Germanizmi u mom zavičaju

Germanisms in my land

(Joža i Ana)

I hold one beautiful memory from my early days of two wonderful warm people - Ana and Joža. They had lived together in harmony and love for 57 years until Joža's heart became too weak and he couldn't stay with Ana. She hasn't laughed since he died two years ago, but she is still warm and kind. I saw loneliness on her face and decided to do something about it.

Every evening after school at *frtalj osam* (quarter past 7) I stop in front of Ana's house and Grandma Ana invites me in for tea. I always point out I don't have much *cajt* (time), but wouldn't mind some warming up. "Such beautiful *lokne (*curls), Dora", I hear almost every day. "That's what I wore when I went on a *rendes* (date) with my late Jožek." "Would you like *cukar* (sugar) in your tea?" "Yes, please", I repeat day after day. "But wear your slippers! You know everything comes from legs! And look! I *heklala* (crocheted) this today", and she lifts a beautiful little napkin from the *šrajbtiš* (writing desk). The usual topics are what she cooked that day - whether it's *čušpajz* (stew) or *ajpren-juha* (roux soup) - what she is going to stew the next day, or how she has to go to the farmer's market to get some *grincajg* (mixed vegetables for soup). After 15 minutes I apologise saying I have to go home to do my homework and kiss my sisters Gabi and Lea goodnight.

She smiles, strokes my hair and kisses the back of my head. Of all the daily rituals, this is certainly my favourite.

Doroteja Noršić, 8.b

Klara Fiolić, 8.a