

27. AASTAKÄIGU 2. NR

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MÄRTS 2025

MIINA HÄRMA GÜMNAASIUMI KOOLILEHT



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KAS MAAILM ON HUKAS?

Henrik Harjus

12.a



Hiljuti pöördus minu poole sõber järgneva küsimusega: “Kas ma olen dramaatiline pessimistlik vingats või on mul õigust karta maailma tulevikku üle?” Kuna mulle meeldib ennast maailma asjadega kursis hoida, pole ta ainus, kes on küsinud minu arvamust inimkonna käekäigu kohta. Nagu ajalooõpetaja Alla Vinitšenko on mitmeid kordi öelnud, elame me huvitava ajal. Kohati tundub mulle, et lausa liiga huvitava ajal. Infoühiskonnas jõuavad uudised üle maailma meieni vaid loetud minutitega ning üldjuhul ei valmista need teated meile rõõmu, vaid pigem just toovad meis esile lootusetuse. Usun, et paljud noored seisavad silmitsi hirmuga tuleviku ees ning mitte vaid seoses ülikooli või eriala valikuga. Seetõttu pakun ma teile oma vastuse miljoni dollari küsimusele: “Kas maailmalõpp on lähedal?”

Alustame kõige globaalsemast probleemist, millest on ilmselt iga inimene kuulnud: kliimamuutus. Eelmine aasta oli esimene kord, kui maailma aastane keskmine temperatuur ületas 1,5 kraadi tööstusrevolutsioonieelse ajaga

võrreldes. California põleb, Trump astus Pariisi kliimaleppest välja ning Antarktika küljest eemaldunud Londonist kaks korda suurem jäämägi on kokku pörkamas haruldaste pingviinide kaitsealaga. Miks on 1,5 nii oluline number? Sest nii leppisid riigipead kokku 2015. aastal Pariisis kliimakonverentsil. Tegelikult on see number meie endi seatud eesmärk, mis arvati juba tollal olevat liiga ambitsioonikas. Lisaks sellele on leppes ette nähtud, et *mitmete* aastate keskmine, mitte ühe aasta keskmine, ei tohi ületada 1,5-te kraadi, seega pole me veel läbi kukkunud. Tuleb mees pidada, et 1,5 on *meie endi eesmärk*, ning sellest mitte kinni pidamine, olgugi et vaieldamatult halb, ei tähenda veel siinse planeedi elu lõppu. Eelmine aasta oli pea 72% Euroopa Liidu elektritootmisest süsinikuneutraalne (mille alla kuulub peale taastuvenergia ka tuumaenergia), mis tähendab, et me oleme hetkeseisuga kohati oma kavandatud kliimaeesmärke lausa ületanud. Muidugi pole siin planeedil vaid Euroopa – on ka Aasia koos Hiinaga, Põhja-Ameerika koos USA-ga, fossiilkütuste suur-

tootja, kontinent-riik Austraalia ning paljud teised. Euroopa on oma süsinikuheitmeid vähendanud, viies oma tootmise üle vaesematesse riikidesse Aasias. Hiina on küll lubanud tegeleda roheenergiale üleminekuga, kuid tihti väidetakse, et nende teod seda ei näita. Ameerika on bipolaarne – iga nelja aasta tagant valivad nad kellegi, kes kliimamuutusesse ei usu. Samas saavad ameeriklased 43%, hiinlased 35% ning austraallased kolmandiku oma elektrist süsinikuneutraalsetest allikatest. Taastuvenergia kasutuselevõtt on kohati olnud peadpööritavalt kiire, kuid tihti me seda ei märka, sest kliima siiski soojeneb, paljuski lehmade ja transpordi tõttu. Põhjus, miks ma seda statistikat teie pihta loobin, pole see, et ma tahan tekitada miraaži, et me juba elame utoopilises maailmas ning kliimasoojenemine on lahendatud. Soovin vaid demonstree-rida, et muutus on võimalik, me oleme juba õige kursi võtnud, kuid vaja läheb veel palju vaeva ja tööd, rohkemgi kui praegu panustame.

Rahvusvaheliselt on maailm rohkem polariseerunud kui kunagi varem. Impeeriumite taastamine on jälle moes ning demokraatia on rünnaku all. Ameerika uus-vana president Trump on oma esimestel ametipäevadel jõudnud palju kaost külvata. Seda artiklit kirjutan ma kuu aega enne Tabula Rasa ilmumist, seega kindlasti on lugemise ajaks jõudnud Trump välja kuulutada, et tema valitsuskabinetiga liitub Saatan isiklikult, kes hakkab haldama riiklikke religiooniküsimusi. Vaatamata sellele, on osad julgeolekueksperdid öelnud, et Trump võib globaalsele demokraatialle positiivset mõju avaldada. Miks? Sest ta ei taha, et Ameerikat (ja seeläbi teda) nähtaks nõrgana. Peamine sõda demokraatia ja totalitarismi vahel ei toimu hetkel Põhja-Ameerikas, vaid siinsamas Euroopas. Kui Trump annaks venelastele seda, mida nad nõuavad, tähendaks see Ameerika juhitud maailmakorra hääbumist, ja ükski president ei taha, et selline asi juhtuks nende ametiajal. Trump on tuntud oma suurte sõnade poolest, kuid lohutage end sellega, et tal on valijad, kellele ta peab muljet avaldama. Riigid suhtlevad kahe publikuga: siseriikliku ja välisriikliku. Soovitan kuulata pigem seda, mida Trumpi valitsus välismeediale ütleb, kui seda, mida nad oma kodanikele lubavad, et hääli võita. Ka neid välissõnumeid tuleb kriitilise meelega kuulata ja lugeda. Trump lubas ka eelmisel ametiajal Gröönimaa ära osta, kuid seda ta ei teinud. Ähvardused on läbirääkimistaktika, mida ei tasu alati otseselt tõlgendada. Trump mõistab ka ise, et ta ei saa oma plaani realiseerida, kuid ilmselt soovib ta midagi muud saavutada — näiteks USA sõjaväe suuremat kohalolekut põhjanabal. Eesti jaoks on paljud Trumpi valitsuse sõnumid olnud ka positiivsed. 31. jaanuaril tunnustas Trumpi välisminister kõiki Euroopa idatiiva riike, kaasa arvatud Eestit, nende panuse eest julgeolekusse. Trump ise on öelnud, et riike, kes panustavad oma julgeolekusse, kaitseb ka Ameerika. Seega ei oleks mina mures NATO lagunemise pärast. Kuigi meie idanaabrist tulene-

vat ohtu ei tohi alahinnata, siis võttes arvesse seda, kui palju on Eesti oma kaitsesse panustanud ning kes on meie liitlased, ei usu ma, et on mõtet und sõjahirmu tõttu kaotada. Ärge unustage, et Eesti võitis juba kord vabadsõja, tollal palju vähesemate liitlastega ning kehvema varustusega. Venemaa oli siis küll nõrk, kuid Ukrainas toimuv on näidanud, et nende tänapäeva võimekus on paljuski ülepaisutatud ja NATO-ga sõda nad alustada ei julge. Samas ei laiene autoritarism ainult läbi sõja. Vahel võib selle kolle olla riigis endas. Euroopa Parlamendi valimistel kasvatasid oma toetust paremäärmuslased. Ka Trumpi võit näitas, et valijate seas on suur nõudlus "võimsa, tugeva liidri järele, kes korra majja lööks". Veebruaris toimuvatel Saksamaa valimistel ennustavad reitingud suurt edu AfD-le, mis on järjekordne paremäärmuslik partei, mille toetus on jõudnud rekordtasemele. Paremäärmuslase tõus Saksamaal on pannud paljusid muretsema, egast ajalugu end ei korda. Demokraatia on habras ja me ei saa kunagi olla täielikult kindlad, et miski seda ei lammuta. Tihti saab demokraatiast diktatuur nii, et kodanikud seda isegi ei märka. Kõigil tasub olla ettevaatlik, ka meil Eestis. Siiski ei usu ma, et me näeme läänemaailmas demokraatliku korra lagunemist. Meeles tuleb pidada, et populistid ütlevad ükskõik mida, et võimule saada, kuid oma lubadusi nad, meie õnneks, tihti ei täida. Enne Trumpi esimest ametiaega arvati, et USA ei ela järgnevat nelja aastat üle. Ka sel korral arvavad paljud sama, ent keegi ei oska ennustada tulevikku. Lähiajaloo üldpildis on maailmasse demokraatlike riike lisandunud. Kuigi me võime olla ajutises demokraatia madalseisus, arvan ma, et meie demokraatlikud institutsioonid on palju tugevamad ja vastupidavamad kui kunagi varem. Siinkohal tuleb öelda, et äärmuslike ideoloogiate tõusule aitab suuresti kaasa ka noorte poolehoid. Seega, kui teie jaoks on tegemist murettekitava teemaga, saate te ka ise palju ära teha — alustuseks hoidke oma väikestel õvedel silm peal. Tänapäeval jõuavad

äärmuslikud ideoloogiad noorteni pea alati interneti kaudu, seega ärge kartke oma pereringis arutleda poliitilistel teemadel, sest nii võite varakult avastada ja ennetada poliitilist polariseerumist oma lähiringkonnas.

Viimaks olemegi me jõudnud minu silmis peamise põhjuseni, miks paljud inimesed tunnevad, et maailm nende ümber laguneb. Meedia, nii sotsiaalmeedia kui ka klassikaline ajakirjandus, on lahutamatu osa meie elust. Ma viitasin juba sissejuhatuses, et meedia mängib meie tunnetega. Kuigi meedia on oluline roll inimeste informeerimises, on sotsiaalmeedia hiidude ning meediamajade puhul tegemist siiski eraettevõtlusega, mille peamine motivaator on kasum. Sotsiaalmeedia võib sellest, kui inimesed kasutavad nende rakendust kauem, sest siis on neil võimalik teenida rohkem reklaamitulu. Sisuloojad, kaasa arvatud ajakirjandus, soovivad samuti tulu teenida — selle jaoks on neil vaja klikke, jagamisi, südameid ja igasuguseid muid interneti numbriksi. Pea iga sotsiaalmeedia postituste levikut kajastav uurimistöö on jõudnud samale järeldusele — tugevad emotsioonid levivad paremini, eriti hästi just negatiivsed tunded. Arvestades, et enamik noori veedavad suure osa oma päevast meediat tarbides, pole mingi ime, et kõik kogu aeg kardavad ja muretsevad. Hirm ja muretsemine on tänapäeval saanud külge hinnasildi ja tähelepanumajandus on nüüdseks väärt triljoneid. Ma arvan, et minu öeldu pole enamikule üllatav ega uudne informatsioon. Samas langeme me ikka ja jälle masendusse, sest maailma lõpp tundub olevat lähedal. Kuidas me siis seda väldime? Kindlasti ei julgusta ma olema maailma probleemide suhtes teadmatu, küll aga soovitan ma teil järgida tervislikku meediadieeti. See ei pea olema ilmtingimata meedia vähesem tarbimine, pigem tuleks panna rõhku teadlikule tarbimisele. Ilmselt oleme kõik puutunud eesti keele tunnis kokku allikakriitilisuse teemaga, kuid tihti piirdub see vaid allika sisuga, vähem pööratakse tähelepanu

formaadile. Toon näite: tänapäeval on sotsiaalmeedias väga palju sisuloojaid, kes võtavad mingi uudisloo ja jagavad seda oma jälgijatega. Uudisloo teevad nad aga huvitavamaks, sest vaja on kätte saada püstised pöidlad ja südamekesed. Selleks muudavad nad natuke pealkirja, kasutavad hirmsamaid sõnu, loetlevad ette kõikvõimalikud negatiivsed tagajärjed või maailmalõpu stsenaariumid ja panevad veel taustaks dramaatilise muusika. Sama artikkel on üleval ka uudisteportaalis, kus kõik need lisatud elemendid puuduvad. Kumbki neist ei valeta otseselt, seega sisu saame me mõlemal puhul samamoodi kätte. Kummas formaadis meediat tarbiv inimene tunneb end rahulikuma ja õnnelikumana? Mina väidan, et see inimene, kes tarbib

oma uudiseid kui uudiseid, mitte kui meelelahutust. Nagu tasakaalustatud toitumine, nõuab ka tasakaalustatud meedia tarbimine natuke mõttetööd. Järgmine kord, kui näete TikToki või Instagramis mingit uudislugu, mõelge korralikult, mis on selle postituse looja eesmärk. Lisaks soovitan ka vahel tarbida rõõmsamaid uudiseid. Lööge TikTokis otsingusse sisse “good news this week” ja te leiате sadu tuhandeid videoid, mis ei oleks võibolla algoritmi toel teieni jõudnud.

Maailm on keerukas paik. Meid ähvardavad paljud ohud, millest kõiki ei jõuaks ma eales oma eluaja jooksul ühes artiklis analüüsida. Ma ei soovi, et lugejates tekiks tunne, et kõik on korras, sest see ei vasta tõele. Küll aga

on see suur probleem, kui meie tulevikuprobleemide lahendajad on vaimselt sellises seisundis, et nad ei suuda või ei taha enam lahendusi otsida. Lootus sureb vaid siis, kui kaob püüdlus parema tuleviku poole ning parem tulevik sureb siis, kui lootusetus võtab üle. Tahan, et tunneksite, et maailma parandamine on võimalik, sest see küll vastab tõele. Seega on minu vastus küsimusele “Kas maailmalõpp on lähedal?” kindel ei, sest minu silmis on maailmas piisavalt näiteid sellest, et inimkond ei ole üdini halb, vaid lihtsalt inimlik. Kuigi me kipume seda unustama, on lahenduste otsimine ja maailma parandamine palju suurem osa inimloomusest kui reostamine ja tapmine.

HÄRMA VETERANID II OSA: 50 AASTAT HELLE SORGEGA

Juba 50 aastat on Helle Sorge töötanud Miina Härma Gümnaasiumi keemiaõpetajana. Enne töökohale asumist on ta ka teinud siinsamas koolis pedagoogilist praktikat. Nende aastate jooksul on maailm, koolipere ja õpetamisviis muutunud ning on juhtunud asju, mida on väärt jagada.



Kuidas on kool muutunud sellest ajast, kui liitusite kooliperega?

Maailmas on muutunud ju kõik, mitte ainult koolis. Meie koolis on juba see õpetamisfilosoofia muutnud. Kui oleks tavaline kool, siis oleks ikka, et teed sama tunni, aga meie koolis on väga palju muutnud. Noh ütleme, et see õpetamise strateegia ja filosoofia on muutnud.

Mis on teie lemmikmälestus Miina Härma Gümnaasiumist? Näiteks silmapaistev õpilane või meelde jääv sündmus.

Mis see võiks siis olla? Erilisi õpilasi on iga aasta ju. See aasta on ühed õpilased, eelmistel aastatel oli keegi teine. Ma ei oskagi õpilaste kohta öelda. Aga

mis mulle alguses meeldis, kui siia tulin, oli see kollektiiv, mis on jäänud ka sõbralikuks. Võeti väga hästi vastu. No ma arvan, et me püüame ka siin niiviisi sõbralikud olla ja hästi vastu võtta. Mul on tunne, et see on meile hästi-hästi iseloomulik. Muidu ma ei oleks siin nii kaua töötanud.

Kuidas on teie õpetamisviis läbi aastate muutunud?

No, et mina pean ka kõik need uued strateegiad ja filosoofiad omaks võtma. Siis, kui ma tulin, [arvuteid] ei olnud ju. Nii et need kõik tuli ära õppida ka. Ega koolis ei saa teisiti olla, kui ise ka ei õpi. Õpetad teisi, aga sama palju õpid ise koguaeg.

Kas teil on lemmikteema, mida õpetada, ja mis see võiks olla?

Mulle üldiselt väga meeldib põhikool – need 8.-9. klassi teemad mulle meeldivad, põhiteadmised. Gümnaasiumil on muidugi omaenda võlu, jah. Need teemad on juba natukene keerulisemad, aga mulle ikka meeldivad need põhiteadmised. Et viia õpilaseni neid asju, neid selgitada, et ta ei hirmuks ära keemiast. Mulle meeldib seda huvi tekitada.

Mis on suurimad muutused, mis on tulnud keemiasse teie õpetamise jooksul?

Mis on keemia pluss, on see, et keemia on hästi konservatiivne. Kui sa pead valemi koostise pähe õppima, siis sa

seda teed, see oli ka kuidas oli siis, kui mina siia tulin. Aga eks neid lähtekohti on kindlasti. Nagu näiteks need keskkonnateemad. Eks neid oli siis juba ka, aga mitte nii palju kui nüüd. Praegu ikka need keskkonnateemad, need rohepöörded ja energeetika teemad, on hästi palju muutnud. Varem nii ei olnud. Keegi ei mõelnud vanasti elektri peale.

Kas teil on lemmikkatse, mida läbi viia, ja mis see võiks olla?

Lemmikkatse? Hm, ei ole! Mulle tegelt meeldib kõik, mis ei plahvata, erinevalt minu kolleegist, kes siis aina paugutab. Jah, mulle ei meeldi plahvatused. Aga ma teen ikka nii palju, kui meie vahendid võimaldavad. Küsimusele vastates, mulle vesiniku tõestamine täitsa meeldib.

Kas tunnis on seoses katsetega juhtunud mingisuguseid apsakaid?

Kusjuures on. Ringitund oli ja üleelamine direktor Jüri Vene oli keemiaõpetaja. Siis me tegime seda keemiaõhtut või ringitundi ja proovisime panna püssirohtu plahvatama. Siis

meie vana tõmbekapp kukkus kokku. Noh niiviisi, et kõik neli külge olid meil kinni, ja kui plahvatus käis, kukkus üks külg ära. See läks küll õnnelikult, et kukkus täpselt õpilaste poole, aga keegi ei saanud viga. Jah, et selline asi on juhtunud.

Sooviküsimus kooli vilistlaselt: Mis on kõige illegaalsem asi, mida olete oma klassis teinud?

Ei teagi. Ahhaa! Tegime küll üks kord, lubasin ühel poisil suitsetada keemiaklassis. Oi see oli ikka väga-väga ammu. Aga miks me seda lubasime? Ikka puhtalt eksperimendi eesmärgil.

Kas te sooviksite midagi lisada või veel midagi õpilastele öelda?

No mis ma ikka ütlen. Ärge kartke keemiat, see on põhiline. Ega kõigist ei saa keemik. Ja ega mina ka ei mõtle kodus kartuleid praadides, et mis on selle keemilised nähtused. Aga ma vähemalt tahaksin, et selliseid elementaarseid asju ikka teaks, et mis selle keemiaga seotud on. Ma ise proovin võimalikult palju rääkida sellest, et

kus me igapäevaelus nende nähtustega kokku puutume.

Miks te otsustasite töötada keemiaõpetajana just Miina Härma Gümnaasiumis?

Tegelikult mulle meeldib. Mulle päriselt meeldib! Ma olen nüüd juba 10 aastat tegelikult pensionipõlves olnud. Mulle meeldib kodunt välja tulla ja siin olla. See on natuke vormishoiudev amet. Ja tegelikult mind kutsuti siia töötama. Kunagi siit läks õpetaja ära, kuna talle ei sobinud päevane töö. Kellest hiljem sai Täiskasvanute Gümnaasiumi direktor. Tal olid lapsed väikesed ja tal ei olnud päeval lapsehoidjat, nii et ta läks tollel ajal õhtukooli õpetama ja siis mulle pakuti siia töö. Kunagi ma asendasin ühel veerandil õpetajat Raatuse põhikoolis ja siis ma olen asendanud ka lühikest aega Karlovas ühte õpetajat. Ja kui ma ütleksin, et mis on selle kooli eelis, siis siin on õpilased, kellele meeldib õppida. Ühesõnaga, ma tunnen, et minu vastutus on suurem. Teistes koolides siukest vastutust kuidagi ei ole. Töörõõmu siin koolis on palju.

LUGU SELLEST, KUIDAS OLLAKSE NULLPUNKTIS

Mikk Mihkel Ruus
8.b

Umbes paar aastat tagasi oli mul paar kuud kestnud periood, kus laenutasin hunnikute viisi Eesti noorteromaane ja lugesin neid. Nüüdseks on see faas möödas ja mulle pakuvad üldiselt huvi teistsugused raamatud, aga kui peale Markus Karu raamatu "Nullpunkti" jõuludeks saamist seda sirvima hakkasin, teadsin ma kohe, et see on hea lugemine.

"Nullpunkt" räägib skisofreenikust ema tõttu hävinud perest pärit 17-aastasest Johannesest, kes lahkub oma koolist Noarootsis, et minna õppima Tallinna. Kuigi alguses võetakse Jo-

hannes uues koolis hästi vastu, siis ühtäkki hakkavad kõik tema vastu vaenulikud olema ja teda vihkama. Lisaks sellele kohtub Johannes oma endiste gängsteritest sõpradega.

Mulle "Nullpunkt" meeldis, kuna see oli erinevalt tavalisest noorteromaanist üsnagi kiiresti liikuva sündmustikuga ja hästi kirjutatud tegelastega. Sellel raamatul oli ka originaalne ja klišeedest kõrvale kalduv lugu. Ainus asi, mis ma sellele raamatule ette heidaks, on sündmustiku kohatine ebaloomilisus. Eelkõige oli just lõplahendus mõnevõrra kummaline.

Kui teile "Nullpunkt" meeldis, siis soovitan ka vaadata sellest tehtud filmi ja lugeda Margus Karu teist noorteromaani, "Täna on täna ja forever on forever". Kahjuks tuleb tunnistada, et häid noorteromaane selle kirjaniku sulest enam ei tule: Margus Karu suri 2017. aastal.



Foto: Apollo raamatupoe veebileheküljel

KAS KOLHOOSID PÄÄSTAKS EESTI MAJANDUSE? ARVAMUSARTIKKEL KOLHOOSISÜSTEEMIST JA EESTI PÕLLUMAJANDUSSÜSTEEMI ARENDAMISEST

Margaret Roost
12.b



! Tegemist on autori enda arvamustega, mis ei esinda kooli ega Tabula Rasa toimetuse seisukohta.

Sotsiaalse noorena olen nii vanavane-
mate kui ka sõpradega jõudnud vest-
lustes välja teemani, milleks on Eesti
majandus. Kollektiivselt on jõutud
tõsiasi, et Eesti majandus on olnud
paremas seisus, kui on ta seda praegu.
Paljud, eriti vanemad inimesed väida-
vad suisa, et Eesti majandusliku seisu

kuldaeg oli 'vanal heal nõukaajal', kui
töötasid kolhoosid ja sovhoosid ja
meie riik tootis endale ise toitu. Maa-
kohtades öitses elu ning põllutööga
oli palju lihtsam leiba teenida. Ise ma
sellise arvamusega muidugi ei nõustu,
kuid saan aru, et vanemad inimesed
kipuvadki arvama, et minevik oli pa-

rem kui praegune.

Väikesest maakolkast pärit lapsena
saan siiski ka aru külade ja alevike
elushoidmise olulisusest. On teine
tera kasvada üles heinapallide vahel
paljajalu joostes, kui linnas autode va-
hel koolijütsina ärevalt liigeldes. Siis-
ki tean, et minu ilusad lapsea
suvepäevad minu linnaeluga
kunagi enam ei asendu, sest
ma ei näe ennast iialgi enam
väikeses külakohas elamas.
Miks? Lihtne vastus: sest
seal ei ole ju midagi.

Üheks peamiseks argumen-
diks kolhoosisüsteemi toe-
tamisel ongi maapiirkonna
elu areng, mille meie kiirelt
globaliseeruv väike isamaa
on justkui unustanud. Täna-
päeval on paljud Eesti külad
jäänud tühjaks, sest noored
lahkuvad linna parematele
jahimaadele. Kui aga põllu-
majandus oleks jällegi töös-
tuslikult süstematiseeritud,
pakkudes kohalikele elani-
kele stabiilset tööd, võiks see
ka aidata kaasa maaelu taas-
tumisele.

Hiljutisel samateemalisel
vestlusel meie koolilehe pea-
toimetajaga selgus, et Eesti
toodab oma makaronidest
alla 10%. Arvestades seda,



Foto: erakogu

kui palju makarone tarbib üks vaene kesk- või ülikooliõpilane, tekkis mul huvi meie riigi üldlase toidutootangu vastu. Eesti Konjunktuuriinstituudi 2021. aasta andmetel moodustasid kodumaised tooted poekettide sortimentides umbes 58%. Eestis toodetud toidu osakaal, mis on valmistatud Eestis kasvatatud toorainest, ei ole aga täpselt määratletud, kuna sellist statistikat ei koguta süstemaatiliselt.

Kuigi 58% on veidi üle poole, on see siiski minu kui noore inimese ning paljude eakamate inimeste silmis toidujulgeoleku risk. Kui tootmine oleks aga rohkem riiklikult suunatud, võiksime olla välisimportidest vähem sõltuvad ning tarbida rohkem kodumaist toitu. See vähendaks meie riigi haavatavust globaalsete kriiside ajal. Seal tulevad jälle sisse kolhoosisüsteemi toetajad, kes leiavad, et see oleks kõige parandus.

Siiski on ka nende vähem teadlikumate inimeste kolhoosisüsteemi taastamise ideel palju puudusi. Näiteks riskiksime oma mahepõllunduse ja väiketalunike kadumisega turult üldiselt. Tekib ka küsimus, kas tänapäeva turumajanduses oleks üldse võimalik kolhoose vabatahtlikkuse alusel rakendada. Sest kui talunikud ja ettevõtjad ei soovi ühineda kollektiivsetesse struktuuridesse, ei oleks ka sarnane sunniviisiline süsteem elujõuline ega majanduslikult jätkusuutlik.

Kuigi paljud vanemad isikud võivad nostalgiliselt väita, et tegemist oli kuldaajaga, peab lisaks tõdema, et nõukogude perioodil oli põllumajanduslik süsteem sageli ebaefektiivne, kuna puudus töötajate individuaalne motivatsioon ning vastutus tootlikkuse eest. Rääkimata sellest, et oli üsnagi tavaline plaanimajanduslike eesmärkidega sahkerdamine. Sarnaseid probleeme võib tekkida ka tänapäeval.

Mis oleks lahendus?

NB! Järgnev on autori oma-arvamuslik lahendus.

Efektiivsem kui vananenud ja ebaõnnestunud kolhoosisüsteem oleks tänapäevaste vabatahtlike talunike ühistute edasiarendamine. Ideaalses maailmas võimaldaks see talunikel ühendada jõud ja saavutada tootmis- kulude järkjärgulist alandamist, mis omakorda alandaks tarbijate jaoks lõplikke toodete hindu. Samas säilitaksid need ühistud põllumeeste iseseisvuse ja paindlikkuse. Talumehed võiksid võimaldada üksteisele ühist masinapargi kasutamise võimalust, pakkuda erinevaid toetusi ning aidata turustada tooteid nii sise- kui välisturgudel. Sellise struktuuri põhine toimimine aitaks säilitada kohalikku põllumajandust, tekitada uusi töökohti, edendada maaelu ja tõsta kogu sektori konkurentsivõimet.

MIINA HÄRMA HÄMARUSEST

Aleksander Tammiste
5.b

Oli külm talveöö ja ühel klassil toimus klassis 113 klassiöö. Klassi poisid olid parasjagu muusikat kuulamas ja krõpsu söömas. Ühel hetkel tuli ühele poisile idee, et läheks legendaarsesse 402 klassi sisse. Poistekamp nõustus. Juba tühjad koridorid olid hirmsad ja trepikoda neljandale oli pime ja raske õhuga. Poisid mõtlesid, et pööraks juba ümber, aga suurem osa tah- tis ikka näha, mis seal on, nii et kamp läks edasi.

Kui nad jõudsid kohale, tegid nad ukse lahti ja häire läks tööle. See oli nii kõva, et oli tunne, nagu kõrvast jookseks verd. Siis tuli pilv. Sealt tuli välja

Miina Härma ja pani alarmi kinni. See oli nagu ime. Poisid ei saanud Miinalt mitte midagi küsida, kuna Miina oli juba tagasi pilvede sees. Peale seda jooksid poisid tagasi klassi juurde ja rääkisid, mis just juhtus.

Mitte keegi ei uskunud peale ühe tüdruku. See tüdruk oli väga kaua uskunud kummitustesse, vaimudesse ja teistesse koletistesse. Ta proovis kogu aeg leida vaime ja nendega väga veidraid rituaale teha. Ta mõtles, et läheks ise neljandale kontrollima, kas kõik on nii. Mitte keegi ei julgenud temaga kaasa minna.

Ta hakkas minema trepikoja suunas. Ta hingas sügavalt sisse ja liikus üles. Esimene korrus – tehtud. Teine korrus – tehtud. Kolmas korrus – midagi hakkas toimuma. Neljandale korrusel jõudes ei saanud ta aru, miks on kõik nii hämar. Siis keegi karjatas kileda häälega nii, et Maarja kiriku kellad hakkasid lööma. Läbi pimeduse kumas midagi. Keegi liikus tüdruku poole.

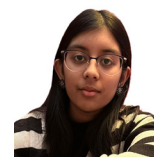
Lugu jätkub...

Foto: Adobe Stock

THE BEST STORY I HAVE ABOUT MY FRIENDSHIP

Vidushi Choubey

9.e



When you take a peek into or join an IB class, you encounter a lot of different and colorful cultures from around the world. There is a lot of fruitful discussion on how everyone's households look and how we've adapted in Estonia. The first thing teachers ask when we meet them is where we are from and what languages we speak. It's nice to experience these things—it makes you more open-minded and understanding towards the diversity within the world around you.

And that's what you tell other people when they ask you what the IB programme is like. Not me, though. I'm gonna tell you about the time my friend tried to sell me.

Let me set up the background—I am an Indian. I am very visibly Indian, too. The friend I am talking about is Latvian, and is very visibly so. When I refer to "my friend" throughout this article, I will be referring to her. This was about a year ago, so to commemorate this amazing event, I will be immortalizing it in a school newspaper.

To begin, I will be doing something I have never done before when telling this story; admitting my guilt.

When I say "my white friend tried to sell me", it's to get the standard shock value comedy reaction from the people I tell this story to. But that omits a lot of detail. A better statement would be "I continuously annoyed my friend in Geography class to the point where she pretended to sell me to get me to stop, and I didn't stop and am continuing to circulate this story where I look like the good guy".

So, yeah. We were in Geography class, where we were provided computers by the teacher. I had become comfortable with her over the year I had spent

with her, and the four girls in our class became the powerful group known as "the Golden Trio" (don't ask). I was seated next to her, which was a bad thing because, as I mentioned before, I had gotten comfortable with her.

I had built up this habit of biting her shoulder. Sure, I've bitten my other friends' shoulders before, but it was funnier to do it to her specifically because I was guaranteed to get a reaction every time. A funny one, too—she'd yell at me and hit me and tell me to stop. If it's unclear who the abusive one in this relationship is, it's actually both of us. And our third friend-slash-mediator is very embarrassed. I am compelled to tell you all that she has no association with us.

I was biting my friend in Geography class, and she told me to stop. I'd also draw on her notebook—nothing too big, just a minor doodle of an Among Us character. And my friend had had enough.

She looked over to the teacher, and looked at me, pure malice in her eyes. She began to type, making sure the teacher wouldn't see.

My friend had a habit of calling me a "little Indian slave" in retaliation to how I'd torture her, and she put this in full swing as she typed in a website address on a school computer.

And it wasn't even Ebay. She was fully ready to ship me off to Britain to work on a plantation. Or in a more modern example—a sweatshop in Bangladesh for fast fashion retailers. Remain environmentally friendly, kids!

Problem is—you don't type THAT in a post-slavery world, where we'd mostly agree (I hope) that owning people is, in fact, bad. Typing that in will lead you to a rather different website—

something that should not be on a school computer.

I won't elaborate on that for the sake of everyone reading. Be careful on the Internet, kids.

She was horrified, and I was elated, because this would be a hilarious story to tell everyone whenever I had the opportunity to. She closed the tab faster than lighting, her eyes wide with horror and fear, and immediately rushed to the search history to delete all of it. And that was the part where she realized something.

We were all on school wifi, as well as our school emails. Before searching for what she did, my friend had signed into her Stuudium account with her name front and center on it. Provided Jüri was able to see what students are able to search on the school wifi, that meant she was, in simple words, screwed.

Dear God, she panicked. It was the best. I realized in that moment the power this story would have over everyone I could tell it to; me, the victim of an attempted revival of the 1800's, and her, the devious white friend attempting to sell me. It was perfect.

And since then, she's never lived it down. I've repeated this story multiple times over the years, both to my Indian associates and my other friends. It's a classic tale of our friendship, one that confuses a lot of people, but makes sense to many more.

The moral of this story is not to sell your friends. You may argue that it makes more sense to have the moral be "don't bite your friends to the point where they try to sell you online", but honestly, I live for comedy. And mak-

ing her panic is my favourite form of comedy.

(I would talk about my aforementioned third friend, but she's the wisest of all four of us and knows not to fall for my tricks. Love her, and her rat obsession).

The story itself is funny on its own, but I like it for how it represents our friendship. We bonded over a group mold presentation, and since then

have enriched our relationship with obscene jokes like that for ages. It's gotten stronger from the constant back-and-forth, reminiscent of Tom and Jerry. And don't get me wrong—we do have genuine connection besides ragging on each other, it's just much funnier to tell you how much we abuse each other publicly. Our third friend has had to pretend that we don't exist to her whenever we go out, and a fabled fourth friend moved out of the country just to get away from us.

Just kidding on that last part. At least I hope so.

To the girl who tried to sell me, thanks for being my friend. You will always be my mayo monkey (she calls me an actual monkey). I forgive you for trying to sell me. Please forgive me for writing it in a school paper that a lot of people will read. I'm sure they got a laugh out of it too.

“12 VIHAST MEEST”: MANIPULATSIOON VIHMASAJU JA RÄUSKA- VATE PINTSAKUTEGA

Rando Jaaksoo
II.c



24. jaanuari keskpäeva paiku tabas mind kui väik Tallinna helesinisest taevast üks tore üllatus – paralleelklassivend oli saatnud sõnumi ja küsinud, kas sooviksin nende klassiga ühineda ja Draamateatrisse tulla, kuna üks pillet olevat viimasel võimalikul hetkel üle jäänud. Nalja teete...? Muidugi ma tulen!

Et samal päeval olin Riigikogus asjatanud, astusin ka veerand tundi enne etenduse algust pintsakus (!!!) Draamateatri tallinlastest tunglevast ja tuhisevast esiuksest kärmelt sisse. Ja eks nii võis etendus minu poolest ka alata.

“12 vihast meest” on lugu manipulatsioonist, eelarvamustest ning nende pörkumisel ja üksteise vastu võitlemisel tekkinud, otseloomulikult, vihast. Sisuliselt käsitleb see inimestevahelise koostöö võimatust, võimatu võimalikkuse oletamist ja selle reaalsuseks muutmist. “12 vihast meest” tuli esialgu välja 1957. aastal filmina.

12 vandekohtunikku, kes üksteist eitunne, peavad otsustama, kas noor

poiss on oma isa tapmises süüdi või mitte. Esialgu jääb mulje, nagu kõik oleksid ühel nõul – poiss on süüdi ning tuleb saata elektritoolile, kuid kõik pole nii ilmselge, kui pealtnäha paistab. Üks vandekohtunikust on süüdimõistmise vastu ning algab pikk kõievedamine kahe leeri vahel, kellest üks, “mitte süüdi”, kasvab iga arutelu käigus aina suuremaks. Ja vaataja elabki juba alateadlikult kaasa neile, kes poissi surmast päästa proovivad; nende arutelud ja kohtus esitatud tunnistuste kahtluse alla seadmine on loogiline ning aina enam vihastuv, allaandev ja pealtnäha vaid isiklike arvamuste pealt võitlev “süüdi” leer, tundub vaatajale ebameeldiv. Nõnda jääb lõpuks peale “mitte süüdi”, mispeale naasevad kõik tagasi oma argipäeva, justkui polekski midagi viimase paari tunni jooksul üldse juhtunud.

Nii näis kõik loogiline ka mulle, kuid see alateadlik nägemus “heast” ja “halvast” pole ainus vaatenurk. Mõelda, et poiss oli tegelikult ja reaalselt SÜÜDI, keerab kogu loo pea peale ja teeb sellest suure manipulatiivse suurteose. Et

tegelikult oli kõigil õigus? Peale selle ühe, kes... Kes kahtles? Kellel alguses polnud mitte mingisuguseid tõendeid; kelle üle kõik naersid, sest oli ju ILMSELGE, et poiss on SÜÜDI! Ja samas tundus “mitte süüdi” arutus nii nii loogiline...

Eks seepärast ongi “12 vihast meest” nii kuulus ja paljumängitud etendus: sest see on võimas. Olemuselt minimalistlik, vaid ühes kitsas ruumis toimuv tegevus kerib pinge lava ruumidest väljapoole ja pahupidi ning 1957. aasta filmi ühiskonnakriitilised mõjupunktid kehtivad ka siiani – vandekohtunikud on mõjutatud eelarvamustest, sotsiaalsetest klassidest ning isiklikest probleemidest; see lugu näitab sisuliselt, kuidas üks inimene saab ära kasutada teiste inimeste sotsiaalset kuuluvust, rassi, eelarvamusi ja isikliku elu valupunkte ning seeläbi muuta kellegi teise, kolmanda isiku elu puudutavat otsust. Õigussüsteem peab põhinema faktil ja mitte emotsioonidel või kiirustavatel otsustel! – on see, mida esialgse USA teledraama autor Reginald Rose öelda tahtis.

Draamateatris ei mänginud laval sugugi mitte ainult mehed, vaid nende seas leidis ka kolm naist, kellest üks, Harriet Toompere mängis filmist tuntud Henry Fonda peaosa; minu arvates hea ja loogiline samm lavastaja Hendrik Toompere poolt, kuna, nagu ka tema selgitas, vajas näidend ühiskonda sulandamist ning



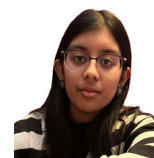
Foto: Draamateater. 2023

naiste kaasamine loob lavastusele olulise väärtuse.

Isiklikult nautisin etenduse igat sekundit ning ka teistelt kuulsin vaid kiidusõnu. Kõik, kes te pole seda veel näinud, minge kindlasti vaatama või vaadake sellest loost tehtud filmi, mis on samuti absoluutselt super teostusega!

THE PERSONAL PROJECT — MY EXPERIENCE

Vidushi Choubey
9.e



Hello! I am Vidushi Choubey. As of writing this article, I have finished everything related to my IB Personal Project and will probably not be repeating ninth grade if I pray hard enough. And study, I guess. I thought I would commemorate this achievement by giving all of you stuff I would have wanted to tell my younger, smaller self when she started this journey. We will be talking about both doing the project and how to write the report, which I packaged into one article because I wanted to make my editor cry.

So! If you're currently an eighth grader and staying for the next year, here's a comprehensive story about my experience during the Personal Project, with advice sprinkled in. I wasn't paid by IB to write this (god I wish), so you can trust my experience to be relatively grounded in what may *actually* happen during your personal project.

First of all, start as early as possible. I'm not kidding—the minute you get the information, you need to start thinking, especially if you're doing a

creative project. The personal project takes place alongside your schoolwork, and that's not exactly a great time to be occupied with two things at the same time. If you have after-school activities too, I'll be using very informal language to describe your situation. As you youngsters say: *"You're cooked"*. I started during summer—drafting the characters and creating the story I wanted to say, and then got entirely sidetracked.

I was purposefully vague during my pitch for the personal project when I needed to explain what it was, because I had no idea what my final comic was going to be. I'm serious—I had several ideas at once as to what I would do, and I really had to choose a project I would stick to (more on that later). I went through several rewrites, concepts, and characters before settling on my final one, and I could have never done that if I had started during September, especially with all of my schoolwork. It took me the entire summer break to fully realize the concept, the final story, and how the project would actually be like, and

boy am I glad it took me that long. It gave me time to finalize something I would like to do and be proud of, and it's something I want to keep doing. If my schoolwork allows me.

The personal project is supposed to take over 25 hours, which is fine, really. The project that I chose would definitely take longer than that—I was creating a webcomic. On that note—that's why you start early. That time isn't just for the project itself—it's for documenting the process, too. Get as much of a lead as you can, since that will really come in handy during December, which will suck all Christmas joy out of you as you juggle three late assignments on top of a barely finished report and your supervisor probably being pissed at you.

That's all fine and dandy, whatever, but getting a head start doesn't sound very appealing. Ultimately, the personal project is schoolwork, right? Why would I want to do schoolwork during a break?

That's why you need to choose something you like doing. I am serious—*do something you want to do really badly*. You will have to stick with it for an extended period of time and ultimately create a work you are proud of.

People give you tons of advice on how to execute your project, but another factor is the mental aspect of it. The personal project is *personal*, and that will go into your report and how you write it, too. The project is long, and the documentation is even longer. Do not care about what your peers are doing—it's not worth it. It doesn't matter if your friends are being NASA scientists—all that matters is you and what you are doing.

I saw the personal project as my last chance to start a comic, something I didn't do for a very long time due to the fact that I was eleven and I sucked at everything regarding art and drawing. When I got to the age I am today, I gained skills, sure, but I became much more aware of the waning time I had to do something I liked. Art is slowly becoming a less respected medium amid all the jokes about "modern art" and the rise of Artificial Intelligence within creative fields, so...great time to be an artist, yeah? I gave up on a future in art after that. Unless you count this!

There's not much to say on the project part, after that. I did what I liked, and I did it well. I created a solid framework of what I wanted my project to be, and consulted every resource I had in order to make it.

I took inspiration from my favourite types of comics, and how they would structure their stories. Moreover, it gave me an excuse to nerd out over them and implement what writers I admired put into their works that made them good.

Hideaki Anno, I love your work, but you're very weird.

The most fun part of the Personal Project was completing it and talking about it at the Personal Project fair. It was passion that drove my project, and that was what I was most proud of during the entire process. It wasn't how I wrote the report or how I managed my time or what I learned within the bubble of the project, it was the fact that I was proud of what I came up with.

I wasn't being entirely truthful when I wrote my report. NOT ACADEMICALLY, DON'T REVISE MY GRADE, EVERYTHING ELSE WAS THE TRUTH.

I said the aim of my project was to manage my time wisely. But the truth is, it was to create a work I was proud of. It was to feel good when I saw what I could create, that my efforts would lead to something I could show other people and tell them "I made this, and I'm very happy about that". It's not exactly something you can quantify, though, and thus it didn't make sense to put it inside a report that will be graded. It's simply something that shines in you when people come up to you at the fair. They ask you, hey, how did you make this? And you tell them anything you want them to know.

Out of every international student in that fair, I probably came off as the weirdest. I was running on sleep deprivation, stress and pure hype of telling people about the worms in my brain. Everyone who came to me got graced with my story of how I created my comic, where it would be available, and how it changed over time. Most of my weirdness came from the general topic of my comic—pro tip, try to keep the enthusiasm down if your comic is about people being experimented on—but it just felt good to air that effort out, and show everyone something I am finally proud of.

That was a nice paragraph, wasn't it? Let's descend into the insanity that was writing the personal project report.

I thought I could manage 15 pages in a week. I can write fast, can't I? I'm speedy with it. And I can generate text in the blink of an eye! I barely even blink while writing Tabula Rasa articles, which might explain some things.

Listen to me. That head start will save you in everything. Get your project done by the deadline and start writing immediately, because you will pull all the stops imaginable to get a decently written report. Especially if it's on the final few days to write it.

The best resources are already given to you by the IB programme, and by god it is a doozy. Pro tip: do not compare your writing to how the IB examples were written, because it will drive you insane. I'm not being hyperbolic—the week when it was due was one of the most productive and life-eating weeks of my life, especially the weekends. I'd be on my computer for hours I didn't know I was able to sit down for, just constantly producing text and trying to think of even more text and finding the resources I had during my project to show evidence for more text.

When you see a 3500 word count, you think "aw jeez, that's an awful lot of words", and when I see it I think the same thing, but it's because I knew I'd have trouble sticking with that. And it is a problem, because it meant my writing would have been going in circles for an ungodly amount of time, never really getting to a point. More content within writing is not necessarily a good thing, especially when a 15 page limit is in place and your supervisor tells you that the assessors will stop reading after reaching page 15. Oh, and it's even worse if your supervisor wrote the handbook you should be following.

I want to thank my supervisor in this portion of the article—she was my best choice and if I'm honest, I didn't convey that meaningfully to her. I think I should have done more as the person she was supervising, considering my

supervisor was once an IB coordinator and knows this stuff like the back of her hand. Especially considering she was the author of the handbook I had my eyes glued to for weeks, dreading over, and the worst part is that she told me about that once I had finished my report.

I either cried or laughed. I cannot tell anymore.

Get a supervisor who cares about you and makes sure you deliver your progress well to them—inform them of any details if you can get into meaningful conversation with them, and *please* arrange meetings with them. I had a lot of doubts regarding what I was doing cleared after I had conversations with my supervisor, which contributed to me not completely bombing the report and my project.

After finding out my supervisor was probably judging me for the entire run of my personal project, she informed me about the 15 page limit being serious and I went back to omit a lot of stuff in order to fit the word count. To be honest, it was great—I had a lot of sentences that danced around each other to be more flowerly. It's a bad habit of mine that contributes to my articles and pages being overtly long. Sorry, Karolin.

I had considered the fact that I was a yapper (meaning: someone who talks your ear off) in the early days of my report, so I had constantly been erasing stuff I had written even before I got the news. I had almost THREE PAGES worth of criterias—something that would probably send my assessors into a coma. And I'm really mad at the higher-graded people not informing me that it wasn't worth it. I had three ATL skills in each category and wrote specialized paragraphs for all of them, and the worst part is that I genuinely couldn't tell when to can it. I was going off of an IB example provided in our TERA, it was text galore. Granted, the person's personal proj-

ect (say that out loud, easiest tongue twister ever) was an actual book, but man could she write. Which...honestly, who's surprised?

Since I was following her example, I thought I should have just kept going. NO! Do not! Do your own thing and take that as an example, and follow the handbook you were given! They were graded in a different time, which is something I should not have been imitating. This depends on what you're aiming for, but for me it complicated the process since I was lost and misguided between the instructions by the handbook and the example I was following.

Probably the most fun parts of the report, aside from cramming in a bunch of anime references, was reshuffling paragraphs and text in order to keep it from being a monster. Paragraphs could be recontextualised and only needed a bit of tweaking in order to make sense within the new context—such as my “media literacy” ATL skill being reworked into a “reflection”, and writing up the final paragraphs for my criterions and how I felt my project had adhered to them. I call it fun because of how liberating it was to crank out those final few words, look at the page count, and see a beautiful “16”, meaning fifteen pages plus title page.

And then came the worst part.

I had to number my report. The title page and table of contents didn't count.

Those numbers at the bottom of a digital page took years off my life. I was digging the Internet like a British explorer desecrating an ancient tomb, and nothing worked. I followed the instructions given incredibly loyally—break these pages up, make sure a setting wasn't on, and then sit back, relax, and watch the magic. The problem is that magic doesn't exist, and I had to rinse and repeat so many times I think I gave my Google Docs whip-

lash. I even considered just manually numbering each page, but then a problem started—whenever I would try, the pages would just automatically reset to one number. So, if I set one page as page number one, all the others would follow like a hivemind. And that included the title page and table of contents.

I was at my wits' end. It was almost 00:00. I had woken up at 7:00 to write this report to the fullest, and had been stuck at my desk for the entire time. The deadline was already on me. I cried, man. I don't even know when it finally worked.

The good part is, my supervisor crowned me the “Queen of Google Docs” after I got it to work. So at least I got something out of that.

And that's the end of my fairytale. After you've done your report, you pack up, and look to the future! The future of a million assessments piled after you neglected them in order to write your report. So. Better get a move on, then.

Was the personal project fun? Yes, most definitely. Whenever I read back on my report or see the work I did for it, I feel a sense of self-esteem I don't get elsewhere. The personal project made me understand a lot more about myself, something I could have only gotten due to the pressure I was put under. I love to create, and people like to see what I create. It's what I based my own project on—my ability to give something to the world that ultimately only I can give.

And if you're reading this and got to this sentence, thanks for being my audience.

Also, submit your papers as a PDF.

NULL

I'm not writing this to complain about my grades. I'm not writing this to tell teachers that they are wrong, or that the whole grading system is wrong. I want to address something I've noticed, really.

Our attitude around grades is weird. And I'm not pulling "grades don't matter!" because yeah they do. They'll matter on an application to college or if your name comes up with the board of teachers. It does matter if you study for a test—because your effort is important for your future and what you want to be. It's how you think about them that I want to question.

I want you to consider how you think about your grades. How do they matter to you? Is it because you want to be known for them? Is it because they give you a sense of meaning? All of those are valid—I'm not here to tell anyone that they're wrong for not feeling the way I feel. But I want you to also consider the way you treat yourself based on the grades you get, and potentially, how you treat others.

One of the conversations that has always stuck with me regarding grades is when I was in the eighth grade. If you don't know, the IB programme has grades that go up to eight rather than the Estonian five, with eight being the highest grade you can get. Keep this in mind for the rest of this article.

I was talking to a friend about a recent German test we had, and I mentioned that I had gotten a five for my efforts. Now, honestly, I am pretty bad at German. It's easily one of my weakest subjects, and I've barely passed the mark to graduate with honors in it. So five was a genuine surprise to me—a welcome one for sure. But what the friend said to me is what took me off guard.

"Oh, sorry, I'm aiming for anything above a six this year. Five is a pretty

bad grade for me."

...Huh?

It's not bad to push yourself and to set high standards for yourself, but you really don't need to push it onto others too. Oftentimes, people are trying to do the best they can, and it's really not worth it to discourage others while you reach your loftier goals.

But this stuck with me because I really did wonder why I saw this sentiment everywhere. Five isn't even half of eight—it is the highest grade you can get in the Estonian school curriculum. There is a lot of negativity surrounding five. It isn't a six, and it is so far from an eight you feel like a failure. And don't get me started on four. As my wisest classmate has said once—"zero equals four".

Ultimately, it comes down to how you treat yourself based on your goals, and also how your parents treat you on those same goals.

The conversation surrounding ambition is, to put it frankly, too much. And you'll say "but, Vidushi, life is too much. Competition isn't supposed to be easy!" So why torture yourself while you're at it?

I'm giving it to you straight—why do we think of feeling good about yourself as something that can only occur after you've achieved something? Why put conditions on your existence when we are all fundamentally allowed to live as we are?

Liking yourself while studying and after you have gotten a grade, even if it is not your ideal grade, is not a bad thing. It's not bad to strive for perfection, but it's also not bad if your sum of efforts falls short of what the teacher expected. In fact, it's a little silly to hinge on

Vidushi Choubey

9.e



a teacher's opinion of your self worth, regardless of how it'll show up on your report card. The most common thing to say is to brush it off and move on, but a thing they forget to mention is that you are not any less than you were before a bad grade, or whatever you perceived as a bad grade. Diminishing yourself to a rounded net total of your efforts rather than the effort itself will make you hate yourself. And that is a bad thing to do.

If you actively hate yourself while studying, you're gonna die. I mean it in the most meaningful way—you're going to die. The constant moving and striving to be better is good, of course, but if you loathe every version of yourself, every grade less than six you get on a test, every failed attempt, every lesser grade than you were expecting, you're not going anywhere. You're stuck in an infinite hamster wheel of constant burnout influenced by the perception of other people, who close you in a bubble of their own worldview. And that becomes the staple of your diet—the opinion of other people.

It influences you. If you're not worth above a six, if you can't study to make it above a six, you're fundamentally worthless, you tell yourself. And it doesn't help when you see this everywhere. You see classmates cry over fives, when five is the best you can do in a subject. You see them obsess over when the grades are out, what you got, how did you get it, when's the next test, how long are you studying for it, are you graduating with honors, she got a seven, I didn't get a seven, my grades add up to just a four, if I had just done this better I would get a six, how does this teacher grade, **what do they expect from me?**

It's not bad to expect high things from yourself, just don't beat yourself up if

you fall. You'll just make your injuries worse.

It's worth it to put effort into tests. You should study for days in advance and make sure you have all the materials you need. But if your teacher doesn't think your efforts have added up, then that's not your problem. It's theirs, and your problem should be whether you gave it your all. You should forgive yourself for not reaching your own expectations, because nobody will.

Everyone else is concerned about themselves, and there always will be vindication if they got one over on you. They have their own story, you have yours, so you can't be like them and judge yourself for not "making it".

There's always a constant rat race—nobody will escape it, but it is a problem if your first instinct on a bad grade is that you're worthless. You aren't—you gave it your all, and even if you didn't, it's how you perceive yourself that matters. But everybody has this flawed perception that they don't have any value if they lose that grade they wanted. It's all just burnout and frustration with the constant drive, ones where you really have to think; "is this all we're made for?"

If constantly being at your desk and writing is your forte, then be my guest, but don't look down on other people if they don't like that. In fact, don't look down on yourself if you don't like it. Even if you push yourself and improve, it's also important to take a breather and realise that you do have worth, even if you don't always perform the way you expected to.

But you never hear this from anyone. You don't hear "I'm happy with this" or "well done!" for anything lower than perfect. Perfect is the only time you can be happy.

This is what I mean when I say our way of viewing grades is weird. You never think anyone is happy with who they are. You only hear about how great only a handful of people are do-

ing, and it's always racing to be them, be just like them, lose every part of yourself and be talked about. Being you, the person who couldn't get above a five on a test, is shameful, and you should be better. You shouldn't be yourself at all—you should be the best of the best, because you won't matter if you don't. It doesn't matter how much effort you put into it—it's that final number that matters, and that's why you're a horrible student.

It's an extreme version, sure, but that's what permeates throughout classes in some unconscious way. It's how we measure worth—something undefined in our natural world if you truly think about it. So we latch onto something that does identify our worth, and if we don't get to a certain point, we're worthless. It's why sentiments such as "you did your best" fall flat so hard, because it's always followed with "but my best wasn't good enough."

It's tough to have a less than ideal grade if you've poured your everything into it, sure, but that doesn't mean it defines your value. People can support individuals who have done horrible things with their full chest, so what's stopping you from being nice to yourself for getting under six?

But my stance isn't without problems. People are pressured into good grades. They have parents that expect the best of the best from them, and that is the sentiment I see the most.

This article is going to be published under my name, so I won't be shy with this statement; if your child is tying their worth to what you expect of them, it's a problem. Because you won't be happy with them all the time, especially if you push them constantly to be better. They won't be better if you dismiss their accomplishments or underperform in your eyes, instead just sad and scared. And they won't tell you about it because to them, it means admitting that they're not good enough for you.

Your child hinges on your every opinion, and if you pressure them into performing well, you exacerbate that feeling. Scaring them straight will not work—it will make them frightened, and believe it or not, it's bad for them to be scared of you. You are the protector, someone that they should feel safe with, comfortable with. Yelling at them, shaming them or never expressing any sort of positive emotion for them will only reflect on you. Nine times out of ten, it's not going to drive them or motivate them, and if they do, it's because they want to feel validated by you. And that's not good, because why do they need to validate themselves in your eyes? You should be the only person in this world that loves them truly unconditionally—why add conditions on them? Even if you say "I want them to be the best they can", why shame them for bad grades? Being tough on them only works if they're doing something horrible, but if you see your child constantly bending over backwards for you and seemingly never getting the positive attention they want, please take a look at yourself and ask: **what do I expect from them?**

You may have been raised this way—constant pushing, discipline, the "never enough" mentality. And now you're in a high position, or at a stable job. So, it's not that bad. You turned out alright. In fact, you may have needed the drive. It made you better.

To that I will ask why it matters in the case of *your* child. If it worked for you, amazing, I'm happy, nothing to say, I'm just a 15-year-old writing in a newspaper. But I don't think it will work for your kid.

Look, man, times are changing. We can all argue if it's for the better or for the worst, but what we can agree on is that life in the past sucked. Life in the past is always rose-tinted, for some reason, but no, it wasn't idyllic. It's a fallacy many people fall into. We see the past as the good days because of how young we were, and because growing up dulls a person into wish-

ing for their younger days. We see the surface of the past, but not what the past truly was.

What the past truly was isn't a good thing to strive for. People didn't have support systems or really any outlet to understand their mental health—heck, some people weren't even seen as people. If they survived, why should you coddle your child and shun them from the hardship of the 'real world'? Counterpoint to that: why does showing your child the 'real world' and pushing them to 'become the best' never involves your support? If you don't understand how the grading system works or how you felt as a kid when your parents pushed you, then why not be a safe space for your child? They need it. And you're the only one who can give it to them.

Honestly, I'm not telling you what to do. You can close this and move on to the next page. In fact, I shouldn't say anything at all. What do I know?

This article is just some pretentious teenager running her mouth. This article was written by someone who gets fours and doesn't cry about it. This article is by someone whose parents saw her zero (initially) and their first reaction was "it's okay, next time".

This article is also written by someone who has considered very deep thoughts I won't explain in here too. This article is also written by someone who is sick of seeing people she cares about stay up long hours at fourteen, harm themselves at younger, and see someone shed tears over being above average.

Empathy is not a limited resource. Self love is not conditional. We were not born to constantly be at our desks for a single number. Our worth is not defined by the perception of other people, but rather the simple fact that we are alive.

It took me a long time to understand this message. And it's important to

spread it around. While the grindset and hard work is so romanticized, we lose our humanity in the single digit that appears on our papers. We lose the capability not to throw ourselves off tall buildings when we don't have someone to turn to. We lose balance, the fundamentals of nature.

To end this, I want to tell you why I wrote this article. I didn't just write it because I heard someone say something dumb about my grade and how it didn't fit his narrow criteria on "acceptable". I wrote it because I would rather have people be alive, average, and ready to move on rather than bleeding yourself dry until there's no blood left because you got a bad grade. I don't want perfection in other people's eyes, and if perfection to me means I lose what I truly love doing, to hell with it. Is perfection all that mythical and great if it can be in one, single, calculated digit on a paper, by a teacher whose thought process we don't understand? I don't know. If you ask me, it sounds null.



Foto: Creazilla

TOSCANA OASUPP (NELJALE)

VAJA LÄHEB

20 g võid
1 kollane sibul, *peenelt hakitud*
1 küüslauguküüs, *riivitud*
120 g porgandit, *tükeldatud*
200 g sellerit, *tükeldatud*
2 tl tomatipastat
½ tl sambal oeleki
2 köögiviljapuljongikuubikut, *purustatud*
400 g purk *tükeldatud* tomatit
300 ml vett
400 g purk punaseid *kidney ube*



Foto: erakogu

Mia-Chanel Susi

12.c



Kuumuta potis või.

Prae sibulat keskmisel kuumusel, kuni see muutub kuldpruuniks. Lisa küüslauk ja prae seda minut. Lisa tükeldatud porgand ja seller ning prae, kuni need hakkavad pehmenema. Lisa tomatipasta, sambal oelek ja puljongikuubikut. Sega seda ja lase sellel minut aega seista. Lisa tükeldatud tomatid, vesi ja punased kidney oad. Oota, kuni see hakkab keema, ja seejärel keera kuumus madalaks. Kata pott kaanega ja lase 30 minutit podiseda.

PIIMAŠOKOLAADI JA MANDLI KÜPSISED (16–18 KÜPSIST)

VAJA LÄHEB

360 g nisujahu, *sõelutud*
1 ½ tl küpsetuspulbrit
1 tl söögisoodat
¾ tl soola
250 g võid, *toasoe*
175 grammi valget suhkrut
125 grammi helepruuni suhkrut
2 keskmist muna
1 supilusikas vaniljeekstrakti
200 grammi piimašokolaadi jämedalt hakituna
140 grammi blanšeeritud ja tükeldatud mandleid
helbeline sool, *valikuline*

Sega suures kausis kokku jahu, küpsetuspulber, sooda ja sool. Pane kõrvale.

Teises suures kausis kasuta elektrilist visplit või mikserit ning vahusta või ja mõlemad suhkrud umbes 5 minutit,

kuni see on kergelt kohev. Vajadusel kraabi küljed alla ja jätka.

Lisa ükshaaval segusse munad, pärast iga lisamist vahusta korralikult. Lisa vaniljeekstrakt ja sega veel üks minut. Tainas peaks olema heledat värvi.

Lisa jahu, küpsetuspulbri, sooda ja soola segu või ning suhkru kaussi. Sega. Lisa piimašokolaad ja mandlid. Sega uuesti.

Kata kauss ja pane 30 minutiks külmkappi. Kui jätad taigna üleöö või kauemaks külmkappi seisma, võta tainas 30 minutit enne sellest pallide valmistamist välja.

Kuumuta ahi 180°C. Vooderda kolm ahjuplaati küpsetuspaberiga.

Mia-Chanel Susi

12.c



Tee nii palju palle, kui saad, segust tuleb umbes 16–18. Aseta taigapallid küpsetuspaberile. Soovi korral lisa peale helbesoola.

Küpseta 9–11 minutit. Võta ahjust välja ja lase neil 10 minutit ahjuplaadil jahtuda.



Foto: erakogu

Laura Kirke Bertel Pertel

11.a



Lootuses leopardi lollitada
Peitsin enese põõsasse
Mu põsed jäid terveks ja siledaks
Aga igatsema hakkasin triibulisi kasse

Neid kes käisid mu hoovi peal kaklemas
Ja kellele andsin sooja piima
Neid kelle rahutu nurrumine
Ajas mu igal hommikul üles

Praegu ei tea enam on päev või on öö
Vähemasti mu põsed on terved ja siledad
KAS NEED OLID KIHVAD MIS LEHTEDE VARJUS
Ma istun siin vaikselt ja unustan muu

Laura Kirke Bertel Pertel

11.a



Vaata üles taevasse ja vali välja 1 täht
See täht on nüüd sinu
Ela temale



Foto: pngimg.com

Rando Jaaksoo

11.c



avali veri
taskurätist head-lõhkumas
rahu ja ootusi
värvimas
akvarell-pastellset
vaatevälja avali merele

vaatke! seda punakat paistet
eilsetelt homme hälbimust õhkab
hommikul puhtaks puhuda
pilvedest taeva –
lähendada rätikut kõhna

neil kes palutud jääda
lahkelt külmas külmetama
sest rätikus tihase pääsunud keha
kelle tapsin ma käega

KAPSALIBLIKAI

Rando Jaaksoo

11.c



kas üldse on vaja
tarbida, siis välja kõhida
kas üldse on vaja
kasvatada; välja rohida
kas üldse on vaja
osta & müüa
kas üldse on vaja
kapsaliblikaid;
su suudlust püüda
ei ole –
aga ma tahan
aga ma vajan
aga ma loodan
et kapsaliblikaid näen veel

Grete Elisabeth Laumets

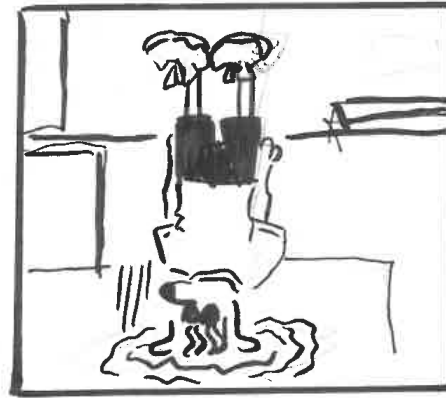
12.c



ÜKS KÕIK KUS, ÜKS KÕIK MILLAL



EBALAHE.



LIKUGE!!!



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"BEAUTY MAY BE DANGEROUS BUT INTELLIGENCE IS LETHAL."

VIDUSHI
"AS LONG AS THE EARTH, SUN AND MOON EXIST, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALRIGHT."

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CHIEMERIE
"NEVER JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER."

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AJINKYA
"AUDENTES FORTUNA JUVAT – FORTUNE FAVORS THE BOLD."

Secretary

AKSHITH
"WORK HARD UNTIL YOUR IDOLS BECOME YOUR RIVALS."

ELENORA
"QUE SERA, SERA – WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE."

Social Media Manager

STELLA
"SUCCESS IS A SUM OF SMALL EFFORTS."
–ROBERT COLLIER

IT Manager

