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„TUDOR VLADIMIRESCU”,
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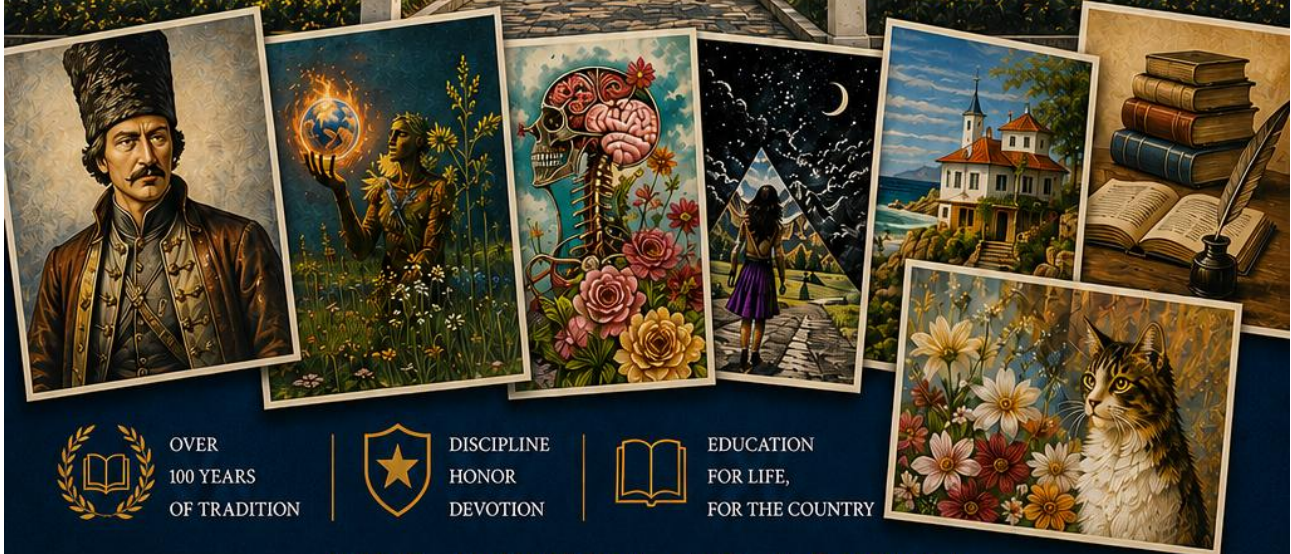
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RISING VOICES

STUDENTS' LITERARY MAGAZINE

*“Words bloom.
Ideas grow. Voices inspire.”*



OVER
100 YEARS
OF TRADITION



DISCIPLINE
HONOR
DEVOTION



EDUCATION
FOR LIFE,
FOR THE COUNTRY

PER ASPERA AD ASTRA!

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RISING VOICES

Students' Literary Magazine

Motto

“Where discipline meets imagination.”

Per Aspera Ad Astra!

CRAIOVA

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RISING VOICE – Students’ Literary Magazine is a creative platform dedicated to showcasing the talent, imagination, and original voices of students. The magazine publishes poems, short stories, essays, reflections, drawings, and other artistic creations made by young authors and artists.

The magazine aims to develop students’ creativity, artistic expression, and passion for literature and art. It encourages cadets to express their ideas, emotions, and perspectives freely while improving their writing and artistic skills.

Through this publication, students have the opportunity to share their work with a wider audience, gain confidence in their abilities, and become part of a dynamic and inspiring creative community. The magazine celebrates diversity, originality, and the power of art and literature to inspire and connect people.

The Editorial Board

SCHOOL IDENTITY - OUR IDENTITY

Every school has a story, a tradition, a way of being that defines it. So do we, the students of this national military college who proudly portray the emblem of this institution that shapes us not only as future professionals, but also as people. The identity of this school is more than a mere name or place. It is a multitude of values, principles and ideals that are reflected in each of us, the students who indeed belong to this school.

At the outset, everything seemed distinct: uniforms, discipline, stricter requirements and the fast pace of our days. Everything seemed more severe than in a regular school, but it didn't take too long for me to understand that all these things have a profound meaning. The identity of our college is not limited to solid academic training only, but to the development of a strong character, capable of facing challenges. We learn not only lessons from books, but we also learn to become individuals, to understand the value of teamwork, respect for others and discipline as a means of improvement.

Military rigour, apparent and almost palpable, is not just a set of rules and order, but a way to learn what personal responsibility and respect to others really conjures. Unity, punctuality, and discipline are the pillars of this rigor. Should we mention the uniform which must be impeccable, otherwise the day would not continue perfectly? These details are not just exercises of character, but real lessons on how to control your life, how to be master of yourself at all times. In a boring world where everything seems to move frantically, our school teaches us that only through rigorous discipline can we reach the high standards we aim for.

Every day spent in this college is a life lesson. Not only do subjects such as mathematics or Romanian form us, but also our daily activities, the observance of a well-structured program, the respect for teachers and comrades, but primarily the fact that we are taught to exceed our limits. Some of us stepped in this universe with big dreams, aiming higher than possible, whereas others followed their desire to learn what responsibility really signifies.

Every morning begins with a military greeting and consequently, every movement, every group activity is an exercise of coordination and mutual respect. We are taught that teamwork is a matter of efficiency, a matter of respect, trust or responsibility towards our colleagues. Everything is done with order and with a clear purpose, and each day brings a new opportunity to strengthen both our body and mind. Furthermore, the identity of our school is reflected in every aspect of our daily lives: in our attitude towards teaching, in the relationships we build with others, in the way we understand how to work together for a common purpose. We are encouraged to be leaders, take responsibility and support each other, even more, we are also taught that success does not come easily, on the contrary it takes hard work and perseverance to fulfil a dream.

In addition, the education one receives here teaches them that true values are measured by one's achievements, just as so by the way they behave towards the peers. These lessons are fundamental to our future careers and to our personal lives. Our minds develop, but our hearts alongside, thus being taught about respect, empathy and mutual support; we realise that our identity is the result of an educational journey, based on the relationships we build and the values we experiment accordingly.

Walking through the school's corridors gives you a sense of a deeper connection than simply belonging to an institution. We are part of a tradition, of a greater ideal, and this makes us want to mature and to carry on the legacy of our ancestors. We are not just students, we are future leaders, future people with principles, able to positively influence the world around us, hence our deep connection with our past. Military traditions that are passed down from generation to generation are

a source of inspiration and a guide to our daily behaviour. This connection with traditions helps us feel that we are part of a great family, which supports us and urges us to be the best.

Ultimately, the identity of our national military college is more than a set of rules and traditions; it is the foundation on which we build our characters and our future. Military discipline, combined with solid educational values, shapes us into responsible and dedicated individuals. We are proudly part of this harmonious community called “LIFE”.

Student: Dimitri Bogdan Vasiliu, 12th grade
Coordinating teacher: Otilia Ștefan

INSTAGRAM VS. TIKTOK: TWO WORLDS, ONE SCREEN

Nowadays, most people use social media for purposes beyond mere entertainment. It has become a part of everyday life. Whether we are waiting in line, resting or preparing to go to sleep, we catch ourselves instinctively reaching out for our phone. We use social media not only to while time away, but also to feel connected, noticed, or even to escape routine for a little while. Among all the existing platforms, Instagram and TikTok are the most popular. While they might look similar at first glance, each provides a different experience. To my mind, TikTok is better than Instagram because it encourages us to come up with new ideas and be ourselves without fear of judgment.

First of all, Instagram feels like walking into an art gallery. Everyone posts perfectly taken pictures, meaningful captions, and idealised snapshots of their lives. Others try to present the best version of themselves, either by sharing a sunset from a holiday or a perfectly styled cup of coffee. Although that can sometimes be inspiring and even motivating, it also brings pressure because you always have to look happy, successful, polished and composed at all times. The more you scroll, the simpler it is to contrast your real life with what you see on the screen, especially since you are aware that all of those posts are meant to make people's profiles look more appealing.

Second of all, TikTok provides a noticeably distinct vibe. It's spontaneous, and so much more authentic. People post their real thoughts, funny moments, and random bursts of creativity. You might see someone talking about something really personal, dancing in their pyjamas, or joking about a bad day. It seems to be more about connection than perfection. And that's what I like about it. I do not feel like I have to filter myself or censor my feelings. I can just simply be myself. I've watched videos that made me laugh out loud, some that made me reflect, and some that honestly brought me to tears because they felt so real and relatable.

To conclude, both platforms have something valuable to offer. The former shows you how beautiful life can be by focusing on the expectations that the individuals strive to rise to, while the latter tells you what real life actually is like. And if I were to choose between the two, I would undoubtedly opt for the one where I can be myself, where I can feel comfortable expressing my feelings, the one where freedom and spontaneity are at home. That will always be TikTok.

Student: Karina-Maria Mihăilescu, 12th grade
Coordinating teacher: Verona-Elena Popa

A GLIMPSE OF HONOUR FOR THE FUTURE

I remember a winter morning when I was ten. I stood on a frozen hillside, boots buried in the snow, breath curling into the sharp air. Around me, silence. No cars. No voices. Just the soft crackle of ice beneath the wind and the blinding white of the mountain. I didn't know it then, but I was standing on something ancient a living memory, pressed into the Earth. That memory is now fading.

As a student in a military high school, I've been trained to recognize what others might overlook the signs of something approaching, something shifting. In most lessons, danger is loud: a sudden threat, a visible force. But not all threats arrive with noise. Some creep in quietly, changing the world before we even realize it. The melting of glaciers is one of them.

These majestic giants, carved by time and crowned by silence, are more than just ice. They are the Earth's memory holding stories written in snow, holding balance in their stillness. For thousands of years, they have endured watching empires rise and fall, outlasting storms, wars, and even the noise of human history. And now, they are slowly retreating, not because nature will do it, but because we've forgotten how to live in harmony with it. Their disappearance isn't dramatic, it's dignified. Quiet. Almost respectful. But their silence is not peaceful. It is warning.

The tragedy is not just in what is melting, but in how little we seem to feel it. But for those who still pause to listen to really look the message is loud and clear: something irreplaceable is being lost. Not just cold water or ancient ice, but balance, beauty, and time itself.

As young people, we are often told that the future is ours. But what kind of future are we being handed when the foundations of our planet are melting beneath us? Glaciers are not far-off symbols, they are lifelines. They cool the Earth, store the freshwater millions depend on, and keep the rhythm of seasons in balance. When they fall, it is not just an environmental loss. It is a collapse of everything quiet and sacred.

In parts of South America and Asia, villages that once relied on glacial runoff for drinking water now face seasonal droughts. In the Arctic, wildlife is disappearing with ice. These are not abstract statistics. These are people, homes, and lives being reshaped by a force that moves slowly but strikes deeply.

Increasingly, I see people my age students, kids, teenagers asking the right questions: Why are we letting this happen? What does it mean for our lives? Can we stop it? And beneath those questions, I see something powerful: not panic, but care. Not weakness, but strength. Because to care in a world that tries to numb you that is strength.

There is a quiet kind of courage in caring. In looking at something broken and refusing to look away. In saying: This matters to me, even when the world is moving too fast to notice. We may not be decision-makers yet, but we are the generation that will live with the decisions made now. That makes our voice not only relevant but necessary.

March 21st, World Glacier Day, isn't just a date for science presentations and posters. It should be a moment of truth. A chance to reconnect with what is real, ancient, and worth protecting. We don't need charts to tell us what we already feel that something precious is slipping through our fingers, and the window to act is closing.

The good news is this: awareness is spreading. More young people are getting involved creating art, writing articles, joining clean-up projects, and starting conversations that challenge indifference. We

may not have power in politics, but we have influence in culture. And culture shapes the world more than we think.

But we are still here. And we are not powerless.

We just need eyes to see, hearts to feel, and courage to act.

The Earth isn't asking for grand speeches. It's asking us to remember. To notice. To change. And if we choose to answer that call not tomorrow, but now we still have time to protect what remains. Glaciers don't need to scream. Their silence is enough. All we have to do is listen.

Student: Bianca-Luciana Pernici, 12th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mădălina Popescu

BEYOND WORDS – MULTILINGUALISM

Being a polyglot is an immense advantage that can set you apart from peers. It gives you a different perspective on foreign cultures, history and intercultural activities. Being multilingual may even give you a leg up when it comes to searching for a job or building relationships.

First of all, it improves your social life. It boosts your social skills, by enabling you to mingle with new people. Thus, you can learn about their cultures and personal experience.

Second of all, travelling becomes a piece of cake when you are already familiar with the native language. You can explore more places, interact with locals and gain a better understanding of your surroundings. You won't be seen as an outsider, but rather welcomed by the citizen of that foreign country. In addition, learning a language entails understanding not only the cultural norms but also the way in which people from foreign countries think. It is not only about becoming multilingual, but about the process of expanding your cultural horizons. The Cambridge professor and philosopher Ludwig Wittgenstein illustrates the complex processes behind language learning through his quote: "The limits of my language mean the limits of my world."

To sum it all up, knowledge of multiple languages can open a world of possibilities whether we think about social connections, career prospects or personal development.

Student: Maya Alexia Bold, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Otilia Ștefan

WHEN THE STORM LED HIM INSIDE

The rain tapped softly against the window as Diego hurried down the empty street. The wind whistled in his ears as he ran, trying to find shelter from the storm. He absolutely disliked the rain because he thought it made him smell strange and ruined his hair. As he looked around desperately, he suddenly noticed a café that was still open.

He stepped inside and took a deep breath, sighing as he ran a hand through his wet brunette hair, trying to fix it. The café's interior looked modern, yet incredibly cozy. Diego glanced around, appreciating the elegant furniture and the warm atmosphere it created. No one was at the counter, but he did not press the small bell resting on the countertop. Instead, he stared at the chalkboard menu, admiring the crisp white letters that stood out against the dark background, without even thinking about what he wanted to order.

A moment later, a barista appeared behind the counter, quietly waiting for him to notice her. Diego looked away from the menu and blinked in surprise, wondering how she had gotten there without him hearing a sound. She was wearing a green apron, a matching hat, and a name tag that read "Valeria," the usual barista uniform. Yet, the more Diego looked at her, the more beautiful she seemed. She had long blonde hair tied in a high ponytail, pale skin, and piercing ice-blue eyes. She definitely was not from here, Diego thought to himself. There was something unusual about her expression fox-like, mischievous, yet clever, and even her polite smile was strangely captivating.

She spoke first, a knowing smirk appearing on her face. "What's wrong?" she asked, leaning on the countertop as she looked up at him. "Don't know what to order?" Diego hesitated, his eyes quickly scanning the menu again, but before he could say anything, she interrupted him. "In my opinion," she said, "you should try the chocolate cream cold brew." Diego stared at her for a moment, considering the recommendation before nodding slowly. "Sure... I'll take that," he replied.

Valeria smiled softly and turned toward the coffee machine, her movements quick and effortless, as if she had done this countless times before. Diego stepped aside, still slightly dripping onto the café floor, and watched her prepare the drink. The sound of the machine humming and cups clinking filled the silence between them. Outside, the rain grew heavier, making the windows blur with streams of water.

As she worked, Diego found himself glancing at her every few seconds. There was something strangely familiar about her, even though he was certain they had never met before. Maybe it was the way she moved so confidently, or the way her blue eyes seemed to notice everything around her.

A few moments later, she placed the drink in front of him and smiled once more. "Trust me," she said. "You'll like this one."

Diego reached for the cup, but as their fingers brushed for the briefest second, he felt an unexpected shiver run down his spine. For some reason, he had the strange feeling that stepping into this café had changed something, even if he did not yet know what.

Student: Alexandru-Simion Crăciun, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Ana-Maria Vlad

A DECADE OF GROWTH, A LIFETIME OF CHANGE

We are on the edge of tomorrow, as the future holds great potential but also hides big problems that need to be solved. Some people are excited about what will be, but some fear the new upcoming era. As we look ahead in the next 10 years, we are faced with the possibility of gaining much information in a short time, the chance to transform healthcare, and education with the help of artificial intelligence. Nowadays, time is the most valuable asset, therefore, having the opportunity to find the answer to any question in just a matter of seconds is of utmost importance. Even though the usage of technology comes with ethical considerations, such as the displacement of jobs, artificial intelligence has the potential to extend human limits and creativity.

As the new generation starts to become a large force in society, their unique perspectives are expected to shape the trajectory of innovation across multiple industries. I believe that finding new solutions to old problems, along with embracing the change for the better, could help us a great deal to be able to save many resources such as time and money. Technology has also worked well in bringing unity into the world through social media by turning it into a global village online, often overcoming peoples' cultural, racial and continental barriers. Thus, this requires significant efforts among all of society which has been proven to be plausible.

Firstly, the movements mediatized online toward greater inclusivity, equality, and justice reflect the wish for a more collective world where all individuals could thrive. Education and access to information stand as pillars for fostering a culture of understanding and tolerance. The future holds the potential for a more connected global society, where diversity is celebrated, not criticised, where every individual can contribute to the common good, regardless of their race or ethnicity. Even so, the path to this future is shaped by the choices we make today, as to why we must embrace change and evolve.

Secondly, a crucial aspect that can shape the future is the cultivation of an open-minded perspective. Being open to learning and gaining new knowledge about points of view you may not agree with could help understand the perspective of others.

Letting go of the attachment to being right often makes people accept differences and look towards more important treasures in life, such as friendship and companionship. Social media has played an important role in making people across the globe relate to one another through jokes and stories told. Therefore, seeing strangers relate to personal embarrassing events could also be seen as a coping mechanism.

To sum it all up, the future has great potential for the better, as the new generation is open to change, wishing to broaden their horizons and explore the unknown. By 2036, people around the globe will learn to be less judgmental and learn to embrace the differences and valuing diversity. It is the difference that makes us unique and memorable.

Student: Aura Maria Croitoru, 11th grade
Coordinating teacher: Otilia Ștefan

MILITARY HEARTS

High school years unite us for life
Overcoming many years or strife
Seeing the world through different eyes
Helping us together to reach all heights.

We live, love and study side by side
Experimenting, discovering with pride
As a team, we fulfil any dream
In our military universe, where hope is a beam.

Every step we take is a promise made
Besides school, life foundation is laid
We learn not just facts, but how to be kind,
With voices in harmony and hearts intertwined.

Everything has more beauty in sight
As we prepare together for our country's fight!

Student: Diana Florentina Gale, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Otilia Ștefan

SPRING TRADITIONS ACROSS EUROPE A CELEBRATION OF LIFE, CULTURE, AND RENEWAL

European spring festivities offer a vivid testament to the continent's shared celebration of confidence, belief, and long-standing cultural traditions. The arrival of spring - with blossoming trees, greening fields, and invigorating air - encourages people to step outside and take part in communal joy. Migrating birds return, colourful flowers bloom, and the lengthening days inspire a sense of vitality and hope. Across Europe, generations have preserved a variety of rituals, festivals, and customs, each symbolizing the renewal that spring brings. Celebrating spring is therefore more than a seasonal shift; it is a commemoration of heritage, unity, and the bond between people, nature, and culture.

One of the most widely celebrated spring holidays is Easter, a holiday that intertwines religious observance with cultural and familial traditions. Many of the customs associated with Easter are pre-Christian and were linked to fertility and rebirth. In Romania, for instance, eggs are boiled and meticulously decorated with geometric or floral patterns using wax and natural dyes, then exchanged as gifts or playfully tapped together. In Germany and Austria, children eagerly await the Easter Bunny, hiding colourful eggs and sweets, creating an atmosphere of joy and play. French tradition tells that church bells fly to Rome and return on Easter morning, bringing chocolate treats for children. In the United Kingdom, egg-rolling competitions symbolize the rolling away of the stone from Christ's tomb. These diverse practices reflect the innocence, wonder, and shared excitement that spring inspires.

Another significant celebration is May Day, observed on the first of May across many European countries. This festival is closely associated with flowers, music, and dance. In England, the iconic maypole dance sees participants weaving ribbons around a tall decorated pole, symbolizing unity, harmony, and the cycle of life. Morris dancing, with its rhythmic steps, bells, and handkerchiefs, further animates the festivities. In Sweden and Finland, bonfires are lit on May Day eve to welcome warmth and drive away lingering winter spirits. Communities gather in parks, wear flower wreaths, sing traditional songs, and enjoy picnics together - demonstrating Europe's enduring connection to nature and its rhythms.

In Central and Eastern Europe, spring is often welcomed through symbolic rituals depicting the triumph of renewal over winter. In Poland and the Czech Republic, for example, people create a straw figure called Marzanna, dressed in old clothes, which is carried through villages before being set on fire or thrown into water, marking the definitive end of winter. In Bulgaria, the arrival of spring is celebrated on March 1st with Baba Marta, exchanging red-and-white bracelets called *martenička* that symbolize health, happiness, and hope for a bountiful year. These traditions are lively, participatory, and deeply symbolic, especially for children who delight in taking part.

Southern Europe is renowned for its energetic, colourful, and artistic spring festivals. In Spain, Las Fallas in Valencia showcases elaborate sculptures crafted from wood, paper, and other materials, often satirical in nature. At the festival's conclusion, the sculptures are burned amidst fireworks, symbolizing renewal and the release of the past. In Italy, grand Easter processions feature participants in traditional costumes carrying religious statues, while Florence hosts the Scoppio del Carro, igniting a decorated cart of fireworks to ensure prosperity and a good harvest. In Greece, Easter is celebrated with midnight church services, candlelight, family meals featuring lamb and sweet bread, and the playful cracking of red-dyed eggs - a ritual symbolizing luck, joy, and community bonding.

The diversity combined with shared meaning is what makes European spring traditions truly special. Each country celebrates it in its own way, which is based on local history, geography and beliefs. All

these traditions have common themes such as renewal, hope, rebirth and joy of life. They reflect man's connection to nature, specifically to time and seasonal changes. Spring is a time for new beginnings, a chance to forget the tribulations of the past and look forward to new opportunities, after a long and sometimes nasty winter. These celebrations also have an important role of preserving the cultural identity as these are passed down from one generation to another ensuring that the traditional values are not lost in the changing world. Besides, spring traditions bring people together to foster community. Festivals, dances and togetherness in meals form strong sense of togetherness and unity.

They offer opportunities for people of all ages to partake, ranging from children partaking in games and indulging in sweets to adults maintaining the customs and handing them down.

In a modern world where technology often separates individuals, these traditions remind us of the importance of human connection, face-to-face interaction, and shared joy. They encourage people to relax, observe the natural world, and rejoice in the fundamental and most exquisite aspects of life.

Spring traditions also influence art, music and literature. Many festivals are characterized by traditional songs, dances, and costumes that indicate the history and level of creativity of each culture. Decorations and celebrations remind of flowers, colours and natural symbols in order to enhance the beauty of the season. These artistic elements add to the spring festivals to make them reflect not only meaning but also to be memorable both visually and emotionally.

To conclude, spring in Europe is far more than a seasonal change: it is a powerful emblem of life, continuity, and culture. Through festivals, rituals, and customs, Europeans honour the past while looking to the future with optimism and joy. These simple or elaborate traditions have common values and feelings expressed in mankind. By their exploration, we get to understand the diverse culture and how people mark the same cyclical natural event of renewal. Ultimately, spring traditions across Europe show that despite differences in language and history, people of the world share the same desire for happiness, renewal, unity and hope - a testament to the enduring human spirit and its connection to the natural world.

In conclusion, spring in Europe is far more than a seasonal change: it is a powerful emblem of life, continuity, and culture. Through festivals, rituals, and customs, Europeans honour the past while embracing the future with optimism and hope. Despite linguistic and historical differences, these traditions demonstrate a universal desire for renewal, unity, and joy - a testament to the enduring human spirit and its connection to the natural world.

Student: Ariana-Elena Hancu, 11th grade
Coordinating teacher: Verona-Elena POPA

THE FOREST SIGHED

A woodcutter was passing by
with his axe
and I felt
and I saw
how the forest was scared.
Flocks of birds
and the butterflies
and the bees
rose up

like so many screams
towards the sky
and in the middle of summer
I was trembling in the frost.
As if beside a wound
that hurt
I kissed the tree
caressing it:
"It's over, it's over!"

**Student: Lucia Olteanu, 9th grade,
(translated by) Alberto Gîcescu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mădălina Popescu**

THE SILENT REBIRTH OF THE WORLD

Spring is not merely a season... it is a living story, a warm breath of the earth, a symphony of colours and sounds born from the deep silence of winter. It does not arrive suddenly, but slips in gently, like a soft whisper carried by the wind, like a shy light learning once more how to caress the world. It is a slow yet certain awakening, in which every corner of nature is reborn with an almost tangible emotion. At first, spring seems only a promise. The snow retreats timidly, melting into crystalline tears that slide along the cheeks of the earth. Here and there, patches of white break apart, revealing dark, moist soil, rich with hidden life. It is as if nature exhales deeply after a long sleep, preparing to tell its story anew.

Then the snowdrops appear. Fragile yet brave, they pierce the last remnants of winter like tiny, pure lights. They seem like tears of snow transformed into flowers, silent bells announcing the start of a new cycle. Around them, the ground still shivers from the cold, yet they do not fear it; on the contrary, they seem to defy winter through their very existence. As the days grow longer, the sun takes on a special warmth. No longer cold and distant, it becomes close and gentle, like a hand softly touching the cheeks of the world. Its rays slip through the bare branches of trees, casting delicate shadows upon the earth. The light becomes golden and fluid, flowing over fields and hills like an invisible sea of warmth and hope.

The trees, once mere silhouettes of winter, begin to awaken. First, the buds appear - small, timid, like well-kept secrets. Then, in a silent explosion, they open to reveal fresh leaves of such vivid green that it seems unreal. It is the green of beginnings, the green of hope, the green that declares life cannot be stopped. Flowers emerge like colourful stars across the earth. Tulips rise proudly, their elegant stems carrying cups of red, yellow, and pink like goblets filled with light. Daffodils bow gently, like delicate dreamers wrapped in their own beauty. Hyacinths release a sweet, intoxicating fragrance, turning every passing breeze into an invisible embrace.

Spring air is different - it cannot be described simply as warm or cold, for it is alive. It carries the scent of damp earth, of freshly grown grass, of newly opened flowers. It is air that is felt, not merely breathed; it penetrates the soul and awakens it. Birds return from distant lands, messengers of light. The sky fills with wings, and silence is broken by joyful, lively trills. Each song seems a declaration of happiness, an explosion of energy radiating in all directions. Mornings become true concerts, with each bird telling its own story. Spring rain is gentle, almost tender, falling like tears of joy from the sky, tapping the earth in a soothing rhythm. After each shower, the world feels cleaner, fresher, more alive... Leaves sparkle, and the air grows clearer and purer.

Spring spreads across the world like a long, warm breath, a silent caress that unties the knots of cold and stillness, leaving behind a subtle vibration, almost imperceptible, yet strong enough to awaken every fragment of life sleeping beneath winter's weight, every frozen dream, every hope suspended between earth and sky. Beyond the last traces of snow, melting slowly into clear, cold tears, the earth begins to breathe anew. This breath is not ordinary, but deep and rhythmic, like a giant heart rediscovering its beat after a long silence. In this slow yet certain motion lies all the magic of spring - the unseen force transforming stillness into sound, immobility into motion, darkness into light. Beneath the still damp and cold soil, seeds stir, open, and search for their path toward the surface with quiet patience and unwavering will, as if they know a world of light, warmth, and promise awaits them. When the fragile thread of green finally pierces the earth, the moment becomes more than an appearance - it is a declaration of existence, proof that life cannot be stopped.

Across the fields, grass rises in green waves, like a calm sea stretching to the horizon, while flowers scatter like brushstrokes of colour, transforming the landscape into a living painting where every detail seems placed by an invisible hand. In forests, sunlight filters through the branches, creating dances of shadow and reflection that evoke mystery and serenity. Leaves rustle softly, like whispers of nature, and the scent of fresh, damp greenery fills the air with profound freshness. Spring mornings carry a special kind of silence, not empty but full of life, subtle sounds, and delicate movements. Dew settles on blades of grass like transparent pearls, reflecting light in a gentle sparkle, and every ray of sun seems to open a new story. Midday is warm and bright, and time appears to flow more slowly, as if wishing to prolong each moment, each fragment of beauty; the air vibrates, and the world breathes in harmony.

Toward evening, light softens, warmth deepens, and colours grow richer, transforming the landscape into a living painting in which sky, earth, and everything between merge in serene balance. Spring, like a living being, slows her invisible steps, gathering her light into her hands as if holding a precious gift, and lets fall a protective, warm stillness over the world, like a mother lulling her child to sleep, smoothing its forehead with tenderness. Under this invisible touch, the wind softens, leaves cease their restless trembling, and flowers bow their heads, understanding the time for rest has come. With a sovereign gentleness, like a queen of seasons, spring seems to give an unspoken command, and all of nature obeys: birds quiet their songs and retreat to their nests, rivers soften their murmurs, and colours gather themselves, becoming calmer, deeper, like emotions retreating into the soul.

The sky, obedient, shifts its hues under her silent gaze, dressing first in warm tones, then in soft shadows, while stars appear one by one, lights lit at her command, guarding the world's sleep. Even the moon seems to answer spring's call, rising slowly to bathe the earth in a calm, dreamy glow. In this meaningful silence, spring closes her eyes and sleeps, yet her rest is creative, deep, filled with dreams. Within her dreams, colours blend and give birth to brighter, bolder, more radiant shades, while the flowers she left behind transform, grow richer, and become more expressive. Beneath her invisible eyelids, nature works in secret: buds open further, leaves grow almost imperceptibly, and grass spreads like an ever-thickening, greener carpet, nourished by spring's dreaming.

Thus, night becomes a time of preparation and refinement, a moment in which everything settles and reshapes itself under the quiet will of this living season. Silence is no longer emptiness but fullness, absence replaced by promise. When morning rises again, timid at first, then brighter and brighter, spring awakens with it, opening her eyes of light over a world she has shaped in silence during her creative sleep. Sunbeams fall upon the earth like blessings, and all that was already beautiful becomes even more vivid, more intense, closer to perfection. Flowers open wider, colours shine brighter, the air grows sweeter, and birds' songs ring clearer, as if every element of nature had been touched overnight by spring's unseen hand, transformed into a purer form of its existence.

Student: Andra-Theodora Mogoşeanu, 11th grade
Coordinating teacher: Verona-Elena Popa

FROM TIME TO TIME

From time to time, I feel a silence deep inside,
as if history itself had stopped.
It resembles a tremendous light
spreading across a vast meadow,
a mixture of happiness and fear,
as though I were standing before God.
I know it lasts only a second,
yet it seems to me
it could exist forever in this way,
if only I had the strength
to leave while knowing I would return,
the way birds depart
each autumn
toward another life.

Student: Prasacu Andra Ștefania, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Vlad Ana-Maria

LIKE TWO MIRRORS

What a soothing glide
along the veins of a leaf,
following the eternal laws of circulation,
without the fear of accident,
within the solitude that descends
upon the vastest and purest
of empires,
where the happiest and most connected
nations of summer live.
Nor am I a stranger
to all that I forget
and lose.
I drift softly through the chlorophyll,
as though through a sin
from which the oblivion of an undefined past
is born so gently.
Oblivion and remembrance,
fused together
in the green at the edge of being,
so hopelessly reconciled,
like two mirrors facing one another
only to reflect nothing,
like standing before a bridal altar.

Student: Prasacu Andra Ștefania, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Vlad Ana-Maria

SPRINGTIME CHAOS

Hey, spring is here, the snow is toast,
The sun's out now, so let's all boast.
Pollen's flying like it's on a space mission,
I sneeze so hard, I need a tissue.

The grass is green, my socks are wet,
Slipped in a puddle – that's great!
Birds are chirping, like nonstop DJs,
Wake me up at 6 a.m.? Is that OK?

Flowers pop up like they own the place,
nature's way of showing off its grace.
Bees buzzing, doing their thing,
I wave at one... I think it's gonna sting.

Cherry blossoms raining like pink snowdrops,
I catch one on my head... another lands on my nose.
Spring smells like mud, grass, and sweat,
Best season ever? – “Yeah... I'll bet!”

So here I am, sneakers full of mud,
But somehow that makes me laugh.
I see sunshine, chaos, fun, and glee
“Spring, you're crazy... but you're my BFF, literally!”

Student: Constantin Răcănel, 11th grade
Coordinating teacher: Verona-Elena Popa

THE FRANCOPHONE WORLD

Francophones without borders,
Our language unites us all,
From the north to the south,
We stand proud and tall.

Our words are a symphony,
A melody that knows no bounds,
From Paris to Montreal,
Our voices resound.

We share a rich culture,
A heritage to behold
Our Art, our Music, our Literature,
A beauty to unfold.

In the African savannah
Or the Alps so grand,
We come together in unity,
A brotherhood that shall stand.

No borders can divide us,
No distance can keep us apart,
For we are Francophones without borders,
A community with one heart.

So let us raise our voices,
And sing in perfect harmony
As we celebrate our diversity
With Love, Respect and Unity.

Student: Emma-Leea-Elena Sălăjan, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Flori Bălașa

THE MOMENT I OPENED THE ENVELOPE I KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG

It was a hot summer day. The sun was blazing heat like it was about to explode, however it was a beautiful sight seeing all the greenery alive at once. It was quiet. A little bit too quiet for my preference, but I didn't give it a second thought. The air had a slight suspense to it, while the loneliness of the streets was deafening.

I had just arrived at school when my phone rang. It was my mom. Like always, she reminded me to be careful and to pay attention in class. So far, it felt like a completely normal day. Nothing seemed unusual. At least not until later that morning. We were having a lecture with our head teacher. I expected it to be the same boring talk as always, but it turned out to be the complete opposite. In the middle of class, she suddenly walked over to me and quietly whispered that I needed to go to the principal's office. Fear immediately settled in my chest. I had no idea what I had done wrong, or why I was being called there in the first place.

When I got there, there was no room for other emotions other than fear and suspense. There was the principal, of course, sitting at her desk, but there were also two police officers in uniform looking at me like I was a criminal. By this time my hands were shaking and I had a really bad feeling in my gut. No one spoke to me the entire time though, I was only handed a manilla envelope with a small letter inside. I was not curious about the content of the letter, as my heart was beating out of my chest by this time

The silence was broken when one of the police officers spoke up. "Open the letter and read!", he commanded. I almost fainted from shock when I read the contents of the envelope. It was like my whole world was collapsing right under my feet. I couldn't stand upright anymore, I just let myself fall to the floor, laying there for what felt like an eternity.

The letter told the story of a little boy who was kidnapped and took away to a different continent. And you want to know the worst part? It was my own father who was the prime suspect. It all made sense now. All those nights he stayed late at work. All those mysterious phone calls. All those times I could've sworn I smelt blood on his skin. It was all right under my nose. The dots finally connected. They took me back to the station for more questioning. It was the usual stuff - what my dad was like, the habits he had, whether he had any reason to do what he did. But I didn't know. I never imagined he was capable of something like this. No one knew where he was now. Trying to find him felt like chasing a ghost.

That was the last time I've heard of him since. I didn't think it was possible for my whole life to fall apart in a single day like this. Has this happened to you before? Going from living normally to feeling like your life is over in under twenty-four hours? It's horrible. The worst thing ever. I wouldn't wish this kind of pain on anyone, not even my worst enemies. Sometimes, late at night, I still think about him. About whether he's hiding somewhere far away, or if he ever thinks about the family he left behind. But no matter how much I try to understand it, one question keeps haunting me more than anything else: Did I ever truly know my father at all?

Student: Luca-Alexandru Barta, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Ana-Maria Vlad

THE VISION OF A GOD

Brâncuși, master of shape and form,
Craftsman of timeless beauty born,
A sculptor of the soul's desires,
His creations, fuel for artistic fires.

From stone and metal he brings to life,
Sleek curves and lines, with cuts so precise,
Simplicity reigns, with grace supreme,
Each piece, a living, breathing dream.

The *Bird in Space*, a soaring sight,
Its smooth lines, pure and light,
The *Endless Column*, a towering force,
Symbol of strength and unyielding source.

Princess X a tribute to feminine grace,
A form that curves and flows with poise and pace,
The Kiss, an ode to love's embrace,
A sculpted moment, frozen in time and space.

Brâncuși's creations, bold and free,
Shaping beauty for all to see,
A legacy that will forever last,
A master's art, for ages past.

Student: Karla-Maria Sîrbu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Flori Bălașa

THE SCULPTOR

The artist's condition is a curious thing,
A life of creation, a constant swing
Between the heights of inspiration's kiss,
And lows of doubt and creative abyss.

With every stroke of the brush or pen,
The artist pours their heart out again and again,
Creating beauty where there was none,
Capturing moments that would otherwise be gone.

But with this gift of creative power,
Comes a burden that can feel quite dour,
The weight of expectation, the fear of failure,
The pressure to always be the trailblazer.

For the artist's condition is not just a state,
It's a way of being, lifelong fate,
To see the world through a different lens,
To find the beauty in the smallest of bends.

So let us cherish the artists among us,
For they show us the world in a way that's wondrous,
And let us support them through their strife,
As they paint their masterpiece of life.

Student: Karla-Maria Sîrbu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Flori Bălașa

THE ARCHITECTURE OF BECOMING

Motherhood is often confined to familiar words - love, sacrifice, devotion. Yet these terms, though sincere, fail to capture its complexity. If I were to define my mother's role in my life, I would not call her simply a protector or a guide. I would call her an architect, not of buildings, but of becoming.

Long before I understood ambition, she was designing its foundation. Long before I spoke about confidence, she was quietly reinforcing it. And long before I learned the meaning of resilience, she was already living it. Her influence was never loud, never theatrical. It was precise, deliberate, and patient — like the careful placement of stones meant to support a structure that must endure storms.

As a child, I believed strength meant winning. A good grade, a prize, a visible success - these seemed to define my worth. Failure felt like collapse. But my mother introduced me to a different definition of strength. She taught me that true resilience is not the absence of falling, but the decision to rise with greater understanding. When disappointment shadowed my efforts, she did not dismiss my frustration, nor did she dramatize it. Instead, she reframed it. What I saw as defeat, she presented as construction - another layer added to the structure of character.

There is a quiet paradox in her nature: she is gentle, yet unbreakable; soft-spoken, yet unwavering. This antithesis is precisely what makes her extraordinary. In moments of uncertainty, she does not remove obstacles from my path. She allows me to confront them but ensures I never face them alone. Through this balance, she has taught me independence without isolation and courage without arrogance.

Her sacrifices rarely announce themselves. They exist in postponed desires, in sleepless nights, in unspoken worries disguised as ordinary days. As children, we mistake stability for inevitability. Only later do we understand that what felt natural was, in fact, carefully sustained effort.

If I examine the person I am becoming, I see traces of her everywhere. In my determination, there is her discipline. In my empathy, there is her compassion. In my ambition, there is her belief. She did not shape me through control, but through example, not through pressure, but through presence.

A mother's love is formative. It constructs not only childhood, but identity. And when the world begins to test the structure, she has helped create, I realize that I am not standing alone. I am standing on foundations she laid long ago.

Student: Albert Costin Muraru, 12th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Şulea-Iorgulescu

STRENGTH THAT SPEAKS SOFTLY

Strength is often imagined as something loud - a raised voice, a visible victory, a dramatic act of courage. Yet the strongest force in my life has never needed volume. It has been steady, constant, and quietly transformative. That force is my mother.

If I were to describe her influence, I would compare it to gravity - invisible, but essential. It does not demand attention, yet it holds everything together. In the same way, my mother's presence has shaped my world without ever seeking recognition.

During adolescence, when identity feels fragile and emotions unpredictable, her guidance became my equilibrium. When I doubted myself, she did not offer exaggerated reassurance. Instead, she encouraged reflection. When I felt overwhelmed by expectations, she reminded me that worth is not measured by perfection, but by integrity.

There is a profound paradox in her character: she is tender, yet resilient; patient, yet firm; gentle, yet unshakeable. She corrects without humiliating, advises without controlling, protects without suffocating.

My mother's love is consistent - and consistency is one of the rarest forms of strength. Because of her, I have learned to value dignity over display and authenticity over approval.

If I stand confidently in the world, it will be because the quiet gravity of her love taught me how to remain grounded.

Student: Ștefania Andreea Nițescu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

GUIDED WITHOUT CHAINS

In a world defined by movement and uncertainty, we often search for direction outside ourselves. Yet my most reliable guide has always been my mother - the quiet compass within my life.

A compass does not shout instructions. It simply indicates direction with steady precision. In the same way, my mother has never dictated my choices, but she has shaped my judgment. Through her example, I have learned that true guidance empowers rather than controls.

When I was younger, I measured success in visible achievements. Over time, she helped me understand a more demanding standard - integrity. Those lessons have become an internal reference point during moments of doubt.

There is balance in her strength: firm without severity, protective without restriction, supportive without dependency. From her, I learned that discipline does not diminish freedom - it makes it meaningful.

Her influence now exists within me. The compass she once held for me has become internalized. If I navigate adulthood with clarity, it will be because she first oriented me toward integrity.

She did not simply raise me. She aligned me.

Student: Alecsia Maria Șerban, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

WHEN SILENCE LEARNS TO SING

Long before the first word is spoken, the soul hums its own silent melody, waiting for language to give it voice. Before we learn to write or to reason, we learn to feel and language becomes the instrument through which those feelings find sound. It is not simply a system of words and grammar; it is the melody that allows the soul to be heard. Just as music can express joy, sorrow, hope, or longing without explanation, language gives voice to our deepest emotions and thoughts. Through words, silence begins to sing.

Every language carries its own rhythm, tone, and harmony. Some flow gently like a lullaby; others resonate with the strength of a symphony. When we speak, we do more than share information — we reveal who we are. Our memories, dreams, fears, and values are woven into our words, turning simple sounds into reflections of identity.

Language also connects souls across time and space. In poems, stories, and songs, we hear the echoes of generations before us. Even when cultures differ, language becomes a bridge that allows hearts to understand one another beyond borders. A kind word can comfort like a soft melody, while a cruel one can wound like a discordant note. This emotional power makes language deeply similar to music.

Learning a new language is like discovering a new instrument for the soul. It broadens our understanding of the world and teaches empathy and openness. Language is the music of the soul because it transforms feeling into harmony and connection into a shared human song. And in the quiet moments of life, it is this inner music of language that reminds us we are never truly alone.

Student: Albert Costin Muraru, 12th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

WHEN WORDS SING TO THE SOUL

Language is the quiet music that lives inside every human being. It needs no instrument, yet it can express emotion, creativity, and the deepest parts of the soul. Like music, it crosses boundaries and speaks directly to the heart. Through words, people share feelings, fears, and hopes, turning personal emotions into a shared human experience.

Both language and music are built on rhythm and harmony. Gentle words can heal the soul, a soft “Are you okay?” can bring more comfort than any melody. But harsh language can cut as deeply as a knife. Their power lies not only in meaning, but in how that meaning reaches each person. A teacher’s “I believe in you!” can become someone’s inner strength for years, just like a favourite song that never fades.

Words can fall gently, like autumn leaves, covering wounds we try to hide. They can also rise like a sunrise after a long night, reminding us that hope still exists. Language carries the voice of cultures and generations through stories, poems, and speeches. These voices from the past still “sing” to us today, helping us grow more confident and more empathetic.

In moments of joy or pain, some people turn to music, others to words. Words bring order to chaos and meaning to suffering. Language is not just a tool for communication; it is the music that makes the soul visible and reminds us that we are never truly alone.

Student: Alecsia Maria Șerban, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

SPRING TRADITIONS – WHEN NATURE AND PEOPLE CELEBRATE TOGETHER

Spring is one of the most beautiful seasons of the year, a time when nature comes back to life and people all over the world celebrate hope, renewal, and joy. After the cold and quiet days of winter, the arrival of spring brings not only warmer weather, but also many traditions and holidays that remind us of the importance of faith, family, and new beginnings. Among these celebrations, Easter is one of the most loved and meaningful.

Easter is known as a holiday of renewal and celebration. For Christians, it marks the resurrection of Jesus Christ and the victory of life over death. Families prepare for this special day with great care, decorating eggs, cooking traditional food, and going to church together. The egg is one of the most important symbols of Easter, representing new life and the rebirth of nature. In many countries, children also enjoy Easter egg hunts, and the rabbit has become another symbol of spring, bringing happiness and excitement.

Around the same period, the Jewish holiday of Passover is celebrated. This festival remembers the liberation of the Jewish people from slavery in Egypt and is marked by family gatherings and special meals. Passover, like Easter, is a celebration of freedom, hope, and unity, showing how important it is for people to stay close to their traditions and to one another.

In Romania, spring traditions are also very beautiful and full of meaning. On the first day of March, people celebrate Mărțișor, a symbol of the arrival of spring. Small ornaments tied with red and white string are given as gifts for luck, health, and happiness. Another important celebration is on the 8th of March, when we celebrate Mother's Day. On this day, children offer flowers, small gifts, or kind words to their mothers to thank them for their love, care, and sacrifice.

All these traditions, even if they come from different cultures, share the same spirit. They celebrate the rebirth of nature, the blooming of flowers, and the joy of being together with family. Through family meals, religious rituals, and old customs passed from generation to generation, people show their desire to keep hope alive and to welcome every new spring with happiness.

In conclusion, spring traditions and Easter holidays show that, everywhere in the world, people feel the same need to celebrate life after winter. Whether through eggs, flowers, family gatherings, or prayers, these customs remind us that every ending brings a new beginning, and every spring brings light, warmth, and hope.

Student: Alecsia Maria Șerban, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

SPRING IN ROMANIA – THE SEASON WHEN THE SOUL BLOSSOMS

In Romania, spring does not simply arrive. It is born slowly, like a quiet song rising after the long silence of winter. The snow melts drop by drop, the earth breathes again, and the first flowers appear like fragile stars on the dark soil. The air becomes warmer, the sky brighter, and people feel that something inside them wakes up together with nature. For Romanians, spring is not only a change of weather, but a rebirth of the soul, a time when old traditions bloom again like flowers that never forgot how to grow.

The first smile of spring is the celebration of *Mărțișor*, on the first day of March. On this day, people offer small symbols tied with a red and white string, simple gifts that carry a deep and ancient meaning. The red thread is like the pulse of life, full of energy, courage, and love, while the white thread is like the light of a new beginning, pure and calm. When we wear the *Mărțișor*, it feels as if we keep a piece of spring close to our hearts, a small sign that winter cannot last forever and that hope always returns.

As the days grow longer and the sun becomes stronger, the most important spring celebration arrives *Easter*, a holiday filled with faith, emotion, and light. Before Easter, every Romanian home becomes full of life. Families clean their houses carefully, as if they want to wash away the sadness of winter. Eggs are painted in bright colours, especially red, the colour of sacrifice, love, and belief. Each painted egg seems to hold a silent prayer, a wish for health, peace, and happiness.

On Easter night, people go to church carrying candles in their hands. In the darkness, the small flames shine like a sky full of stars brought down to earth. When the priest says that the light has come, the faces of the people become bright and peaceful, as if their hearts are filled with the warmth of spring itself. The bells start ringing, strong and clear, and in that moment, it feels as if the whole world is alive again.

In the Romanian countryside, spring traditions are still alive, like deep roots that keep the past connected to the present. People open their windows to let the fresh air enter, they work in their gardens, they plant flowers, and they greet each other with smiles that seem warmer than the sun. The songs of birds, the smell of the earth, and the soft wind make everyone feel that life is starting again, stronger and more beautiful than before.

For Romanians, spring traditions are more than customs. They are memories, feelings, and pieces of identity carried from one generation to another. Every *Mărțișor*, every painted egg, every church bell reminds us that after every cold winter there is always a new beginning. Just as nature finds the power to bloom again every year, people also find the strength to hope, to believe, and to start again. And maybe this is the true miracle of spring in Romania, not only that the flowers open, but that the human heart opens with them.

Student: Ștefania Andreea Nițescu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

WHEN SPRING BRINGS TRADITIONS TO LIFE

In Romania, spring is more than a simple change of season. It is a time full of symbols, traditions, and emotions that have been passed from generation to generation. When winter slowly disappears, people feel that the world becomes lighter, warmer, and full of hope. The sun shines brighter, the earth turns green again, and every tradition reminds us that life always begins again.

The first sign of spring is the celebration of Mărțișor, on the first day of March. On this day, people give small decorations tied with a red and white string to friends, family, and teachers. These two colours have a special meaning: red represents life and strength, while white represents purity and health. When people wear the Mărțișor, it feels like carrying a small piece of spring close to the heart, a symbol of good luck and new beginnings.

Another old Romanian tradition is connected to Baba Dochia, a legend that people remember at the beginning of March. According to the tradition, the weather changes from day to day because Baba Dochia takes off her coats one by one. People choose one day at the beginning of March, called “their baba”, and they believe that the weather on that day shows how their year will be. This tradition makes the beginning of spring mysterious and full of stories.

Spring is also the time when we celebrate the 8th of March, a special day dedicated to mothers and women. Children offer flowers, small gifts, and kind words to show love and respect. It is a warm and emotional moment, when families remember how important kindness and care are in our lives. Another beautiful celebration is Palm Sunday (Florii), which announces that Easter is coming. On this day, people go to church with willow branches, which are blessed and then kept at home for protection and good luck. The branches are a symbol of life, faith, and hope, just like the spring itself.

The most important celebration of the season is Easter, a holiday full of light and meaning. Before Easter, families clean their houses, prepare traditional food, and paint eggs in bright colours, especially red, the symbol of love and sacrifice. On Easter night, people go to church with candles in their hands. In the darkness, the small flames shine like stars, and everyone feels peace and happiness in their hearts.

Spring is also the season when people spend more time outside, enjoying the beauty of nature. Flowers bloom, birds sing, and the warm wind makes everything feel alive again. After the cold winter, spring brings not only warmth to the earth but also joy to the soul.

In conclusion, spring traditions in Romania are full of meaning and beauty. They remind us that life moves in cycles, and that after every winter there is always a new beginning. Through these traditions, people feel closer to nature, closer to their families, and closer to their own hearts.

Student: Viorica Pătrășcan, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

WHISPERS OF SPRING IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Spring arrives in the countryside slowly, but with beauty that cannot be ignored. After the long and heavy winter, the earth seems tired, as if it needs time to wake up, yet little by little it comes back to life. The snow melts drop by drop, the sun grows warmer, and the first flowers appear like gentle signs that nature has not forgotten how to bloom. In villages, spring is not only a season, but a special time of work, traditions, and simple moments that bring people closer to the land and to themselves.

One of the first signs of spring is the appearance of snowdrops. These small white flowers grow bravely even when the ground is still cold, and the wind is still sharp. They look fragile, but they are strong, and that is why people see them as a symbol of hope and courage. When the snowdrops appear, everyone knows that winter is losing its power and that life is ready to begin again.

In the countryside, spring always starts with cleaning and preparing the house. Families wash the windows, sweep the yard, and put everything in order, as if they want to welcome the new season with open arms. This tradition is not only about making the house look clean, but also about starting fresh, with a clear mind and a peaceful heart. It is a way of leaving the cold days behind and making space for light, warmth, and new beginnings.

Another important tradition is working in the garden. People plant vegetables, flowers, and trees, while farmers prepare the land for a new year of work. The sound of tools, the smell of fresh soil, and the touch of the warm wind create a feeling of calm and purpose. After the long and silent winter months, the whole village becomes alive again, full of movement, colour, and energy.

Spring is also the time when people spend more time outside, enjoying the beauty of nature. Children run freely on the green grass, birds sing high in the trees, and the sky looks clearer than ever. The air feels lighter, the days feel longer, and everything seems new, as if the world has just been created again under the gentle light of the sun.

Spring in the countryside teaches people an important lesson: life always continues. No matter how long winter is, the earth always finds the power to bloom again, and people find the strength to start over. Every flower, every ray of sunshine, and every warm breeze reminds us that change is part of life, and that every ending hides a new beginning. And this is why spring in the countryside is so special - because it shows us that nature never gives up, and neither should we.

Student: Rareş Alexandru Turcu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Şulea-Iorgulescu

ECHOES OF US

Sometimes I reread our old conversations,
and your words still echo in my mind.
 You said you loved me,
 yet you walked away —
 and I still can't understand
how those two things could exist together.
 How can someone care so deeply
 and still leave ruins behind?
And what if I'm not finished dreaming about us?
 What if I still love you?
 What if part of me still believes
 in the future we almost had?
But maybe none of that matters now.
You already made your decision.
And I'm the only one left here,
 trying to understand
why my heart refuses to let go.
So I'll do the only thing I can:
 I'll close my eyes
 and slowly release you,
 even if the pain cuts deeper
 than you could ever imagine.
I'll stop asking why you left this way,
 and learn how to survive
 another lonely day.

Student: Ștefania Andreea Nițescu, 9th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mihaela Șulea-Iorgulescu

NAVAL HORIZONS

On Saturday, May 9, 2026, the Romanian River Flotilla launched its latest promotional campaign on Oltenian soil, bringing the traditions and career opportunities of the Romanian Naval Forces directly to the military students of Craiova.

The initiative is part of an ongoing effort by the River Flotilla to bridge the gap between the public and the military, showcasing the vital missions and roles of the Navy within both national borders and the NATO alliance.

A Bridge Between Traditions and Classrooms



Students from the "Tudor Vladimirescu" National Military College in Craiova were given a unique, inside look at life at sea and on the river. Representatives from top-tier naval institutions, including the "Mircea cel Bătrân" Naval Academy, the "Amiral Ion Murgescu" Naval Petty Officer School, and the "Alexandru Ioan Cuza" National Military College, gathered to share insights on admissions, professional development, and international deployments.

A highlight of the presentation included firsthand accounts of training cruises aboard the famous tall ship "Mircea," as well as a peer-to-peer dialogue where students from different military schools compared notes on daily training, discipline, and the challenges of military life. The presentation in Craiova concluded on an emotional note with a musical performance by a student from the local military college.

From Theory to the Danube: Boarding the Warships

The experience moved from the lecture hall to the water as students travelled to the Calafat harbours on the Danube River. There, two impressive vessels were waiting for them: Armoured Patrol Boat 179 "Posada" and Monitor 46 "I.C. Brătianu."

Guided by the crews, the Dolj County Military Centre, and combat divers from the 176th Deep Sea Diver Division, the students stepped aboard a military vessel for the very first time. They explored the technical capabilities of the ships, witnessed tactical manoeuvres, and ultimately took part in an instructional cruise down the Danube, feeling the rumble of the engines and experiencing the authentic teamwork that defines the Romanian Navy.

Student Voices: A Day to Remember

The impact of this experience resonated deeply with the students who participated. Here's what they had to say: "The experience on the military vessel was very interesting and different from anything I've lived through before. I liked the serious atmosphere, the discipline, and the way each crew member did their job. The cruise on the water made everything even more impressive. It was a beautiful and memorable moment, from which I came away with more respect for military life."

- El.frt Bardoş Gheorghe

"The visit to the Brătianu vessel during the Danube march from Calafat was an experience that sincerely impressed me and one that I will keep in my memory for a long time. I enormously enjoyed the atmosphere on board, the feeling you have when you advance on the water not just with your body, but with your soul, and the way everything was presented with passion and professionalism."



"A moment that especially caught my attention was the presentation dedicated to the divers and other branches of the Naval Forces. Such experiences make you look with more respect and admiration at the people who dedicate their time and training to such missions. For me, this visit was not just a simple cruise on the Danube, but a beautiful experience, full of emotion and new things learned."

- El.frt Catană Ana Maria

The Danube march initiative represents more than just a promotional event, it's a bridge between classrooms and careers, between curiosity and commitment. For these students from Craiova, the day offered a tangible glimpse into a life of service, discipline, and adventure on Romania's waterways. As the vessels returned to harbor and the students departed with new perspectives, it was clear that some horizons had been expanded, and for many, a new path had begun to reveal itself.

Student: Matei-Darian Coroni-Stoica, 10th grade
Coordinating teacher: Mădălina Popescu

IRINA VOICU

11th Grade

ABOUT MY ART

Through my art, I capture the emotions, memories and questions that live within me. I am inspired by nature, by people, by dreams and by the details that often go unnoticed. Every painting or drawing is a piece of my world, created with passion and honesty.



“ *Art is the silence between chaos and clarity.* ”

ART PORTFOLIO



“

*I dream in color
and create
what words
cannot say.*



ARTIST STATEMENT

My art is a reflection of the connection I feel with everything around me. I explore identity, nature, humanity and imagination through different techniques and styles. I believe that creating art means discovering pieces of yourself in every work.

STUDENT ART SHOWCASE

Creativity. Imagination. Expression.



**PĂTRĂȘCAN
VIORICA**

9th grade

TITLE OF WORK:
Harmony of Nature

MEDIUM:
*Watercolor
(painting)*

DESCRIPTION:
This artwork explores the deep connection between humans and nature, where every living thing exists in perfect balance.



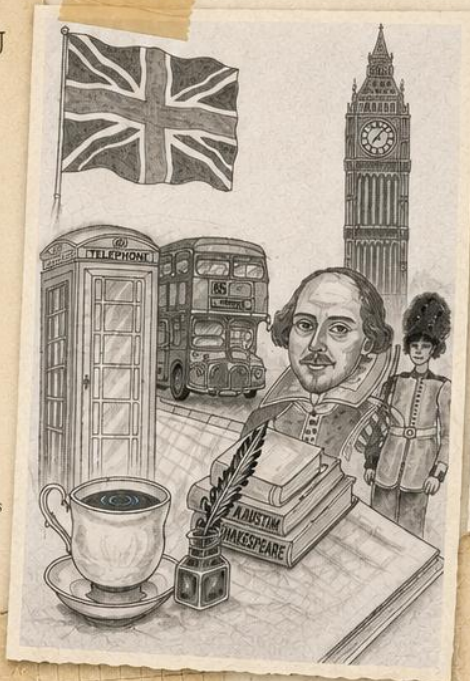
**MÎNDREANU
ARIANA**

10th grade

TITLE OF WORK:
London Classics

MEDIUM:
*Graphite pencil
(drawing)*

DESCRIPTION:
A visual journey through London, blending history, culture, and iconic symbols that shape this city.



**MIHĂILĂ
DARIA**

10th grade

TITLE OF WORK:
Manifestation

MEDIUM: *Acrylic on paper
(painting)*

DESCRIPTION:
This piece represents the inner energy and forces that define and guide us.



*Art allows us to discover,
express, and share a part of ourselves
in everything we create.*

