

# ESSAY: Task

While reading various books, you often come across descriptions that enhance the books and often make them real jewels of literature.

To give an example, a British writer French Dawn is one of such talented writers and here is enclosed an extract from her book. Read about how she sees the tulips:

*The tulips are opening their cups, spilling out colour. They are red, a darker crimson towards the stem, as if they have been cut and are beginning to heal there.*

**Task: Choose one of the pictures below and describe it using 120 – 150 words. You can write about what you see, what it reminds you of, you can share your feelings about the pictures etc. Don't forget to write the number of the picture you are describing!!**

1)



2)



3)



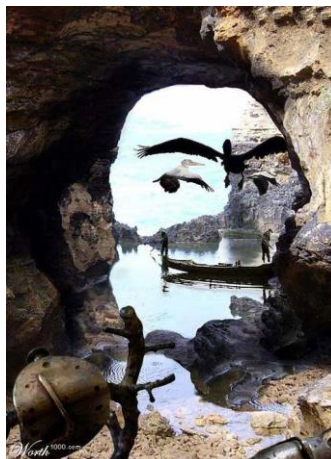
4)



5)



6)



# **Essay – Younger students (Category I)**

## **OCEAN OF TEARS**

Picture 2

She's crying. Tears are spilling out of her eyes, damping her lashes and sticking them together. It feels as if there's an endless ocean inside of her that is suddenly overflowing and needs to leave her. It feels as if it will never stop.

There's also a storm raging inside of her. Storms are loud. Thunder and lightning. But this one has been silent for a long time. Getting stronger. Killing her from the inside. Nobody has noticed.

But it can't stay silent anymore. She can't. All that she has kept hidden so deep for so long is now spilling out, flooding the whole world with sorrow. Unleashing the storm on the world that didn't care. Letting everyone know what it was like to have that inside of her.

Until... there's nothing left of the storm. Of her. The storm has gone, but it took everything with it. HER

**Anežka Hurtová, kvinta A,**

## **MOURNING IS THE PROBLEM**

Picture 2

A tear falls down after another and another. The sky is crying big salty tears, and no one can stop it.

In the dark reflection in the eye is shown the despair of the world and the sky can't do anything, but cry. As if the salty drops of water could wash away the problems. But that's just a fantasy, a faraway dream, that can never be fulfilled.

The sadness is our new problem here. The water began to fill the land. It has become a sea, and ocean of sad salty tears. And no one can stop it.

It's bigger than the eye or all the world burdens, for the eye has spilled tears.

Just when the eye once closes, the world can be without this never-ending sadness, but that won't happen any time soon.

The ocean of sorrow doesn't show any colour. The blackness only shows how deep the bottom lies. On the horizon, just the last, highest hill of dry land stands and over them rises thick grey fog.

The sky doesn't seem to notice, how its mourning affects the world. It isn't helping, it's making the eye blind. Blindly repeating.

Mourning.

**Anna Perdoková, kvarta A**

Picture 4

The all-mighty knight on his white-winged Pegasus rushing straight into the grasps of gods. A beautiful allegory of the today's world right here to be seen.

Let me first take a look at the strong-minded hard-working man, admired by the poor peasants living on Earth, leaving all of his fears behind and rising up to the impactful appearance built of unpredictable politicians and pig-headed celebrities ruling the world.

But although the frightening knight is confident, decided to save the human kind, it is just another possibility for the weak looking, yet undefeated symbol of dominance to emphasize the might of money and fame and to show the world a small bit of pain and hopelessness.

It is the only possibility of shopping the knight, gathering up getting rid of the traitors and standing up against the gods as Prometheus himself showed us.

### **David Grossmann, kvinta A**

#### **CRUELNESS**

Picture 2

I see and eye. A very sad eye, that has seen a lot, probably more than we can even imagine. There's not even a tiny piece of blue sky, which is telling me, that the person might suffer of be depressed.

The person, let's call him Dan, so it's a bit more personal, has been crying for a very long time. He was crying so much, until there was complete ocean of tears. Why has no one helped him? How can people be so cruel to one another.? We are all the same, aren't we?

I think that we are way too much judgemental. We don't think about what other people might be going through. Sometimes people are too pride to admit their mistakes.

I want to help people, I want to help Dan. No one deserves to suffer all alone, without help. That's something unbearable to me. Being judged in the worst time of my life.

But maybe this person, I mean Dan, is not the person who was judged, but vice versa, he was the person who judged the depressed people. Dan was not so stubborn, he realized his mistake and he deeply regrets it. I hope he learned his lesson and that he won't ever make the same mistake again.

Why might these people be judged? Well, because every person has different way of dealing with their problems. Some people talk to their loved ones or distract themselves with work or something, but some people are not so good at it, so they harm themselves, drink alcohol, use drugs and so on.

And I think that these are signs, that the person has some serious issues and we should not judge these people, we should help them. I wish all people would realize that.

### **Zuzana Kohoutová, 1.A**

#### **UNSTOPPABLE FORCE**

Picture 4

We are witnesses to a titanic battle. A fiery giant with lava surging through his veins, towering to the sky like a volcano, surrounded by clouds of smoke and ash. And against him? A hero, maybe a villain, riding a majestic black Pegasus, heading towards him. A ray of hope in the darkness of despair. But can he even do anything? A tiny human, armed only with a sword, against the unstoppable force of nature itself.

I wonder, what is going on inside his head? Is he scared, confident that he can do what he has to, or ready to sacrifice himself for the greater good? Will he turn around and run away, or will he carry on going forward, trying to win a battle he cannot? Or perhaps it's the other way around, and he is the villain of the story, trying to fulfil his evil plan? Only the author of the picture knows.

### **Tomáš Hartl, kvinta A**

Picture 1

I chose to describe the picture number one. In this picture, there are flowers and a butterfly. The picture focuses on a beautiful flower and on a butterfly on it. The main colours are orange, red, yellow and green.

The flowers are all the same, with bright red cups and yellow centers, yet every single flower is unique. Camera focuses on the first two flowers in the front, yet the cups of the flowers in the background are more opened.

Then there is the butterfly. It is sitting on a flower in front of the picture. Its black with small white spots on its body and it has bright orange wings with black and white spots.

The picture was probably taken in summer. All the colours are light, warm and bright. It makes me feel rally peaceful and calm.

**Adéla Kotková, kvarta B**

## **Essay – Older students (Category II)**

### **THE HEAVEN EYE**

Picture 2

The picture is overall very dark, it seems sad and actually little bit depressing. There is an ocean, dark and deep. The kind that makes you feel like you are drowning. And in the middle of the cloudy sky there is an enormous beautiful eye.

It's the prettiest eye I have ever seen. With its long eye lashes and lack pupils it seems to be staring right into my soul. It is gazing at me reproachfully and yet it doesn't seem angry, just as if it was mourning for someone. It's also crying. Big fat tears are spilling from the brim of the eye, then down the lashes and falling right in the sea, making a low dripping sound. It is telling a never-ending story of cruelty and hate hiding in that place. And as if it is asking all the people: "What have you done?!" in a quiet heart-breaking voice.

But there is no helping to this world anymore, it will stay black and white forever and you will only feel regret.

**Adéla Vaculčíková, sexta A**

### **UNITY**

Picture 5

There is a crowd of people, one person standing next to the other, filling in the street. They are holding hands, their knuckles snow white from the pressure, yet they do not relent. Instead they raise their arms, hands held high in the air, as if they wished to touch the sky.

Their mouths are taped shut and the red cross is almost shining on their determined faces. They do not need words to tell their message, there are no shouts resonating in the air. There is only silence, but it tells you more than words ever could.

These people stand together, united in their cause and that is their power. It is as if instead of thousand individuals, there is only one.

**Monika Školová, sexta A**

Picture 5

Why do we always say quiet? People are muffled by other people and it doesn't even seem weird, because as we're coming to the world, we get a red tape over our mouths and our words are never spoken. We try to tell others our feelings through touches, through hugs, through everything else than words, because our souls are singing a whole musical, but our mouths keep silence. Our eyes are tired of the world, we see, but our hearts aren't strong enough to make a change.

At least we are together. No more loneliness, no more tears, no more nothing. We're here together now and we're getting angry. We're getting angry of the system, we're getting angry of the country, of the ignorance and the behaviour.

Let's tear off the tapes and shout out our words. It's time for changes.

### **Iva Salivarová, septima A**

#### **SILENT**

Picture 5

Standing in a place full of people while feeling alone, Surrounded by faceless strangers. Suffocated by the confining walls we put up ourselves. Desperately wanting to reach our yet being forced to keep our mouths shut.

We are all just prisoners of this reality. How do we escape and be heard? How do we rip the tape off our mouths with our hands tied? And if we do, will anyone listen?

It seems as though everyone is humming along to their funny music not caring about all the songs drenched in pain coming from around them. They just sit back, relax and turn the volume up.

But if we listen closely, are those beats only supposed to mask their own suffering? Does anyone care enough to find out? Or are we just too caught up in our own struggles to look around and see we're all the same?

### **Diana Pechová, septimal B**

#### **THE BATTLE THAT SHOULD NOT HAVE HAPPENED**

Picture 4

The intensity could be felt. There was fear in the air, but bravery at the same time. The fight, that was determined to happen, send chill down the spine.

On one side a creature, the size of a mountain, made out of rocks Magma shining through it's torso end eyes filled with hatred. Ready to defend, what rightly belongs to him. His land.

On the other side a man in a shining armour, riding black Pegasus. He stands on the side of humanity and will defend it with all his power. He holds his sword in front of him fearlessly.

The creature responds to what he thinks is taunting by the small flying thing. He fares his hand from the earth.

There's ash in the air, the sun disappeared and the birds stopped singing. The battle has begun.

### **Petr Chalupský, sexta A**