



English Corner 2018

Hello, after a short while! Welcome back to the English Corner – finally!

Congratulations on seeing you, young creators, here... Those who are self – confident and, most importantly – lacking the latter. Cheer up! It's but you who reveal and open the shroud of the routine we are apt to stick to. Thank you for your boldness... Go ahead...

“Dear Teacher, thanks for your patience, thank you very much, immensely for your deep insight into my soul... discerning my capabilities – just me and you...”

I am a doctor...I love my patients... They are so fragile and vulnerable. The way I was at school... But it was only you who discovered my shyness and vulnerability – and due to you I soared up into the skies of my dreams. You inspired me to believe my talents which had always been with me without my own knowledge...You are, have always been and will always be my only doctor – of my soul. Regardless of the fact that I am, owing to you, a doctor myself. Too little, too small, too tiny, too unworthy of you. Thank you, my Teacher, for what I am now...”

“Thanks for letting me create – be it pictures, poems, or just writings – thanks for your support and belief in me... Who knows what I am likely to be – but a creator – definitely... In a surgery or operation theatre, or on the stage of the theatre performing Hamlet or Ophelia – thank You for not suppressing me...”

Congratulations to all Teachers on the Teacher's Day...

In autumn which embraces us with its beauty – calling out all our spirits and feelings to erupt... Sad as they are – yet... They appear to be our genuine feelings...

Good luck, my dears.

Yours,

Jolanta

Clouds

They climb the highest mountains and become crystal clear water droplets. All brand new. Brand new and different like a new day, an experience, a new opportunity to change all previous mistakes. The never ending variety of colours it can be. It's always here. Above us. We just have to look up to find the right answer.

Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, 1^A



Daydreaming

From the moment you wake up, to the moment you go to sleep. Your mind fills up with infinite thoughts of something impossible, something very possible. Distracts from the reality that's unlikable, quite boring. You become lost in your own thoughts, sit and look blankly into empty space without even blinking, while in your mind you create a whole different world of imagination. But it doesn't last forever, you go back to reality at some point - unfortunately...

Greta Martinaitytė 1^A



Gate

Gate that lets you in and lets you out. It isn't always open. Sometimes gates can be locked and you will need to find a way in. You can keep gates closed and keep yourself safe. Someone will want to be locked away and kept safe from others. Gates are a symbol of protection, they are built around tall walls, they mean that they are indestructible.

If the wall and gates are unbreakable, other people will want to join in and will come knocking. When gates are close, you don't always see what is on the other side of the gate.

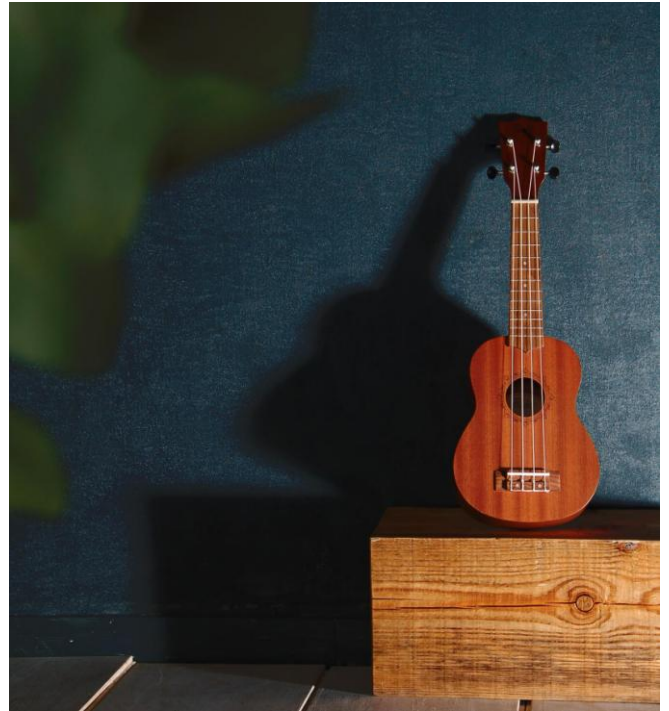
Ignotas Tunaitis 1^A



Silence

What if silence is in sound, but not sound is silence? What if we hear something different than what we think? What if the wind makes the noise and not the leaves it goes through. What if the world makes the sound and we just make it go quiet? What if the darkness glows in light and not the light in darkness? And what if it's just a long dream...

Nojus Buivydas 1^A



Silence

Is it real or just imaginary? Is it here or it's incoming? Can you break it or create? Is it heavy or ethereal? It's just silence - it's not heavy, not ethereal, not unreal. It's just coming with loneliness and sadness...

Saulė Mackevičiūtė 1^A



Black Cat

Carelessly she walks her way,
But then sees them and frightened runs away.

Why do they stare at her like that?

She will never understand,
In the end she's just a cat.

Cat with a fur just black,
Cat with not a single heart.

"Damn her and her evil eyes!

She brings just tragedy and death!

No one would ever deny this!

Why did I deserve this and namely now?!

For what, oh God?

What did I ever do?!

My day is ruined just

Who knows for who?"

By Dovilė Kažemėkaitė 3^B



Silence of the universe

I awoke in the morning hearing the universe. Whispering to my ear, "What is this emptiness and darkness?". Negativity overfilled my mind. "It's corrupted, it's too late", they said. Tears running down my face like snowflakes on the coldest day of winter. Silence was killing me. I expected explanation, I expected something more. Just like everyone always expects something from me. I didn't notice when the universe filled my lungs and brain until my tears became just as cold as the snow on the coldest day of winter. I held snowflakes on my palm until they melted. They disappeared in the universe inside me. "Goodbye.", they whispered. Unbearable silence corrupted me.

Karolina Letkiewicz 3^B



Silence

When silence is here and is loud and clear – I can't seem to think. It's deafening, grotesque and just downright scary. Can you tell that silence leaves you alone? Can you tell that no one can help? Are you aware that you are left with your own thoughts, your own fantasies, your own goddamn mind? 'Cause only silence can hurt us, leave us alone in the pitch dark, make us vulnerable, broken and begging for forgiveness. For when we are left with ourselves – we have to face what we are. And we simply cannot do that.

Martyna Kažuraitė 3^B



Oh, those are the days.
The days when darkness befalls upon this world,
When skies turn black as death itself,
When lightning strikes every time you blink,
When the thunder roars and the mountains tremble.

Oh, those gloomy days.
It's like whole 'nother world,
When people show their true faces,
When silence dies,
And darkness rises.
Oh, those are the days...

I am left alone.
My friends lie dead beside me.
People come and my friends are gone
And I am left to stand alone forevermore.

I know the time will come
And it will be my turn to join my friends for one last time.
I keep thinking 'bout that day. But I am not afraid.
And I am left to think forevermore.

I see the people coming,
But they walk beside me and go for younger ones.
I'm pleading for the people to take me and leave the others.
But I am left to live alone forever more...

Doors

Doors are a place, where people enter and exit a room. It is a place, which connects the outside with the inside, which is not always visible. Just like real doors that are between rooms - there are mental or emotional doors in everyone of us. Those doors often are the bridge between other people and your thoughts and emotions. And these doors, like real doors, cannot be shut forever.

Vainius Jacys 3^B



Silence

As the world rests quietly , and the sun goes down, everything you thought you knew about silence - slowly disappears with the sun and onto the ground. When the dawn ends and the ground turns cold, remember your thoughts when you were hurt. With the cold night wind your hardship shall go away. Listen to your heart, calmness of the beat. Listen to the wind, what secrets it whispers to the owl's ear. Be the animal in the darkest hour, and feel the reality of the monstrous instinct. Because silence keeps you awake and drives you crazy. Silence draws you into nature, and you turn into one with it. You become the silence you've been hearing. And you turn into an animal of an instinct. You survive, 'cause the silence roams around you. And it all makes a perfect silent cycle.

Kamilė Zelenkevičiūtė 4^C



Is there something worth living for?
Or are we afraid to admit,
That death is just scarier,
Than the uncertainty of living.

People lie to themselves
Because they have the liberty to do so
And not many understand that it's just a form of escape
From their troubles, flaws and insecurities

Reality cannot be measured
It is an always changing experience
One that is different every time
A new person enters its halls

So what is there to say about right or wrong?
These phrases are just words, we depend on
How can we judge, without knowing
What a person's soul costs.

The World is a shared canvas
Invested by many artists
To paint we follow a formula
But true painters create an entirely new one
Rules, after all, don't exist in this craft
Only the best sell their finest art

Every action should have a valuable explanation
But sometimes ill habits are too old and rotten
to make sense of it all

A body's soul is a sensitive cellar
A diligent and calm place
Of course in time it can start to decay,
To the chilling darkness, from whom it won't break

We live in a prison called society
Labeled and numbered, we're pawns of the rich
The rules we follow, voluntarily
Enslave us to this sick game we play

From childhood bound to listen and obey
We believe every word they say
But as innocent the world may seem at first
It's just a mirror image of our sins

And still we repeat the cycle of hatred
that no one can ever seem to break
We're equal as people, but still we discriminate
Judging you, every way we can

Greed is their currency
And like dogs we eat it constantly
Poison, poison in our brains
Consume the sense of property

Reality that you perceive
Is the only one they let you see
Drink the blood from Jesus' hand
Religion is just marketing

We are nothing more
Then the toys of old
Do you hear the noise?
The voices of control
There is no escape
Our world's outdated
To save it, we must change
Break – Society

Mantas Reimeris 4^B



Rose

You are the walking queen who takes my breath away every time I see you standing there. You are above of everything I have ever seen in my life. What makes you so pure and unreachable. Even my head is spinning around due to colours and shades which you give off. While glowing and sparkling in the moonlight I just sit and feel how slowly my tear is falling down my cheek from your beauty.

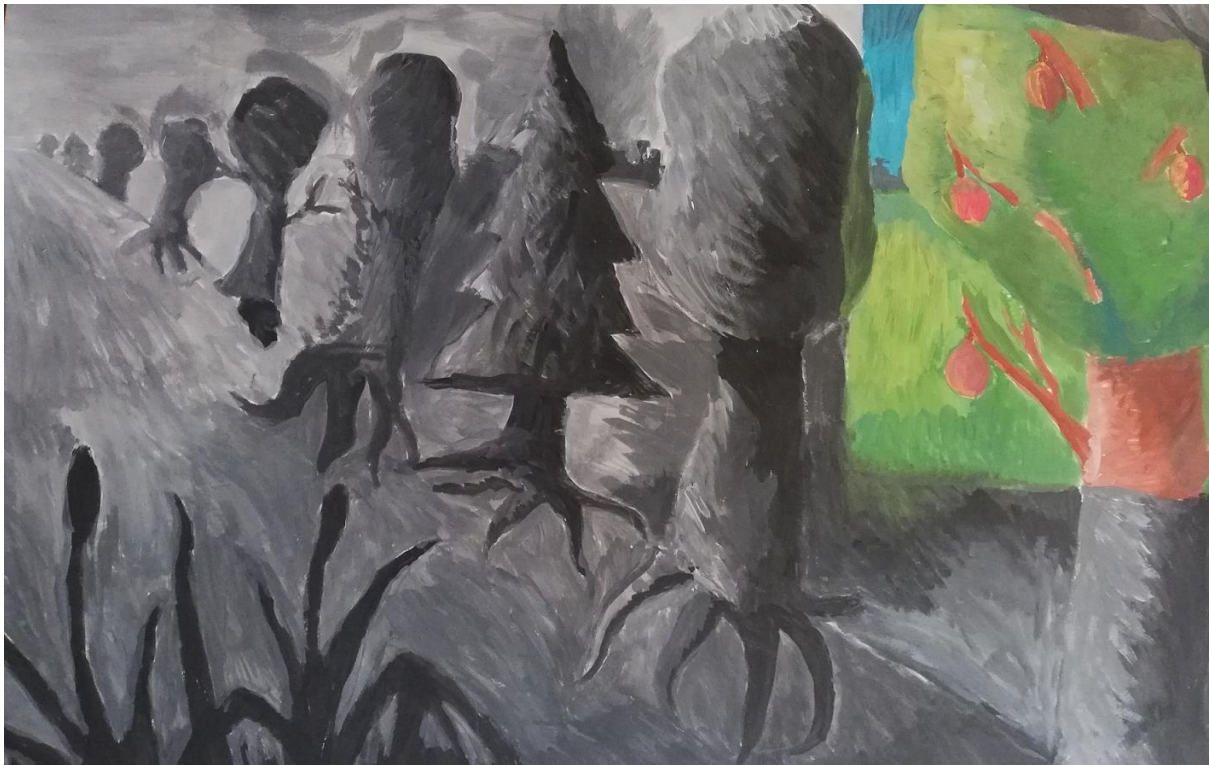
By Monika Kažuraitė 4^C



Silence

Silence is playing. Birds are flying in my dreams. Can you hear a painting on the wall? It is him. He drew that scenery full of silence, birds and love. He made me believe that it is all true. That it will never end. But finally silence starts screaming and a scenery turns into some kind of sick illusion. Everything has an end. Even if it's insanity that you are falling in. And you are screaming till the end of the infinity and dragging everyone with you.

Samanta Petkevičiūtė 4^C



(Photos and pictures by: Elžbieta Maslauskaitė, Nojus Buivydas, Karolina Letkiewicz, Vainius Jacys)