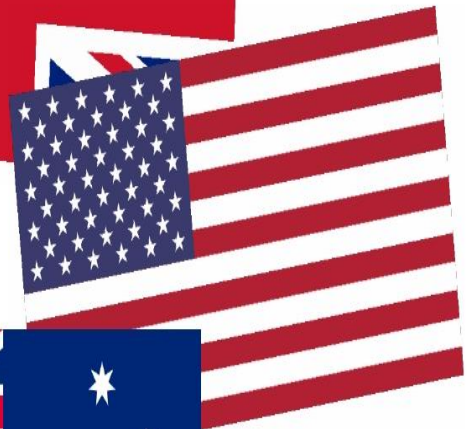
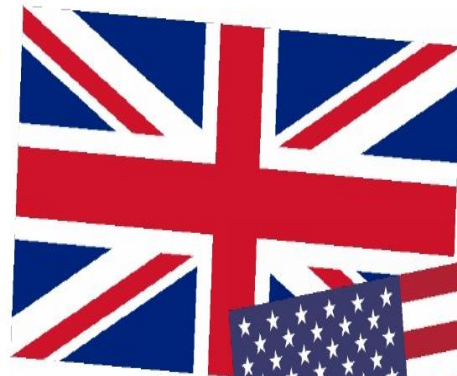
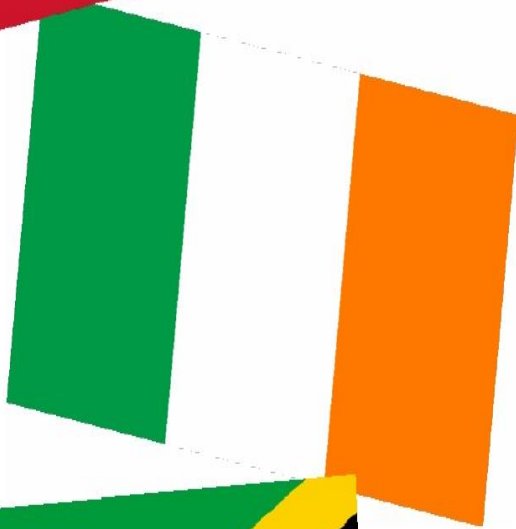
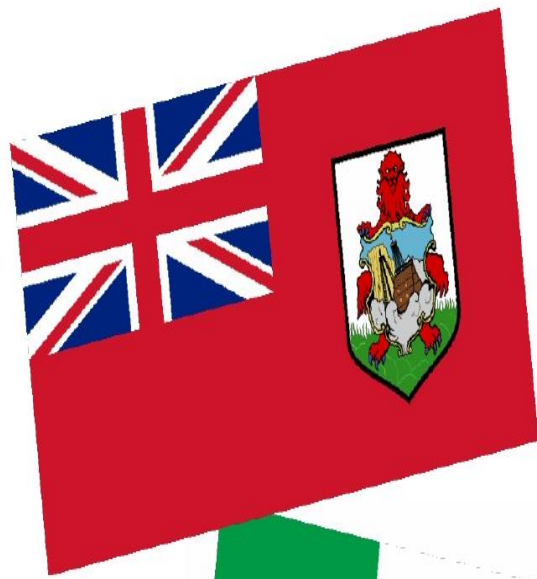


Göllner

imes



Dear Readers,

An English language magazine enriches the cultural scene of our High School. It moves bilingual students to realise the value of what they have and to set these into something creative, palpable and productive. It also opens an opportunity for anybody, students and teachers alike, to try themselves in English, a genuine platform to practice. Meanwhile it offers a glimpse into our school's life, a peak behind the scenes to a wider audience.

It is to bring English alive.

Please receive it as another colour on the Regi's palette.

We shall cover and await your contributions in the following topics:

Events: reflections, experiences; upcoming

Regi-Time: school stories; interviews, thoughts, descriptions

Young Writers' Corner: short stories, series, poetry

World Literature in English: excerpts, series, poetry

Jokes

... and anything else that you can think of ... just check with our editors first. We are primarily publishing not translations but texts originally written in English. Our editors are happy to help proof-reading your works, so just forget being shy and give it a go.

It is, as usual, what we make it to be. Come and join the team ☺☺☺

☺ Joke ☺

Knock-knock

Who's there?

It's Time

Time Who?

Time to Reggae

Freedom

Freedom is flying
Daring to fall
Freedom is untethered
To back or call
Soaring
Not searching
For a cloud-laden sky
Unafraid to stumble
I'll live before I die

Zsófi K.

Project Week 2015

Gods and Goddesses

The Gods and Goddesses group became a really good group I think in every way. Both the group leaders and the students enjoyed it and the topics were great. We looked into the five world religions, specifically the male and female roles in them. We didn't spend too much time in the school, because we went to a Catholic and a Hindu church, a Jewish synagogue, a Muslim mosque and to a Buddhist centre. During these visits our guides told us a lot of interesting things about their beliefs, we could ask questions and we talked with people who devoted their lives to their chosen religion. We attended ceremonies and we experienced the differences in their churches and environments.

One day Tamás Vekerdy came to the school and made a really interesting performance and set up a good conversation about the male and female roles, the soul and thinking.

Although the order of the visits was random, it happened to become the best way to get to know and understand world religions. We received a lot of information every day which made it a bit tiring. However after talking it over with the group and giving it more thought I think the gist became clear for everybody.

It was really interesting to notice the differences and similarities. For example the representations of God, the way people look at each other's religions, the ceremonies and traditions.

My personal favourite was Buddhism. I liked their philosophy, i.e. that they strive to get to know themselves better by meditation, that they

don't make a difference between men and women and that they have simple and true rules.

Our Zen Buddhist guide showed us an interesting example. He streamed water in five different shaped and coloured cups and told us to define them. It meant that the five world religions, symbolised by the different cups, contain the same thoughts. Inside they are the same; they are different only from the outside. I think it's a beautiful way to show this concept, the message was clear to us all.

I am really happy to have chosen this topic, because this project week has given me a lot. I have gained a much better understanding of the religions and the thinking behind them.

Dorka

The Year

This is the year of excitement
This is the year of me
This is the year I'm finding out
The person I will be
This is the year of thunder
That was the year of rain
That was the year of losing myself
That was the year of pain
This is the year of free
This is the year of living loud
Of spontaneity
This is the year of peace
This is the year of change
This is the year I will hardly remember
That heavy pouring rain

Zsófi K.

😊 Joke 😊

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
A little boy.
A little boy who?
A little boy who can't reach the doorbell.

SOLITUDES

The Desert Lion Scene

The big lion was walking alone in the desert, crying. Big fat tears were rolling down his furry, golden face. You would now ask why he was in such sorrow. The answer is: he was lonely. He was the only one who lived in this part of the desert. Of course there were few antelopes and zebras, but that wasn't the same.

As the lion was alone he didn't do much. He killed for food, ate it, thought a lot, walked, slept, and of course cried. As you may think I didn't write all these for nothing. This day was a very special day for the lion.

As he was walking in the hot sand he saw a little black figure moving in the distance. He started going towards it and soon he saw what it was. It was a boy. The lion didn't know this for he had never seen a boy before, only antelopes and zebras. And they were never alone. So the lion was now curious for the boy. He didn't eat it, he wasn't hungry. When the boy noticed the lion, he got very frightened. He was a clever boy, he knew that he should not run away. And he was tired, too. So he just stood there and waited. The lion went over to him and the boy didn't move. But he noticed the tears in the large eyes of the animal and he felt pity for it. The lion nudged the boy, trying to make him notice, but he did nothing. He was a cold-blooded child who had seen too much and had grown up too soon. So the lion felt boredom, turned and went. The boy followed and the lion was happy about this. Soon they came to a little blue lake which was surrounded with palm-trees. The trees were loaded with figs and coconuts. The boy was no longer afraid of the lion and he followed the animal through the trees. The lion stopped at a small brook, bent down and drank, then stood back to let the boy to the water. This was a gesture of welcome and as the boy bent down to drink they both felt glad.

The Out-of-the-Ordinary Scene

It was a Monday and I was in a bad mood. I banged my make-up bag next to the sink and started making myself presentable. Today I went to bed late, didn't sleep well and did no homework. Who cares about that anyway?! My hand shook and I poked my eye out with my liner. Cried a little, washed it all off and started again. I didn't really have anything to be angry about, I was often just like that. I tumbled down a few steps, dripped cocoa all down my shirt, so I had to get dressed again and got late for school. It was my unlucky day. My day isn't really worth mentioning, it

was awful. In the end I had enough. I told my PE teacher, I was in no fit state for sport and went home. I walked out of school and started on my way to home. It was too early for the school bus, so I had to go on foot. It was hot and I felt sleepy. I felt like I was dreaming, not quite there. I pressed the button at the zebra crossing and waited for the green man. When it turned green I walked lazily on the road and put my sunglasses on, the sun was dazzling me. Then I saw a car around the corner. I saw it, but didn't have time to do anything. It came and I just stood there while it bashed into me. I saw the driver's scared, shocked look, heard shouting, than nothing. I heard noises from far away like they were outside a glass wall. I felt a sharp pain coming from my shoulder and running through my body and then nothing. And then as I had read it in so many books it happened to me as well. The world came slowly in focus but I wasn't in it. I was locked out of my body, seeing everything and no one seeing me. It was peaceful and silent, like a silent movie. Like I had no feelings just the happy floating nothingness. Then everything went blurry again and I felt the pain rise up again in my body. I was in an ambulance car and they were waking me up. But I didn't want to. I shut my eyes they were too heavy to open. I felt the pain again and I fainted.



The Hippy Bus Scene

Our blue hippy bus was trundling along the sunny earth-track surrounded by a huge endless-looking tulip field. The red and yellow flowers dazzled us as we looked at them. I was driving, my friends were in the back and were sleeping next to me. The girls in the back were singing all the Beatles songs they could think of. But Jay was so tired after her last driving session that it didn't affect her at all. I didn't mind being alone a bit. I needed some lone-time. I wound down the window and let the air rush in and cool my face, which I couldn't see, because our mirror had broken off yesterday. I looked at the time: fifteen minutes till the next swap. Hope we can reach a petrol station soon. I needed the toilette. Suddenly the girls in the back started screaming and laughing, because the door flung open and two, who were playing the "curve-game", literally fell out of the car. I stopped and laughed with them. We didn't go fast enough for them to get hurt. They stood up, pushed each other about a few times and got back in. I started going again, but Effie leaned in to my neck and shouted into my ear: "Hey,

why don't we camp here? None will care if we trample a few tulips." So I stopped again and after a longer discussion I started the car and drove it into the field. After about three-hundred yards I stopped and we put up our tents and the stove.

The sun was setting, so we ate quickly and built a camp fire. We had a fun night and got into bed tired and worn-out.

by Our Anonymous

Friend

When you're lost
And can't be found
Remember that you're Heaven-bound
When you choke
And cannot breathe
Simply make your way to me
When you're lonely
And tears descend
Just call on me, your loyal friend

Zsófi K.

☺ **Joke** ☺

One day a Cop pulls a van over and when he walks up to the window he sees a penguin in the back.

The cop asks the man "Is that your penguin?"

The man says "Yes, it is my pet."

The cop replies to the man "You need to take it to the zoo right now."

So the man agrees and drives off. The next day the cop pulls over the same van and he walks up to the window and sees the penguin wearing sunglasses.

The cop says to the man "I thought I told you to take that penguin to the zoo."

The man says "I did. And today we're going to the beach!"

Interviews with the Future 9th Graders

We have left their English simple, to offer a feel of authenticity.

Q1 *Why do you want to come to our school?*

- I really like Waldorf pedagogy. And lots of my classmates come here and I would like to stay with them.
- My brother comes here and he really likes it, and I came and looked at it and I also liked all the kind students and good teachers.
- Well I went to Waldorf since the first grade. I didn't even think of going to state school, and I liked what I heard about it, and the stories my sister tells me about it.
- Because I started in Waldorf and I really like this system. I like it how you don't only get evaluated by your performance, they look at other things as well. And my friends are coming here too.
- Especially, because it's a Waldorf school, and many of my friends come here, it's near and the whole building is appealing.
- Actually I decided it in the 6th class, to come here, and I liked it, that the events always have a good feeling, and everybody seems very nice.

Q2 *So far how many Open Days have you been to?*

- So far I've been to 6 and I think these are really good because I can meet with the others who will be my classmates. My favourite sport here is floor ball.
- I've been to several. I really liked the chemistry class. I liked how it was colourful, how we got lots of different tasks.
- I've been to one last year and I saw the Solo Evening.

Q2.2 *What stuck with you from the Open Days?*

- I really liked the relationship between classes, and the teachers are also nice, kind and cool. My first event was when I saw the Solo Evening. I think it was really good and so was the classes' community.
- At the beginning this building was really scruffy looking and I can tell how much everyone wants this whole school to be even better.
- I really like the Solo Evening" and so did my parents.
- I saw the Solo Evening in both years, and I was at the Göllner Day as well and I liked them very much.

Q2.3 *What did you like in the Sports Day?*

- I like that we can get to know each other with the new classmates, they are really nice.

Q3 *What kind of expectations do you have for the school?*

- I would like to learn at a state-gymnasium level, but keep the benefits of Waldorf.
- Well similar to what I've experienced at Gödöllő, only more serious, because we are older now.
- I hope it's going to be another community and I want to have new experiences.
- I would like it if the teachers taught well, because it doesn't really work in my school now, and I want a good class community as well.
- I would like to have lots of art classes and be in a nice community.

Q4 *Have you looked at other schools?*

- Yes I've looked at multiple schools but I liked this the most.
- Yes I took the two entry tests and I looked at the Veres Péter secondary grammar school where my mom teaches, but think it was too strict.
- Yes, I have, but they were too far, and actually this was what I really liked.
- No, it was obvious that I'm coming here.

Q5 *What things/rumours have you heard about our school?*

- Well I heard more good than bad, and it's really interesting that when I told my coach that I'm going to a Waldorf high school, he made a funny face. A lot people dismiss Waldorf schools.
- I heard lots of good things. Especially after the Solo Evening.
- Everybody likes it and I only heard good things about it, like the community is very good, they like the teachers, so it was right cogent.
- Some friends, who come here, say, that it's really good, and they like it very much.
- I've heard lots of great things about the school but I was like "but it's still very young". But I heard lots of fantastic things like "this is the best Waldorf in Hungary"

Q6 *Which subjects do you expect the most from yourself?*

- Well Maths because I'm good at that, and English because my English could use some work.

- Mostly from Maths and Physics.
- Literature.
- English.
- English and History, Maths not really and of course the art subjects.

Q7 *How do you think this will be different from your current school apart from it being a high school?*

- It'll be interesting that until now we were the oldest, but now we will be the younglings.
- I'll have to get used to the huge crowd. E.g: Now we have 15 kids in our class, I'm a little bit scared how it will feel to be with lots of people. Also it'll be different public transport wise as well.

Q8 *Are you thrilled/excited that there are going to be three classes?*

- Well not so much. I'd prefer if we had two classes, because we could get to know each other more, because seventy-nine children is a lot, but maybe it's going to be good.
- Sure, I think it will be great!
- So many different students... it's going to be a real party-zone☺

Dorka, Zsófi N. and Oliver

Doll

If I were a doll
 You could toss me about
 Bend me and break me
 And throw me about
 If I were a doll
 If I had a wind-up key
 You would choose to wind me up
 And control all of me
 If I were a doll
 You could fill me with doubt
 Chew me and swallow me
 And spit me out
 But I'm not a doll
 And you're not seeming to see
 That I'm not made of plastic
 And you need to let me breathe

Zsófi K.



In April we attended the Waldorf Students' Olympics in Győr. It's a continuation of the Olympics in the 5th grade. There were a lot of sports you could compete in in a team and/or individually.



Our school attended nearly every sport and we won a lot of medals: 13 gold, 7 silver and 11 bronze (if our information is correct). Obviously the Regi won the final cup, too.

Some of us went to Győr on Wednesday and some on Friday.

We could choose between sleeping in a tent or in the gym. There were people from several other Waldorf schools. We competed with students from Győr, Nemesvámos, Szolnok, Kiskispest and Fót. We did lots of sports and there were always a few people from our team who cheered for us, which was really good and helpful. I'm sure our fans were the loudest and the best as well. Besides doing sports we spent time sunbathing, talking, (sleeping), and of course cheering. In the evening we sat around, talked and had fun. It was quite good.



At the end of the Olympics we got together in the sports' hall for the announcement of the results. We were actually very proud of each other (and a bit of ourselves, too). All of us got a certificate and a nice handmade medal, which the guys from Győr made for us. It was a really kind present from them, and all of us returned home with nice memories. **Zsófi Nagy and Dorka**

With a Little Help from Anton

In the Swiss Alps, deep in a valley that can't be found unless you know where to look, is a secret nongovernment agency. This agency has no name. The people who work here only refer to it as "The Agency". No one really knows when it started but the reason why it's running is still the same. They want to stop politicians from ruining whole countries.

'Handson come in here!'

'Yes sir' said Charles 'what can I do for you?'

'Well there was another incident in Copenhagen.'

'What happened sir?'

'Another ambassador is dead.'

'So how many does that make sir?'

'Three'

'When am I leaving?'

'Your plane is getting ready as we speak.'

'I can be there in an hour,' said Charles.

'Oh and Handson... be careful. We don't want another Barcelona on our hands.'

'Yes sir, I will be more careful with him this time.'

Charles got ready for the trip and got on the plane. He loved flying. Especially above the Swiss Alps; the snowy mountains sparkling in the bright summer light of the sun.

In about an hour he landed just outside of Copenhagen at a small airport. As he got off his plane, a white Tesla pulled up in front of the stairs. Charles grinned and said to himself "she never misses a good entrance". He got in the back seat and closed the door.

'Hi there Jemma' said Charles.

'Hi Charlie' said Jemma with a tender but commanding upper class British accent 'and how many times do I need to tell you, you address your senior officer with "Sir"?'

'But you're a lady.'

'Then address me as "ma'am". Just don't call me by my name. I am not the little girl you met in Prague anymore.'

'Yes ma'am' said Charles.

'So' said Jemma 'I've been asking around, pulling some strings, and we can look at the latest crime scene. It's about a half-hour drive from here.'

'Then what are we waiting for?'

In about half an hour they pulled up in front of a white house. Police tape was everywhere and lots of people in black suits and earpieces were looking at everything.

'I hate it when so many detectives and agents show up. Anton can't move around unnoticed' said Charles.

They got out of the car and walked inside. In the living-room there was a body, under it was a carpet soaked in blood.

'How did he die?' asked Charles

'A bullet to the abdomen and chest. Just like the previous two. Both the Frenchman and the Pole got shot in the abdomen first and the second shot was half an hour later, according to the M.E.' said Jemma

'So the killer wounded him first and then stayed for half an hour and finally killed him?'

'Yes' said Jemma 'imagine what the killer could have done to the ambassadors for that half an hour.'

'Ma'am would you please be so kind as to ask the agents and detectives to leave us alone for a couple of minutes?' asked Charles

'I already have. They're clearing out now. You can let him go.' said Jemma

'He has a name' said Charles 'He's called Anton.'

You see, Charles had a tattoo of a purple lizard, he got it from an old Chinese woman when he was twelve. What's special about it is that it can move, but only in two dimensions; only on the surface of things. And he can talk, but only to Charles.

'Ok Anton, you can come out now,' said Charles

The lizard crept down Charles' leg and onto the floor.

'Find something for me and be careful no one sees you.' said Charles

Anton quickly skittered away. Meanwhile Charles and Jemma took a closer look at the body. The Italian ambassador was lying on his stomach, and by looking at his face Charles could tell he had been in a lot of pain right toward the end of his life. His hands were covered in blood with some blue spots here and there, probably from holding his wound.

Anton quickly came back and ran up Charles' body, stopping on his shoulder. Charles pulled his shoulder up to his ear and Anton gently whispered:

'I found two things. One of them is a drop of ink on the kitchen floor that no one seems to have noticed, and it looks fresh. The other is, I crawled down the throat of the victim and in his stomach I saw the shrivelled business card of a man named "Alton Holst". And what's even weirder is that the ink on the card is the same ink as the ink on the kitchen floor,' said Anton the lizard-tattoo.

'Hmmm, that is interesting,' said Charles. 'Jemma do you know anyone who's called Alton Holst?'

'Yes he's a fanatical nationalist politician here in Denmark. He has been campaigning for Denmark to become more independent from other countries, but without much success,' said Jemma. 'But why do you ask?'

'Well his card's inside the victim. He most probably swallowed it. Don't you think that's odd?'

'Yes' said Jemma 'why would anyone swallow a business card?'

'I haven't got the slightest idea. But I think I know where we should go next.'

After driving for an hour the chauffeur stopped the car next to a newly built, white house with a beautiful green lawn. In the driveway there was a man wearing a black suit, and a rather scruffy looking panama. He was loading the back of his car. Charles and Jemma walked over to the man.

'Hello Mr. Holst, we are reporters from RTL Deutschland' said Charles hiding surprisingly well his Australian accent with a German 'and we would like to ask a few questions about the killings of the ambassadors.'

Since Mr. Holst rarely got the media's attention, even though he needed to be at a meeting, he agreed. He held his chin higher, squinted, and put his hands in his pockets.

'Does the police have any leads on the killer?' asked Charles.

'No, not that I've heard of,' said Mr. Holst trying to hide a one-sided grin.

'Did you know the Italian ambassador?' asked Jemma trying her best at a German accent.

'We met at a fundraiser once, we exchanged business cards and had a short chat, but I wouldn't say I knew him,' said Mr. Holst as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other. 'I'm sorry but I have a meeting. I need to go.' He closed the trunk of his car and got in. You could barely hear it but he made a hissing sound as he got in.

'Ok thank you. We wouldn't want to hold you up' said Jemma.

Mr. Holst pulled out of his driveway and swiftly drove off.

'What an odd person' said Jemma as she turned to Charles.

'Well, yes indeed, he was quite peculiar. He got nervous when we asked about his relationship with the ambassador.' Charles look puzzled for a few seconds and then grinned at Jemma with a tiny sparkle in his eyes. 'I think I know what happened.'

'Ok I'll bite. What do you think happened, Charles?'

'I'll tell you, but first we need to go back to the crime scene.'

They drove back to the white house. The body had already been taken away. Charles quickly ran inside leaving Jemma behind struggling to run in her high heels.

Charles gently whispered to his shoulder:

'Anton can you please find me a fountain pen with blood on it?'

The lizard tattoo sped down Charles' body, ran across the surface of the floor and disappeared under a rug.

'So what happened?' asked Jemma with a bit of impatience in her voice.

'Well...'

Charles couldn't finish his sentence because Anton came happily running back and ran to Charles' shoulder.

'I found it' said Anton 'it's under the cupboard that has drinks on top.'

Charles quickly walked over and looked under the only cupboard that had drinks on top of it. He reached in and gently pulled out a fountain pen with a tissue that had no top on, the tip was bent and it had some blood on it along with plenty of fingerprints.

'So I think,' said Charles 'Alton Holst realised his campaigning didn't work, and so he took matters literally into his own hands. First he killed the French, then the Polish, and now the Italian ambassador so that other countries would lose faith in Denmark and eventually Denmark would be more independent.'

'But why aren't there any stab wounds on the Italian ambassador?' asked Jemma.

'Because it was in the hands of the Italian ambassador. He tried to fight back with it. The ambassador stabbed Mr. Holst, and when he went to clean his wound the ambassador swallowed the business card so the police could find it at an autopsy. The only problem with this is that with the C.O.D. being so obvious the police wouldn't have done a proper exam of him. And the ink on the kitchen floor must have dripped from Mr. Holst's suit. You see, when we talked to him I saw a light gray suit with blue ink on it in the trunk. The reason why Mr. Holst was hissing when he got in his car was that his shoulder still hurt from the stab wound.'

That evening when the Police commissioner of Copenhagen arrived home he found an envelope on his doormat with Charles' theory written down on a piece of paper and the pen in a small nylon bag inside of it. As he picked it up a small private airplane flew above him. He had no idea that the plane was heading to the Alps. Nor did he know that a man on board had a purple lizard tattoo that can move, but only in two dimensions.

A phone rang in an office somewhere in Shanghai.

'Hello?' said a deep voice.

'Have you heard?'

'No. What?'

'I don't know how, I don't know who, but they caught Alton Holst. We need to be more careful.'

'Ok. I'll keep that in mind' said the deep voice and hang up the phone.

Oliver P. Huffman

Series Review

White Collar

Although this series is over it has six unforgettable seasons. All age groups will love it for its amazing story or simply for the main character Neil Caffrey. He's in prison because of art forgery, but one day an FBI agent comes to help catch criminal. So he confinement with the Unit. He keeps trouble for a weird old Mozzie, who without being with the because he lot of illegal things, too. But outside the walls of the prison there are some people who don't want Neil to be free... or to be alive. The episodes are full of crime, secrets, criminals, drama, romance, jokes and shocking situations. You can understand their speech easily, and you can also learn a lot of useful new words and expressions, so I recommend everybody to watch it in English.



and asks him another leaves his and works White Collar making them. He has friend helps him in contact agents, committed a

Emily B.



The Thought-Fox

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:
Something else is alive
Beside the clock's loneliness
And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star:
Something more near
Though deeper within darkness
Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow,
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf;
Two eyes serve a movement, that now
And again now, and now, and now

Sets neat prints into the snow
Between trees, and warily a lame
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow
Of a body that is bold to come

Across clearings, an eye,

A widening deepening greenness,
Brilliantly, concentratedly,
Coming about its own business

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox
It enters the dark hole of the head.
The window is starless still; the clock ticks,
The page is printed.

Ted Hughes (1930-1998) was an English poet and children's writer, a significant literary figure of the late twentieth century. He was married to the American poet Sylvia Plath. He translated János Pilinszky poems.

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Tank.
Tank who?
You're welcome!

Knock, knock!
Who's there?
Tank.
Tank who?
You're welcome!

The editorial board of the first issue is our writers:

Dorka Kiss

Emily Berényi

Hanna Rédey-Webb

Olivér P. Huffmann

Zsófia Kovács

Zsófia Nagy

Assistant teacher

Szilvia Rédey

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