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THE MAGAZINE OF THE ENGLISH
DEPARTMENT

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AT THE BUS STOP

A Spinster

Kerégyártó Temetkezés, Bálás butik, Nefelejts Virág, Ajándék....Such a big crowd at this bus stop today! Where is that guy who used to sell fruit and vegetable at his fortress-like stand with huge Pepsi bottles around him? I haven't seen him for ages. Oh, these people are terrible! Why cannot they just stay at home? Do they all want to get on here? Hope not. This number 12 is already full of these horrible, impolite, self-conceited and noisy students who think they make the world go round.

Oh! O-Oh! What a farewell! C-c-c-c! How touching, for all the world to see! Shouldn't it be called the kiss of 1998? When I was 20, I wouldn't have done such a thing under the world's very nose, not for anything! Nowadays girls have lost all sense of shame. What a shame! God knows what this will lead up to!

Anyway, she might think their love will last for ever... Oh, young and naive, pretty girl, you are getting on this bus and you haven't the faintest idea of the hundred and one temptations your handsome boyfriend you leave alone now should be able to resist... You don't know women yet..... Excuse me! Sorry, I would like to get off!.....Excuse me, could you stand aside...? I WANT TO GET OFF THIS STUPID BUS... !!!

The Boy

Thank You my Lord ! She is gone. Go to your lecture babe and I'll see you this evening. If you look as gorgeous as now, it will be OK. Oh, I cannot resist long legs and short skirts ! Oh, the lipstick! I hate it. It is all over my face and neck, and I do not want Kate to suspect anything. She would kill me if she knew that she is not my only one. I am already late. What the hell should I say to her? Training, library, overslept....? I wish it were more windy to take this strong rose? vanilla? kiwi? smell away. OK, the bus is here. I hope that old bone won't get in my way with her bags stuffed with chicken? onions? or cow? Yes, of course I will help you, old lady, just try to move a little further inside the bus: yes, right leg first and then the left. OK. Oh, God! What the hell is dripping onto my feet?? Jam? Oil? If I survive this, I never want to see any girl again.

The Girl

Tom was the first boy I have loved truly and deeply, and so did he. I still clearly remember that morning after our wonderful first night together as if it had happened just yesterday.

We were walking slowly down the street to the bus stop. His arm embracing me gently. Feeling his masculine and pleasant odour: Old Spice, my favourite one. My mind was full of the events last night.

The sparkle of the disco. What a happy night! How much we danced together! We were simply unable to finish it. Turning, touching each other, laughing... Oh, how funny it was! How funny he was! I hadn't had such a good time for ages.

Finally, we got so tired that we just leant against each other in the buffet, and I felt I would fall asleep on his shoulders in a minute. He embraced my waist and helped me into the taxi he called.

"Just a minute and you'll be in bed," he whispered with a waggish glance. He was so kind, I felt I could give him anything he wanted. And I gave him the thing that a girl can give only once in her life to someone...

I suddenly stopped walking and snuggled to him very closely. I wanted to feel his strong breast again, his arms embracing me. He hold me close. He was so strong and so gentle at the same time.

"It was so marvelous last night! I wish it would return never to end," I said longingly.

"It will return at any time you wish," he answered. Oh, his voice, how gentle it was! I looked into his blue eyes deeply. Nothing else was present for me but his bright eyes, his long eyelashes, his good-looking face surrounded by his long, wavy, brown hair.

"I love you," he said and kissed me long and warmly. I felt that both of us were thinking about last night. I was so happy and so deeply in love with him.

We continued our way to the bus stop. We were very happy. He told some funny jokes and we laughed a lot. But I often could not hold my other feelings back and erupted: "How nice it was," "How happy I am with you," and said other things like that. Then he looked at me smiling, embraced me and gave me a kiss.

In the end, we arrived at the bus stop. Only then did I realise that we will soon gave to leave each other. It was a so great pity! I told Tom that I felt so sorry for it, and he tried to console me, promising he would call me in the evening and would meet me after school the following day. Gradually, I became much happier and looked forward to our date to

come. However, when my bus came, I turned a bit sad again and embraced Tom strongly as if I didn't want to let him go. We kissed each other passionately. I did not want to finish it at all but the bus began to produce alarm sound, and we had to part. I jumped on the bus quickly, found a place to stand and looked back to Tom. We waved to each other and I sadly saw him getting more and more away from me. But when he finally disappeared, I could think of nothing else but that night and my heart was filled with joy.

A Mother

Come on, let's hurry up we are already ten minutes late from the doctor. Yes, your socks are all right my dear, your shoes as well, and I didn't forget anything.

I locked the door...

I turned the tap off...

I didn't use the oven this morning...

Good Lord, I can't believe this. We are ten minutes late and the bus just doesn't want to come. Let's move closer, we need a seat. What a lovely couple. They are kissing gently. I wish I was ten years younger. It was just the same when I met István. He always took me to the bus-stop and those last five minutes were always ours, we just didn't care about the world. But it was so short and I didn't really know what Life is all about. At last the bus is here, let's go, I need a seat. Look, there is a place by that smiling man in bomber jacket. His look is obsessed with the couple. I did the same, but he is a men. It is a bit strange, though. Heaven knows what he is thinking about. But at least he has a mild smile on his face. Young

men usually don't smile at all. Hush, my dear, be patient. Try to take a breath or two while you are asking the questions. Of course you can not understand why that boy and girl are still holding each other's hands. Why doesn't she ever wait for the answers? I must ask the doctor about it.

Her Child

- Mummy mummy why does that lady have orangehair? mum is that person a man or a woman the person next to that orangehaired lady? but why does he have longhair mummy what are they doing now? but why should not i luk at them? everyone is lukiing at them mummy please tell me what are they doing? we are not at the centrum why are we getting off the bus now?

The Psychopathic English Teacher

Run-ons, fragments, punctuation... Run-ons, fragments, punc-tu-a-tion... That's OK, I got it under control. Under control. Yes. Under control. Run-ons, run-outs, she ran out, she shouldn't have run out. No, no, no, not on me... But that's OK. It's under control now. I have control. Yes. Control. H-m-m-m-m.... Control. Run-ons, fragments, punctuation...Run-ons, fragments, sentence fragments what? No. NO, that's not it! Control, keep it under control, keep it complete. No fragmentation. Focus. Focus. Keep it whole. Keep it relaxed. Focus.

What's that? Is it ...? It can't be her. But the hair!! And what is he... what does he want, what is he doing with... But no, yes. Yes, yes, YES!!! She's getting on. She's running on, running on the bus. Is it her? The face, no. But, maybe. It must be. It MUST!

No, I won't get off after all. Who needs that hospital? I feel much better now anyway. There was a little looseness after they changed the medication last week, but... control. Yes, I still have control. And I will have control again. That's why I'll stay on the bus. Yes.

A-h-h-h, she's sitting down. Good. Very good. Maybe it's not her. But it will be. It must be. It must. I'll stay and we'll settle this. Yes. We will. I feel much better. Much looser. It will be her. Run-ons, fragments, punctuation. No more fragmentation. Run-ons, fragments, punc-tu-ATE!!

The Bus Driver

How moving! Boy meets girl, boy kisses girl, boy parts girl... girl gets on the bus. Hey baby, in the heat of the moment don't forget about your season ticket! What's that, spring is coming? Damn, how stupid. Spring, and love, and all that shit. Surely they'll see everything in a different way when they are forty. Kids, work, wife's mother.

When was the last time my wife kissed me on the street? When was the last time she kissed me at all, I mean... I mean a real kiss... Damn, stupid. The bus is four minutes late.

Ex-girlfriend

Well, well. Here they are. I thought she would wear mini skirt and put some make up on her. Anyway, I don't know how could she wear that skirt. That awful orange colour is ridiculous. And her legs! They are stumpy and bandy! I think she's put some weight on. The blouse is so tight that you can even see her fat surrounding her stomach and her ex-waist just as an airbag. I know she put on this blouse just to make him want her. Hm... what a snake! She is trying to look like an innocent angel! Wow! He doesn't swallow it! He seems to behave in the same way he used to. I can't believe it! Now she is moving closer to him! She is trying to wheedle a stroke or an embrace out of him.

Or a kiss? What a whore! She wants to touch his hands! I knew it! Just one more step and I'll kill her! That's more than enough! I'm sick of her! She is telling a story! I hope he's noticed that she is lying! Of course! A little smile, a warm innocent look, perhaps a little tear! Yes. That's her. I've known her for more than 12 years. We were good friends and she deceived me. She took the man I loved. And after all, she cheated on him. She lied to us! She hasn't changed. She deserves it. Now, he's mine! I'm

sure. She knows that she's lost. She can't get him back. The bus is coming. Will she get on it? The last kiss.

She's upset but I don't care about it any more. She feels that that's the end. The end of another romance. I hope he hasn't noticed me! He promised me that he would split up with her and perhaps that would be only a last kiss at the end and that would be it. He didn't lie to me. Now I feel relieved. I'm lucky. I've been sitting in the car and I could watch their parting to the finish. Will he wait till the bus leaves? I knew I could trust him. He had left before she even got on the bus. Now I should be in a hurry to get myself ready for our rendezvous. So I could find out what happened.



LAW AND FREEDOM

In a modern democratic society the relationship between law and freedom does not seem to be always clear both in theory and in practice. There are people longing for strict rules against the growing number of criminals. They also feel the lack of proper order: everybody does what they want to and it results in chaos. However, extreme liberals and anarchists declare that each person has the right to do what he or she would like to, and there is no need for any law. Well, who is right? To answer this question, we should have a closer look at the meaning and purpose of law.

If someone asked us to whom we would give freedom without anxiety, the "healthy" answer would be that we would not give it to everybody. We would give it only those who are wise and good enough to use it without hurting others. That's right. Most people do not make any difference between freedom and selfishness. Others identify freedom with doing the very opposite of what the law says (which is, actually, just another type of restriction on their conduct). And there are also many who simply do not know what to do when they are free. These three main types can be combined in one person as well.

Basically, people of the first type destroy unity and co-operation in society, those of the second commit as many crimes as

possible, hurting other people and themselves, too, and those of the third kill individual and social development. And as, unfortunately, the majority of people belong to at least one of these categories, it is better to have laws aimed at keeping these people well in hand and assuring security and order in society.

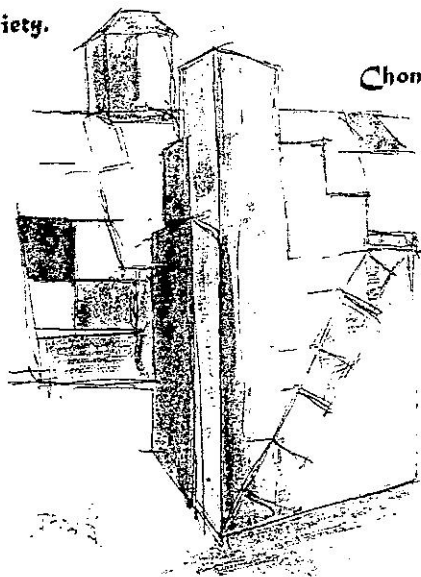
But what about the "wise and good" minority? Where do their wisdom and goodness stem from? Basically, they come from their knowing and obeying the law. But it is not enough yet. If one obeys some rules and afterwards one is deprived of those rules and is given freedom, one is likely to feel insecure and not to know what to do. To achieve the real free life, law must be written in our hearts and we have to realize the aim of law. I mean by "be written in our hearts" that we should really change our whole personalities according to the law. Thus, if we are deprived of the "outer" law, the "inner" one will be brought into life by us, which does not force us because it embodies our own desires. Then we will not need any outer restrictions any more, we can rise above law and become free. And if we are above the law and not under it, we cannot even break it. Perhaps it sounds somewhat mystical, but I think, it is quite logical. However, let's see some examples to make it clearer.

If you learn to play a musical instrument, first you have to obey several strict rules: the correct position of your lips and fingers, the way of breathing, etc. But one day you realize that you know what the goal of these rules is and you can follow them automatically. They are "written in your heart." You begin to

improve your own talents to the highest degree, and you become a virtuoso who really can do what he wants to. And if you, perhaps, change the correct position of your fingers to produce a special, brilliant effect, it will hurt nobody, but rather amuse your audience.

Or you learn how to drive a car, and you realize that the aim of the Highway Code is security. Then while driving, you find yourself in a situation where the accident can only be avoided by exceeding the speed limit. If you accelerate, you do not break the law but rise above it by following its aim and not the written rules that can be imperfect and inadequate as well.

So, we can say that law is not against freedom but it prepares people for freedom. And unlimited freedom should be given without threatening the order of society only to those who can automatically obey the law, and are able to rise above this mere obedience. Those people won't become criminals or "outlaws" but rather happy and very efficient members of society.



Chon Che

Why Should I Clean My Room?

I want to step into my room. I want to get to my desk because I need something. There are pens, opened books, sheets of paper crumpled into a ball, unironed garments, my favourite T-shirt, shoes, my blue bag lying on the carpet which was once grey. Now it's black. On my bed there is a saucer with a half slice of bread and butter on it. I ate it last week. There is a spilled glass, too and a darker stain under it. My tea must have been spilt. I didn't notice it. I'm stepping over the things on the carpet. I'm trying to step where there is a little free place. I'm standing at my desk. It's a mess. But I can see through the mess.

I am smoothing my hair. It's full of tangles. Perhaps I should give it a comb. I'm trying to look for a clean sheet of paper and a pen which works at least. I am stepping up to my bed, pushing the dirty blankets aside. The saucer also follows them. There remain some crumbs on the pillow case, but I don't mind. I fling myself onto my bed, kick off my shoes because I know that I musn't have shoes on when I lay down on a bed. I start thinking about what to write for tomorrow's lesson. After some minutes I find a rather good title: *Why Should I Clean My Room?* I am happy with this title. I like inventing stories and writing them down.

Körömi Csilla

A Childhood Memory

That's great! I only have to sleep one more and tomorrow my mum and I will get a new toy! I didn't want it but my dad told my mum to get one. Oh, my mum is here. I think I should put the toys away. I'm going home. I just say good-bye to the children and my kindergarten teacher. Mummy, I'm ready. We can go now.

Where are we going? Our flat is there and we're on the way to the shop. Of course! I've forgotten! We're going to buy a new toy! Oh, it's beautiful! This shop is full of teddies, balls, cars, animals and other toys! Mummy, I don't know which one to choose. You mean this one? That looks good. But it's a bit big. Well, it must cost a fortune. But if you want it... There are some coins in it. O.K., if there's some money in it, we can buy it. This box is almost too big to put it in the basket. Yes, mum, I like it. Can we play with it? Will you play with me? What will dad say? Will he like it, too? Mum, why are you so upset? Aren't you happy with me? Perhaps we shouldn't have bought it.

Here we are. My dad is at home. He's looking strange. O, o. I should stay close to my mum. But this box is so heavy and big, I can hardly see anything over it. Why is dad so miserable? Something has happened and something will happen.



They're going to argue. Dad, don't look at me like that! Look what we've bought! You wanted it! No, I'm not going to give it to you! You'll break it! You look angry! I'm fed up with this fear, with your arguments. Mum is saying to me to give it to you. O.K. I will but just because she told me so. Now dad why did you do it? Why did you drop my new toy? I thought you would! It will break. No, I'm not going to pick it up! You dropped it, you have to pick it up! Why are you saying to me, mum, to pick it up? Don't tell me, please, to go to my room! He's drunk. He will hurt you! Can't you see?

not going to talk to him. I hope this day will fly away soon and my mom gets home very soon. Now I can't understand dad. Yesterday he almost broke my toy (it's broken a bit), now he wants to play with me, with my new toy.

Why were you so miserable, dad, yesterday? Why can't you be so nice all the time as you are now? You shouldn't drink. Do you like my new toy? I hope when mum gets home she will play with us with this roulette. I'm sorry that the roulette wheel has cracked a bit.



O.K. I'm going. I hate you, Dad. Well, this has been a hard day. Oh, my god. Tomorrow I'll have to stay at home with my dad. Why? I'm

Three City Pigs

Once upon a time there was a big city. In one of the skyscrapers of the city there were many similar windows. Behind three small windows in three tiny rooms three pigs lived wall by wall, Joky, Fatty and Lusty.

In the three little rooms there were three tiny beds and a huge screen in front of each bed. Every morning when they woke up the piglets just pressed the remote control and the whole world was in front of them. Love and violence, floods and reconstruction, nature and machines, music and noise, sport and laziness.

If they wanted a change they just pressed another button. They felt very happy and contented. The whole world was theirs, in front of them.

Sometimes they stood up and looked out of the window. Cars were running seemingly aimlessly, people were rushing in the crowd without looking at each other. It was all the same day and night.

'Who can our neighbours be?' The question emerged sometimes when they pressed their rosy noses against the window.

'I cannot see them. Anyway, it is not important. Life is boring outside, nothing much is happening. We have everything we want.'

So they went back to their screenlife again. When they were hungry they ordered meals and dishes they saw on TV, it was just a phone call. They appreciated the services of the supermarket.

'We had a great mum. She left us enough cash.' They thought. But none of them asked who that mum was and when they saw her last.

One morning around nine Lusty heard a knocking on the door.

- 'Who is there?' He asked with a squeaking voice. He did not order anything. No answer. He switched off the telly.

- 'Who is there?' He cried out pretending to be confident.

No answer. He felt something creeping up on his spine. It was such a strange feeling he never experienced before. Till this time he always knew what to expect.

'Perhaps I should open the door... Or rather not... It must be the wolf!!!' He looked at the door anxiously. 'What is behind? Should I open it?'

Staring at the door he tentatively put on his slippers and started going step by step... With every single step his heart was beating stronger and stronger until it was the only sound he heard. He took the knob and opened the door smoothly. A breath of fresh air came in. He took a big

breath and then another. The air was so strong and tasty that he nearly fainted. He looked out first to the right where he saw nothing but a long corridor with a green carpet. Then he turned his head suddenly where four round black eyes and two rosy noses were staring at him.

'These are not wolves.' He concluded. Wolves have long black hair and huge sweating tongues. I saw them on TV. But I have also seen these creatures before.

- 'You must be pigs!' He said, even though he has never seen one so close before.

- 'Oink, oink! Just like you!'

- 'What is your name? He asked with a curious light in his eyes.

- 'I am Joky..' answered the huge one further away.

- 'I 'am Fatty...' said the skinny pig closer.

- 'How come I have never seen you? Why did you open your doors?'

The questions were pouring out of him.

- 'We heard a knocking!' - Both answered in a choir.

- 'So did I.' Said he meditating.

- 'What were you doing?' Came his fourth question.

- 'We watched the telly as usual.' They echoed the answer.

- 'It is strange feeling that I am talking so much. How come that I did not know this feeling before? I always shared my thoughts with myself. Why don't you come in?'

Both Joky and Fatty seemed uncertain with their first steps out.

- 'Sorry, but...'

- 'I have to...' They started the sentences but something attracted them to the other room. So all three went to Lusty's room.

Happy Ending

The room was just like theirs, Lusty was just like them even if they have not seen each other before. They started chatting and the whole afternoon passed without turning the TV on.

- 'Why don't we eat something together?' asked Lusty. They had their favourite dishes ordered and tasted it together with their new mates. At night they went to bed each to their own room with a strange smile on their lips. As they were walking home they felt happy and contented for an unknown reason.

Weeks passed and they spent more and more time together. They were shopping at the grocer's comershop to have ingredients for the food they cooked. There was a calm oak forest by the skyscraper where they often went for a stroll. It was spring time, the flowers were blossoming and people were walking outside enjoying the sunshine and the jolly air.

After a time they sold two screens and moved together. When they need privacy they can still go back to their own rooms. But they have never heard the knocking on the door again.



"Little Red Riding Hood! I am giving some wine and sweatbread to you. Take them to grandma, please. But don't you dare to leave the road! You can meet the wolf at any time!"

Oh, my God! It's me again! I hate it! And I hate this lousy hood as well. My parents keep on drinking wine and spend all their salaries on alcohol. This is what they want from me this time. To make grandma feel so good. But I hate that everyone just calls me Little Red Riding Hood just because my parents don't have that goddam money to buy me a blue hood or a cap. But even a green one would do! Even the hunter's crazy daughter wears better things. I am fed up with it! I hate my grandma as well. She is really mean. She has hundreds of golden necklaces at home, but whenever I go to her she keeps on complaining about her heart-attack and about how little old age pension she earns.

I just want you to know the truth. To know who I am. I am not a sweet little green girl! Though I am red outside, but I am longing for something else. I want to change my parents, the forest around me and the sky and everything! To tell you the truth the wolf is my only friend. He really knows me. He's said that I am the most beautiful girl in the world and he really thinks so. He promised me to buy another cap. I know him very well. If he promises something to me,

he'll do it. He is a great guy. He is the most handsome guy in the forest. He is as black as the hell, but his heart is as sweet as a candy. Yesterday I even told him about grandma's secret golden necklaces. Even my mother does not know about them. I noticed those goddam jewels once accidently when she drank all her wine and fell asleep. In her dreams she asked for the pills in her drawers. And I couldn't believe my eyes! My poor grandma is a millionaire! I am not a kind of person who likes stealing, but I know that I can be a millionaire at any time I want, so it makes me feel so good. And nobody else knows this secret apart from Wolfie. We have a secret that only we know. It makes me feel so happy!!!

Wolfie said that tomorrow he would buy me a coat with blue hood. I am waiting for tomorrow to come. Now Wolfie thinks that I am picking flowers . . . But it's just not true . . . I am writing my diary . . . I cannot tell my happiness to anyone but to you, my dear little diary.

Well, but I am leaving now. I want to see Wolfie.

- "Hi, grandma."

- "Hello, little girl. You are the prettiest and loveliest little girl that I have ever seen!"

- "Oh! Is it you Wolfie? I should have known it at first sight! I am so happy that you are here. But why are you wearing grandma's dress?"

- "Oh! Just to surprise you. To believe that I am your grandma."

- "What a funny guy you are! Your eyes, nose and mouth are just much too big for my grandma!"

- "Yes, but my mouth is just at the ideal size to eat you."

- "To eat me! Oh Wolfie! You are such a great person! I love you so much! I know that it means that you love me so much that you are able to eat me. And now I can be the part of you! It's so romantic!"

And the Wolf opened his mouth and ate up Little Red Riding Hood. Little Red Riding Hood died happily and the wolf ran away with grandma's golden necklaces.



A Brainstorming on Creative Writing

Even before the door opened I was lying on the ground. There was a terrible pain in my head. I hadn't had such an awful pain before. I thought that I would die and all I could think of was *that girl I had known in high school, but never had kissed. Jesus, no courage then, no courage now. I overcame my nausea, tested for blood on my head and looked up. If this was it, then, well, maybe I could face my fate. And there, staring down at me,* was two men in dark suits and sunglasses. One of them was a huge, grizzly-like giant, the other was a smaller, thinner man with a cold smile. 'Welcome home, you nasty kid' said the latter one. 'Don't ye recognise me?' He took off his sunglasses. Oh, no, it was Bill, the One-Eyed!

'Let me go! I don't wanna go back to my ugly past! It's over! I've finished it!' I shouted. The grizzly, grabbing me, pulled me close to him, kissed me on the mouth and was appearantly overcame by emotions. Jesus! I should've kissed that girl in high school. All this would've never happened if I hadn't been so bloody shy. Everything went wrong afterwards. I met Bill and Smiley and they offered me the job. That damn job. The worst decision in my life ever. Stripping in a gay space bar! You're nuts Jack, really nuts. It would've been better even to sleep with your... Ok, let's calm down.

'Bill, I'm not going to let myself down. I don't wanna go back to the bar. I've had enough. Suddenly the screen turned black. I felt him stripping off my pink-trousers and pants and a sharp pain in my arms. I am lost. They found me again. I should've kissed that girl in high school.

"Time Is But The River I Go A-Fishing In"

A funny thing happened to me last Wednesday. I had a journal to write for the following day but a single topic couldn't come to my mind.

I was just sitting on my chair, resting my elbows on the table, with a pen in my hand over a sheet of paper and I was thinking. After a little time it was my couch I was sitting on, with a pen in my hand, with my elbows on my knees and I was still thinking. Although I had a title given by my teacher namely "TIME IS BUT THE RIVER I GO A FISHING IN". I didn't even know what to connect this title to. To life? To the passing of the time?

Well, it could be. Life is the river and I'm the fisher and while I'm fishing life goes on. That is, time goes on, my time goes on, but if my time goes on I could be the river which wouldn't be the same any more but then it's me where I go a fishing in?

So I'm the river and life is the fisher? No, it was too much. It was high time I found out a good title for my writing because time really went on. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, to my greatest happiness a title, a poor little title lighted my brain and clouds seemed to have gone away from the grey sky.

I said "that's it! Why on earth hasn't it opened my eyes before? That's it, this is what I'm writing about." *Irony in Life* was my title. I whipped out my sheet of paper and started to write finally. After an hour I realized that only silly things were being written on the paper and I started to think again sitting on my chair, with my

elbows on the table and with my pen in my hand. "Irony? What is irony actually? Play of faith? Grimace of life? Well, life is full of irony and now I don't have enough time to write them all."

Then somebody knocked on the door of my room, which saved me from the thick word of my thoughts for a couple of minutes. It was my mother who brought the dinner into my room and who was watching me with worrying eyes because one and a half hour had passed and not more than five sentences covered the quarter of my sheet of paper. Then I ate my dinner, sat down on the couch and started to think again and I had to decide that the title of my writing could be nothing else but: *Time Is But The River I Go A Fishing In.*



Körömi Csilla

