kuhugi ei mahu
Kuidas olla tugev ehe hirmutav
Kuidas olla piiritu
Olla vänge tõeline ja päris
Olla enda ise nurumata
Teise ise jaatust

Kuidas mitte karta
See pole küsimus see on vastus
Igas küsimuses on vastust
Iga pärija on vastaja
Iga paluja on saaja
Kui tas pole hirmu.



THAT'S EPIC

Hi! I'm a new student in IB...



Who's staying for more than a year



How??

Classmate since 3rd grade

aight, Peace.



WANISHI!



Best job in School

Be me...
be employed.



hear the best tea



avoid Psychological trauma



never mind.



