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Statistics...

If we could imagine that the whole world is a village of a hundred of people, respecting the real proportions of all existing people of the globe, the village would be like this:

- ✂ 57 Asians
- 21 Europeans
- 14 Americans
- 8 Africans;
- ✂ 52 would be women
- 48 men
- ✂ 70 non-coactions
- 30 coactions
- ✂ 70 non-Christians
- 30 Christians
- ✂ 89 heterosexuals
- 11 homosexuals;
- ✂ 6 persons would own 59% of world wealth and all 6 would be from America;
- ✂ 80 would live in houses without basic conditions;
- ✂ 70 would be illiterate;
- ✂ 50 would be starved;
- ✂ 1 would be dead;
- ✂ 1 would be born;
- ✂ 1 would have a computer;
- ✂ 1 (yes, only one!) would have a university diploma;

If you look up the world through this data, the need for, acceptance, understanding, compassion and education becomes obvious.

If you woke up this morning healthy, you are happier than a million of people, who won't be alive next week.

If you have never felt the danger of the battle, loneliness of the slavery, the agony of the danger, bites of the hunger, you are happier than 500 millions of people of this world.

If you can go to a church without being frightened of threats, arrests, tortures or of losing your life, you are happier than more than 3 billions people of this world.

If you have the food in your refrigerator, if you have clothes on your body, if you have a roof above your head and a bed to lay in, you are richer than 75% of inhabitants of this world.

If you have a bill in the bank, money in a wallet, and some change in a box, you belong to 8% of the people who don't have to care about the money

If your parents are still alive and even married, you are truly a rare person.

If you can read this, you are not one of 2 million who don't know how to read!

Friendship

Strangest connection between people.
Bridge between two or more souls.
Something that should last for a life.
Without it living is very sad.
Smiles in the mornings, hugs in the evenings.
Various fruit in the same dish.
Different languages in one sentence.
I met you... thank you!
I will find you again.

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The Team We Became

Let's play a little game !

That's how we have been starting our mornings – with Mariani jokes and games.

- Girls and the boy, you had a tough night – truth or falls – says the Boss.

All of us cheered – truth – and continued drinking our morning-working coffees.

Violeta, the “Chiefy”, demands her breakfast with a never ending serious face:

- I'm hungry ! Let's eat someone!

Adrian, the rapper, is singing Marina's favorite song: “C-așa beau oamenii buni”, in his own, inspiring, way.

Although lovable Marina doesn't understand a word, she is singing and moving her head in a absent rhythm.

The smiling Alina is waving with her hands trying to explain to Jelena, the Trainer, that she is tired and she wants to go to sleep.

Jelena is reminding girls and the boy that they have to finish their articles in time and inviting them in her room if they need anything.

Snežana is speaking in French to please the Boss, who is reciting great French poets. She doesn't understand a thing of what he's talking about, but she is obeying orders.

Therefore, we have been starting our mornings with smile and good jocks, and believe us, it had very good effect on our ideas and imagination.

Beautiful evenings, romantic songs, interesting stories and exchange of our experiences have made us a 'team'.

We become the group of people who trust and depend on each other.

The Four Girls and the Boy



I rodi se reč...

I rodi se reč... I za njom, dođe na svet još mnogo reči. Zaigraše se. Beše to srečno vreme! Bog im se osmehivao, a demoni ih gledaše sa zavišću. Iz prikrajka, u dubokom mraku, videle su im se samo oči. Odlučiše da posvađaju reči! Dadoše im Različitost!

I nastade galama koja je gotovo uništila i nebo i zemlju. Velika vatra gorela je pet dana. Čula se cika reči koje su tražile zaklon. Démoni su podvriskivali, srećni u svom Zlu. Šestog dana, na zemlji ostade pustoš! I puno kanala koji su razdvajali reči.

I rodi se čovek... I za njim, još mnogo ljudi. Oni se nikada nisu igrali...Kanalima dadoše ime Međe, a igralištima unutar njih – Države.

U početku, čuli su se šaptaji u Državama. A onda nastade Tišina. Jer niko nikog nije razumeo. I ljudi se ogrnuše u Mržnju zbog toga. I usvojiše Demone kao svoju decu ! U toj tišini, jedan čovek je sanjao. Isti san, kad god sklopi oči. U kočijama od pene, dolazi Prijatelj. Nem, kao i on sam. Stavlja mu ruku na rame, i ostaje tako neko vreme. Onda ode. I čovek zna da će ponovo doći.

I onda, kao u svakoj bajci, jednog jutra, otvorivši oči, ugleda Prijatelje. U neverici, on ispusti glas. I od sreće, svi oni kao jedan, progovoriše. Dadoše sebi imena. Snežana. Adrijan. Jelena. Alina...

Naučiše od reči kako da se igraju. I više ne beše Tišina. I ne beše Međe. I ne beše Države.

Potraja to danima, a onda prijatelji odoše da i druge ljude nauše kako da se igraju sa rečima.

Za njima, na igralištu ostade Obećanje. I, kao u snu svi su znali da će ponovo doći tamo kada i poslednji nemi čovek ispusti krik koji ga povezuje sa drugim ljudima.

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