

# ENJOY

ENGLISH JOURNAL FOR YOU



Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies

**EnJoY** (English Journal for You)

*Journal on student's creativity*

ISSN 1339-7370

PUBLISHED ONLINE,  
ONCE A SEMESTER, TWICE A YEAR

**PUBLISHED BY:**

Department of Language Pedagogy  
and Intercultural Studies,  
Faculty of Education,  
Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra

**CONTACT:**

KLIŠ, Dražovská 4, 949 74 Nitra

**CONTACT EMAIL:**

ztabackova@ukf.sk

**EDITORIAL TEAM:**

Zuzana Tabačková

Alžbeta Fábryová

Milan Ivenz

Veronika Neirurer

Tereza Petrovičová

Michal Pigula

Branislav Ruman

Lucia Sekerová

**GRAPHIC DESIGN:**

Alžbeta Fábryová

**EnJoY LOGO:**

Peter Kliment

**In this issue, you can EnJoY:**

|                |       |    |
|----------------|-------|----|
| Editorial      | ..... | 3  |
| What Happened  | ..... | 4  |
| CreARTivity    | ..... | 8  |
| TransLANEtion  | ..... | 14 |
| Era of Erasmus | ..... | 20 |
| Review         | ..... | 23 |
| Point of View  | ..... | 24 |
| Hall of Fame   | ..... | 25 |

Hey, Enjoyers!



Semester's over, wow, it's fast  
 ENJOY the feeling, let it last  
 Summer's here and you're catching tan  
 I'm glad you stopped by, our dear fan  
 Missing school? Or maybe not?  
 Doesn't matter, let's see what's hot  
 We've got some cool stuff for you guys  
 Look for love songs – they'll wet your eyes  
 Want a peek into KLIS events?  
 Read WHAT HAPPENED by Milan Ivenz!  
 Translators did a good job as well  
 Coped with Roald Dahl as hell  
 Missed St. Patrick's day? Too bad  
 You'll find it here, too, don't be sad  
 For Marvel fans there is a word  
 Deadpool movie review occurred  
 Erasmus students came back to us  
 They shared their story – much to discuss!  
 There are students, our mates  
 Who finished their studies, closed the gates  
 We wish them luck and keep fingers crossed  
 BRACE YOURSELVES, friends! Dice are tossed  
 This is the end of my speech, I think  
 ENJOY the rest, good night, wink wink ;)

Tereza Petrovičová

## ST. PADDY'S WITH THE IRISH AMBASSADOR

*On Friday, the 18th of November, students from the Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies hosted a celebration of St. Patrick's Day.*



It was already the 5th year in a row for our department to celebrate this traditional Irish holiday. Our 1<sup>st</sup>-year Master students managed to make this one special in many different ways. One of the many precious guests that honored us with their presence in the foyer of the Faculty of Education was the Irish Ambassador to the Slovak Republic, Ms. Anne-Marie Callan.

Besides our honorable guest, this year's celebration was special thanks to the presence of the students from elementary schools and secondary grammar schools from the region of Nitra. The St. Patrick's Day served as a unique opportunity for them to have a firsthand experience of the university atmosphere; to be a part of the university community; and to get to know Irish culture.



All the fun was covered by our talented students and, moreover, enhanced by the gifted students from the Department of Music.



The audience consisting of professors and students had a great opportunity to be a part of all the activities and games. Green color and the Irish tricolor were dominating the decorations, costumes and also the food competition to which our students contributed with creative and, of course, delicious tidbits. The evaluation committee led by the Irish Ambassador herself reviewed and rewarded the students (and the professors as well!) for the most creative costumes and food.

**HAPPY ST. PATRICK'S DAY**



For those who were not lucky in the games or the costume and food contest, there was a raffle with extraordinary prices.



The Ambassador opened the celebration with a speech devoted to the guests, professors and also the students. She proclaimed her gratitude to everybody that was a part of the organization committee as well as for the opportunity to be a part of our celebration. She opened her speech with the following words:

*“I am quite sure that this is the greatest and the most beautiful celebration of the St. Patrick's Day in Slovakia.”*

The ambassador even offered some of her precious time to talk to the students from the faculty and the guests in person. The atmosphere created an environment in which, by her own words, she felt as if she had been at home. She was for sure not the only one to enjoy the celebration to the fullest. We are really looking forward to next year celebration, so be sure to be a part of it.

Enjoy!

Milan Ivenz

Photo: Veronika Neirurer

Designed by Freepik



## Excuse Notes

I am sorry for not coming to your class, but the particle accelerator exploded and I got affected. It gave me those weird super powers and there were people who needed saving.

*Veronika Neirurer*

I'm so sorry I don't have my presentation with me today. It's because I got the most beautiful Valentine's present ever – a brand new Jedi outfit with a double lightsaber, and while I was practising my new fighting moves, I accidentally cut my computer with the desk as well into two halves.

*Viktória Štefeková*

## Poems

It was a huge loud place  
just few ropes  
but full of hopes  
and I saw your pissed-off face

It was our second fight  
I didn't plan it to be a long night  
none of us wanted to lose a round  
but someone must go to the ground

Hook and jab and counter punch  
there is nothing like a sucker punch  
and here you're lying on the floor  
you look you can't get any more

One, two, three and four and five  
I'm having the time of my life  
six and seven  
I'm reaching the winner's heaven  
eight, nine, ten  
Come on! Get up! And be my fan!

*Viktória Štefeková*



## **A Fallen Hero**

A crowd full of disappointed people,  
staring at her from distance with fear.  
She betrayed the whole world,  
lost the trust she earned.  
Feeling so angry and sad,  
she realised things were bad.  
She saw a girl so tiny and small,  
standing with her mom by the wall.  
Unharmred, but helpless and scared,  
ah, so much she cared.  
But she knew she digged her own  
grave,  
when she stopped acting brave.

Veronika Neirurer

I see nothing more than a white smoke all over me...  
This fog which reminds me of a well-known agony...  
Red roses which make me frown,  
no parrots or colours and no laughter...  
Smell of candles, rainy day,  
crying over and over, sleeping on her grave...  
Sound of a bell, before silence in the dark,  
no dreams come true, without you, my love

Dušan Olah

## **Echoes**

I lost you in echoes, quietly  
somewhere between U and I  
I can still hear you whisper  
in the corner of my mind  
You sing that song  
and it feels like sugar  
Sweet, friendly pieces of tunes  
melting on my tongue  
I lost you in echoes, quietly  
and I know that in the morning  
The taste I love is  
.....gone.

Tereza Petrovičová

## **Morning of the Arriving Spring**

Shy stripes of the awoken sun  
Hush away little frozen beads  
Which are the last leaving signs of winter  
Appearing on the young grass and leaves.

A bird with its joyous tweeting  
Invites the fellows from their sleep  
To sing odes to approaching morning  
Because a fresh day of spring is here.

Gentle flowers open their faces  
And please the garden with merry scents  
Such things serve as a tiny basis  
For the warmth in our whole day.

Ivana Kráľová

# Lovesongs

Sometimes I think about the time  
when you were just a friend of mine  
When you walked me home every night  
and we went to bed after midnight  
When you looked into my eyes  
and I felt those butterflies  
Sometimes I think about those times

Everytime I see you, my face is full of smiles  
Even when I'm thinking about those old times  
Everytime I'm with you, I'm flying in the skies  
Even when I'm thinking about those old times

I'm a bit older, whatever  
I've known you since forever  
You express feelings in your own way  
But I can feel you feel it the same  
Sometimes your acting drives me mad  
Even though you're the best thing I've ever had

Everytime I see you, my face is full of smiles  
Even when I'm thinking about those old times  
Everytime I'm with you, I'm flying in the skies  
Even when I'm thinking about those old times

Michaela Debnárová

I wish you'd listen to the song I play  
'cause lyrics speak the words I fail to say  
Wouldn't it be the perfect crime  
if I stole your heart and you stole mine  
You are my everything, more I had before  
and after years I still love you more and more

I love to sit next to you and keep holding your hand  
And never leave you, because you are everything I've ever really had

Pavol Dančanin

## Raining On Our Love

How could I call back those days  
When no struggle was there  
Full of love, cuddle and warmth  
Were all the moments we shared

But you turned strange  
You see what was dazed  
And want me to change

It's raining on our love  
So what will we do  
It's raining on our love  
We can't let it go through  
Tell me, do you feel the way I do?

Darling, believe, I've been trying  
But can't deny myself  
So you should just start seeking  
To accept me again

It's raining on our love  
So what will we do  
It's raining on our love  
We can't let it go through  
'Cause I'm still longing for you

Should it remain  
And be doomed by the rain  
Or should we burn  
The passion again

It's raining on our love  
So what will we do  
It's raining on our love  
We can't let it go through  
It's raining on our love

Ivana Kráľová



I was running down the neverending road of bane  
Alone as a God, confused as a man  
On the edge of collapse, one more step to be damned  
Until I saw the light, that was stronger than anything else

It's you! You were the missing puzzle that I was looking for  
You broke my icy heart, my blood is not grey anymore  
You showed me who I am, I will show you what is love  
No more words to say, the lost soul found its place on Earth

I know that...  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
It's like a dream but it's real  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
Little devil angel I would kill for  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
I started to feel alive, more and more, always when you smile  
There is nothing stronger than your touch, than your big brown eyes

You were made for me  
Without you I feel nothing  
You kill the Demon inside of me  
The Dark side is dying  
Happiness is the reason why I am crying

YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
It's like a dream but it's real  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
Little devil angel I would kill for  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!  
YOU WERE MADE FOR ME!

I want you forever, my dear

*Dušan Olah*

# Persuasive Speech

Have a nice day, Sir!

I would like to introduce myself. My name is Wolf of the Wall Street!

I have a very special offer for ya, you little green bearded mischief. I know about the pot of gold, but I'm not here to take it from you. In fact, I'm here to give you a chance to invest and double, oh... What I am talking about... TRIPLE its value!!!

Ask yourself: Am I happy with my life? Am I happy with my hidden, shoemaking everyday routine?

In other words, you are a tiny leprechaun, jumping like a clown, but you should be a big animal in Wall Street, driving Ferrari, sitting on your leather chair, wearing a normal-looking suit, and you know, as man to man, girls like it. Ha-Ha.

Now, I'm asking you. Do you wanna be an investor? Do you feel how it sounds? We will be your arms, legs, eyes, ears, and if you want, some other parts of your body. And everything just for 10%!

There is my phone number and address card of our company.

Let us know!

You have 24 hours.

Dušan Olah

# Riddles

## Clock

I run in circles the whole day  
and many people always say  
that I'm running way too fast  
Well, now is already past

Still the same, my face I show  
from the head way to my toe  
Exceptions are only hands  
pointing at different lands

I am never bored or chilled  
the worst thing for me is standing still  
Then, people are being lost  
realising what's my cost

Katarína Fáberová

## Who Am I?

I'm a piece of nature  
that can speak to you  
Soothing tunes of pure emotion  
that can pierce you through  
You lay your hands on me, so softly  
make me kind or fierce  
I can bring you smile and laughter  
or break you down in tears  
I'm your voice for words unspoken  
I'm your cure for pain  
Let us be together again  
Don't let me be in vain

Tereza Petrovičová

# Dream Diary

Under my bare feet there was a fluffy white cloud I was walking on. A peachy sky and floating trees were all around me, in full blossom they were growing on the clouds. This place looked very peaceful. I came to a lake on the edge of this vapor land. It was shiny and a waterfall was falling down very slowly, into a great depth, from which a castle made of crystal grew into its magnificence. The castle had tall towers and looked like from a fairytale, it was twinkling with millions of colour shades, and I jumped wistfully into the waterfall to get closer to it. The water tide caught me and I was like in an elevator, but it didn't stop near the castle as I thought. It carried me lower and lower, into a dark wet cave, full of thorny, dead trees covered in grey dust. I felt very pitied and anxious, I wanted to go back to the castle, but the way out wasn't there anymore. Suddenly, I sneezed. The dust was drifted away and a little wooden boat raised from it. I sat into the boat and it shoved its way beyond the grime. Soon, the boat crashed into a huge old watch-face with Roman figures. All at once, a voice whispered frightfully from somewhere: "The time is being wasted" and repeated it again. I had a feeling that I had to walk through the clock, thus I advanced.

Ivana Král'ová

## Fingerprint

Velvet are those words of yours  
I can almost feel them on my skin  
They descend gently from the sky  
Like feathers swaying from side to side  
Velvet are those words of yours  
Peacefully settling in my mind  
They dwell on my lips, refusing to leave  
Like tiny lovely inhabitants  
Velvet are those words of yours  
So powerful and yet so soft  
Their lives are short, like those of snowflakes  
But never go away without leaving  
Just a fingerprint.

Tereza Petrovičová

## Mute

There are thousand words  
Dying on their way out  
Just an echo of gaping silence  
Wants to shout:

I'm pure at heart!

There are thousand words  
To claim their clarity  
Waiting to be born in chaos  
Or in the middle of serenity.

Tereza Petrovičová

## TRANSLATING EMILY DICKINSON

### ORIGINAL

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -  
That perches in the soul -  
And sings the tune without the words -  
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -  
And sore must be the storm -  
That could abash the little Bird  
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chillest land -  
And on the strangest Sea -  
Yet - never - in Extremity,  
It asked a crumb - of me.

SOURCE: DICKINSON, E.: *The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1960.

### TRANSLATION

Nádej, čosi operené -  
Hniezdi niekde v duši -  
Spieva tíško piesne bez slov -  
I keď búrku tuší -

Sladký hlások počuť naprieč -  
Keď hromy divo bijú -  
Neutíšia malé vtáča  
Čo skrýva, nedobyjú -

Počuť ho aj v tichých krajoch -  
Rozbúrených moriach -  
A nikdy si nežiadalo  
Ani kúsok zo mňa.

Terézia Petrovičová

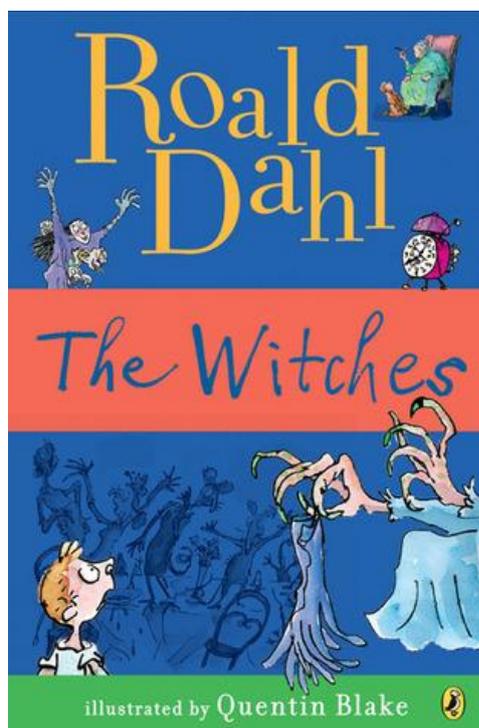
# TRANSLATING ROALD DAHL:

## THE SONG OF THE GRAND HIGH WITCH

### ORIGINAL

"Down vith children! Do them in!  
Boil their bones and fry their skin!  
Bish them, sqvish them, bash them, mash them!  
Brrreak them, shake them, slash them, smash them!  
Offer chocs vith magic powder!  
Say 'Eat up!' then say it louder.  
Crrram them full of sticky eats,  
Send them home still guzzling sweets.  
And in the morning little fools  
Go marching off to separate schools.  
A girl feels sick and goes all pale.  
She yells, 'Hey look! I've grrrown a tail!'  
A boy who's standing next to her  
Screams, 'Help! I think I'm grrrowing fur!'  
Another shouts, 'Wee look like frrreaks!  
There's viskers growing on our cheeks!'  
A boy who vos extremely tall  
Cries out, 'Vot's wrong? I'm grrrowing small!'  
Four tiny legs begin to sprrrout  
From everybody rrround about

And all at vunce, all in a trrrrice,  
There are no children! Only mice!  
In every school is mice galore  
All rerunning rrround the school-rrroom floor!  
And all the poor demented teachers  
Is yelling, 'Hey, who are these crreatures?'  
They stand upon the desks and shout,  
'Get out, you filthy mice! Get out!  
Vill someone fetch some mouse-trrraps, please!  
And don't forrrget to bring the cheese!'  
Now mouse-trrraps come and every trrrap  
Goes *snippy-snip* and *snappy-snap*.  
The mouse-trrraps have a powerful spring,  
The springs go crack and *snap* and *ping*!  
Is lovely noise for us to hear!  
Is music to a vitch's ear!  
Dead mice is every place arrround,  
Piled two feet deep upon the grrround,  
Vith teachers searching left and aright,  
But not a single child in sight!  
The teachers cry, 'Vot's going on?  
Oh where have all the children gone?  
Is half-past nine and as a rrrule  
They're never late as this for school!'  
Poor teachers don't know vot to do.  
Some sit and rrrread, and just a few  
Amuse themselves throughout the day  
By sveeping all the mice away.  
AND ALL US VITCHES SHOUT HOORAY!"



SOURCE: DAHL, R. *The Witches*. London: Puffin Books, 1985.

Book cover source:  
<http://d.gr-assets.com/books/1351707720/6327.jpg>

## TRANSLATION by Gabriela Baloghová

Prreč s deckami!  
 Potvorrkami!  
 Ich kosti ufarrte, ich kožu uprrražte!  
 Rrozrežte, rrozmliaždite, rrozdrvrte!  
 Ponúknite im čokoládu s magickými kľapkami!  
 Pofedzte: „Zjedz!“ a potom hlasnejšie to zopakujte!  
 Sladkosťami ich napchajte!  
 Nech sa napchávajú aj cestof domof!  
 A rrráno vstane každé jedno z hlupáčikof,  
 do školy je nachystané.  
 Diefčaťu je zle, celá zbledne,  
 „Aha pozrrri! Chfost mi rrrastie!“  
 Chlapec, ktorrrý fedľa nej stál,  
 „Mne zas srrrst!“ zakrrričal.  
 Ďalšie fýkrrriky, fyzerrráme ako netforrry!  
 Z líc im rrrastú fúzy!  
 Chlapec, ktorrrý mimoriadne fysoký bol,  
 zrrrazu sa scfrrrkol.  
 Štyrrri malé nožičky začínajú rrrásť,  
 každému okolo nás.  
 Už tu nie sú žiadne deti,  
 ostali tu jedine myši!  
 F každej škole je myši habadej,  
 behajú po podlahe školskej.  
 Fšetci učitelia zošaleli,  
 kričia: „Kto sú tieto tfory?“  
 Na sfoje stoly fyskočia,  
 „Fypadnite, myši špinafé,“ krrričia.  
 Prrrineste niekto pasce na myš, ihneď,  
 nezabudnite aj syrrr prrriniest.  
 Už sú tu pasce na myši,  
 každá z nich klap-klap rrrobí.  
 Je to zfuk nádherrrný,  
 prre čarrrodejnicine uši.  
 Mírrtve myši sa pofalujú naokolo,  
 nahrrromadené dfe stopy fysoko.  
 Zbytočne ich hľadáte,  
 žiadne dieťa nie je f dohľade.  
 Učitelia plačú, „Čo sa to len stalo?  
 Akoto, že každé jedno dieťa zmizlo?“  
 „Máme prredsa prrafidlo,  
 zatiaľ ani jedno dieťa nemeškalo.“  
 Nefedia, čo rrrrobiť majú,  
 podaktorrri myši zametajú.  
 Nám čarrrodejniciam sa to páči,  
 každá jedna z nás hurrrá kričí.

## TRANSLATION by Roman Fialka

„Hnusné decko v kotle sa varí,  
pražia sa kosti, koža sa škvarí.  
Skrč ich, rozpuč, krutá buď,  
na to všetko máme chuť.  
Čokoládu, do nej prášok daj,  
milo s nimi sa rozprávaj,  
otvor ústa, daj si mňamka,  
na efekt nám stačí kvapka.  
Nabaľ domov sladkostí,  
smej sa na ich radosti,  
do postele pôjde v klúde,  
netuší však, čo s ním bude.

Sme „čarodejky“ (aha aha),  
recept máme zaručený,  
každý fagan okamžite zahubený.  
Kričíme hurá, hurá –  
žiadne decko v dosahu,  
nik nezastaví túto našu popravu.

O deviatej malí smradi,  
narastú vám myšie uši,  
sila „lektvaru“ sa preberie,  
keď fagan do školy sa vyberie.  
Malé dievča bledé je,  
to chvost mu rastie, to mu je.  
Kričí: „Bože, chvost a srrrrst!  
Ochlpenie to je smrrrrrrt!“  
Učitelia skáču, kričia,  
pomôže len pasca myšia,  
malá pasca, trocha „syru“ –  
mamka kričí: „Amen, synu.“

Sme čarodejky (aha aha),  
recept máme zaručený,  
každý fagan okamžite zahubený.  
Kričíme hurá, hurá –  
žiadne decko v dosahu,  
nik nezastaví túto našu popravu.

TRANSLATION by *Laura Janičová*

„Prreč s deckami!  
 Potvorrkami!  
 Ich kosti ufarrte,  
 zderrte ich z kože a uprražte!  
 Rrozmliaždite, zatrraste a rrozšklbte!  
 Nukajte im čokoladu s čarodejnym prraškom,  
 pofedzte im, nech ju zjedia, so sestrrrou aj s brrraškom!  
 Napchajte ich cukrrrikami až po uši,  
 nech sa tymi sladkosťami každé jedno z nich zadusi!  
 Rrano potom decko pekne vstane,  
 Do školy je každé jedno nachystane.  
 Žiačke zle je, zbledne cela,  
 „Rrastie mi chvost! To je bieda!“  
 Žiačik, čo vedľa nej stal:  
 „Mne zase srrst!“ zakričal.  
 Ďalšie ma už v očiach strrach,  
 maju fuzy na licach!  
 Chlapec, ktorry fysoky bol,  
 krriči: „Prrečo som sa zrrazu scfrrkol?“  
 Štyrrri male nožičky  
 a z deti su myšičky!  
 F celej škole je ich habadej,  
 fšetkych už prrepada beznadej.  
 „Myši plne trriedy, chodby,  
 kde sa fsali tie obludy?“  
 Učitelja krričia, jačia,  
 na stoličky, stol, fyskočia.  
 „Prracte sa fy myši hnusne,  
 nieže nas niektorrra kusne!  
 Trreba nam sem pasce, ihneď,  
 nezabudnite aj syrr nam prrinieš!“  
 Pasce škrripu, pasce klopu,  
 trresky plesky fšade počuť.  
 Je to krrrasny zfuč, malebny,  
 prre nas čarrrodejnice prriam felebny!  
 Naokolo mrrrtfych myši felke kopy,  
 no po deckach nezostalo ani stopy.  
 Učitelja prrehladaju fšetko, no nikde ich nenajdu,  
 „Čo sa deje? Kde su decka? Oni snad' dnes neprridu?  
 Poznaju naše prrafidla, škola nie je holubnik,  
 z nas nebude rrobiť blazna nik!“  
 Ubožiatka učitelja nefedia čo od nudy,  
 jedny sedia, drrruhi zamecu myšacie obludy.  
 A nam čarrrodejniciam sa to narramne pači,  
 „HURRRÁ!“ krričime, čo nam hrrrdlo rrači.

## TRANSLATION by Michaela Miškeje

Prreč s tymi deckami, trreba ich odstrranit,  
 fyfarrnit ich kosti a kožu rozškfarrnit!  
 Pomiagat, dogniavit, rrozmlatit, rrozmliaždit,  
 polamat, zatrrrepat, rrozsekat, rroztrrieštit!  
 Ponukneš čokoladku s čarrrovnym prraškom,  
 povieš „Zjedz to!“ – neskorr aj so silnym hlaskom!  
 Prepchaj ich sladkymi dobrrotami,  
 pošli ich domof a nabaľ maškrrrtami!  
 A rrrano kopec malych hlupakof,  
 napochoduje do rroznych škol.  
 Diefča sa citi zle, zbledlo, ma toho dost,  
 F panike krrriči: „Pozrrrite, narastol mi chfost!“  
 Chlapec, ktorry stoji fedľa nej  
 frrešti: „Pomoooc! Som chlpaty ako zferr!“  
 Ďalši jači: „Sme ako ohafy!  
 Na licach nam fyrrrastli fuzy!“  
 Predtym extrremne fysoky chlapec  
 plače: „Čo sa deje? Zrrazu som krrrpec!“  
 Štyrri male nohy,  
 maju fšeci f okolí.  
 F momente a bleskurrychlo, tu sa zrrazu čosi mihlo,  
 už tu nie su žiadne deti, iba myš ukaže sa ti!  
 F každej škole morre myši,  
 školskou pôdou smelo beži.  
 A ubohi dementni učitelja,  
 krrričia: „Heeej! Čo je to za stvorrenia?“  
 Na lavice fyskakuju a poprritom fykrikuju:  
 „Fypadni a skrrry sa! Ty špinafa krrrysa!“  
 Prrineste niekto pascu na myš prrosim  
 a hlafne nezabudnite aj na syrr!  
 Pasca sem a pasca tam,  
 trresky plesky počufam!  
 Na pasci je silna strrunka,  
 ktorra prraska, pleska, cinka!  
 Je to prenadherrny hluk,  
 čarrrodejnice miluju tento zfuk!  
 Mrrrtfa myš je fšade fôkol,  
 zahadzana felkou kopou.  
 Učitelja patrraju po deťoch flavo, fpravo...  
 Afšak ani jedno dieťa sa im na oči neukazalo!  
 A tak narriekaju: „Čo sa bude diat?  
 Kde sa fšetky deti mohli odprratat?“  
 Je pol desiatej a ako fždy, žiadne decko by nemalo meškat do školy!  
 Ubohi učitelja nefedia, čo zrrabat,  
 a tak začnu citat a fypedavat!  
 Niektorri z nich sa cez deň zabafaju  
 tak, že fšetky myši fon fymetaju!  
 A HURRRAAA! Čarrrodejnice smelo fykrrrikuju.

## ERAZMUS IN BELFAST

More than a year ago all of us were sitting in front of our laptops re-reading the list of countries where we could possibly go for Erasmus. It was not the easiest choice for us. Just think about it. If you could choose any place in Europe for your Erasmus, where would it be? For some of us Belfast was an obvious choice, but not for all. To be honest – what do people know about Belfast? Probably they don't know much about this city. In fact, we didn't know much about it either. We knew, of course, it's the capital of Northern Ireland; we knew about some of the problems they had there; and, of course, we heard about their accent, which is really... different. Some of us had some Irish friends there; others were just attracted by the city. We could have picked other places, but finally we chose Belfast. And after more than 2 months since we had sent our applications, we got the answer – we were selected to go to St. Mary's University College, Belfast. That's how the whole journey started.



So when we were finally accepted to St. Mary's, we were beyond happy. Then there came the cruel reality of bureaucracy and a *loooooooot* of paperwork. But at the beginning of October, we submitted almost everything we had to, everything was going just fine and we couldn't wait for the summer semester to come...

We arrived in Belfast on a rainy evening of January. (Rain in Belfast? How surprising!) Briege, our Erasmus coordinator, picked us up from the Bus Centre and, of course, one of us almost sat down in the seat for the driver... Oh yes, in this country, it's the other way around. (In the next 3 months we had some slight issues with it, almost got killed by a few cars because we looked the other way... but no big deal!) Briege drove us around a bit and then we came to 32 Iveagh Parade, which would be our home for the next three months. It was quite an old house but, as everyone who came to us would say, it was "SO COSY." It really was. Sometimes, which was quite often, we had some issues with the heating, and the house was then just "SO COLD." And sometimes, there appeared problems with the washing machine which once flooded the kitchen (we tried to get rid of the water with a pot with some leftovers of *halušky* which we had

cooked the day before for our international friends). And in our last days, we had no light in the bathroom; it was so romantic with all the candles around... But we loved our house no matter what!

The next evening we met other Erasmus students (at that time about 20, later on there were 30 of us); we were introduced to each other (of course we couldn't remember anyone's name); and then we went to a pub, which was so crowded and noisy that we couldn't hear a thing... maybe because we sat right next to the loudspeaker... who knows. Anyway, it was a good first evening out and the evenings to follow were just getting better and better.

The first 5 weeks we studied at St. Mary's. It's a lovely, not too big college, but you can get lost there quite easily (which we, of course, did several times). One evening, we even happened to get locked in the building. We were there all alone. After an hour of figuring out how to get out, or planning where to sleep, we spotted our rescuer, the security guy. He looked at us quite suspiciously at first, but then he realized we really hadn't broken in, we were just trying to get out. Anyway, students and professors of St. Mary's, calling themselves Ranchers, are one big happy family. Everyone knows everyone and when we came, we became a part of the family straight away. One of the highlights was a breakfast meeting with the principal Peter Finn with all of us, Erasmus students. He's a really funny and easy-going person. He gave us a lovely speech and food for free. We all ate everything we could. A highlight indeed!

Their school system is quite different from ours. We attended 4 courses, 5 in all, but one of them included only trips around Northern Ireland... that was our favorite course, of course. Why is their school system different? Firstly, because they see students as the most important part of the school, which they, in fact, are. Without students there would be no school and the professors behave according to that. You can approach them anytime with anything; they always try to help the best way they can. They have a huge respect for students and students respect them as well. We think this is sometimes missing in Slovakia. Secondly, we didn't have as much school work as we are used to having back home. We only had to submit 2 essays and had 1 presentation. That wasn't bad at all.

Five weeks of partying, ehm we mean studying, were followed with 5 weeks of teaching practice. "OMG!" we thought at first. Luckily enough, we were chosen to be class assistants in nursery schools. And that turned out to be one of our best experiences and a good *craic* (fun) as well! We couldn't be happier to be there. The teachers were so kind and good to us. On St. Patrick's Day, the teachers didn't forget to draw us a detailed map of all the pubs we should grab a pint in. We appreciated that so much! It was fun to work with Irish kids, too. Sometimes you thought of them as little devils, but most of the time they were cute. Even though at the PDSE course (which prepared us for the teaching practice) we were told many times not to hug children, nor touch them in any possible way, because they're quite sensitive about it in the UK, in our nursery school it was okay and, actually, kids would often just come to give us a hug. You could not say no to that.

After 5 weeks of studying and 5 weeks of playing with kids, we had 2 weeks of holidays, which were our last weeks as well. We couldn't be sadder... because going on Erasmus is not only about studying, even though it's a very important part of it, of course, but mostly it is about meeting new people. People from all over Europe. Okay, maybe not from all over, since 98% of them were Dutch and Belgians, but there were also students from Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Germany... You met various cultures at one place. One beautiful place called Belfast. It is a lively, lovely city. The Irish are very kind, friendly, open-minded people and if they find out you're an exchange student, they couldn't be more curious and would ask you thousands of questions, always being in an awe saying just "COOL!" (Especially if they're tired of drinking too much Guinness.) And they never forget to compliment you on your accent, even if you say just *Hi; well; thank you.*



One thing you should never call people in Northern Ireland is British. That's quite dangerous. Even though they are a part of the UK, they're more Irish than Irish in Dublin itself.

During our 3 months full of traditional Irish pubs, overcrowded Irish clubs, exploring of Ireland, movie nights with pizza and more, we've made some long-life friendships. We spent those three months with people who eventually became a part of our families. As we couldn't remember their names after the first time we met, we will never forget them now. They all are awesome people; some of them are "special" (as their mummy says). We were deeply sad to say our goodbyes to them and to Belfast, which became our second home. However, we realized we didn't say a goodbye, it was a see you soon. We already can't wait for all the reunions and visits that are coming!

If there is someone reading this and considering going to Erasmus - just do it. It is true that there were a lot of troubles with paperwork, but it was definitely worth it! It will change your life – to a much better one. You will meet new people, make new friends from all around Europe and you will have a lot of unforgettable memories. And it's kind of cool to have free places to sleep across Europe, isn't it?

*Natália Šovčíková, Gabriela Baloghová*

# DEADPOOL



Want to know the recipe for a totally overpowered, immortal character? Great! Here's what you're going to need: a handful of childhood trauma, a couple of years of mercenary training, then mix it all up, add a teaspoon of mouth babbling, a pinch of hand-to-hand combat, a pinch of expertise in sword play and marksmanship, then mix it all together again and add just a teenie-weenie drop of chemical experience...woops! It looks like you overdid with the chemicals and got tons of madness but that's great because now you've got Deadpool!

Deadpool, aka Wade Wilson, is a character from the Marvel universe that was introduced to us in 1993 and is the first comic book character EVER that has been so psychotic, funny and that has pushed the boundaries of the 4<sup>th</sup> wall, meaning that he is aware of his fictionality and from time to time talks to us recipients.

Because of his difficult childhood which turned him into a hooligan in his teens, he was sent to the army and later became a part of a band of mercenaries, but in contrast to mercenaries, who are silent, he was the one who never held his lips together, which earned him a nickname *Merc with a Mouth*. Having left the life of a mercenary, he found out that he had cancer. After hearing about his condition, a secret organization first offered him a better life but instead used him as a guinea pig and made him a little bit more *el loco* and stronger than before.

As one of the most favorite comic book characters, Deadpool appeared in various comic books, animated series, a video game and, finally, after a long and expected time, in his own movie. The movie stars Ryan Reynolds who is exactly like Deadpool in real life so one can say that Ryan deserved this part and really managed to reach the viewers' expectations. This movie is just like any other movie made by Marvel: light, exciting, sparkled with humor, explaining the hero's story and origin... But Deadpool is just a bit different from regular "X-men" or "Avengers" movie, for it is rated-R which means that you should be expecting some blood and harsh language. Except for being an exciting, funny and "easy to digest" story the film is also enriched with a great soundtrack, with a mixture of relaxing classics from the 20<sup>th</sup> century and with some modern rap which makes this movie shine. Truth be told, with all the action, plot, and music together this is a really greatly made movie, one of Marvel's biggest successes. But it's not just me saying this; the fact is that in just two weeks this movie earned a record-breaking 58 million US dollars and 800 million for now (wow!) which speaks for itself. Besides, just a little while after the first part, part 2 was promised. So, fans all over the globe, keep yourselves together because Deadpool is coming back!

So, if you are having a hard time and want to have some fun and enjoy yourselves, watch Deadpool.

Branislav Ruman

Deadpool picture source:

[http://vignette2.wikia.nocookie.net/deadpool/images/1/17/Deadpool\\_Laying\\_Down.jpg/revision/latest/scale-to-width-down/2000?cb=20160115020533](http://vignette2.wikia.nocookie.net/deadpool/images/1/17/Deadpool_Laying_Down.jpg/revision/latest/scale-to-width-down/2000?cb=20160115020533)



Veronika Neirurer

We would like to say GOODBYE to the fresh graduates who were members of our EnJoY family for the last four years.

Congratulations on your graduation cap!

*We wish you all the best in your future!*



**Matúš  
Genský**



**David  
Grich**



**Tomáš  
Schneidgen**



**Michaela  
Kališová**



**Kitty  
Vyparinová**

*Miss you already!*

Designed by Freepik

ISSN 1339-7370

PUBLISHED ONLINE

**PUBLISHED BY:**

Department of Language Pedagogy and Intercultural Studies,  
Faculty of Education, Constantine the Philosopher University in Nitra

**CONTACT:**

KLIŠ, Dražovská 4, 949 74 Nitra

**CONTACT EMAIL:**

ztabackova@ukf.sk

**EDITORIAL TEAM:**

Zuzana Tabačková, Alžbeta Fábryová, Milan Ivenz, Veronika Neirurer,  
Tereza Petrovičová, Michal Pigula, Branislav Ruman, Lucia Sekerová

© 2016

You may also find us on Facebook!

