



Spring surprises

By Dima Dragoş

Class 8D, English teacher: Cornelia Buligiu

It was 9 o'clock in the evening and a little creature went to sleep. It was tired after a day full of play and games. It climbs into its little bed, says its prayers and falls asleep immediately.

During the night it gets colder and colder, and when it wakes up at the crack of dawn, the little creature is covered in snow.

It tries to get out, but it's such a tiny creature that the snow blanket is too heavy and it can't. It starts to scream for its parents, but nobody answers. It's so cold that the tiny creature thinks it will soon die.

It closes its little eyes and tries to think of something nice and warm, but it's still so cold. When it opens its eyes again, there is a wonderful creature coming towards it – it's a fairy dressed in a green dress, with wavy green hair and bright green eyes. The fairy arrives near the little creature's bed and says:

“Don't worry, my baby, I'll save you.”

After that, the fairy casts a spell and all the snow disappears. The sun shines in the sky and the tiny creature – which is a snowdrop (in case you haven't guessed already, now I can tell you) rises its little head and shouts to the world:

“Winter is over! Spring has arrived!”

Spring is not so bad, after all

By Cristea Cătălina Andreea

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“Oh, no, not spring again! Life's so unfair!” thought the two-year-old bear just waking up from his winter hibernation. “Now I have to get out of the cave, look for fruit and berries and honey, hunt for meat, and work, and so many other things to do...”

The lazy bear pushes himself towards the door of the cave and tries to go out and complete his to-do-list for this spring. This is the first year that his big brown mamma-bear is leaving him to hunt alone. He is very nervous. It's a big step for a bear.

The bear finally goes out to seek for berries. He sees a big bush with tasty red berries. His eyes suddenly get hypnotized and he runs to the bush. He is hungry and greedy and eats everything that comes near his mouth. Suddenly he stops. A tiny bear tail can be seen in the next bush. He takes a few steps back and then jumps on the tail-thing. But guess what? The destiny has actually brought him a beautiful she-bear the colour of caramel. The she-bear was also looking for food, like him.

They introduce themselves and decide to go hunting together.

“Actually, spring is not so bad,” thought the bear holding his pretty she-bear's paw.



A late messenger for spring

By Coandă Radu Mihai

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A new day comes after night, light always comes after dark, and every year spring surely comes after winter. When spring comes I feel that everything beautiful and good in me comes to life. With every snowdrop I see, I feel happier.



Every spring, the nest above my window is filled with the chatter of the swallows coming back home. But this year something is missing. I look at the sky and I see the “V” of the birds flying home. They come down towards the earth and the “V” changes into lots and lots of noisy happy birds. But only one swallow comes to the nest at my window.

I look up and I wonder: “Where is the other one? Why is it late?”

I go to bed looking sadly at the dark window, listening to the silent night, unfortunately silent... Maybe it died, maybe it got lost, maybe... and I fall asleep thinking about the swallow that didn't make it back home.

In the morning, the happy noise of the birds wakes me up. I open the window and two birds dart through the cool spring air, looking happy to be back home.

Spring is here; the two friends living above my window are back.

March feeling

By Voicu Alexandra

Class 7A, English teacher: Cornelia Buligiu

When I opened my eyes, bright sunlight was streaming through my bedroom window. As soon as I got up I realized that the morning was special and now I will tell why.



It was a sunbeam which woke me up. I dressed in some pretty clothes, I took my bag and I left for school. I was sure that day will be the best. When I arrived at school all the boys wanted to give me a white-red thread because a white-red thread given to a girl is a symbol of love (red) and peace (white) and these two threads are strongly connected.

During the History lesson I fell asleep and a little bee came to me and dropped a sweet candy into my mouth which made me fly. It was a fantastic sensation. I saw a field with a hundred red and white flowers with a fresh smell. A million colourful butterflies were dancing around me and they were singing and humming. Behind the clouds I saw two knights who were fighting with a very beautiful cold lady: Winter. Suddenly, one of the knights raised over her a big circle of warmth which pierced her heart, than a sunset like no one has ever seen appeared in front of me and a lady bird sat on my little pink nose. Ever more slowly I was lowered into a marvellous garden. I was no so far away from a blossoming tree when it started to rain. It was just a shower ... water beads were slowly falling... I was walking in that garden when suddenly an old man come to me and said wise words to me: “Live every moment of this dreamy holiday.”

And he disappeared. I thanked him because he made me realize that we should enjoy everything in our lives, every holiday. I knew then why that day was so special, it was First March.

Sometimes I feel like that dreamy day was so true, but my soul knows that day represents the March feeling.

Somewhere in a fairytale

By Cotoi Bianca

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When I opened my eyes, bright sunlight was streaming through my bedroom window. At that very moment I realized that was the first day of spring and I remembered the story that my grandmother used to tell me every spring:

“There were two girls whose names were Spring and Winter. On the first day of March, Spring came to the edge of a beautiful forest and she noticed how, in a bush, under snow, a snowdrop was piercing the snow. She decided to help him and began to push aside snow and break the thorny branches. When Winter saw it, she was furious and called the wind, ice and frost to destroy the fragile flower. The snowdrop froze immediately. Spring covered the snowdrop with her hands but she was stung by a thorn. A hot drop of blood fell onto the flower and made it come back to life. This way, Winter was defeated by Spring and the colours of the March Badge symbolize her blood on the white snow.”



The March Badge is a small object on a braided thread of red and white, which belongs to our Romanian tradition. Women and girls receive and wear them during the month of March, a sign of the arrival of spring. At the end of March, you will have to cling it to the branches of a tree and make a wish (and I know for sure from my Grandma that it will come true).

After a moment of silence, I got up from bed and I went to the living room, where was a surprise for me. My father had left me a March Badge and an adorable snowdrop on the table. I was very happy and I started to think about the wish that I will make at the end of March.

Melting the ice inside

By Cristea Catalina

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When I opened my eyes bright sunlight was streaming through my bedroom window. The smell of love was tickling my senses. I knew at that very moment, without even looking at the calendar that the old winter was leaving, taking his cold burden off our shoulders.

The calendar page showed me that we were nearing the end of winter, it was the 24th of February, the great anniversary of love, Dragobete, the genuine Romanian Valentine day, but despite the happy day, I had no soul mate.

So, the day signified loneliness and sadness to me. It did not normally bother me this loneliness, but leaving the house and walking along the streets, I could not help but notice the people with bunches of snowdrops, daffodils and hyacinths in their hands, smiles on their faces, walking hand in hand, whispering to each other, enjoying the surprisingly sunny day. The sun itself was smiling down on those in love. “And me?” I thought to myself, “How about you?” I bitterly answered my own question.

I felt dizzy, trying to make my way through the crowds of smiling happy people, and just when I thought I would never reach the school, a warm hand touched my shoulder and an even warmer voice said: “Can I lend you this scarf?”

Well, someone was smiling to me; I was smiling back to him, as he was wrapping my own scarf around my shoulders. When had I lost the scarf? I really thought it had been round my neck, but maybe the Dragobete spirit decided I needed a push in the right direction.